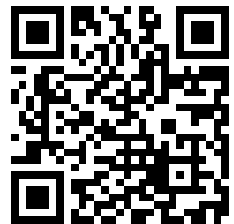

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ONCE A WEEK.

AN

Illustrated Miscellany

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, & POPULAR INFORMATION.

VOLUME I.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1859.



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ONCE A WEEK.



I.

A DSUMUS. With no pregnant words, that tremble
With awful Purpose, take we leave to come :
Yet, when one enters where one's friends assemble,
'Tis not good manners to be wholly dumb.
So, the bow made, and hands in kindness shaken,
Accept some lightest lines of rhyme, to speak
Our notion of the work we've undertaken,
Our new hebdomadal—our ONCE A WEEK.

II.

Of two wise men, each with his saw or saying,
Thus sprouts the wisdom those who like may reap :
"This world's an Eden, let us all go Maying."
"This world's a Wilderness, let's sit and weep."
Medio tutissimi—extremes are madness—
In Hebrew pages for discretion seek :
"There is a time for mirth, a time for sadness."
We would "be like the time" in ONCE A WEEK.

III.

Yet, watching Time at work on youth and beauty,
We would observe, with infinite respect,

That we incline to take that branch of duty
Which he seems most addicted to neglect ;
And while the finest head of hair he's bleaching,
And stealing roses from the freshest cheek,
We would cheat Time himself by simply preaching
How many pleasant things come ONCE A WEEK.

IV.

Music, for instance. There's sweet Clara Horner,
Listening to Mario with her eyes and ears :
Observe her, please, up in the left-hand corner :
Type of the dearest of our English dears.
Our hint may help her to admire or quiz it,
To love Mozart, and laugh at Verdi's shriek,
And add another pleasure to her visit
(She shouldn't go much oftener) ONCE A WEEK.

V.

Come, Lawyer, why not leave your dusty smother,
Is there not wed to thee a bright-eyed wife ?
Take holiday with her, our learned brother,
And lay up health for your autumnal life.
Her form may lose (by gain), the battle pending ;
Your learned nose becomes more like a beak,
Meantime, you'll find some tale of struggle, ending
In clients, fees, Q. C., in ONCE A WEEK.

VI.

And you, our Doctor, must be sometimes wishing
For something else beside that yellow coach.
Send physic to the sick, and go a fishing,
And come back chubby, sound as any roach.
Don't take the "Lancet" with you on the water,
Or ponder how to smash your rival's clique ;
But take your seldom-treated wife and daughter,
And bid them take three rods, and ONCE A WEEK.

VII.

Young Wife, on yonder shore there blow sea-breezes,
Eager your cheek to kiss, your curls to fan,
Your husband—come, you know whatever pleases
Your charming self delights that handsome man.
And you've a child, and mother's faith undoubting
That he's perfection and a thing unique,
Still, he'd be all the better for an Outing—
There rolls the wave, and here is ONCE A WEEK.



VIII.

This King was in his counting-house at morning,
 Counting, discounting, where stocks fall and rise;
 But now, at afternoon, his ledger scorning,
 To his own vine and his own fig-tree flies.
 Proud Princess Poll brings him the rich Havannah
 To soothe his royal soul with pleasant reek.
 Pet Princess Meg discrowns him. Princess Anna
 Brings him iced drink, and straws, and ONCE A WEEK.

IX.

We shall have hints for him, at which he'll grumble,
 "What should an author know about such things?"
 But reading on, his Majesty, more humble,
 May learn—more wise than several other Kings.
 When he returns to business and its rudeness,
 And in Old Jewry meets a smirking Greek,
 He'll wink, and say (quite proud too of his shrewdness),
 "That is the rogue they sketched in ONCE A WEEK."

X.

Nor to the rich alone, or those who're striving
 Upward for riches, is our sermon read;
 To other thousands nobly, humbly, hiving
 Their little stores for winter it is said.
 Far easier than they dream is the transition
 From the dull parlour, or the garret bleak,
 To fields and flowers—a beatific vision
 Devoutly to be pray'd for ONCE A WEEK.

XI.

"The world is too much with us" for resistance
 To importunities that never cease:
 Yet we may sometimes bid it keep its distance,
 And leave us hours for holier thoughts, and peace;
 For quiet wanderings where the woodbine flowers,
 And for the Altar, with its teachings meek;—
 Such is the lesson of this page of ours,
 Such are the morals of our ONCE A WEEK.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.





MAN AMONG THE MAMMOTHS.

THE question of the antiquity of the human race is one which, on many grounds, has excited a lively interest, and has been an infallible provocative of controversy. Theologians of a narrow and too literal school have refused to entertain a suspicion that our ancestors could have peopled the globe longer than the prescribed 6000 years; while the equally narrow and prejudiced ultra-sceptics have eagerly seized upon the most trifling and insufficiently-authenticated statements as evidence of the vast antiquity of Man. In the meantime, Science, crying, "A plague on both your houses," has taken her even course, and, with suspended judgment, waited for the decisive facts which time was sure to bring under her ken. Such facts have seemed to present themselves over and over again. To say nothing of the "Homo diluvii testis" of the Tertiary schists of (Eningen, which turned out to be a great salamander; or of the fossil man of Guadaloupe, whom everybody has seen in the British Museum, and who is quite a modern petrification; we have had before us the woman of the Paviland Caves, made famous by Buckland, the Indian skull said by Nott and Gliddon to be found under the remains of twelve successive cypress forests near New Orleans, and a vast number of supposed discoveries of human bones and pottery and works of art associated with extinct animals, in Belgium, Germany, and France.

Few of these cases, however, have been able to withstand a searching investigation. Besides cooking and wearing pockets, man is distinguished by being a burying animal; and this peculiarity interferes a good deal with those geological reasonings which might otherwise be based upon the association of his remains with those of extinct animals, in caves and in superficial deposits suitable for sepulture. So long, in fact, as such instances of association were few and far between, it was the wiser course to admit the possibility of the mixture being accidental. But some recent discoveries have completely changed the face of the whole question, by proving that implements which, with our present knowledge, we can only suppose to be of human manufacture, are found inseparably mixed up with the remains of mammoths and other extinct animals over a wide geographical area, in great abundance, and under conditions which preclude the possibility of their having been buried where we find them.

These instruments are very similar to what are known to antiquaries as "Celts." Those oldest and rudest races of men, who inhabited primeval Europe—those tribes of whom History and Tradition are alike silent, and the traces of whose works even have been almost obliterated by the waves of succeeding populations, resembled the savages of the South Sea, when visited by Cook, in their ignorance of the use of metals.

Even at the present day, the inhabitant of the islands in Torres Straits knows neither iron nor bronze. All his work, from the delicate carving of his canoe, to the cutting off of his enemy's head, is done with one implement, an adze, whose blade is made of a sharpened stone. Our predecessors were in a similar condition, but instead of

the jade of which the South Sea islander fabricates his tools and weapons, they used the handy flints, which can be so readily chipped into shape, and are found in so many parts of the country; and these flints, fashioned by chipping into sharp-edged axe or adze heads, are the so-called "celts." Such tools or weapons have long been known to occur in the burying-places of ancient men, but it is only of late years that a French antiquary, M. Boucher de Perthes,* made the remarkable discovery of their occurrence in certain deposits near Abbeville, in company with remains of mammoths and other extinct animals. It need hardly be said that the worthy *savant* was pooh-poohed, and his important investigations might have fallen out of sight again, except for the recent careful exploration of a bone cave near Brixham, where celts were found associated with similar remains, under circumstances which admit of no impeachment. His attention being thus awakened to M. Boucher de Perthes' statements, an eminently competent English geologist, Mr. Prestwich, determined to examine into them for himself; and the results of his inquiries, which confirm the French antiquary's statements in all essential respects, have recently been communicated to the Royal Society. More than this, Mr. Prestwich has pointed out that the same association of celts with remains of extinct animals had been observed at Oxney, in Suffolk, more than seventy years ago; and, as if to verify the old adage that "it never rains but it pours," Dr. Falconer, so well known for his researches in the Palæontology of India, and who was actively engaged in the investigation of the Brixham cave, has quite lately observed a like association of flint and agate knives with extinct animals, in the Grotta di Maccagnone, near Naples.

That human implements and the remains of animals which are now extinct and which inhabited our globe at an enormously remote epoch, have been brought together into the same deposits by natural causes, or, in other words, that man is older than the last great physical changes which have altered the relative levels of sea and land, may be considered to be satisfactorily established by these discoveries. It must be further allowed, that if any other animal were in question, geologists would probably at once admit that there was sufficient evidence of the contemporaneity of all the remains thus associated; and it is quite fair for the advocates of this side of the question to throw the *onus probandi* on those who affirm that, although the human remains are certainly older than the last submergence of the districts in which they occur, they are of later date than the extinct beasts with which they are found.

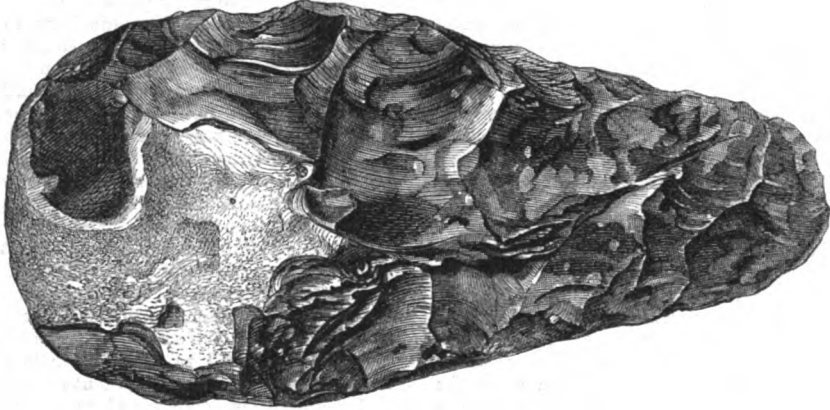
It is not necessary, however, to be advocates of either side; on the other hand, it seems better to be content with what has been gained—the indubitable fact that man is older than the present distribution of land and water, hill and valley—and to wait for further evidence before admitting that his contemporaneity with the hairy giants of the pleistocene epoch, the mammoth, the rhinoceros, the bison, and the bear, which once roamed over the plains of England, is absolutely proven.

By the kindness of Mr. R. W. Mylne we are

* See his "Antiquités Celtiques et Antédiluviennes," 1847.

enabled to give a figure of one of the celts obtained from the deposits at St. Acheul near Abbeville, which are among those originally explored by

M. Boucher de Perthes, and which have been recently re-examined by Mr. Prestwich, Mr. Mylne, and other geologists. ALPHA.



AUDUN AND HIS WHITE BEAR.

(FROM THE OLD NORSE.)

[THE following quaint story, of the adventures of an Icelander in the eleventh century, is taken from the *Saga* of King Harold Sigardson. This was that Norwegian king, whose hard unyielding temper gained him the nickname of Hardrada "Hardrede." He was St. Olof's brother, after whose death he fled East to Byzantium and became captain of the Greek Emperor's Varangians. Returning after several years he found Magnus, Olof's son, on the Norwegian throne, a share of which he claimed and got. At the death of

his nephew he became sole king of Norway, and at last, having taken up the cause of Tostig, he fell at the battle of Stamford Bridge in Yorkshire, in 1066, and found there those seven feet of English ground which his namesake the Anglo-Saxon Harold had promised him. Sweyn, whose bounty comes out so characteristically in the story, was that King Sweyn of Denmark, who claimed the crown of England from Edward the Confessor as Canute's heir, and whose death by falling overboard when on the eve of embarking for England to assert his right, may still be seen sculptured as one of God's judgments in the Chapel of the Confessor at the back of the High Altar in Westminster Abbey.]



HERE was a man named Audun, an Icelander and West-firther; his means were small, but his goodness was well known. This Audun once sailed from Iceland with a Norseman whose name was Thorir, but before he went he made over almost all his goods to his mother, and after all it was not more than enough to keep her for two years. After that they put to sea with a fair breeze, and soon made Norway. Audun stayed with Thorir that winter, and next summer they both sailed out to Greenland, and were there the next winter. There Audun bought a white bear well tamed, and he gave for the beast all the money he had,—for it was the greatest treasure of a bear that had ever been heard of.

Next summer they sailed back to Norway, and had a good voyage; as for Thorir, the captain, he went back to his own house; but Audun got himself a passage east to Wick in the Cattegat, and took his bear with him, and looked about for a lodging while he stayed there, for he meant to make his way south to Denmark, and give the bear to King Sweyn. But just then the war and strife between King Harold and Sweyn was at its height. It happened, too, that Harold was then in the town whither Audun came, and he soon heard how an Icelander had come from Greenland with such a tame white bear. The king sent at once for Audun, so he went before the king and greeted him. The king took his words well, and asked:

"Hast thou that white bear which is such a treasure?"

"I have," said Audun.

The king said: "Wilt thou sell us the beast for the same price thou gavest for it?"

"I will not do that, lord," said Audun.

"Wilt thou," says the king, "that I give thee twice as much, and that is fairer, if indeed thou gavest for it all thy money."

"I will not do that, lord," he said.

"Wilt thou give it me, then?" says the king.

"That, too, I will not do," says the Icelander.

"What wilt thou do with it, then?" said the king.

Audun answers, "What I have already made up my mind to do; go south to Denmark and give it to King Sweyn."

Then King Harold said: "Is it now that thou art so ignorant a man that thou hast not heard of all this war and strife which is between the lands here, or dost thou think thy luck so great that thou wilt be able to bring this treasure to King Sweyn when others cannot get to his land without trouble, even when need forces them to go."

Audun answers: "Lord, this now lies in your power, but I will say yes to no other way than the one I have already spoken of, and made up my mind to follow."

Then the king said: "I see no reason why thou shouldst not go as thou pleasest, but I make this bargain that thou comest here to me when thou gettest back, and tell me how King Sweyn rewarded thee for the beast. May be thou art a man of luck."

"I'll give you my word to do that," said Audun. And away he went, and got a passage south to Denmark. But when he got there every penny of his money was spent, and he had to beg for food both for his bear and himself. So he went to a bailiff of the king, whose name was Auki, and begged him to get him some food, that he might feed himself and the bear, which he meant to give to King Sweyn.

Auki answers: "I will sell thee food, if thou wilt."

"I have nothing to give for it now," said Audun; "but I would be glad to hit upon some way of



bringing the beast to the king, for it were a great scathe if so precious a thing were to die on my hands."

Auki said: "Ye'll both of you need much food before ye get to the king. And now I'll make you this offer: I will feed ye both till then, but then I must have half the beast; and what thou hast now to look at is this—that thou wilt not have even half of it if it starves to death on your hands."

Audun thought this choice hard, but still could see nothing better for it as things stood; so they struck a bargain, and he agreed to sell Auki half the bear, on condition that they started for where the king was at once, and should reckon the worth on both sides, first on the food which Auki gave him, and then of the beast; and that Auki should pay Audun so much as was over, if the king thought half the bear worth more than the

food. So they went both of them till they found King Sweyn. He greeted Auki, the bailiff, well, but asked the man who came with him who he was, for he did not know him.

Audun answers: "I am a man from Iceland, new come from Norway; but before that I came from Greenland. My errand hither was to give you this white bear, which I bought out there in Greenland with all my goods; but a great change has befallen me, for now I own no more than half the beast."

After that he told the king the whole story, and all that passed between him and Auki.

Then the king said: "Is this true, Auki, what he says?"

"True it is," says Auki.

Then the king said: "And thoughtest thou it fell to thee, when I had set thee over my goods and given thee great place, to tax and toll what an outlander and a stranger had undertaken to bring me as a treasure—who gave for it all his goods, and that too when our greatest foes thought it good to let him go on his way in peace? Think, now, how truthless it was in thee to do such a thing, and see what a great difference there is between thee and Harold, when he gave him safe conduct. And now it were meet thou shouldst lose, not only all thy goods, but thy life also; and though I will not slay thee this time, still thou shalt go away at once on the spot a beggar from my realm, and never come more unto my sight. But for thee, Icelander, as thou hast given me the whole of the beast, and that worth far more than the food which Auki sold, but which he ought to have given thee, I accept it, and ask thee to stay here with me."

Then Audun thanked the king for his words and invitation, and stayed there awhile, but Auki went away unhappy, and lost great goods because he coveted that which did not belong to him.

Audun had only been with King Sweyn a little while when he said he was eager to go away. The king was rather slow in answering him.

"What wilt thou do, then?" he asked, "if thou wilt not be with us?"

"I will go south to Rome," he says.

Then the king said:

"Hadst thou not taken such good counsel, I had been very angry at thy eagerness to go away, but now thou shalt not be thwarted in the least."

So the king gave him much silver, and settled all about his journey, and put him in the way of going in company with other pilgrims, and bade him to come to see him when he came back.

So Audun went south; but when he was coming back he took a great sickness and lay long a-bed. All the money was spent which Sweyn had given him, and his companions went on and left him. At last he rose from his sickness, and was quite thin and weak, nor had he a penny to buy food. Then he took a beggar's wandering, and went along begging his food, till he came back to Denmark about Easter, to a town where King Sweyn happened to be. By this time Audun had his hair close cropped and scarce a rag to his back, vile and poor in every way; and so he dared not show himself among the throng of men. He hung about the cloisters of the church, and thought to choose his

time to meet the king when he went to Nones; but when he saw the king coming and his train so bravely dressed, he was ashamed to show himself before their eyes. But when the king had sat down to the board, Audun went and took his meat outside under the wall of the hall, as is pilgrims' wont, so long as they have not thrown away staff and scrip. And now he made up his mind to throw himself in the king's way as he went to even-song; but, so bold as this seemed to him earlier in the day, just half as bold again must he have been to let the king see him now that they had well drunk. So, when Audun saw them coming, he turned short off and ran away to hide himself. But the king thought he caught a glimpse of a man, and as he came out of church, and all his train had come inside their lodging, he turned round and went out again, and called out with a loud voice as soon as he was out of doors:

"If there be any man near here, as methinks there is, who wishes to see me, and has hardly heart to do so, let him come forward now and let himself be seen."

Then Audun came forward, and fell at the king's feet. The king knew him at once, and took him by the hand and bade him welcome.

"And now," he says, "thou art greatly changed since we saw one another last, for I scarce knew thee!"

So the king led him into the hall there and then; but all the king's train laughed at Audun as soon as they saw him. But the king said:

"Ye have no need to laugh at him, vile and mean though he seems to ye to look on; he hath looked better for his soul's health than ye, and therefore to God's eye he will seem bright and fair."

Then the king made them get ready a bath, and waited on him with his own hands, and gave him afterwards good clothes, and made much of him in every way. So Audun soon got back his strength and health, for he was young in years, and there he stayed awhile. He knew, too, how to behave himself among the crowd of men; he was an easy-tempered, word-weighting man, and not given to gossip. So all men liked him, and as for King Sweyn he was most gracious to him.

So it fell out one day, when springtide was drawing on, that they two were talking together, and all at once the king said:

"Sooth to say, Audun, I have never yet repaid thee in a way thou wouldest like by a gift in return for the white bear. And now, if thou wilt, thou shalt be free to stay long here with me, and I will make thee my henchman; and, at the same time, treat thee honourably in all things."

Audun answers, "God thank you, lord, for your generous offer, and for all the honour you show me, but I have set my heart on sailing out to Iceland."

"This seems to me a most wonderful choice," said the king.

Then Audun said, "I can't bear to think that I am sitting here with you in great honour and happiness, while my mother tramps about on the beggar's path out yonder in Iceland; for now the time is up, during which I gave her means to live, before I sailed away from home."

"Spoken like a good man and true," answers the king, "and no doubt thou wilt be a man of luck."

This was the only thing which would not have misled me, if thou hadst asked leave to go away. But now stay here awhile with me, till the ships are being got ready."

So Audun stayed. But, one day, when the Spring was near at hand, King Sweyn went down from the town to the landing-place, and then they saw men busy fitting out their ships for various lands: East to Russia, or to Saxony, to Sweden, or to Norway. So Audun and the king came to a fair ship, and men were hard at work on her: she was a merchantman of fine size.

Then the king said, "What thinkest thou, Audun, of this ship?"

He said, "She was fine enough."

"Now," said the king, "I will repay thee for the bear, and give thee this ship with a full lading of all that I know is handiest in Iceland."

Audun thanked the king as well as he could, for this gift; but when time went on, and the ship was ready for sea, they two went down again to the strand, King Sweyn and Audun. Then the king spoke:

"Since thou wilt go away from me, Icelander, nothing shall now be done to hinder thee; but I have heard tell that your land is ill off for havens, and that there are great shoals and risks for ships; and now, if things do not turn out well, it may be that thy ship goes to pieces, and thy lading will be lost, little then will be left to show that thou hast met King Sweyn, and given him a thing of great price."

As he said this, the king put into his hand a big leathern bag full of silver, and said: "Thou wilt not be now altogether penniless, though thy ship goes to pieces, if thou only holdest this."

"May be, too," the king went on to say, "that thou losest this money also, what good will it then have been to thee that thou gavest King Sweyn thy treasure?"

As he said this, the king drew a ring of gold from his arm, and gave it to Audun; that was a thing of costly price, and the king went on:

"Though things go so ill, that thy ship goes to pieces, and all thy goods and money be lost, still thou wilt not be penniless, if thou comest to land with this ring, for it is often the wont of men to bear their gold about them, when they are in risk of shipwreck, and so it will be seen that thou hast met King Sweyn Wolfson, if thou holdest fast the ring, though thou losest the rest of thy goods. And now I will give thee this bit of advice, never to part with this ring, for I wish thee to enjoy it to the uttermost, unless thou thinkest thyself bound to repay so much goodness to some great man as to deem it right that thou shouldst give him a great treasure. When thou findest such a one give him the ring, for it is worth a great man's while to own it; and, now, farewell, and luck follow thy voyage." That was what King Sweyn said.

After that Audun put to sea, and ran into a Haven in Norway, and as soon as he heard where King Harold was he set out to find him, as he had given his word. So Audun came before King Harold and greeted him, and the king took his greeting kindly.

"Sit here now and drink with us," said the king.

So Audun sat and drank. Then King Harold

asked, "Well, how did King Sweyn repay thee for the white bear?"

"In that wise, lord," says Audun, "that he took it when I gave it."

"In that wise I had repaid thee myself," says the king. "What more did he give thee?"

"He gave me silver to go south."

The king answers: "King Sweyn has given many a man before now silver to go south, or to help his need, though he had not brought him things of price. What hast thou more to say?"

"He asked me," answers Audun, "to become his henchman, and to give me great honour if I stayed with him."

"That was well spoken," says the king; "but he must have repaid thee with more still."

Audun said: "He gave me a big merchantman, full laden with the best of freight."

"That was a noble gift," says the king, "but I would have given thee as much; or did he give thee anything more?"

Audun answers: "He gave me besides, a leathern bag full of silver, and said I would not then be penniless if I held fast to it, though my ship went to pieces off Iceland."

"That was nobly thought of," answers the king, "and that I would not have done. I should have thought myself free if I had given thee ship and lading. Gave he ought besides?"

"Yes, lord, he did," says Audun: "he gave me this ring which I have on my arm, and said it might so happen that I lost all my goods and the ship too, and yet he said I should not be penniless if I still had the ring. He bade me also not to part with the ring unless I thought that I owed so much to some great man for his goodness that I ought to give it him; but now I have found that man, for it was in your choice, lord, to take my bear from me, and my life too, but you let me go in peace to Denmark when no one else could get thither."

The king took the ring blithely, and gave Audun good gifts in return before they parted. So Audun sailed to Iceland that very summer, and all thought him the luckiest of men.

G. W. DASENT.



SNAKES AND THEIR PREY.

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE.

I WAS out shooting, writes a gentleman, resident in the colony of Port Natal, to a friend in England, and observing an orebec (a small red buck), I endeavoured to approach it near enough to secure a shot; and making a circuit I came up towards it, keeping a small hill between myself and the buck, until I thought I might venture to look out and see the whereabouts of my intended game. What was my surprise, when I found that the animal had not moved since I first saw it, and was then standing in a peculiar attitude, perfectly motionless, and not twenty yards from me. These little creatures have extraordinary sight, and are very timid, rendering it difficult to approach within a hundred yards, unless you surprise them while sleeping in long grass. I stood watching the buck for some time, at first supposing it to be sick. I then thought I would see how near I could get; and there being an ant-heap close beside the

buck, I approached, and, on looking over the mound, saw the head of a large boa-constrictor lying just out of a hole under the heap; and the buck stood with its head turned on one side, in an awkward position gazing intently on its deadly enemy, and not in the least aware of my vicinity. I retreated cautiously, fearing to break the spell, and wishing to watch the last act in this singular mesmeric drama.

The buck must have remained at least five minutes in this transfixed position, the hair of its back erect, its eye dilated, and its attitude stiff and unnatural. Suddenly I saw it on the ground, the thick black coils of the boa enfolding its body and legs. I fired instantly, and the reptile slowly unwound himself, compelled to succumb to a power more terrible than his own. My gun has one barrel rifled, the other a smooth bore for shot. I had discharged shot only, not being far off, and the body of the snake was nearly severed; yet in the short instant during which he had embraced his prey he had broken every bone of the pretty creature's body. I measured the snake, and found its length to be eighteen feet nine inches.

The eye of the boa is very peculiar while mesmerising its prey; it almost appears to emit flame. It may be compared to an amethyst or a ruby, or both, with an emerald stuck together, and rapidly revolving in the sun.

Its mouth was closed, or nearly so, and its long tongue darting from side to side, as if in greedy anticipation of the dish of venison which awaited its devouring jaws.

On another occasion I watched a smaller boa, about eight feet long, whilst engaged in the act of swallowing a fowl. It first seized the head, and appeared to swallow with great difficulty, making convulsive efforts, observable from the rings of its tail upwards. After some hard struggles, the head and neck of the fowl disappeared, but the wings being extended, presented rather a serious impediment to further proceedings; and I was curious to see how the snake would get over his difficulties,—for even a juggler would be nonplussed if required to swallow knives and forks *crossways*,—and I soon found that he was quite equal to the emergency. After a series of painful efforts, tantalising, doubtless, to a hungry boa, the reptile brought his tail to the rescue: extremes met, and, folding the wings together, he at last forced the body of the fowl between his jaws. He now, however, seemed to have got himself in a greater fix than ever. The distension caused his neck to appear only as thick as my thumb, and from the form and setting of his teeth he could not disgorge his Brobdignag mouthful, and I began to think that his snakeship had really rather more than he knew what to do with.

Not a bit of it. After resting a minute or two, he coiled round his distended jaws, and commenced an ingenious process of compression, beginning at his head and working downwards along the neck and body,—stuffing himself as you would a sausage,—till he had completed this extraordinary manœuvre of deglutition. The whole operation lasted about twenty minutes, and, I must confess, seemed anything but a gratifying mode of appeasing the animal appetite.

I captured this boa, and kept him some time in a cask, and ultimately gave him to a friend who was proceeding to Cape Town.

The skin of the boa, and that also of the inguano (a large water lizard), make beautiful, soft, and very durable slippers. I will send you the next I get.

ARTHUR CLARENCE.

Peter's Maritzburg, Port Natal.

ENGLISH PROJECTILES.



“The English archers bent their bows!
Their aim was good and true!”

AND so down went plate and mail with punched holes and shivered net-rings, and stalwart men were stricken through all their fences, the steel arrow-heads striking through every steel guard, ringing like the armourer's tools on his anvil. And it was not mere skill or mere trick of art that did this; the English archers beat the archers of all other nations, because, with a strong hand and stretched-out arm, they could, like Ulysses, bend the tough yew that none others might handle. It came to them by race, and all tradition rings indigenously of their deeds—

“The father of Robin a forester was,
And he shot with a lusty long bow.”

The “cloth-yard shaft,” that was wet to the grey-goose feather in the body of fallow deer or foeman, that struck down “hart of grease,” or helmet of price, was not propelled by cross-bow mechanism of ratchet, or cunning chemistry of Roger Bacon, but by the sixty-pounds' power muscles of English arms, which alone could draw the hempen cord to the fitting angle. These muscles grew on English soil, and the visible death sheaves that hurtled from them, struck terror into the foe from the distance he could not reach in return. The modern leaden bullet strikes without notice, from amidst the smoke and noise—the ancient arrow flashed its mission as it flew.

Strong arms have descended to our modern race, and should give us the same advantage with the modern weapons. The modern English arm should wield a gun carrying proportionately further and truer than the adversary's guns, as did the arrows of their ancestors; and the advantages given us by nature, would still keep up our superiority. For men, and not machines, are at the root of man's power now as ever. The machine only multiplies it—the quality which works the machine governs the final result. We have made many improvements in guns since we agreed first to recognise the defects of “Brown Bess,” which possessed the quality of weight without accuracy; and are slowly winning our way to higher efficiency, stimulated by the progress other nations have been making in order to put themselves in advance of us.

Our Enfield rifle has been designated as “the queen of weapons;” but this now seems to be only partially true. On the trial-ground great results are attained; but on the battle-fields of India, a certain number of shots were found to render it useless till cleaned. All sorts of reasons are given to explain this—inaccuracy of bore, irregular resistance by reason of the bayonet and

other hands, damage by bending the barrel, and so on; the probably true reason is overlooked. Iron is acted on by acids; those acids are furnished to the interior of the barrel by the combustion of sulphur and nitre, which should be wiped away as produced. The wearied soldier neglects this, and throws himself down to sleep on the ground by the side of his fouled gun, after a hard-fought day, and on the following morning the interior of the barrel has a rusted roughened surface, like that of a file. The leaden bullet, expanded by the discharge, gradually communicates a skin to the barrel, just as every workman knows that a file will get clogged in cutting lead. This skin gradually thickens, and the balls will no longer pass down. So long as iron shall be liable to rust, this difficulty can only be surmounted by furnishing the soldier with a ready means of keeping a continual polish on the inside of his barrel, equivalent to its original polish.

The principles which should govern the construction of a gun to discharge projectiles so as to obtain the maximum of range and accuracy with a given propelling power, hold good alike both in machine guns and hand guns. The best properties of the hand gun are the best also for the wheel guns. By the discharge of powder force operates in three ways: to make the gun recoil; to expand the barrel laterally, with a tendency to rend it open; and to propel the projectile. The proportion of force expended on the projectile, depends on the disproportion between the weight of the gun and that of the projectile. If they were of equal weight, they would be driven with equal force in opposite directions, and to obtain the maximum effect the gun should be absolutely unmoved by the discharge; therefore a light gun is merely a contrivance to produce a small effect. With a light fowling barrel we help weight first by a wooden stock, and next by the body of the shooter; and if the contact be not close, we learn what a "kicking" gun means.

The proportions of weight being settled, the next question is of the proportion of length of bore to diameter, and this again depends on the charge and quality of the powder used. If the bore be too short, the powder will not have room to be thoroughly burnt and perfectly expanded, and power will be wasted in that mode. If too long, power will be wasted in surplus friction between ball and barrel. And again the powder may be too quick or too slow in exploding. If too quick, it will need a heavier and stronger gun, and for this reason gun-cotton, the most explosive of all, is not used in guns, though experiments have been made to make it burn slower by mixing with saw-dust. The want of length of bore in guns is illustrated by short carronades, in which the flame is forced backwards, charring a ship's sides at the instant the shot leaves the muzzle. The want of weight in a gun is illustrated by the fact, that if a recoiling gun be backed against a solid bank of timber, it will throw the shot further—but there will also be some risk of bursting.

Apart from the question of weight, there is the consideration of thickness of metal to resist lateral expansion, and even in wrought metal it will be found—apart from the question of transport—that the thickness of metal should be equal to the

diameter of the bore. Swiss rifles and American rifles are the heaviest known guns in this respect, and the American are considerably the largest. Making allowance for prejudice, it is impossible to doubt that good practical reasons exist where a hunter prefers to carry about a very heavy gun. A common proportion is a 36-inch barrel with a bore of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch, equal to 96 diameters, and the accuracy is remarkable; but the shooting range rarely exceeds 100 yards, a distance that modern practice holds in contempt. Yet it is doubtful if an Enfield rifle will cut off a squirrel's head on a tree-top at 100 yards without damaging the skin. Neither can it be laid in the hollow of the hand at rest, and discharged without moving the barrel by recoil, as can be done by a heavy American rifle.

"Brown Bess" was nominally a "smooth bore"—nominally only—and the results gained from rifles have thrown contempt on all smooth bores. But a great part of the result is gained by the fact that in the rifle there is no windage and no loss of power by the gases escaping between the ball and the barrel. "Brown Bess," on the contrary, was all windage; for the paper wadding helped little. In the rifle, however, there is a loss by friction. All our English rifle practice, old and new, is to make the ball do its own packing by a tight fit. An old-fashioned rifle had the ball hammered in by a wooden mallet and then driven down by an iron rammer, leaving the form that of a short cylinder, with one flat and one hemispherical end, and jagged portions of a screw round it. As the flat end was foremost, the wonder is how any accuracy at all was attained even at 150 yards. The Americans envelope the ball in a piece of greased skin, and it leaves the barrel as a true sphere, though with a spinning motion, correcting any aberration with which it leaves the barrel. Yet this spinning motion does not wholly remedy the defect of the barrel, for any bruises at the mouth induce inaccuracy; and so sensible are the hunters of this, that in shooting-matches they use a rifle with a supplementary mouth-piece to prevent injury.

We have taken to the rifle, in the full faith that it can cure all disorders of inaccuracy. But we have taken up a complicated tool, involving many troubles in its use and even disadvantages. The spinning movement involves increase of friction and some consequent waste of power. If two barrels be made exactly alike in all other respects, and one be rifled and the other smooth bored, and both loaded exactly alike, it will be proved that the smooth bored will have considerably the longer range, though the accuracy of flight be less. But again, the damage done by the rifle ball is far greater than that by the smooth bore. The spinning movement when suddenly diverted by the object aimed at, enlarges its circle and makes a gaping hole, emphatically "a ragged bullet," three times the size of the smooth bore. And with a great gun a very damaging effect is produced on stone walls by this process.

We fail to produce the best effect in the construction of hand guns, because we aim at two things wholly incompatible. The quality of this gun is sacrificed as a projector by the attempt to convert it into a pike. We have, it is true, won battles with Brown Bess, but that has been mainly

owing to our superior physical organisation, just as our heavy cavalry rode down the French cuirassiers at Waterloo. There is little doubt that a regiment of our grenadiers going into battle armed only with cricket bats would effectually bruise their antagonists, just as they would beat French small swords at "quarter-staff," the wooden representative of our ancient two-handed sword. While we regard a gun more as a pike than a projector, we shall not get the best result. In a charge of pikes or bayonets it is quite obvious that if one side can wield a pike three feet longer than the other, that side must destroy its opponents; and precisely in this way should English arms be brought into play, guided by English muscles. The bayonet derives its origin from the musqueteers

forming pikes of their guns by sticking their daggers into the muzzles; but a bayonet on a rifle deflects the ball in spite of all care, and a thin barrel loses its true form very commonly after being converted into a pike. It is quite clear that long range is henceforth to play a great part in our battles, and that long range is incompatible with a pike weapon. Then to solve this problem is the great question of the day, and so to solve it that our physical strength shall maintain its natural advantage; that we shall not merely make an improvement that may instantly be imitated by our neighbours, but such an improvement as we may ourselves use to the greatest advantage. As our space is limited, we shall return to the question in a future Number. W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

MAGENTA.

I.

UNDER the willows; in the trampled maize;
Midst up-torn vines, and shatter'd mulberry rows;
In rice-fields, corn-fields, dykes by dusty ways,
And cottage-crofts, where the gold gourd-flower
blows,—
Swathes of Death's scythe, wielded for two long days—
The dead lie thick and still: foes all at peace with foes.

II.

So many nameless dead! no meed of glory
For all this blood, so freely pour'd, is theirs;
Yet each life here link'd many in its story
Of hopes and loves and hates, of joys and cares.
Of these unhonour'd sleepers, grim and gory,
Who knows, out of the world how much each with him
bears!



III.

These were all sons or sires; husbands or brothers;
Bread-winners, most of them, for homes afar.
This a sick father's stay; *that* a blind mother's;
For *him* in Paris, 'neath the evening star,
A loving heart its care in labour smothers,
Till taught by arms of price, how far they strike—
how far!

IV.

Cry! let the poor soul wrestle with the woe
Of that bereavement. Who takes thought of her?
Through the illumined streets the triumphs go;
Under her window waving banners stir,
And shouting crowds to Notre Dame that flow.
Hide, mourner, hide the tears which might such
triumphs blur!
TOM TAYLOR.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER I.



OR a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers, and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till that day, when many that are great shall be small, and the small great: but of others the world's knowledge may be said to sleep. Their lives and characters lie hidden from nations in the very annals that record them. The general reader cannot feel them, they are presented so curtly and coldly: they are not like breathing stories appealing to his heart, but little historic hailstones striking him only to glance off his bosom: nor can he understand them; for epitomes are not narratives, as skeletons are not human figures.

Thus records of prime truths sometimes remain a dead letter to plain folk; the writers have left so much to the imagination, and imagination is so rare a gift. Here, then, the writer of fiction may be of use to the public—as an interpreter.

There is a musty chronicle, written in tolerable Latin, and in it a chapter where every sentence holds a fact. Here is told, with harsh brevity, the strange history of a pair, who lived untrumpeted, and died unsung, four hundred years ago; and lie now, as unpitied, in that stern page, as fossils in a rock. Thus, living or dead, fate is still unjust to them. Yet if I can but show you what is involved in that dry chronicler's words, methinks you will correct the indifference of centuries, and give those two sore-tried souls a place in your heart—for a few weeks.

It was past the middle of the fifteenth century, Louis XI. was sovereign of France; Edward IV. was wrongful King of England; and Philip "the Good," having by force and cunning dispossessed his cousin Jacqueline, and broken her heart, reigned undisturbed this many years in Holland, where our tale begins.

Gerard, and Catherine his wife, lived in the little town of Tergou. He traded, wholesale and retail, in cloth, silk, brown holland, and, above all, in curried leather, a material highly valued by the middling people, because it would stand twenty years' wear, and turn a knife if not fresh sharpened; no small virtue in a jerkin of that century, in which folk were so liberal of their steel: even at dinner a man would leave his meat awhile, and carve you his neighbour, on a very moderate difference of opinion.

The couple were well to do, and would have been free from all earthly care, but for nine children. When these were coming into the world,

one per annum, each was hailed with rejoicings, and the Saints were thanked, not expostulated with; and when parents and children were all young together, the latter were looked upon as lovely little playthings invented by Heaven for the amusement, joy, and evening solace, of people in business.

But as the olive branches shot up, and the parents grew older, and saw with their own eyes the fate of large families, misgivings and care mingled with their love. They belonged to a singularly wise and provident people: in Holland reckless parents were as rare as disobedient children. So now when the huge loaf came in on a gigantic trencher, looking like a fortress in its moat, and, the tour of the table once made, seemed to have melted away, Gerard and Catherine would look at one another and say, "Who is to find bread for them all when we are gone?"

At this observation the younger ones needed all their filial respect, to keep their little Dutch

countenances ; for in their humble opinion dinner and supper came by nature like sun-rise and sun-set, and, so long as that luminary should travel round the earth, so long *must* the brown loaf go round their family circle, and set in their stomachs only to rise again in the family oven. But the remark awakened the national thoughtfulness of the elder boys, and being often repeated set several of the family thinking, some of them good thoughts, some ill thoughts, according to the nature of the thinkers.

"Kate, the children grow so, this table will soon be too small."

"We cannot afford it, Gerard," replied Catherine, answering not his words, but his thought, after the manner of women.

Their anxiety for the future took at times a less dismal but more mortifying turn. The free burghers had their pride as well as the nobles ; and these two could not bear that any of their blood should go down in the burgh after their decease.

So by prudence and self-denial they managed to clothe all the little bodies, and feed all the great mouths, and yet put by a small hoard to meet the future ; and, as it grew, and grew, they felt a pleasure the miser hoarding for himself knows not.

One day the eldest boy but one, aged nineteen, came to his mother, and, with that outward composure which has so misled some persons as to the real nature of this people, begged her to intercede with his father to send him to Amsterdam, and place him with a merchant. "It is the way of life that likes me : merchants are wealthy ; I am good at numbers ; pritheas, good mother, take my part in this, and I shall ever be, as I am now, your debtor."

Catherine threw up her hands with dismay and incredulity. "What, leave Tergou !"

"What is one street to me more than another ? If I can leave the folk of Tergou, I can surely leave the stones."

"What ! abandon your poor father now he is no longer young ?"

"Mother, if I can leave you, I can leave him."

"What, leave your poor brothers and sisters, that love you so dear ?"

"There are enough in the house without me."

"What mean you, Richart ? Who is more thought of than you ? Stay, have I spoken sharp to you ? Have I been unkind to you ?"

"Never that I know of ; and if you had, you should never hear of it from me. Mother," said Richart gravely, but the tear was in his eye, "it all lies in a word. And nothing can change my mind. There will be one mouth less for you to feed."

"There now, see what my tongue has done," said Catherine, and the next moment she began to cry. For she saw her first young bird on the edge of the nest trying his wings, to fly into the world. Richart had a calm, strong will, and she knew he never wasted a word.

It ended as nature has willed all such discourse shall end : young Richart went to Amsterdam with a face so long and sad as it had never been seen before, and a heart like granite.

That afternoon at supper there was one mouth less. Catherine looked at Richart's chair and wept bitterly. On this Gerard shouted roughly and angrily to the children, "sit wider ! can't ye : sit wider !" and turned his head away over the back of his seat awhile, and was silent.

Richart was launched ; and never cost them another penny : but to fit him out and place him in the house of Vander Stegen the merchant took all the little hoard but one gold crown. They began again. Two years passed. Richart found a niche in commerce for his brother Jacob, and Jacob left Tergou directly after dinner, which was at eleven in the forenoon. At supper that day Gerard remembered what had happened the last time ; so he said in a low whisper, "sit wider, dears !" Now until that moment, Catherine *would* not see the gap at table, for her daughter Catherine had besought her not to grieve to-night and she had said, "No sweetheart, I promise I will not, since it vexes my children." But when Gerard whispered "sit wider !" says she "Ay ! the table will soon be too big for the children : and you thought it would be too small : " and having delivered this with forced calmness, she put up her apron the next moment, and wept sore.

"'Tis the best that leave us," sobbed she, "that is the cruel part."

"Nay ! nay !" said Gerard, "our children are good children, and all are dear to us alike. Heed her not ! What God takes from us still seems better than what he spares to us : that is to say, men are by nature unthankful—and women silly."

"And I say Richart and Jacob were the flower of the flock," sobbed Catherine.

The little coffer was empty again, and to fill it they gathered like ants. In those days speculation was pretty much confined to the card-and-dice business. Gerard knew no way to wealth but the slow and sure one. "A penny saved is a penny gained," was his humble creed. All that was not required for the business, and the necessaries of life, went into the little coffer with steel bands and florid key. They denied themselves in turn the humblest luxuries, and then, catching one another's looks, smiled ; perhaps with a greater joy than self-indulgence has to bestow. And so in three years more they had gleaned enough to set up their fourth son as a master tailor, and their eldest daughter as a robe-maker, in Tergou. Here were two more provided for : their own trade would enable them to throw work into the hands of this pair. But the coffer was drained to the dregs, and this time the shop too bled a little in goods if not in coin.

Alas ! there remained on hand two that were unable to get their bread, and two that were unwilling. The unable ones were, 1, Giles, a dwarf, of the wrong sort, half stupidity half malice, all head and claws and voice, run from by dogs and unprejudiced females, and sided with through thick and thin by his mother ; 2, Little Catherine, a poor girl that could only move on crutches. She lived in pain, but smiled through it, with her marble face and violet eyes and long silky lashes : and fretful or repining word never came from her lips. The unwilling ones were Sybrandt,

the youngest, a ne'er-do-weel, too much in love with play to work, and Cornelis, the eldest, who had made calculations of his own, and stuck to the hearth, waiting for dead men's shoes. Almost worn out by their repeated efforts, and above all dispirited by the moral and physical infirmities of those that now remained on hand, the anxious couple would often say, "What will become of all these when we shall be no longer here to take care of them?" But when they had said this a good many times, suddenly the domestic horizon cleared, and then they used still to say it, because a habit is a habit, but they uttered it half mechanically now instead of despondently, and added brightly and cheerfully, "but thanks to St. Bavon and all the saints, there's Gerard!"

CHAPTER II.

YOUNG Gerard was for many years of his life a son apart and distinct; object of no fears and no great hopes. No fears; for he was going into the Church; and the Church could always maintain her children by hook or by crook in those days: no great hopes, because his family had no interest with the great to get him a benefice, and the young man's own habits were frivolous, and, indeed, such as our cloth merchant would not have put up with in any one but a clerk that was to be. His two main trivialities were reading and penmanship, and he was so wrapt up in them that often he could hardly be got away to his meals. The day was never long enough for him: and he carried ever a tinder-box and brimstone matches, and begged ends of candles of the neighbours, which he lighted at unreasonable hours—ay, even at eight of the clock at night in winter, when the very Burgomaster was a-bed. Endured at home, his practices were encouraged by the monks of a neighbouring convent. They had taught him penmanship, and continued to teach him, until one day they discovered, in the middle of a lesson, that he was teaching them. They pointed this out to him in a merry way: he hung his head and blushed: he had suspected as much himself, but mistrusted his judgment in that matter. "But, my son," said an elderly monk, "how is it that you, to whom God has given an eye so true, a hand so supple yet firm, and a love of these beautiful crafts, how is it you do not colour as well as write? a scroll looks but barren unless a border of fruit, and leaves, and rich arabesques surround the good words, and charm the sense as those do the soul and understanding; to say nothing of the pictures of holy men and women departed, with which the several chapters should be adorned, and not alone the eye soothed with the brave and sweetly blended colours, but the heart lifted by effigies of the Saints in glory. Answer me, my son."

At this Gerard was confused, and muttered that he had made several trials at illuminating, but had not succeeded well; and thus the matter rested.

Soon after this a fellow enthusiast came on the scene in the unwonted form of an old lady. Margaret, sister and survivor of the brothers Van Eyck, left Flanders, and came to end her days in her native country. She bought a small house

near Tergou. In course of time she heard of Gerard, and saw some of his handy-work: it pleased her so well that she sent her female servant, Richt Heynes, to ask him to come to her. This led to an acquaintance: it could hardly be otherwise, for little Tergou had never held so many as two zealots of this sort before. At first the old lady damped Gerard's courage terribly. At each visit she pulled out of holes and corners drawings and paintings, some of them by her own hand, that seemed to him unapproachable: but if the artist overpowered him, the woman kept his heart up. She and Richt soon turned him inside out like a glove. Among other things, they drew from him what the good monks had failed to hit upon, the reason why he did not illuminate, viz., that he could not afford the gold, the blue, and the red, but only the cheap earths; and that he was afraid to ask his mother to buy the choice colours, and was sure he should ask her in vain. Then Margaret Van Eyck gave him a little brush-gold, and some vermilion, and ultramarine, and a piece of good vellum to lay them on. He almost adored her. As he left the house Richt ran after him with a candle and two quarters: he quite kissed her. But better even than the gold and lapis lazuli to the illuminator was the sympathy to the isolated enthusiast. That sympathy was always ready, and, as he returned it, an affection sprung up between the old painter and the young calligrapher that was doubly characteristic of the time. For this was a century in which the fine arts and the higher mechanical arts were not separated by any distinct boundary, nor were those who practised them: and it was an age in which artists sought out and loved one another. Should this last statement stagger a painter or writer of our day, let me remind him that Christians loved one another at first starting.

Backed by an acquaintance so venerable, and strengthened by female sympathy, Gerard advanced in learning and skill. His spirits, too, rose visibly: he still looked behind him when dragged to dinner in the middle of an initial G; but once seated showed great social qualities: likewise a gay humour, that had hitherto but peeped in him, shone out, and often he set the table in a roar, and kept it there, sometimes with his own wit, sometimes with jests which were glossy new to his family, being drawn from antiquity.

As a return for all he owed his friends the monks, he made them exquisite copies from two of their choicest MSS., viz., the life of their founder, and their Comedies of Terence, the monastery finding the vellum.

The high and puissant Prince, Philip "the Good," Duke of Burgundy, Luxemburg, and Brabant, Earl of Holland and Zealand, Lord of Friesland, Count of Flanders, Artois, and Hainault, Lord of Salins and Macklyn—was versatile.

He could fight as well as any king going; and he could lie as well as any except the King of France. He was a mighty hunter, and could read and write. His tastes were wide and ardent. He loved jewels like a woman, and gorgeous apparel. He dearly loved maids of honour, and paintings generally; in proof of which he ennobled Jan Van

Eyck. He had also a particular fancy for giants, dwarfs, and Turks; these last he had ever about him, turbaned, and blazing with jewels. His agents inveigled them from Istamboul with fair promises: but the moment he had got them he baptised them by brute force in a large tub; and, this done, let them squat with their faces towards Mecca, and invoke Mahound as much as they pleased, laughing in his sleeve at their simplicity in fancying they were still infidels. He had lions in cages, and fleet leopards trained by orientals to run down hares and deer. In short, he relished all rarities, except hum-drum virtues. For anything singularly pretty, or diabolically ugly, this was your customer. The best of him was, he was open-handed to the poor; and the next best was, he fostered the arts in earnest: whereof he now gave a signal proof. He offered prizes for the best specimens of "orfèvrerie" in two kinds, religious and secular; item for the best paintings in white of egg, oils, and tempera; these to be on panel, silk, or metal as the artists chose: item for the best transparent painting on glass: item for the best illuminating and border-painting on vellum: item for the fairest writing on vellum. The Burgomasters of the several towns were commanded to aid all the poorer competitors by receiving their specimens and sending them with due care to Rotterdam at the expense of their several burghs. When this was cried by the bellman through the streets of Tergou, a thousand mouths opened, and one heart beat—Gerard's. He told his family he should try for two of those prizes. They stared in silence, for their breath was gone at his conceit and audacity: but one horrid laugh exploded on the floor like a petard. Gerard looked down, and there was the dwarf, whose very whisper was a bassoon, slit and fanged from ear to ear at his expense, and laughing like a lion. Nature relenting at having made Giles so small, had given him as a set-off the biggest voice on record. He was like those stunted wide-mouthed pieces of ordnance we see on fortifications; they are more like a flower-pot than a cannon; but ods tympana how they bellow!

Gerard turned red with anger, the more so as the others began to titter. White Catherine saw, and a pink tinge just perceptible came to her cheek. She said softly, "Why do you laugh? Is it because he is our brother you think he cannot be capable. Yes, Gerard, try with the rest. Many say you are skilful; and mother and I will pray the Virgin to guide your hand."

"Thank you, little Kate. You shall pray to our Lady, and our mother shall buy vellum and the colours to illuminate with."

"What will they cost?"

"Two gold crowns" (about three shillings and fourpence English money).

"What?" screamed the housewife; "when the bushel of rye costs but a groat! What! me spend a month's meal and meat and fire on such vanity as that: the lightning from Heaven would fall on me, and my children would all be beggars."

"Mother!" sighed little Catherine, imploringly.

"Oh! it is in vain, Kate," said Gerard, with a sigh. "I shall have to give it up, or ask the

dame Van Eyck. She would give it me, but I think shame to be for ever taking from her."

"It is not her affair," said Catherine, very sharply; "what has she to do coming between me and my son?" And she left the room with a red face. Little Catherine smiled. Presently the housewife returned with a gracious, affectionate air, and the two little gold pieces in her hand.

"There, sweetheart," said she, "you won't have to trouble dame or demoiselle for two paltry crowns."

But on this Gerard fell a thinking how he could spare her purse.

"One will do, mother. I will ask the good monks to let me send my copy of their 'Terence': it is on snowy vellum, and I can write no better: so then I shall only need six sheets of vellum for my borders and miniatures, and gold for my ground, and prime colours—one crown will do."

"Never spoil the ship for want of a bit of tar, Gerard," said this changeable mother. But she added, "Well, there, I will put the crown in my pocket. That won't be like putting it back in the box. Going to the box to take out instead of putting in—it is like going to my heart with a knife for so many drops of blood. You will be sure to want it, Gerard. The house is never built for less than the builder counted on."

Sure enough, when the time came, Gerard longed to go to Rotterdam and see the Duke, and above all to see the work of his competitors, and so get a lesson from defeat. And the crown came out of the housewife's pocket with a very good grace. Gerard would soon be a priest. It seemed hard if he might not enjoy the world a little before separating himself from it for life.

The day before he went, Margaret Van Eyck asked him to take a letter for her, and when he came to look at it, somewhat to his surprise he found it was addressed to the Princess Marie, at the Stadthouse, in Rotterdam.

The day before the prizes were to be distributed, Gerard started for Rotterdam thus equipped; he had a doublet of silver-grey cloth with sleeves, and a jerkin of the same over it, but without sleeves. From his waist to his heels he was clad in a pair of tight-fitting buckskin hose fastened by laces (called points) to his doublet. His shoes were pointed, in moderation, and secured by a strap that passed under the hollow of the foot. On his head and the back of his neck he wore his flowing hair, and pinned to his back between his shoulders was his hat: it was further secured by a purple silk ribbon little Kate had passed round him from the sides of the hat, and knotted neatly on his breast; below his hat, attached to the upper rim of his broad waist belt, was his leathern wallet. When he got within a league of Rotterdam he was pretty tired, but he soon fell in with a pair that were more so. He found an old man sitting by the roadside quite worn out, and a comely young woman holding his hand, with a face full of concern. The country people trudged by and noticed nothing amiss: but Gerard, as he passed, drew conclusions. Even dress tells a tale to those who study it so closely as our illuminator was wont to. The old man wore a gown, and a fur tippet, and a

velvet cap, sure signs of dignity : but the triangular purse at his girdle was lean, the gown rusty, the fur worn, sure signs of poverty. The young woman was dressed in plain russet cloth : yet snow-white lawn covered that part of her neck the gown left visible, and ended half way up her white throat in a little band of gold embroidery : and her head-dress was new to Gerard ; instead of hiding her hair in a pile of linen or lawn, she wore an open net-work of silver cord with silver spangles at the interstices : in this her glossy auburn hair was rolled in front into a solid wave, and supported behind in a luxurious and shapely mass. His quick eye took in all this, and the old man's deadly pallor, and the tears in the young woman's eyes. So when he had passed them a few yards, he reflected, and turned back, and came towards them bashfully.

"Father, I fear you are tired."

"Indeed, my son, I am," replied the old man ; "and faint for lack of food."

Gerard's address did not appear so agreeable to the girl as to the old man. She seemed ashamed, and with much reserve in her manner said, that it was her fault ; she had underrated the distance, and imprudently allowed her father to start too late in the day.

"No ! no !" said the old man ; "it is not the distance, it is the want of nourishment."

The girl put her arms round his neck, with tender concern, but took that opportunity of whispering, "Father, a stranger—a young man !"

But it was too late. Gerard, with great simplicity, and quite as a matter of course, fell to gathering sticks with great expedition. This done, he took down his wallet, out with the manchet of bread and the iron flask his careful mother had put up, and his everlasting tinder-box ; lighted a match, then a candle end, then the sticks ; and put his iron flask on it. Then down he went on his stomach and took a good blow : then looking up, he saw the girl's face had thawed, and she was looking down at him and his energy with a demure smile. He laughed back to her : "Mind the pot," said he, "and don't let it spill, for Heaven's sake : there's a cleft stick to hold it safe with ;" and with this he set off running towards a corn-field at some distance. Whilst he was gone, there came by, on a mule with rich purple housings, an old man redolent with wealth. The purse at his girdle was plethoric, the fur on his tippet was ermine, broad and new.

It was Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, the Burgomaster of Tergou. He was old, and his face furrowed. He was a notorious miser, and looked one generally. But the idea of supping with the Duke raised him just now into manifest complacency. Yet at the sight of the faded old man and his bright daughter sitting by a fire of sticks, the smile died out of his face, and he wore a strange look of anguish and wrath. He reined in his mule. "Why, Peter, — Margaret—" said he almost fiercely, "what mummery is this !" Peter was going to answer, but Margaret interposed hastily, and said : "My father was exhausted, so I am warming something to give him strength before we go on." "What, reduced to feed by the road-side like the Bohemians," said Ghysbrecht, and

his hand went into his purse : but it did not seem at home there, it fumbled uncertainly, afraid too large a coin might stick to a finger and come out.

At this moment, who should come bounding up but Gerard. He had two straws in his hand, and he threw himself down by the fire, and relieved Margaret of the cooking part : then suddenly recognising the Burgomaster, he coloured all over. Ghysbrecht Van Swieten started and glared at him, and took his hand out of his purse. "Oh," said he bitterly, "I am not wanted : " and went slowly on, casting a long look of suspicion on Margaret, and hostility on Gerard, that was not very intelligible. However, there was something about it that Margaret could read enough to blush at, and almost toss her head. Gerard only stared with surprise. "By St. Bavon, I think the old miser grudges us three our quart of soup," said he. When the young man put that interpretation on Ghysbrecht's strange and meaning look, Margaret was greatly relieved, and smiled gaily on the speaker.

Meantime Ghysbrecht plodded on more wretched in his wealth than these in their poverty. And the curious thing is that the mule, the purple housings, and one half the coin in that plethoric purse, belonged not to Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, but to that faded old man and that comely girl, who sat by a road-side fire to be fed by a stranger. They did not know this, but Ghysbrecht knew it, and carried in his heart a scorpion of his own begetting. That scorpion is remorse ; the remorse, that, not being penitence, is incurable, and ready for fresh misdeeds upon a fresh temptation.

Twenty years ago, when Ghysbrecht Van Swieten was a hard but honest man, the touchstone opportunity came to him, and he did an act of heartless roguery. It seemed a safe one. It had hitherto proved a safe one, though he had never felt safe. To-day he has seen youth, enterprise, and, above all, knowledge, seated by fair Margaret and her father on terms that look familiar and loving.

And the fiends are at his ear again.

(To be continued.)

THE TAIL OF A TADPOLE.

A BLADE of grass is a world of mystery, "would men observingly distil it out." When my erudite friend, Gerunds, glancing round my workroom, arrested his contemptuous eye on a vase abounding in tadpoles, and asked me with a sniffing superiority :

"Do you really mean to say you find any interest in those little beasts ?"

I energetically answered :

"As much as you find in Elzevirs."

"H'm !" grunted Gerunds.

"Very absurd, isn't it ? But we have all our hobbies. I can pass a bookstall on which I perceive that the ignorance of the bookseller permits him to exhibit an edition of Persius among the rubbish at 'one shilling each.' The sight gives me no thrill—it does not even slacken my rapid pace. But I can't so easily pass a pond in which I see a shoal of tadpoles swimming about, as ignorant of their own value, as the bookseller is of

Persius. I may walk on, but the sight has sent a slight electric shock through me. Why, sir, there is more to me in the tail of one of those tadpoles than in all the poems of that obscure and dreary Persius. But I won't thrash your Jew unless you thrash mine."

"Why, what on earth can you do with the tail?"

"Do with it? Study it, experiment on it, put it under the microscope, and day by-day watch the growth of its various parts. At first it is little but a mass of cells. Then I observe some of these cells assuming a well-known shape, and forming rudimentary blood-vessels. I also observe some other cells changing into blood-cells. Then the trace of muscles becomes visible. These grow and grow, and the pigment-cells, which give their colour to the tail, assume fantastic shapes."

"Very interesting, I dare say."

"You don't seem to think so, by your tone. But look in this vase: here you see several tadpoles with the most apologetic of tails—mere stumps, in fact. I cut them off nine days ago."

"Will they grow again?"

"Perfectly; because, although the frog dispenses with a tail, and gradually loses it by a process of resorption as he reaches the frog form, the tadpole needs his tail to swim with; and Nature kindly supplies any accident that may deprive him of it."

"Yes, yes," added Gerunds, glad to feel himself once more in the region of things familiarly known: "just like the lobster, or the crab, you know. They tear off their legs and arms in the most reckless manner, yet always grow them again."

"And would you like to know what has become of these tails?"

"Arn't they dead?"

"Not at all. 'Alive and kicking.'"

"Alive after nine days? Oh! oh!"

"Here they are in this glass. It is exactly nine days since they were cut off, and I have been watching them daily under the microscope. I assure you that I have seen them grow, not larger, indeed, but *develope* more and more, muscle-fibres appearing where no trace of fibre existed, and a cicatrice forming at the cut end."

"Come, now, you are trying my gullibility!"

"I am perfectly serious. The discovery is none of mine. It was made this time last year by M. Vulpian in Paris, and I have only waited for the tadpole season to repeat the observations. He says that the tails constantly lived many days—as many as eighteen on one occasion; but I have never kept mine alive more than eleven. He says, moreover, that they not only grow, as I have said, but manifest sensibility, for they twist about with a rapid swimming movement when irritated. I have not seen this; but M. Vulpian is too experienced a physiologist to have been mistaken; and with regard to the growth of the tails, his observations are all the more trustworthy because he daily made drawings of the aspect presented by the tails, and could thus compare the progress made."

"Well, but I say, how the deuce *could* they live when separated from the body? our arms or legs don't live; the lobster's legs don't live."

"Quite true; but in these cases we have limbs of a complex organisation, which require a complex

apparatus for their maintenance; they must have blood, the blood must circulate, the blood must be oxygenated—"

"Stop, stop; I don't want to understand why our arms can't live apart from our bodies. They *don't*. The fact is enough for me. I want to know why the tail of a tadpole can live apart from the body."

"It *can*. Is not the fact enough for you in that case also? Well, I was going to tell you the reason. The tail will only live apart from the body so long as it retains its early immature form; that is to say, so long as it has not become highly organised. If you cut it off from a tadpole which is old enough to have lost its external gills a week or more, the tail will *not* live more than three or four days. And every tail will die as soon as it reaches the point in its development which requires the circulation of the blood as a necessary condition."

"But where does it get food?"

"That is more than I can say. I don't know that it wants food. The power of abstinence possessed by reptiles is amazing. I was reading the other day an account of a reptile which had been kept in the Boston Museum eight-and-twenty months without any food, except such as it might have found in the small quantity of dirty water in which it was kept."

"Really I begin to think there is more in these little beasts than I suspected. But you see it requires a deal of study to get at these things."

"Not more than to get at any of the other open secrets of Nature. But since you are interested, look at these tails as the tadpoles come bobbing against the side of the glass. Do you see how they are covered with little white spots?"

"No."

"Look closer. All over the tail there are tiny cotton-like spots. Take a lens if your unaccustomed eye isn't sharp enough. There, now you see them."

"Yes; I see a sort of *fluff* scattered about."

"That fluff is an immense colony of parasites. Let us place the tadpole under the microscope, and you will see each spot turn out to be a multitude of elegant and active animals, having bodies not unlike a crystal goblet supported on an extremely long and flexible stem, and having round their rim or mouth a range of long delicate hairs, the incessant motion of which gives a wheel-like aspect, and makes an eddy in the water which brings food to the animal."

"Upon my word this is really interesting! How active they are! How they shrink up, and then, unwinding their twisted stems, expand again! What's the name of this thing?"

"*Vorticella*. It may be found growing on water-fleas, plants, decayed wood, or these tadpoles. People who study the animalcules are very fond of this *Vorticella*."

"Well, I never could have believed such a patch of fluff could turn out a sight like this: I could watch it for an hour. But what are those small yellowish things sticking on the side of these parasites?"

"Those, my dear Gerunds, are also parasites."

"What, parasites living on parasites?"

"Why not? Nature is economical. Don't you live on beef and mutton and fish? don't these beefs,

muttons, and fish live on vegetables and animals? don't these vegetables and animals live on other organic matters? Eat and be eaten is one law: live and let live is another."

Gerunds remained thoughtful; then he screwed up one side of his face into frightful contortions, as with the eye of the other he resumed his observations of the Vorticella. I was called away by a visitor to whom I didn't care to show my tadpoles, because to have shown them would have been to forfeit his esteem for ever. He doesn't think very

highly of me as it is, but has a misty idea that I occupy myself with science; and as science is respectable and respected—our Prince Consort and endless bishops patronising the British Association for the Advancement of Science—the misty idea that after all I *may* not be an idiot, keeps his contempt in abeyance. But were he once to enter my work-room, and see its bottles, its instruments, its preparations, and, above all, the tadpoles, I should never taste his champagne and claret again.

G. H. LEWES.

THE ORIGINAL BUN HOUSE.



I HAVE seen pretty faces under various aspects: some peeping innocently from a wild luxuriance of honeysuckle and roses—others glancing with bright intelligence from opera boxes, made glorious by amber satin, and the radiance of chandeliers; and there is something harmonious in both styles of embellishment. When, however, my youthful fancy was just beginning to put forth its tender buds beneath the cold shade of College House, I had rather peculiar views of decorative art, my notion being, that the sphere for sylphs to shine in was one liberally adorned with puffs,—raspberry gaffs, cranberry tarts, and all that tends to sweeten existence embittered by Bonnycastle and Valpy. The serene felicity of my first love is thus strangely associated with the favourable impression which I received from my first jelly. I almost tremble now to think what sacrifices in cash and constitution I made at that refectory

which Amelia's glances filled with mimic sunshine. Warmed by those beams, my consumption of ices was at once rapid and futile. My bosom glowed, despite of all my polar luxuries; and if I suffered from heart-burn (as I often did after a banquet at Crump's), it was not entirely owing to dyspepsia, but derived its poignancy from a singular but powerful combination of Beauty and Buns.

Amelia was Crump's niece. Crump—sole proprietor of the Original Bun House at the corner of the Cathedral Close—was a little weazen, one-eyed, floury-faced man, who always wore a night-cap and a sack-apron. We of College House never saw much of him, for his proper place was below, near the oven, from which, like a fish, he came to the surface at intervals, with a block of gingerbread or a tray of pies. Mrs. Crump—Amelia's aunt—was the most stupendous and remarkable woman I ever saw out of a caravan. She commonly

sat in an arm-chair behind the counter, with a huge toasting-fork erect, like Britannia, and her rule was absolute. She had studied human nature long, and, it would seem, with profitable results, for she gave no credit to man or boy.

You could trace the mandate, "Pay on delivery," sharply etched in her acid countenance; and her voice, decidedly metallic in its upper notes, had none of that softness which marks the advocates of a paper currency. Between her and her niece there were differences of kind, as well as of degree. Amelia's little white palm instinctively shrank from copper coins, hot from our portable treasuries. Her mild blue eyes were full of trust; her rosy lips and bewildering auburn ringlets, all spoke of generosity and confidence; yet such was the respectful devotion with which her loveliness inspired College House, that no boy, however great his natural audacity, ever presumed even in a whisper to ask her to accept his promissory note for a pound of ratafias.

Crump had a workhouse apprentice — an awkward, lazy, ill-constructed lad, who in early life had been fished out of a pond, and had never quite recovered his then suspended animation. Being kept at work all night in a cavern swarming with black-beetles and such queer company, he had lost his hold upon the sympathy of his fellow-men or boys; while his vacant gaze, electrified hair, and ghoulish-like nails, had deprived him of any claim to compensation which the gentler sex might otherwise have allowed. Yet, despite of his isolated condition, College House looked on Crump's apprentice with envy. Was he not in hourly communication with Amelia? Might he not abuse the privilege of his position, and pluck from that dimpled chin what College House, by the most liberal expenditure of its petty cash, could never hope to enjoy—a surreptitious kiss? The thought used to haunt us in our midnight visions. One boy, named Barwell, whose father was governor of the county jail, went so far as to assert that he had never at his father's official residence seen any countenance so decidedly felonious as that of Crump's apprentice. No wonder, then, that College House had fears—strong fears—for the security of Crump's till.

To her credit be it spoken, Amelia treated her eager worshippers with strict impartiality. Recognising no superiority of age, learning, or opulence, she bestowed on every ardent lover of her uncle's buns an encouraging smile. On one occasion, however, it was reported that she wrapt up Larpent's change in whity-brown paper. Larpent was a West Indian, tall and slender, with remarkably pretty teeth, and a somewhat *distingué* air. He always dressed well, and the distinction shown him was, I honestly believe, entirely owing to his expensive lemon-kid gloves. Slight as was this token of favouritism, it created a feeling of uneasiness and insecurity at College House; and Boag and Pepper, who, in avowed imitation of Beaumont and Fletcher, had established a poetical partnership, of which Amelia's charms might be regarded as the "working capital," at once tore up their sonnets, and dissolved the firm. Blobbins, a boy of plethoric habit, small eyes and little idealism, and who was continually cooling the passions of

youth by sucking oranges, was heard to declare, that he always thought Amelia Pluckrose a coquette; and on being sharply interrogated as to what he meant by that offensive epithet, made answer, that a coquette was one who looked very sweet at you so long as you spent all your money upon buns,—a definition which, however correct, was not in good taste, and covered Blobbins with the obloquy due to vulgar detractors.

On Valentine's Day every pupil at College House, who had attained years of discretion, sent his *gage-d'amour* to "Miss A. Pluckrose, Original Bun House," and marked outside "Private," to deter Old Crump from breaking the seal. Some of these compositions—my own for example—had never appeared in print. Others were cribbed from Arliss's Magazine, and another anonymous miscellany. With that happy credulity which is youth's most precious inheritance, every boy at College House secretly believed that Amelia's eye was more frequently directed to him for the rest of the "half," than to any one else. It is true that Larpent, by virtue of his liberal outlay for cherry-brandy and preserved ginger at the Original Bun House, could always command an audience of the reigning beauty; but we could all see that Amelia's attention was mere politeness—nothing more.

Larpent, with his lemon-coloured gloves, might have made a sensible impression on some weak-minded girls. But College House had great confidence in his complexion, which was a decided chocolate. We felt assured that Amelia with her refined feelings would never be so silly as Desdemona was, or would cast herself away upon a Moor. Indeed I was inclined to pity Larpent for wasting so much precious eloquence and pocket-money at the Original Bun House, when his extraordinary behaviour towards the College in general, and myself in particular, proclaimed that he neither deserved compassion nor stood in need of it.

I was sitting at my desk on Valentine's Eve composing an acrostic, when some one pulled my ear in a jocular way, and, turning round very angrily, I found it was Larpent who had thus rudely obstructed a poet's progress.

"What will you take for it when it is finished?" he said, bending down to read what I had written.

"Nothing that you can give me," was my answer, in a tone of defiance.

"Amelia P.," he continued, glancing at the initials of each line, "this is for Miss Pluckrose."

"And suppose it is," said I, "you have no right to interfere."

"No right, eh?" he replied, showing his teeth.

"Certainly not. What right have you?"

He grasped my arm with his vice-like fingers till he almost made me shriek, as looking at me like a savage, he exclaimed:—

"The best right which any man can have. The right of conquest—booby!"

There was a pause, very long and very awkward. I could not speak from astonishment. He would not, because my perplexity gratified him.

At last he broke silence.

"I will not allow you or any other fellow, to send a parcel of trumpery love-verses to my Amelia."

"O, then all the trumpery love-verses she may receive must emanate from you?"

I hit him there, and he felt it.

"That's my ultimatum," he rejoined, and he began cutting his pencil ferociously.

"Larpen," said I, after two or three painful endeavours to articulate, "you are carrying the joke a little too far—you are, upon my honour."

"You think so, do you?" he returned, throwing away his pencil. "Well, to convince you that I am perfectly serious, you see this," and he drew from his breast-pocket a small blue-barrelled pistol inlaid with silver.

"If you don't give up your ridiculous pretensions quietly, my friend," was his remark, "you must take your chance of a bullet-hole, that's all. I don't want anything unreasonable, but if you insist on crossing my path in this little affair, down you go—pop!"

"Not if we fire at one another with—cross-bows," said I, maliciously, for only two days before we had a shooting-match at a blacking-bottle, and Larpen was beaten hollow. "However, I don't want to take an unfair advantage—choose your own weapon—I'm ready and willing."

The West Indian put his pistol back in his pocket, and took my hand.

"Bonser," he said, with affected kindness, "I have a respect for you and consideration for your mother, but really you mustn't stand in my light."

"Stand in your light!" I exclaimed, fiercely. "You are standing in mine. Who spoke to Amelia first? I've known her since I was a child—almost."

Larpen burst out laughing.

"Why, Bonser, what are you now?" Then, without waiting for my reply, he said:

"Give me this acrostic, promise not to write any more, and I'll present you with a dozen splendid cigars."

"Hang your cigars!" I cried. "Disgusting Cabanas!—they would make me sick."

"Very well, then you mean to fight?"

"I do."

"If you should prefer horse-pistols," said Larpen, pulling on his lemon-coloured gloves, "I have got a brace in my trunk up-stairs ready loaded."

A sudden rush of pupils into the school-room, singing in chorus "Rule Britannia," prevented my sanguinary rival from proceeding further with his warlike demonstrations. Intelligence had just arrived of the battle of Navarino; and Wapshaw, who loved his country, and used to expatiate in our rural walks upon England's naval supremacy, had, in a fit of enthusiasm, given permission to the boys to sing national airs, for half an hour before supper. I am sure he forgot that vocal exercises invigorate the appetite, or he would never have granted this musical licence.

All night long I lay awake with my eyes fixed on the black leathern trunk with brass nails beneath Larpen's bed. Notwithstanding my lofty tone when confronting my Creole enemy, I had not made up my mind to fight him, but I resolved to maintain a bold front. Accordingly, when Larpen came up to me next day in the cricket-ground, and coolly asked me if I was

ready to die for Amelia, I answered sullenly, "I am," and followed him at his command with long and rapid strides. We had nearly reached the coppice at the extremity of the ground, where Larpen proposed the duel should take place, when a tennis ball came ricocheting behind us, and struck me in my spine. On turning round I perceived a knot of boys gathered round McPhun, the old Scotch gardener of College House, and who hailed us to come back with gesticulations of such earnestness as indicated that something alarming had happened.

I was very glad to obey this peremptory summons, and on my way met Blobbins, with tears streaming from his little eyes.

"Have you heard about poor old Crump?" he said, wiping his cheeks with a tattered pocket-handkerchief.

"No," said I. "Has he been knocked down again by a painter's ladder?"

"Worse," replied Blobbins, sucking an orange to calm his emotion: "he has fell beneath a load of bricks."

"What, crushed!" I exclaimed.

"Reg'larly," said Blobbins, weeping afresh, and adding, with inconceivable tenderness, "We shall never, Bonser, taste such buns again."

I turned away from this heartless voluptuary with feelings of mingled pity and disdain, and joined the noisy crowd which encircled McPhun, the old Scotch gardener, and eagerly questioned him about poor Crump's catastrophe. From his narrative it seemed that Crump, having scraped together a little money in the Original Bun House, had unwisely invested it in land for building purposes, and, like many other sanguine speculators, had overbuilt himself. This Blobbins figuratively described as being crushed beneath a load of bricks. To accelerate his downfall he had become surety for a particular friend of the family, whose health was so infirm that he could not leave Boulogne when his promissory note became due. The consequence was, that execution had been issued against Crump, who was seized by the sheriff, while another hostile force, with that officer's authority, marched into the Original Bun House, and garrisoned it by command of Crump's principal creditor, a hot-headed brick-maker.

This was sad news indeed.

"And what's become of poor little Mely, Mac?" demanded College House, with its forty-five voices harmoniously rolled into one.

"I hear," replied McPhun, "that she has taken a situation as barmaid at the 'Marquis o' Granby.'"

College House fell back as if its forty-five pillars had been shaken by an earthquake. Amelia, so graceful, innocent, and fair, to let herself down behind the bar of an ordinary commercial inn! Such degradation was enough to cause a sympathetic sinking in every manly breast.

Blobbins whispered to me in my extremity what he deemed words of consolation:

"Couldn't we go to the 'Marquis' together, Bonser, and have a pint of early pur!"

I looked at him distrustfully, and felt confident by his retreating manner that he was profoundly ignorant of the nature of that matutinal beverage. He confessed afterwards that he fancied

it was morning dew, flavoured with sugar and lemon.

My duel with Larpent was postponed *sine die* by tacit consent. The next day, being Wednesday, after dinner Blobbins took me aside, and murmured mysteriously in my ear, "Early purl."

I understood him, and, as soon as we were out of school, we started off towards the "Marquis of Granby," a large posting-inn, facing the Haymarket. As we passed the Original Bun House we observed with sorrow that Crump's homely name had been painted out, and the Italian patronymic of Tolibozzi had usurped its place, while for indigenous "Pastry-cook" was substituted exotic "Confectioner." Tolibozzi was a tall and superior-looking man, with very black eyebrows, a flat linen cap, and a white apron. It appeared that Tolibozzi had been cook in a nobleman's family, and had condescendingly married the lady's-maid. Mrs. Tolibozzi, however, was a very genteel young person, and wore as many rings as her late mistress, with a gold watch and chain. We bought a couple of buns, just out of curiosity; but, O! Tolibozzi's buns were no more to be compared with Crump's than chalk and alum with sugar and eggs: they were, indeed, a *bitter* mockery.

Neither Blobbins nor I had ever entered a tavern; and before we reached the "Marquis" a feeling of nervousness came over us. We tossed for posteriority, and Blobbins lost. Girding up his loins, he dashed across the road, and I followed; but before he went in, he looked through the plate-glass window, and turning round, informed me with dismay that she wasn't there!

It was perfectly true. She was not there; and on inquiring of Tolibozzi, we ascertained that Miss Pluckrose had never accepted any situation there, but contemplated devoting herself exclusively to dress-making and millinery. In answer to our modest application, where she was residing, Tolibozzi believed she was staying with her aunt, either in James Street or John Street, but the number he had forgotten, and Mrs. Tolibozzi had never heard.

Baffled in every effort to discover our Amelia, Blobbins, by way of balm, suggested that we should have a row. Adopting his advice, we made our way down to the ferry-house, and hiring a crank skiff, Blobbins took the rudder, and I the sculls. We were proceeding up the river very gloomily, when all at once Blobbins turned pale, and exclaimed, "Here she comes!"

"Who?" said I.

"Amelia!"

And scarcely had he spoken, when a wherry passed us on our larboard quarter, in which, with a blue silk bonnet and a parasol, sat Amelia, guiding the tiller-ropes, while a smart, yellow-haired young fellow, whose navy cap she held in her lap, was pulling vigorously with his jacket off. They had not passed us more than twenty yards, when one four-oared cutter which was racing against another, suddenly ran foul of Amelia's boat—I very much fear, through that young person's bad steering—and upset it. The naval officer and his charge were both immersed in the water, and the first glance we caught of them among the boats that were crowding round, showed

us Amelia, supported by the strong arm of her gallant protector, who was coolly swimming with her to the bank, where, strange to say, Larpent arrived just too late to render any assistance. The naval officer, having kissed his precious burthen to restore her to consciousness (which it did), they hurried, dripping wet as they were, into a Swiss cottage, whose hospitable doors were opened for their reception, and whose windows were hidden by willow trees.

For some time after this event Larpent never mentioned Amelia's name to any human being. It was just upon the eve of Midsummer, so we lost sight of him; but on my return to College House Larpent, who had never left it, was as close and mysterious as before. He had apparently made up his mind that Amelia was lost to him, and so had we all; nor were we greatly surprised, on the first Sunday after our return, to hear the banns of marriage published at church between Walter Henry Seaward, bachelor, and Amelia Pluckrose, spinster, both of this parish. We did feel, however, some astonishment when, just after that solemn publication, the officiating clergyman left the reading-desk and advanced to the communion-table, at the same time that five persons emerged from the vestry, two being in bridal attire. These were Walter Henry Seaward, bachelor, and Amelia Pluckrose, spinster; the others were old Crump and his wife, and his sister, a thin woman, with a coal-scuttle bonnet and a baggy umbrella.

Poor Larpent! he looked on at the ceremony with an Othello-like glare. Twice he stood up—we were in the gallery—and remained standing for some minutes, notwithstanding Wapshaw desired him to sit down. It seemed cruel for Amelia to be invested with the grand order of matrimony in the presence of so many of her slaves, but I believe she was not morally responsible, having only complied with the earnest entreaty of certain impulsive young ladies in the Cathedral Close, who had formed themselves into a committee of admiration, and who had arranged this public performance of connubial rites as a fitting recognition by Amelia of the gallantry of her preserver.

On leaving College House, which he did at the next "half," Larpent went out to South America, where he became an indigo-planter; and I heard that eventually he married a very plump and opulent widow, whose complexion was several shades more sombre than his own.

Old Crump was comfortably provided for by being appointed verger to the cathedral, where he toddled about for many years with a black gown and a steel poker.

The Original Bun House exists no more. Railway trains stop at the elegant refreshment-rooms which occupy the ground whereon it stood. These elegant rooms I went into last autumn. Another Amelia was there—how like, and yet how different! As charming, perhaps, in some eyes, but not to my experienced vision. My spectacles might have been dim. She seemed to want repose. These modern cafés have their attractions; but, as any school-boy will tell you, after all there is nothing half so sweet in life as the Original Bun House.

A. A.

THE ASTRONOMER'S DISCOVERY.



ON the most exposed point of the little island of Veen, which stands in the strait between Elsinore and Copenhagen, there were still visible, some few years since, the traces of an ancient and extensive building, where the ruins of time-eaten and fire-stained walls, rising over the rugged and volcanic surface, guided the eye along the ground-plan of the edifice. It might have been observed that this structure, of which the relics even still retain the name Uranienborg, was flanked on the north by a tower; to the east and west it presented two fronts, looking respectively toward the isle of Zeeland and the coast of Sweden; and on the south had stood a large square building, named Stelleborg—that is, the “Castle of the Stars,”—under which lay a vaulted cavern, the only portion still remaining uninjured. All around were vestiges of garden cultivation, long since discontinued; and the silence of the desert that stretched away until it mingled in hazy perspective with the waters of the Baltic was broken only by the wild scream of the sea-birds. Still, these ruins awakened an interest of their own: for, although they were not the scene of any memorable event in history, or the grave of departed magnificence, the glory of intellect and science has bequeathed to them its more enduring associations.

On the 11th of November, 1572, the lord of

this domain, which is about two leagues in circumference, was seated in the garden of Uranienborg. The day had been clearer and milder than might naturally have been expected at that season and in such a climate, and the sun was just sinking behind the trees, whose lengthening shadows were sharply defined on the ground by the last beams of daylight. The person whom we introduce might have been still called young; but in his countenance there was a seriousness and dignity beyond his years, which would have repelled familiarity, had not the expression been softened by that air of simplicity which always accompanies genius. He was engaged in tracing on the sand before his feet circles within circles, of different sizes, and intersecting each other perplexingly; and from these he sometimes turned his eyes upward to the heavens, as though they opened to his view a mystic volume which he endeavoured to transcribe. At his left hand was sleeping a beautiful greyhound, wearied with gambolling around its master without attracting his attention; while, crouching timidly at the other side, sat a young and beautiful girl, who alternately gazed, with a rapt and child-like curiosity, at the geometric figures, and looked up at the face of her abstracted companion as if endeavouring to read in those moveless features the solution of the enigma. She understood, however,

neither the meaning of those complicated lines nor the purpose of that deep meditation; and, yet, she sat there, statue-like, animated by another spirit than his; for both were lost in their several contemplations—the one withdrawn from the present by study, the other by love.

At length he moved uneasily, and the faint shadow of discontent that passed across his face was reflected on hers as on a mirror.

“What if it were all but a delusion?” he murmured; “which of the two shall I make my guide—Science or Faith? The first has told me from my childhood that I shall one day detect the periods and movements of ‘those stars with which the heaven is diadem’d,’ and teach these mysteries to a listening world; and the second says to me, ‘Thy knowledge comes from God, and thou shalt not use it to contradict him.’ And, after all, why those involuntary doubts and fears? Why does reason rebel, when the heart submits? Is it the truth which I decry in the cloudy distance, or a dream of the fancy that grows restless as it looks into the infinite?”

While he questioned himself thus, the evening breeze came sighing through the bare branches, and swept away the circles on the sand.

“So it is,” he said, with a sigh; “the breath of forgetfulness, perhaps, will efface my name and my labours from the remembrance of men. If it must be so, were it not better, now, to forsake a world where nothing shall survive to tell that I have been?”

“You wish to die!” said the girl, looking up anxiously, for his last words had startled her. “You do not care for me more? I having nothing to offer but affection; if that wearies you, tell me! It was you who first told me of my beauty, and I prized it because you spoke of it; I was proud of being beautiful, because it drew your eyes toward me. This pride and pleasure you can take from me, as you gave them, for I am but a low-born ignorant peasant girl.”

“And why should I not love you still, Christina?” said Tycho Brahe. “It is I rather who should be afraid that you may weary of me—dark and silent creature that I am. I have more often made you sigh than smile, and it is for me to ask and wonder why you love me.”

“If you change not, my lord,” she replied, “I surely never will. It is enough that once you said to me, ‘Come here, Christina, my head is tired—your youth and beauty restore me to myself.’”

“Child,” said he, smiling, and twining her long golden hair upon his fingers, “hast thou no more to ask of me? Is a careless word enough to make thee happy?”

“It is, my lord! the evening when you met me before my father’s door—who is a poor peasant, and your vassal—I felt myself blushing, and cast down my eyes. The next day, when you met me again, and spoke to me, I felt the same uneasiness; and since then I have loved you as a god, without understanding you, for I knew that I could not share your thoughts that are so far above me. The spirits of pious worshippers, they tell me, are often rewarded for their faith; often a ray of heavenly light falls upon them, and

explains mysteries which they have believed blindly; and so I hoped that you might, one day, raise me to your own height, and teach me the language in which you speak to the stars, so that our two spirits may never separate, and I may be with you in another world as I am in this! You tell me, sometimes, that you have learned awful secrets that could change the face of the world; that there are in common things around us, in plants and metals, virtues unknown to all others, that could enable you to create and to destroy; could you not, then, some time, make a charm or a philtre for me, so that I, too, might read the stars?”

“Hush, Christina!” said the philosopher. “Though God has permitted me to guess a few of his mysteries, ignorant men would hunt me to the death if I were to seem to know them. But what you ask of me is impossible.”

“I thought,” said Christina, “you could do it, if you would. I know not what other women think of the men whom they love; but I have been accustomed to place you so far above all others, that I can imagine no limit to your knowledge and your power. Give me, at least, the skill to read the future, that I may know if you will love me always.”

“Fear not, Christina,” he answered; “until the day when I saw you, my only love was science. Many women have sought to please me; but I wanted the time and the address to please *them*: others have looked upon me as a fool. I have taken my way firmly amid the insults and injuries of the nobility, who are indignant to behold one of their class renounce his hereditary ignorance, and cast away the sword to study the great works of the Creator. But here I have found a haven where the elements are at rest, and where my life may flow on in peace and industry. To-morrow, Christina, you shall set out for Copenhagen. I shall give you a letter to my good friend King Frederic the Second. I will tell him that I wish to make you my wife; and, as a Danish noble cannot marry out of his own order without his permission, I will ask his consent to our union.”

These words, bewildering poor Christina with a tumult of emotions, in which actual joy in its common form could be scarcely said to predominate, sent the crimson blood glowing into her face, which was the next instant overspread with the paleness of marble.

“Thanks, thanks!” she murmured; “it is what I could never have dared to ask, and yet I have suffered much. Forsaken by you, I would be despised by the world. My father is unhappy; he does not believe me innocent; and the girls of the island look aside when I pass.”

“I shall reward your devotion, Christina. Console your father, and henceforth bear your head high and proudly among your acquaintances; for no whisper of suspicion shall breathe upon you more! But the night is falling dark and chilly, adieu! To-morrow, at break of day, be ready to depart.”

With the light and buoyant step of sudden gladness she left him. He followed her with his eyes until she was lost in the darkness, and then moved away slowly to Stalleborg.

"Poor child!" said he, "how little it needs to make thee happy! You know not those vast and insatiable longings—that indefinable want of knowledge that grows for ever—the aspiration of the soul toward the infinite."

Raising his eyes to the cloudless and spangled heaven, "Is it an illusion?" he cried, as he fixed his gaze upon a star, till then unnoticed, that blazed brilliantly near the constellation of Cassiopea. "Look there!" said he to his attendants. "Do I dream? See you that flashing globe that hangs there over the tower?"

"Yes, my lord," they answered; "and its light eclipses all the neighbouring stars."

"Whence comest thou, then," said he, "new and unknown world? O science, inexhaustible and sublime, thou art still my only love!"

He withdrew hastily, and shut himself into his observatory. Christina and all other earthly things were soon forgotten before the new celestial visitor.

By the dawn of the next morning, Christina, habited for her voyage, was waiting anxiously the moment when she could speak with the astronomer; but his assistants had been ordered to permit none to interrupt him. Succeeding at last in transmitting a message to him—that she was ready to start for Copenhagen, according to the arrangement of the evening before—she was entrusted with a letter addressed to the king; and placing that most precious document in her bosom, hastened to the boat, which awaited her; and, as the weather was favourable, arrived in Copenhagen the same day, and presented herself at the palace. The notorious aversion of Frederic the Second from everything in the shape of ceremony and etiquette, together with his respect for Tycho Brahe, whose reputation he considered an honour to his reign, of course smoothed away all difficulties in the way of an audience; and Christina in a few minutes found herself in the presence of a little, affable, plainly dressed, elderly gentleman. While he was reading the letter, she breathed an earnest prayer that he might not refuse its request, on which the happiness of her life depended; and anxiously watched his majesty's countenance, thinking it strange that he never raised his eyes to look at her, or showed any symptom of surprise.

"Tell him," said the king, quietly laying aside the letter, "that I will do what he desires. I shall give the necessary orders at once."

"Indeed, sire?" said Christina, "you consent, then? I was dreading a refusal."

"Why should I refuse, child?" said the king.

"Because, sire, I am only the daughter of a poor peasant, and he is a noble."

"And what has that to do with it?" said his Majesty in some astonishment, "there must be some mistake! Do you know that he is only asking me for a book?"

"A book, sir!" repeated the amazed Christina. "I thought he asked your Majesty's consent to our marriage!—he always said he loved me!"

"I have no doubt he does," replied Frederic, laughing. "But a new star, it seems, has made

him forget the old one. Here! read what he says, for yourself!"

On this discovery all poor Christina's hopes took wing, and flew away ever so high above her head. She took the letter despondingly, and read these words:

SIRE,—A new star has appeared to me this evening. I am in need of a book which is indispensable to my calculations, for I cannot altogether trust my memory. The observatory of Leipzig contains a copy of the work of Leovitius, which I remember to have read in my youth. Will your Majesty be so good as to have it sent to me with all convenient expedition?

"Tell him from me," continued the king, "that he shall have it within a week, and scold him at the same time for thinking more of the book than of yourself."

"Sire," said Christina, "I will go myself to Leipzig—since the book is so important that it has made him forget to make me happy. I wish him to receive it from my own hands."

"No, no, child," said Frederic, "they would not entrust it to you. Return to Veen and have patience with your disappointment! Tycho Brahe will most probably send you to me again in a day or two."

"I hope so, sire," said Christina with a sigh; "for I am sure he loves me, and did not mean to deceive me."

On her arrival in Veen, she returned to her father's house, and was forbidden by him to visit Uranienborg again—a superfluous prohibition, for Tycho Brahe still remained in his observatory and seemed to have altogether forgotten this lower world. His nights were spent in gazing upon the strange and beautiful visitor whose brilliancy outshone Venus; and his days in consulting the records and calculations of his predecessors. His eyes constantly bent upon it, he measured its distance and inquired of himself how a new world had been suddenly lighted up in space, and whether it should remain fixed where he saw it, or retire again into the dark and measureless depths from which it had come forth. He took possession of it, like a navigator who appropriates a newly discovered land; he gave it his name, and commanded it to tell of him to future generations.

One doubt, however, cast a shadow upon his exultation—others in times past had probably observed the same mass of radiance. He found in Josephus that a star of the same magnitude and brilliancy had shone over Jerusalem and announced its fall. Hipparchus had seen it outblazing Cassiopea and paling again beside that constellation; and the more recent work of Leovitius, which was sent by the king, informed him of the appearance of the same star three hundred years before. Still he gazed upon it unweariedly—days and weeks flew away unmeasured. When clouds hid it from his view, he was impatient; when it shone out in the clear expanse his ecstasy returned. In fact, it was no longer mere science that guided him with its inflexible laws, but a glowing imagination—that spirit of poetry which slumbers in every soul—bore him away upon its rainbow-wings.

The star blazed on; but its brightness was fading. From a pure and flaming white it changed to the ruddy glow of Mars and then to the dull and leaden hue of Saturn, as it receded into the limitless wilderness of space. Then there came a heavy drift of grey and watery clouds, and when they passed away—the star was gone!

Straining his eyes into vacancy, through the point where he had last seen it, and then returning to earth with a sigh, the astronomer said, "I have sounded the depths of all science, and have found only doubts and disappointments—vanity of vanities! My heart is empty! What is there to fill the void?" There was no Christina near him to answer; but, two days after, she again visited the palace in Copenhagen, and, as the king had predicted, handed him another letter.

H. O.

GARIBALDI.

It was in the month of November, in the year 1857, the writer of these lines, being then at Rome, visited for the last time the Villa Pamfili Doria, which lies about half a mile outside the Porta S. Pancrazio. This famous villa, the present of Innocent X. to his brother's wife, has ever been an object of attraction to the strangers who, for one reason or another, flock to the capital of the ancient world. The Basilica of St. Peter may be seen to more advantage from the grounds of this villa than from any other point of view. Mount to the Belvedere at the top, and you will have the Campagna towards Ostia and Civita Vecchia stretched out at your feet like a section of the North American prairie. Immediately about the house are some alleys of ever-green oaks, of magnificent growth and stature—whilst the groups of pines which are scattered here and there within the limits of the park are almost as celebrated as St. Peter's itself.

It was not, however, to see Michael Angelo's dome even from the best possible point of view—nor the deserted Campagna—nor the alleys of oak—nor the groups of pine-trees, that this little excursion had been undertaken; but because the Villa Pamfili Doria and its grounds had been the scene of the most sanguinary struggle between Garibaldi's contingent and the French troops in 1848. I wished—for more convenient expression, I will adopt the first person—to visit a spot where a man whom I had learned to respect and honour had performed one of his most daring exploits—and he has performed many. The old woman who guided us over the place did not, however, appear to share my feelings. "The villa was not what it used to be—things had been stolen—statues mutilated—the grounds destroyed—and all by that brigand Garibaldi!" Now, as I remembered the place well, I looked about me, and saw but little trace of this devastation. The pine groups were pretty much what they used to be. The works of art were unchanged—what little damage they had suffered was obviously the work not of Garibaldi, but of Time. Of course it was not for me to say if anything had been stolen—but certainly Garibaldi was a very unlikely man to be the thief. From what I had seen of him, I

should have said that the thief, if brought before him, would have stood an excellent chance of being converted into an ornament for one of the pine-trees in the grounds within five minutes after conviction. The more closely I questioned the old lady the more I elicited facts to the disadvantage of the famous Free Lance. She wound up her denunciations by informing me, with an air of the most profound conviction, that her settled and decided opinion was, that Garibaldi was the Great Devil, or Satanasso himself.

Such is the idea entertained of Garibaldi in the Eternal City by the hangers-on, and dependents of the noble families—the Borghesi, the Doria, the Massimi, and *tutti quanti*. The monkeries, and confraternities, and droning swarms of priests would, no doubt, be of a similar opinion. The Roman nobles themselves—not the most enlightened of their class—would probably think that if Garibaldi was not immediately the arch enemy of mankind, at least he was of the family.

Let us turn from Rome, the scene of his most memorable exploits, to our own country, and ask what Englishmen know about Garibaldi? The leading notion with regard to him has been, until recently, that he was a kind of melo-dramatic *sabreur*—something between Joachim Murat and General Walker—with a sword and an arm ready for any cause; bearded like the pard—the terror of fathers of families and of men who pay rates and taxes.

Even the events of 1848 were insufficient to train English opinion to a correct appreciation of this remarkable man. We are afflicted here with such a crowd of mock refugees—the charlatans of patriotism, dirty and dishonest men—that we may be well excused for hesitation in any ordinary case. But Garibaldi's is not an ordinary case. So far from being the Bobadil supposed, he is in private intercourse the most gentle and unassuming of men. Children would run to play with him. If in a crowded room you look round for some one to whom you would give a wife or sister in charge, you would single GARIBALDI out amongst hundreds, there is such a stamp and impress of one of nature's gentlemen about the man. It is, however, something far higher than the mere varnish of a drawing-room which gives the charm to his manners. There is not about him one shadow of affectation or self-consciousness—it never seems to enter into his imagination that he is one of the heroes of his country, and his age. In conversing with him you would suppose yourself to be conversing with a well-bred English military or naval officer—possibly the marine element somewhat pierces through now and again. Another noticeable point about him is, that he never, by any chance, falls into the cant of the professional patriot. For his country he is perfectly ready to fight by day or by night—to lay down his life for her if need should be; but no stranger yet ever heard Garibaldi prating and babbling about the woes and chains of Italy. He does not carry his heart in his hand for the inspection of the first comer. In this proud reticence he differs from most of his countrymen—otherwise sincere and honourable men.

A few dates and facts about the career of a man

whose name is now so prominently before the public, may not be unacceptable to the reader. JOSEPH GARIBALDI was born at Nice on the 4th of July, 1807. He was destined for the sea service, and his early youth was spent amongst the boatmen and fishermen of that pleasant coast. In due course he entered the Sardinian navy, and remained in the service until he had attained his twenty-seventh year. The romance of his life lies in the fifteen years which elapsed between 1834 and 1849; of course I am not speaking of recent events. During the years which immediately succeeded 1834, Italy was undergoing one of her periodical revolutionary movements, and with this young Garibaldi got mixed up, and was obliged to make good his escape to the French territory. He was not destined to see his native land again for many a long year.

Driven thus from his own country and from his appointed career, young Garibaldi first endeavoured to obtain service with the Dey of Tunis; but, as might have been expected, he was soon disgusted with the exigencies and satiated with the monotony of such a position. In South America there was a fairer field for his courage and spirit of enterprise. He took service with the Republic of Uruguay, and there formed that famous Italian Legion which inflicted such frequent and such terrible losses upon the troops of Buenos Ayres. Garibaldi had the command not only of his Legion but of the squadron; and thus fought, and fought well, both by land and by sea. Throughout the whole of this eventful contest, however, one thought was ever present to him: in his own mind, his Italian Legionaries were destined for service in Italy as soon as opportunity should offer of crossing swords with the Austrians with possibility of success. Opportunity came in 1848; but, as it turned out, his battle was to be not only with Austria, but with France. He quitted South America, and brought a good portion of his Legion back with him to Europe. With these he attacked the Austrians on the Southern Tyrol, whilst Charles Albert was acting against them in the plains of Lombardy, and proved himself to be amongst old Radetski's most troublesome opponents. When that contest was settled, as far as Lombardy was concerned, at Novara, in March, 1849, Garibaldi looked around him to see where he could still prolong the struggle. Venice, destined to succumb on the 28th of August, was held in a state of such close blockade that the attempt to enter the city at the head of any considerable force would have led to certain destruction. Rome still remained. Intelligence had reached Italy that the French were about to occupy Civita Vecchia, which they effectively did under the command of General Oudinot in April, 1849; but there was no difficulty in reaching the city, inasmuch as investment was out of the question with so small a force, even when it should reach the spot.

It would be idle to enter into the details of this French foray upon Rome—all this is now matter of history, and too familiar to English readers to need repetition here. It was Garibaldi who was the life and soul of the defence. The King of Naples—that wretched man who is now gone to

his account—was advancing upon Rome from the south, whilst the French, coming from Civita Vecchia, had taken up their first positions on the eastern side. Garibaldi, without their knowledge, withdrew his troops, and took them by forced marches to Palestrina, where he inflicted a most signal defeat upon the forces of the King of Naples. This was on the 9th of May. A few days afterwards he was victorious in another battle at Velletri, and though wounded in this last action, he returned to Rome to continue the defence, which he did until resistance became hopeless. At the last, had his advice been taken, more desperate counsels would have prevailed. From Rome, when the surrender had been resolved upon, Garibaldi made good his retreat with his own adherents, whom he disbanded at St. Marino, and then proceeded with his wife and a few of his immediate followers towards Venice by way of Ravenna. It was now that the sad tragedy of his wife's death occurred, and Garibaldi was compelled to leave her dead, who had never abandoned his side whilst living—nor in the day of battle. This blow came also from the Austrian enemy.

A few words will suffice to bring the history of this remarkable man down to the last few months, when we have seen him re-appearing on the scene in his old character of the Nemesis of Austria. When the Italian struggle of 1848-9 was at an end, Garibaldi returned to his old pursuits. For a very brief period he was in the service of Peru; but the larger proportion of his time, until about four years ago, was spent in the command of a trading-ship. To provide a comfortable means of subsistence for his children was his object, and this he has sufficiently accomplished. In the year 1855 he bought an estate on the little island of Caprera, which lies in the Straits of Bonifazio, just on the north of Sardinia, and between that island and Corsica. Here he became an object of particular veneration to the islanders, who assisted him in the building of his house; and here he lived with his children in retirement until the outbreak of the present war. The time has not yet arrived for giving an account of his share—no mean one—in recent transactions; but it may be safely said, that no nobler or more honest man, no truer patriot, no braver soldier, has ever drawn sword in the cause of Italy than JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

A. A. KNOX.

AN ELECTION STORY.

"WHERE doth the black fiend, Ambition, reside?" inquires somebody in one of Shakespeare's plays—not that Shakespeare wrote the line, it is the elegant work of one of his improvers. Had the demand been made, the other day, to any person who was really in the confidence and secret soul of Maurice Halgoover, Esq., gentleman, aged thirty-six, no occupation, living on his rather handsome means, married, the reply would have been, "At No. 73, Mandeville Crescent North, Hyde Park Gardens." And this would have been a much more practical answer than that given in the play, namely, "With the mischievous devil of Pride," as if every body knew *his* address.

Listen to a brief story of an election. It is not

one of those fifty-six stories just now promised to committees, showing the way in which, when my gracious Sovereign is pleased to ask the Opinion of the People, divers of the said people proceed to condense the opinion into Members of Parliament. Hear a tale of woman's love and man's treachery.

They were happy enough, the Halgoovers; and why should they not have been happy? Nice house, enough money, good health, not so stupid as to bore other people, not so clever to be bored by other people, high principles, chimneys that didn't smoke, street-keeper remorseless to street-organists—what more could a-couple of reasonable people want? In truth, they enjoyed life very much.

Arabella, possessing both good looks and certain moneys, had had divers offers, and made her free choice in wedding Maurice Halgoover—a fine, large, handsome fellow, who looked Somebody. That he did look so was chiefly due to the magnificent effect of his head, which was big, and covered with masses of superb, clustering, dark hair, which he did not pat and plaster down and keep short and close, after the fashion of pick-pockets and swells, but lifted it up and out, like Jupiter, giving unto himself a kind of glorious mane. Also he had a very fine, soft long beard, of a highly strokable character, and very good moustaches, which matched his beard and hair, and had not fallen into the *cire*, and yellow leaf.

Halgoover was not careless about all these advantages, and did not let them run wild, as do certain gifted and dirty artists whom I have had the happiness to know. He cultivated the exterior of his head, and had great ivory-backed brushes, and small ivory-backed brushes, and all kinds of combs and silver tongs, and delicate hair-oils, and the rest of the toilette-apparatus which the late Sir Charles Napier of India did not conceive an absolute necessity of life, though any valet could have told him better. It was this hair—or rather the head and its noble appearance—that fascinated Arabella Kinglington, and eventually turned her into Arabella Halgoover. She got into her own head a notion that Maurice was a great creature. He was really only a big creature, but lady language is like the new Government rifles, any lock fits to any stock, and any stock fits to any barrel, and lady adjectives are especially famous for easily sticking.

Arabella married him, and still preserved her romance of his greatness. They loved, and lived together, or whatever the song says, for ever so many years, four or five, and Arabella continued to reverence her great creature. She would actually sit and look admiringly at him, in evenings, an unheard-of matrimonial feat, and what she spent in having him painted, and photographed, and sketched, and busted, nobody knows. Maurice was stuck up in every corner of the house, besides being hung over the fire-places, and shut up in cases on the tables, and perched on a pedestal in the conservatory, and profiled in medallion in the library. Every mode in which the head which looked like Somebody could be perpetuated, was tried by the faithful Arabella. She certainly rather bored her friends with her superfluous laudation of Maurice's attractions, but it was a very pleasant

sight to see her admiration and fondness, and nobody but he who grew spiteful at the happiness of Eden, or one of his children, would have wished to disturb so harmless and, I may say, virtuous a state of things.

Nevertheless, such a demon there was.

Mind, this is not a tale of seduction, or anything of that sort; and, so, if this explanation makes the story too flat for the readers of the novels of the day, they had best go on to the next article.

"I cannot stand it," said Osprey Hawke, on the steps of the Reform Club, Pall Mall (he is not a member, you need not get the list "to see whom that's a shy at," Major), "and something must be done, Fred. I am—word escaped our reporter—if, after dinner, she didn't ask me to step into the little drawing-room with her, and then, pointing out her husband's great head as he leaned over the back of a chair, chattering rubbish, she didn't say, '*Isn't it statuesque?*'"

"You had an exceedingly good dinner, and you are an ungrateful party," said Fred (who is a member), going into the club with a disgust that did him honour.

"I don't care," said Hawke, talking to himself.

They say that when you talk to yourself, evil spirits listen and answer. I don't know anything about this, but Hawke had hardly spoken and lit a cigar, preparatory to walking off, when a gentleman came out of the club, and they got into conversation. The gentleman gave him a bit of news.

"Well, he might have told *me*," said Hawke, "considering that I was dining there to-day."

And having received this deadly injury, he became more resolved upon his plan, which involved revenge.

The general election was close at hand.

Four days later, Mr. Maurice Halgoover and Mr. Osprey Hawke were together in a private room at the Blue hotel at Stackleborough.

I alluded in my first line to the black fiend Ambition. Spare me the necessity of any long story. Halgoover's ambition, greatly stirred and fanned by his wife's admiration, had set him on entering the House of Commons. The great creature was sure to make a glorious success. Mrs. Arabella Halgoover had a private conviction that when the senate beheld that magnificent head, there would be a general shout to the great creature to take the reins of Government. She did not exactly say this, but looked forward to see a leading article in the *Times*, beginning, "Mr. Halgoover's splendid speech last night has made the man, and saved the state." It may come yet—who knows? The Emperor of the French is thought to have turned out a first-class General.

The gentleman at the club had arranged the business (I repeat that there is no petition, so you need not look so very wise, Major), and Mr. Halgoover had placarded Stackleborough, and was now down to see his intended constituents.

"I am so glad to find you here, old fellow," said Halgoover, greeting Hawke. "Very kind of you to come. How long have you been down?"

"Come in, come in," said Osprey Hawke, rather hastily, drawing his friend into the room and closing the door, which he locked.

"What's wrong?" said Halgover, startled.

"All's wrong," said Hawke. "I have seen some of the leading people here—your men—and I've got a telegraph from Lasher."

"Why," said Halgover, in trepidation, "he assured me it was all right. I paid—"

"Hush! confound you!—and perhaps a Yellow ear at the keyhole. You'll lose the election."

"I'd sooner pay—"

"Will you be quiet. Listen. There's only one thing to do to save it, and that of course you won't do."

"Go in for the ballot and universal suffrage? Well, you know, I *don't* like it; I don't think it right; but I shouldn't like to lose, and Arabella would be—"

"That's it, of course. It would break Mrs. Halgover's heart to see you return crestfallen and humiliated before the world. But then I tell you fairly, the sacrifice is something."

"Tell me at once."

"Well, I have this from all your chief friends. The man who stood here last time bilked the electors; did 'em out of their dues, as they think them. His name is poison."

"But mine's Halgover."

"Unfortunately, you are very like him in ap-



pearance—luxurious hair, splendid beard and moustache. A rumour has got about that you are the same man, but have come into money and changed your name. The Yellows have some photographs of him, with Halgover *alias* Swindleton printed under them. If you are seen you are lost. A deputation is coming to urge upon you—and Lasher telegraphs that you are to do it at any price—but you won't."

"Won't—won't—"

"SHAVE. Get a bald head, take away beard and moustaches, and suddenly appear in the town, defying Yellow malice. A pair of high shirt collars, instead of the all-rounder, for they are men of business here, and high collars are somehow connected with respectability, and it's

done. If not, you are lost, the impression once made."

"But I shall be such a Guy," stammered the wretched Halgover.

"But you will be member for Stackleborough," returned the artful Hawke.

Imagine the mental conflict: imagine the yielding: imagine the Blue Barber, and his fatal work.

Mr. Halgover was triumphantly returned. Mr. Lasher had minded his business, and taken care that other people minded theirs. Halgover telegraphed himself to Arabella as at the top of the poll of Stackleborough, but said nothing about the top of his own poll.

"Go in and break it to her," he said to Osprey Hawke, as they reached Mandeville Crescent, North.

The demon went in, and up stairs, but he broke nothing beyond the fact that Halgoover was paying the cab. Arabella prepared for a gush of overwhelming welcome.

"I introduce to you the member for Stackleborough," said the fiend, taking his friend's hand.

Arabella sprang up. The M.P. removed his hat. Mr. Thomas Moore has described what happened when the Veiled Prophet unveiled to Zelica.

Sir Cresswell Cresswell, in giving judgment, said,

* * * *

[N.B. I hereby interdict any hairdresser, respectable or otherwise, from adding a neat sentence, and converting the above into a puff for any Oil of Jehoshaphat or Limpid Balm of Harabia.]

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

ENGLISH PROJECTILES.

On the Parade inside the Horse Guards, near where once ran the northern channel of the Kiln Burn, serving with the Chelsea Creek to enclose the Thorney Island, whereon Westminster Abbey was built, is a very long brass cannon, considerably shortened at the muzzle, brought we believe from Egypt in the days when our Sydney Smith baffled the elder Bonaparte; on the green, inside the gates of Woolwich Arsenal, there is a similar gun, also of Eastern origin; and both of them remarkable for their small bore compared with their length. In the United Service Museum there is an East Indian matchlock, with a small bore and an enormously long barrel. Why was this structure adopted? Certainly not from mere fancy, for we find that these weapons are but types of the general form, and inasmuch as it is a more troublesome matter to cast, and bore, and forge long guns than short ones, we may be sure it was not done save for some useful purpose. The object was threefold. First, to obtain power. A gun expels its charge or bullet by the expansion of powder burnt, precisely as a piston is moved along a cylinder by the expansion of steam heated. To produce the best effect with a steam-engine, the piston fits the cylinder with an elastic packing, both surfaces being truly turned and bored to make an accurate fit with the minimum of friction, yet without permitting any particle of steam to pass between cylinder and piston. If the cylinder or piston be rusty there will be no fit; but if polished, the fit may be, and is, so accurate, and the friction so small, that the piston may be moved by hand, though the steam cannot escape. But the steam is not suffered to exert a violent force, like a man who wastes his power on mere passion. When the cylinder is one-third or one-half full, the supply is stopped, and then the process called "expansion" takes place—the force going on by the swelling of the steam, and this expansion, of course, operates best in a long cylinder compared with a very short one. Precisely thus was the process with the long guns described before. Whether they were truly bored and highly polished we do not now know; but the powder was of a slow burning quality, and had it been used

in a short gun a large quantity would have been wasted by being thrown out at the muzzle, and the expansive action of the gases would not have taken place. The second advantage was, that the two sights being a long way apart, a truer aim could be taken at the object. The third advantage was, that the truth of flight in the projectile was powerfully influenced by the length of the guide diminishing any tangential tendency, for which purpose rifle grooves were invented, as a mode of accomplishing the same object with a shorter barrel. Whether the rifle groove is the best method is by no means proven, though the tendency of almost all modern effort sets in that direction. That there is some connection between length of barrel and length of range there is little doubt; and Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol is a proof that our ancestors thought so; and the Indian blow-pipe, which throws a dart a hundred paces, acts by the expansion of a long column of air heated by the breath, as do our children's pop-guns by the pressure of the hand.

The rifled barrel was invented for the use of leaden bullets which would take the impress of the grooves. The advantage of the spinning motion thus given was recognised by one of our earliest writers on gunnery, Robins—a member, it was said, of the Society of Friends—and he was the first to propound in print the making rifled cannon, to be fitted with iron balls with leaden projections fixed, precisely like those attributed to the French Emperor. But Robins dealt wholly with spherical balls, and did not dream of elongated shot; and the elongated shot is a more important matter than the rifle, which is subsidiary to it, tending to keep it from turning over in its flight.

Neither is this shot altogether new. It is simply a shortened arrow—shorter than the cross-bow bolt or quarry, which was the first curtailment of the arrow. The great advantage of the elongated shot over the spherical bullet is, that with a given weight the cleavage resistance of the atmosphere is diminished. A smaller bore will throw an equally heavy shot, or an equal bore will throw a heavier shot. For years we have been working up to this; and one of the earliest experimenters was a German gun-maker, named Staudennayer, who resided at Charing Cross, and made what he called thimble bullets—in the form of a woman's thimble, with a very thick end—the germ in fact of the Minié, the Pritchett, and the Jacob shot of the present day. The usual length of these modern shot is about two diameters for hand-guns, but for cannon Whitworth and Armstrong have increased the length to about four diameters. How far this length may be carried is still a matter for experiment. The "cloth-yard shaft" was a long cylindrico-parabolic tail, joined to a short cylindrico-parabolic head, at one-fourth the total length, which was about seventy-two diameters of the extreme thickness. Marvellous was the flight and range of this muscle-moved projectile, but nothing like this has been attempted with powder propulsion.

The rapid passage of bodies moving through

fluids is mainly influenced by the forms of those bodies. There seems no reason why the forms which are best adapted to cleave water, should not be best to cleave air, the difference being only in density. The longer the vessel, the less is the tendency to go to leeward. The cylinder or conical form is never used for cleaving water, but in preference the section of a bayonet is used. This, therefore, is the true form of a powder-propelled projectile. If we wished to run a man through the body, the last instrument we should use would be a spherical bullet on the end of a stick. This is precisely the kind of thing we put on to a bull's horns to prevent penetration. The most effective instruments yet known for piercing flesh are the small sword and the bayonet—a three-edged section forming three hollows. And the metal most effective for constructing such weapons is steel. We have hardness for penetration, strength for resistance, and facility for form, maximum result, and minimum resistance to the atmosphere. Where the ordinary leaden shot would pierce through one enemy, this projectile would pierce through half-a-dozen. It would inflict a disabling wound, but not a cruel wound, lacerating and tearing open like a "ragged bullet."

We have hitherto aimed at constructing projectiles necessary to be carried on the shoulder or to be drawn by horses. We have never made wheel guns to be drawn by men. For this reason our range is limited by size and weight, or our difficulties are greatly increased by the various contingencies attached to the use of horses in battle. Wheel guns, drawn and managed by men, would obviate all the difficulties. A gun twelve feet in length, and with an inch and a-quarter bore, would weigh about two hundred weight, and would throw a shot from three to four pounds weight a distance of two miles.

This gun, placed upon a pair of high and light wheels, such as are used by the Americans for their travelling gigs, could be drawn by men with the utmost facility, and would easily pass through and over hedges, or be lifted over low walls. The length of these guns pre-supposes that they must be breech-loading, and with such an arrangement of breech, that in case of abandoning them, a small part could be taken away, so as to render them useless—a far more efficient process than what is called "spiking." There are yet more advantages.

A soldier going into battle has a knapsack on his shoulders, a gun in his hand, and his ammunition slung about him. Now, it would be a great advantage that his body should be as unencumbered as possible. With this wheel-gun, in charge, say of three men, three knapsacks could all be slung to it as well as all the ammunition, three hand-guns, and three twelve-foot pikes, without perceptibly increasing the resistance to draught. If cavalry were sent against a body of men so provided, the guns and the pikes would form a most effectual barricade. If artillery were sent, the long-range would enable them to shoot both horses and gunners, and disable their approach. And in all transit the same advantage that a railway-navy gets by using a wheelbarrow, instead of carrying his load

on his back, would be obtainable by the use of this armed wheel-carriage. The men would get over more ground with less fatigue in the course of a day than with all their baggage strapped to their persons. This would be "flying artillery." The particular modes of constructing such guns, and the analysis of the improved guns that have been constructed of late, must be left for a further number.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

THE SPIDER-CRAB.

I DELIGHT in watching the habits of fish, insects, &c. in a good Aquarium. We are indebted to these inventions of more modern times for some curious discoveries in natural history, especially those which refer to the hitherto unknown habits of marine animals. Let me here mention one instance of a peculiar instinct in a small crab, which may interest the reader, and which afforded me much pleasure, especially as I believe the facts I am about to relate are not generally known, or if known, only to a very few persons, and those few not of the scientific world. At the same time, I am unwilling to claim any credit for the discovery. It was first communicated to me through an amiable clergyman and his wife residing in Scotland, who, having an aquarium, and living close to the sea, had frequent opportunities of ascertaining the facts I am about to relate, and which I was able myself to verify during a recent sojourn I made at Bognor in Sussex. The facts are these.

There is a very small species of crab, called by the fishermen at Bognor the spider-crab, and which has its body and claws covered with numerous very minute hooks, scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, but perfectly so with the help of a magnifying-glass. It may be asked, "What can be the use of these hooks?" You shall hear. This crab is a prodigious coxcomb, and very careful of its own precious person. Either then for the purpose of concealing itself from its enemies, or from an innate love of finery, it selects a quantity of seaweed, always preferring the most gaudy colours, those chiefly red. Having selected them, he cuts them into fine thread-like slips, and runs them through the hooks. When he has completed his toilette, he appears one mass of seaweed, thus not only disguising himself from those enemies which might otherwise make him their prey, but perhaps feeling himself the best dressed crab in the neighbourhood. It is also remarkable that this labour for making his toilette is renewed every morning, so that the quantity of seaweed consumed is very great. This may be observed by any one who has the opportunity of keeping these comical little crabs in an aquarium, although I regret to add, that they do not live long in a state of confinement.

They are caught in considerable numbers in the lobster and prawn baskets at Bognor, together with another crab, about the same size as the spider-crab, but which is not furnished with hooks. On speaking to the Bognor fishermen respecting the latter, I found they all entertained the idea that the seaweed grew on them.

The thread-like weeds may, however, be drawn out of the hooks one by one until the little dandy is left perfectly bare.

I am not aware in what other localities this crab is to be found beyond those I have mentioned. I

could not hear of it either at Brighton or Eastbourne, but I hope that this notice may induce others to prosecute some inquiry into the habits of this singular little animal.

EDWARD JESSE.

THE SONG OF COURTESY.

I.

WHEN Sir Gawain was led to his bridal bed,
By Arthur's knights in scorn God-spel :—
How, think you, he felt ?
O the bride within
Was yellow and dry as a snake's old skin ;
Loathly as sin !
Scarcely faceable,
Quite unembraceable ;
With a hog's bristle on a hag's chin !—
Gentle Gawain felt as should we,
Little of Love's soft fire knew he :
But he was the Knight of Courtesy.

II.

When that evil lady he lay beside
Bade him turn to welcome his bride,
What, think you, he did ?
O, to spare her pain,
And let not his loathing her loathliness vain
Mirror too plain,
Sadly, sighingly,
Almost dyingly,
Turned he and kissed her once and again.
Like Sir Gawain, gentles, should we ?
Silent, all! But for pattern agree
There's none like the Knight of Courtesy.



III.

Sir Gawain sprang up amid laces and curls :
Kisses are not wasted pearls :—
What clung in his arms ?
O, a maiden flower,
Burning with blushes the sweet bride-bower,
Beauty her dower !
Breathing perfumingly,
" Shall I live bloomingly,"
Said she, " by day, or the bridal hour ?"
Thereat he clasp'd her, and whisper'd he,
" Thine, rare bride, the choice shall be."
Said she, " Twice blest is Courtesy !"

IV.

Of gentle Sir Gawain they had no sport,
When it was morning in Arthur's court ;
What, think you, they cried ?
" Now, life and eyes !
This bride is the very Saint's dream of a prize,
Fresh from the skies !
See ye not, Courtesy
Is the true Alchemy,
Turning to gold all it touches and tries ?
Like the true knight, may we
Make the basest that be
Beautiful ever by Courtesy !"

GEORGE MEREDITH.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.



CHAPTER III.

"THE soup is hot," said Gerard.

"But how are we to swallow it?" inquired the senior, despondingly.

"Father, the young man has brought us straws." And Margaret smiled slyly.

"Ay, ay!" said the old man: "but my poor bones are stiff, and indeed the fire is too hot for a body to kneel over with these short straws. St. John the Baptist! but the young man is adroit."

For, while he stated his difficulty, Gerard removed it. He untied in a moment the knot on his breast, took his hat off his back, put three stones into the corner, then, wrapping his hand in the tail of his jerkin, whipped the flask off the fire, wedged it in between the stones, and put the hat under the old man's nose with a merry smile. The other tremulously inserted the pipe of rye-straw and sucked. Lo and behold his wan,

drawn face was seen to light up more and more, till it quite glowed; and, as soon as he had drawn a long breath:

"Hippocrates and Galen!" he cried, "'tis a 'soupe au vin'—the restorative of restoratives. Blessed be the nation that invented it, and the woman that made it, and the young man who brings it to fainting folk. Have a suck, my girl, while I relate to our host the history and virtues of this his sovereign compound. This corroborative, young sir, was unknown to the ancients: we find it neither in their treatises of medicine, nor in those popular narratives, which reveal many of their remedies, both in chirurgery and medicine proper. Hector, in the Ilias, if my memory does not play me false,——"

Margaret: "Alas! he's off."

"——was invited by one of the ladies in the poem to drink a draught of wine; but he declined, on the plea that he was just going into battle,

and must not take aught to weaken his powers. Now, if the 'soupe au vin' had been known in Troy, it is clear that in declining 'vinum merum' upon that score, he would have added in the next hexameter, 'But a "soupe au vin," madam, I will degust, and gratefully.' Not only would this have been but common civility—a virtue no perfect commander is wanting in—but not to have done it would have proved him a shallow and improvident person, quite unfit to be trusted with the conduct of a war; for men going into battle need sustenance and all possible support, as is proved by this—that foolish generals, bringing hungry soldiers to battle with full ones, have been defeated, in all ages, by inferior numbers. The Romans lost a great battle in the north of Italy to Hannibal the Carthaginian, by this neglect alone. Now, this divine elixir gives in one moment force to the limbs and ardour to the spirits; and taken into Hector's body at the nick of time, would, by the aid of Phœbus, Venus, and the blessed saints, have most likely procured the Greeks a defeat. For, note how faint and weary and heart-sick I was a minute ago; well, I suck this celestial cordial, and now behold me brave as Achilles and strong as an eagle."

"Oh father! now, an eagle!"

"Girl, I defy thee and all the world. Ready, I say, like a foaming charger, to devour the space between this and Rotterdam, and strong to combat the ills of life, even poverty and old age, which last philosophers have called the 'summum malum.' Negatur; unless the man's life has been ill-spent—which, by the bye, it generally has. Now for the moderns."

"Father! dear father!"

"Fear me not, girl, I will be brief, beyond measure brief. The 'soupe au vin' occurs not in modern science; but this is only one proof more, if proof were needed, that for the last few hundred years physicians have all been idiots, with their chicken broth and their decoction of gold, whereby they attribute the highest qualities to that meat which has the least juice of any meat, and to that metal which has less chemical qualities than all the metals. Mountebanks! dunces! homicides! Since, then, from these no light is to be gathered, we must go to the chroniclers; and first we find that Dugesclin, a French knight, being about to join battle with the English—masters, at that time, of half France, and sturdy strikers by sea and land—drank, not one, but three, 'souples au vin,' in honour of the Blessed Trinity. This done, he charged the islanders; and as might have been expected, killed a multitude of them, and drove the rest into the sea. But he was only the first of a long list of holy and hard-hitting ones who have, by this divine restorative, been sustentated, fortified, corroborated, and consoled."

"Dear father, prithees add thyself to that list before the soup cools." And Margaret held the hat imploringly in both hands till he inserted the straw once more.

This spared them the "modern instances," and gave Gerard an opportunity of telling Margaret how proud his mother would be her soup had profited a man of learning.

"Ay! but," said Margaret, "it would like her

ill to see her son give all and take none himself. Why brought you but two straws?"

"Fair mistress, I hoped you would let me put my lips to your straw, there being but two."

Margaret smiled, and blushed. "Never beg that you may command," said she. "The straw is not mine—'tis yours: you cut it in yonder field."

"I cut it, and that made it mine; but, after that, your lip touched it, and that made it yours."

"Did it? Then I will lend it you. There—now it is yours again: your lip has touched it."

"No, it belongs to us both now. Let us divide it."

"By all means; you have a knife."

"No, I will not cut it—that would be unlucky. I'll bite it. There. I shall keep my half: you will burn yours the moment you get home, I doubt."

"You know me not. I waste nothing. It is odds but I make a hair-pin of it, or something."

This answer dashed the novice Gerard instead of provoking him to fresh efforts, and he was silent. And now, the bread and soup being disposed of, the old scholar prepared to continue his journey. Then came a little difficulty: Gerard the adroit could not tie his ribbon again as Catherine had tied it. Margaret, after sily eyeing his efforts for some time, offered to help him; for at her age girls love to be coy and tender, saucy and gentle, by turns, and she saw she had put him out of countenance but now. Then a fair head, with its stately crown of auburn hair, glossy and glowing through silver, bowed sweetly towards him; and, while it ravished his eye, two white supple hands played delicately upon the stubborn ribbon, and moulded it with soft and airy touches. Then a heavenly thrill ran through the innocent young man, and vague glimpses of a new world of feeling and sentiment opened on him. And these new and exquisite sensations Margaret unwittingly prolonged: it is not natural to her sex to hurry aught that pertains to the sacred toilet. Nay, when the taper fingers had at last subjugated the ends of the knot, her mind was not quite easy, till, by a manœuvre peculiar to the female hand, she had made her palm convex, and so applied it with a gentle pressure to the centre of the knot—a sweet little coaxing hand-kiss, as much as to say, "Now be a good knot, and stay as you are." The palm-kiss was bestowed on the ribbon, but the wearer's heart leaped to meet it.

"There, that is how it was," said Margaret, and drew back to take one last keen survey of her work; then, looking up for simple approval of her skill, received full in her eyes a longing gaze of such ardent adoration, as made her lower them quickly and colour all over. An indescribable tremor seized her, and she retreated with downcast lashes and tell-tale cheeks, and took her father's arm on the opposite side. Gerard, blushing at having scared her with his eyes, took the other arm; and so the two young things went downcast and conscious, and propped the eagle along in silence.

They entered Rotterdam by the Schiedamse Poort; and, as Gerard was unacquainted with the town, Peter directed him the way to the Hooch Straet, in which the Stadthouse was. He himself was going with Margaret to his cousin, in the Ooster Waagen Straet; so almost on entering the gate, their roads lay apart. They bade each other a friendly adieu, and Gerard dived into the great town. A profound, an aching sense of solitude, fell upon him, yet the streets were crowded. Then he lamented too late that, out of delicacy, he had not asked his late companions who they were and where they lived.

"Beshrew my shamefacedness!" said he. "But their words and their breeding were above their means, and something whispered me they would not be known. I shall never see her more. Oh! weary world, I hate you and your ways. To think I must meet beauty and goodness and learning—three pearls of price,—and never see them more!"

Falling into this sad reverie, and letting his body go where it would, he lost his way; but presently meeting a crowd of persons all moving in one direction, he mingled with them, for he argued they must be making for the Stadthouse. Soon the noisy troop that contained the moody Gerard emerged, not upon the Stadthouse, but upon a large meadow by the side of the Maas; and then the attraction was at once revealed. Games of all sorts were going on: wrestling, the game of palm, the quintain, legerdemain, archery, tumbling, in which art, I blush to say, women as well as men performed, to the great delectation of the company. There was also a trained bear, which stood on his head, and stood upright and bowed with prodigious gravity to his master; and a hare that beat a drum, and a cock that strutted on little stilts disdainfully. These things made Gerard laugh now and then; but the gay scene could not really enliven it, for his heart was not in tune with it. So, hearing a young man say to his fellow that the Duke had been in the meadow, but was gone to the Stadthouse to entertain the burgomasters and aldermen and the competitors for the prizes, and their friends, he suddenly remembered he was hungry, and should like to sup with a prince. He left the river-side, and this time he found the Hooch Straet, and it speedily led him to the Stadthouse. But when he got there he was refused, first at one door, then at another, till he came to the great gate of the court-yard. It was kept by soldiers, and superintended by a pompous major-domo, glittering in an embroidered collar and a gold chain of office, and holding a white staff with a gold knob. There was a crowd of persons at the gate endeavouring to soften this official rock. They came up in turn like ripples, and retired to make way for others equally unsuccessful. It cost Gerard a struggle to get near him, and when he got within four heads of the gate, he saw something that made his heart beat: there was Peter, with Margaret on his arm, soliciting humbly for entrance.

"My cousin the alderman is not at home. They say he is here."

"What is that to me, old man?"

"If you will not let us pass in to him, at least take this leaf from my tablet to my cousin. See, I have written his name: he will come out to us."

"For what do you take me? I carry no messages. I keep the gate."

He then bawled, in a stentorian voice, inexorably:

"No strangers enter here but the competitors and their companies."

"Come, old man," cried a voice in the crowd, "you have gotten your answer; make way."

Margaret turned half round imploringly:

"Good people! we are come from far, and my father is old; and my cousin has a new servant that knows us not, and would not let us sit in our cousin's house."

At this the crowd laughed hoarsely. Margaret shrank as if they had struck her. At that moment a hand grasped hers—such a grasp: it felt like heart meeting heart, or magnet steel. She turned quickly round at it, and it was Gerard. Such a little cry of joy and appeal came from her bosom, and she began to whimper prettily:

They had hustled her and frightened her for one thing; and her cousin's thoughtlessness in not even telling his servant they were coming was cruel; and the servant's caution, however wise and faithful to his master, was bitterly mortifying to her father and her. And to her—so mortified, and anxious and jostled—came suddenly this kind hand and face. "Hinc illæ lacrimæ."

"All is well now," remarked a coarse humorist; "she has gotten her sweetheart."

"Haw! haw! haw!" went the crowd.

She dropped Gerard's hand directly, and turned round, with eyes flashing through her tears:

"I have no sweetheart, you rude men. But I am friendless in your boorish town, and this is a friend; and one who knows, what you know not, how to treat the aged and the weak."

The crowd was dead silent. They had only been thoughtless, and now felt the rebuke, though severe, was just. The silence enabled Gerard to treat with the porter.

"I am a competitor, sir."

"What is your name?" and the man eyed him suspiciously.

"Gerard, the son of Gerard."

The janitor inspected a slip of parchment he held in his hand:

"Gerard Gerardsson can enter."

"With my company—these two?"

"Nay; those are not your company: they came before you."

"What matter? they are my friends, and without them I go not in."

"Stay without, then."

"That will I not."

"That we will see."

"We will, and speedily."

Gerard then raised a voice of astounding volume and power, and shouted, so that the whole street rang:

"HO! PHILIP EARL OF HOLLAND!"

"Are you mad?"

"HERE IS ONE OF YOUR VARLETS DEFIES YOU."

"Hush, hush!"

"AND WILL NOT LET YOUR GUESTS PASS IN."

"Hush! murder! The Duke's there! I'm dead!" cried the janitor, quaking.

Then suddenly trying to overpower Gerard's thunder, he shouted, with all his lungs:

"OPEN THE GATE, YE KNAVES! WAY THERE FOR GERARD GERARDSSOEN AND HIS COMPANY! (the fiends go with him!)"

The gate swung open as by magic. Eight soldiers lowered their pikes half way, and made an arch, under which the victorious three marched in triumphant. The moment they had passed, the pikes clashed together horizontally to bar the gateway, and all but pinned an abdominal citizen that sought to be of Gerard's company unbidden.

Once passed the guarded portal, a few steps brought the trio upon a scene of Oriental luxury. The court-yard was laid out in tables loaded with rich meats, and literally piled with gorgeous plate. Guests in rich and various costumes sat beneath a leafy canopy of fresh-cut branches fastened tastefully to golden, silver, and blue silken cords that traversed the area; and fruits of many hues, including some artificial ones of gold silver and wax, hung pendant, or peeped, like fair eyes, among the green leaves of plane-trees and lime-trees. The Duke's minstrels swept their lutes at intervals, and a fountain played red Burgundy in six jets that met and battled in the air. The evening sun darted its fires through those bright and purple wine spouts, making them jets and cascades of molten rubies, then passing on, tinged with the blood of the grape, shed crimson glories here and there on fair faces, snowy beards, velvet, satin, jewelled hilts, glowing gold, gleaming silver, and sparkling glass. Gerard and his friends stood dazzled, spell bound. Presently a whisper buzzed round them, "Salute the Duke! Salute the Duke!" They looked up, and there on high, under the dais, was their sovereign, bidding them welcome with a kindly wave of the hand. The men bowed low, and Margaret curtsied with a deep and graceful obeisance. The Duke's hand being up he gave it another turn, and pointed the new comers out to a knot of valets. Instantly seven of his people, with an obedient start, went headlong at our friends, seated them at a table, and put fifteen many-coloured soups before them, in little silver bowls, and as many wines in crystal vases.

"Nay, father, do not let us eat until we have thanked our good friend," said Margaret, now first recovering from all this bustle.

"Girl, he is our guardian angel."

Gerard put his face into his hands.

"Tell me when you have done," said he, "and I will reappear and have my supper, for I am hungry. I know which of us three is the happiest at meeting again."

"Me?" inquired Margaret.

"No: guess again."

"Father?"

"No."

"Then I have no idea which it can be;" and she gave a little crow of happiness and gaiety. The soup was tasted, and vanished in a twirl of fourteen hands, and fish came on the table in a dozen forms, with patties of lobster and almonds mixed, and of almonds and cream, and an immense

variety of "brouets," known to us as "rissoles." The next trife was a wild boar, which smelt divine. Why, then, did Margaret start away from it with two shrieks of dismay, and pinch so good a friend as Gerard? Because the Duke's "cuisinier" had been too clever; had made this excellent dish too captivating to the sight as well as taste. He had restored to the animal, by elaborate mimicry with burnt sugar and other edible colours, the hair and bristles he had robbed him of by fire and water. To make him still more enticing, the huge tusks were carefully preserved in the brute's jaw, and gave his mouth that winning smile you may have noticed as a result of tusk in man or beast, and two eyes of coloured sugar glowed in his head. St. Argus! what eyes! so bright, so blood-shot, so threatening—they followed a man and his every movement. But, indeed, I need the pencil of my artist associate to make you see the two gilt valets on the opposite side of the table putting the monster down before our friends, with a smiling, self-satisfied, benevolent obsequiousness—for this ghastly monster was the flower of all comestibles; old Peter clasping both hands in pious admiration of it; Margaret wheeling round with horror-stricken eyes and her hand on Gerard's shoulder, squeaking and pinching; his face of foolish delight at being pinched, the grizzly brute glaring sulkily on all, and the guests grinning from ear to ear.

"What's to do?" shouted the Duke, hearing the signals of distress. Seven of his people with a zealous start went headlong and told him. He laughed, and said, "Give her of the beef-stuffing, then, and bring me Sir Boar." Benevolent monarch! The beef-stuffing was his own private dish.

On these grand occasions an ox was roasted whole, and reserved for the poor. But this wise as well as charitable prince had discovered, that whatever venison, hares, lamb, poultry, &c., you skewered into that beef cavern, got cooked to perfection, retaining their own juices and receiving those of the reeking ox. These he called his beef-stuffing, and took delight therein, as did now our trio; for at his word, seven of his people went headlong, and drove silver tridents into the steaming cave at random, and speared a kid, a cygnet, and a flock of wild fowl. These presently smoked before Gerard and company; and Peter's face, profoundly sad and slightly morose at the loss of the savage hog, expanded and shone. After this, twenty different tarts of fruits and herbs, and last of all, confectionary on a Titanic scale—cathedrals of sugar, all gilt and painted in the interstices of the bas-reliefs; castles with their moats, and ditches, imitated to the life; elephants, camels, toads; knights on horseback jousting; kings and princesses looking on; trumpeters blowing; and all these characters delicious eating, and their veins filled with sweet-scented juices, — works of art made to be destroyed. The guests breached a bastion, crunched a crusader and his horse and lance, or cracked a Bishop, cope, chasuble, crosier and all, as remorselessly as we do a carraway comfit; sipping, meanwhile, hippocras and other spiced drinks, and Greek and Corsican wines, while every now and then little

Turkish boys, turbaned, spangled, jewelled, and gilt, came offering on bended knee golden troughs of rose-water and orange-water to keep the guests' hands cool and perfumed.

But long before our party arrived at this final stage, appetite had succumbed, and one or two circumstances had occurred apparently trifling. Gerard had suddenly remembered he was the bearer of a letter to the Princess Marie, and, in an under tone, had asked one of the servants if he would undertake to deliver it. The man took it with a deep obeisance: "He could not deliver it himself, but would instantly give it to one of the princess's suite, several of whom were about."

It may be remembered that Peter and Margaret came here not to dine, but to find their cousin. Well, the old gentleman ate heartily, and being much fatigued dropped asleep, and forgot all about his cousin. Margaret did not remind him, we shall hear why.

Meantime, their cousin, William Johnson, alderman of Rotterdam, was seated within a few feet of them, at their backs, and discovered them when Margaret turned round and screamed at the boar. But he did not speak to them, for the following reason. Margaret was very plainly dressed, and Peter inclined to thread-bare. So the alderman said:

"Twill be time to make up to them when the sun sets and the company disperses: then I will take my poor relations to my house, and none will be the wiser."

Half the courses were lost on Gerard and Margaret. They were no great eaters, and just now were feeding on sweet thoughts that have ever been unfavourable to appetite. And it was a relief to them when the dessert came and the valets retired a few steps, and they could talk without being overheard. But there is a delicate kind of sensuality, to whose influence these two were perhaps more sensitive than any other pair in that assembly; the delights of colour, music, and perfume, all of which blended so fascinatingly here.

Margaret leaned back and half closed her eyes, and murmured to Gerard: "What a lovely scene! the warm sun, the green shade, the rich dresses, the bright music of the lutes and the cool music of the fountain, and all faces so happy and gay! and it is to you we owe it."

Gerard was silent.

"Now, don't speak to me," said Margaret languidly, "let me listen to the fountain: what are you a competitor for?"

He told her.

"Very well! You will gain one prize, at least."

"Which? which? have you seen any of my work?"

"I? no. But you will gain a prize."

"I hope so: but what makes you think so?"

"Because you were so good to my father."

Gerard smiled at the feminine logic, and hung his head at the sweet praise, and was silent.

"Don't speak," murmured Margaret. "They say this is a world of sin and misery. Can that be? What is your opinion?"

"No! that is all a silly old song," explained Gerard. "'Tis a byword our elders keep repeating out of custom—it is not true."

"How can you know? you are but a child," said Margaret, with pensive dignity.

"Why only look round! And then I thought I had lost you—for ever; and you are by my side: and now the minstrels are going to play again. Sin and misery? Stuff and nonsense!"

"What do you admire most of all these beautiful things, Gerard?"

"You know my name? How is that?"

"White magic. I am a witch."

"Angels are never witches. But I can't think how you—"

"Foolish boy! was it not cried at the gate loud enough to deafen one?"

"So it was. Where is my head? What do I admire most? If you will sit a little more that way, I'll tell you."

"This way?"

"Yes! so that the light may fall on you. There. I see many beautiful things here, more beautiful than I could have conceived; but the finest of all to my eye, is your lovely hair in its silver frame, and the setting sun kissing it. It minds me of what the Vulgate praises for beauty, '*an apple of gold in a network of silver*,' and, O what a pity I did not know you before I sent in my poor efforts at illuminating! I could illuminate so much better now. I could do everything better. There, now the sun is full on it, it is like an aureole. So our Lady looked, and none since her until to-day."

"O fie! it is wicked to talk so. Compare a poor, coarse-favoured girl like me with the Queen of Heaven! O Gerard! I thought you were a good young man."

"So I am. But I can't help having eyes—and a heart—Margaret."

"Gerard?"

"Don't be angry!"

"Now, is it likely?"

"I love you."

"O for shame! you must not say that to me."

"I can't help it. I love you. I love you."

"Hush, hush! for pity's sake! I must not listen to such words from a stranger. I am ungrateful to call you a stranger. O how one may be mistaken! if I had known you were so bold—" And Margaret's bosom began to heave, and her cheeks were covered with blushes, and she looked towards her sleeping father, very much like a timid thing that meditates actual flight.

Then Gerard was frightened at the alarm he caused. "Forgive me," said he imploringly.

"How could any one help loving you!"

"Well, sir, I will *try* and forgive you—you are so good in other respects; but then you must promise never to say you—to say *that* again."

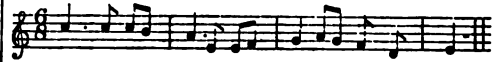
"Give me your hand then, or you don't forgive me."

She hesitated; but eventually put out her hand a very little way, very slowly. He took it, and held it prisoner. When she thought it had been there long enough, she tried gently to draw it away. He held it tight: it submitted quite

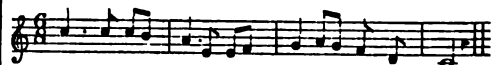
patiently to force. What is the use resisting force? She turned her head away, and her long eyelashes drooped sweetly. Gerard lost nothing by his promise. Words were not needed here: and silence was more eloquent. Nature was in that day what she is in ours; but manners were somewhat freer. Then, as now, virgins drew back alarmed at the first words of love; but of prudery and artificial coquetry there was little, and the young soon read one another's hearts. Everything was in Gerard's favour: his good looks, her belief in his goodness, her gratitude; and, at the Duke's banquet this mellow summer eve, all things disposed the female nature to tenderness; the avenues to the heart lay open; the senses were so soothed and subdued with lovely colours, gentle sounds, and delicate odours; the sun gently sinking, the warm air, the green canopy, the cool music of the now violet fountain.

Gerard and Margaret sat hand in hand in silence: and Gerard's eyes sought hers lovingly; and hers now and then turned on him timidly and imploringly: and two sweet unreasonable tears rolled down her cheeks, and she smiled deliciously ere they were dry.

And the sun declined; and the air cooled; and the fountain plashed more gently; and the pair throbbled in unison, and silence, and this weary world was heaven to them.



Oh the merry days, the merry days when we were young.



Oh the merry days, the merry days when we were young.

(To be continued.)

NIGHT AND MORNING.



So they've sent you a card, my Adonis,
For the Countess's ball of to-night;
You fancy no fate like your own is,
No future so charmingly bright.

It costs half-a-crown for a Hansom
To go to that beautiful ball,
Though shortly a duchess's ransom
You'd give to have not gone at all.

For you dance with some lovely young creature
With a winning soft grace and a smile;
And you dwell on each look and each feature
As if Paradise opened the while:

You clasp her slight waist in the "Dewdrop,"
Though you feel that your touch is profane,
And think that fair burthen ere you'd drop
You would die to the cornet's wild strain.

The cornet blows louder and brisker,
She grows more confiding and weak,
Her soft tresses tickle your whisker,
Her soft breath is warm on your cheek;

And in the excitement grown bolder,
You murmur soft words in her ear,
And in blushes quite low on your shoulder
She replies what Mamma must not hear;

Replies : " I delight in these crushes,
One can talk though the dances are full ;
You don't go next week to the duchess ?
Then I'm sure I shall find it quite dull."

But now for the next dance they're starting,
She shrinks to the chaperon's wings ;
You press the small hand in the parting,
And her eyes say unspeakable things.

You cherish for many days after
The look that so lovingly beams :
'Tis a sorrow that stifles your laughter,
'Tis a joy that is bright on your dreams.

You fancy, so lightly she dances,
Her dear little foot on your stair ;
You people with those sunny glances
A sweet little home in May Fair :

You saw that all eyes were upon her
As she moved down that glittering room,
And you fancy, when once you have won her,
How pretty she'll look in your brougham.

O ! visions that madly you cherish ;
O ! smile that was cruelly false ;
O ! hopes that were born but to perish ;
O ! dream that has fled with the vale !

When next you meet, doffing your beaver,
You look for her bow—but in vain—
The dear little ball-room deceiver
Doesn't offer to know you again.

Can it be you have flirted together ?—
Now she on her hack canters by ;
And you're not worth one wave of her feather ;
You're not worth one glance of her eye.

Then, like ships without sailors to man 'em,
Your visions seem drifting away,
And you count your few hundreds per annum,
And their fractions at each Quarter-day.

And this, when you sum the case up, is
The result (though your feelings it hurts),—
All men are self-confident puppies,
All women are frivolous flirts !

R. BENSON.



OUR FARM OF TWO ACRES.

TERRAIN AND TILLAGE.

HALF a century ago there was a good deal of sauciness in the temper and manners of people who had the management of land. The great landowners were introducing improvements, the small farmers were giving up an unprofitable game, and the large farmers—trusting in the Corn-laws—claimed to have their own way, did not care to study their art, unless they lived near Mr. Coke or the Duke of Bedford, and laughed at everybody who attempted tillage on a small scale.

This sauciness brought out William Cobbett, with his strong spirit of antagonism, to contradict every insolent saying, and almost every received

maxim of the class ; and he broadly and positively declared that a cow and pig could be kept on a quarter of an acre of land. He explained in detail how this might be done ; and a great number of people have followed his instructions, finding, for the most part, that though the thing might be practicable for one year, or occasionally at intervals, it is not true that, one year with another, a cow and pig can be kept on a quarter of an acre of land. Since the repeal of the Corn-laws great changes have taken place in the general mind as to what quantity of land will and will not repay the efforts of the husbandman. The prodigious improvements which have been introduced into agriculture have benefited small properties as well as large ; and the same science and art which render it good economy to expend thousands of pounds on the tillage of a large farm enable the intelligent husbandman to obtain from a few roods an amount of value which nobody but Cobbett dreamed of in the last generation. We do not know that the regular "small-farming" of a former century has as yet revived among us ; the competition of the holder of thirty or fifty acres with the tenant of a thousand : but the experiment of making the most of two or three acres is at present one which attracts a good deal of attention. There are few signs of the times in economy and social affairs more thoroughly worthy of the interest it has excited.

There are two classes of persons, broadly speaking, to whom this experiment is of consequence—the husbandman who lives by his land, and gentry, especially ladies, who happen to have a little ground attached to their dwellings, from which it is just as well to derive comfort and luxury, or pecuniary profit, as not. Two remarkable and very interesting statements have been published on the part of these two classes ; and I, the present writer, am about to offer a third, in order to render the presentment of the case of miniature farming complete.

John Sillett, the Suffolk shopkeeper, who forsook the shop and took to the spade, recovering his health, and maintaining his family in comfort on two acres of land, has given us his experience in his well-known pamphlet of seven years ago, on "Fork and Spade Husbandry." The great extension of Freehold Land Societies affords to a multitude of townsmen in England the means of leaving town-industry for rural independence, as John Sillett did, if they choose to work as he did ; and it seems probable that a future generation may see a revival of the order of peasant proprietors in this country which was supposed to have died out for ever. As to the other class to whom small-farming may and does answer, we have just been presented with an agreeable description of their case in the little volume called "Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Money we made by it." In my opinion the book is somewhat too tempting. The statements, each one no doubt perfectly true in itself, will require some modification when taken to represent the first six years, instead of the first six months of the experiment ; but the narrative is so fresh and animated—the example of enterprise and energy is so wholesome, and the scheme of life is so wise, that the book must be a real

boon to a class of society which sorely needs such aid;—the class of gentlewomen who have not enough to do. We hear a great deal of the penalties of an unnatural mode of life endured by single and widowed women in confined circumstances, who pine away their lives in towns; and we see many who do not suffer from poverty, losing health and energy for want of interesting occupation. If this book should induce only one in a hundred of these languid women to try a country life, with the amusement of a little farming in a safe way, it will have been a blessing to our generation.

John Sillett's experiment was one of fork and spade husbandry exclusively. That of the ladies on their Four Acres was an experiment of grazing, almost exclusively. Mine is one of an intermediate order. I do not derive the subsistence of a household from my two acres; nor do I keep cows and pigs on the easy conditions of a plentiful allowance of grass and arable land, with the resource of a Right of Common, to serve at every pinch. I am obliged to keep a considerable portion of my little plot in grass; but my main dependence for the subsistence of my cows is on fork and spade husbandry. Thus, like the ladies, I keep cows for comfort and luxury, to which I may add the serious consideration of creating a subsistence for a labourer and his wife; while, with John Sillett, I obtain the value of the ground and animals chiefly by tillage, instead of merely gathering in the expensive commodity of grass. The case is this:—

I bought a field, in order to build myself a house, in a beautiful valley in the north of England. The quantity of land was somewhat less than two acres and a quarter, of which more than half an acre was rock. On the rocky portion stands the house, with its terrace and the drive up to it, and little oak and sycamore and ash copses behind and flanking it. An acre and a quarter was left in grass, which I at first let for grazing for £4 10s. a year. Enough ground was left for a few vegetable and flower beds, which the women of the household took such care of as they could. At the end of a year from our entrance upon our pretty house in the field, the state of things was this. The meadow was a constant eyecore; for the tenant took no sort of care of it. His cow was there, rain or shine, without shelter or shade, and usually ill, one way or another. The grass was lumpy and weedy. Sheep burst in through the hedge on the south boundary, that hedge being no business of mine, but belonging to the tenant on the other side. It was a broad, straggling, weedy hedge, which harboured vermin, and sent showers of seeds of pestilent weeds into my garden ground; and as sure as my cabbages began to grow, the hungry sheep—sharp-set as they are in March—made their way in, and ate off a whole crop in the night. It cost me from £6 to £10 a year to hire an occasional gardener, by whom the aspect of the place was barely kept decent.

At the same time, my household were badly off for some essential comforts. The supply of milk in our neighbourhood could never be depended on; and it failed when it was most

wanted—in the travelling season when the district was thronged with strangers. During that season, even the supply of meat was precarious. Fowls, hams, eggs, butter, everything was precarious or unattainable; so that housekeeping was, in the guest season, a real anxiety.

Becoming nearly desperate under difficulties which townfolk scarcely dreamt of, I ventured upon the experiment—more bold eleven years ago than now—of using my own patch of land for the production of comforts for my own household. I have made this explanation because I wish it to be clearly understood that I did not propose to *make money* by my miniature farming, and should never have undertaken it with any such view. I could not afford to lose money. The experiment must pay itself or stop. But, here was the land, with its attendant expenses; here were our needs and discomforts; the experiment was to make the one compensate the other. At the end of eleven years, I find that the plan has been unquestionably successful, though some of the estimates of the first two or three seasons have been modified, and an average of agricultural mishaps has occurred, as if to render the enterprise a fair specimen. It has, on the whole, been sufficiently successful to attract a great deal of notice, and influence some proceedings in the neighbourhood; and, therefore, as I conceive, to justify my adding one more illustration to those which already exist of the benefit of making the most of a small area of land.

The first essential was a labourer. I obtained one from an agricultural county, as spade husbandry was a thing unheard-of in my own neighbourhood. He brought his wife; and his wages were at first 12s. a week, out of which he paid the low rent of 1s. 6d. per week for his cottage; a model cottage which I built, with the cow-house adjoining, for £130. These stone dwellings last for ever, and need few or no repairs, so that money is well invested in them; and I regard as a good investment the money afterwards laid out in a hay-house, a little boiling-house, a root-house, two fowl-yards, and a commodious stone dwelling for the pig. My man's wages were raised by degrees; and they are now 14s. a week all the year round, with the cottage rent free. The wife has the use of my wash-house and its apparatus, and opportunities of earning a good deal by means of them. In case of my scheme not answering, there was a certainty that the cottage and other buildings would let at any moment, with the land; while their quality would not deteriorate with time, like that of brick or wooden buildings.

The other requisite preparations were tanks for manure, implements, and some additional fencing. Two tanks, well cemented within, and covered by heavy stone lids, receive the sewage and slops of every kind from the house, cottage, and cow stable; and a larger tank, among a clump of trees in a far corner of the field, receives the sweepings of stable and sty, and the bulk of the manure. The implements are spades, an elastic steel fork, hoes, rakes, a scythe, shears, and clippers, a heavy roller for the meadow, a chaff-cutter, a curry-comb and brushes for the cows' coats; troughs, milk-pails, and the apparatus of the boiling-house

and dairy; to which were afterwards added a barrel on wheels to receive soap-suds and other slops at back doors for the liquid manure pit; a garden-engine of large powers, and a frame and hand-glasses for the kitchen-garden. About a third part of these implements were necessary for the mere gardening which we attempted so unprofitably before we had a labourer on the premises.

I am not going to speak of our dairy affairs now; I will do so hereafter; but my present subject is the tillage of the soil: and I will therefore say no more here about cows than that we began with one, and finding that we could keep two for almost as little trouble as one—the stable and the man being provided—I rented another half acre adjoining my field, at £1 15s. a-year, and kept two cows, thus securing a supply of milk for the whole year. We produce food enough for about a cow and a half, besides vegetables and fruit for the household, and find it answer to buy the requisite addition to the winter food, as I will explain at another time.

Here, then, we were at the outset, with simply our cow-stable, pig-house, and tanks, and an acre and a quarter of ground on which to work, to produce food for a cow and pig, besides household vegetables; fettered also with the necessity, that, on account of the view from the windows, at least three quarters of an acre must remain in grass, the most expensive of all conditions. We pared off the corners, and laid them into the arable part, in the first instance, so as to leave the grassy area just three quarters of an acre. To finish with the pasture first, the treatment it requires is this: Before the winter rains we give the grass a good dressing of guano every alternate year, or of bones broken, but not to powder, every third year. Early in winter the whole is strewn with manure from the tank, and a compost heap we have in a hidden corner of the new half acre. At the end of February this is raked away, and the meadow is bush-harrowed. A month later it is well rolled and weeded, if any noxious weeds, such as oxeye daisies, or bishop's weed, are found rooted in it. If any moss appears after long rains it is treated with lime. This care is well repaid by the beauty of the surface and the value of the grass. The little spot is conspicuous for its greenness when all the rest of the valley is of a uniform hay colour; and there is no hay in the neighbourhood to compare with ours. The cows eat off the first growth in April. It is then shut up for six weeks or so for hay, and is mown towards the end of June, when it yields nearly three tons to the acre. We do not exhaust the ground by mowing it twice, but allow the cows to feed it pretty close till November. After two winters we found that the anxiety of keeping such hay stacked in a rainy climate was more than the thing was worth; and I therefore built a hay-house, and was only sorry that I had put it off so long. Knowing what the plague of rats is in such buildings, I adopted the only perfect security—that of using such materials as no vermin can penetrate. The floor was flagged as carefully as a kitchen-floor, and slate stones went deep into the ground below the flags. A few years later, when a winter inundation penetrated every place in the levels of the valley, and wetted

our hay, I granted a raised wooden floor to the entreaties of our farm-man: and there our hay and straw keep perfectly well in all kinds of winters.

Hay, however, is an extravagant kind of food for cows; and ours have it only for variety, and as a resource when other things fail, and when they calve, or happen to be ill. Our main dependence is on roots and vegetables. As this was nearly a new idea in the neighbourhood, we were prodigiously ridiculed, till our success induced first respect and then imitation. It was a current maxim, that it takes three acres of land to feed a cow; and this may be very true in the hill pastures, which are mossy and untended. Our milk would cost us sixpence a quart, it was said—we were starving our poor cow—we were petting our cow, so that she was like a spoiled child—such were the remarks till events silenced them, and people came to see how we arranged our ground, so as to get such crops out of it. We constantly gave in explanation the current rule: "the more manure, the more green crops; the more green crops, the more stock; the more stock, the more manure." And by degrees the true principle of stall-feeding and spade-tillage became clear to all inquirers.

Our soil is light,—not very deep (lying above slaty-stone) sufficiently fertile, and easily treated, but so stony in parts as to dismay a labourer from a clay or sand district. The neighbours advised my man to cover up the stones, and think no more of them: but we concluded that it would be better to make use of some of them. We dug deep where the garden paths were to be, and filled in the stones, so as to make drains of all the garden walks. Others went to mend the occupation-road which runs along the field, and through the half-acre. On the south side, and in the half-acre, there is scarcely a stone, and the tillage is perfectly easy. Our way is to dig two spits deep, straight down, manure richly, and leave abundant space between both the plants and the rows. Hence our fine roots, and our weight of produce.

I need say nothing of our garden tillage, except that, with the exception of winter potatoes, we obtain an abundant supply of vegetables for a household of four persons, and their occasional guests. All common fruits become more plentiful every year. This being understood, we are here concerned only with the food for the cows and pig. In summer, we sow cabbage-seed,—being careful about the kind, as the common cow-cabbage spoils the milk and butter. A kind between the Ham and Victoria cabbage is by the Norfolk people considered the best. The young plants are pricked out in early autumn, some hundreds per week for six weeks, to secure a succession next year. They should be eighteen inches apart, in rows a yard apart: and if they can be allowed to keep their places till they weigh ten or twelve pounds apiece, they of course afford a great bulk of food for the animals. Anywhere above four pounds is, however, worth the ground. The rows being placed so wide apart is to allow of the sowing of roots between them.

In April and May we sow turnips (Swedes especially), carrots (particularly Belgian), and mangold

in the centre of the spaces left; and, by the time the root crops have been thinned, and are past the danger of the fly, the cabbages are fit to be cut. The alternate ones are taken first, and light and air are thus let in freely. The cabbages begin to be very substantial about mowing time, and fill up all intervals till November; that is, while the grass is growing after hay-making, and between the first, second, and third gathering of the mangold leaves. It is the fashion now to discourage the thinning of the mangold; but we find the roots rather the better than the worse for the process. If they were not, we could still hardly spare the resource of those three leaf crops; but the fact is, no such mangold as ours is grown anywhere near; and strangers come to look at it, both in the ground and in the root-house. We now devote the arable part of our rented half-acre to this root, except when it is necessary to grow grain for a change, which happens every third or fourth year; and this last year we obtained about six tons from a quarter of an acre. It keeps admirably; and our cows were still enjoying it a month before Midsummer. There is an occupation-road through the half-acre which produces only grass; and the same is true of a strip running its whole length, under a row of noble ash trees, which of course prevent all tillage under their shade and within the circuit of their roots. The arable portion amounts, in fact, to hardly one-third of an acre.

We early obtained a small addition to our territory in a rather odd way. After we had suffered from two or three invasions of sheep through the great ugly hedge, I received an occasional hint that the neighbouring tenant wished I would take that hedge into my own hands. Seeing no reason why I should trouble myself with such a vexatious and unprofitable piece of property, I paid no attention to the hints: but my farm-man at length intimated that he could make a good thing of it, if I would let him demolish the hedge, which he would undertake, except felling the pollard-ashes, with his own hands. He was sure the contents of the hedge, and the ground we should get by it, would pay for a good new fence. It did indeed pay. We had firewood enough for more than one winter, and a good deal of soil; and we gained a strip of ground about three feet wide, the whole length of the field. Moreover, my neighbour obtained the same quantity, to the great augmentation of his friendship for us. The new fence cost £9. It is a crosspole fence—the only kind which is found effectual here against the incursions of sheep. They leap upon a wall; they burst through a hedge; they thrust themselves through a post-and-rail fence; but they can get no footing on a crosspole fence; and only the youngest lambs can creep through the interstices. The material used is split larch-poles; and those who object that such a fence is not durable must have omitted the precaution of tarring the ends which enter the ground. With that precaution it may last a lifetime; and it is easily mended if a pole here and there should go before the rest. It occupies the smallest portion of ground—is no hindrance to air and sunshine, and is remarkably pretty. When covered with roses, as mine is for the greater part, it is a luxury to look upon,

reminding travellers of the rose-covered trellises of hot countries,—as in Louisiana, Damascus, and Egypt. We were so delighted with it that I carried it along the bottom of the field, where also I was not chargeable with the care of the fence. I see strangers come in and examine it, and try to shake it, as if they thought it a flimsy affair for a farm, even on a miniature scale; but I believe it will out-last the present generation of inhabitants, human and quadruped.

It will be necessary to give some account of our live stock and its produce before we can form an estimate of profit or loss on the whole scheme of my little farm. Meantime, we may say thus much:

Twelve years ago we saw about our dwelling an acre and a quarter of grass, in unsightly condition, grazed by a sickly cow; a few beds of flowers and a few more of vegetables—the former not well kept, and the latter far from productive—and, for the rest, a drive and little plantations, and slopes rarely neat, and always craving more care than we could give. For the grass I obtained, as I said, £4 10s. a-year; and, to an occasional gardener, I paid from £6 to £10 a-year. In connection with these particulars, we must remember the housekeeping troubles—bad butter, blue milk, and thin cream; costly vegetables which had travelled in the sun; hams costing £1 at least; eggs at 1d. each, and fowls scarce and skinny; and all this in a place where the supply of meat is precarious at the most important time of year.

The state of things now is wonderfully different. The whole place is in the neatest order conceivable; the slopes are mown, and the shrubs trimmed, and the paths clean; and the parterres gay, almost all the year round. With only three-quarters of an acre of grass, we have about £12 worth of hay; and part grazing for two cows for six months of the year. We have roots to the value of about £8 a year, exclusive of the benefit of their green part, which affords several cwts. of food. Then, there are the cabbages for the cows, which in favourable seasons have afforded the staple of their food for three or four months. In southern and eastern counties they would be a more ample and certain dependence than in the north. Then for the house, we have always had an over-supply of vegetables (except the winter store of potatoes), the surplus going, rather wastefully, to the pig. Beginning with cress, and radishes, lettuce, and early potatoes, and going through the whole series of peas and beans, turnips and carrots, spinach, onions and herbs, vegetable marrow and cucumbers, cabbages, cauliflowers, and broccoli, up to winter greens, we have abounded in that luxury of fresh-cut vegetables which townspeople can appreciate. All the common fruits follow of course. The comfort of having an active man on the premises, ready for every turn, is no small consideration in a household of women.

All these things have been created, we must observe—called out of the ground where they lay hid, as it were. This creation of subsistence and comfort is a good thing in itself; it remains to be seen whether it is justified by paying its own cost. This we shall learn when we have reviewed the history of our Dairy and Poultry-yard.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S APOLOGY.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.



I.

AND Willy, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little Anne?
 Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.
 And Willy's wife has written: she never was otherwise,
 Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my advice.

II.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,
 Hadn't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.
 Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.
 Eh!—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gone.

III.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest boy, the flower of the flock,
 Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood like a rock.
 "Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doctor; and he would be bound,
 There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

IV.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue!
 I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.
 I cannot cry for him, Annie: I have not long to stay;
 Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

V.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;
 But all my children have gone before me, I am so old:
 I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
 Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

VI.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
 All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
 I mean your grandfather, Annie : it cost me a world of woe,
 Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

VII.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well
 That Jenny had tript in her time : I knew, but I would not tell.
 And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar !
 But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

VIII.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
 That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
 That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
 But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

IX.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day ;
 And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the middle of May.
 Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been !
 But soiling another, Annie, will never make oneself clean.

X.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late
 I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.
 The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
 And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrupt the nightingale.

XI.

All of a sudden he stopt : there past by the gate of the farm,
 Willy,—he didn't see me,—and Jenny hung on his arm.
 Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how ;
 Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

XII.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant ;
 Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtsey and went.
 And I said, "Let us part : in a hundred years it'll all be the same,
 You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name."

XIII.

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine :
 "Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.
 And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill ;
 But marry me out of hand : we two shall be happy still."

XIV.

"Marry you, Willy !" said I, "but I needs must speak my mind,
 I fear you will listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind."
 But he turn'd and claspt me in his arms, and answer'd, "No, love, no ;"
 Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

XV.

So Willy and I were wedded : I wore a lilac gown ;
 And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
 But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
 Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

XVI.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
 There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
 I had not wept, little Anne, not since I had been a wife ;
 But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

XVII.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain :
 I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
 For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn ;
 But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

XVIII.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay :
 Kind, like a man, was he ; like a man, too, would have his way :
 Never jealous—not he : we had many a happy year ;
 And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near.

XIX.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died :
 I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
 And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget :
 But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

XX.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
 Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you :
 Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
 While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

XXI.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team :
 Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
 They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
 I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

XXII.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive ;
 For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five :
 And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh threescore and ten ;
 I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

XXIII.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve ;
 I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve :
 And the neighbours come and laugh and gossip, and so do I ;
 I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

XXIV.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad :
 But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had ;
 And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease ;
 And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

XXV.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
 And happy has been my life ; but I would not live it again.
 I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest ;
 Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

XXVI.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower ;
 But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour,—
 Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next ;
 I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vex't ?

XXVII.

And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
 Get me my glasses, Annie : thank God that I keep my eyes.
 There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past away.
 But stay with the old woman now : you cannot have long to stay.

OUR FARM OF TWO ACRES.

DAIRY AND BACON.

"I SHOULD have said you would be more humane," observed a London friend to me, "than to shut up your cows. I could not have believed you would be so cruel."

A few minutes' conversation made a wonderful difference in this benevolent lady's impressions. She was a thorough Londoner, and knew nothing of cow tastes and habits. With the ordinary human tendency to fetishism she regarded cow-life from her own point of view, and pitied my Meggie and Ailsie for not seeing the lovely landscape as they lay ruminating. The argument may be shortly given. Granting that the so-called "natural condition" of animals is the happiest, which may not be true in the quadruped any more than the human case, it is impossible at this time of day to put our domestic cattle under the conditions of the primitive life of their race. When they roamed our island wild they could shelter themselves from the noontday heat in the forest, and escape the flies by getting into the water; whereas, when once cows are domesticated, there is an end of forest shade, and of recourse to lakes and rivers; and the question is, whether something better is not given. Taking the winter into the question, there can be no doubt about the matter. Lean cows were slaughtered in autumn, and salted down for winter food, in old times, because there were no means of feeding them during the interval between the late and early grass; and, as for those which were spared the slaughter, we know what their wildness from hunger was by the end of winter. The cows on a small farm (or on a large one either) cannot have open woods and waters to resort to; and, if sent out to feed, have a half-and-half sort of life, the superiority of which to stall-feeding may be questionable. They have neither the natural nor the artificial protection from heat and flies, and their condition is less equable than that of the stall-fed cow. In high summer they may be very fat and sleek,—too fat to be perfect milkers; but in early spring they are meagre, ragged, and half dry, when the stall-fed animals are nearly as sleek and prosperous as at any other season.

Every observer remarks on the good plight of my cows when those of the neighbouring farmers are turned out upon the fells in spring: and, during the summer, if Meggie and Ailsie happen to be out towards noon, they turn into their stable of their own accord to escape the flies and enjoy the coolness. The test is the health of the animals; and, by all I have been able to learn, stall-fed cows, properly managed, live longer, give more milk in the long run, have fewer illnesses, and are better tempered than those which are treated in the ordinary method of our old-fashioned farming. When Cow Life Insurance societies become as numerous as they ought to be, their tables will soon show whether stall-feeding is favourable to life and health, or the contrary. Meantime, the world is grievously in want of agricultural statistics in that department, as in every other.

I may remark here, that the ladies who tell us of their four-acre farm, and all other farmers, large and small, will be wise to insure their cows' lives,

if any well-established society for the purpose exists within reach. At this season last year, when I lost a cow for the first time, I should have been very glad of such a resource. The few shillings per year for each cow are worth paying, if never wanted back again: for the peace of mind is a main feature in the bargain, as in the case of life and fire insurance. One of the finest and healthiest young cows I ever saw, which had calved prosperously a year before, calved last June in the midst of the thundery weather which then prevailed. The storm burst just after; my poor cow sank down, and never got up again. This was a case of sheer accident: no management could have prevented it; and the appropriate consolation would have been receiving her value from an Insurance Society if I had had the opportunity.

Country residents who know how often the familiar petition comes round on behalf of the cottager or small farmer who has lost a cow or two, can bear witness to the policy of establishing such a society in every rural neighbourhood, and taking care of its being founded on a safe basis. The subscriptions now given on petition would be better bestowed on such a foundation. Good would be done, and ease of mind afforded, all round; and after ten years or so, the collective records would yield some very valuable knowledge as to the life and health of farm-stock.

The combined experience of a neighbourhood or district must surely lead to an improved medical treatment of animals. The greatest drawback on small farming is the helplessness of the proprietor when a cow or pig is ill. It requires to be on the spot to believe the nonsense that is talked on such occasions in retired villages, and what passions are called into play. A few months after I began, I was told that my cow was ill. The local doctor was sent for, and he gave his verdict and instituted the treatment. But I could make nothing of the matter at all—neither what ailed the cow, nor whether it was serious, nor even whether she might die. By the bustle and solemnity, and my man being seen to brush away tears when my back was turned, I augured the worst; but I do not at this moment know how far she was in danger. The report was: "Tis the worm in the tail, that go all along her back and up into her head, so that her teeth are loose, and she can't properly eat." She was bled in the tail, dosed with physic, fed with meal, and rubbed, and in a day or two she was quite well. Other alarms of the same kind have occurred since; and the sense of blank ignorance in one's self, and of the quackery of those who pretend to know more, while the suffering animal is sinking before one's eyes, is decidedly the most disagreeable experience of rural life in my case. And then, if one asks a question, or demurs to bleeding (from which a cow rarely recovers completely), or proposes any simple method, or fails to send for the local oracle, or, worst of all, sends for a real veterinary surgeon too, there is an astonishing outburst of passions. Doctor and farm-man quarrel: "The lady may cure her own cows"—"Nobody will set a foot on

the premises if new notions are to be tried"—and so forth. Happy they who live within immediate reach of a qualified veterinary surgeon! In the absence of such a resource there is, I believe, no doubt whatever that the simple rules and facts of homœopathic practice are the greatest possible boon. The operation of that method of practice in the case of cattle and horses is too remarkable to leave room for question, I understand, among those most opposed to it in the human case.

I have said all the harm I have to say of my first cow. She was a rather large but very pretty short-horn, of the local kind. It does not do for small farmers to try many experiments with different kinds of cows: and it is generally safest to be content with the local sort. I live too far north for Alderneys, which ladies often incline to, to their cost in the long run; but I hoped much from a cheap, hardy little Kerry cow, such as I have known to be very profitable in the midland counties; but she did not answer. Meggie, however, my first experiment, served and pleased me well for six years. I gave 15*l.* for her at six years old, and she was valued at 7*l.* when I exchanged her at the end of six years. Thus, spreading her prime cost—viz., 8*l.*—over the six years, together with 4 per cent. interest on the 15*l.*, she cost me, as a purchase, 1*l.* 18*s.* a-year.

The cost of her maintenance cannot be given with equal precision, because her food was as various as we could make it, and it is impossible to estimate the value of every article we grew. But we can ascertain within a narrow margin how much Meggie cost, and how well it answered to keep her. The proper amount of food for a milch cow is not less than 70*lb.* per day—a fattening bullock requiring about 90*lb.* For stall-feeding we must reckon the winter as lasting five months, in our northern counties. Each cow, therefore, must have four tons of roots and one ton of hay, with a few extras, such as I will presently mention. Allowing for calving-times, exigencies, and indulgences, throughout the year, we purchase about a ton of hay for each cow, in addition to our own crop. I pay a few shillings here and there in the neighbourhood for grass and brewers' grains, and buy Thorley's cattle-food, an occasional load of straw, and a little meal at calving-times. In ordinary seasons, the bought food may be set down at about 10*l.* for each cow. Her share of the man's wages may be reckoned at one-third, or 11*l.*, and of the cost of tillage at 1*l.* 10*s.* The extra manure, beyond her own yield, is about 1*l.* 5*s.*, and her share of the cost of utensils and their repairs, 1*l.* 5*s.*, and of the interest of the capital invested in her stable and all the accessories by which she benefits, 1*l.* 10*s.* I think this is all that Meggie can have cost me.

As for her produce, there was the annual calf, which brought, if a bull calf, only 5*s.*, and if a wye (cow-calf), a guinea at the end of a week. She gave us, on the average of the year, ten quarts of milk per day. After calving, she gave sixteen quarts or more for a time; to set against which there was the decline and dryness before calving; so that we reckon the average at ten quarts. Her manure is already set off against her food. We have not here the London prices, which

so brighten the accounts of the Four-Acre farm. We must reckon the new milk at 2*d.* the quart, and butter as averaging 11*d.* per *lb.* Our lowest price is 8*d.*, and the highest 1*s.* 3*d.* Reckoning the produce as milk, it brings 30*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* per cow, for the year. I might magnify it by reckoning a part as butter; but I wish to be on the safe side, and will, therefore, put our sales and gains at the lowest.

COST OF EACH COW.		£	s.	d.
Food bought	10	0	0
Attendance	11	0	0
Tillage	1	10	0
Manure	1	5	0
Utensils and repairs	1	5	0
Interest on capital	1	10	0
Prime cost and interest	1	18	0
		£28 8 0		

PRODUCE OF EACH COW.		£	s.	d.
Milk	30	8	4
Calf (average)	0	13	0
		£31 1 4		
Cost	28	8	0
		£2 13 4		

This small surplus may be set apart to meet accidents; and thus Meggie just paid her own expenses, leaving to me and my household the satisfaction of seeing man, wife, and animals maintained, the place rendered fertile, and ourselves supplied with rural luxuries which were not to be had for money.

Afraid of the responsibility of inducing any rash experiment, I have rather over-estimated than underrated the expenses, and made the very least of our gains; and it must be remembered that in the neighbourhood of London, or any other large town, the expense of food and wages would be the same, while the sale of produce would bring in about one-third more.

The mode of life of a stall-fed cow is very simple. By 6 A. M., at latest, in summer, and 7 A. M., in winter, her stable should be cleaned out,—all liquids swept into the drain and tank, all solids barrowed to the large tank down the field, and powdered charcoal deposited where most needed. A plentiful supply of air has been provided during the night by the opening of some of the windows, of which there are three. A small window in the roof, opened by a cord, secures the escape of foul air. The stable, being close to the cottage, is well warmed in winter. We find the cows do better without litter than with any kind we have been able to try. Cocoa-nut fibre mats were presented to me for trial, when it appeared that fern, haulm, and straw, tempted the cows to eat their litter; but the mats were too warm; and the animal's hoofs grew long and became brittle. A smooth surface of cement or asphalté appears to answer best, provided it is kept in thorough repair, and made sloping in the slightest possible degree, so as to allow liquid to run off, without fatiguing the cow by depriving her of a level standing-place.

The cleaning of the place being done, the next

thing is the milking ; and then the breakfast ; and then the rubbing down of the animal. Her coat should be first curried, and then brushed every day, and her legs—particularly the hind legs—well rubbed. Her coat ought to be as glossy as that of a horse ; and if she is not thoroughly freed from dirt, she will be restless in her eagerness to rub herself against wall or post on every side. Duly dressed, she lies down to ruminare in calm content.

In summer, when the hay is growing, she has cut grass, more or less every day. We get it from sundry patches on our own ground—from strips under the trees, from the slopes, the borders, and three-cornered bits in angles of the garden, and from the ditch, hedge, and road in the half-acre ; and also from any neighbour who will let us have it for the cutting, or a trifle over. There is some every day, till the cows can turn out after the hay-making. Meantime, there are the last of the mangold roots, and there is chopped straw dressed with Thorley's cattle-food, which is a great comfort as a resource, when food is scanty or precarious. The tradition of our district, of the eagerness of the cattle of the monks of Furness after the ash and holly sprays on the mountains, guides us to another resource. A cow will brave many obstacles to get at the young sprays of the ash ; so we crop ours from the polards. The same with nettles in their season. We must not suppose these things bad food, because we should not like them. Brewers' grains are another resource. Cows are very fond of them. When the roots are done, the cabbages are coming on ; and then many helps arise ; the thinnings of the growing turnips and mangold, and afterwards their crops of leaves. These things, with the ever-growing grass, carry us on to November, when the last cabbage is eaten, and the pasture must be manured. Then begins the winter routine. The cinders from the house, and a penny sack of shavings from the bobbin-mill light the boiler fire, which keeps the food warm for the day. The turnips are eaten first, because they do not keep so well as the mangold. A cwt. of turnips per day is rather more than two cows want, if there are carrots for them, or cut straw, with Thorley's food. The roots are sliced and boiled with the straw. The secret of giving turnips without fatal damage to the cream and butter is to pour off all the water, and give the roots dry, with fresh water to drink, of course. The hay is the dessert—given dry if the cows prefer it so. To keep their teeth in use, they may have a mangold root or two in the course of the day—"to amuse themselves with," as the man says. They have three regular meals in the day, and something more during the longest days. In winter, they settle well for the night after six o'clock.

Our dairy is in rather an odd place—under the library. It is the place of most equable temperature on the premises ; the coolest in summer, and the warmest in winter ; being a part of the cellar blasted out of the rock, and its windows nearly level with the garden ground outside. It is fitted up with slate-stone shelves, and leaded cisterns for the milk. We have tried various new devices—glass, earthenware, and wood ; but we

find that the cream rises better in the old cisterns, lined with lead or zinc, than under any other circumstances. Our butter rarely gives any trouble in the making ; and, since we fairly learned the art, it has had an excellent reputation. We do not often obtain so much as one pound from one quart of cream ; and we are satisfied that this quantity cannot be got on an average of seasons and of cows ; but on occasion we obtain it. The pig has the buttermilk and what skim-milk we do not use for our bread and cakes, nor sell. The consumption of cream in the household is not small. We relish it with our fruit and otherwise. We like custards and trifle and fruit-creams and white soups ; and, now it is understood to have the properties which make cod-liver oil so much the fashion for weakly people, we agree how far preferable the domestic article is to the imported, and indulge largely in the medicine, ill or well.

It should not be omitted that our keeping cows is a social benefit. The troop of children coming for milk, morning and evening, is a pretty sight. I have added to the advantage of the supply that of requiring ready money for it. In old-fashioned places, where money matters are irregular, and long credits cause perpetual mischief and frequent ruin, and where some of the gentry give away milk to people perfectly able to pay for it, it is a social service to insist on both paying and receiving ready money. My cook is therefore charged with the dairy concerns, and upheld by her employers in giving no credit. Before we learned the ways of the place, customers who could afford strong drink and fine clothes went into debt to us for milk up to nearly 1*l.*, and then went to another dairy. It was no better kindness to them than to ourselves to allow this : and, now that our rule is inflexible, as to paying and being paid, we have no difficulty, except when, at times, our cows are to calve at too short an interval, and the supply runs short, and the customers "are fit to tear us to pieces," as cook says, for what we have to sell.

There is not much to tell of the pig. We bespeak one of a good breed each spring and autumn, bringing him home at from six to ten weeks old—old enough to keep himself warm and comfortable. His cost is then from 15*s.* to 25*s.*, according to the state of the world in regard to pig-keeping. Before the potato-rot, one might get for 10*s.* such a pig as afterwards cost 20*s.* Our pig's house is a substantial stone edifice, cool in summer and warm in winter, with a paved yard for eating, exercise, and basking in the sun. The pavement should come up every few years, and the soil below should be removed for manure, and new laid. A liberal use of powdered charcoal will be repaid by the health of the pig and the content of the neighbours ; and there is no more valuable manure than the charcoal which has done its work of purification. The house and yard must be kept swept and clean, and the straw frequently renewed, and then the animal itself will have good habits. Pigs are not dirty when they have any encouragement to be clean. Ours is washed every week, in warm soap and water, and well scrubbed behind the ears and everywhere, to its great ease and comfort. A highly economical

remark of my man about this part of his work was, that he scrubbed the pig on washing days, because the soapsuds did just as well for manure after the pig had done with them, "and that," said he, "makes the soap serve three times over."

Buttermilk, skim-milk, refuse vegetables, kitchen-stuff bought for sixpence per week, grains now and then, and any coarse food rendered nutritious and delectable by Thorley's food or malt dust being sprinkled over it, keep our pig in health and happiness till he has accomplished the first six or seven months of his life. Then he must be fattened for three weeks. The more he is induced to eat during that time, the more profitable will he be; and his food must be of the best kind. Opinions differ as to whether oatmeal or barley-meal answers best. Our belief is that a mixture is the true thing. The barley is cheaper, and requires a month to produce its effect: the oat is dearer, but requires less than three weeks. It is the better, however, for being qualified with the barley; and we use them half-and-half, till the pig has had sixteen stone, costing £1 4s. His weight when killed is, on the average, twelve stone, which has fetched, within my experience, from 5s. to 7s. per stone. Our money gain, after all expenses are deducted, may thus vary from £1 to nothing on the pig; but the privilege of well-educated bacon, and hams of high quality, is no contemptible one, as will be owned by doubting and scrupulous purchasers of pork in towns. We and our friends can enjoy our sausages, pork-pies, hams, and bacon without drawback; and the value of the two latter in the commissariat in a region where the very legs of mutton in the butcher's shop have to be divided between urgent petitioners in the season, cannot be described.

No party is better pleased than the man in charge,—unless it be his wife. He buys half the pig at wholesale price; has his bacon cheap; and can, if he chooses, sell the ham at a great profit in the season. We kill our pork in the first days of November and the last of March.

There remains the produce of the poultry-yard to make out our bill of fare. That story is too long for this place, and must be told another week.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

ENGLISH PROJECTILES.

In the First and Second Numbers I have adverted to the inferiority of the rifle, compared with the smooth bore, in point of range; and after the first article appeared, and whilst the second was in the hands of the Editor, the *Times* correspondent on the first of July corroborated my views in a remarkable manner, by stating that the experiments with some new kind of bullet used from a smooth-bored musket tried by Major Nessler, at Vincennes, had given a result of 25 per cent. in point of accuracy, and 50 per cent. in point of range, as compared with the rifle. My ideas on this are of some years' standing, and it is possible that now the subject is beginning to be ventilated, a defective shot will ultimately cease to be compensated by a defective barrel, wherein the rifts or rifles very materially affect the strength of the projectile weapon while diminishing the range.

Time was that great guns were made of cast brass or of wrought-iron, in the days when cast-iron was but little known. Cast brass, or gun-metal, had the advantage of being tough and little liable to burst; but it had the disadvantage of being costly, and of being so soft in texture, that the bore was rapidly worn by the shot, and the muzzle drooped, and the vent was melted away. It is true that gun-metal could be mixed so as to become as hard as bell-metal, but in that case it became also as brittle. So serious was the destruction by wear, that the Barbary pirates, who always used brass guns, and bought their shot from the very Italians whom they victimised, always required the shot ere it cooled from the casting to be forged true by cup tools of the smith, so that the whole surface might be smooth.

The wrought-iron guns were a sort of iron cooperage, made with staves and hoops. The famous Scottish gun, Mons Meg, was built by the smith on the spot where it was used,—so says tradition,—and three lumps of granite were chipped into spheres by hand. At the first shot the walls of the Douglass castle were pierced through. At the second shot the arm of the lady of the castle was cut off while in the act of lifting the wine-cup at the noontide meal. The third shot was not fired, the castle being surrendered under fear of what further devilment Mons Meg might achieve.

As time rolled on, the charcoal iron of Kent and Sussex was adapted to the purposes of the moulder, and great guns were cast from the same quality of metal that furnished the far-famed railings round St. Paul's to Sir Christopher Wren. But the iron produced by baked wood became scarcer as the forests disappeared, and the iron produced by baked coal or coke was inferior in quality. Increase of substance was resorted to, to make up for decrease in quality. The weight was a positive advantage in throwing shot, but difficulty of transport was an objection. As powder improved in quality, the inferiority of cast-iron became more apparent; and for all guns of transport and military use brass obtained the preference as a material.

Still the cost of brass, and want of knowledge how to work wrought-iron, caused cast-iron to be retained for use in forts and vessels. The first wrought-iron gun of any magnitude was made at Liverpool for the American Commodore Stockton. It was said that a second one was made in imitation of it in the United States. But, any how, a wrought-iron gun, either English or American, was burst in discharge on board the vessel, and killed three American officers. Still the perception that wrought-iron was the right material went on increasing. One, forged by an English firm on speculation, was tried at Woolwich Arsenal. It burst at the first discharge, and the fracture showed a granular texture of the coarsest kind in some parts. It had in fact become brittle by the process of continual hammering after the heat was reduced—a process known as "cold swaging." In some portions rents of great size and length appeared, showing oxidised surfaces on which scale acted as a partition between layers much as a layer of flour serves to separate bakers' rolls. The memorable experiment of Mr. Nasmyth with

his steam hammer, which ended, it was said, in burning away the external surface as fast as fresh layers could be applied, appeared to end the contest as to the power of oxygenating iron by welding, when, without Government assistance, the Mersey Forge took it up, and succeeded in making, on their own account, a monster gun which did not burst. What the cost was we do not know, but no others have been made, and we are still ignorant as to the internal condition of the metal. Until it shall be cut into strips longitudinally, and divided on many points transversely, we cannot finally pronounce what its condition is.

Of the ineligibility of cast-iron for our modern charges of powder, the most remarkable example was given in the mortars used at Bomarsund. They were not mortars in the old sense of the term, *i. e.*, they did not resemble the vessel in which the chemist pounds his drugs, and in which the chamber and length are about equal, and which may have taken their origin from the traditional experiment of Roger Bacon. They more resembled carronades, being about six or seven diameters in length. In these guns the force of the powder acted to disintegrate, split, and honeycomb the internal metal of the breech, precisely as is done by the pressure of the water in an hydraulic ram. The ultimate result was bursting, splitting the gun longitudinally like a log of wood, the course of the fracture being determined by the line of the vent.

The force exerted by the mortars on their solid beds being found mischievous to the vessels, the plan was resorted to of bedding them on caoutchouc. This would doubtless relieve both the strain on the gun and the strain on the vessel, but, in such case, all the power absorbed would be abstracted from the propulsion of the shell or shot.

Four men have been conspicuous in working at the improvement of artillery—Lancaster, Whitworth, Mallet, and Armstrong. The three former with government money, the latter, as the Americans say, "on his own hook." Lancaster stuck to cast-iron, and his object was to vary the mode of rifling, so as to obtain the same effect with a smooth bore without chinks or crevices. In short, his gun was a one-grooved rifle, or spiral bore of an oval section. The shot or shell was of about two diameters in length, cast to fit the guns, but with too little length of parallel to keep it straight (in short, egg-shaped), and it was not altogether satisfactory. But it did good service at Sebastopol, where our chief sailor-hero, William Peel, had one in battery, and, probably from good management, found it effective. An unlucky Russian shot damaged the muzzle, and its operations were over. But our hearty sailor himself peeped down the bore, and determined that the mischief was remediable if he could get workmen. Away he went on board the steamers in the harbour, found two engine-fitters willing to work under fire, carried them back with him, and, within twenty-four hours, the damaged part of the gun was amputated, and the blue jackets were again at work pitching "whistling Dicks" into the Forts to the satisfaction of their commander.

Joseph Whitworth was set to work by the

government, with ample funds, and his ruling passion—accuracy of workmanship—was brought into play. Wind was wholly excluded from a long shed, and rifle barrels were fixed up, resembling Lancaster's in the absence of grooves, but varying from them by the use of flat instead of rounded curves. The barrel was polygonal, forming a very quick spiral, and the shot was planed by machine to an exact fit. It was a spiral polygonal piston of very quick pitch approaching to a screw. But it had not the quality of a steam piston—elasticity—to ensure an elastic fit without any tendency to jam. Mr. Whitworth wished to spin his top too rapidly, and when put into the best cast-iron guns that Woolwich Arsenal could procure, the tangential tendency of the shot induced such a quarrel with the polygonal spiral that the gun would not hold together. The shot became a practical wedge, and the gun burst. Mr. Whitworth is now essaying to produce guns, at his own cost, of greater tenacity; but, even if wrought-iron be used, the enormous friction resulting from so quick a pitch must rapidly wear it out or induce great windage by a bad fit.

Mr. Mallet began with an idea—a principle—to throw the largest possible amount of powder in a shell into the enemy's fort, so that the explosion might act as a mine to destroy everything within reach. A shell of three feet in diameter, and weighing a ton and a quarter, was proposed to be thrown three miles, and, breaking through bomb-proof and all other defences by vertical fall, was to bury itself in the ground, and, in the act of bursting, scoop out a crater twenty-five feet in diameter, converting into destructive missiles every brick and stone erected on its surface, to the destruction of the defenders.

Very good war-work this, if only the moving mines could be efficiently projected. So Mr. Mallet proposed, first to himself, and afterwards to Lord Palmerston, to construct a mortar of wrought-iron, of some fifty tons in weight, and Lord Palmerston very wisely agreed to the proposition. In all new material things there must first be a theory propounded, and then a practice must be undertaken, for only by practice can such things be verified; and if no new theories are to be put into practice, for fear of possible or probable failure, we should simply become a nation of Chinese. Even supposing Mr. Mallet's plan to have been a failure, the knowledge gained by the experiment far exceeds in value all the cost. In a war question, it is quite important to know beforehand what will not answer as well as what will answer, and so to make a new step from the failure. So Lord Palmerston was right.

Fifty tons of iron in one lump would be an awkward thing to move, except on board a vessel, and also a very difficult thing to forge, so Mr. Mallet bethought him of the "built" guns of old, and began to build after a new fashion. He did not make his gun in staves with all the strength in the hoops, but made it of all hoops joined together edgewise, building up the tube with a succession of short cylinders. This provided against lateral force. The longitudinal connection of the cylinders was provided for by a series of bolts with heads at one end and screw nuts at the other,

so that the whole strain between the shot and the breech in the act of propulsion came on the screw threads, and it is said that two shots could not be fired without straining the threads, and so loosening the cylinders. This might perhaps be remedied by increasing the number of the bolts, but there is another difficulty.

The proportion of weight between shot and barrel in an American hunting-rifle is about one to four hundred. In an English 64-pounder cast gun it is about one to one hundred and fifty. In Mr. Mallet's gun the proportion is, shot one, gun forty. If therefore this gun were made perfect in other respects, the weight would have to be made up by the carriage, or the earth, and if placed on a vessel it would have to be placed on buffers of caoutchouc, or it would probably damage the vessel. It would be quite right to carry forward this experiment, increasing the numbers of the bolts, diminishing the diameter and using a cylindrical instead of a spherical shot, thus reducing the diameter, with the same quantity of explosive matter and dead weight. The only reason for making the gun in parts is to attain facility in transit. New discoveries, to which we shall presently allude, have settled the question as to procuring malleable iron in any sized mass we may desire.

While these experiments were going on at the expense of Government, Mr. Armstrong of Newcastle, no regularly bred but a positively born engineer, was experimenting on his own account, possessing all the wherewithals, abundant means and a well-fitted engineering factory in prosperous trade. With good common sense he took the best thing that was next to him—the rifle—and set to work to enlarge it. He adhered to length and weight with a small diameter of bore, and he elongated his shot and covered it with soft metal to fill the grooves by expansion in forcing through. The grooves were a serious consideration, and to ensure an easy fit he filled the barrel with small W-shaped grooves alternating with similar ribs, precisely like an old French plan used in the pistols of the elder Bonaparte, as may have been observed at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. To load a gun of this kind from the muzzle was not conveniently practicable, so he determined on breech loading. The plan he chose is that used by the Chinese, and in the East Indian jingals. A longitudinal piece of metal with a handle like that of a saucepan-lid is inserted in a slit on the upper side of the barrel cut in to the bore. At the back of the breech piece the bore is continued through of a larger size, and a hollow screw, the hollow being the size of the bore, is screwed into it. The object of this hollow screw is to pass the charge through it into the barrel, and then the breech-piece being put in situ, the screw is screwed up against it to tighten the barrel, and prevent the escape of gas. This is an exceedingly ingenious arrangement, and effective for a small-barrel gun, and not more likely to get out of order than the ordinary screw breech of a fowling-piece or musket, but if applied to larger-sized guns it is doubtful if so heavy a strain on the screw threads will be found to answer. The weakness is of the same kind as the threads of the bolts in Mallet's gun.

In the manufacture of these guns of wrought-iron, Mr.—now Sir William—Armstrong has also shown good sense and judgment. He combines the processes well known in ordinary gun-barrel making. First he takes a welded tube made as musket barrels are made, and round that he wraps a spiral ribband of iron in the mode in which fowling-piece barrels are made. A second ribband of iron is wound spirally in the opposite direction, and the whole is welded together. While this is done on a small scale, there will probably be little difficulty in success, but the success in very large guns is dubious. But neither is the non-success of any importance, as guns of any size may now be produced at pleasure.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

ANA.

BIRTHPLACE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—If it be legally as well as poetically true that "every child that's born at sea belongs to the parish of Stepney," we congratulate the good people of Stepney on a somewhat distinguished parishioner. It has always been stated that the great Duke of Wellington was born either at Lord Mornington's residence in Dublin, or at Dangan Castle, county Meath; and even Burke accepts as an established fact his nativity on Irish soil. The Duke, it is well known, would never say 'yes' or 'no' when questioned on the matter in the later years of his life. We are in a position to state, upon evidence that admits of no dispute, that the Great Duke was born neither in Ireland nor in England: he was a Stepneian—a genuine child of the ocean. The Countess of Mornington, his mother, was taken with the pains of labour whilst crossing in a sailing-boat from Holyhead to Dublin. The wind was adverse, and the future conqueror of Waterloo first saw the light on board a packet, about half-way between the coasts of Wales and Ireland. The late Lady Mary Temple, daughter of the Marquis of Buckingham, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland when "Arthur Wesley" obtained his first commission, used to say that she had often heard him joked, and had joked him herself, at her father's vice-regal table, on the place and circumstances of his birth. The Duke, as A.D.C. to the lady's father, could not well be angry then with Lady Mary; but he begged her, in after-life, never to mention the subject again in his presence. The story, however, is confirmed by the fact of the Duke having been baptised in Dublin, in May, 1769, on the 1st of which month his birth is said to have happened. At all events, if the Great Duke was really a native of Stepney, it would seem as if a grateful nation had "passed" his ashes after death to the neighbourhood of the parish to which he belonged. E. W.

CAMPBELL the poet was led home one evening, from the Athenæum Club, by a friend of mine. There had been a heavy storm of rain, and the kennels were full of water. Campbell fell into one of them, and pulled my friend after him, who exclaimed, in allusion to a well-known line of the poet's, "It is not Iser rolling rapidly, but Weser." E. J.

SKETCHING THE CASTLE.

I.

SKETCHING the castle, there they sit,
A happy group, this summer day :
But I, who cannot draw one bit,
Can sketch it too as well as they.

II.

Yet if you saw my castle-sketch
You might begin to laugh or rail :
I own, indeed, it might not fetch
A price at Mr. Christie's sale.



III.

For, look. You find no donjon-keep,
No frowning arch, no stern old wall ;
And where's the moat, so broad and deep ?
"It's not," you say, "the thing at all.

IV.

"You've tried to draw an English cot,
A cottage set in flowers and trees,
A fountain near a garden grot,
And birds of song, and hives of bees.

V.

"And there's a lady, young and mild,
Who smiles her bees and flowers among ;
Before her crawls a white-limb'd child,
Beside her sits a husband young.

VI.

"And, yes,—why, you audacious wretch,
She's something like Miss Laura there—"
Pooh, hold your tongue, I choose to sketch
My little castle—in the air. S. B.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER IV.

A GRAVE white-haired seneschal came to their table, and inquired courteously whether Gerard Gerardsson was of their company. Upon Gerard's answer, he said :

"The Princess Marie would confer with you, young sir ; I am to conduct you to her presence."

Instantly all faces within hearing turned sharp round, and were bent with curiosity and envy on the man that was to go to a princess.

Gerard rose to obey.

"I wager we shall not see you again," said Margaret, calmly, but colouring a little.

"That will you," was the reply : then he whispered in her ear. "This is my good princess ; but you are my queen." He added aloud : "Wait for me, I pray you, I will presently return."

"Ay, ay !" said Peter, who had just awoke.

Gerard gone, the pair whose dress was so homely, yet they were with the man whom the princess sent for, became "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes ;" observing which, William Johnson came forward, acted surprise, and claimed his relations :

"And to think that there was I at your backs, and you saw me not."

"Pardon me, cousin Johnson, I saw you long since," said Margaret, coldly.

"You saw me, and spoke not to me ?"

"Nay, cousin, it was for you to welcome us to Rotterdam, as it is for us to welcome you at Sevenbergen. Your servant denied us a seat in your house."

"The idiot !"

"And I had a mind to see whether it was 'like maid like master : ' for there is sooth in bywords."

William Johnson blushed purple. He saw Margaret was keen, and suspected him. He did the wisest thing under the circumstances—trusted to deeds not words. He insisted on their coming home with him at once, and he would show them whether they were welcome to Rotterdam or not.



"Who doubts it, cousin ? Who doubts it ?" said the scholar.

Margaret thanked him graciously, but demurred to go just now : said she wanted to hear the minstrels again. In about a quarter of an hour Johnson renewed his proposal, and bade her observe that many of the guests had left. Then her real reason came out.

"It were ill manners to our friend : and he will lose us. He knows not where we lodge in Rotterdam, and the city is large, and we have parted company once already."

"Oh !" said Johnson, "we will provide for that. My young man, a-hem ! I mean my secretary, shall sit here and wait, and bring him on to my house : he shall

lodge with me and with no other."

"Cousin, we shall be too burdensome."

"Nay, nay ; you shall see whether you are welcome or not—you and your friends, and your friends' friends if need be ; and I shall hear what the princess would with him."

Margaret felt a thrill of joy that Gerard should be lodged under the same roof with her ; then she had a slight misgiving. "But if your young man should be thoughtless, and go play, and Gerard miss him—"

"He go play ? He leave the spot where I put him, and bid him stay ? Ho ! Stand forth, Hans Cloterman."

A figure clad in black serge and dark violet hose got up, and took two steps and stood before them without moving a muscle : a solemn, precise young man, the very statue of gravity and starched propriety. At his aspect Margaret, being very happy, could hardly keep her countenance. But she whispered Johnson, "I would put my hand in the fire for him ! We are at your command, cousin, as soon as you have given him his orders."

Hans was then instructed to sit at the table and wait for Gerard, and conduct him to Ooster-

Waagen Street. He replied, not in words, but by calmly taking the seat indicated, and Margaret, Peter, and William Johnson went with the latter.

"And, indeed, it is time you were abed, father, after all your travel," said Margaret. This had been in her mind all along.

Hans Cloterman sat waiting for Gerard, solemn and business-like. The minutes flew by, but excited no impatience in that perfect young man. Johnson did him no more than justice when he laughed to scorn the idea of his secretary leaving his post, or neglecting his duty, in pursuit of sport, or out of youthful hilarity and frivolity.

As Gerard was long in coming, the patient Hans—his employer's eye being no longer on him—"tandem custode remoto," improved the time by quaffing solemnly, silently, and at short but accurately measured intervals, goblets of Corsican wine. The wine was strong, so was Cloterman's head: and it was not until Gerard had been gone a good hour the model secretary had imbibed the notion that creation expected of Cloterman to drink the health of all good fellows, and "nonnement" of the Duke of Burgundy there present. With this view, he filled bumper nine, and rose gingerly but solemnly and slowly. Having reached his full height, he instantly rolled upon the grass goblet in hand, spilling the cold liquor on many an ankle, but not disturbing a muscle in his own long face, which, in the total eclipse of reason, retained its gravity, primness, and infallibility.

CHAPTER V.

THE seneschal led Gerard through several passages to the door of a pavilion, where some young noblemen, embroidered and feathered, sat sentinel, guarding the heir-apparent, and playing cards by the red light of torches their servants held. A whisper from the seneschal, and one of them rose reluctantly, stared at Gerard with haughty surprise, and entered the pavilion. He presently returned, and, beckoning the pair, led them through a passage or two and landed them in an ante-chamber, where sat three more young gentlemen, feathered, furred, and embroidered like pieces of fancy work, and deep in that instructive and edifying branch of learning, dice.

"You can't see the Princess—it is too late," said one.

Another followed suit:—

"She passed this way but now with her nurse. She is gone to bed, doll and all—deuce-ace again!"

Gerard prepared to retire. The seneschal, with an incredulous smile, replied:—

"The young man is here by the countess's orders; be so good as conduct him to her ladies."

On this a superb Adonis rose, with an injured look, and led Gerard into a room where sat or lolloped eleven ladies, chattering like magpies. Two, more industrious than the rest, were playing cat's-cradle with fingers as nimble as their tongues. At the sight of a stranger all the tongues stopped like one piece of complicated machinery, and all the eyes turned on Gerard, as if the same string that checked the tongues had

turned the eyes on. Gerard was ill at ease before, but this battery of eyes discountenanced him, and down went *his* eyes on the ground. Then the cowards finding, like the hare who ran by the pond and the frogs scuttled into the water, that there was a creature they could frighten, giggled and enjoyed their prowess. Then a duenna said, severely, "Mesdames!" and they were abashed as one woman. This same duenna took Gerard, and marched before him in solemn silence. The young man's heart sank, and he had half a mind to turn and run out of the place. "What must princes be," he thought, "when their courtiers are so freezing. Of course they take their breeding from him they serve." These reflections were interrupted by the duenna suddenly introducing him into a room where three ladies sat working, and a pretty little girl tuning a lute. The ladies were richly but not showily dressed, and the duenna went up to the one who was hemming a kerchief, and said a few words in a low tone. This lady then turned towards Gerard, with a smile, and beckoned him to come near her. She did not rise, but she laid aside her work, and her manner of turning towards him, slight as the movement was, was full of grace and ease and courtesy. She began a conversation at once.

"Margaret Van Eyck is an old friend of mine, sir, and I am right glad to have a letter from her hand, and thankful to you, sir, for bringing it to me safely. Marie, my love, this is the young gentleman who brought you that pretty miniature."

"Sir, I thank you a thousand times," said the young lady.

"I am glad you feel obliged to him, sweetheart, for our friend wishes us to do him a little service in return."

"I will do anything on earth for him," replied the young lady, with ardour.

"Anything on earth is nothing in the world," said the Countess of Charolois, quietly.

"Well, then, I will—What would you have me to do, sir?"

Gerard had just found out what high society he was in. "My sovereign demoiselle," said he, gently and a little tremulously, "where there have been no pains there needs no reward."

"But we must obey mama. All the world must obey mama."

"That is true. Then, our demoiselle, reward me, if you will, by letting me hear the stave you were going to sing and I interrupted it."

"What, you love music, sir?"

"I adore it."

The little princess looked inquiringly at her mother, and received a smile of assent. She then took her lute and sang a romaunt of the day. Although but twelve years old, she was a well-taught and pains-taking musician. Her little claw swept the chords with courage and precision, and struck out the notes of the arpeggio clear and distinct, and bright like twinkling stars; but the main charm was her voice. It was not mighty, but it was round, clear, full, and ringing like a bell. She sang with a certain modest eloquence, though she knew none of the tricks of feeling. She was too young to be theatrical, or even senti-

mental, so nothing was forced—all gushed. Her little mouth seemed the mouth of Nature. The ditty, too, was as pure as its utterance. As there were none of those false divisions—those whining slurs, which are now sold so dear by Italian songsters, though every jackal in India delivers them gratis to his customers all night, and sometimes gets shot for them, and always deserves it—so there were no cadences and fiorituri; the trite, turgid, and feeble expletives of song, the skim milk, with which mindless musicians and mindless writers quench fire, wash out colour, and drown melody and meaning dead.

While the pure and tender strain was flowing from the pure young throat, Gerard's eyes filled with tears. The countess watched him with interest, for it was usual to applaud the princess loudly, but not with cheek and eye. So when the voice ceased, and the glasses left off ringing, she asked demurely, "Was he satisfied?"

Gerard gave a little start; the spoken voice broke a charm, and brought him back to earth.

"Oh, madam!" he cried, "surely it is thus that cherubs and seraphs sing and charm the saints in heaven."

"I am somewhat of your opinion, my young friend," said the countess, with emotion; and she bent a look of love and gentle pride upon her girl: a heavenly look, such as, they say, is given to the eye of the short-lived resting on the short-lived.

The countess resumed:

"My old friend requests me to be serviceable to you. It is the first favour she has done us the honour of asking us, and the request is sacred. You are in holy orders, sir?"

Gerard bowed.

"I fear you are not a priest, you look too young."

"Oh no, madam! I am not even a sub-deacon. I am only a lector; but next month I shall be an exorcist; and before long an acolyth."

"Well, Monsieur Gerard, with your accomplishments you can soon pass through the inferior orders. And let me beg you to do so. For the day after you have said your first mass, I shall have the pleasure of appointing you to a benefice."

"Oh, madam!"

"And Marie, remember I make this promise in your name as well as my own."

"Fear not, mama: I will not forget. But if he will take my advice, what he will be is Bishop of Liège. The Bishop of Liège is a beautiful bishop. What! don't you remember him, mama, that day we were at Liège? he was braver than grandpapa himself. He had on a crown—a high one, and it was cut in the middle, and it was full of oh! such beautiful jewels: and his gown stiff with gold; and his mantle, too; and it had a broad border, all pictures: but, above all, his gloves; you have no such gloves, mama. They were embroidered and covered with jewels, and scented with such lovely scent; I smelt them all the time he was giving me his blessing on my head with them. Dear old man! I dare say he will die soon—most old people do—and

then, sir, you can be bishop, you know, and wear—"

"Gently, Marie, gently: bishoprics are for old gentlemen; and this is a young gentleman."

"Mama! he is not so very young."

"Not compared with you, Marie, eh?"

"He is a good bigness, dear mama; and I am sure he is *good* enough for a bishop."

"Alas, mademoiselle! you are mistaken."

"I don't know that, Monsieur Gerard; but I am a little puzzled to know on what grounds mademoiselle there pronounced your character so boldly."

"Alas, mama!" said the princess, "you have not looked at his face, then;" and she raised her eye-brows at her mother's simplicity.

"I beg your pardon," said the countess, "I have. Well, sir, if I cannot go quite so fast as my daughter, attribute it to my age, not to a want of interest in your welfare. A benefice will do to begin your career with; and I must take care it is not too far from—what call you the place?"

"Tergou, madam."

"A priest gives up much," continued the countess; "often, I fear, he learns too late how much:" and her woman's eye rested a moment on Gerard with mild pity and half surprise at his resigning her sex, and all the heaven they can bestow, and the great parental joys: "at least you shall be near your friends. Have you a mother?"

"Yes, madam; thanks be to God!"

"Good! You shall have a church near Tergou. She will thank me. And now, sir, we must not detain you too long from those who have a better claim on your society than we have. Duchess, oblige me by bidding one of the pages conduct him to the hall of banquet; the way is hard to find."

Gerard bowed low to the countess and the princess, and backed towards the door.

"I hope it will be a nice benefice," said the princess to him, with a pretty smile, as he was going out; then, shaking her head with an air of solemn misgiving, "but you had better have been Bishop of Liège."

Gerard followed his new conductor, his heart warm with gratitude: but ere he reached the banquet-hall a chill came over him. The mind of one who has led a quiet, uneventful life, is not apt to take in contradictory feelings at the same moment and balance them, but rather to be overpowered by each in turn. While Gerard was with the countess, the excitement of so new a situation, the unlooked-for promise, the joy and pride it would cause at home, possessed him wholly: but now it was passion's turn to be heard again. What, give up Margaret, whose soft hand he still felt in his, and her deep eyes in his heart? resign her and all the world of love and joy she had opened on him to-day? The revulsion, when it did come, was so strong, that he hastily resolved to say nothing at home about the offered benefice. "The countess is so good," thought he, "she has a hundred ways of aiding a young man's fortune: she will not compel me to be a priest when she shall learn I love one of her sex: one would almost think she does know it, for she cast a strange look

on me, and said, 'A priest gives up much, too much.' I daresay she will give me a place about the palace." And with this hopeful reflection his mind was eased, and, being now at the entrance of the banqueting-hall, he thanked his conductor, and ran hastily with joyful eyes to Margaret. He came in sight of the table—she was gone. Peter was gone too. Nobody was at the table at all; only a citizen in sober garments had just tumbled under it dead drunk, and several persons were raising him to carry him away. Gerard never guessed how important this solemn drunkard was to him: he was looking for "Beauty," and let "the beast" lie. He ran wildly round the hall, which was now comparatively empty. She was not there. He left the palace: outside he found a crowd gaping at two great fanlights just lighted over the gate. He asked them earnestly if they had seen an old man in a gown, and a lovely girl pass out. They laughed at the question. "They were staring at these new lights that turn night into day. They didn't trouble their heads about old men and young wenches, every day sights." From another group he learned there was a mystery being played under canvas hard by, and all the world gone to see it. This revived his hopes, and he went and saw the mystery. In this representation divine personages, too sacred for me to name here, came clumsily down from heaven to talk sophistry with the cardinal virtues, the nine muses, and the seven deadly sins, all present in human shape, and not unlike one another. To enliven which weary stuff in rattled the prince of the power of the air, and an imp that kept molesting him and buffeting him with a bladder, at each thwack of which the crowd were in ecstasies. When the vices had uttered good store of obscenity and the virtues twaddle, the celestials, including the nine muses, went gingerly back to heaven one by one; for there was but one cloud; and two artisans worked it up with its supernatural freight, and worked it down with a winch, in full sight of the audience. These disposed of, the bottomless pit opened and flamed in the centre of the stage: the carpenters and virtues shoved the vices in, and the virtues and Beelzebub and his tormentor danced merrily round the place of eternal torture to the fife and tabor.

This entertainment was writ by the Bishop of Ghent for the diffusion of religious sentiment by the aid of the senses, and was an average specimen of theatrical exhibitions so long as they were in the hands of the clergy. But, alas! in course of time the laity conducted plays, and so the theatre, my reverend friends inform me, has become profane.

Margaret was nowhere in the crowd, and Gerard could not enjoy the performance: he actually went away in Act 2, in the midst of a much-admired piece of dialogue, in which Justice out-quibbled Satan. He walked through many streets, but could not find her he sought. At last, fairly worn out, he went to a hostelry and slept till daybreak. All that day, heavy and heartsick, he sought her, but could never fall in with her or her father, nor ever obtain the slightest clue. Then he felt she was false, or had changed her mind. He was irritated now, as well as sad. More good

fortune fell on him: he almost hated it. At last on the third day, after he had once more been through every street, he said "She is not in the town, and I shall never see her again. I will go home." He started for Tergou with royal favour promised, with fifteen golden angels in his purse, a golden medal on his bosom, and a heart like a lump of lead.

(To be continued.)

WINE.

A FRENCH cook has informed us that there are precisely 131 different varieties of wine which a gentleman may put upon his table without a blush. Now, in the year 1854—the last year from which the returns are at hand—it appears that Port, Sherry, and Marsala form, together, no less than 86 per cent. of the entire consumption of the British Islands. In that year there were imported into this country precisely 6,775,858 gallons of wine, and the contributions of the various wine-growing countries stand, proportionally, as follows:—

Spain . . .	38·39	Cape . . .	3·90
Portugal . . .	36·69	The Rhine . . .	1·01
Sicily . . .	11·18	Madeira . . .	0·60
France . . .	8·12	Canary . . .	0·16

An insignificant amount of wine "from other countries" is lumped in with the Sicilian contribution; in all other respects, the figures are exactly those of a dry official return. We Englishmen stick to our Port and Sherry, despite the attractions of the secondary wines of France and Germany. France, pre-eminently the home of the vine, and the skilled manufacturer of the diviner drinks which alleviate the trials of suffering humanity, supplies us with a trifle more than eight per cent. of our entire consumption. In other words, for every eight bottles of Claret and Champagne and Burgundy and Hermitage drunk in these islands, we uncork and consume about thirty-nine bottles of Sherry and thirty-seven bottles of Port. One is scarcely prepared for such a conclusion, for within the last twenty years there appears to have occurred a remarkable change in the character of the wines served at the houses of the opulent classes. The absence of the claret-jug after dinner at the table of a professional man or merchant in London would now be remarked. Twenty years ago, its presence would have been regarded as a phenomenon, and as a proof of hidden opulence or of the recklessness of approaching bankruptcy.

How is this? Is the explanation beer?—or gin?—or habit?—or tea and coffee?—or a damp climate?—or the duty of 5s. 9d. per gallon? It is very much the fashion to attribute the result to the last cause, and to assume that if a duty of 1s. were substituted for the 5s. 9d. duty, we should all become drinkers of the lighter and cheaper wines of Germany and France. It is doubtful if this be so. The leading houses in the wine-trade have for the last half century over and over again made experiments as to the possibility of bringing the lighter wines of the continent into fashion, and these experiments have universally failed.

They have been compelled to re-export their ventures to the French ports—to Hamburg or elsewhere, and to put up with their losses as best they might. The danger in such cases is lest we argue from a limited experience. There are a few thousands of travelling English who wander about on the continent for a few months or weeks of every year, and return home with the most earnest desire to obtain the drink of their holiday for the drink of their working lives. Would even this extremely limited section of the community persist in their exceptional appetencies when sucked back again into the monotonous British vortex of beer, sherry, and port?—or, if they did so in the dog-days, would they do so in the midst of the November fogs—the February snows—and the east winds of March? Could the Chancellor of the Exchequer depend upon their consistency? At present wine contributes no less a sum than £1,800,000 to the imperial revenue, and if a loss were incurred from this source, it must be made up from another. How would English ladies—of course we are speaking only of the upper ten thousand—take to Maconnais and the wines of Basse Bourgogne? From our own experience, we should say, not at all. At the dinner-table and at the buffet of the ball-room, they are not averse to one, it may be two, glasses of sparkling Clicquot, well iced; but the dear creatures invariably reject claret as “nasty sour stuff”—ay, were it the primest growth of Chateau Margaux or Lafitte. At their leg-of-mutton luncheons at 2 P.M., the seraphim appear to prefer pale ale or bottled stout. But the consumption of the ten or twenty thousand is nothing to the purpose. The question is, what would the millions do? Would the sailor give up his rum and the cabman his beer? Would the hundreds of thousands of port-and-sherry families become drinkers of second-class French wines? The consumption of wines of the finer sort has little or nothing to do with the question, and would in all probability remain unchanged. When you give 84s. a dozen for claret, the duty does not enter in any very obstructive manner into price.

The present consumption of foreign wine in these islands is about 6,500,000 gallons. It is therefore obvious that in order to retain the revenue from this source at its present amount—namely, £1,800,000—you must stimulate consumption to the extent of 36,000,000 gallons, and even then the loss upon the Customs and Excise consequent upon the abandonment of beer and spirits has to be made up. It is a strange thing to say, but it really appears more than doubtful if the wine-growing countries of Europe could supply us with such a quantity of wine, such as Englishmen would look at. The area of production of the finer growths is circumscribed within the narrowest limits. Sir J. Emerson Tennent, in his recent and most valuable work upon this subject, has collected the statistics of some of the more valuable growths. We venture to take a few of his figures. Clos Vougeot grows in a farm of eighty acres—Romanée Conti in one of six and a half. The Mont Rachet of the Côte d’Or is divided into three classes; one of which sells at one-third less than

the other two. One small valley in Madeira produces, or used to produce, the finest Malmsey. The red wines of Portugal, made in the Alto Douro, cannot be made in the adjoining provinces. The district of the Rheingau, between Rudesheim and Mayence, is about nine miles in length, and four-and-a-half in breadth. The south side of a little hill produces the far famed Johannisberg, and the Steinberg—its costly mate—is grown in the vineyard of a suppressed monastery. All chemical and agricultural skill has broken down in the attempt to improve or extend the growth of the vines for wine-growing purposes. Bacchus will have nothing to do with guano. A solemn inquiry was made in the year 1849 in France upon this point, and here are the very words of the Report in answer: “C’est un fait notoire, que généralement (à part les plantes de premier choix) la vigne a dégénéré en France, qu’elle a perdu en délicatesse une partie de ce qu’on lui a fait gagner en fécondité; et que l’adoption des nouvelles méthodes de culture, l’invasion des races communes, l’abus des fumures et des engrais n’ont multipliés ses fruits qu’en altérant leur primitif saveur.” This is a curious fact, but it finds its counterpart in the history of the tobacco-plant. The very finest leaf can only be procured from one gently sloping hill in the island of Cuba. The soil has been analysed, and, as far as human skill could do it, re-produced. The plants have been set under the same aspect, and submitted to the same thermometrical and hygrometrical conditions, but the result has been—invariable failure.

With regard to wines of a second-class, another fact must be borne in mind. When we assume that the consumption of wines in this country would be increased to any great extent, we assume also that their price would undergo a proportionate increase. It would also be well to examine what is the result when the duty is next to nothing in amount. In Holland the population remain constant to their beer and their Hollands. In Belgium the duty is but one penny a gallon, and yet the Belgians consume but three bottles of wine a-head per annum. Beer, again. In Paris, on the other hand, the consumption is enormous; it is estimated at from 138 to 216 bottles per head; notwithstanding the *octroi*. On the whole it is much to be apprehended that any reduction of duties, however large, would have but a slight effect upon the consumption of a country wedded to other habits and other drinks. The annual British consumption of Port and Sherry is about 2,500,000 gallons of each; of Sherry, perhaps, an approach to 3,000,000 gallons would be nearer the mark. To these two wines we are constant. They have become thoroughly naturalised. Madeira has suffered from blight. The production of that imperial wine has fallen off from 300,295 gallons, in 1827, to 42,874 gallons in 1854; and even this limited quantity will probably be reduced in amount. The explanation must be sought for in the blight which fell upon the vineyards some seven or eight years ago; and to the fact, that the Madeira farmers have discovered that it answers their purpose better to grow the plants on which the cochineal insect finds its food. Alas! for the lost Pleiad!

Alas ! for that royal wine ! Our only consolation must be that there remains enough in stock for the use of men now of middle age. Posterity must take care of itself. Our descendants could never appreciate the pungency of our regret, or the extent of their own loss. It is something to have lived through the Madeira epoch of the world. Finally, it must have struck every London diner-out, how much Rhenish wine has disappeared from the table within the last few years. England now only takes 60,000 gallons of wine from the Rheingau, and from the bright Moselle—and Germany imports more wine for her own use than she exports for foreign consumption.

Take it all for all, the British Islands are not badly off in respect of drink. No Englishman of sane mind will speak lightly of such beer as can now be produced in this country. Our tea is

better than can be found elsewhere out of China, Russia excepted; and in our coffee there is a marked improvement. If we regret that practical experience has shown that the finer sorts of Burgundy suffer from sea-sickness, in compensation we are obtaining far easier access to the Gironde, and the more delicate wines of Bordeaux. There is, however, a striking deterioration in Port: the finer qualities ordered are almost beyond the reach of persons of moderate means; but Sherry, for ordinary purposes, is better, and more readily procurable than it used to be twenty years ago. Marsala is no bad substitute for the inferior sorts. Compare our happy condition with that of the ancients! who, having cut out blocks of the hardened nastiness which they called wine, melted them in hot water to stimulate their praises of these products of Asia or Arcadia. PHILGENUS.

THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA.



"Yes, he's only got three more points, and then he'll come: he don't go in in the Sylph scene."

Three fainter peals of laughter told that the three points had hit, but not as well as the Quaker Story; and then he came in.

"Well," said he, "how is she now?" in a voice whose anxiety contrasted most strangely with his tawdry dress, that of tumbling clown at a travelling circus. "How is she now?"

"I'm better, Bill," said the woman. "Can you stop a little?"

"Yes; I don't go in next, it's Chapman's turn;" and so saying, the man seated himself by the side of the woman.

She was still young, and, as far as the dim light hung from the roof would enable a judgment to be formed, good-looking; the cork-grimed eyebrows, cracked lips, and dry cheeks, told that she too had

it was a strange scene. The waggon was close to the circus, formed indeed part of it—the poor woman was lying on the low shelf, called the bed, of the travelling caravan; two or three of the wives of the men attached to the exhibition were round her, endeavouring by their exertions to relieve momentarily increasing pain, and helping her to bear it patiently by their sympathy.

"He ought to have been here half an hour ago," said one of the women. "Jim started for him on the piebald two hours since?"

"Did he take the piebald?" said another. "Why I thought he was in the *Italian Lovers*?"

"No, he wouldn't run with the spotted mare, so they've put the blind grey with her, and took the piebald in the quadrille for Dick Gravel to take bottom couple with."

The explanation seemed satisfactory, for silence ensued.

Presently a roar of such laughter as is only heard in a circus at a country village,—fresh, genuine, hearty,—shook the sides of the frail vehicle.

"What's that?" said the apparently dying woman.

"Only your Bill's Quaker story," said one.

"O, then he'll soon be here, won't he?" said she.

appeared before the public for its amusement; indeed the traces of rouge were still on parts of the face, and told too truly that she had lain there but a short time, only since the last evening's performance: indeed, when, during one of her jumps through the hoop, a man's putting on his hat startled the horse, and so caused a false step, which brought her heavily to the ground. The experienced ring-master saw she could scarcely stand, and handed her out, kissing her hand in the usual style, and few, if any, of the spectators knew that when rapturously applauding the most unparalleled feat, the leap from the horse's back through the hoop to the ground, their applause was unheard by their intended object. She had fainted immediately on reaching the dressing-room, and was at once carried to the moving chamber where she now lay.

But to return. She took his hand in hers, saying: "Bill, I don't think I shall go round any more."

"Don't say so, lass, it'll be all right when the doctor comes."

"No, Bill; I feel better, but something tells me I've put on the togs for the last time."

"No, lass, no!" was all the utterance he could find. "Don't say so!"

After a pause, she said: "Bill, you recollect that London chap with the French name, that came down to the Doncaster races?"

"O, yes, I know," said the man, half angrily, as if wishing to avoid the subject.

"Well, you know you said that time that you thought there was something between me and him."

"Well, I know it," said the man, "but don't think of that now; don't trouble about that now."

"But I must, Bill. I think I'm dying, Bill, dear, and I should like you to think of me when I'm gone, as I am truly, Bill."

The man made no answer.

"Bill," said the woman, with increasing vehemence of manner, "do you believe I'd tell you a lie now?"

No answer still.

"Bill! Do you think I'd tell you a lie now?" said she, as though her life depended on his answer.

"No, no, lass," said he at last, "I don't think you'd tell a lie any time—but now—" and he hesitated.

"Where's Jenny?" interrupted the woman.

"Here," said one of the youngest women, standing up, so that she might be seen. "What do you want?"

"Jenny, you'll find the key of the green trunk in the china mug with 'Nelly' on it. I wish you'd look in the box, and get me my old Bible out."

The girl found the key, and asked where the box was.

"O dear, I forgot, it's under me," said the woman.

"There, never mind," said he, "I don't want any fuss about it."

"O, Bill, dear, I wish you'd lift me up a little, and pull it out. You can put the broken chair under to keep me up then."

"No, never mind," said he, "it'll pain you so."

"O, Bill, dear, I don't mind, I wish you would."

He did it at last; and, after some trouble and a few suppressed groans, the box was pulled out to the middle of the floor, opened, and there, wrapped up in paper and neatly hid, was the Bible; the paper greasy, from contact with disused head-dresses, garlands, bands, and other small accessories of the dress of the Queen of the Arena. They gave it to the woman, who soon asked, "Where's Mary?"

"O, she is here now," said one of the women; and a girl about five came running in: she had only been performing the part of a little fairy in the just-finished scene; her wand was still in her hand, and the gauze wings on her shoulders; she took them off, laid down the silvered stick, and came to the bed.

"Mary, dear, are you there?"

"Yes, mother, I'm just done, and the people clapped so when Julia took me on her shoulder."

"Put her on the box, she can't see her," suggested some one: it was pushed to where the child stood, and then the mother said:

"Mary, I'm going away."

"O, mother, where to?"

"But before I go, I want you to see me and father friends again." The child stared with wonder; but the woman, not heeding her, continued: "Bill, dear, have you got the paper off the Bible? Well, open it at the New Testament."

"Here one of you women find it. Jenny, will you?" said the man.

Jenny did it, and gave it back.

"Now, Bill, raise me up a little."

"O, never mind," said he, "I know you'll get hurt."

She only looked a repetition of her request; and then taking the open book from his hands, said: "Bill, dear, you know you said there was something wrong between that London chap and me. I told you at the time there was not, and you didn't believe me, though you didn't say so; and you don't believe it now," she said, with increased energy. "Now, Bill, hear me swear that, as I believe I'm a dying woman, there was nothing between us, and this child's your own, as much as Mary, there, is." She kissed the book, and said: "Do you believe me now?"

"Yes, yes," said the man, "I do, I do!" as though some spell over him had broken. "I do, Nell, I do! O, Nell! what a fool I've been, and what a coward not to believe it before! O, Nell! forgive me, forgive me, I've done you wrong!"

The woman raised herself by a great effort, to reach his hand, and kissing it, said: "I do, Bill. I knew you'd do me justice some day."

"O, Nell, it's not too late—not too late! You'll get better, and we'll be as happy as we were before this."

The woman only drew his head to her, and kissed him; while he, roused, kissed her again and again. "You do believe me, don't you, dear?"

"O, forgive me, Nell! O, forgive me!" were the only words he could find in the rush of his newly found trust.

"Bill's wanted," shouted some one at the door.

"Old Whip's called you three times."

"Here's the white, Bill," said Jenny, "you want touching;" and she brought it, and stood with the lamp while he painted out the traces of tears on his cheeks in front of a broken looking-glass.

"The red will do, Bill; go on, or you'll have him in here, and she won't like that."

Bill went out, and the doctor arrived a few minutes afterwards. He was a short, stout, good-humoured-looking man, with a brisk way of speaking, that at once secured obedience.

"Now, then," said he, "what's amiss? I could make nothing of that fellow you sent after me. Ah!" said he, altering his tone as his eyes, growing used to the light, took in the woman's face on the bed.

"What do they call you?" turning to the youngest of the assembled women.

"Jenny, sir."

"Will you stop. All the rest go."

The women grumblingly obeyed, and he stooped down to examine his patient.

"When did this happen, Jenny?"

"Last night, sir."

"Why didn't you send before?"

"We did send to one here in the village, but he wouldn't come, because she belonged to the circus. He sent her this," handing him a paper.

"Umph! 'The World and its Amusements on the Broad Way.' Just like that sanctimonious Jennings. Sends the woman a tract, and lets her suffer all day long."

"Doctor," said the sick woman, "how long can I live?"

"Live, woman! why, you're good for another forty years yet."

"No, doctor, I'm not—I feel I'm not long for this world."

"Oh! all nonsense!" said he, "you'll soon get over this." And with like comforting assurances he sought to raise her from her depressed condition. In about ten minutes he went to the door and said, "Come in here, one of you, while I go to the gig." He soon came back, and the woman remained with him.

In a little while the Clown came up to the group of women outside the door, and leaning in all attitudes against the sides and steps of the waggon.

"Well, has he come?"

"Yes, he has been in this quarter of an hour."

"What does he say?"

"Oh! she'll do," he says, didn't he?" said one of them, turning to another for confirmation.

He soon left, and his voice was heard shouting some old witticism of the ring as though there were no such things as sick wives and doctors in the world. In a few minutes more he came again quite out of breath from a last somersault, the approbation of which was still heard. Seeing the door partially open he entered, and his face looked joyous, as the wail of a child greeted him.

"Which is it? A boy?"

"Yes," said Jenny.

The answer was unheard by him, for there—stretched out in death—lay the mother. Contrary to the doctor's expectation the accident and premature delivery had caused her death.

Yes! There she lay; the hollow sunken eyes—made unnaturally bright by the traces of rouge upon her cheeks—the jaw fallen. Death was evidently there and he saw it. She with whom he had hoped to share all the cares and joys of life; now that the only difference they had ever had was removed. She was dead! The man seemed stunned. A strange pair they looked;—he in the motley and paint of his calling; she—dead!

"Bear up, Bill," said Jenny, approaching him with the child; "it's a boy, Bill; and she wanted it to be called after you."

The man seemed not to hear, but, walking up to the bed, and taking one of the dead hands in his, kissed it gently, as though afraid of waking her; and then, as though his loss had just been realised, muttered, "Dead! dead!" and lay down, his face close to hers, kissing the fast cooling lips with frantic earnestness.

"Dead—dead—dead!" still came between his

choking sobs. To him the women, moving to and fro in offices about the child, were not: to him, useless was the doctor's farewell. "Dead—dead—dead!" and the heaving chest and bursting eyeballs found relief in tears.

"There, don't take on so, Bill!" said one, trying to raise him; "don't take on so hard, Bill!"

She might as well have spoken to the box on which he half sat, half leaned, as he hung over his dead wife. They then tried to get to close the staring eyes; but a look which appalled them shook their nerves too much to allow of a second trial. A noise outside now attracted them to the door.

"What's the matter, now?"

"Matter, enough!" said a harsh, grating voice. "Here's Chapman so drunk he can't go in, and Bill's skulking because his wife's sick; there never was a fellow in the ring worse treated than I am."

"She is dead, Whips," said one, pointing with her thumb back to the waggon.

"Dead!" said he.

"Yes; and he's there, too."

"Well, if that ain't too bad," said he: "here's the last scene before the quadrille, and no clown—it'll ruin the circus. The second night, too; her last night's jump has filled the place—there ain't standing room—and they've been calling for her all the evening. Dead," said he again, as though his loss were caused by her neglect. "Who'd have thought it? What's to be done?"

"Can't you make Chapman do?"

"No, he's a fool any time to Bill, and now he's drunk he's no use at all. What's to be done? I don't know."

Here he was obliged to leave, for the uproar in the circus was deafening. "Clown! Clown!" was the only cry they would make. In vain did Whips drive the horses faster and faster, till the "Corsican Brothers" were nearly in a horizontal position with their speed; nothing would appease the now excited people.

Whips came out again. "Where's Bill?" said he.

"Here, Bill," said Jenny, "Whips wants you."

"Who wants me?" said the man.

"Here, Bill, I do," said the voice at the door.

Jenny gave the child to one of the women, took him by the arm, and led him to the door.

"Bill," said Whips, "here's Chapman as drunk as a beast, and the people crying out for you like mad. Can't you go?"

"Go!" said he, pointing to the body. "How can I go? No, I can't go."

"Well, Bill, you *must*; it's only the second night, here's the queen away and no clown."

"Well, there's only the Indian warrior to go in," said Bill.

"Well, I know that, but what's the good of him without somebody to give him his things? What's the good of my giving him his club and bow, or the paddle either? No, Bill, you must go: it won't do to send in any one else now, they'd pull the place down."

Here another and louder cry reached them.

"There now," said Whips, "that's it; there's the 'Corsican Brothers' has been agoing round this quarter of an hour, till they're sick of it, and

the grey'll be so lame to-morrow she won't stir a peg. It's no use, Bill, you must go."

"I can't, Whips; it'll be no use if I do."

"O, yes, you will; you *must* go, or I'll have to throw up the agreement, and you know you've overdrawed your money this last two weeks."

"Well, I know it," said the man, evidently irresolute now at this threat.

"Well, then, go in if it's only five minutes. Here, take a drink of this, it will give you heart."

The man took the proffered flask, and drank deeply.

"Well," said Whips, "you'll go, Bill, won't you?"

"O, yes, I'll go," said the man, "go on."

They left the waggon, and the repeated rounds of applause showed that the public was satisfied. The clown was never more witty, never more agile. Somersault after somersault, leap after leap was taken with a recklessness that nothing could equal; again and again the encores of the elite, and the bravos of the vulgar, spurred his exertions. At last it ended, and the quadrille came on. The clown left the ring, with the plaudits ringing in his ears, and came to the waggon to find—Alas! What?

At the conclusion of the quadrille those in the waggon heard a cry.



"What is it?" said the man, now in his old position, close to the body, with her hand locked in his, and his eyes fixed on her face. "What's that?"

"They're calling for *her*," said Jenny, pointing to the form in the bed.

There was a lull, and then a long thunder of clapping hands and stamping feet, rose and died away.

"What's that last?" asked the woman, holding the child, of a person entering.

"O! they called for the queen, and old Whips made a speech, and said she was rather unwell, and could not appear, but would most likely be better to-morrow, when she would again perform her celebrated feat of leaping through the hoop to the ground."

"Well, my dears," said the doctor, at the sup-

per-table to his children, "How did you like it?"

"O! we didn't see the queen, father."

"No?"

"No, not at all; the man in the ring said she was not well, but would be there to-morrow, and the clown was so good, father, in the scene with the savage."

"Was he, my dear. Do you know why you didn't see the queen?"

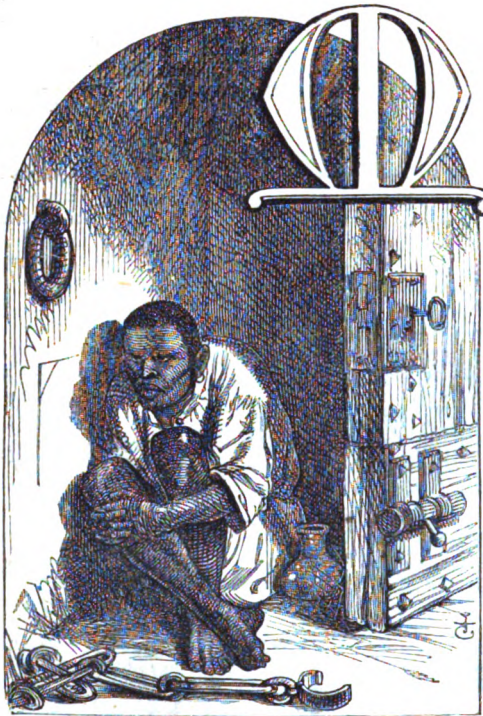
"No."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. Because she was *dead*. That clown was her husband, I left him kissing her dead lips, and I daresay he is there now. It's a strange world this! Such a sight as that I never saw before, and hope never to see again."

A. S. H.

MY FRIEND THE GOVERNOR.

(A COLONIAL INCIDENT.)



My friend was Governor of a known British dependency; and, as his colony was not of the highest class, it involved on his part the performance of miscellaneous functions towards a limited but mixed population. Inter alia, he had occasionally to act as Chief Justice, with the obligation of dealing with the iniquities of certain gentlemen of colour, as well as with those of his white compatriots. Had Quashee, according to Mr. Carlyle's theory, been a mere indolent pumpkin-eater, the function in question might have been despatched with the assistance of a little cowhide. But Quashee, to the confutation of Jean Jacques Rousseau, occasionally broke out in more violent fashion; and in one case where this amounted to arson, rape, or murder, my friend was obliged to sentence Quashee to be executed.

Quashee was, however, condemned to be hung before it was discovered that there was no official hangman in the colony; and my friend the Governor therefore found himself in an executive difficulty, and was obliged to solicit unprofessional assistance. Notwithstanding he exerted all his influence to procure the required functionary, nobody in all the colony, white or black, would hang Quashee. In his perplexity, my friend wrote to the then Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, detailing the circumstances and the difficulty which had arisen, and asking for instructions in a matter so important. The Colonial Secretary, confined himself to an acknowledgment of the despatch and to an intimation, conveyed in complimentary terms, that the Colonial Office

had so high an opinion of the Governor himself, that they left the matter to his sole discretion.

In this dilemma, the Governor inquired into the culprit's antecedents, and ascertained that he was the subject of a certain king in the interior, with whom it was considered desirable that we should be on terms of amity; so naturally the thought suggested itself of getting rid of the difficulty and conciliating a native by a stroke of diplomacy. The Governor wrote a letter to the sable potentate, intimating confidentially that if his majesty desired a remission of the sentence, and would be pleased to make his desire known to the Governor, he himself, on the part of the British Government, would not only forego its execution, but to oblige his Majesty, would set the prisoner at liberty and send him home.

His Majesty in reply acknowledged the receipt of the Governor's courteous communication, but declined to avail himself of the offer, because, as he substantially put it, the prisoner was the greatest scoundrel in his dominions; and, therefore, it would better please his Majesty that he should be hanged to save trouble.

Again the Governor was reduced to the extreme of perplexity, and, as a last resort, he resolved to confer with the criminal himself. Walking down to the jail in the dusk of the evening, he explained to the prisoner that he was a very violent and wicked person, that he had now been confined a long time, as was hoped, to the reformation of his wicked ways; and therefore, if he would promise to conduct himself properly for the future, he (the Governor) was disposed to show him mercy, and grant him life and liberty. To his surprise Quashee replied, in a tone of surly objection, that liberty was of no use to him; that if he were let out of prison he expected nothing but insult and misery; while on the other hand, as he was now heartily sick of confinement, and had been sentenced to be hanged, he expected to be hanged accordingly. At this last rebuff the Governor felt there was but one alternative; so he returned to the Government House, gave some private directions, and that same night the prisoner was turned out of prison, and the prison-doors were locked against his re-entry.

But so far from the Governor's difficulty being removed by this course, it now took the shape of a regular persecution. On the following morning Quashee watched the Governor from his house, and with loud cries demanded summary justice; and from this time, whenever the Governor went in or out, or to or from his court—whether he was alone or in company—there was Quashee at his heels, insisting on his right to be hanged.

So completely was the Governor wearied by this pertinacity, that in the end he resolved to quit the colony, and to return to his practice at the English Bar. Here he has happily succeeded in obtaining professional equivalents for the loss of his official position, and he can now take a pleasant retrospect of his former colonial difficulty.

R. S. W.

GUESTS AT THE RED LION.



er's now nigh on for ten years since the Red Lion and I parted company. The Red Lion was once the best house in Tunstone, but the railway knocked up the coaches, and that knocked up the business, and I was glad to get away while I had anything to get away with.

My wife (God bless her!) I shall never see again in this world. She was very lame, and couldn't get about without help; so

she sat for the most part in the little snugery behind the bar, which I had fitted up for her as nice as money could make it. Her birdcage hung from the ceiling, and in a warm corner near the fire there was a hassock, which was the special property of her tabby. Opposite to where my wife sat was a little mahogany cupboard let into the wall, the door of which was generally half open, so that when she looked up from her sewing or knitting, she could see ranged on the shelves the famous old china which her grandmother gave her for a wedding present; and above it, the silver teapot, the gilt caudle-cup, &c.; and, at the top of all, the great punch-bowl, which was used only on our grand occasions: all of which articles she used to take much pleasure in looking at. Her room was divided from the bar by a glass-door, which she could open and shut at pleasure; so that when any friend or acquaintance dropped in, she could, if so minded, have a chat with them; and though she sat there day after day, and month after month, it's my opinion that she knew more about the Tunstone people, and their private affairs, than any other person in the town, except, perhaps, my head-waiter, Jim Topping. A very decent sort of fellow he was—middle-aged, brown, lean, with a stoop of the shoulders, and only one eye; but that one as sharp as a gimlet, and equal to the two eyes of most people. Poor fellow! he has been dead these seven years; and lies in Tunstone churchyard, with the finest double daisy growing on his grave that could be had for love or money. It was a flower he was always fond of, so I had one planted over him out of compliment to his memory.

It was one December afternoon, the very winter we had that long black frost, when I heard Jim talking to my wife.

"I've put them into Number Nine," says he, "and a very nice couple they seem to be. Cutlets and a chicken for dinner, M'm."

"Where do they come from, Jim?" says I.

"From the railway-station," says Jim; "fur-

ther than that I can't say. Name on the luggage is Oldwink."

I was not long before I went up-stairs to pay my respects. When I entered the room, the gentleman was standing with his hands under his coat-tails, looking very earnestly through his spectacles at a print over the chimney-piece.

"After Gainsborough, eh?" he was saying. "Great painter, Gainsborough. This is in his best style. Background well filled in; side lights skilfully introduced; pyramidal grouping strictly observed. Full of merit, my dear. A wonderful painting. The original is in the gallery of my friend Lord Papyrus. Ah, landlord, is that you?"

The speaker was a portly, well-built, middle-aged gentleman. His cheeks and chin were well filled out, and he had a hearty colour in his face; he had a hearty voice too—rich and full, that sounded as if he had a sugarplum always in his mouth. He had not a great deal of hair left, but what he had was brushed and frizzled, and made the most of. A large old-fashioned brooch held his white cravat in its place; and his feet were encased in shoes and gaiters. He had a well-fed, comfortable look, such as a landlord likes to see; and I set him down at first sight either for a retired doctor, a clergyman out for a holiday, or a gentleman living on his private means.

The lady was considerably younger than her husband. She was rather sharp-featured, and rather hard of hearing. I think, too, that she painted a little; but many ladies do that, and are thought none the worse of for it.

"We think of staying a few days with you, Jobson, if we are suited. We shall, in fact, probably stay Sunday over. We have been travelling a great deal lately, and Mrs. Oldwink requires a little rest and quiet.—You require a little rest and quiet, eh, my dear?" he said, elevating his voice, and addressing the lady.

"O, yes, certainly, a little rest and quiet," she replied with a nod of the head, and fell to work on some crochet again, as if for dear life.

"Her health is hardly what it ought to be," resumed Mr. Oldwink, in a low impressive tone. "But we must get you to drive us out, Jobson, for an hour or two every day; and try the effect of this pure country air. I trust that your sherry will bear investigation."

I went down-stairs deeply impressed with the affability of Mr. Oldwink, and fetched up a bottle out of a private bin, which was never touched except on special occasions. After dinner, Mr. Oldwink drank his wine, and read the daily paper; and we heard no more either of him or his lady till the following morning.

The same evening another stranger arrived at the Red Lion, who walked direct into the commercial room, and ordered tea and a bed. We somehow took him for a commercial gentleman, but he had no luggage with him, except a very small carpet-bag.

He just walked in, ordered his tea, asked what company there was in the house; and then, saying he had got the toothache very bad, tied a red silk

handkerchief round his head, and getting into a warm corner, never stirred out of it till he went to bed.

Next morning came a letter directed to Mr. Purkiss, which he claimed, so of course his name was Purkiss. That was all we learned about him. As for his appearance, it was neither gentlemanly nor vulgar, but midway between the two. He was dressed in a suit of brown clothes; and was altogether a quiet, common-place sort of fellow. He still complained of the toothache, and kept the red handkerchief bound round his face; he said he should not stir out that day, but try what a little nursing of himself would do towards taking away the pain.

Half an hour after that, when I set off to drive Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink round the town, looking through the window I saw Mr. Purkiss walking up and down, with his head tied up, and his hand pressed against his cheek. He brightened up for a moment as we passed, and came to the window to see us off.

I drove Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink through Tunstone and round Tunstone, and pointed out all the interesting places I could think of. Mr. Oldwink seemed to be a gentleman of much information, and made learned remarks on everything we examined. Mrs. Oldwink had not much to say, but appeared to be so greatly gratified with the outing, that Mr. Oldwink arranged another for the following day.

When I reached home, I was greatly surprised at finding Mr. Purkiss seated comfortably in the snugger with my wife. This was a favour seldom granted to any but very old friends, and I hardly knew what to think at seeing a stranger there. I suppose my wife's soft heart had been first drawn toward him by the report of his toothache; and as he took all the remedies recommended by her, she hardly knew how to praise him enough, and said he was the nicest gentleman she had seen for a long time.

I drove out Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink every forenoon. We visited every place of interest for miles round Tunstone; and Mr. Oldwink made me tell him everything I knew about each place we visited; and always added to what I said a few moral remarks of his own, so that I became more certain than ever that he was a clergyman away from home on a holiday; and when I just hinted the matter to him (for I confess I was curious about it), he only smiled, and said I might have been further out in my guess.

As for Mr. Purkiss, I give you my word that he grew more of a puzzle to me every day. Neither Jim nor I knew what to make of him; and when Jim didn't know what to make of a man, that gimlet eye of his always did double duty in the way of keeping watch. He and I laid our heads together about it, you may be sure; but the more we thought about it, the more in the dark we seemed to be; and though Mr. Purkiss was a quiet, inoffensive, civil-spoken man enough, yet, as I've always found, the less we know of people the more inclined we are to judge hardly of them. If he had any business to do in Tunstone, he seemed in no hurry to do it; for he seldom went out, and never for more than half an hour at a time—and

that of itself was very suspicious—but was generally moving up and down the house from one room to another, as people having the toothache often will do; and Jim found it hard work dodging about after him so as not to let him know he was watched.

Well, Christmas Eve arrived, and all our guests departed except Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink and Mr. Purkiss, and they informed me that they intended staying over Christmas Day. Now, during all the years I was in the public line, I made a point of asking any company we might have in the house to dine with me at my own table on Christmas Day; and I don't think that any of them could ever say that I gave them a shabby dinner or a poor bottle of wine at such times. I kept up the custom in the present instance, and was pleased that my invitation was not refused. My old friend Scatcher, who makes a capital fourth at a rubber, did not neglect to come: and we all sat down on Christmas Day as comfortable a little party as you need wish to look at. It would have done anybody's eyes good to have seen Mr. Oldwink, as he sat on my left hand, looking so beaming and affable as he uttered a grace for the reasonable bounties of roast goose and onion sauce.

As soon as the cloth was removed, I could see that Scatcher was fidgeting for the cards to be brought out; so I made bold to ask Mr. Oldwink whether he would make one at a quiet rubber.

"Why, really, my friends," he remarked, "it is very seldom that I touch a card; in fact, I am a novice at all games of chance or skill; but, on an occasion of this sort, I should be very sorry to mar the festivity. Do not, however, expect much from me. Let the stakes be low, if you please; just sufficient to give an interest to the game. Say half-crown points—I could not conscientiously play for more; with, if you like, an extra shilling on the odd trick."

Scatcher and I opened our eyes; we had never played for more than a shilling a corner; but, of course, we did not say so; so it was settled at half-a-crown. As for Mr. Purkiss, when I asked him, he said in his quiet way that he should be happy to do as the rest of the company did. So we cut for partners; and, as it fell out, it was Scatcher and Mr. Oldwink against Mr. Purkiss and myself.

Mr. Oldwink passed me his snuff-box while Scatcher was dealing.

"A remarkable box that, Jobson," he observed, seeing that I was admiring it. "It was presented to me by the Emperor of Russia, in return for a secret service which I rendered his majesty during the time I was travelling through his dominions. He sent me this snuff-box, and an autograph letter of thanks. Diamonds trumps. Knave turned up."

Mr. Purkiss held out his hand for the box, but Mr. Oldwink took it up, and put it in his pocket; perhaps he did not like to have it fingered by strangers.

The luck of Scatcher and his partner was something astonishing; they won rubber after rubber, while our scores were scarcely worth counting; but I must say it was chiefly owing to the splendid cards held by Mr. Oldwink. I could not understand how it was that, when that gentleman

dealt, he invariably turned up an honour, and had generally two more of the same suit to keep it company, with a long hand of something else to follow. I don't think I'm a bad-tempered fellow, but really I began to feel very aggravated at losing one half-crown after another in the manner I did; but Mr. Purkiss, who of course lost as much as I did, was so cool and quiet, that I was ashamed to display my ill-feeling. At the conclusion of the fourth rubber, Mr. Purkiss got up, turned his chair round three times, and then sat down again. Scatcher rubbed his chin, and was evidently puzzled. Mr. Purkiss smiled.

"When I was a lad," said he, "I remember hearing my grandmother say, that when you were unlucky at cards it was a good thing to turn your chair round three times; so we may as well try an old wife's remedy."

It may seem hard to believe, but it is nevertheless a fact, that, after my partner had turned his chair, he never failed, when it was his deal, to turn up an honour, and hold two more in his hand, so that the next two rubbers were won by us. At the end of the second, Mr. Oldwink got up, rather hastily as it seemed, and said he was tired of playing; and Mr. Purkiss had a quiet laugh to himself in a corner. So I opened a fresh box of cheroots, and the cards were put away.

Next morning, as I was coming down-stairs, Mr. Oldwink called me into his room, and shut the door.

"Who is that Mr. Purkiss who was playing with us last night?" he asked.

"I know no more of him than you do, sir. He sits in the commercial-room; he has been here four days; and how much longer he intends staying I don't know."

"To speak the truth, Jobson, I don't like the looks of the man."

"I'm no great admirer of him myself, sir."

"Mind, Jobson, I don't say the man is not an honest man, nor a meritorious man, and I am merely speaking in your interest, Jobson—for such a matter can in no other way concern me—when I say, keep your eye on the spoons. I hope I am not wronging the man when I state it as my opinion—and conscientiously I state it—that he has somewhat of a hang-dog countenance."

I was much obliged to Mr. Oldwink for putting me on my guard, and so I told him. I then went down to Jim, and consulted with him as to what ought to be done. Jim had nothing to advise, except that he should still continue to keep his eye on Mr. Purkiss. He agreed with me that it was rather a suspicious case; and at last suggested that the opinion of Mrs. Jobson should be taken. So together we went to my wife, and opened the matter to her. We, however, gained no advantage by the proceeding. She called Jim and me a pair of old fools; declared that Mr. Purkiss was one of the nicest gentlemen she had ever come across, and gave it as her opinion that Mr. Oldwink was nothing better than a humbug. Jim and I retired discomfited, and talked the matter over again in the pantry. Jim's gimlet eye did double duty for the remainder of the day.

It was a relief to all parties when Mr. Purkiss asked for his bill next morning, and desired that his carpet-bag might be sent to the station. He took a very polite farewell of my wife, saying he hoped soon to have the pleasure of seeing her again.

When I told Mr. Oldwink that Mr. Purkiss was gone, he smiled blandly upon me, and rubbed his fingers gently through his hair. "It is well," said he. "It was your interest I had at heart, Jobson, in saying what I did; but, if I am anything of a physiognomist, that man is destined either to be hanged or transported. And now, my good friend, in ten minutes Mrs. Oldwink and I will be ready for our usual matutinal drive."

Two mornings after this, Mr. Oldwink again sent for me up-stairs.

"Jobson," said he, "be good enough to let me have my bill in half-an-hour from this time. Mrs. Oldwink and I depart by the 11'45 train; but previously we shall take a walk into the town to purchase a few little mementoes of our visit to Tunstone. Mrs. Oldwink desires me to say that she has been very much gratified by your attention and evident desire to please. Speaking for myself, I may also express a similar feeling; and I may add that I shall not fail to recommend the Red Lion to my friend Sir Rufus Bloomsbury, who, I believe, intends coming down here in May for a fortnight's fishing. In half-an-hour from this time, if you please."

Mr. and Mrs. Oldwink went out, and returned in about half-an-hour, carrying two or three small parcels. The bill was looked over, and paid without a murmur. Mr. Oldwink's luggage stood ready to be conveyed to the station.

"Jobson," said that gentleman, suddenly, as if the thought had but just struck him, "it would not be amiss, I think, if you were to get your trap out and drive Mrs. Oldwink and myself as far as Deepwood, the first station on the line to London. It is a suggestion of my wife's—and not a bad one, I think. By driving fast, we should be just in time to catch the 11'45 train from here. What say you? Would the mare do it in the time?"

"I'll warrant her, sir," I replied. "The trap shall be ready in three minutes."

So it was—and we all three got in. The luggage, which was not heavy, was put under the seat, and down Highgate we whirled at a spanking pace, and in five minutes Tunstone was left behind. Our ride was pleasant, but short, for Deepwood was only five miles off. Mr. Oldwink praised my mare to the skies, and listened to me with much attention while I mentioned all her good points, and told him what way her best qualities might be brought out by one who understood her. We were just driving into Deepwood when I noticed Mr. Oldwink fumbling with his pockets. A moment after, he turned to me, looking very serious and alarmed.

"Jobson," said he, "I find that I have left my purse and a packet of very important papers on the sitting-room table of the Red Lion. What is to be done?"

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure, unless we drive back for them," said I, letting the mare drop into

a walk. "Or will you go forward, and let me send them to your address through post?"

"It's not that I care much for the purse, but the documents are of great importance to me. Let me consider what will be the best plan to adopt."

He laid his finger on his lips, and thought for a few moments.

"I have it!" said he, brightening up. "A train for Tunstone passes here in five minutes from this time. Jobson, will you return by it, and obtain the purse and the papers? We must let the 11:45 go on without us; but there is another train at 12:30 from Tunstone which stops here—you will just have time to get the articles and return by it. We will meet it at the station here, and go forward by it, after paying you for your trouble, and you will return home with the mare. Will you so far oblige me?"

Such a request it was impossible to refuse. We saw the train approaching. I jumped out of the trap, ran to the station and took my ticket; and, looking out of the window as the train started, I saw Mr. Oldwink drawing up at the door of the railway hotel, and preparing to alight.

When I got out of the train at Tunstone, who should I see on the platform but Mr. Purkiss. He gave me a nod and held up his finger; but, as I had no time to lose, I pretended not to have seen him, and dived into the crowd; but when I reached the door, there he was again.

"Mr. Jobson, I want to speak to you a minute."

"Can't stay now, Mr. Purkiss. Another time I shall be most happy."

"Another time won't do. Now listen to me. Where have you left Mr. Oldwink?"

"I don't know what right you have to ask the question, but I left the gentleman you name at Deepwood."

"Did he pay his bill before leaving the Red Lion?"

"Certainly he did. But really, Mr. —"

"Now don't lose your temper. He paid you with a twenty-pound Bank of England note, did he not?"

"He did."

"The note is a forged one. Got it about you?"

"No; it's at home."

"Well, I tell you again, it's a forged one; and, more than that, that your friend, Mr. Oldwink, is one of the most notorious swindlers in the three kingdoms."

You might have knocked me down with a cork when I heard Mr. Purkiss say these words.

"And who are you, sir?" I at length contrived to stammer out. "And how came you to know all these things?"

"I am an officer of the Detective Force. I have had my eye on Mr. Oldwink for some time, but he is such a slippery customer that it was difficult to prove anything against him. I tracked him to your house; and then, as I was quite a stranger to him, I took up my quarters there, in order to watch him more closely. But he began to suspect me after a while, as did you also, Jobson, in another fashion; so that I found it advisable to leave the Red Lion. But I did not lose sight of my gentleman; for though you

thought I had left the town, I was, in reality, snugly located at the Green Dragon, opposite your house; where I received confidential communications from your wife respecting Mr. Oldwink, by a trusty messenger, every two hours during the day. Don't look so wild, Jobson, or people will think you are losing your wits. Well, this morning I was informed that Oldwink was going to make a few purchases previous to leaving Tunstone by the 11:45 train; so I set my man to watch him, and note all the shops he favoured with his custom. As soon as he was housed again in the Red Lion, I took a banker's clerk with me, and went the same round he had taken. The result was, that we found he had purchased nearly a hundred pounds' worth of jewellery at different shops, together with a small parcel of valuable velvets; for all of which he had paid with forged notes, receiving the change in gold and silver. This done, I posted off to the station, expecting to nab my gentleman on the platform with the property on him. But he was too deep for me: the 11:45 departed, and he never came; and my man has just been down to inform me that he and you had set off by road. And now I'm off to Deepwood by the train, which starts in five minutes; so do you just get a nip of brandy to keep your clockwork in order, and then go back with me; and slippery as he is, see if I don't lay hold of him yet."

Judge what my feelings were while I listened to Mr. Purkiss's story. I was ready to bite my thumbs off with vexation.

When we reached Deepwood, no Mr. Oldwink was to be seen; and my companion laughed at me when I expressed my surprise at not finding him there.

"To think you should expect such a thing!" said he. "Why he is miles off by this time, unless your mare has broken down." Here was another blow for me, for I had had no idea that he would take off with my mare. "It would not do for him to travel by rail," added Mr. Purkiss, as an afterthought. "He was afraid of the telegraph."

We found on inquiry at the railway inn, that the old scamp had stayed there about five minutes only, to bait the mare, and take some refreshment; and then, after asking a few questions respecting the roads, had set off at a good pace northward. In three minutes we had a gig out, a horse in the shafts, and ourselves seated behind it; and after learning which road the fugitives had taken, set off after them as hard as we could go.

"And Mrs. Oldwink, what of her?" said I to my companion.

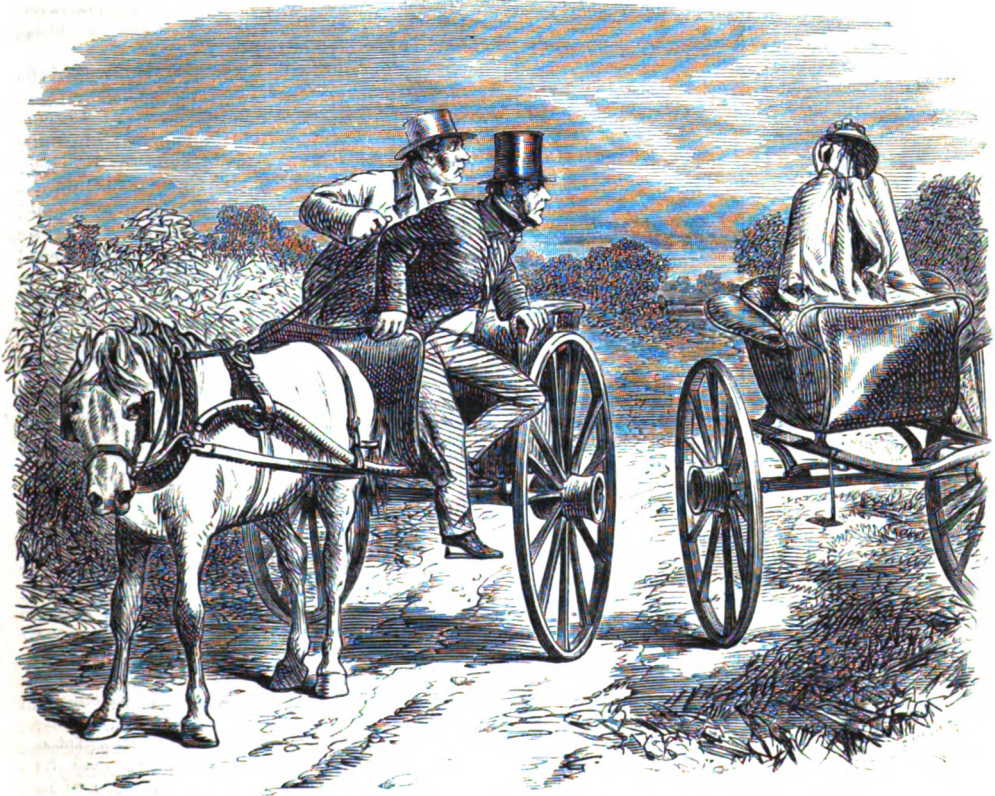
"Birds of a feather—you know the rest," he replied, biting off the end of a cigar.

It was a raw and bitter afternoon, with showers of sleety rain at intervals. The horse that carried us along was a good one, pretty near equal to my mare, and fresh to begin with. So on we went, over hill and dale, through a very wild and lonely country; every mile, as it seemed, leading us farther away from any town or village; and with but one wayside inn to break the solitude, at which we stayed for a few minutes

to bait our horse, and where we gathered tidings that made us hasten on again. We had got, perhaps, a matter of ten or twelve miles from Deepwood, when Mr. Purkiss suddenly flung the cigar out of his mouth, gave the horse a sharp lash that made it bound madly forward, and pushing his hat tighter over his brows, gave vent to a smothered "Hurrah!" There they were before us.

It was some minutes before they found out that they were followed. Mrs. Oldwink, happening to turn her head, was the first to see us; next her husband gave a backward glance; and then, half-rising in his seat, lashed into my poor mare in a style that made my blood boil to see. Though

we did our best, the distance between us gradually increased; and in one sense I could hardly regret that it was so, since it proved so plainly the superior bottom of my mare. There was not a word spoken for some time, so great was our anxiety. It had become a question of speed and endurance between the two horses. The road, which had been level and straight for some distance, came at length to a considerable hill, nearly covered by a thick plantation of young trees, up the side of which it wound with a sharp curve. The gig before us passed out of sight when it reached this bend of the road, while we were still a considerable distance from it. When we came up to the curve, we saw that there was another



bend in the opposite direction higher up the face of the hill, and that Oldwink had passed the second corner before we reached the first, and was therefore still out of view. The hill was so steep that we were obliged to allow the mare to walk up it, for fear of blowing her completely. What then was our surprise, on passing the second corner, to find the gig and its occupants only about fifty yards a-head of us. Purkiss rubbed his eyes as though he could hardly believe them. But there the fugitives were, real enough; for Oldwink was looking over his shoulder as we turned the corner, and on seeing us took off his hat, and moved to us as though wishing us Good day.

"Must have halted here a minute or two to breathe the mare," said Mr. Purkiss, after cogitating for a few moments.

"He needn't have done so," said I, "if he had understood how to manage her."

Oldwink moved rapidly a-head, and gradually placed the former distance between us.

The afternoon was beginning to darken, and the mists to creep down the hill-sides. The road, though level, had now become very crooked; and the gig before us was out of sight as often as not. Oldwink himself frequently looked back, but Mrs. Oldwink sat calm and upright beside him, and never noticed us even with a glance.

We had got, as near as I can reckon, about three

miles past the hill, when, for the fifth or sixth time, we lost the gig before us behind a bend of the road. We were four minutes, I should say—or, at the outside, five—before we passed the corner, and recovered sight of it; and when we did see it, we both of us this time had need to rub our eyes in earnest. There—a hundred yards a-head of us—stood the gig; and in it sat Mrs. Oldwink in the most unconcerned manner possible; but Mr. Oldwink had disappeared, and with him the mare. Mr. Purkiss pulled up suddenly when this sight met his eyes. He knew no more than myself what to make of it. Oldwink certainly was gone—the mare certainly was gone; but why leave Mrs. Oldwink in that heartless manner to meet her fate alone? And why did that eccentric lady appear so perfectly unmoved at being thus unceremoniously deserted?

Mr. Purkiss whistled softly to himself, while we advanced at a walk towards the deserted lady, who did not condescend even to turn her head when we drew up close behind her and descended to accost her.

Mr. Purkiss was the first to approach her. “A Dummy, by Jove!” he screamed, as he peered under the bonnet. “Done again, as I’m a sinner!”

It was as he said. The figure we had taken for Mrs. Oldwink was merely two cross sticks placed upright in the gig, and covered by the lady’s ample shawl and bonnet—in fact, neither more nor less than a respectable scarecrow.

“Well,” said I, scratching my head, “I confess I don’t see the meaning of this thing.”

“You don’t!” cried Mr. Purkiss, glancing savagely at me, for he was evidently out of temper at last. “Why, what a stupid you must be! Don’t you see, man, that when Oldwink halted close to the plantation, instead of his doing it to breathe the mare as we thought, he did it to give his wife an opportunity of making off into the wood with the jewellery? This thing was then dressed up, and we were enticed forward as far as this spot, in order to give the woman an opportunity of getting clear away. And now, to finish the affair, Oldwink has made off with your mare across the country, and will meet his wife at some place agreed on, twenty or thirty miles away from this. Well, he’s a slippery customer and no mistake!”

Further pursuit was useless for the present, even if we had known which road Oldwink had taken; and very down in the mouth we both looked as we turned our faces back to Deepwood, which we did not reach till far into night.

What my wife had to say to me about this little affair when I got home, need not be set down here. And the wiggling she gave Jim! Poor old girl! it served her to talk about for many a month after, so that I found it best after a while to shorten her tongue by buying her a peach-coloured satin gown.

I have nothing more to add, except that Mr. Oldwink and his wife were taken at Liverpool some three months after by Mr. Purkiss; for some years after which event they were both cared for at the expense of an enlightened public.

S.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

It was as easy for the ancients to conceive that animals could be produced from putrefying matters, as it is difficult for the instructed physiologist of our day to conceive any generation whatever except that by *direct parentage*. Aristotle found no difficulty in believing that worms and insects were generated by dead bodies, and that mice could become impregnated by licking salt. The successors of Aristotle were even less sceptical than he. They were constantly observing animals and plants suddenly springing into existence where no animals or plants had been before. Every dead dog, or decaying tree, was quickly beset with numerous forms of life; how could it be doubted that the putrefaction, which was observed as an *invariable accompaniment*, was the *necessary cause* of these sudden appearances of life?

To the mind imperfectly acquainted with the results of modern science, Spontaneous Generation is as easy of belief as it was to Aristotle. Do we not constantly see vegetable mould covering our cheese, our jam, our ink, our bread? Do we not, even in air-tight vessels, see plants and microscopic animals develop where no plants and animals could be seen before, and where, as we think, it was impossible that their seeds should have penetrated? And when we hear that Mr. Crosse produced an insect by means of electricity, startled as we may be, do we really find any better argument than our prejudice for disbelieving such a statement? Where do parasitic animals come from, if not spontaneously generated in the body? These parasites are found in the blood, in the liver, in the brain, in the eye, nay, even in the excessively minute egg itself. “How *gat* they there?” is our natural question. This question, which is so easily answered on the supposition that generation can take place spontaneously, presents the most serious difficulties to science, because the massive weight of scientific evidence has been year after year accumulating against such a supposition; until the majority of physiologists have come to regard it as an axiom, that no generation whatever can occur except by direct parentage. This axiom, which a small minority has always rejected, has quite recently met with a formidable questioner in M. Pouchet, the well-known physiologist of Rouen; and his experiments and arguments having agitated the Academy of Sciences, our readers may be interested if a review of the whole subject be laid before them.

The first person who assailed the notion of Spontaneous Generation was Redi, the excellent Italian naturalist, to whom we owe so many valuable observations. I have at this moment on my table the brief but pregnant treatise, “*Experimenta circa Generationem Insectorum*,” in which he reviewed the facts, and proved that the worms and insects which appear in decaying substances, are really developed from eggs deposited in those substances by the parents. So masterly was the treatise, that no one since then has had the courage to maintain the production of worms and insects spontaneously. It has been held as preposterous to suppose that putrefaction could generate an insect as that it could generate

a mouse—which Cardan believed. Driven from the insect world, the hypothesis has sought refuge in the world of animalcules and parasites; and there the hypothesis is not so easily defeated. Who ever turns over the pages of old Leeuwenhoek, the first who extensively applied himself to microscopic observations, will see that the Dutchman steadily set his face against Spontaneous Generation, because the microscope showed him that many even of these minute animals had their eggs, and were generated like the larger animals. Since that time thousands of observers have brought their contributions to the general stock, and each extension of our knowledge has had the effect of narrowing the ground on which the "spontaneous" hypothesis could possibly find footing; the modes of generation of plants and animals are becoming more and more clearly traced; and the necessity in each case of a parent-stock is becoming more and more absolute. It is true that there are organic beings of which, as yet, we can only say that there is the *strongest presumption* against their being exceptions to the otherwise universal rule of generation. We do not know, for example, how the *Amæba* arises; no one has ever seen its eggs; no one has ever seen its reproduction—and, what is more, it is perfectly easy to *make them* in any quantities. I have done so repeatedly. Nevertheless, they can only be "made" under the conditions which would be indispensable for their birth and development if they were really generated from eggs; and that they *are* so generated is a presumption which has every argument in its favour, except the direct evidence of the eggs themselves. The question then comes to this: Is it more probable that a law of generation which is found to reach over the whole organic world should have an exception, or that our researches have not yet been able to detect the evidence which would bring this seeming exception also under the law? One after the other, cases which seemed exceptions have turned out to be none at all; one after the other, the various obscurities have been cleared away, showing one law to be general; and it is therefore the dictate of philosophic caution which suggests that, so long as we remain in positive ignorance of the actual process, we must assume that in this case also the general law prevails.

Positive evidence would of course settle the dispute; but every one who has made any experiments, or has attentively followed the experiments of others, will admit that it is excessively difficult to devise any experiment which shall be conclusive. The facts elicited admit of such different interpretations; the avenues by which error may enter are so numerous. I will not narrate here the experiments of Fray, Gruithuisen, Burdach, Baer, and others, since they cannot withstand serious discussion; nor will I adduce my own, for the same reason. But those recently made by M. Pouchet have a more imposing character, and demand the strictest examination.

The reader will observe that the cardinal point in the investigation is to be certain that no organic germs could by any possibility be present in the liquid which is to produce the animalcules. On the hypothesis that the animalcules, like other

animals and plants, are produced from germs, or eggs, these germs must be excessively minute, and easily overlooked. If they exist, it is in the water and the air, awaiting the proper *conditions* for their development. Supposing them to be floating about in the air, under the form of dust-like particles, they would fall into, or enter, any vessel containing organic matter in a state of decomposition, and *there* develop; as the deposited eggs of the insect developed in the decaying body of the dog. Now, inasmuch as the presence of atmospheric air is one of the indispensable conditions of vitality, and without it the animalcules could not develop and live, the initial difficulty is how to secure the presence of this air, and yet be sure that the air itself does not *bring* with it the germs of the animalcules which we find in the liquid. Schultze of Berlin devised an experiment which was thought to have finally settled this point, and to have refuted the hypothesis of Spontaneous Generation. An account of this experiment, to be found in the "Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal" for October, 1837, shows that an infusion of organic substances, supplied with atmospheric air, but not with an air containing living germs, was suffered to remain thus from the end of May till the beginning of August; but, during the whole of that time, no plant or animal was developed in the infusion. The apparatus was now removed from the flask, atmospheric air was allowed to enter freely—without first passing through the acid or potass—and, in three days, the infusion was swarming with animalcules.

This really looked like a conclusive experiment. No sooner were measures taken which would destroy the germs, supposed to be suspended in the atmosphere, than the infusion was kept free from animalcules; no sooner was the air allowed to enter the flask in the ordinary manner, than animalcules abounded. The proof did not, however, seem to me quite rigorous. It was by no means clear that the air in its passage through sulphuric acid would not suffer some alteration, perhaps electrical, affecting its vital properties; and this doubt seemed confirmed by the experiments of M. Morren, communicated to the French Academy, May 22, 1854; from which it appeared that air having passed through sulphuric acid was incompetent to sustain life, since the animalcules subject to it died in a few days. But M. Pouchet announces experiments which, if correct, not only scatter this doubt, and M. Morren's confirmation, but point-blank contradict the experiment of Schultze. He declares that in following Schultze's experiment in every particular, and also in repeating it with fresh precautions, he can constantly exhibit animalcules and plants developed in an infusion in which every organic germ has been previously destroyed, and to which the air has only access after passing through concentrated sulphuric acid, or through a labyrinth of porcelain fragments at red-heat. Nay, M. Pouchet goes further. Feeling the difficulty of satisfying his opponents that the atmospheric air really contained no germs, he determined on substituting *artificial* air. This he did in conjunction with a chemist, M. Hougeau. Artificial air, as the

reader knows, is simply a mixture of twenty-one parts of oxygen gas with seventy-nine parts of nitrogen gas. This air was introduced into a flask containing an infusion of hay, the hay having previously been subjected for twenty minutes to a heat of 100 degrees Centigrade (212 degrees Fahrenheit), a temperature which would destroy every germ. He thus guarded against the presence of any germs, or animalcules, in the infusion, or in the air. The whole was then hermetically sealed, so that no other air could gain access. In spite of these precautions cryptogamic plants and animalcules appeared in the infusion. M. Pouchet repeated the experiment with pure oxygen gas, instead of air; and with similar results.

In presence of such statements as these, only two courses were open to the antagonists of Spontaneous Generation. They could deny or disprove the facts; or they could argue that the precautions taken were not sufficiently rigorous to exclude the presence of germs. I have already said how difficult it is for the modern physiologist to admit Spontaneous Generation, and the reader will be therefore prepared to hear that M. Pouchet has roused immense opposition; but the opponents have not disputed his facts; one and all they accept the statements as he makes them, and, by criticism and counter-statement, endeavour to show that Spontaneous Generation is just as inadmissible as ever. These criticisms, and M. Pouchet's replies, may here be grouped in order, and with all possible brevity.

Milne-Edwards objected to the conclusions of M. Pouchet, saying:—There is no proof that the hay itself had been subjected to the temperature of 100 degrees Cent. (or the boiling point of water), it being very probable that although the furnace was at that heat, the hay, which was in a glass vessel and surrounded with air at rest, was not at anything like that temperature.

To this M. Pouchet replied, that he and M. Hougeau ascertained that the hay was at the temperature of 100 degrees, before they proceeded in their experiments.

Milne-Edwards is ready to grant that the temperature may have been reached, but argues that even that would not suffice for the destruction of all the germs, if they were perfectly dry. He refers to the observations of M. Doyère, which prove that the *Tardigrada* ("water bears," microscopic animals common in stagnant water), when thoroughly desiccated, preserve their power of reviving even after having been subjected to a temperature of 140 degrees Cent. (316 degrees Fahr.). If, therefore, animals of so complex a structure as these water-spiders can resist the action of so high a temperature, there is no reason for supposing that the germs of the simpler animalcules would be destroyed by it. Not content with this argument, which is sufficiently forcible, Milne-Edwards narrates an experiment of his own, which is very similar, both in method and results, to one I have performed. Unhappily, it is an experiment the value of which is either destroyed by the argument just adduced, or else it destroys the argument. It is this: In two tubes a little water containing organic matter is placed, one of

them hermetically sealed, the other left open to the air. They are then placed in a bath of boiling water and kept there till their temperature has reached that point. After this they are left undisturbed for a few days. In the tube which was exposed to the air there were animalcules; in the tube which was excluded from the air, before the action of heat had destroyed all the germs, not an animalcule could be seen.

Is not this something like a proof? "Why, no, sir," as Johnson would have said. At least, not if the argument previously urged is worth anything. Because every one will see that if it be true, as Milne-Edwards maintains, that the temperature of boiling water is not by any means high enough to destroy the organic germs of animalcules, then it could not have destroyed those germs in the closed tube, and animalcules ought to have made their appearance there. If I could lay any particular stress on my own experiments (which I do not), they would lead to the conclusion that the organic germs do *not* resist the action of boiling water; for I found that a piece of fish divided into three, and placed in boiling water in three different tubes, one closed and excluded from the light, the second closed but exposed to the light, and the third open and exposed to the light, gave me *no* animalcules at all: had there been any germs in the water or meat, these must have been destroyed. But all such observations go for nothing in the presence of M. Pouchet's assertion that he had found animalcules in the infusion after subjecting the organic matters to a temperature of 250 degrees Cent. (546 degrees Fahr.), and this, too, with *artificial water*. Unless the germs are supposed to be *incombustible*, it is difficult, he says, to maintain, after this, that the animalcules were developed from germs.

Milne-Edwards being thus disposed of by M. Pouchet, let us see how M. Quatrefages will come off. He says, that having examined the dust remaining on the filter after some observations on rain water, he found that the organic elements presented a confused assemblage of particles; and this continued to be the case for a few minutes after their immersion in water. But a few hours afterwards, he detected a great number of vegetable spores, infusoria, and those minute spherical and ovoid bodies familiar to microscopists, which inevitably suggest the idea of eggs of extremely small dimensions. He also declares that he has frequently seen monads revive and move about after a few hours of immersion. The conclusion drawn is, that the air transports myriads of dust-like particles, which have only to fall into the water to appear in their true form as animalcules.

The reply of M. Pouchet is crushing. If the air is filled with animalcules and their eggs, they will of course fall into *any* vessel of water, and as water is their natural element, will there exhibit their vitality. But if half a dozen vessels of distilled water, perfectly free from animalcules, be left exposed to the air, beside one vessel of distilled water containing organic substances in decay, the half dozen will be free from animalcules and eggs, but the one will abound with them. Now, it is

perfectly intelligible that inasmuch as organic matter is said to form the indispensable condition for the development of the eggs, it is only in the vessel containing such matter that the eggs will develop; but why are they not also visible *as* eggs in the other vessels? why are not the animalcules themselves visible there, as they were in the water examined by M. Quatrefages? If both eggs and animalcules are blown about like dust in the air, it is an immense stretch of credulity to believe they will only be blown into the vessel containing organic matter; but the opponents of Spontaneous Generation go further even than this, for they declare these dust-like animalcules will be blown into a *closed* vessel, if it contain organic matter, but not into several *open* vessels, if they only contain distilled water.

M. Quatrefages is on better ground when he rejects the evidence, long supposed to be so weighty, of parasitic animals. He refers to the modern investigations which have not only made the generation of these parasites intelligible, but in many cases have demonstrated it. M. Pouchet's reply is feeble, and unworthy of a physiologist of his eminence. He doubts the truth of the results obtained in Germany, Italy, and Belgium: "the monopoly of which," he adds, "has, by a strange anomaly, belonged to foreigners." Because France has not the honour of this splendid discovery, the Frenchman begs to doubt its value! Every physiologist, however—not French—will be ready to admit that whereas the parasitic animals formerly furnished the advocates of Spontaneous Generation with their most striking illustrations, the investigations of Von Siebold, Van Beneden, Ktichenmeister, Philippi, and others, have entirely changed the whole aspect of the question, and given the opponents of Spontaneous Generation new grounds for believing that in time all obscurities will be cleared away, all contradictions explained.

In conclusion, I must say that as far as regards the particular discussion, M. Pouchet seems to me to have the best of it. Their objections to his experiments are all set aside. If the facts are as he states them—and his antagonists at present do not dispute the facts—their criticisms go for very little. They have not shown it probable that any germs could have been present, under the conditions stated by him. Are we, then, to accept Spontaneous Generation as proven? By no means. It is very far from proven. The massive preponderance of fact and argument against such an hypothesis forces us to pause long before we accept it. What M. Pouchet has done is to destroy many of the arguments against Spontaneous Generation, and to have devised experiments which may finally lead to a conclusion. It is still on the cards that some source of error as yet overlooked vitiates his experiments; but until that error has been detected, he must be considered to have on his side the evidence of experiment, whereas we have on our side the massive evidence of extensive inductions. His experiment may be conclusive, and an exception to the general law will thereby be established. But it may also, on further investigation, turn out to be illusory; some little oversight may be detected which will rob the experiment of all its force.

Perhaps you will ask why this suspicion should be entertained? Why ought we not to accept M. Pouchet's statement with confidence, although it does contradict our inductions? The reason can only be, that the massive weight of these inductions naturally predisposes the mind to believe that it is more probable the experiment which contradicts them should be misconceived, than that they should be contradicted. Two years ago I became acquainted with an observation made by Cienkowski, the botanist, which seemed finally to settle this question of Spontaneous Generation, to place the fact beyond doubt, because it caught Nature in the act, so to speak, of spontaneously generating. Cienkowski's statement is as follows: If a slice of raw potato be allowed to decompose in a little water, it will be found, after some days, that the starch grains have a peculiar border, bearing a strong resemblance to a cell-membrane. This shortly turns out to be a real cell-membrane, and is gradually raised above the starch-grain, which grain then occupies the position of a cell-nucleus. Thus, *out of a grain of starch, a cell has been formed under the observer's eye.* Inside this cell, little granular masses are developed, which begin to contract. Finally, minute eel-like animalcules are developed there, which bore their way through the cell-wall into the water.

Funke in his report of this observation, which he says, he has verified, asks, how is it possible to deny Spontaneous Generation here? Before our eyes a grain of starch becomes a cell, in that cell are developed living forms, which bore their way out.

The reader will imagine the sensation which such an observation created. He will agree with Funke, as I did, that if the fact were as he stated it, all discussion was at an end. *But was the fact as stated?* I tried in vain to verify it. Not less than twenty separate potatoes were employed, always in conjunction with ordinary starch, as a point of comparison; but although the animalcules were abundant enough, I never could satisfy myself of the first and all-important step, namely, the formation of a cellwall round the starch-grain. This was the more distressing, because it is at all times unpleasant to be unable to verify an observation, especially one made by a careful and competent observer, and described in precise terms.

I could not reject what Cienkowski had positively affirmed, and Funke positively confirmed, and was willing to suppose that there was some necessary condition in the observation which I had not fulfilled. On the other hand, I could not reject a doctrine on the strength of a fact about which any doubt was permissible. In this state of suspense I had the satisfaction of hearing from Professor Naegeli, the celebrated microscopist, that he too had been baffled at first in the attempt to verify this observation, but that, after nearly a hundred trials, he had succeeded. He positively confirmed all the statements Cienkowski had made. But, from that moment, my suspense vanished. If the phenomenon was of such rare occurrence, there were reasons for suspecting some other explanation than that of Spontaneous Generation. What the source of the error was might not be easily divined;

but it seemed very probable that error had crept in somewhere.

In the last number of the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* (x. 140), there is a note which clears up the whole mystery. Cienkowski has himself discovered the source of his own error. The membrane which seemed to form itself round the starch-grain has had quite another origin. He has observed the little monads swimming about, and has noticed one of them *adhere to a starch-grain, spread its elastic body round it, and finally envelope it, as the Amœba wraps itself round its food.* This explains how the starch-grain comes to be inside a cell; and as this process was never suspected, and the starch-grain was seen with a cell-wall, the idea of natural formation was inevitable, the

more so, as the wall seemed to grow larger and larger.

Thus has even this, the most striking case in favour of Spontaneous Generation ever adduced, been finally cleared up; and the reader will probably agree in the conclusion to which the whole of the facts advanced in this paper lead, namely, that the Law of Generation is universal; the exceptions which have been hitherto urged have, one by one, been found to be no exceptions; and the presumption is that even M. Pouchet's cases will be likewise explained. It is quite *possible* that the generation of animalcules may take place spontaneously; but although possible, it is not probable, and certainly is not proven.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.



ON THE WATER.

I.

On the water, on the water,
While the summer days were fair,
Whispering words in softest accents
Thro' a veil of drooping hair;
While the little ear was peeping,
Half-ashamed and rosy red,
Blushing at the earnest meaning
Of the tender words I said—

II.

On the water, on the water,
Fairly shone the sunbeams then,
Dancing on the tiny ripples,
Lighting up the far-off glen;
None could hear us save the Iris,
Swaying in her golden pride,
And the lilies ever moving
With the motion of the tide.

III.

On the water, on the water,
While the twilight shades drew nigh,
Catching at the drooping branches,
As we floated idly by;
Oh! her small hand's gentle pressure,
And her glance all words above,
And her soft cheek's bright carnation,
When I told her all my love!

IV.

On the water, on the water,
Now I float, but all alone,
And I miss the silken ringlets,
And the little hand is gone;
Dies the sunset's crimson beauty,
Comes the twilight as of yore,
All remind me of the dear one,
Lost to me for evermore.

MEMOR.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER VI.

It was near four o'clock in the afternoon. Gerard was in the shop. His eldest and youngest sons were abroad. Catherine and her little crippled daughter had long been anxious about Gerard, and now they were gone a little way down the road, to see if by good luck he might be visible in the distance; and Giles was alone in the sitting-room, which I will sketch, furniture and dwarf included.

The Hollanders were always an original and leading people. At different epochs they invented printing (wooden type), oil-painting, liberty, banking, gardening, &c.; above all, years before my tale, they invented cleanliness. So, while the English gentry, in velvet jerkins and chicken-toed shoes, trode floors of stale rushes, foul receptacle of bones, decomposing morsels, spittle, dogs' eggs, and all abominations, this hosier's sitting-room at Tergou was floored with Dutch tiles, so highly glazed and constantly washed, that you could eat off them. There was one large window; the cross stone-work in the centre of it was very massive, and stood in relief, looking like an actual cross to the inmates, and was eyed as such in their devotions. The panes were very small and lozenge-shaped, and soldered to one another with strips of lead: the like you may see to this day in some of our rural cottages. The chairs were rude and primitive, all but the arm-chair, whose back, at right angles with its seat, was so high that the sitter's head stopped two feet short of the top. This chair was of oak, and carved at the summit. There was a copper pail, that went in at the waist, holding holy water; and a little hand-besom to sprinkle it far and wide; and a long, narrow, but massive oak table, with a dwarf sticking to the rim by his teeth, his eyes glaring,



and his claws in the air like a pouncing vampire. Nature, it would seem, did not make Giles a dwarf out of malice prepense: she constructed a head and torso with her usual care, but just then her attention was distracted, and she left the rest to chance; the result was a human wedge, an inverted cone. He might with justice have taken her to task in the terms of Horace:

amphora cepit
Institui; curren-
te rota cur urceus exit?

His centre was anything but his centre of gravity. Bisected, upper Giles would have outweighed three lower Giles's. But this very disproportion enabled him to do feats that would have baffled Milo. His

brawny arms had no weight to draw after them; so he could go up a vertical pole like a squirrel, and hang for hours from a bough by one hand like a cherry by its stalk. If he could have made a vacuum with his hands, as the lizard is said to do with its feet, he would have gone along a ceiling. Now, this pocket athlete was insanely fond of griping the dinner-table with both hands, and so swinging an hour at a time; and then—climax of delight!—he would seize it with his teeth, and, taking off his hands, hold on like grim death by his huge ivories.

But all our joys, however elevating, suffer interruption. Little Kate caught Sampsonet in this posture, and stood aghast. She was her mother's daughter, and her heart beat with the furniture, not with the 12mo. gymnast.

"Oh, Giles! how can you? Mother would be vexed. It dents the table."

"Go and tell her, little tale-bearer," snarled Giles. "You are the one for making mischief."

"Am I?" inquired Kate, calmly; "that is news to me."

"The biggest in Tergou," growled Giles, fastening on again.

At this Kate sat quietly down and cried. Her mother came in almost at that moment, and Giles hurled himself under the table, and there glared.

"What is to do now?" said the dame, sharply. Then turning her experienced eyes on Giles, and observing the position he had taken up, and a sheepish expression, she hinted at cuffing of ears.

"Nay, mother," said the girl; "it was but a foolish word Giles spoke. I had not noticed it at another time; but I was tired and in care for Gerard, you know."

"Let no one be in care for me," said a faint voice at the door, and in tottered Gerard, pale, dusty, and worn out; and, amidst uplifted hands and cries of delight, curiosity and anxiety mingled, dropped almost fainting into the nearest chair.

Beating Rotterdam, like a covert, for Margaret, and the long journey afterwards, had fairly knocked Gerard up. But elastic youth soon revived, and behold him the centre of an eager circle. First of all they must hear about the prizes. Then Gerard told them he had been admitted to see the competitors' works all laid out in an enormous hall—before the judges pronounced: "Oh, mother! oh, Kate! when I saw the goldsmiths' work, I had like to have fallen on the floor. I thought not all the goldsmiths on earth had so much gold, silver, jewels, and craft of design and facture. But, in sooth, all the arts are divine."

Then, to please the females, he described to them the reliquaries, feretories, calices, crosiers, crosses, pyxes, monstrances, and other wonders ecclesiastical, and the goblets, hanaps, watches, clocks, chains, brooches, &c., so that their mouths watered.

"But, Kate, when I came to the illuminated work from Ghent and Bruges, my heart sank. Mine was dirt by the side of it. For the first minute I could almost have cried; but I prayed for a better spirit, and presently I was able to enjoy them, and thank God for those lovely works, and for those skilful, patient craftsmen, that I own my masters. Well, the colored work was so beautiful I forgot all about the black and white. But, next day, when all the other prizes had been given, they came to the writing, and whose name think you was called first?"

"Yours," said Kate.

The others laughed her to scorn.

"You may laugh," said Gerard, "but for all that Gerard Gerardzoon of Tergou was the name the herald shouted. I stood stupid; they thrust me forward. Everything swam before my eyes. I don't know how I found myself kneeling on a cushion at the feet of the duke. He said something to me, but I was so fluttered I could not answer him. So then he put his hand to his side and did not draw a glaive and cut off my dull head, but gave me a gold medal, and there it is." There was a yell and almost a scramble. "And then he gave me fifteen great bright golden angels. I had seen one before, but I never handled one. Here they are."

"Oh, Gerard! oh, Gerard!"

"There is one for you, our eldest; and one for you, Sybrandt, and for you, Little Mischief; and

two for you, Little Lily, because God has afflicted you; and one for myself to buy colours and vellum; and nine for her that nursed us all, and risked the two crowns upon poor Gerard's hand."

The gold drew out their several characters. Cornelis and Sybrandt clutched each his coin with one glare of greediness and another glare of envy at Kate, who had got two pieces. Giles seized his and rolled it along the floor and gambolled after it. But Kate put down her crutches and sat down, and held out her little arms to Gerard with a heavenly gesture of love and tenderness, and the mother, fairly benumbed at first by the shower of gold that fell on her apron, now cried out, "Leave kissing him, Kate, he is my son, not yours. Ah, Gerard, my child! I have not loved you as you deserved."

Then Gerard threw himself on his knees beside her, and she flung her arms round him and wept for joy and pride, upon his neck.

"Good lad! good lad!" cried the hosier, with some emotion. "I must go and tell the neighbours. Lend me the medal, Gerard, I'll show it my good friend, Peter Buyskens; he is always regaling me with how his son Jorian won the tin mug a-shooting at the Butts."

"Ay, do my man; and show Peter Buyskens one of the angels. Tell him there are fourteen more, where that came from. Mind you bring it me back!"

"Stay a minute, father, there is better news behind," said Gerard, flushing with joy at the joy he caused.

"Better! Better than this?"

Then Gerard told his interview with the countess, and the house rang with joy.

"Now, God bless the good lady, and bless the Dame Van Eyck! a benefice, our son! My cares are at an end. Gerard, my good friend and master, now we two can die happy whenever our time comes. This dear boy will take our place, and none of these loved ones will want a home or a friend."

From that hour Gerard was looked upon as the stay of the family. He was a son apart, but in another sense. He was always in the right, and nothing too good for him. Cornelis and Sybrandt became more and more jealous of him, and longed for the day he should go to his benefice: they would get rid of the favourite, and his reverence's purse would be open to them. With these views he co-operated. The wound love had given him throbbed duller and duller. His success and the affection and admiration of his parents, made him think more highly of himself, and resent with more spirit Margaret's ingratitude and discourtesy. For all that, she had power to cool him towards the rest of her sex, and now for every reason he wished to be ordained priest as soon as he could pass the intermediate orders. He knew the Vulgate already better than most of the clergy, and he studied the rubric and the dogmas of the church with his friends the monks; and, the first time the bishop came that way, he applied to be admitted "exorcist," the third step in holy orders. The bishop questioned him, and ordained him at once. He had to kneel, and, after a short prayer,

the bishop delivered to him a little MS. full of exorcisms, and said: "Take this, Gerard, and have power to lay hands on the possessed, whether baptised or catechumens!" and he took it reverently, and went home invested by the church with power to cast out demons.

Returning home from the church, he was met by little Kate on her crutches.

"Oh, Gerard! who, think you, has been at our house seeking you?—the Burgomaster himself."

Gerard started, and changed colour.

"Ghysbrecht Van Swieten? What would he with me?"

"Nay, Gerard, I know not. But he was urgent to see you. You are to go to his house on the instant."

"Well, he is the Burgomaster: I must go: but it likes me not. Kate, I have seen him cast such a look on me as no friend casts. No matter; such looks forewarn the wise. Besides, he knows—"

"Knows what, Gerard?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Kate, I'll go."

And he went to Ghysbrecht Van Swieten's house.

CHAPTER VII.

GHYSBRECHT VAN SWIETEN was an artful man. He opened the novice with something quite wide of the mark he was really aiming at. "The town records," said he, "are crabbedly written, and the ink rusty with age." He offered Gerard the honour of transcribing them fair.

Gerard inquired what he was to be paid.

Ghysbrecht offered a sum that would have just purchased the pens, ink, and parchment.

"But, Burgomaster, my labour? Here is a year's work."

"Your labour! Call you marking parchment labour? Little sweat goes to that, I trow."

"'Tis labour, and skilled labour to boot: and that is better paid in all crafts than rude labour, sweat or no sweat. Besides, there's my time."

"Your time? Why what is time to you, at two-and-twenty?" Then fixing his eyes keenly on Gerard, to mark the effect of his words, he said: "Say, rather, you are idle grown. You are in love. Your body is with those chanting monks, but your heart is with Peter Brandt and his red-haired girl."

"I know no Peter Brandt."

This denial confirmed Ghysbrecht's suspicion that the caster out of demons was playing a deep game.

"Ye lie!" he shouted. "Did I not find you at her elbow, on the road to Rotterdam?"

"Ah!"

"Ah. And you were seen at Sevenbergen but t'other day."

"Was I?"

"Ay; and at Peter's house."

"At Sevenbergen?"

"Ay, at Sevenbergen."

Now, this was what in modern days is called a draw. It was a guess, put boldly forth as fact, to

elicit by the young man's answer whether he had been there lately or not.

The result of the artifice surprised the crafty one. Gerard started up in a strange state of nervous excitement.

"Burgomaster," said he, with trembling voice, "I have not been at Sevenbergen this three years, and I know not the name of those you saw me with, nor where they dwelt; but, as my time is precious, though you value it not, give you good day." And he darted out, with his eyes sparkling.

Ghysbrecht started up in huge ire; but he sank into his chair again.

"He fears me not. He knows something, if not all."

Then he called hastily to his trusty servant, and almost dragged him to a window.

"See you yon man?" he cried. "Haste! Follow him! But let him not see you. He is young, but old in craft. Keep him in sight all day. Let me know whither he goes, and what he does."

It was night when the servant returned.

"Well! well!" cried Van Swieten, eagerly.

"Master, the young man went from you to Sevenbergen."

Ghysbrecht groaned.

"To the house of Peter the Magician."

CHAPTER VIII.

"LOOK into your own heart and write!" said Herr Cant; and earth's cuckoos echoed the cry. Look into the Rhine where it is deepest, and the Thames where it is thickest, and paint the bottom. Lower a bucket into a well of self-deception, and what comes up must be immortal truth, musn't it? Now, in the first place no son of Adam ever reads his own heart at all, except by the habit acquired and the light gained from some years' perusal of other hearts; and even then, with his acquired sagacity and reflected light, he can but spell and decipher his own heart, not read it fluently. Gerard was so young and green that he needed no philosophering to lead him into shallow water. Half way to Sevenbergen he looked into his own heart, and asked it why he was going to Sevenbergen. His heart replied without a moment's hesitation. We are going out of mere curiosity, to know why she jilted us, and to show her it has not broken our hearts, and that we are quite content with our honours and our benefice in prospect, and don't want her or any of her fickle sex.

He soon found out Peter Brandt's cottage; and there sat a girl in the doorway, plying her needle, and a stalwart figure leaned on a long bow and talked to her. Gerard felt an unaccountable pang at the sight of him. However, the man turned out to be past fifty years of age, an old soldier, whom Gerard remembered to have seen shoot at the butts with admirable force and skill. Another minute and the youth stood before them. Margaret looked up and dropped her work, and uttered a faint cry, and was white and red by turns. But these signs of emotion were swiftly dismissed, and she turned far more chill

and indifferent than she would if she had not betrayed this agitation.

"What! is it you, Master Gerard? What on earth brings you here, I wonder."

"I was passing by and saw you; so I thought I would give you good day, and ask after your father."

"My father is well. He will be here anon."

"Then I may as well stay till he comes."

"As you will. Good Martin, step into the village and tell my father here is a friend of his."

"And not of yours?"

"My father's friends are mine."

"That is doubtful. It was not like a friend to promise to wait for me, and then make off the moment my back was turned. Cruel Margaret! you little know how I searched the town for you—how for want of you nothing was pleasant to me."

"These are idle words; if you had desired my father's company, or mine, you would have come back. There I had a bed laid for you, sir, at my cousin's, and he would have made much of you, and, who knows, I might have made much of you too. I was in the humour that day. You will not catch me in the same mind again, neither you nor any young man, I warrant me."

"Margaret, I came back the moment the countess let me go; but you were not there."

"Nay, you did not, or you had seen Hans Cloterman at our table; we left him to bring you on."

"I saw no one there, but only a drunken man that had just tumbled down."

"At our table? How was he clad?"

"Nay, I took little heed: in sad coloured garb."

At this Margaret's face gradually lighted with a mixture of archness and happiness; then assuming incredulity and severity, she put many shrewd questions, all of which Gerard answered most loyally. Finally, the clouds cleared, and they guessed how the misunderstanding had come about. Then came a revulsion of tenderness, all the more powerful that they had done each other wrong; and then, more dangerous still, came mutual confessions. Neither had been happy since; neither ever would have been happy but for this fortunate meeting.

And Gerard found a MS. Vulgate lying open on the table, and pounced upon it like a hawk. MSS. were his delight; but before he could get to it two white hands quickly came flat upon the page, and a red face confronted him.

"Nay, take away your hands, Margaret, that I may see where you are reading, and I will read there too at home; so shall my soul meet yours in the sacred page. You will not? Nay, then, I must kiss them away." And he kissed them so often, that for very shame they were fain to withdraw, and, lo! the sacred book proved to be open at

An apple of gold in a net-work of silver.

"There, now," said she, "I had been hunting for it ever so long, and found it but even now—and to be caught!" and with a touch of incon-

sistency she pointed it out to Gerard with her white finger.

"Ay," said he, "but to-day it is all hidden in that great cap."

"It is a comely cap, I'm told by some."

"May be: but what it hides is beautiful."

"It is not: it is hideous."

"Well, it was beautiful at Rotterdam."

"Ay, everything was beautiful that day."

And now Peter came in, and welcomed Gerard cordially, and would have him to stay supper. And Margaret disappeared; and Gerard had a nice learned chat with Peter; and Margaret reappeared with her hair in her silver net, and shot a glance half arch half coy, and she glided about them, and spread supper, and beamed bright with gaiety and happiness. And in the cool evening Gerard coaxed her out, and coaxed her on to the road to Tergou, and there they strolled up and down, hand in hand; and when he must go they pledged each other never to quarrel or misunderstand one another again; and they sealed the promise with a long loving kiss, and Gerard went home on wings.

From that day Gerard spent most of his evenings with Margaret, and the attachment deepened and deepened on both sides till the hours they spent together were the hours they lived; the rest they counted and underwent. And at the outset of this deep attachment all went smoothly; obstacles there were, but they seemed distant and small to the eyes of hope, youth, and love. The feelings and passions of so many persons, that this attachment would thwart, gave no warning smoke to show their volcanic nature and power. The course of true love ran smoothly, placidly, until it had drawn these two young hearts into its current for ever, and then—

(To be continued.)

AN OLD CHURCH LIBRARY.

"LANGLEY MARSH! not a very inviting locality I should judge. What could attract you to a marsh, in your longing for country air?"

"It is no marsh. The soil is gravel. Believe Lady Hertford, the invoked by Thomson, the Countess who wrote thus to the Countess of Pomfret, about Richings, not a mile distant from my calumniated village: 'One great addition to the pleasure of living here is the gravelly soil, which after a day of rain, if it holds up for two or three hours, one may walk over without being wet through one's shoes.'"

"Well. Hume says, all Britain was marshy once; and I suppose this marsh has been drained in some rude agricultural fashion of the days before tiles, and instead of quagmires you have only standing pools."

"Hume misquotes his authority when he says *all* Britain was marshy once; and I have little doubt some blundering topographer has misquoted an ancient title-deed, and made libellous English out of the obscure Latin which distinguished this Langley from others of the same family name."

I was piqued at my friend's scepticism about

this district—a district of early cultivation, where grassy lanes, or paths across rich corn fields, lead to quaint farm-houses of many gables, overshadowed by majestic elms shutting the farm in with its snug orchards. A district of abundant population in old times; for bells do knoll to church from many an ivy-mantled tower—from Langley, Upton, Iver, Horton, each within an easy walk of the other. A district which the enthusiastic Countess who dwelt at Richings, describes as coming “nearer to my idea of a scene in Arcadia than any place I ever saw.” A flat Arcadia, certainly; and the modern Arcadians have too remorselessly lopped and trimmed the hedge-row elms near Richings, since the days when Pope and Addison, Gay and Prior, capp'd verses upon the carved bench amongst the trees which Bathurst planted. Nevertheless, though the Arcadia be somewhat damaged, the most ruthless spirit of utility cannot wholly spoil nature; and this district has peculiar features of homely-beauty, which like those of many an unobtrusive human face improve upon acquaintance.

All honour to those industrious men who have piled up our County Histories, folio upon folio. The four massive volumes of the History of Buckinghamshire, by George Lipscomb, may give me what I seek. Behold! Langley Marish, or Maires, is said to have derived its name from Christiana de Mariscis, who held this manor in the reign of Edward I. Is not “Marsh” a misnomer?

A County History, with its tombstone information, affords its own sober enjoyment. It is busy idleness to doze over its records—pleasanter even than the sweet do-nothing. No passion is roused, no prejudice is stirred, when I learn from Lipscomb that in 1626 (2 Car. I.) the king by patent granted the manor of Langley Marish to Sir John Kedermister, and dame Mary his wife; that the manor-house, originally built by Sir John, was pulled down in 1758, and rebuilt by Spencer, Duke of Marlborough; that the family of Kedermister founded the Church of Langley—a parochial chapel subject to Wyardisbury; that Sir John Kedermister erected here an alms-house for six poor persons; that the family monument of the Kedermisters is on the north side of the chancel. Here is a fact more interesting to me than the description of that family monument: “The will of Sir John Kedermister, dated February 22, 1631, contains the following passage—‘And concerning a Library which I have prepared and adjoined to Langley Church aforesaid, for the benefit as well of ministers of the said town and such other in the county of Bucks as resort thereunto, I do appoint that those books which I have already prepared be there duly placed together with so many more as shall amount to the sum of twenty pounds.’”

In 1631, Sir John Kedermister had prepared and adjoined his library to Langley Church. His will provides for additions to the existing books. They were “for public use,” as Lysons interprets the will; but with an express injunction that no book should be ever taken out of the library.

This extract from the Prerogative Court of Canterbury raises my curiosity. What books shall I find in the Library adjoined to Langley Church—a distinct building at the south-west angle? Worthy Sir John Kedermister evidently contemplated some wider diffusion of learning than was provided for in the parochial libraries of the century which succeeded him. The statute of 1708, for the better preservation of such libraries founded by charitable contributions, says, “in many places the provision for the clergy is so mean that the necessary expense of books for the better prosecution of their studies cannot be defrayed by them.” The clauses of the statute show that the parochial library of the beginning of the eighteenth century is for the exclusive use of the minister or ministers of the parish—the incumbent and his curate. The Act is not very confiding; for its express object is to compel such regulations as shall “preserve the books from embezzlement.” Disappointing will be the search of the bibliomaniac who may expect to find treasures in the relics of such parochial libraries. They are generally contained in a worm-eaten chest of the vestry. You plunge into dust and mildew when the sexton lifts up the lid, painfully—for the hinges are broken; and there sleep some fifty volumes of controversial lumber, that indicate pretty clearly whether the parson and his charitable friends of the reign of Anne were of High-church or Low—were believers in Divine Right or in the Act of Settlement.

A venerable church is this of Langley—with restorations in good taste. Beautiful, as well as spacious, is its churchyard. The low-roofed parsonage—a primitive cottage, such as George Herbert would have rejoiced in—is on the west. The south and the north are enclosed by the solid brick alms-houses of Sir John Kedermister, and by another alms-building of a later foundation, but equally massive. The churchyard itself is a very “garden of roses.” The cluster-rose and the China-rose climb over the railings of the well-preserved tombs. The one yew, of six or eight centuries' growth, is decaying amidst scores of rose-trees, the grafts of the last six or eight autumns. The wearied labourer, and the giddy schoolboy, pass reverently by these rose-trees, and touch not a flower; for some they recognise as tokens of love, and every tree that sheds its rich June blossoms over the grassy mounds soothingly whispers “all must die.”

But the Library. In the southern alms-houses I find its guardian—one of the six poor persons who there dwell, and have each a weekly half-crown, through the bounty of the Library's founder. There is no difficulty in obtaining admission. The neat and good-humoured dame unlocks a door in the southern transept, which the records call “a particular aisle dedicated to the family of Kedermister.” I step into the family pew of the lords of the manor of Langley, which is also the entrance to the Library. A curious structure is this elevated pew—shut off from the body of the church by a screen of carved lattice-work. Brief Latin sentences of scriptural admonition encompass the frames of the latticed door and windows; and fill every other vacant space

where a text from the Psalms or the Gospels can be inscribed. The Great Eye that looks upon all in heaven or earth is here attempted to be represented, wherever the humbled eye of the worshipper is turned. On the pupil of that eye we read "Deus videt." At the east end of the seat are the coats of arms of the manorial lords from 1540—three generations of Kedermister; Henry Seymour; Spencer, Duke of Marlborough; Robert Bateson Harvey. The Kedermister monument in the church indicates a prolific race at one period. Under the kneeling figures of one lord and lady of the manor, nine small sons and daughters kneel. Under the corresponding figures of the other half of the tomb, is another pair of parents, with their miniature progeny also beneath them. But the race dies out. Other lords and ladies sit in that quaint pew—antique memorial of the perished dignity of a great family, thus raised above their humble tenants, even in their approach to that Throne where there is no gentleman-usher to settle questions of precedence. The yeoman, and the yeoman's wife, saw the velvet and lace gleaming through the screen, but might not see whether sleep or devotion prevailed in that grand mysterious seclusion. Be that as it may, their good works survive them, and "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

I pass through this wondrous family pew, and find myself in a tolerably spacious room, of a very singular character. This is the Library "prepared and adjoined to Langley Church." Five presses, enclosed with panelled doors, line this room. The doors are painted, outside and inside, in various styles of ornamentation—escutcheons, trophies, small figures of apostles and prophets. The figures—in which we recognise the traditional forms which some of the great masters have handed down from the middle ages—are rather coarsely painted; but they are dashed in with a freedom that might not be unworthy of the hand of some minor Flemish or Italian artist, who came to England, as Tempesta came, to paint landscapes and groups upon the wainscoting of great houses. It was a fashion of the day of Charles I. The effect of the coloured panels of this library is not out of character with the purpose of the room. The Great Eye here, also, looks down to help and to admonish. Behind the ornamented doors, stand, in their proper numerical order, long files of folios, ranged shelf over shelf—well-preserved, clean. Crabbe has described the externals of such a collection:—

That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid;
Those ample clasps, of solid metal made;
The close-press'd leaves, unclosed for many an age;
The dull red edging of the well-fill'd page.

It is a brilliant morning, this last of June. I am alone in this antique library. I gaze upon the great shield of arms over the chimney, in a frame adorned with paintings of the four cardinal virtues—Prudentia, Justitia, Temperantia, Fortitudo. I read the catalogue of the books, written on vellum, which hangs on the wall:—"Catalogus Librorum Omnium in hac Bibliotheca—April, 1638." What curious volume shall I take down from its seldom-disturbed resting-place? Not one

of the Greek or Latin classics is here; there is only one secular English writer. It is essentially a library for divinity scholars. Here is a large part of the armoury of the great controversialists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—plain names in this catalogue, without any saintly prefix even to the greatest of the Fathers of the Church. Here I find Ambrose, Anselm, Aquinas, Athanasius, Augustin, Basil, Bede, Bellarmin, Bernard, Bonaventura, Calvin, Chrysostom, Clement of Alexandria, Cyprian, Epiphanius, Erasmus, Eusebius, Gregory, Hilary, Irenæus, Jerome, Lactantius, Luther, Origen, Philo-Judæus, Tertullian. Very few Anglican divines—Andrewes, Gervase Babington, Willets, Williams. A book or two of medicine; and, more valuable than folios before the days of Harvey or Sydenham, the "Pharmacopolium" of Langley Manor House, inscribed with the honoured names of John and Mary Kedermister, 1630; the Family Receipt Book, the written wisdom of choice directions for the kitchen and the still-room; the kitchen on which the lady of the manor-house looked down from her private closet upon the hind turning the sirloin before the mighty wood-fire; the still-room, whither she retired with her favoured housekeeper to superintend the preparation of more potent remedies for fever and ague than many of the subtler combinations of the modern Pharmacopœia. I could not find on the shelves this bequest to posterity. Perhaps posterity did not appreciate it, and it is removed from profane eyes. Did the contemporaries of Sir John Kedermister appreciate his truly noble endowment for the cultivation of ecclesiastical learning? The vicar, perhaps; some of the clergy of the adjoining villages, perhaps. (Eton had its own library in this time of the provostship of Sir Henry Wotton.) Were there many "other in the County of Bucks" that did "resort thereunto?" Out of the green valleys of the Thames did many ride to Langley to read and muse? Did reverend travellers come here from the distant beech-clad Chilterns to find the rare book that would give them matter for some of the disputatious treatises with which that age was flooded?—to borrow eloquent sentences from Chrysostom, or subtle arguments from Aquinas? Were the saddle-bags often taken off the wearied nag, and did parson and horse rest for a night or two at the ancient hostelry of the Red Lion, on the west of the churchyard—the divine hoping that he might, peradventure, be asked to dine at the steward's table in the great manor-house?

What a delicious place for study! The solemn yew shuts out the glare of the noonday sun from these quarried windows. A place for study—and for reverie. I take down, in a dreamy mood, the four folio volumes of "Purchas, his Pilgrimes." I turn over the pages that used to delight my boyhood—those marvellous explorations by land and sea which this laborious old compiler got together with so much taste and judgment. I look at his pilgrimages in India. I light upon the high turrets of Agra, "overlaid with pure massie gold." In the chapter upon "the Magnificence of the Great Mogoll," I see the gorgeous despot, covered with "huge gems"—diamonds,

emeralds, pearls, rubies. I see fifty elephants, with turrets of gold, bearing ladies looking through "grates of gold wire," canopies over them of "cloth of silver." Jehanghir is giving audience. I half unconsciously repeat:—

High on a throne of royal state which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

I turn to "The Holy Land Described"—Jerusalem, Emaus, Bethlehem, Sinai . . . Let me think. Can He have conversed with these suggestive Pilgrimes in this solitary room? He, who old and blind, ceased not "to wander where the Muses haunt,"

but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet and warbling flow.

And why not? He who wrote *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*, *Comus*, *Arcades*, wrote them in his father's house at Horton, within little more than two miles from this spot. From 1632, after Sir John Kederminster founded this library, to 1638, when that broad vellum catalogue was hung upon these walls, John Milton could walk over here through pleasant fields, and pass sweet solitary hours in this room.

I came again to this ancient library, having looked meanwhile at Milton and his biographers.* I came with a new feeling. The local associations connected with his seven years at Horton were familiar to me in my own youthful time. This passing fancy renews them—all with memories of happy hours when I strolled upon the banks of the Colne,—his

daily walks and ancient neighbourhood.

I sit upon one of the high-backed carved chairs of the days of James I. Why should not the fair-haired young man have sat in this high-backed carved chair, when, having left Cambridge, he came, as he records, to dwell "at my father's country residence, whither he had retired to pass his old age?" In that house," he continues, "I, with every advantage of leisure, spent a complete holiday in turning over the Greek and Latin authors." He sometimes exchanged the country for the town, either for the purpose of buying books, or for that of learning something new in mathematics or music. He was irresolute during the earlier portion of his sojourn with his father at Horton, as to the especial dedication of the intellectual power of which he was conscious. He had not altogether matured his resolution not to become a minister of the Church. He might still pursue the study of the old theologians as a preparation for future duties; we know how accurately he must have studied them for controversial purposes. In the days before he had made up his mind that "he who would take orders must subscribe slave," a friend at Cambridge had admonished him that the hours of the night pass on, and that the day with him is at hand, "wherein Christ commands all to labour while there is light." To that friend he sends the "Petrarchian stanza," the autobiogra-

phical sonnet, "On his being arrived at the age of twenty-three." One might be almost tempted to indulge the fancy that, musing in this Langley library amongst these three hundred folios—not altogether dreading the fate of him that "hid the talent," but yet having compunctious fears that his "late spring no bud or blossom show'th,"—he might see the emblem upon the wall beneficently regarding him who prayed for grace to use his lot—

As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

To such a mind, even when not forming itself for the sacred calling, but "pluming its wings and meditating flight;" seeking for "the idea of the beautiful, through all the forms and faces of things;" there would be attractions in some of these venerable teachers which would amply repay young Milton for a morning walk from his own Colne to the upland hamlets. He knew each lane and every alley green—each dingle or bushy dell—every boaky bower. The ploughman whistles, the milk-maid sings, the mower whets his scythe. He crosses meadows trim with daisies pied; he looks upon the towers and battlements of Windsor, bosomed high in tufted trees. The cottage-chimney smokes, the tann'd haycock in the mead waits for the unloaded wain. He is at length seated in the quiet room adjoined to Langley Church; he is seated, as he describes his old tutor, Thomas Young—

Turning page by page, with studious look,
Some bulky father, or God's holy book.*

The sun is westering. The book at length is closed, for the dim religious light is growing more dim. He has been dwelling with the cherub contemplation, and has forgotten time. He moves homeward through arched walks of twilight groves. Cynthia is rising gently o'er th' accustom'd oak. He lingers the woods among, to listen if Philomel will deign a song. He rests on a plot of rising ground to hear the far-off curfew. Father and mother welcome the pale student—the father, to whom he poured out his gratitude for this home. Thou

led'st me far away
From city din to deep retreats, to banks
And streams Aonian, and with free consent
Did'st place me happy at Apollo's side.

The paternal home in the village of Horton is gone. Its very site is doubtful. Forty years ago I believed in an apple-tree which grew, or rather decayed, in the traditional garden of Milton. Nothing distinctive is left of him or of his family but the blue stone in the chancel of the church which covers the remains of "Sara Milton, the wife of John Milton, who died the 3rd of April, 1637." The young man who mourned for his mother did not long remain at Horton after her death. Early in 1638 he went abroad. The aspect of the fields on which we may track his footsteps has greatly changed. The smart villa here and there has taken the place of the yeoman's homestead; but still the sweet-brier or the

* The elaborate and elegant "Life of John Milton," by David Masson, supersedes, as far as it has gone, all previous biographies. The volume already published reaches to 1639.

* Forſitan aut veterum prelaræ volumina patrum
Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Del.
ELEG. IV. (The translation is Cowper's.)

vine at the cottage window bid good morrow. The Colne still flows through willow banks. Still, but somewhat rarely now,

Young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.

Such a holiday was anticipated by the side of the Colne, on Queen Victoria's coronation day of 1859. There was a holiday, but no sunshine. On that day the new Public Rooms of Colnbrook were to be first opened—of Colnbrook no longer hated by outside passengers on fast coaches for its rough pavement, but now a quiet village street. The rain poured down. The jocund rebecks were mute. There was no dancing in the chequered shade. But there were speeches in the new building from men of rank and zealous clergymen, who came there to aid the desire of the tradesmen and farmers and mechanics of this district to have a place of intellectual resort—a news-room, a lecture-room, a concert-room, a library. That library has no broad foundation of ancient learning like its neighbour of Langley. A hundred or two of cheap volumes well-thumbed, sent about from subscriber to subscriber—no magnificent folios, never to be taken out of the room provided for them. But the inerudite readers of this humbler institution have fountains of knowledge which were not unlocked even for the young scholar of Horton, who wrote to Diodati, in 1637, "Where I am now, as you know, I live obscurely, and in a cramped manner." Great questions were stirring the heart of England. The indications of vast social changes were agitating all thoughtful men. "I want," he said, "a more suitable habitation among some companions." He pined for the talk of London—for its news. He wanted to learn there something more than mathematics or music—something that belonged to that exciting time of conflicting opinions. Hampden had refused to pay ship-money, and the great case was to be solemnly argued before the judges. The Star-Chamber had cut off Prynne's ears. Scotland had declared against episcopacy. What a time for a young man, burning with enthusiasm about the rights which a high-spirited nation claimed as its inheritance—what a time for him to learn nothing of the outer world, but from the meagre "Weeklie Newes" of Nathaniel Butter, which every now and then the Licenser suppressed! The subscribers to the Public Rooms of Colnbrook can watch every pulsation of the great heart of English life, day by day, almost hour by hour. The wondrous agency of the newspaper has made us a nation "apt to learn;" and when the newspaper satisfies the daily curiosity, emulation is roused even in the imperfectly educated, to search in books for knowledge of which the newspaper opens the long vista in the hitherto dense woods. But upon such old foundations as that of Sir John Kederminster's library, has whatever is noble and enduring in letters been raised. Let us never forget when we look upon ancient learning thus entombed—with whatever departments of human knowledge such volumes deal—that "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are: nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the

purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."* CHARLES KNIGHT.

CANDLE MAKING.

It must be a very young man who does not remember that most noisome invention—the mould candle, accompanied by its still more noisome companion—a pair of snuffers; and yet how should we stare, if on the table of the most modest household they should again appear. Indeed, they seem as much a thing of another age as the flaring flambeau and its rude extinguisher, which may yet be seen suspended from the scrolled iron-work about the doors of old family mansions. This light of other days sprang directly out of the domestic grease-pot: its manufacture was a rude, not to say disgusting handicraft, and if anyone had been bold enough to say that one day a new light would arise, that would materially affect the destinies of a whole people, Bedlam would have been thought his proper destination. Yet this seeming dream of delirium has come to pass; and the production by negro free labour of palm oil, now so largely used in the manufacture of soap and candles, has greatly assisted in giving a check to the slave trade.

Noticing the other day the extraordinary piles of casks incumbering the wharf of Messrs. Price and Co.'s Patent Candle Company at Battersea, we could not help looking upon them as so many dumb missionaries ever circulating between England and the Gold Coast of Africa, spreading civilisation and religion over the latter hitherto benighted region. And the introduction of a new commodity for the supply of a common want, has again re-acted favourably on the labour of the particular trade to which it refers. Instead of the chandler's shop, where the simple process of melting refuse animal fat alone engaged the intelligence of the workmen, we saw in this establishment a vast laboratory, and in place of mere mechanics directing the works, a practised chemist availing himself of the last word of science and the best products of mechanical skill. Instead of the grease-pot or the beeswax cake comprising the whole repertory of the trade, the museum of the establishment sets before our eyes the products of a hundred climes, which may be ranked among the raw materials of the manufacture.

The animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds are laid under contribution for the same end. The Shea Butter—butter of Abyssinia—a vegetable product first mentioned by Bruce; petroleum of Ava, a mineral; the beautiful insect wax of China; the cotton pod, which yields the last new light of America; the hundred-and-one nuts of tropical climes; and even the fat of the tiger, may here be seen, proving that the efficient production of even so insignificant a thing as a candle necessitates a knowledge of a large range of sciences, and includes within its grasp not only the contents of the grease-pot, but the analogous products of the whole world. The process of manufacturing candles, as carried on at the works of Price's Patent Candle Company, which we propose briefly to describe, is one of the most

* *Areopagitica.*

interesting sights in London. The two establishments are known as Belmont, at Vauxhall, and Sherwood, at Battersea, and the huge corrugated iron roofs of each are doubtless well known to the reader who is in the habit of passing frequently up the river. The manufactory at Sherwood is by far the largest; indeed, at Belmont little more than the production of night-lights and the packing of the manufactured goods is proceeded with. At Sherwood the works cover twelve acres of ground, six of which are under cover; and to this establishment we wish to carry our reader. The raw materials principally used in this manufactory are palm oil, cocoa-nut oil, and petroleum; the first, however, is used in by far the largest quantities, and to its preparation for the manufacture of candles we shall first draw attention. Palm oil, as imported, is of a deep orange colour, of the consistency of butter at midsummer; hence it will not flow out of the cask like the more fluent oils; and to assist this costive tendency—the first care of the manufacturer—the following plan is pursued: the casks of oil, as they arrive from the docks, are transferred to a large shed, the floor of which is traversed from end to end with an opening about a foot wide, which is in communication with an underground tank. Over this opening the bung-hole of each successive cask is brought, and the persuasive action of a jet of steam thrown into the mass speedily liquefies and transfers it to the underground tank. Herefrom the oil is pumped by steam power to what may be called the high service of the establishment, gravitation being sufficient to make it carry itself to the distilling-rooms. Palm oil and all animal oils are made up of three elements—a very hard body, called stearic acid, a liquid termed oleic acid, and a white syrupy body, which acts as a base to the other two. Now these three companions agree admirably in nature, but the moment art attempts to convert them to her own purposes in the formation of candles, a little difficulty arises—the glycerine turns out to be the slow man of the party; like many good men and true, its illuminating power is found to be greatly deficient to that of the company it is in, and hence its ejection is voted by the scientific candle maker. Not long since this was performed by the process termed lime saponification. By this method cream of lime was intimately mixed with the fatty matter to be acted upon, and the principle of chemical affinities coming into play, the different ingredients, like the dancers in a certain coquettish waltz, forsook each other for new comers: thus the stearic and the oleic acids waltzed off with the lime, leaving the glycerine by itself, dissolved in tears—the resultant water. No sooner, however, was this arrangement completed, than it was broken up by the introduction of strong sulphuric acid, which in its turn waltzed away with the lime, leaving the fat acids free. This was an expensive process, however, inasmuch as, independently of the cost of the lime and sulphuric acid, the stearic acid obtained was comparatively small in quantity, and the whole of the glycerine was wasted. The next step in the process is known as the sulphuric acid saponi-

fication, the fat acids being exposed to sulphuric acid at a temperature of 350° Fahr. By this process the glycerine is decomposed, the fats are changed into a dark, hard, pitchy mass, the result of the charring of the glycerine and colouring matters—its final purification being effected in a still, from which the air is excluded by the pressure of super-heated steam. In 1854, this process was brought to its present perfect state by passing this super-heated steam directly into the neutral fat, by which means it was resolved into glycerine and fat acids, the glycerine distilling over in company but no longer combined with them. This was an immense step gained, inasmuch as the glycerine thus for the first time obtained pure, and in large quantities, was raised from being a mere refuse product which the candle-maker made every effort to destroy, into a most important body of great use in medicine and the arts; indeed, like gutta-percha, or vulcanised India-rubber, it is no doubt destined to play a great part in the affairs of the world, and is far more valuable than its companion bodies the stearic and oleic acids. In the chemical laboratory little episodes of this kind are continually occurring,—the rejected, despised, and unknown refuse, being often led forth at last as the Cinderella of science. We may here mention that it is the presence of this very glycerine in the old mould candle, and in the still existing “dip,” which produces the insufferable smell of the candle-snuff. A candle when blown out, exposes the smouldering wick to the action of the atmosphere, and the glycerine distils away in the smoke. Yet here we see as much as six tons distilling at one time in one room without the slightest smell, in consequence of the process taking place in a vacuum. Imagine, good reader, what would be your sensations sniffing at six tons of the concentrated essence of candle-snuff!

The two acids, the hard stearic and the fluent oleic, have still to be separated, as it is only the former which is, from its high melting point, calculated to form the true candle material. The cooled fats, forming a thick lard-like substance, having been cut in appropriate slices by means of a revolving cutter, are then by an ingenious labour-saving apparatus spread upon the surfaces of cocoa-nut mats, which are taken away in trucks to the press-room. As these pass in huge piles before you, the imagination may picture a tea-party of Broddingnagians, and these are the countless rounds of brown bread and butter provided for the occasion. In the press-room these piles are subjected to hydraulic pressure, which slowly squeezes out the oleic acid, leaving the stearic acid behind, in the form of thin, hard, white cakes. These are remelted in a huge apartment filled with deep wooden vats, appropriate cups for the monstrous bread and butter before mentioned. The arrangement by which the melting process is carried on is novel in the extreme. Into each vat a long coil of pipe depends, which admits into the fatty mass a hissing tongue of steam, which quickly liquefies it. The use of metal boilers is precluded by the fact that, on account of the acid oil to be acted upon, silver, as in the manufacture of pickles, would be the cheapest that could be employed.

The stearic oil, or candle-making material, of the cocoa-nut is extracted simply by pressure, no distillation or acidification being required. The well-known "Composite candles" of this form are made from a combination of this oil at low melting point and the hard stearic acid of the palm oil, their relative proportions varying according to the varying condition of the price of each in the market. We have yet to speak of the production of candle material from the novel substance Petroleum, a natural product of the kingdom of Burmah, where it wells up from the ground, like naphtha, to which it bears a very striking resemblance. It is a mineral substance composed of a number of hydro-carbons, varying in specific gravity and boiling points. The preparation of this dark orange-coloured liquid is conducted simply by distillation: a number of very different products coming over at different temperatures, ranging from 160° to 620° Fahrenheit. The first product to distil is the extraordinary liquid termed sherwoodole, a detergent very similar to benzine collas, the well-known glove cleaner, removing greasestains like that liquid, but without leaving any smell behind. A very beautiful lamp-oil, termed Belmontine oil, is the next product. This oil burns with a brilliant light, and, as it contains no acidifying principle, it never corrodes like other oils the metal work of the lamps. The two next products are light and heavy lubricating oils, used for lubricating spindles at a much cheaper rate than the ordinary oils now in use. The last product to distil is termed Belmontine, a new solid substance of a most beautiful translucent white, somewhat resembling spermaceti, and forming a candle of a most elegant appearance, very similar to the paraffine lately distilled from Irish peat. In addition to the candle-making materials already mentioned, there are numerous others, which are worked when they can be procured cheaply.

The candle-making material being now fit for moulding, let us introduce the reader to this department of the manufactory. A room, 127 by 104 feet, is fitted up throughout its entire extent with parallel benches, running from one end of the department to the other. In these benches, ranged close together in a perpendicular direction, are the candle moulds. How many thousands of these may be counted we scarcely like to say; but, viewed from above, their open mouths must present the appearance of a vast honeycomb, commensurate with the size of the room itself. Along the top of each bench, 104 feet in length, there runs a railway, and working on this railway is what may be termed a candle-locomotive—a large car running on wheels, containing hot candle material. The wicks having been adjusted truly in the long axis of the mould, the locomotive now advances, and deposits in each line of moulds exactly enough material to fill them, proceeding regularly from one end of the bench to the other, setting down at different stations its complement of passengers. After a sufficient time has elapsed to allow them to cool, preparations are made to withdraw them from their moulds. This is done in the most ingenious manner: in an apartment close at hand an iron boiler of great thickness is filled with highly compressed air, by means of a

pump worked by a steam-engine; pipes from this powerful motive communicate with every distinct candle-mould, and convey to it a pressure of air equal to 45 lbs. to the square inch, about the surface of the diameter of a candle. These candle-moulds and the air-pump constitute an immense air-gun, containing thousands of barrels, each barrel loaded with a candle. The turning of a cock by boys in attendance lets off these guns, and ejects the candles with a slight hissing noise. This fusillade is going on all over the room throughout the entire day, and in the course of that time no less than 188,160 candle projectiles, weighing upwards of fourteen tons, have been shot forth. The intelligence and care with which the attendant boys catch these fatty missiles, is accounted for by the fact that Price's Patent Candle Company rectify their labour as well as their raw material; the excellent schools established by the Managing Directors, Messrs. Wilson, enabling them to select the most careful lads for those departments requiring particular attention.

The visitor should notice particularly the wicks of these candles, as upon their method of preparation the abolition of the snuffers, that grand reform in the matter of domestic light, depends. These wicks, in the first place, are made very fine, the high illuminating power of the stearic acid enabling a fine wick to give far more light than the coarse wick of the common "dip." Again, the particular twist given to the wick when it is plaited, and the wire with which it is bound, causes it to project from the flame when burning. Palmer's candle-wicks, it will be remarked, are twisted upon each other, the relaxation of the twist as it burns answering the same end—the projection of the burning cotton through the flame and into the air, which immediately oxidises it, or causes it to crumble away, thus obviating the necessity of snuffing. Here we see an extraordinary example of the manner in which a very simple improvement will sometimes interfere with a very large trade,—the simple plaiting of a wick doing away with one of the most extensive branches of hardware in Birmingham and Sheffield.

The candles are sent forth into the market in pound packets, packed in highly ornamental boxes. The manufacture of these boxes is not the least interesting part of the manufactory. In consequence of the duty on paper, it was necessary to look about for some cheap substitute, and deal was finally adopted. A plank, one foot wide by four long, is planed into no less than 140 shavings of that size: these are pasted on one side with a very thin straw paper, so as to form the hinges for the sides. They are cut out by a machine to the required sizes, and rapidly made up afterwards by hand, the cost being truly insignificant. For the manufacture of the night-light cases, the shavings are rolled into a cylinder, pasted, and then cut off to the required lengths in a hand-lathe.

Thus much for the material lights of Price's Patent Candle Company. A subject of still greater interest, perhaps, would be the lights they are cherishing in the shape of the admirable training schools attached to this factory, to which we shall probably refer in another article.

DR. WYNTER.

THE VALLEY OF THE INNOCENTS.



ments were worse. The rain poured in torrents—enough, as I heard Darby, the mail-driver, soliloquise outside, “to pelt holes in the hide of a runosceros!” The tempest raged in fury, an inky darkness pervaded, and I had the prospect of an eight hours’ drive before me into the heart of the kingdom of Kerry.

There was nothing else for it; so, with the resolution of despair, I sprang from my turf smoke-perfumed couch, nearly upsetting Thade as he rushed into my room.

“Och! murther, yer honor! I’m ruined intirely. I overslep mysel, and there’s that villin Darby has come too airily, a purpose—”

“Just give Darby my compliments, and ask him would not a drop of hot water, with the insects in it scalded with a drop of whiskey, make him weather-proof this morning?”

“Begar, jest the thing to keep the old baste from growlin his liver out, yer honor!” was the delighted answer of the shock-headed little waiter of the principal house of entertainment for man and beast in the good town of Tralee.

I peeped through the window, and could just discern the outline of the vehicle upon which I was about to undergo an amount of bodily suffering which none but those who have travelled on an Irish mail-car can at all appreciate. Perched upon the apex of a rectangularly-shaped box, appeared a bulky mass of shiny wet oilskin garments: naught of the “human form divine” could be seen save a red button of a nose, and about an inch of brickdust-coloured cheek, revealed by the occasional flashings from the bowl of a “dudheen;” with a thing called a hat set well forward to meet the driving rain, and the car drawn close to the door, so that he could reach it with the butt of his whip—there sat Darby Dillon, one of the rarest specimens of an Irish driver it ever fell to my lot to encounter.

After fortifying the inner man, and disposing of Thade and his fee, which he acknowledged with a “God bless yer honor—ids yerself I always found to be a raale ossifer; and sure ye

USHA! bad cess to you, Darby Dillon! Och, wirra! wirra! is id goin to brake the doore in ye are wid hammerin? By the blessed light one id think ye had a goat’s horn on every knuckle! Ha—ha—ha! yer at it agin, ye dirty baste! Ugh! I suppose I must let you in.”

Knock, knock—rattle, rattle.

“Hurry, hurry wid ye, Thade alanna!—hurry, I say. Tell the gintleman in the big beard that I’m off, but’ll wait a start for him if he’s purty lively.”

Post-horn: turroo - turroo - turroo-too! ad lib.

Thus was I awoke out of a most delightful slumber, during which I had pleasantly travelled through all the pleasant paths of dreamland. A rude awakening it was, but its accompani-

never lave us bud I’m wishin ye back agin!” which certainly puzzled me, as I had never set eyes upon him before, and mentally hoped I never might again; I proceeded to mount, and we rattled out of the town, getting an occasional “thug” from a rut or a stone about the size of a thirty-two pound shot, occasioning a shock which sent a throe of agony through the fag-ends of one’s teeth, when Darby opened fire.

“Does yer honor iver take a blast of the pipe?” he inquired, with a patronising bend of his bullet-shaped cranium.

“Often, Darby, mabouchal!” said I; for there is nothing will open an Irishman’s heart like entering into his ways at once.

“Here ye are thin, alanna!” returned he. “Niver be afraid uv id; ids good for the lungs, bewtiful to privint ketching a cowl, and whin yer inclined in the way of meditation, bedad ids quare what castles ye can build up out uv the smoke uv a dudheen.”

Accepting Darby’s philosophy, I was speedily occupied in dispersing volumes from the generous weed; during which we overtook a tall, shambling-gaited individual, clothed in black, a cross between a distressed tradesman and an unfrocked parson.

“D’ye see that chap?” inquired Darby.

“Yes; what of him?”

“Well now, if that was a daycint fellow, I’d give him a lift this blake mornin,—but—Morrow—morrow, kindly!” he exclaimed to the individual in question, “but as I was sayin, yer honor, he’s one uv them anaking Soupers!”

“What the plague is that, Darby?” I inquired, for he might just as well have catechised me in pagan nomenclature.

“Ye see how it is, yer honor, that ther’s some people in this world when ther well off don’t know it, and can’t keep themselves to thimselves, and lave ther neighbours to make ther pace wid heaven ather ther own notions; but begor if they find out that you dig wid the left foot, they’ll want to make ye dig wid the right, and so the

world goes round; and they sind craytures like that down here to put contintion among the people; they call it enlight'nin uz. Sure we have light consciences, and light stomachs, glory be to God! an if that's not lightnin enough, I don't know what is!"

I now perceived Darby's drift.

"O, they want to convert you, Darby, do they?"

"Ye have it now, yer honor. Musha, don't let the pipe out!—Well, as I was tellin yer honor, one of thim chaps tuck a purty joke out of me a while ago. He was a sort uv an inspecthur,—a fat jolly chap enough too, an plinty of fun in his way; and bedad ids myself thinks id was more the money he was makin than the marvels he was workin, that tuck up the most of his time!"

"What did he do to you, Darby?" I inquired, fearing his garrulity would lead him to be discursive.

"Why thin I'll tell you. I stopped at Corny Callaghan's up here above, one mornin, to lave him a bag of male; but while I was lightin the pipe, down comes my gentleman throttin along the Boreen as brisk as a two-year-ould.—'Have ye an empty sate on the car?' says he.—'Id wouldn't take a blind man to tell that,' says I, 'seein there's none of thim full.'—'Bedad yer a pleasant fellow, anyhow,' says he, jumpin on the car. 'What's yer name, my man?' says he, as I druv on.—'Darby Dillon, at yer sarvice,' says I, lookin at him hard, yer honor, this way:" and Darby screwed his little grey ferret-eyes into a look that he meant to pierce like gimlets.—"Yer a nimer," says he, 'of that erroneus religion that sheds ids baleful influence over this benighted land!'—'Bedad,' says I, 'I don't know what that manes, at all at all; but id ids what persuasion I am,' says I, *day*termined to let him see I wasn't as ignorant as he was, 'I'm an humble follower of that pagan Prince the Pope of Roome,' says I, 'and at yer sarvice!' Well, my jewel, wid that ye think the blackguard id dthrop off the car wid the laughin. 'Manners is a purty thing,' says I, in a huff, ye undherstand, yer honor, for a chap doesn't like to be laughed at by thim kind of cattle.—'Pon my honor, Darby,' says he, 'I beg yer pardon!'—'Och, thin,' says I, 'if ids comin boghthrottin down here ye are, ye'd better lave yer honor behind ye!' angered like, ye know, to hear a spalpeen like that takin' the word out uv a gentleman's mouth.—'Well, Darby,' says he, 'and do you attind yer devotions?'—'As often as Her Majesty lets me,' says I; 'but she has such a constant demand for my sarvices, that whin I do get a male of prayers I make a good one!'—'And do you understand what the priest says whin he's prayin for you?' says he.—'No,' says I, 'why should I? Ids not for the likes of uz,' says I, 'to be too pryin!'—'An what good does it do you,' says he, 'if ye don't understand it?'—'It's mighty edifyin,' says I, 'an comfortin too, that fine ould Roman language!'—Well, bedad, I shut him up complately, an he hadn't another word to say for a long time. By'm bye, anyhow, he got over it, and, as we'd meet a flock of geese, he'd begin to

cackle, 'Gobble, gobble, gobble! Cackle, cackle!' until, upon my conscience, the ould gandhers thimselves didn't know whether they wer on ther heads or ther tails. Thin, if we met an ould puckawn goat, he'd begin to 'Ma-a-a-h-a!' till ye'd think he'd crack his jaws. And as to cows and calves and jackasses, bedad he had thim all dancin quodreels along the road. Thinks I to myself, says I, bedad this is a lunytic, and I got into a fair thrimble uv fright: all uv a sudden he jumps up and ketches me by the arm: 'Darby!' says he, wid a shout.—'Y-y-e-s, sir,' says I, making ready to lep off the car and run for my life.—'D'ye undherstand what I'm sayin to the geese and the goats?' says he.—'Divil resave the word!' says I.—'Aren't ye edified?' says he.—'I am,' says I, thinkin to humour his madness, ye know.—'Aren't ye comfortable?' says he.—'N—Yes,' says I, ketchin myself before I vexed him.—'Well, whisper,' says he.—Now I'm in for it, says I; he'll bite the ear off me anyhow: bud sure may be he'd knock my brains out if I don't; so I stooped down to him, yer honor, and he says: 'Sure ye won't tell any one,' says he.—'Divil a word,' says I.—'Pon yer honor?' says he.—'Pon my honor!' says I.—'Well,' says he, 'that's as good to you as the priest's Latin.'"

Enjoying a hearty laugh with the good-humoured Darby, we rolled ourselves up afresh, for the storm came on more pitilessly than ever. We had by this time arrived in a very wild and bleak mountain district, and occasionally we caught glimpses of the Atlantic lashing the iron-bound coast with impotent fury. Wilder and wilder whistled the blast through the narrow defile through which we endeavoured to urge the panting steed; the sheets of driving rain were whirled into mist and fog, enough to obscure the daylight; when suddenly, as we emerged from the rocky pass, there was a lull in the gale, the rain suddenly ceased, the sun shone forth in meridian splendour, and I beheld a scene which has left an impression on my mind never to be effaced: we had entered a narrow valley, surrounded with bleak and barren mountains, adown whose sides leaped foaming torrents; nor verdure, leaf, nor tree gave relief to the eye on three sides of our point of view, but on our right such a romantic little picture enchained the eye, that I jumped from the car and stood for a lengthened period lost in astonished admiration. The road wound in the form of a large horseshoe, on the inside of which ran a clear and beautiful river, unstained by mountain torrent or aught else that was impure; its bed of snow-white pebbles strongly contrasting with the rich emerald-hued verdure of a mound of considerable extent, whose base it washed with a playful ripple, as if to injure such a lovely spot would be a mortal crime against nature. The mountain rose gently from the back of this mound, and there laurestina, arbutus, and evergreens of various kinds luxuriated in wild profusion. Row over row, and tier over tier, this miniature mountain forest arose like the seats of an amphitheatre; the wild rose and sweet-briar gave forth their richest perfume; and the primrose, blue bell, and wood violet flourished in lavish wildness. But the mound, this emerald mound, if ever there

was a peaceful-looking spot on the face of God's creation there it lay: it was studded all over with tiny tombstones and little wooden crosses; so curiously formed, so quaintly fashioned, so cunningly worked, and so carefully preserved—flowers of rare and splendid hue loaded the air with the sweet scents of spring; garlands woven with jealous care hung suspended here and there, whilst gently raised little ridges encased in their moss-clad bosoms all that on earth remained of those whose gentle spirits knew no guile; whose souls knew no sin; who had bloomed and passed away from earth to heaven; whose little voices were hushed by whispering angels; whose sojourn knew not of sorrow or of suffering! Such a holy quiet reigned around, that involuntarily I removed my cap, and as I cast a furtive look at Darby I perceived that poor fellow, rough as he was in exterior, he had a Christian heart, for a tear moistened his cheek as he offered up an Irish peasant's heartfelt prayer for the souls of the dead. To add appropriate interest to the sweet solemnity of the picture, kneeling amongst the tiny tombstones, clad in the picturesque garb of the country, sky-blue coats, and the females with the distinguishing scarlet cloak, were many a poor fond father and mother, who had toiled wearily and from afar to deck with flowers and smooth the mossy canopy that covered all that was dear to them, and to commune in spirit with their lost first-born.

We stood before the "Graves of the Innocents."

As we turned reluctantly to pursue our journey, I inquired from Darby, was there any legend or story connected with this sweet and peaceful resting place? Regarding me with an indescribable look—half serious, half comic—he burst forth:—

"Why, thin, musha, yer honor it's joking me ye are now. Don't you know there's not a mountain, valley, or river, nor a rath, nor a boreen, lake, watherfall, or landmark of our bewtiful green island that hasn't its own wild story? Haven't we White Ladies and Black Ladies, and Phookas, Banshees, and Chirichauns, and Leprichauns as plenty as thorns in a whin bush. Story, indeed—ay, an a bitther one."

"Well, then, Darby," said I, producing a fresh stock of the real "Maryland," which made his eyes sparkle again, "We'll load again, and then you can fire away with the story."

"Long life to yer honor!" ejaculated Darby, as he sent forth a puff like the explosion from a thirteen-inch mortar, and giving the old horse a thwack that resounded along the mountain like the blow of a flail, he settled himself down for a comfortable yarn.

"There's an ould manor in these parts, called the Manor of Friernè, belonging to the raale ould stock, they owned half the counthry at one time, but the ould Friernès were gallows ould chaps for wine and women, and horses, dogs, and hawks, racin and shootin, and spendin ther money in foreign parts. Och! musha! 'twas a great ould place in times gone by, and the ould castle stands there still, yer honor, an ould do yer heart good to look at it; every stone is as perfect as the day it was built—divil a fut less than thirteen feet of solid stone-work is in every

wall of it—and you might manewver a ridge-ment in the ould coort-yard. The last of the Friernès that was in the counthry—oh! he was a wild chap—shocking, and had always a wild clan about him; but there was one desparate scoundrel that used to set him on for all sorts of badness. No good could come of him, and so the neighbours and tinints said; but this black-hearted rascal drew him on from bad to worse until he had to lave the counthry, and thin this chap was made agint over the property. Och! wirra-wirra! bud it was a bad day for the tinints of Friernè;—for they never knew bad thratement until then.

"Ye see that brake up in the mountains, there, yer honor?"

"I do, Darby!"

"That's called Tubbermore!" continued he.

"And up there lived a strong young farmer, a tinint of the Friernès, by the name of Con Flaherty. Con had the best farm on the estate, for he was own fosterer to young Friernè, and used to be always at his elbow, until this black-livered hound of an agint put him against him. Con had just been married to the purtiest Colleen Dhas in all Kerry; and many an achin heart there was amongst the boys the day she became Mrs. Flaherty.

"Now the agint, Misthur Dan O'Mara he was called, a Dublin attorney—bad look to the likes of thim—had as liquorish a tooth, and was as bad a boy as ever walked the hall uv the four coorts; and many a poor father and mother's curse was upon his head, for many was the poor misfortunate girleen he left without name or character, deluded and desaived; and sure, yer honor," appealed Darby, "a man that id lade an innocent girleen on to ruin and destruction, and a nameless grave among sstrangers, to satisfy a few hours of his own bad passions, is no man at all,—he's a brute-baste! Well, this was the sort of chap that had the whole of the manor of Friernè undther him. But the moment he clapped his eyes on Noreen of Tubbermore, he was fairly illuminated about her. Now, Captain, jewel, if there's one woman in the world that's more virtuous than another, ids an Irishwoman; uv coorse I know there's an odd one now and agin, but in the main they bate creation. So my dear, Noreen up an she tould Misthur O'Mara that if he kem to her house agin on the same errand she'd make her husband lave marks upon him that he'd carry to his grave. Well, they lived on, and there wasn't a happier, or purtier, or bether hearted couple in the counthry round; the poor never left their doore empty-handed, and the stranger was always welkim. A year rowled on, and ther first child was born—oh, such a bewtiful little crayture—'twould jump and clap its dawshy hands, and crow at everybody, showin it had the big, ginerous heart of father and mother; 'twas a little flaxen haired girleen, too, and 'twas like a wee spring-flower that bloomed before its time. All this time Misthur O'Mara was working his evil plans;—an he par-sacuted the life and soul out of poor Con Flaherty, and things began to go wrong. At last Con forgot himself, and he sstruck the agint one day at the fair of Cahirciveen; it was all the black thief

wanted, so poor Con was clapped into goal and kept there, and poor Noreen underwent such a persecution that she drooped away to nothing; indeed people said, that to save poor Con from the hulks, she did more nor she ought for Mr. O'Mara; be that as it may, the day poor Con got out of gaol and kem home, Noreen died blessin' him and the dawshy girleen. The next day the bailiff kem and saized everything on the farm for the rint that became due while Con was in prison, and two days after Con Flaherty rowled up his poor little girleen in his frieze cota-more and left the home that had been his and his father's, and grandfather's before him, a desperate and a ruined

man, and, as he left Tubbermore, he swore an awful oath that he would have a deep and bloody revenge on Mithur Dan O'Mara.

"Well, yer honor, the agint heard that Con was goin about threatenin his life, and he went and swore his life was in danger. Oh! yer honor, it would make yer heart bleed if I was to tell you the way they hunted that poor fellow through the counthry; that big black villain always in his thracks, until the neighbours began to cry shame on him; the poor fellow he was like a specthre, and night or day he never left the little, dawshy, darlin Noreen; the dyin prayer of his lost, ruined colleen was always ringin in



his ears; he always kept her wrapt up in his big coat, and no matter where he was hunted, little Noreen was always wid him. The neighbours at last missed him for a day or two, and when they went to look after him wid some food in some of his hidin places, they found him lyin on that green mound, and there too was the dead body of the little colleen, the jewel of his poor broken heart. They buried the poor darlin there and then, and many is the night the figure of poor Con could be seen stretched upon her little grave, for his all was there.

"One wild night the agint had to go through the Black Pass, as it was thin called, and his cowardly heart quailed within him, as he remembered havin heard tell how Con Flaherty's child that he had murdered was buried there; bud

he couldn't go back, for the night was wild and stormy. When he got fairly opposite the mound his heart lepped up in his mouth, as he saw a tall, dark, figure glide down from it, cross the river, and stand fair in his way.

"Who-o-'s-e there?' says he, every hair on his head stannin of an ind.

"Me!' says a voice, that sounded more like one from the grave than anything else.

"Who are you?' says he, the voice makin him bould.

"Con Flaherty!' was the answer.

"Oh, you black villain!' shouts O'Mara, 'would you murder a difnceless man?'

"My wife was difnceless, and so was my child!' said O'Flaherty. 'And you murdered thim.'

“No—no—no!” says the villain, his teeth knockin together wid the fright. ‘Shure didn’t they die natural!’

“‘Liar!’ shouted O’Flaherty, ‘twice to-night,’ says he, ‘I had you covered, and the waving of a blade of grass would have sent your soul to its long and bad account; but I couldn’t do it,’ says he, the big tears coorsin down his cheeks, as he dashed the gun in the road, ‘for the *spirit of my poor dead child* whispered for mercy for you.’

“The next mornin poor Con was found lying on the little girleen’s grave, but whin they wint to wake him up, his spirit had gone to hers.

“Ever since that, yer honor,” continued Darby, “the first-borns that die in their infancy, are brought there to be buried from miles upon miles all round the country, and on the anniversary of their deaths, if the father or mother are able to thravel at all, they come to the grave to pray, and dress it with fresh flowers and garlands; and they think that the spirit of their child is watchin and smilin on thim; and would you believe it, yer honor, whin I tell you that many a black and foul deed has been prevented by a pilgrimage to the VALLEY OF THE INNOCENTS!” W. C.

BESSEMER AND GUN-METAL.

MANY of the readers of this periodical may not be familiar with the more prominent principles of iron and steel manufacture, and as they are an important part of great-gun manufacture, I will therefore name them as briefly as possible.

Pure iron like pure gold is homogeneous, but unlike gold it is rarely pure. If gold be kept in a melted condition a sufficiently long time, all extraneous matters may be burnt away, but if iron be kept in a hot state too long it will be burnt away itself. Pure iron appears to be ductile, but pure iron will not melt. To form cast-iron, a quantity of carbon must be mixed with the pure iron. If the quantity of carbon be less in amount, steel is the result.

The ancient method of making steel was to cover up bars of iron with charcoal powder and to keep them in a red-heated condition for a fortnight or so. When taken out the iron was found covered with blisters arising from gases constituting some of the impurities of the iron. Consequently, the purer the iron the less it would be blistered. To turn the blistered steel to use, it was shorn to pieces, and the pieces piled on each other, heated to a welding temperature—i. e., surface melted—and forged under the hammer. When drawn out into bars it was called “single shear steel.” To improve it, it was cut up again and repiled, welded, drawn into bars, and so called “double shear steel.” But these processes left the metal full of specks, flaws, and imperfect welds, with scaly particles, rendering it unfit for delicate cutting-tools.

In those days die-sinkers and others paid as much as three or four guineas per pound for a steel brought from India, called Wootz, which came in little half-round lumps, shaped as the bottom of a crucible, and weighing from two to three pounds. This was, in fact, the metal from which Indian sword-blades and other weapons were

forged, and it was really natural steel cast by workmen sitting on their haunches and urging their fire by right and left-hand circular bellows.

In process of time it was discovered that, if instead of welding up the shorn blistered steel, it was put into the crucible, it could be melted into a homogeneous mass without flaw or speck, and then forged into a malleable bar. This was called cast steel, but it was a long time ere people would be persuaded that cast-steel would be other than brittle, like cast-iron. But as time went on die-sinkers found that what was called “Huntsman’s steel,” sold at about four guineas a hundred weight, was quite as good as Wootz at four guineas a pound, and Wootz was thenceforward kept at home in India for sword-blade making.

English steel was made from Swedish iron, simply because it was a purer iron than any other, and was manufactured by charcoal, and not by coke. But neither steel nor iron could be manufactured in large masses, save by the process of welding together smaller portions,—ever an imperfect process at best in the modes used; and so the prices ranged from eighty pounds per ton, for the highest qualities, to thirty pounds per ton for the lowest—carriage springs—till the advent of railways, when, with an enormously increased demand, the price went gradually down to twenty for manufactured springs, all specified to be of Swedish steel—all Sweden and Russia to boot not being competent to furnish the supply; English iron being in fact resorted to, to manufacture an inferior article.

One man finally solved for us the problem, how to produce both iron and steel in homogeneous masses of any required bulk. This man was Henry Bessemer, one of that not numerous inventive race by dint of whose brains England is not as China, but is ever progressive, a race ever seeking to develop the true meaning of what has been called the “primal cause,” not “sweat of the face” or “brow;” but rather sweat of the brain within the brow, wherein to seek redemption from all painful drudgery by converting it into healthy exercise. From sugar-refining to iron-making, yet with the bent of his mind—doubtless French Huguenot by derivation—ever leaning rather to chemistry than to mechanism, there are few things of the future that Henry Bessemer has not tried at, as witness the patent list, that record of pretended rewards for genius, wherein his name appears no less than sixty-seven times, beginning in March, 1838, and ending in December 1858, ranging over many subjects:

Printing, railway-breaks, glass, bronze powder, paints and colours, atmospheric propulsion, steam-vessels, locomotives, sugar, varnishes, kilns, furnaces, ornamenting surfaces, guns and projectiles, waterproof fabrics, screw propellers, iron and steel, railway wheels, beams and girders, treating coal, &c. Twenty-one patents were taken previous to the alteration of the law, for England only, exclusive of Irish and Scottish, and probably three thousand pounds were extracted from the inventor’s pockets in fees. The patents he has taken since the alteration of the law indicates the fact that the cost of patents is not less than before, but considerably greater, the restriction in title

being so great that five patents for three years, at 30*l.* each, are required instead of one at 100*l.* for fourteen years; the five patents, if extended to fourteen years, costing about 160*l.* each, or 800*l.* instead of 350*l.*, if English, Scotch, and Irish be included in both cases. Many of these latter patents probably did not go beyond "protection," being, in truth, taken to prevent others from obtaining patents for every variety of article that could be made out of the improved iron and steel to the detriment of the real inventor.

Thus he went on, ever working through good report and ill report, falling often from a height where success seemed attained, not from false calculations, but from some adverse and before undiscovered fact in nature, most valuable to us to know, but not tending at the time to replenish the inventor's purse.

At the British Association of 1857, Mr. Bessemer read a paper, wherein he described his process of iron making. The ordinary process is first, to run it from the ore into pigs by one heat. Secondly, to re-heat it and "puddle" it, i. e., stir it about in a melted condition with iron rods moved by men's arms till it becomes stringy and tough, and gets rid of some extraneous matter. Thirdly, to beat it by hammer into a mass, called technically a bloom. Fourthly, to roll this bloom into a bar or bars, making the commonest iron. Fifthly, to cut the bar into short lengths, and pile them up. Sixthly, to reheat this pile and forge it into another bloom; and, seventhly, to re-roll it into a bar or bars. If, during the process of heating, the oxygen of the atmosphere gets access to the surfaces, scale is formed, which prevents perfect adhesion under the hammer, and the metal is not homogeneous.

Mr. Bessemer simplifies all this. When the metal is melted in the great furnace it is run out into a huge clay crucible, practically a colander, by reason of several openings in the bottom, through which the metal would run were it not impeded by a strong blast of air under great pressure, which is forced through all the interstices of the iron, and instead of cooling it, raises the heat to a greatly increased intensity. This burns away the carbon, which constitutes the chief difference between cast iron and malleable iron, and also some other matters; and when the metal is poured out, it is pure iron, if the process be carried on long enough, or if stopped at an earlier period so as to leave some carbon in it, it is pure steel: in both cases malleable. Thus one heat serves to make a malleable ingot, which is only limited in size by the size of the crucible, which may contain two tons; and, as many crucibles may be used and poured out together, there is no reason why a homogeneous lump of fifty or more tons should not be produced, either of iron or steel, which may be dealt with by the hammer, or by rolls, or both.

In rolling thin sheets of metal in the ordinary manner, the size is limited by the difficulty of retaining the heat. By another arrangement of Mr. Bessemer, this difficulty may be obviated. Hollow rolls are used, through which a stream of water pours, and on the surfaces of which jets of water play. Between these rolls, which

are placed horizontally, and form a tank or channel when they approach each other, the molten metal is poured, and thus a sheet of any desired width or thickness may be formed, and only limited in length by the supply which the crucibles are capable of keeping up. The ore goes into the furnace a crude stone, and comes out of the rolls a sheet of tough metal. Iron-making is thus rendered as simple as the paper-making processes, where the rags go in at one end of the train of apparatus, and come out at the other perfect paper.

At Baxter House, St. Pancras, this new process of melting was first exhibited to the public, and excited an equal amount of wonder and incredulity. On one occasion, a sort of Welsh St. Thomas, iron-doubting, sneered as he saw the metal poured, and asked: "Do you call that malleable iron?" The inventor went into a shed, brought out a carpenter's axe while the metal was still red, and cut three notches in the angle, just as might be done at the angle of a square foot of timber. The silent answer struck St. Thomas dumb.

Still the inventor had much to learn. The iron hissing, boiling, and bubbling in its clay colander, was poured out in its ebullient state, frothing like so much Champagne; and as it cooled was filled with innumerable air-cells; and the apparent want of success filled the mouths of fools and scoffers with matter for exultation. Far and wide the whole affair was considered a failure; nathless that men of logical mind knew to the contrary. But the resolute inventor stuck to his work, he had sounded the depth of his invention, but he had not explored many of its ramifications. Two years beheld him again before the world with the verification of his theories and of his earlier practice: the causes of failure unfolded. His next paper was read at the Institution of Civil Engineers; and those who know the critical acumen of that strong-brained body of men, and were present at the reception of Mr. Bessemer, and beheld the enthusiasm spontaneously kindled, as important truths were enunciated, and sample after sample was exhibited, opening new capabilities to these Anti-Chinese sons of eternal progress, are not likely to forget it. No actor at a successful *début*, no writer of a successful play, was ever more warmly greeted. A small cannon, a railway axle, a three-ply cable, twisted up of cold iron one-and-a-half inch diameter, steel bars and rods of all shapes, a large circular saw, boiler plates of perfect surface and great width, and, lastly, ribbons of iron as thin as paper, were exhibited. A small cylinder was shown of cast metal in a perfect condition, and another cylinder was also shown which had been doubled up flat under the hammer, without exhibiting the smallest crack at the sharp bends, but the tensile strength was shown to be nearly twenty-four per cent. greater than that of the most costly iron made in England.

A sheet of thin iron, reticulated and pierced with holes, almost like a lady's veil, was produced, and stated to be a skin left on one of the crucibles after pouring out the metal. "Is that

malleable iron?" asked one of the audience. The inventor simply folded it, and double-folded it, and laid it again on the table in answer.

Representative men of the iron-master mould were present, some of whom denied that there was anything novel in the process, and others asserted that it was too costly to be of any use. Others inquired why it was that Mr. Bessemer chanced to be successful now, having failed of commercial success at the outset.

"I expended 7,000*l.*" said one, "and lost forty per cent. of iron in the process."

"I," replied Mr. Bessemer, "sometimes lost a hundred per cent., but I persevered. I found that experimenting with heavier charges of metal, gave a decided improvement, and I found that all ores were not equally suited to my process. Blaenavon pig at 9*l.* 10*s.*, was not so good as Swedish pig, nor as the red hematite of Cumberland, of which class of ores nearly a million tons are raised annually, yielding upwards of sixty per cent. of metal."

"The process melted down the lining of our furnaces," said another.

"So it did mine," replied Bessemer, "till I established myself as a steel manufacturer at Sheffield, and got to use the Sheffield road-drift. In short, when I began my experiments, I was an amateur iron-master, and two years of consecutive work have converted me into a practical man."

Most engineers present felt that they were in the presence of a benefactor, who had immeasurably enlarged the sphere of their operations, whether in bridges, rails, locomotives, or ships. It was the triumph of a simple-minded man, earnest of purpose, and frank of nature, with nothing to conceal, but with the instinct of unsealing every mystery of nature so far as he could, and giving it to man's uses. And, verily, that man had toiled and ranged through matter for twenty years, and at last gave to the world a process of which the results are incalculable;—homogeneous iron and steel without limit as to size.

Upon projectiles and projectile weapons these results must have an enormous effect; the process of welding iron together for barrels of small arms and for great guns may now be dispensed with. A short, thick, hollow cylinder being cast, may be at once rolled out direct between rollers into a musket or rifle barrel of any desired form; and great guns may be cast hollow, and put under the operation of a tilt or steam hammer, if needed, to consolidate the metal. And these malleable iron guns can be procured at one-third the cost of the ordinary cast-iron guns; and, what is very important, the malleable steel is even cheaper in cost than the malleable iron. The class of guns described in the last number to be borne on wheels without horses, might be produced with little labour and cost, very rapidly to any amount.

With regard to monster guns, they may be regarded as useful only for two purposes—to mount on forts for defence, and to place in vessels. They are not otherwise transportable weapons of offence. This question is yet in embryo; but if armoured ships are to obtain, this question must obtain also. For shot that are to pierce armoured vessels, it is quite clear that the Bessemer malleable steel will

prove a most important material, as it can easily be tempered to any required hardness to act as a punch, and can be more easily manufactured than the wrought-iron shot that have replaced fragile cast-iron.

Before constructing monster guns we have yet to settle the question of the form, proportion, and weight of the shot we are to use for given distances with a given destructive power. This ascertained, there will be no difficulty in the construction of the gun itself. But it should be a gun so proportionably heavy as to be absolutely without recoil; so long as to expend expansively the minimum amount of powder required to obtain the longest possible range; so dense in the material as not to fracture; and so solid as not to spring and temporarily enlarge its diameter with the explosion. A maximum-sized gun of this kind would probably weigh 100 tons, and if used for forts would require machinery to move it and aim it. If used in vessels it would be placed fore and aft with only a vertical movement, and the vessel itself would serve as a stock to it, lateral movement being given by the screw and rudder. Fitted to an armoured vessel, with the bows thoroughly protected, such a gun would be able to batter down everything in the shape of a stone wall at such a distance as to render being hit from the fort almost an infinitesimal chance. It would be like shooting at the edge of the east wind.

Long-range rifles, it may be remembered, were more than a match for the fort-mounted artillery at Bomarsund and in the Crimea, killing off the artillerymen. This will become more and more the rule as guns are improved. Monster guns are not calculated to pick off skirmishers, and it therefore becomes needful to protect their gunners. With the large embrasures of the ordinary kind which would be required for monster guns, the risk to the gunners would be much increased. It therefore is well to inquire whether there is any reason why the gun should not be closely covered in. With the ordinary mode of mounting on trunnions this seems scarcely practicable. But it would be very practicable to mount the gun on a sphere or ball working in a socket and capable of radiating in any direction. If the radius of the gun were only required to be small, as in a moving vessel, the ball might be placed at the muzzle, and in such case little sound or vibration, and *no smoke whatever should come into the vessel*, and no damage could be done to the gun save by shot striking exactly in the muzzle. This is so perfectly practical an arrangement, that nothing but the fact of a ship's sides being too weak to sustain the recoil of guns so attached ought to keep it out of use. Our sailors are too precious a commodity to have them wasted in working muzzle-loading guns at open ports. The steam ram now constructing is perfectly adapted to this arrangement, and a properly constructed gun should be free from recoil. Even in our present state of knowledge, muzzle-loading guns must be regarded as things of the past, matching with "Brown Bess" and other Tower antiquities. Into the details of construction it is not desirable to enter; and although the improvements indicated give these advantages chiefly to nations with manufacturers widely spread and of

a high order, still the State should ever have in reserve a stock of improvements to meet emergencies; not making them common till required by the presence of adverse circumstances. The State should "keep a hold of the actual, knit the new securely to it, and give to them both conjointly a fresh direction." The astonishment created by the results of the Armstrong gun is simply a proof how much the progressive actual is overlooked by the many, while the special individual by time and thought turns it to account; and then it is assumed that we can go no further, not heeding the words of the philosopher poet—

Men my brothers! Men the workers! ever making something new;
That which they have done but earnest, of the things that they shall do."

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

RUNNING THE HOOD.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many disquisitions on our popular pastimes, I believe it remains to your humble servant to chronicle to the world the doughty game of Running the Hood at Haxey. And it is that I may depict this, that I venture to invite you to accompany me for a day's sport to Haxey, in the isle of Axholme, Lincolnshire.

It was a fine sunny morning that I landed from the boat, somewhat benumbed, at Ferry-on-Trent, on the 6th of January in the present 1859. After refreshing the inward man at mine host's of the White Hart, I started on my way to walk to Haxey, for this part of the country is, as yet, unsophisticated by that great innovator, the rail. Proceeding through Ferry, you enter the parish of Owston, both so closely together that the one may be said to merge into the other; and now, after passing the church, you are fairly out into the open country. What a contrast do the quiet fields and green lanes present to the noise and rattle of a thickly peopled town.

During the earlier part of the morning the air had been thick and misty, and intensely cold: but now the sun broke out in his splendour. The air, before sharp and biting, was now mellowed to a more genial temperature, sending the warm blood tingling through one's veins. The birds twittered on the leafless branches, and in the distance, borne on the wind, came the song of the ploughboy as he followed his team. Here and there are substantial farmsteads of the real old English style, whose thickly-thatched roofs, well covered with patches of moss, bespeak their green old age. The cattle in the fold-yard gaze dreamily on you, while comely matrons and sturdy children open their doors to see and look after you as you pass along. This is a trait peculiar to the country, and has this advantage, that whereas it is the prerogative of the great to be the "cynosure of every eye" in populous cities, here the humblest, if he be a stranger, may indeed be

The observed of all observers.

Leaving these behind, you see, at a turn of the lane, the fine old church of Haxey, high-seated on the hill, looking, as it were, like a patriarch of old watching the flock entrusted to his care. Anon you meet a carter and his horse, dragging their

"slow length along." Horse and driver seem perfectly to understand each other, and it might be a point for sophists to discuss, which were the more intelligent of the two. They are both seemingly engaged in the exhilarating occupation of doing as little distance in as long a time as possible.

You now enter the picturesque and well-populated village of Haxey, nearly every house newly white-washed, looking so clean and trim—suggestive of the idea that they must have been under the hands of the laundress, to be well starched and bleached, so neat do they appear in their snowy purity. Buxom, laughing-eyed damsels trip lightly along in their Sunday best, for it is holiday to-day, and all work is suspended for at least another. And now, having received a hearty welcome from the friends who were expecting me, and partaken freely of the huge sirloin and savoury ham, for the brisk walk had somewhat sharpened one's appetite, let me take a turn to see what may be seen.

A few steps soon take us again to the fields; and here let me mention an interesting feature peculiar to this locality. Before you, lay immense tracts of lands, parcelled out into lots of one acre, more or less. All fields are divided into what are technically termed "lands," with a deep furrow between each, for drainage. And it is one of these strips of land which constitute a lot, so that a ten-acre field may be the property of nearly as many owners. The advantages to the middle and poorer classes are clearly apparent: for while the former may safely invest a spare fifty or hundred pounds, and the latter be induced to save a like sum, neither would attempt the purchase of broad-acred fields, and those who, poorer still, cannot afford to purchase, may hire, at an easy rental, a strip or two to fill their unemployed time; by these means a man may grow his own corn, all his garden stuff, and have some to spare for market at a very trifling cost, and have a good pig in sty at Christmas to boot. And it may be attributed to this, that this district is so important among the electors of Lindsey.

It is to be deplored that this system is not more widely extended in our agricultural districts. Let your broad-acred philanthropists, and those who prate in after-dinner speeches on the condition of the working classes, take this lesson to their hearts; here is a system, easy and practicable, and which is, like mercy, twice blest, enriching him that receives and him that gives. And but to see, as I have, those various strips of land in summer time, clothed in all the rich luxuriance of their varied crops, is a sight not easily to be forgotten from their beauty and their novelty; the many shades of green, from dark to light, from light to yellow, interspersed with stripes of ripening corn, and at intervals a line of the black-eyed bean-flower or sweet scented pea, with here and there a strip of land laid fallow, forming, as it were, a groundwork and relief to the whole.

And now let us ascend the brow of the hill. What a fine panoramic view extends before us! There, in the horizon, nods an old church on the hill, standing out clearly against the sky; before us, in the distance, are the spires of Doncaster; to

the right lies Epworth, the birthplace of John Wealey, and to the left the ancient town of Gainsboro', and all the adjacent country round is dotted with small villages or hamlets. Down yonder are the turf cars, and here, sheltered by the hill, lies Westwoodside, the surrounding country once covered with huge primeval forests; the trunks of which are yet turned up by the plough, and I have seen some measuring several yards in circumference, the wood quite fresh and very valuable for "kindling." And now, lest you grow weary of this, let us sojourn with my friend, and after dinner I promise you a run for the Hood.

I am afraid that I have fallen into a very common error, for after drawing you through this long preamble, I, like a lady's postscript, am but going to tell you that at last which I promised to tell you at first.

While we are discussing the "divine weed" and a glass of home-brewed, let me explain to you the legend and the supposed origin of this famous Hood of Haxey. The legend says, then, that once upon a time, an old lady was passing over the hill we have just left (where the sports are still held), one blustering 6th of January, when rude Boreas, being rather more rude than usual, blew off the old lady's hood; some boys, ruder still, instead of politely handing it to her, began throwing it from one to the other. Now most people, and especially old ladies, would here have waxed exceedingly wrath; but she, being an exception to the rule, well pleased, laughed immoderately; and, to show that she bore no malice, bequeathed from thence and for ever thirteen acres of land for as many men (now called by the euphonious name of "boggans") that the sport might be renewed every 6th of January in remembrance of her.

And, hark! the bells ring out their merriest peal, and people from all parts are crowding in by swarms—it is time we were off to the ground. On a stone pillar in front of the church stands a man who rejoices in the title of "the fool," dressed harlequin-like, though not in such gaudy trappings; he is issuing a kind of proclamation, and having recited this, he repairs with a vast concourse to the ground where are already assembled many hundreds of people. As there are now so many eager to run the Hood, it is the function of the aforesaid boggans to stand at all points round the field that the hood may not be thrown off the grounds before four o'clock. The Hood now resembles more a stout cudgel than the article so called; it is made of leather, stuffed with some hard substance, and is about thirty inches long by about four in diameter.

It is the spirit of emulation which pervades the partisans of the neighbouring villages, which gives to the sport its interest and excitement, for it is held a high point of honour by the party who can succeed in taking the hood to their town; and no mounted squire ever followed the hounds, or hounds the fox, nor "broth of a boy" e'er rushed to a faction fight with more zeal and ardour than these men when well warmed in this contest of generous rivalry.

Soon the sport is at its highest pitch; the excitement of those in the contest "must be seen to be believed," yet in its very height there is ob-

viously a spirit of fair play. Every man who catches the Hood is allowed his throw; garrulous greybeards, smiling on, speak of the days when they were lads, and will yet run eagerly to catch the Hood as it falls—it is something to boast of, they have thrown the Hood this year. The clock strikes four; the sentinels leave their posts, and, after varying fortunes, the Westwoodsiders have thrown the Hood over the south slope of the hill, while their dauntless compeers rush madly on to retrieve their position, but they, like the rest of the world, find it much easier going down hill than to retrieve a lost position. Away they go, the earth resounding with tramp of a thousand feet, over hedges, ditches, and dikes they fly,

Torrents less rapid and less rash.

The following day, should there be any new member to be initiated into the Honourable Company of Boggans, he takes his noviciate by being smoked. This interesting ceremony is performed by setting fire to a quantity of damp straw placed on the road, and he is suspended in a sling from a tree overhanging the same: he is then swung backward and forward through the dense mass of smoke; and to see him blow for air, and his horrible grimaces, is as ludicrous a sight as one can possibly imagine. He is then taken down; and, after his powers are resuscitated, is "cobbed" at the nearest gate—being then duly incorporated into the aforesaid Honourable Company of Boggans, to share in their honours and emoluments.

And now that the sports are over, I turn me homeward, well pleased, for my part at least, with my visit.

W. W. WILSON.

ECKART THE TRUSTY.

(FROM GOETHE.)

"How dark it is growing—I wish we were back!
They are coming, they're here, the hobgoblins, alack!
The band of the Sorceress Sisters!
See, see, where they come! If they light on us here,
They'll be certain to drink every drop of the beer
It has cost us such trouble to fetch here."

So saying, the children push on in affright,
When up from the heath starts a grizzly old wight.
"Stop, stop, child!—my children, be quiet!
They are thirsty and hot, for they come from the chase,
Let them drink what they like without squall or grimace,
And the Grewsome Ones they will be gracious."

And up come the goblins that moment, and they
Look ghostlike and grewsome, and ghastly and grey,
Yet they revel and riot it roundly.
The beer it has vanish'd, the pitchers are bare,
Then whooping and hooting away through the air,
O'er hill and dale clatter the Weird Ones.

Off homeward, all quaking, the children they hied,
And the kindly old greybeard troops on by their side.
"Do not weep so and whimper, my darlings."
"They'll scold us and beat us for this." "Never fear,
All yet will go famously well with the beer,
If you'll only be mum as young mice, dears."

"Mind you follow my bidding, and surely you may,
I am he who delights with small children to play:
You know me—Old Eckart the Trusty.
Of that wonderful wight you've heard many a lay,
But never had proof what he is till to-day:
Now you hold in your hands a most rare one."

Arrived at their home, each small child, with a face
Of terror, his pitcher sets down in its place,
And waits to be beaten and scolded.

When the old folks they sip: "Oh, what excellent beer!"
Three, four times they take a strong pull at the cheer,
Yet still do the pitchers brim over.



The miracle lasted that night and next day ;
And if you should ask, as you very well may,
What became, in the end, of the pitchers ?
The little mice titter, enjoying the joke,
But at length, sirs, they stammer'd and stutter'd and
spoke,
And the pitchers immediately dried up !

And, children, if e'er, looking kindly and true,
An old man, or father, or master teach you,
Give heed, and do all that he bids you.
Though to bridle your tongues it may cost you some pain,
Yet to chatter is bad, to be silent is gain,
And it makes the beer brim in the pitchers !
THEODORE MARTIN.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.



[See p. 74.]

CHAPTER IX.

ONE bright morning unwonted velvet shone, unwonted feathers waved, and horses' hoofs glinted and rang through the streets of Tergou, and the windows and balconies were studded with wondering faces. The French Ambassador was riding through to sport in the neighbouring forest.

Besides his own suite he was attended by several servants of the Duke of Burgundy, lent to do him honour and minister to his pleasure. The duke's tumbler rode before him with a grave, sedate majesty, that made his more noble companions seem light, frivolous persons. But ever and anon, when respect and awe neared the oppressive, he rolled off his horse so ignobly and funnily that even the ambassador was fain to burst out laughing. He also climbed up again by the tail in a way provocative of mirth, and so he played his part. Towards the tail of the pageant rode one that excited more attention still—the duke's leopard. A huntsman mounted on a Flemish horse of prodigious size and power carried a long

box fastened to the rider's loins by straps curiously contrived, and on this box sat a huge leopard crouching. She was chained to the huntsman. The people admired her glossy hide and spots, and pressed near, and one or two were for feeling her, and pulling her tail; then the huntsman shouted in a terrible voice, "Beware! At Antwerp one did but throw a handful of dust at her, and the duke made dust of him."

"Gramercy!"

"I speak sooth. The good duke shut him up in prison, in a cell under ground, and the rats cleaned the flesh off his bones in a night. Served him right for molesting the poor thing." There was a murmur of fear, and the Tergovians shrank from tickling the leopard of their sovereign.

But an incident followed that raised their spirits again. The duke's giant, a Hungarian seven feet four inches high, brought up the rear. This enormous creature had, like some other giants, a treble, fluty voice of little power. He was a vain fellow, and not conscious of this or any defect. Now it happened he caught sight of Giles sitting

on the top of the balcony; so he stopped and began to make fun of him.

"Hallo! brother!" squeaked he, "I had nearly passed without seeing thee."

"You are plain enough to see," bellowed Giles, in his bass tones.

"Come on my shoulder, brother," squeaked Titan, and held out a shoulder of mutton fist to help him down.

"If I do I'll cuff your ears," roared the dwarf.

The giant saw the homuncule was irascible, and played upon him, being encouraged thereto by the shouts of laughter. He did not see that the people were laughing not at his wit, but at the ridiculous incongruity of the two voices—the gigantic feeble fife, and the petty, deep, loud drum, the mountain delivered of a squeak and the mole-hill belching thunder.

The singular duet came to as singular an end. Giles lost all patience and self-command, and being a creature devoid of fear, and in a rage to boot, he actually dropped upon the giant's neck, seized his hair with one hand, and punched his head with the other. The giant's first impulse was to laugh, but the weight and rapidity of the blows speedily corrected that inclination.

"He! he! Ah! ha! hallo! oh! oh! Holy saints! here! help! or I must throttle the imp. I can't! O Lord! I'll split your skull against the——" and he made a wild run backwards at the balcony. Giles saw his danger, seized the balcony in time with both hands, and whipped over it just as the giant's head came against it with a stunning crack. The people roared with laughter and exultation at the address of their little champion. The indignant giant seized two of the laughers, knocked them together like dumb-bells, shook them and strewed them flat—(Catherine shrieked, and threw her apron over Giles)—then strode wrathfully away after the party. This incident had consequences no one then present foresaw: it made Mr. Giles a companion of princes. Its immediate results were agreeable. The Tergovians turned proud of him, and after this listened with more affability to his prayers for parchment. For Giles drove a regular trade with his brother Gerard in this article. That is to say, he went about, and begged it gratis, and Gerard gave him coppers for it.

On the afternoon of the same day, Catherine and her daughter were chatting together about their favourite theme, Gerard, his goodness, his beneficence, and the brightened prospects of the whole family.

Their good luck had come to them in the very shape they would have chosen; besides the advantages of a benefice such as the Countess Charolois would not disdain to give, there was the feminine delight at having a priest, a holy man, in their own family. He will marry Cornelis, and Sybrandt: for they can marry (good housewives), now, if they will: "Gerard will take care of you and Giles, when we are gone. Yes, mother, and we can confess to him instead of to a stranger," said Kate.

"Ay, girl! and he can give the sacred oil to your father and me, and close our eyes, when our time comes."

"Oh, mother! not for many, many years, I do pray heaven. Pray don't speak of that, it always makes me sad. I hope I shall go before you, mother dear. No! let us be gay to-day. I am out of pain, mother—quite out of all pain; it does seem so strange; and I feel so bright and happy, that—mother, can you keep a secret?"

"Nobody better, child. Why, you know I can."

"Then I will show you something so beautiful. You never saw the like, I trow. Only Gerard must never know; for I am sure he means to surprise us with it, he covers it up so, and sometimes he carries it away altogether."

Kate took her crutches, and moved slowly away, leaving her mother in an exalted state of curiosity. She soon returned with something in a cloth, uncovered it, and there was a lovely picture of the Virgin, with all her insignia, and wearing her tiara over a wealth of beautiful hair, which flowed loose over her shoulders. Catherine, at first, was struck with awe.

"It is herself!" she cried; "it is the Queen of Heaven! I never saw one like her to my mind before."

"And her eyes, mother! lifted to Heaven, as if they belonged there, and not to a mortal creature. And her beautiful hair of burning gold."

"And to think I have a son that can make the saints live again upon a piece of wood!"

"The reason is, he is a young saint himself, mother. He is too good for this world; he is here to pourtray the blessed, and then to go away and be with them for ever."

Ere they had half done admiring it, a strange voice was heard at the door. By one of the furtive instincts of their sex they hastily hid the picture in the cloth, though there was no need. And the next moment in came, casting his eyes furtively around, a man that had not entered the house this ten years—Ghysbrecht Van Swieten.

The two women were so taken by surprise, that they merely stared at him and at one another, and said, "The Burgomaster!" in a tone so expressive, that Ghysbrecht felt compelled to answer it.

"Yes! I own, the last time I came here was not on a friendly errand. Men love their own interest—Gerard's and mine were contrary. Well, let this visit atone the last. To-day, I come on your business, and none of mine." Catherine and her daughter exchanged a swift glance of contemptuous incredulity. They knew the man better than he thought. "It is about your son Gerard."

"Ay! ay! you want him to work for the town—for nothing. He told us."

"I come on no such errand. It is to let you know he has fallen into bad hands."

"Now Heaven and the saints forbid! Man, torture not a mother! Speak out, and quickly: speak ere you have time to coin falsehood: we know you."

Ghysbrecht turned pale at this affront, and spite mingled with the other motives that brought him here.

"Thus it is, then," said he, grinding his teeth, and speaking very fast. "Your son Gerard is

more like to be a father of a family than a priest: he is for ever with Margaret, Peter Brandt's red-haired girl, and loves her like a cow her calf."

Mother and daughter both burst out laughing. Ghysbrecht stared at them.

"What, you knew it?"

"Carry this tale to those who know not my son Gerard. Women are nought to him."

"Other women, mayhap. But this one is the apple of his eye to him, or will be, if you part them not, and soon. Come, dame, don't make me waste time and friendly counsel: my servant has seen them together a score times, handed, and reading babies in one another's eyes like—you know, dame—you have been young too."

"Kate, I am ill at ease. Yes, I have been young, and know how blind and foolish the young are. My heart! He has turned me sick in a moment. Oh, Kate, if it should be true!"

"No, no!" cried Kate, eagerly. "Gerard might love a young woman: all young men do: I can't think what they see in them to love so: but if he did he would let us know: he would not deceive us. You wicked man; you will kill my mother. No, dear mother, don't look so! Gerard is too good to love a creature of earth. His love is for our lady and the saints. Ah! I will show you the pict—there: if his heart was earthly could he paint the Queen of Heaven like that—look! look!" and she held the picture out triumphantly, and more radiant and beautiful in this moment of enthusiasm than ever dead picture was or will be, overpowered the Burgomaster with her eloquence and her feminine proof of Gerard's purity. His eyes and mouth opened, and remained open: in which state they kept turning, face and all, as if on a pivot, from the picture to the women, and from the women to the picture.

"Why, it is herself!" he gasped.

"Isn't it?" cried Kate, and her hostility was softened. "You admire it? I forgive you for frightening us."

"Am I in a mad-house?" said Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, thoroughly puzzled. "You show me a picture of the girl; and you say he painted it; and that is a proof he cannot love her. Why they all paint their sweethearts, painters do."

"A picture of the girl?" exclaimed Kate, shocked. "Fie! this is not a girl; this is the Virgin Mary."

"No; no, it is Margaret Brandt."

"Oh blind! It is the Queen of Heaven."

"No; only of Sevenbergen-village."

"Profane man! behold her crown!"

"Silly child! look at her red hair!"

"Would the Virgin be seen in red hair? She who had the pick of all the colours ten thousand years before the world began?"

At this moment an anxious face was insinuated round the edge of the open door: it was their neighbour Peter Buysken.

"What is to do?" said he in a cautious whisper. "We can hear you all across the street. What on earth is to do?"

"O, neighbour! What is to do? Why here is the Burgomaster blackening my Gerard."

"Stop!" cried Van Swieten. "Peter Buysken is come in the nick of time. He knows father and daughter both. They cured him of the colic. Here, Peter, who is that? Now, be silent, women, for one moment, if you can. Who is that?"

Peter gave a start. "Well, to be sure!" was all his reply.

"Who is it?" repeated Ghysbrecht, impetuously.

Peter Buysken smiled. "Why you know as well as I do; but what have they put a crown on her for. I never saw her in a crown, for my part."

"Man alive! Can't you open your great jaws, and just speak a wench's name to oblige three people?"

"I'd do a great deal more to oblige one of you than that, Burgomaster. If it isn't as natural as life!"

"Curse the man! he won't, he won't—curse him!"

"Why, what have I done, now?"

"Oh, sir!" said little Kate, "for pity's sake tell us; are these the features of one Margaret Brandt?"

"A mirror is not truer, my little maid."

"But is it she, sir, for very certain?"

"Why, don't I tell you it is."

"Now, why couldn't you say so at once," snarled Ghysbrecht.

"I did say so, as plain as I could speak," snapped Peter; and they growled over this small bone of contention so zealously, that they did not see Catherine and her daughter had thrown their aprons over their heads, and were rocking to and fro in deep distress. The next moment, Gerard senior came in, and stood aghast. Catherine, though her face was covered, knew his footstep directly.

"That is my poor man," she sobbed. "Tell him, good Peter Buysken, for I have not the courage to."

Gerard turned pale. The presence of the Burgomaster in his house, after so many years of coolness, coupled with his wife's and daughter's distress, made him fear some heavy misfortune.

"Richart! Jacob!" he gasped.

"No! no!" said the Burgomaster; "it is nearer home, and nobody is dead or dying, old friend."

"God bless you, Burgomaster! Ah! something is gone off my breast that was like to choke me. Now, what is the matter?"

Ghysbrecht then told him all that he told the women, and showed the picture in evidence.

"Is that all?" said Gerard. "What are ye roaring and bellowing for? It is vexing, it is angering, but it is not like death nor even sickness. Boys will be boys. He will outgrow that disease: 'tis but skin deep."

But when Ghysbrecht told him that Margaret was a girl of good character; that it was not to be supposed she would be so intimate if marriage had not been spoken of between them, Gerard's brow darkened.

"Marriage? that shall never be," said he, sternly. "I'll stay that, ay, by force if need

be, as I would his hand lifted to cut his throat. I'd do what old John Koestein did t'other day."

"And what is that, in Heaven's name?" asked the mother, suddenly removing her apron.

It was the Burgomaster who replied:

"He made me shut young Albert Koestein up in the prison of the Stadthouse till he knocked under: it was not long. Forty-eight hours, all alone, on bread and water, cooled his hot stomach. 'Tell my father I am his humble servant,' says he, 'and let me into the sun once more—the sun is worth all the wenches in the world.'"

"Oh the cruelty of men!" sighed Catherine.

"As to that, the Burgomaster has no choice: it is the law. And if a father says, 'Burgomaster, lock up my son,' he must do it. A fine thing it would be if a father might not lock up his own son."

"Well, well! it won't come to that with me and my son. He never disobeyed me in his life: he never shall. Where is he? It is past supper time. Where is he, Kate?"

"Alas, I know not, father."

"I know," said Ghysbrecht; "he is at Sevenbergen. My servant met him on the road."

Supper passed in gloomy silence. Evening descended—no Gerard: eight o'clock came—no Gerard. Then the father sent all to bed except Catherine.

"You and I will walk abroad, wife, and talk over this new care."

"Abroad, Gerard, at this time! Whither?"

"Why on the road to Sevenbergen."

"Oh no, no hasty words, father! Poor Gerard! he never vexed you before."

"Fear me not. But it must end; and I am not one that trusts to-morrow with to-day's work."

The old couple walked hand in hand; for, strange as it may appear to some of my readers, the use of the elbow to couples walking was never discovered in Europe till centuries after this. They walked a long time in silence. The night was clear and balmy. Such nights, calm and silent, recall the past from the dead.

"It is a many years since we walked so late, my man," said Catherine, softly.

"Ay, sweetheart, more than we shall see again. (Is he never coming, I wonder?)"

"Not since our courting days, Gerard."

"No. Ay, you were a buxom lass then."

"And you were a comely lad, as ever a girl's eye stole a look at. I do suppose Gerard is with her now, as you used to be with me. Nature is strong, and the same in all our generations."

"Nay, I hope he has left her by now, confound her, or we shall be here all night."

"Gerard!"

"Well?"

"I have been happy with you, sweetheart, for all our rubs,—much happier, I trow, than if I had—been—a—a—nun. You won't speak harshly to the poor child? One can be firm without being harsh."

"Surely."

"Have you been happy with me, my poor Gerard?"

"Why, you know I have. Friends I have known, but none like you. Buss me, wife!"

"A heart to share joy and grief with is a great comfort to man or woman. Isn't it?"

"It is so, my lass."

*'It doth joy double,
And halveth trouble,'*

runs the bye-word. Ah! here comes the young fool."

Catherine trembled and held her husband's hand tight. The moon was bright, but they were in the shadow of some trees, and their son did not see them. He came singing in the moonlight, and his face shining.

CHAPTER X.

WHILE the burgomaster was exposing Gerard at Tergou, Margaret had a trouble of her own at Sevenbergen. It was a housewife's distress, but deeper than we can well conceive. She came to Martin Wittenhaagen, the old soldier, with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Martin, there's nothing in the house, and Gerard is coming, and he is so thoughtless. He forgets to sup at home. When he puts down work then he runs to me straight, poor soul: and often he comes here quite faint. And to think I should have nothing to set before my servant that loves me so dear."

Martin scratched his head.

"What can I do?"

"It is Thursday; it is your day to shoot,—sooth to say, I counted on you to-day."

"Nay," said the soldier, "I may not shoot when the duke or his friends are at the chace: read else. I am no scholar." And he took out of his pouch a parchment with a grand seal. It purported to be a stipend and a licence given by Philip Duke of Burgundy to M. W. one of his archers, in return for services in the wars, and for a wound received at the duke's side. The stipend was four merks yearly to be paid by the duke's almoner, and the licence was to shoot three arrows once a week, viz., on Thursday, and no other day, in any of the duke's forests in Holland, at any game but a seven year old buck or a doe carrying fawn, proviso that the duke should not be hunting on that day, or any of his friends. In this case Martin was not to go and disturb the woods on peril of his salary and head, &c.

Margaret sighed and was silent.

"Come, cheer up, mistress," said he, "for your sake I'll peril my carcass; I have done that for many a one that was not worth your fore-finger. It is no such mighty risk either. I'll but step into the skirts of the forest, here. It is odds but they drive a hare or a fawn within reach of my arrow."

"Martin, if I let you go you must promise me not to go far, and not to be seen; far better Gerard went supperless than ill should come to you, faithful Martin."

The required promise given, Martin took his bow and three arrows, and stole cautiously into the wood: it was scarce a furlong distant. The horns were heard faintly in the distance, and all the game was afoot. Come, thought Martin, I shall soon fill the pot, and no one be the wiser.

He took his stand behind a thick oak that commanded a view of an open glade, and strung his bow—a truly formidable weapon. It was of English yew, six feet two inches high, and thick in proportion: and Martin, broad chested, with arms all iron and cord, and used to the bow from infancy, could draw a three-foot arrow to the head, and when it flew, the eye could scarce follow it, and the bow-string twanged as musical as a harp. This bow had laid many a stout soldier low in the wars of the Hoecks and Cabbel-jaws. In those days a battle-field was not a cloud of smoke; the combatants were few but the deaths many; for they saw what they were about, and fewer bloodless arrows flew than bloodless bullets now. This tremendous weapon Martin now levelled at a hare. She came cantering, then sat sprightly, and her ears made a capital V. The arrow flew, the string twanged: but Martin had been in a hurry to pot her, and lost her by an inch: the arrow seemed to strike her, but it struck the ground close to her, and passed under her belly like a flash, and hissed along the short grass and disappeared. She jumped three feet perpendicular, and away at the top of her speed. "Bungler!" said Martin. A sure proof he was not an habitual bungler, or he would have blamed the hare. He had scarcely fitted another arrow to his string when a wood-pigeon settled on the very tree he stood under. Aha! thought he, you are small, but dainty. This time he took more pains; drew his arrow carefully, loosed it smoothly, and saw it, to all appearance, go clean through the bird, carrying feathers skyward like dust. Instead of falling at his feet, the bird, whose breast was torn, not fairly pierced, fluttered feebly away, and, by a great effort, rose above the trees, flew some fifty yards, and fell dead at last; but where he could not see for the thick foliage.

"Luck is against me," said he, despondently. But he fitted another arrow, and eyed the glade keenly. Presently he heard a bustle behind him, and turned round just in time to see a noble buck cross the open, but too late to shoot at him. He dashed his bow down with an imprecation. At that moment a long, spotted animal glided swiftly across after the deer; its belly seemed to touch the ground as it went. Martin took up his bow hastily, he recognised the duke's leopard. "The hunters will not be far from her," said he, "and I must not be seen."

He plunged into the wood, following the buck and leopard, for that was his way home. He had not gone far when he heard an unusual sound ahead of him—leaves rustling violently, and the ground trampled. An experienced huntsman, he suspected the cause, and hurried in the direction. He found the leopard on the buck's back, tearing him with teeth and claw, and the buck running in a circle and bounding convulsively, with the blood pouring down his hide. Then Martin formed a desperate resolution to have the venison for Margaret. He drew his arrow to the head, and buried it in the deer, who, spite of the creature on his back, bounded high into the air, and fell dead. The leopard went on tearing him as if nothing had happened.

Martin hoped that the creature would gorge itself with blood, and then let him take the venison. He waited some minutes, then walked resolutely up, and laid his hand on the buck's leg. The leopard gave a frightful growl, and left off sucking blood. She saw Martin's game, and was sulky and on her guard. What was to be done? Martin had heard that wild creatures cannot stand the human eye. Accordingly he stood erect and fixed his on the leopard; the leopard returned a savage glance, and never took her eye off Martin. Then Martin, continuing to look the beast down, soon obtained an actual instead of a conventional result. The leopard flew at his head with a frightful yell, flaming eyes, and jaws and claws distended. He had but just time to catch her by the throat before her teeth could crush his face; one of her claws seized his shoulder and rent it, the other, aimed at his cheek, would have been more deadly still, but Martin was old-fashioned, and wore no hat but a scapulary of the same stuff as his jerkin, and this scapulary he had brought over his head like a hood; the brute's claw caught in the loose leather. Martin kept her teeth off his face with some difficulty, and griped her throat fiercely, and she kept rending his shoulder. It was like blunt reaping-hooks grinding and tearing. The pain was fearful: but, instead of cowering the old soldier, it put his blood up, and he gnashed his teeth with rage almost as fierce as hers, and squeezed her neck with iron force. The two pair of eyes blazed at one another—and now the man's were almost as furious as the brute's. She found he was throttling her, and made a wild attempt to free herself, in which she dragged his cowl all over his face and blinded him, and tore her claw out of his shoulder, flesh and all: but still he throttled her with hand and arm of iron. Presently her long tail, that was high in the air, went down, and her body lost its elasticity, and he held a choked and powerless thing: he griped it still till all motion ceased, then dashed it to the earth; then, panting, removed his cowl: the leopard lay still at his feet with tongue protruding and bloody paw; and for the first time terror fell on Martin. "I am a dead man: I have slain the duke's leopard." He hastily seized a few handfuls of leaves and threw them over her; then shouldered the buck and staggered away, leaving a trail of blood all the way—his own and the buck's. He burst into Peter's house a horrible figure, bleeding and blood-stained, and flung the deer's carcass down.

"There, no questions," said he, "but broil me a steak of it; for I am faint."

Margaret did not see he was wounded: she thought the blood was all from the deer.

She busied herself at the fire, and the stout soldier stanchd and bound his own wound apart, and soon he and Gerard and Margaret were supping royally on broiled venison.

They were very merry; and Gerard, with wonderful thoughtfulness, had brought a flask of Scheidam, and under its influence Martin revived, and told them how the venison was got, and thence to the feats of his youth.

Their mirth was suddenly interrupted. Margaret's eye became fixed and fascinated, and her

cheek pale with fear. She gasped, and could not speak, but pointed to the window with trembling finger. Their eyes followed hers, and there in the

twilight crouched a dark form with eyes like glowworms.

It was the leopard!

(To be continued.)

THE THREE MAIDENS.



THERE were three maidens met on the highway ;
The sun was down, the night was late :
And two sang loud with the birds of May,
" O the nightingale is merry with its mate."

Said they to the youngest, " Why walk you there so
The land is dark, the night is late : " [still ?
" O, but the heart in my side is ill,
And the nightingale will languish for its mate."

Said they to the youngest, " Of lovers there is store ;
The moon mounts up, the night is late : "
" O, I shall look on no man more,
And the nightingale is dumb without its mate."

Said they to the youngest, " Uncross your arms and
The moon mounts high, the night is late : " [sing ;
" O my dear lover can hear no thing,
And the nightingale sings only to its mate."

" They slew him in revenge, and his true-love was his
The moon is pale, the night is late : [lure :
His grave is shallow on the moor ;
O the nightingale is dying for its mate."

" His blood is on his breast, and the moss-roots at his
The moon is chill, the night is late : [hair :
But I will lie beside him there :
O the nightingale is dying for its mate."

" Farewell, all happy friends, and my parents kiss for
The morn is near, the night is late : me ;
He bids me come, and quiet be,
O the nightingale is dying for its mate."

GEORGE MEREDITH.

OUR FARM OF TWO ACRES.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

IN order to make money by poultry, in any proportion to the attention given to them, the speculator should be either a capitalist who provides an extensive apparatus for the supply of fowls and eggs to a neighbouring community, or a cottager or small farmer who can rear fowls in a chance-medley way, on what they can pick up for themselves. As I am neither a professional breeder of poultry, nor a cottager, nor yet a small farmer in the ordinary use of the term, I cannot and do not expect to make money to any notable extent by our fowls and ducks. As I have already intimated, the object is security against famine, where a whole neighbourhood depends on the justice and mercy of one butcher. When I relate that at an inn not three miles off, forty-five couples of fowls

have been killed in one day, from the beef and lamb falling short of the demand, it will be easily conceived that it is no small comfort to be supplied, at all events, with eggs and bacon, fowls and ham, within our own gates. The country people would like very much to see the Queen among our mountains. They would give her a dinner of eggs and ham, and set her on a pony, and show her everything. It is certain beforehand what her diet would be if she came *incog*. At the little country inns,—each the sole house of entertainment in its dale or waterhead,—you always know what you will have.

“Can we have dinner?”

“O, yes.”

“What can you give us?”

“What you like.”

After inquiring in vain for beef or mutton, we are told—

“But there’s ham, and there’s eggs.”

“Very well : and what else?”

“Why there’s eggs ; and there’s ham, and bacon.”

If the Queen came unawares to some dwellings which are not inns, there might, in the height of the season, be the same bill of fare, and no other. The value of the resource must be the measure of our gain, under such circumstances ; and not the money we make.

It becomes an increasing wonder every year why the rural cottagers of the United Kingdom do not rear fowls, almost universally, seeing how little the cost would be, and how great is the demand. We import many millions of eggs annually. Why should we import any ? It seems as strange as that Ireland should import all its cheese, while exporting butter largely. After spending the morning among dairy-farms in Kerry, you have at dinner cheese from London : and in the same way, after passing dozens of cottages on commons or in lanes in England, where the children have nothing to do, and would be glad of pets, you meet a man with gold rings in his ears, who asks you in broken English to buy eggs from the continent. Wherever there is a cottage family, whether living on potatoes or better fare, and grass growing anywhere near, there it would be worth while to nail up a little pent-house, and make nests of clean straw, and go in for a speculation in eggs and chickens. Seeds, worms, and insects go a great way in feeding poultry in such places ; and then there are the small and refuse potatoes from the heap, and the outside cabbage leaves, and the scraps of all sorts. Very small purchases of broken rice (which is extremely cheap), inferior grain, and mixed meal, would do all else that is necessary. There would probably be larger losses from “vermin” than in better guarded places ; but these could be well afforded, as a mere deduction from considerable gains. It is understood that the keeping of poultry is largely on the increase in the country generally, and even among cottagers ; but the prevailing idea is of competition as to races and specimens for the poultry-yard, rather than of meeting the demand for eggs and fowls for the table. The pursuit is an excellent one, and everybody rejoices at the growth of such an interest : but the labourer and his family are not

benefited by it, as a steady resource, as they might be by a constant succession of commonplace eggs and chickens, to be sold in the next town. As for any farmer who grows grain and has a homefield and a barn, he must be badly off for wife or daughter if he cannot depend on his poultry for a respectable amount of annual profit. We remember the exultation of a German settler in a western state of America, in speaking of his rise in life, shown by his “fifty head of hen.” Perhaps it is not necessary to go so far as the prairies to acquire a stock in trade,—not so large, indeed, but profitable in equal proportion.

The least advantageous way of rearing fowls is just that which is now under our notice—that of a lady’s poultry-yard on a small bit of land in a populous neighbourhood. The fowls cannot have full liberty ; they must not trespass on the neighbours ; and they are grievously trespassed on by the neighbours’ cats and dogs. Yet the experiment answers in our case soundly and thoroughly, through the care and interest invested in the enterprise by my companion. She has worked through many difficulties, and raised the project to paying point, and beyond it, to the comfort of the household, her own great amusement and that of her guests, and the edification and benefit of the servants.

Our average stock is twenty hens, two cocks, five ducks, and one drake. Our accommodation will not allow any large increase of our average. The ducks are uncommonly fine specimens of the Aylesbury breed. One cock is Cochinchina : the other of some common sort which makes less impression on strangers. A visitor lately met the Cochinchina sultan in the drive, and was so prodigiously impressed as to take off his hat to his majesty, who is indeed too heavy to be often met out walking.

The ducks were a present, some years ago, and the silk stocking has become worsted, and perhaps silk again, in the interval, from the changes necessary to keep up the vigour of the stock. Besides substituting a new drake every three years or so, we exchange some brood-eggs every season with some neighbour who has the same breed. We have not conveniences for rearing any great number of young ducks, and prefer selling the eggs, of which we have above 600 per annum. We kill a few ducks for our own table, reckoning their value, not at the London rate, but at 2s. 6d. each. In London, 7s. a couple would be asked for ducks which would not have two-thirds of their substantial merit when brought to table. Our duck eggs are in great request for poaching, and puddings and custards ; and well they may be, for their cubic contents must be nearly double those of ordinary hens’ eggs.

It might be difficult to say which is cause and which effect in regard to our having two cocks and two poultry-yards. The double arrangement is desirable in every way. There should always be opportunities for separation and seclusion, in that community as in every other. For instance, the favourite aversion of the drake is his own ducklings. He would destroy them every one if we did not separate them from their passionate

parent. The whole feathered colony is, at times, so like the Irish quarter in a port-town, with its brawls and faction fights, that imprisonment or banishment is occasionally necessary, on the one hand, and an accident-ward for the victims on the other. We have one roosting-chamber in the upper part of the coal-shed, and the other in the upper part of the pig-house, each opening into its own yard, and having its ladder without and its perches within. In the small enclosures, made of trellised wood and wire netting, are pent-houses for the nests, which should always be on the ground, for the sake not only of the convenience of the sitting hen, but of the vigour of the brood. The shallow troughs for food and pans for water make up the rest of the apparatus. The places should be swept out several times a week, and strewn with charcoal in hot weather; and there should always be soft soil enough for the hens to make dust-baths in, and gravel enough to afford them pebble diet, according to their needs. There must always be a little heap of lime in some dry corner, if the egg-shells are to be worthy of their contents.

So much for what may be called the retreats or refuges of the fowls: but their lives cannot be passed there. So we found. They must have a further range. The best plan, where space can be afforded (which is not our case), is to lay out for the fowls a long strip of grass fenced with wire—a regular Rotten Row for their daily trot, race, or stately walk. As the nearest approach we could make to this, we fenced in with galvanised wire netting the belt of plantation which adjoins the lower fowl-house. There they have room to run and make dust-baths, and strut in the sun or repose in the shade at pleasure. A deep trough is sunk there, and filled with water for the ducks when they must be kept at home, and for the ducklings, which are not allowed to range the meadows, because such liberty is almost invariably fatal to them. Whether it is any particular food, animal or vegetable (we suspect a particular slug), or other dangers—as entanglement in the grass and weeds, cramp, enemies, or what not—it is very rarely that ducklings survive an attempt at a roving life. After witnessing every accident now stated, we believe the deleterious food to be sufficient reason for keeping the broods at home till they are well grown. The drake and his harem spend the day abroad for several months of the year, going forth into the meadows—where they make a serviceable clearance of slugs—in the morning, after laying, and coming home in the evening for their supper. While the grass is growing for hay, we are obliged to keep them at home; and it is necessary to watch them when young vegetables are coming up and fruit is ripening. Nobody would believe without seeing it how high they can reach with their bills when currants and gooseberries hang temptingly; and in their love of strawberries they vie with humanity. After being kept at home, the ducks relax in their laying, and their feeding is expensive; but they really seem to go on laying longer every year: so perhaps we may train them, in course of time, to be “equal to either fortune.”

For the sake of the young chicks, we have yet one other enclosure at the service of the fowls. There is a pretty little quarry below the terrace and orchard, from whence the stone for the terrace-wall was taken. A little wire fence is now drawn across the entrance, and the young broods and their mothers have it to themselves.

Such is their mode of life. As for what they live on, we make their food as various as possible, as in the case of the cows and the pig. The most expensive of all food we find to be barley *au naturel*. Not only is a considerable proportion thrown about and wasted, but much that is swallowed is never digested. We, therefore, give it as a change and indulgence; and by no means as the staple of their food. Indian meal is the best staple, according to our experience. It is well scalded, that the swelling may be done before it is swallowed instead of after—thus avoiding various maladies and perils from over-eating. Broken rice well boiled is good to a certain extent. Malt-dust is a valuable resource. The demand is becoming so great that it will probably soon cease to be a cheap food; but while it remains so, it is a real boon, both to the fowls and their owner. They will eat almost anything that is sprinkled with malt-dust; and a 6s. sack of it goes a long way. A certain proportion of green food, and also of animal food, is indispensable. Lettuce-leaves, turnip-tops, cabbage-leaves, celery, should be thrown to them. They should have access to grass, to pick seeds and insects; and it is well to put a fresh sod into the poultry yard whenever such a valuable thing can be spared. All the worms and insects that come in the gardener's way should be presented to them; and, when insects are scarce, scraps of raw meat, minced as fine as pins' heads, should be given. Add finely chopped egg for infant chicks, and I think the bill of fare is complete. As for the peppercorn, which old wives recommend as the first thing to be swallowed, we reprobate the notion as we should in the case of any other new-born creature. In fact, it irritates the crop very mischievously, if it gives out its savour: and if it does not dissolve, it is nothing.

We do not find it necessary to make distinctions of seasons in hatching broods, as some people do. We like beginning early; but we know what we may expect from frosts and storms in March, and are content with what we get. If we have not a pretty full school by June, we shake our heads: but some July broods have been as fine and complete as any others on our list. An autumn brood or two—even a late one—is valuable; for the chickens are short-legged, and make excellent sitters.

By careful management, my companion has succeeded in distributing the moulting over a considerable space of time, and therefore in obtaining eggs in early winter. We have them now throughout the year. We lay by a hundred or more in lime water in the most plentiful season, for puddings in the time of scarcity; and then our small supply of November and December eggs is disposable for invalids, or other neighbours anxious to secure the delicacy.

Under this mode of management, our fowl account has stood thus for the last two years.

In 1857, we paid for food 17*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*; and for improvements in the hen-house, 1*l.* 15*s.*; that is, our expenses were 18*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; eggs and fowls used and sold were worth 18*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*; ten chickens and one young cock in stock, 1*l.* 5*s.*; making 19*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*; which shows our profit to have been 12*s.* 6*d.*; in 1858, the cost of food was 16*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*; and of improvement of stock, 11*s.* 9*d.*; together making 16*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.*; while our sales and use yielded 17*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*; our profit, therefore, being 10*s.* 7*d.* London prices would have enriched us mightily; for we had 3,039 eggs, and killed sixty-three fowls (including a few ducks). Within a dozen miles of the General Post-Office, our produce would have been worth above 30*l.*; but it must be remembered that, in regard to our domestic consumption, we have the benefit of the country prices. As it is, we have a balance on the right side, instead of the wrong, after all accidents and misfortunes are allowed for.

Those accidents are not only vexatious but grievous. The finest young cock we had ever reared was found dead and stiff one morning. His crop, alas! was full of ivy-leaves, which he had reached and snatched from the wall of the house, by some vigorous climbing out of bounds. Chicks, and even hens, now and then are cramped by change of weather, or other mysterious causes. If observed in time, they may be recovered by warmth, friction, and apparently by the unaccountable influence of the human hand: but if they hide their trouble they will be found dead. A stray duckling may lose itself in tall grass as in a jungle. A chick may be found drowned in an inch or two of water in a pan. At one time a hawk haunted us, and we either missed a chicken occasionally, or found it dropped, with a hole in its breast. Rats are to be expected wherever a lake or river is near; but they are easily disposed of by taking up a flag, and, when their runs are traced, putting down strychnine on bread and butter. Nowhere but under pavement should that poison be placed, because it may be swallowed by some other creature than a rat: but in a subterranean way it is very useful. We have never made war in that way, as some people do, against the sparrows and chaffinches, which really are a nuisance. Where a house is covered with ivy and climbing-plants, and sheltered by copse, and where fowls are fed in the open air, freebooting tribes of birds will be encroaching and audacious. We fear that a large portion of our good meal and grain goes to glut our enemies in the ivy and the trees. But what can we do? We make nets to cover our sprouting vegetables and ripening fruit; and that is all we can do. But about the accidents. The worst are from prowling cats. The ladies of the Four Acres lost eight chickens by cats in one night, and we have lost eight chickens by cats in one day. Such a thing as the destruction of poultry by the neighbours' cats ought never to happen when it is once known how easy prevention is. We educate our own cat, and that at the cottage; and if the neighbours would do the same, there would be an end everywhere to the loss and discontent and ill-will which arise from this cause.

When a cat is seen to catch a chicken, tie it round her neck, and make her wear it for two or three days. Fasten it securely; for she will make incredible efforts to get rid of it. Be firm for that time, and the cat is cured. She will never again desire to touch a bird. This is what we do with our own cats, and what we recommend to our neighbours; and when they try the experiment, they and their pets are secure from reproach and danger henceforth. Wild, homeless, hungry, ragged, savage cats are more difficult to catch; but they are outlaws, and may be shot with the certainty that all neighbours will be thankful.

My entire poultry-yard, except a few of the old hens on the perches, was in danger of destruction by an accident one summer night, and was saved by what I cannot but consider a remarkable exercise of energy on the part of my companion, M—. Few persons in the north of England will ever forget the thunder-storm on the night of the 24th of July, 1857. At 11, P.M., the rain came down in one sheet, instantly flooding the level ground to the depth of more than a foot, and the continuous thunder seemed to crack on one's very skull, while the blue lightning never intermitted for two seconds for above an hour. The heat was almost intolerable. Our maids, however, who keep very early hours, were sleeping through it all, when M— escorted me (very feeble from illness) up-stairs, settled me with my book in my easy-chair, and bade me Good-night.

Presently I drew up a window-blind, to see the lightning better from my seat. In the midst of its blue blazes there was, more than once, a yellow flicker on the window-frame which I could not understand. I went to look out, and saw a yellow light whisking about far below, sometimes in the quarry, and then mounting or descending the terrace steps. It was M—, saving the fowls. She would not allow the maids, who were stirring enough now, to go out straight from their beds into the storm; and she knew it was useless to call the man from the cottage, who was a mere encumbrance on critical occasions. In fact, he and his wife were at that moment entirely persuaded that the end of the world was come. It was no form of speech, but their real conviction; and it could not have been asked of them to care about ducks and chickens. The maids were lighting a fire in the back-kitchen, and strewing the floor with straw, while M— was out in dress which could not be spoiled, lantern, basket and apron. Some of the hens and chickens were too cramped to move, sitting in the water. Some were taking refuge in the shrubs. Two ducklings were dead, and two more died afterwards. M— went again and again, and to both the poultry-yards, and brought up forty fowls,—all that were in danger, every one of which would have been dead before morning. Of course she had not a dry thread about her, nor a dry hair on her head; but the wetting was a trifle in comparison with the bewildering effect of the thunder and lightning in such a midnight. She did not suffer for it more or less, and our poultry-yard was saved. The poor fowls were dried and rubbed, and made comfortable on their straw. A few were delicate for a little while; but only five died in all. It was not the pecuniary

loss which M—— dreaded, but the destruction of her whole school of dependents, and the total discouragement which must have followed such a catastrophe. If the deluge had destroyed the colony that night, we should have had no more to tell of our poultry-yard. As it is, we have contemplated the proceedings of our hens and broods ever since with a stronger interest than ever before.

When a neighbour here and there said, "I would have let all the fowls of the air perish before I would have gone out on such a night," we think these friends of ours have yet to learn the pleasure and true interest of a rural charge, like that of a poultry-yard.

This is an impression often renewed in regard, not only to the poultry-yard, but to all the interests involved in a genuine country life. The ladies of the Four Acre Farm tell us of a visitor of theirs who could not conceive that women who can make butter could care for books. She wondered at their subscribing to Mudie's. This is, to be sure, the very worst piece of ignorance of country-life and its influences that I ever read of; but it is only an exaggeration of a sentiment very common in both town and country. Some country as well as town gentry may say to us miniature farmers, "What is the use of so much doing for so little profit? A few shillings, or a few pounds, or a certain degree of domestic comfort and luxury,—this is all; and is it worth while?"

"No, this is not all," we reply. When we say what more there is, it will be for others to decide for themselves whether it is worth while to use small portions of land, or to leave them undeveloped. It is a grave and yet a cheerful consideration that the maintenance of our man and his wife is absolutely created by our plan of living; and it is worth something that the same may be said of several animals which are called into existence by it. As for ourselves and our servants, our domestic luxuries are the smallest benefit we derive from our out-door engagements. We should under no circumstances be an idle household. We have abundance of social duties and literary pleasures, in parlour and kitchen; but these are promoted, and not hindered, by our out-door interests. The amount of knowledge gained by actual handling of the earth and its productions, and by personal interest in the economy of agriculture, even on the smallest scale, is greater than any inconsiderate person would suppose; and the exercise of a whole range of faculties on practical objects, which have no sordidness in them, is a valuable and most agreeable method of adult education.

Whoever grows anything feels a new interest in everything that grows; and, as to the mood of mind in which the occupation is pursued, it is, to town-bred women, singularly elevating and refining. To have been reared in a farm-house, remote from society and books, and ignorant of everything beyond the bounds of the parish, is one thing; and to pass from an indolent or a literary life in town to rural pursuits, adopted with a purpose, is another. In the first case, the state of mind may be narrow, dull, and coarse; in the

latter, it should naturally be expansive, cheery, and elevated. The genuine poetry of man and nature invests an intellectual and active life in the open universe of rural scenery. If listless young ladies from any town in England could witness the way in which hours slip by in tending the garden, and consulting about the crops, and gathering fruit and flowers, they would think there must be something in it more than they understand. If they would but try their hand at making a batch of butter, or condescend to gather eggs, and court acquaintance with hens and their broods, or assume the charge of a single nest, from the hen taking her seat to the maturity of the brood, they would find that life has pleasures for them that they knew not of,—pleasures that have as much "romance" and "poetry" about them as any book in Mudie's library. "But the time!" say some. "How can you spare the time?" Well! what is it? People must have bodily exercise, in town or country, or they cannot live in health, if they can live at all. Why should country folk have nothing better than the constitutional walk which is the duty and pleasure of townsfolk? Sometimes there is not half-an-hour's occupation in the field or garden in the day; and then is the occasion for an extended ramble over the hills. On other days, two, three, four hours slip away, and the morning is gone unawares; and why not? The things done are useful; the exercise is healthful and exhilarating,—in every way at least as good as a walk for health's sake; and there is the rest of the day for books, pen, and needle. The fact is, the outdoor amusements leave abundance of time, and ever-renewed energy for the life of books, the pen, and domestic and social offices of duty and love.

Let those ladies whose lot it is to live in the country consider whether they shall lead a town or a country life there. A town life in the country is perhaps the lowest of all. It is having eyes which see not,—ears which hear not,—and minds which do not understand. A lady who had lived from early childhood in a country-house politely looked into my poultry-yard when it was new, and ran after me with a warm compliment.

"What a beautiful hen you have there;—what beautiful long feathers in its tail!"

"Why, S—," said I, "that is the cock."

"O—oh—oh!" said she, "I did not know."

Mr. Howitt tells us somewhere of a guest of his who, seeing a goose and her fourteen goslings on a common, thought it must be very exhausting to the bird to suckle so many young ones. To women who do not know a cock from a hen, or green crops from white, or fruit-trees from forest-trees, or how to produce herb, flower, root, or fruit from the soil, it would be new life to turn up the ground which lies about them. Miniature farming would, in that very common case, not only create the material subsistence of the servants employed, but develop the mind and heart of the employer. This, and not the money made, is the true consideration when the question arises,—What shall a woman do with two or four acres?

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE WHITE APRON.



It might be a curious question, worth asking and ascertaining, of persons whose names are famous in history or prominent among the heroic traditions of war, how large is the proportion composed of those who have greatness thrust upon them, compared to individuals who, by the virtues of true courage, perseverance, boldness, and sagacity, have achieved it for themselves?

It is at all events one that rises to the mind after hearing the story of Johanna Stegen, a fortunate milkmaid of Lüneberg, who, by no particular effort of her own, save a forced compliance, rose to fame, ultimate elevation in rank, and extreme prosperity.

In 1813 the French, greatly to the disgust of the conquered, still occupied Lüneberg. A time however was at hand when the power that deemed itself all but omnipotent, was to totter, and presently fall down amidst the well-earned execrations of all Europe.

But it is the story of the fortunate milkmaid which is the object of this paper, not the progress and termination of the first Napoleon's wars.

On the outskirts of Lüneberg there stood then, and very possibly still remains, a little settlement of milch farm-houses. The inhabitants of this village, which is called Grimm, carried on a brisk trade by supplying the lacteal fluid in large quantities to Lüneberg, which city depended mainly on these farms for that important article of diet. Our heroine, Johanna, was employed in one of these rural dairies, and was, in short, just a milkmaid and nothing more. Truth compels her biographer to state that there was little enough of the picturesque in our Johanna's personal appearance, and that she had even more than the usual boeotic attributes of robust health and florid bloom, charms accompanied moreover by locks whose redness was a fact above all contradiction.

But Fate, the mighty, can overcome all; and, for anything we know, could make even an empress, of a short, stout, red-headed dairy-woman.

Little indeed Johanna dreamed when—her milk-pails slung from her square shoulders—she issued forth on a

certain morning, the exact date of which the present biographer fairly owns to have been unable to ascertain; little did she dream or think—supposing she was even in the habit of thinking, to which practice luckily for their health and vigour, milk-maids are not prone—that fortune was waiting silyly, in no far-off nook, to invest her with all that the heart of woman is said—mind, only said—to love best, viz., rank, homage, wealth, and fame.

By Johanna's side, on that memorable morning, came forth at the same time, similarly laden, a being, gentler and fairer, though in all likelihood no better nurtured or cultivated than her companion. This young person was an assistant dairy-maid, and in this narrative, with the courteous reader's leave, shall be called "Caroline."

These girls were bound on their usual errand, taking to Lüneberg supplies of rich creamy fluid. They chatted and sang and laughed on their road from Grimm to Lüneberg, a distance of probably not more than a mile and a half. Suddenly, as they were nearing the city, Johanna halted.

"What dost thou stare at?" says Caroline, in her guttural German. "I see nothing." (*Ich sehe nichts.*)

"Canst hear neither, perhaps," answered Johanna, raising her hand and pointing.

And now indeed Caroline heard sharp and loud reports, which gave her an idea, expressed curtly enough.

"Fighting, eh?" quoth Caroline.

"Come on," answered Johanna; "the milk must go to Lüneberg, if Boney himself be there! We're late enough now, I tell you." For Caroline showed symptoms of turning back towards Grimm, a tendency to cowardism which plainly proves her to have had no pretensions to be a heroine, and which ought to reconcile us to her ultimate fate. "Come on, I tell you, fool! they won't hurt us!"

"No; but the bullets may. Hark! there they go—pop! pop! Johanna, never mind the milk—let the people want their breakfasts for once."

But, arguing thus, they still walked on; and, as it proved, marched right into the lion's mouth. When it was too late, even for women as they were, to retreat, they found themselves right in the midst of Prussian and Russian soldiers, who, up to that moment, had been pouring their fire against Lüneberg. There was, however, just then, a momentary forced cessation of hostilities on the

side of the assaulting party, and, in fact, the French were rapidly gaining the advantage. An accident had occurred. Close before Johanna and Caroline, a cart laden with cartridges had been overturned, and its contents were strewed on the ground. No one was near it save a dead trooper or two, and one who was just expiring. Caroline, tender and thoughtful woman, ran up to this wretch, and held a draught of milk to his dying lips, but Johanna claps her hands, crying out—

“Rouleaux ! rouleaux ! Come quick, and help me, Caroline !”

She took the cartridges for rouleaux of coin, which they somewhat resemble. Johanna and her companion both wore large white aprons with big pockets, not like those of grisettes on the stage, but good substantial ones, fit to hold a half-quarter loaf. Johanna filled these as quickly as she could pick her spoil up, quite oblivious of the bullets from Lüneberg, which hailed round her—as oblivious of them, in her thirst for getting quickly rich, as was Caroline, from a better, holier motive. In after-times, I think the look of gratitude which beamed from the dying soldier's eyes, the broken words of blessing which dropped from his white lips, must have been a dearer, more blessed memory to the heart of her, who, naturally timid, forgot that timidity under the influence of woman's holiest promptings of tenderness and mercy, than the subsequent homage, the brilliant fortune showered on the being who, with eager eyes and avaricious grasp, was busily employed in cramming her pockets with that, which indeed ultimately proved more valuable towards her aggrandisement, than the gold for which she took the packages strewed around.

But Johanna's career of greedy acquirement is speedily stopped. A Prussian colonel rides hastily up. He has no idea of the girl's self-deception. He hastily dubs her in his mind—a mind heated by the excitement of action—as an ardent heroine aspiring to aid his troops in their temporary distress.

“My brave girl ! those pockets will not hold enough ; fill your apron. Quick, here, young woman !” (to Caroline, who still knelt by the dying), “do the same—as one goes, the other can come back !”

There was no murmur of disobedience possible. Here was the terrible Prussian flaming with loud voice, stern in command, indisputable in authority. Johanna was quite unconscious of the admiration with which the great man, whom she took for a general at least, viewed her. Fear alone, made the girl obey, and indeed, as her retreat was by this time cut off by a body of advancing troops, to go back was impossible, to go forward inadvisable. Her acceptance of the duty imposed, was, however, as prompt and ready as if the action had really emanated from herself. She was always sturdy and bustling, and not less so now, when bullets whistled around, and she was in mortal fear. Quickly she filled her apron, and as quickly ran with her burden, to the poor fellows, who for want of them, were being rapidly picked off by the French fire, man by man. As she returned, Caroline performed the same good office ; so, backwards and forwards amidst a rattling fire, mid

volleys of no less fiery oaths, midst blood, carnage, the groans of the dying, the carcasses of the dead, did Johanna Stegen, and Caroline Bürger, carry pail after pail of cartridges, distributing them to the troops, till the day advanced, and the allies had gained the victory—gained it, as all to a man declared, by the heroic conduct of a woman—that woman, Johanna Stegen.

Caroline, her pale face heated by the danger and stern excitement of the scene, equally arduous, equally—even more generously—oblivious of danger, is permitted, unnoticed, unthanked, to make her way back as best she can to Grimm, there to amaze the pastoral inhabitants with the recital of that adventurous and blood-stained morning.

Our Johanna was not too much overpowered by bashfulness to remain on the field, waiting for applause and thanks. She had wit enough to see that she was appreciated beyond what she had merited. However, just then, every one was too busy with rejoicing and hopes of plunder, to notice her, whom they considered the victress of the day.

As, weary and disappointed, she was about to return to Grimm, the same colonel who had directed the milk-girl's efforts, rode up to her, hot, and ready to drop off his horse with fatigue.

“My girl—quick—your apron—give to me. Not a word—off with it—that's right—now, your name—Johanna—Johanna what ? Johanna Stegen—So ! Now, my lads, onward ! Stragglers fall back !”

And thereupon, one of the stragglers, who could not comprehend what that grand, terrible, fierce soldier could want with her apron, now half-dirty, stained with blood and the moisture of her weary brow, fell back at the word of command, and presently, changing her mind about Grimm, she slowly followed in the rear of the army, who acknowledged her as its preserver, and who by this time had hoisted her apron in front of the troops, as an ensign and emblem of how a great victory had been won.

Arrived at Lüneberg, our milkmaid—who, as yet, knew not she might place the adjective fortunate before her name—went at once to the house of her mother, who (a poor widow) gained hard bread and little enough salt by charing and washing. She feared, perhaps, to return to Grimm, where heroism was likely to kick the beam when weighed against the loss of sundry pails of milk, wasted or seized by thirsty fellows as lawful spoil, and for which she had not the means of paying. She claimed the shelter of the maternal roof, and related her adventure to her mother, not without many reproaches on the part of that virtuous matron, for interfering amongst a parcel of rapsallion soldiers, who ate, drank, and devoured that night at the expense of Lüneberg.

But Johanna's triumph rose next day with the sun. The King of Prussia took possession of the city, and the first act of royalty, was to make a proclamation for the owner of the White Apron, who was by no means backward in creeping forth from her obscurity.

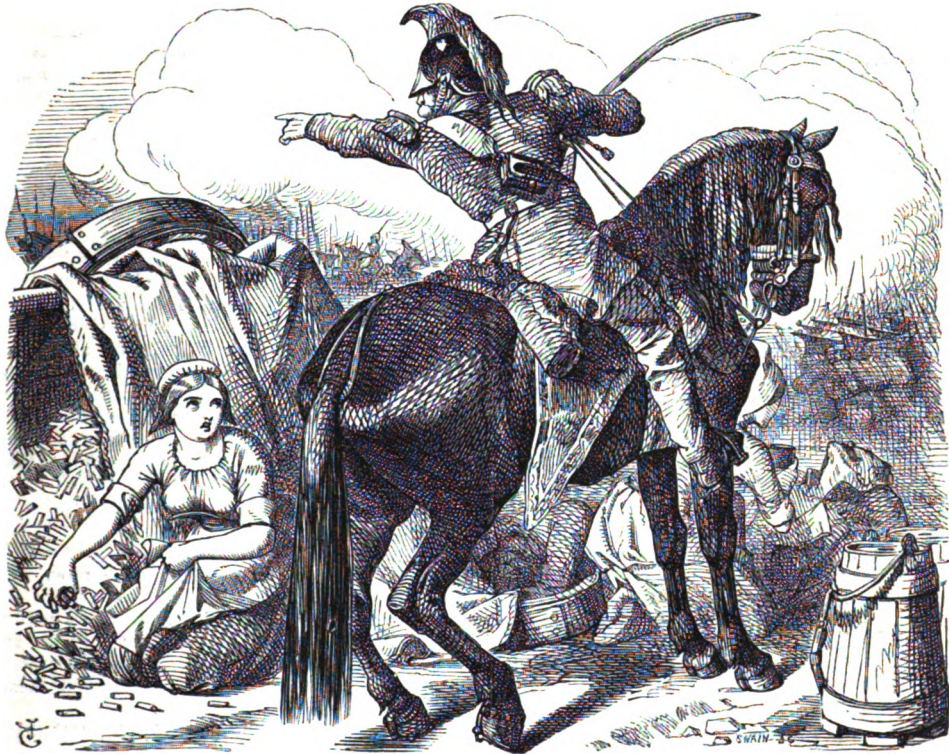
That night a grand banquet was held at the Schloss Lüneberg, and Johanna sat at the monarch's

right hand. Robust and florid as she was, no belle attracted such universal notice or admiration as this fortunate milkmaid. Her glowing hair was called golden, her ruddy cheeks blooming, and her form was admired for its strength, if it was not exactly extolled for grace. Success is your true beautifier—the elixir which bestows youth and beauty, and which fails in its effect only when the sun of Fortune sets. The girdle of

Good Luck once thrown round the thickest waist, it becomes to every beholder as slender as Venus's own, and those whom the blind goddess has mystified by the bandage of her own eyes, are, at any time, ready to swear black is white, or, as in Johanna's case, red is yellow.

And amidst all this, Caroline's name was not heard.

One heart at least was captivated by this heroine



in spite of herself. The big Prussian colonel must have his fancy captivated by this close approximation to the heroic maid of his heated brain. Among the toasts drank to Johanna Stegen, his response was the loudest, his praise the most broadly expressed.

But—every medal has its reverse side—what a pity!

In the midst of all these rejoicings, and just as great things were in contemplation for Johanna, who seems to have been regarded as a second Joan of Arc, just when one may suppose the Prussian colonel was beginning to find leisure to prosecute his romantic suit—Lo! the French returned and retook Lüneberg. Dire event! which the poor Lünebergers deplored, and which was positive ruin to our heroine, whose temporary elevation had served to point her out as a mark for the vengeance of the infuriated French soldiery. Johanna, thrown down from her lofty pedestal, was, metaphorically speaking, obliged to grovel in the mud, and literally, might have been trampled to death, except for hiding herself, which she did

for many days, in a dark dismal cellar, indebted for sustenance solely to the good offices of neighbours, and to Caroline, who brought her in milk from Grimm, and who, unnoticed and unrewarded, was no doubt much happier than the heroine cowering in her dismal cellar, expecting hourly death—or worse.

But this terrible condition, which lasted many bitter days, was terminated at length by the report of a large body of Prussians advancing on Lüneberg; and now, as the French at last evacuated Lüneberg, our heroine once more emerged from her obscurity, and threw herself at the king's feet.

Her sorrows ended there. Her merits were at once recognised; she was patronised by some of the female connections of her Prussian admirer. Following the army subsequently into Prussia, she was at once placed on the full-pay of a colonel, and sent to a pension to be educated for her future rank in life—a Prussian nobleman's spouse. Henceforth the life of Johanna Stegen became one of uninterrupted prosperity. At the close of the war

she married the man, whose peremptory orders were in reality the cause of her being famous. History tells us no more of her. Did education refine her? Did she ever think of Caroline Bürger, in the latter's obscurity, or aid the comrade who shared her peril, but not her good fortune? It is believed not. She whom we have called Caroline lived and died, obscure and humble, perhaps not less happy; even her real name was not known by the old inhabitant of the Schloss Lüneberg, from whose lips this little narrative was gathered years ago, and who could boast of having both seen and spoken to, the famous heroine of Lüneberg, Johanna Stegen, by no means the first, nor in all likelihood the last, to whom fortune has called in a fit of caprice, and loaded with unmerited favours.

H. J.

RACING BY STEAM.

Of all English sports, racing is the most thoroughly popular, and of all our national pleasures there is none so widely and so heartily loved as this. The English passion for horses united to this delight in racing, has produced, and keeps alive a system of national amusement, girt about with a machinery almost sufficiently extensive and complicated to govern a country. But if the English people love horse-racing, there is no small number of them whose sympathies are strong for other developments of the same species of sport. Every British yachtsman glories in our regattas, every oarsman loves the madness of a boat-race, every runner pants for foot-races, while our small boys find intense delight in trials of speed between rival donkeys. As a people, we assuredly do love all manner of racing. Hunting is popular, cricket a favourite sport, shooting has its enthusiastic votaries, fishing its fond disciples, fighting even its lovers, and the mystic game of "nurr and spell" its obscure devotees; but racing embraces all of these, covers every variety of sportsman under its broad mantle, and forces each to acknowledge its superior attractiveness.

Now these thoughts came to me on this wise: In the month of December 1857, I went, in common with many another man from the country, to the Annual Smithfield Cattle Show. I admired the short-horns, wondered at the obese pigs, was charmed with the muttons, and pleased with all I saw. I walked through the stands for the exhibition of machinery, and mused and marvelled at the ingenuity there represented. I presently dived down stairs to the small steam engines below, and found myself ultimately almost bewildered by the variety, extent, and novelty of the means by which modern science has added to the resources of the farmer, when I suddenly stood face to face with my old friend and quondam schoolfellow, Plummer Block. I had not seen Plummer for fifteen years; when last we met he, then a lad with much love of tools and all manner of machinery, was about being apprenticed to a millwright, established near his father's farm, who made for the farmer such ploughs, harrows, drills, and grinding-mills as were in fashion at that time; since then we

had not met, and I had only heard of him as senior partner in a comparatively new and flourishing firm, known as Messrs. Block and Bolt, Agricultural Engineers and Machinists.

Greetings and friendly inquiries over, I spoke presently of my wonder and admiration of the appliances by which we were surrounded.

"Yes," said Plummer, "there have been very great improvements lately; and in no branch of our business is this more noticeable than in the construction of these engines about us."

I looked interested, and he continued:—

"Ten years ago, the term 'Agricultural Steam Engine' had scarcely a recognised existence; now there are some thousands of these busy bees humming away in this country alone."

I asked what he considered the chief agents in working such a revolution.

"Increase of improvement and adaptability to their work in the machines," he replied. "The first engines of this description were expensive, ill-made pieces of machinery, costly in working, and difficult to move from place to place, from their great weight; now they are models of lightness, good workmanship, and economy. Our annual show has done wonders in bringing about this change, and the system of competitive trials of the relative merits of engines by the different makers has produced very marked results. This engine," he continued, nodding towards that near which we stood, "is our last year's racer,—a first-class engine in every respect."

"Last year's racer!" I exclaimed; "what do you mean?"

"Ah," he replied, "'racer' has grown to be quite a recognised term in the trade now. We call those engines 'racers' which we exhibit and enter for the Royal Agricultural Society's prizes; and I can assure you," he added, "that the run against your rivals, as well as the preparatory 'training' and 'trial gallops,' are by no means unexciting amusements."

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you really *train* engines—steam engines—for these yearly 'races' as you call them?"

"Most seriously I do," said Plummer; "but you seem interested as well as surprised: make up your mind, then, to run down into Blankshire for a week next June, and we will give you a peep into the mysteries of an agricultural engineer's mechanical 'stud,' and show you the paces of some of our forthcoming crack entries for the Carlisle meeting of 1858."

The result of this conversation was, that I visited Messrs. Block and Bolt's manufactory, and, believing the general reader to be as unacquainted as I previously was with the mechanical mysteries of engine racing, I now propose to tell him something of what I saw, and show him that the races of steam engines, as well as of horses, boats, or donkeys, may have their elements of pleasure and excitement.

I presume that everybody now-a-days knows what is meant by an agricultural or portable steam engine: let no one innocently imagine that I am about to speak of two engines of locomotive habits being pitted against each other for a trial of speed. No. The agricultural steam engine is nothing

more than a small portable motive power set on wheels, incapable of independent locomotion, ignobly drawn by horses from place to place, and which is intended to do for the large farmer all such operations as thrashing, grinding, chaff-cutting, and winnowing, at a cheaper and speedier rate than they can be done by hand or horse-labour.

From this outline of the destiny of a portable steam engine, it will at once be evident that three main conditions are necessary to their adoption and success—namely, lightness, good workmanship, and economy of fuel in working. There are, of course, other minor desirables; but it is to these three, and specially to the last *two*, that the Agricultural Society of England awards its prizes and commendations. That all engines competing for a prize may stand as nearly as possible on a broad basis of equality, the Society publishes, yearly, a list of their requirements in certain of the more important constructional details, such for example as the minimum thickness of boiler-plates and diameter of heating-tubes, together with such other conditions as they consider should be ensured to every purchaser of an engine. Every exhibitor is thus prevented from gaining any unfair advantage over others, as certain rejection follows the infringement of the Society's stipulations.

Having said thus much by way of necessary preface, let me describe, as nearly as I can, what I saw at my friend's factory.

In a large and convenient building to which I was introduced, there stood some new and beautiful steam-engines; these having been completed a few days previously in the shops, had been removed to this "Experimental Shed," as it was called, where they now awaited the trial of their capabilities. As the method of trial in each case was precisely similar, I shall speak only of the experiments made upon one of them, which may stand as the type of all the others. The boiler was first filled with water from pipes conveniently laid in the building for this purpose; the engine was then carefully oiled and cleaned down. A pair of scales stand by the wall of the shed; in these are weighed out first 20lbs. of wood and then one cwt. of Welsh coal. The stoker (a young man in overalls and jaunty cap, with wonderfully white hands for his calling) takes his wood and coal, and having first broken up the latter into pieces about the size of a walnut, handling each atom the while as if it were a thing of priceless value, proceeds to light his fire and get up the steam. Of the skill which he displays in this, as well as in firing, throughout the experiment, more hereafter. Meanwhile, an apparatus called a "friction-break," is adjusted to the fly-wheel of the engine.

As it will be needful to offer some explanation of the nature and uses of this friction-break, let us take the opportunity of the delay caused by raising steam; to say a few words on the matter, which will involve some slight interpretation of the whole philosophy of a "trial."

The first desideratum in an engine being economy of fuel, it becomes necessary in the comparison of the performances of two competing

engines to determine which of the two has done the greater amount of work with a given quantity of fuel, and this is ascertained thus:

The capability or strength of an engine is generally stated in horses' power. Now a "horse power" is only a technical mode of expression, representing a certain amount of weight lifted a certain height in a certain time. The unit of a horse power is fixed by general consent at 33,000 pounds raised one foot high in one minute. It follows, then, that an engine capable of raising 33,000 pounds one foot high in one minute is of one-horse power.

The friction break is an instrument for determining the horse power of an engine; without describing it too fully in detail, it will be sufficient to say that by means of the friction it produces on the fly-wheel of the engine, the weight due to the horses' power of such engine is practically lifted. Supposing, for example, that a "racer" be entered for trial as of eight horses' power, the friction break will be applied in such a manner as to compel it to lift a weight equal to eight times 33,000 pounds one foot high per minute; if, while this is being done, notice be taken of the time occupied in the consumption of one cwt. of coal, it is evident that we shall have as the result the length of time during which 112 pounds of coal will produce a power equal to that of eight horses. It is, then, a matter of simple division to find the quantity of coal required to produce a power of one horse for the same time, and finally discover the quantity of coal required by the engine to enable it to give out a power equal to that of one horse for one hour. Thus, then, all engines may be brought to one standard, and the friction break is the means by which we may discover how much coal per horse power per hour each competing engine requires, the lowest in consumption naturally standing first in the rank.

But the steam is up, and our friend in the overalls, who has explained all this to us, opens the starting-valve and turns round to note upon a ruled memorandum sheet nailed to the wall, beside which hangs his watch, the precise time occupied in getting up steam—"25 minutes"—not bad to begin with.

The engine is off, the "break" compelling her to lift the weight due to her power, and the "trial" has fairly begun. Now, look at that little heap of coal beside the fire box; a most scanty morsel it seems; every energy has to be exhausted and every ingenuity to be resorted to, to make that little scuttleful of coals last as long as possible. She runs steadily along for fifteen minutes, then the needle of the sensitive pressure gauge begins to tell of a slight fall in the pressure of the steam; more fuel must go on the fire. Now if you imagine that our friend the fireman is about to open that door and heave on his coal by the shovelful you are vastly mistaken. He first peeps through a small talc window about two inches in diameter, set like an eye in the furnace door, marks where the fire is thinnest, opens a tiny circular door immediately below the eye aforesaid, and with a hooked "pricker" gently spreads the fuel evenly over the fire bars; then, in an instrument of about the bigness of a good-

sized tablespoon, he takes a supply of coals and—hey presto!—in the twinkling of an eye, while you were lost in astonishment at the smallness of the dose about to be administered, the fire door is opened, the infinitesimal shovelful “exhibited,” and the door closed with a “cling,” all with the quickness of light; in goes the hooked “pricker” again through the little circular door, spreading the fuel evenly; and he writes down “15 minutes to first firing”—very good indeed. The hand of the pressure gauge soon begins moving upwards again, and is slowly crawling beyond the appointed 45 pounds per square inch, when the damper is closed in a moment and the combustion slightly checked. But the water in the boiler is getting lower and lower; it is time to put the pump to work.

A huge bucket stands beside the engine, to which the suction pipe of the pump is attached; into this bucket, which is kept supplied with cold water, a large portion of the waste steam is admitted, and the water thereby heated; the pump therefore on being set to work throws water already nearly at the boiling point into the boiler; after a few trials the quantity delivered is regulated to supply as nearly as possible, the same amount as the constant evaporation converts into steam, and the pump is fairly at work. But this feed water, warm though it be, is cold in comparison with the heated water within the boiler, and a very few minutes suffice to show the cooling effect, and to indicate by the pressure gauge that the steam is again falling. Quick as thought, the damper is opened, and the increased draught soon brings the needle to its place again. Still the admission of the cold feed water makes itself felt, and this time the operation of administering the tiny scoopful of coals has to be repeated at an interval of ten minutes from the last; this, however, is not bad. Up goes the damper again, after a few moments, and ten or twelve minutes pass, during which friend “Overalls” wipes and oils every working part of the engine, and surveys the tiny fire within the furnace through the little talc window with the deepest solicitude. Again the steam falls, and again the damper is opened; the needle crawls weakly and uncertainly upwards for a few moments, then begins slowly falling; then comes another infinitesimal dose of coal, followed by another ten minutes or so of rest. So it goes on now, coal being administered about every ten or twelve minutes. The pump is working well, keeping the water exactly at the required level, and everything goes smoothly on; the most noticeable thing being our fireman’s anxious face, as he peers through the little window, and rakes his fuel smooth, or as he looks with lingering eyes on the lessening heap of coals by his side. Half an hour has passed, and “Overalls” takes advantage of a few minutes’ rest to sweep away every atom of cinder fallen from the furnace, carefully into his remaining stock of coal; he mixes them as carefully together, and seeing a visible increase in his resources, looks bright and hopeful. An hour passes thus in a series of repetitions of all these processes, still there

seems but little diminution of the tiny heap of coals, and you begin to wonder when they will shrink. Another half-hour, and the little heap has grown visibly less. “Overalls” tries hard to make up the deficiency with ashes, but evidently feels his failure. All the while the engine goes monotonously on, till presently a second hour is completed, and now the heap is indeed lessened. Will she run another hour? In the interest of this question, you forget everything, and find comfort only in our young fireman’s steadfast face as he goes on quietly trying every dodge he knows to husband his resources. Half-an-hour, three-quarters, an hour go slowly and anxiously by, and there is fuel still; another quarter of an hour, and there looks but a handful remaining. Again the brush goes carefully round the ash-pan, and every particle of carbon is treasured like gold. One more regretful look at the fire through the little window, and a glance at the falling hand of the steam gauge, and “Overalls” goes to the pump and stops the feed—there will be no need of more water now, and it will give him a few minutes more to live. Another scoopful of coals brings us on fifteen minutes more; in all, three hours and a half since starting. Can it last another quarter-hour? Steadily and quietly, as at first, our fireman goes about his work, and holds now his last shovelful of coals waiting the next fall of the steam. There! it is all in now, and there is no more to be done but wait the result. The “pricker” is in again levelling the fire, the last fragment of cinder is thrown in at the fire-door, and now, watch in hand, we note the needle as it creeps for the last time up the dial, wavers a moment, then slowly drops lower and lower. Three hours forty-two minutes, and still she runs, lifting her weight steadily; 43 minutes, the weight begins to drag and oscillate; 44 minutes! 45! 46! 47!—“Stop her!”

It is all over, and you are wondering at your own excitement, and discovering, too late, that your enthusiasm has kept you for four hours in an atmosphere so terribly prejudicial to cleanliness, that you would be as pleased as I was to hear Plummer’s cheery voice.

“Well, old fellow, it’s not a bad run; let’s go in-doors and have a wash and some lunch.”

Half-an-hour afterwards we were deep in cold beef and bitter beer, when in came “Overalls” with his detailed memoranda of the trial,—no longer the grimed and silent fireman of the morning, but a most well-favoured and intelligent young gentleman, pupil of the Messrs. Block and Bolt, who, out of sheer love for the work, was only too happy to don the shop-dress and fire for experiments.

“Well, James,” said Plummer, “what was the exact time run with one cwt. of coal?”

“Three hours forty-seven minutes,” said James. “I dare say we shall get another five minutes out of her at the next trial.”

“Then you will have other experiments with this engine,” I said, “before she is exhibited at Warwick?”

“Oh dear, yes,” he replied, “this is only the first; I dare say we shall have from twenty to

thirty experiments with her in all, and at each we hope for some little improvement."

"Hope so, too," said Plummer, evidently pleased with the present results.

"Sit down, now, James, and have some lunch."

So we all did justice to the cold beef and bitter beer, and did not forget to drink success to the little engine we had just left, when her time came to show her powers on the Agricultural Society's race-course at Carlisle.

I will not say here that Messrs. Block and Bolt's engine did take the prize at the recent trials, or knowing readers would search the Society's report to find out who these gentlemen are; it will be enough if I have succeeded in showing that this new development of the sport of racing may have, like its better known representatives, some attractions and excitements as well as its failures and successes.

D. P.

A TALK ABOUT RYDAL MOUNT.

THE sound of "going—going—gone" has within the last week or two been heard at Rydal Mount among Wordsworth's books and pictures. In a dusty room in the Strand or Piccadilly the tap of the hammer, to which we have been summoned by a fluttering catalogue, is a sound harmonious enough; but in a place which has been advertised as "the haunt of pious memories," it seems to be exactly one of those melodies which "unheard would have been sweeter still." Not that Wordsworth ever cared much for books or pictures, finding the one rather in the brooks that purred down the sides of Fairfield, and the other in the shadows that played along Loughrigg. But somehow there is a petulance in the sound which disturbs our sense of peacefulness, even more than the whistle of the shepherd might the face of old Pan, when that grotesque divinity had dropped asleep in the hot noon. Forty-five years of quiet, however, have folded round Rydal Mount, and nobody ought to complain.

When Wordsworth first settled in the valley, it lay almost as when Gray twenty years before had quitted it; neither native nor stranger suspected it to be a Paradise. The country people liked the continual babble of the brooks, liked their misty hills and meres, but only found out their liking when they were miles away from them. The roads were long and winding and stony, as if they had been made or mended in detached furlongs and roods, as indeed they were along the Rotha, the schoolmaster of Ambleside and his scholars turning out on holiday afternoons to practise mensuration and paving. The Rotha then brawled and foamed over masses of glossy rock, made delicious bends and curves all the leafy way from Grasmere to Windermere. No utilitarian ever dreamed of picking out the stones from their natural bed, and of piling up unlovely walls with them. The dalemen were on good terms with their river, and like the fisherman in Undine did not churlishly forbid it their property. Ferns and lichens and mosses innumerable strewed their russet and golden fringes over the bulging grey rocks. Over Thirlmere the eagle sailed in the blue air, and

the raven croaked from the yew, and the squirrel ran for many a woodland mile along the tree tops. Up hill and down dale, over black Wetherlam and Hard-Knot, trotted the merry file of pack-horses, jingling their weekly bells, as they carried bales from Kendal to Whitehaven.

In expectation, too, of dull November nights, odd kegs of whiskey were snugly hidden under the heather by Derwentwater. In the summer-time, seductive pedlars displayed their wares at the cottage-door, and loquacious clockmakers looked into the farm-houses to set to rights the course of country time; and Benjamin, the waggoner, watered his horses and whiskeyed or genevaed himself at the Swan or the Cherry Tree. Occasionally, too, a gipsy's or a potter's tent sent up a blue smoke, or shed a ruddy light under the rain-mottled crags by the Quarry Flats, while the gaunt, half-blind horses cropped the rank grass or whisked away the flies in the glimmering shade. Lonely leech-gatherers were seen on the moors. Little Lucy Grays, and Ruths, and Barbara Lewthwaites crossed the ricketty wooden bridges or set their water-mills in the becks, or tried to make their ewe lambs drink in the croft. The shadows of fair-eyed little cottage girls passed under the lych-gates, and rested, after sunset, among the green mounds in Grasmere churchyard. Dozens of white strawberry-blossoms glistened in the crannies of the rocks; daisies cast their wee shadows on the stones; troops of celandines starred the brooks, and hundreds of daffodils "danced in the wind" on the shores of Ulswater. Nobody who lived at the lakes thought these things more than common, or even noticeable. The native poets who composed, as topographical Mr. Clarke tells us, mostly "after supper or on Sunday afternoons," rather celebrated the superiority of the lake beer, as operating upon the souls, and affecting the hue of mortal man, than the excellence of the scenery. The beauties of Rydal and Grasmere, and Derwentwater, were, like the Scotch lakes, uncelebrated and unvisited. There were no remarkable inns which bore the names, which had boarded and bedded, and were under the continual patronage of, illustrious or remarkable persons. There were no gabled boat-houses, nor obtrusive repositories of the fine arts, nor agreeable lounges where visitors were taught the charms of the country; no guides emerged from insidious huts, walked before or behind the unwilling traveller, conveyed him mechanically to the best points, quoted poetry to him, bade him observe what had been said of the geology, chipped off a fragment of rock, or picked up a moss for him; and, finally, protruded their hands for a shilling, in consequence of the scenery.

These contrivances were not yet known. In the vale and on the hill-side all was "peace, rusticity, and happy poverty;" not a trim garden or glaring house was to be seen. Farm-houses of grey slate, shadowed by sycamore or yew, welcomed you with open door, or enticed you to lean over the gate and smell the sweetbriar, and rest your eye on the hollyhocks, the damask roses, and the yellow corchorus. Children in russet caps, or with whips of plaited rushes, might be seen playing about the door: and late in July, and

even in August, the wind would bring you a pleasant whiff from the hay-field. Famous wrestlers and mathematicians got their rudiments of health and learning there, and others who were certainly healthy, if in no respect famous persons. The air and the food were favourable to longevity, and the gudemen and gudewives were not often gathered to their "forelders" before their eightieth, ninetieth, or even their hundredth year.

William Wordsworth, and his favourite sister, took up their abode in a little cottage at Grasmere, December 21, 1779. They arrived after a long, cold journey of twenty miles, the greater part performed on foot, with a few miles of ease, or unease, in an empty cart. The white cottage, with its window darkened by a yew, is still to be seen by the high-road at Town-end, of as humble dimensions as Coleridge's first cottage at Clevedon. Before Wordsworth came to it, it was a public-house, and bore the sign of "The Dove and Olive Bough." Altered as it now is, there remains enough, within and without, to give the place interest. A few stone steps lead into "the plot of orchard ground" the poet once called his own, and of which he said, "my trees they were my sister's flowers." The hills "close us in their solemn shelter," yet the vale is "soft, and gay and beautiful." A hundred yards off lies the lake, with

Its own green island, and its winding shores,
The multitude of little rocky hills,
The church, and cottages of mountain stone,
Cluster'd like stars—

In the orchard many of Wordsworth's best and earliest poems were written: "The Brothers;" "The Pet Lamb;" "Ruth;" "Michael;" and the magnificent "Ode to Immortality." We cannot help thinking of the visitors who entered through that little cottage door: Coleridge, Scott, Southey, Charles Lamb, Sir Humphry Davy,—in that early and frugal time "inheritors of unfulfilled renown." There, in 1803, Wordsworth, Scott, and Sir Humphry Davy, "clomb the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn" together; and the austere water-drinking bard recommended his guests to avail themselves of the Swan if they needed stronger potations. In later years the house was occupied by Mr. de Quincy.

Rydal Mount, henceforward an historical spot, became Wordsworth's home in 1813. By that time Mr. Longman's valuer, who estimated the Lyrical Ballads at "nothing," had become aware of his mistake, and, as a compensation for Byron's satire, an appointment of four hundred a-year entitled the poet to respect in the county. The simple Westmoreland folk as little understood the pedestrian who "booed his poetry," as they said, by the lakes and among the hills, as the Allfoxden people who regarded him as a smuggler. "Wadsworth's brokken loose agen," was the country colloquial opinion of the value of his poetry. Why a stamp distributor should meditate on primroses and talk to himself for hours by Easedale Tarn and along the Brathay, was to the commonsensical agriculturist not easy to understand. Strangers and natives now have inkings,

though perhaps a generation or two must pass before the vicinage quite understands.

No spot so entirely satisfies our idea of a poet's house as Rydal Mount. You approach it by a steep ascent under pleasantly waving trees. On one side is the park wall of a hall, which has belonged to the Flemings ever since the Conquest, and whose oaks were young when the good knights who lie in the ruins of Furness led the Rydal and Grasmere bowmen to Crecy and Agincourt.

Beneath is Rydal church, and the few houses which are called the village; and lower still, though unseen, runs the Rotha, unimproved and still beautiful. Six or seven tall plummy firs wave round the gate, and a wood of evergreen and "ivy never sere" covers the house. A crimson japonica flowers round one window; there waves a laburnum, and a juniper, hung with streamers of gadding rose. The cottage is long and low, and walled in with laurels and evergreens. When we were last there two or three little birds were pecking at the windows, and lifting themselves up on tip-toe, as if to look in.

The room into which visitors were shown was on the left, and from its windows you looked down upon Rydal Lake, its rocky islet and the heronry. From the niche opposite the window, Chantry's bust of Scott faced you; on the side wall hung a Virgin of Raphael's and some small drawings; on the other side a Morland-like picture of a girl with soft brown hair, and a face not beautiful, but full of goodness.

This was the poet's daughter, afterwards Mrs. Quilinan; and for many an hour after her death Wordsworth sat before this picture silently. The inner room was the library. It consisted for the most part of books you could hold in your hand and read by the fire. Many of them were presents. There was a "Religio Medici," given by Charles Lamb; a Chapman's Homer, pencilled over by S. T. Coleridge; a "Marmion," marked with the name of Walter Scott; three volumes of "Political Disquisitions," from Thomas de Quincy to William Wordsworth; a Calvin of Coleridge's; Cato "De Re Rustica." Of course there was Purchas's "Pilgrims," and Collins, and "Choicest Flowers of our Modern Poets, with their Poetical Comparisons, 1200—1600," "Wit's Recreations, containing 630 Epigrams, 160 Epitaphs, and a variety of Fantasies and Fantasties good for Melancholy Humours." There were Randolph's "Muse's Looking Glass," and "England's Helicon," and several volumes of "Causes Célèbres." Some of these volumes and of those often used in the dining-room were bound in cotton, and were playfully called the Cottonian Library. Sir George Beaumont's illustrations of the Ballads hung on the walls.

On the right was the dining-room, a little low dark room, where Wordsworth generally sat, the windows looking to the south and affording a pleasant glimpse of Windermere. Very noticeable was a quaint old-fashioned grate with blue Dutch tiles, symbolising Christ at the Well of Samaria, Jael striking Sisera, and like Scripture subjects. Over the mantelpiece were old line-engravings of Wordsworth's five favourite poets, in this order:

Milton, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Spenser. Down the wall hung little miniature engravings of Sir R. Inglis, Mr. Poole, Rogers, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, and Armstrong. Next to them Chantry's bust of the poet, an engraving of Haydon's picture with open collar and bare neck, and some sketches of Sir George Beaumont. Over the old oaken sideboard was a bust of Scott, and near it engravings of the Queen and the royal children, given by her Majesty.

The rarest piece of furniture in the room was an old almyr carved over with circles emblematic of the Trinity and the monogram I. H. S. It bore this inscription :

Hoc opus fiebat anno Domino m.cccxxv. ex sumtu Wilhelmi Wordsworth filii W. Fil. Joh. Fil. W. Fil. Mich. viri Elizabeth Filis et Heredis W. Proctor de Penyrston quorum animabus propitiatur Deus.

Within reach of the fire-place were Cottonian volumes, and volumes of his own poems, which Wordsworth carried with him, mused over, pencilled, and (unfortunately) altered.

Ascending the staircase, were two pictures of Giordano Bruno, of remarkable tone and beauty; Endymion asleep, with his dogs and hunting-spear; and Godfrey lying wounded, with Armida fondly bending over him; in the blue distance is Jerusalem.

Hush! here is a room which has never been opened for months. Here William Wordsworth died; and here died Mary Wordsworth, in a calm and good old age. The room is of an austere simplicity: on that sofa Wordsworth was lifted out to die: and in a niche close to the window is the cross which blind old Mrs. Wordsworth asked to feel before she died. "Vale, vale, iterumque valet."

Let us pass into the garden, which glossy laurels make all the year cheerful. To the right a terrace leads to an arbour lined with fir-cones and overhung with pines. You pass along a winding walk, and there the little lake shines below in all its beauty. In spring, daffodils light the ground at your feet, and you hear the wild dove "brooding over his soft voice" in the woods below. Below is a garden flush with anemones, and below that a field which bears the name of the poet's daughter. There are the trees which he planted, and his favourite flowers. Over a little pool in which some golden fish were set free, an oak, all knotted and gnarled, hangs. In one of its arms grows a mountain ash and a holly. Everything in the grounds sings of liberty, and a mossy stone records a wish we cannot but echo:—

Time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him
As one of the departed.

THOMAS BLACKBURNE.

BARON JAUÏOZ.

(FROM THE BRETON.)

As I was washing, the stream hard by,
Sudden I heard the death-bird's cry.

"Wot you, Tina, the story goes,
You are sold to the Lord of Jauïoz?"

"Is't true, dear mother, the thing I'm told?
Is't true that to Lord Jauïoz I'm sold?"

"My poor little darling, nought I know,—
Go, ask your father if this be so."

"Father, dear father, say is it true
That Lord Jauïoz I am sold unto?"

"My darling daughter, nought I know,
Go, ask your brother if it be so."

"Iannick, my brother, oh, tell me, pray!
Am I sold to that Lord the people say?"

"You are sold to that Lord the people say,
You must up and ride without delay;

You must up and ride to his castle straight,
For your price has been paid by tale and weight:

Fifty crowns of the silver white,
And as many crowns of the gold so bright."

"Now tell me, tell me, mother dear,
What clothes is't fitting I should wear?"

My gown of grain, or of grey, shall't be,
That my sister Helen made for me!

My gown of grain, or my gown of white,
And my bodice of samite so jimp and tight!"

"Busk thee, busk thee, as likes thee best,
Small matter, my child, how thou art drest.

A bonny black horse is tied at the gate,
And there till the fall o' the night he'll wait,—

Till the fall o' the night that horse will stay,
All fairly saddled to bear thee away."

II.

Short space had she rode when the bells of St. Anne,—
Her own church bells—to ring began.

Then sore she wept, as she sat in selle:
"Farewell, Oh sweet St. Anne, farewell!"

Farewell, dear bells of my own countrie,
Dear bells of the church I no more shall see!"

As on she rode by the lake of Pain,
'Twas there she saw of ghosts a train,—

A train of ghosts all robed in white,
That in tiny boats on the lake shone bright,—

A crowd of ghosts—that all for dread
Her teeth they chatter'd in her head.

As on she rode through the valley of Blood,
The ghosts stream'd after like a flood;

Her heart it was so sad and sore,
That she closed her eyes to see no more;

Her heart it was so full of woe,
That she fell in swoon as she did o.

III.

"Now, draw anigh, and take a seat,
Until 'tis time to go to meat."

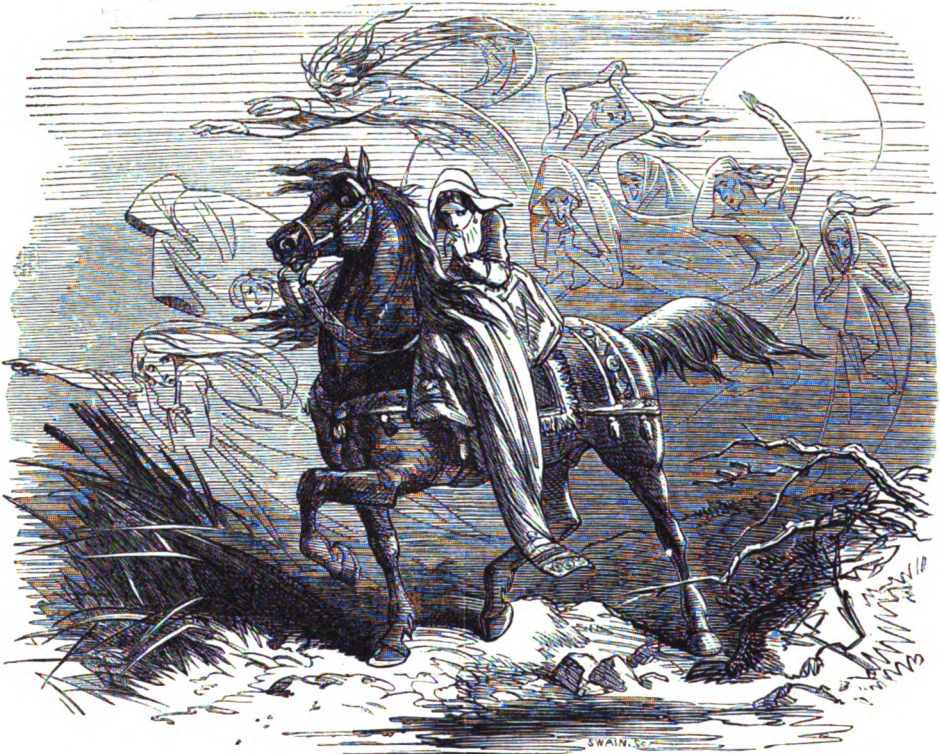
The Baron he sat in the ingle-place,
And black as a raven was his face;

His beard and hair were white as snow ;
Like lighted brands his eyes did glow.

“ I see—I see a maiden here,
That I have sought this many a year.

My bonny May, wilt come with me,
One after one my treasures to see ;

From room to room to see my store,
And count my gold and silver o'er ! ”



“ Oh, better I'd bruik with my minnie to be,
Counting faggots with her, than gold with thee.”

“ Come down to the cellar, lady mine,
To drink with me of the honey-sweet wine.”

“ Sooner I'd stoop to the croft-pool brink,
Where my father's horses go to drink.”

“ Come with me from shop to shop, my fair,
To buy a mantle of state so rare.”

“ Oh, better I'd bruik a sackcloth shift,
An 'twere my mother's make and gift.”

“ Ye'll come with me to the wardrobe straight,
For a trimming to trim your robe of state.”

“ Better I'd bruik the white lace plain,
That my sister made me, my own Elaine.”

“ May mine—May mine—if your words be true,
It's little love I shall have of you !

I would that blister'd had been my tongue,
Ere my fool's head ran on a leenan young—
Ere my fool's hand wasted the good red gold,
For a maiden that will not be consoled.”

IV.

“ Dear little birds, I pray you fair,
To hear my words, high up in air ;

You go to my village, and you are glad,
I may not go, and I am sad.

The friends that are in my own cuntry,
When you shall see them greet from me,—

Oh ! greet the good mother that me bare,
And the sire that rear'd me with love and care,—

Oh ! greet from me my mother true :
The old priest that baptised me too ;—

Oh, bid them all farewell from me,
And give my brother my pardon free.”

V.

Two months or three had pass'd away,
All warm abed the household lay,—

All warm abed, and sleeping light
Upon the middle of the night.

No sound without, no sound within,
When a gentle voice at the door came in :

“ My father, my mother, for God's dear sake,
Due prayer for me the priest gar make.

And pray you, too, and mourning wear,
For your daughter lies upon her bier.”

TOM TAYLOR.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.



WHILE they stood petrified, fascinated by the eyes of green fire, there sounded in the wood a single deep bay. It was the bay of a blood-hound. Martin trembled at it.

"They have lost her, and laid muzzled blood-hounds on her scent. They will find her here, and the venison. Good bye, friends, Martin Wittenhaagen ends here."

Gerard seized his bow, and put it into the soldier's hands.

"Be a man," he cried, "shoot her, and fling her into the wood ere they come up. Who will know?"

More voices of hounds broke out, and nearer.

"Curse her!" cried Martin. "I spared her once; now she must die, or I, or both more likely;" and he reared his bow, and drew his arrow to the head.

"No! no!" cried Margaret, and seized the

arrow: it broke in half: the pieces fell on each side the bow. The air at the same time filled with the tongues of the hounds: they were hot upon the scent.

"What have you done, wench. You have put the halter round my throat."

"No!" cried Margaret. "I have saved you: stand back from the window! both. Your knife! quick!"

She seized his long pointed knife, almost tore it out of his girdle, and darted from the room. The house was now surrounded with baying dogs and shouting men.

The glow-worm eyes moved not.

CHAPTER XL

MARGARET cut off a huge piece of venison, and ran to the window, and threw it to the green eyes of fire. They darted on it with a savage snarl:

and there was a sound of rending and crunching : at this moment, the hound uttered a bay so near and loud it rang through the house ; and the three at the window shrank together. Then the leopard feared for her supper, and glided swiftly and stealthily away with it towards the woods, and the very next moment horses and men and dogs came helter skelter past the window, and followed her full cry. Martin and his companions breathed again : the leopard was swift, and would not be caught within a league of their house.

To table once more, and Gerard drank to woman's wit : " 'Tis stronger than man's force," said he.

"Ay," said Margaret, "when those she loves are in danger ; not else."

To-night Gerard stayed with her longer than usual, and went home prouder than ever of her, and happy as a prince. Some little distance from home, under the shadow of some trees, he encountered two figures : they almost barred his way.

It was his father and mother.

A cold chill fell on him.

He stopped and looked at them : they stood grim and silent. He stammered out some words of inquiry :

"What brought them out so late ?"

"Why ask ?" said his father ; "you can guess why we are here."

"O, Gerard !" said his mother, with a voice full of reproach and yet of affection.

Gerard's heart quaked : he was silent.

Then his father pitied his confusion, and said to him :

"Nay, you need not to hang your head. You are not the first young fool that has been caught by a red cheek, and a pair of blue eyes."

"No, no !" put in Catherine : "it was witchcraft.

Peter the Magician is well known for that."

"Come, Sir Priest," resumed his father. "You know you must not meddle with women-folk. But give us your promise to go no more to Sevenbergen, and here all ends : we won't be hard on you for one fault."

"I can't promise that, father."

"Not promise it, you young hypocrite."

"Nay, father, call me not so : I lacked courage to tell you what I knew would vex you ; and right grateful am I to that good friend, whoever he be, that has let you know. 'Tis a load off my mind. Yes, father, I love Margaret : and call me not a priest, for a priest I will never be. I will die sooner."

"That we shall see, young man. Come, gainsay me no more ; you will learn what 'tis to offend a father."

Gerard held his peace : and the three walked home in gloomy silence, broken only by a deep sigh or two from Catherine.

From that hour the little house at Tergou was no longer the abode of peace. Gerard was taken to task next day before the whole family ; and every voice was loud against him, except little Kate's, and the dwarf's, who was apt to take his cue from her without knowing why. As for Cornelis and Sybrandt, they were bitterer than their father. Gerard was dismayed at finding so many

enemies, and looked wistfully into his little sister's face : her eyes were brimming at the harsh words showered on one who but yesterday was the universal pet. But she gave him no encouragement : she turned her head away from him, and said :

"Dear, dear Gerard, pray to Heaven to cure you of this folly !"

"What, are you against me, too !" said Gerard, sadly, and he rose with a deep sigh, and left the house ; and went to Sevenbergen.

The beginning of a quarrel, where the parties are bound by affection though opposed in interest and sentiment, is comparatively innocent ; both are in the right at first starting, and then it is that a calm, judicious friend, capable of seeing both sides, is a gift from Heaven. For the longer the dissension endures, the wider and deeper it grows by the fallibility and irascibility of human nature : these are not confined to either side, and finally the invariable end is reached—both in the wrong.

The combatants were unequally matched. Gerard Senior was angry, Cornelis and Sybrandt spiteful ; but Gerard, having a larger and more cultivated mind, saw both sides where they saw but one, and had fits of irresolution, and was not wrath, but unhappy. He was lonely too in this struggle. He could open his heart to no one. Margaret was a high spirited girl : he dared not tell her what he had to endure at home ; she was capable of siding with his relations by resigning him, though at the cost of her own happiness. Margaret Van Eyck had been a great comfort to him on another occasion ; but now he dared not make her his contidante. Her own history was well known. In early life she had many offers of marriage ; but refused them all for the sake of that art to which a wife's and mother's duties are so fatal : thus she remained single and painted with her brothers. How could he tell her that he declined the benefice she had got him, and declined it for the sake of that which at his age she had despised and sacrificed so lightly.

Gerard at this period bade fair to succumb. But the other side had a horrible ally in Catherine Senior. This good-hearted but uneducated woman could not, like her daughter, act quietly and firmly : still less could she act upon a plan. She irritated Gerard at times, and so helped him, for anger is a great sustainer of the courage : at others she turned round in a moment and made onslaughts on her own forces. To take a single instance out of many : one day that they were all at home, Catherine and all, Cornelis said : "Our Gerard wed Margaret Brandt ! Why it is hunger marrying thirst."

"And what will it be when you marry ?" cried Catherine. "Gerard can paint, Gerard can write, but what can you do to keep a woman, ye lazy loon ? Nought but wait for your father's shoes. Oh, we can see why you and Sybrandt would not have the poor boy to marry. You are afraid he will come to us for a share of our substance. And suppose he does, and suppose we give it him, it isn't yours to say nay, and mayhap never will be."

On these occasions Gerard smiled slyly, and picked up heart : and temporary confusion fell on Catherine's unfortunate allies. But at last, after more than six months of irritation, came the

climax. The father told the son before the whole family he had ordered the Burgomaster to imprison him in the Stadthouse rather than let him marry Margaret. Gerard turned pale with anger at this, but by a great effort held his peace. His father went on to say, "And a priest you shall be before the year is out, nilly willy."

"Is it so?" cried Gerard. "Then hear me all. By God and St. Bavon I swear I will never be a priest while Margaret lives. Since force is to decide it, and not love and duty, try force, father; but force shall not serve you, for the day I see the Burgomaster come for me, I leave Tergou for ever, and Holland too, and my father's house, where it seems I have been valued all these years, not for myself, but for what is to be got out of me."

And he flung out of the room white with anger and desperation.

"There!" cried Catherine, "that comes of driving young folk too hard. But men are crueller than tigers, even to their own flesh and blood. Now, Heaven forbid he should ever leave us, married or single."

As Gerard came out of the house, his cheeks pale and his heart panting, he met Richt Heynes: she had a message for him: Margaret Van Eyck desired to see him. He found the old lady seated grim as a judge. She wasted no time in preliminaries, but inquired coldly why he had not visited her of late: before he could answer, she said in a sarcastic tone, "I thought we had been friends, young sir."

At this Gerard looked the picture of doubt and consternation.

"It is because you never told her you were in love," said Richt Heynes, pitying his confusion.

"Silence, wench! Why should he tell us his affairs? We are not his friends: we have not deserved his confidence."

"Alas! my second mother," said Gerard, "I did not dare to tell you my folly."

"What folly? Is it folly to love?"

"I am told so every day of my life."

"You need not have been afraid to tell my mistress; she is always kind to true lovers."

"Madam—Richt,—I was afraid because I was told—"

"Well? you were told—"

"That in your youth you scorned love, preferring art."

"I did, boy; and what is the end of it? Behold me here a barren stock, while the women of my youth have a troop of children at their side, and grandchildren at their knee. I gave up the sweet joys of wifehood and motherhood for what? for my dear brothers; they have gone and left me long ago;—for my art; it has left me too. I have the knowledge still, but what avails that when the hand trembles. No, Gerard: I look on you as my son. You are good, you are handsome, you are a painter, though not like some I have known. I will never let you throw your youth away as I did mine: you shall marry this Margaret. I have inquired, and she is a good daughter. Richt here is a gossip. She has told me all about it. But that need not hinder you to tell me."

Poor Gerard was overjoyed to be permitted to tell his love and his unhappiness, and above all to

praise Margaret aloud, and to one who could understand what he loved in her.

Soon there were two pair of wet eyes over his story; and when the poor boy saw that, there were three.

Women are justly famous for courage. Theirs is not exactly the same quality as manly courage; that would never do, hang it all; we should have to give up trampling on them. No; it is a vicarious courage. They never take part in a bull-fight by any chance; but it is remarked that they sit at one unshaken by those tremors and apprehensions for the combatants to which the male spectator—feeble-minded wretch!—is subject. Nothing can exceed the resolution with which they have been known to send forth men to battle: as some witty dog says, "Les femmes sont très braves avec le peau d'autrui."

By this trait Gerard now profited. Margaret and Richt were agreed that a man should always take the bull by the horns. Gerard's only course was to marry Margaret Brandt off-hand; the old people would come to after a while, the deed once done. Whereas, the longer this misunderstanding continued on its present footing, the worse for all parties, especially for Gerard.

"See how pale and thin they have made him amongst them."

"Indeed you are, Master Gerard," said Richt. "It makes a body sad to see a young man so wasted and worn. Mistress, when I met him in the street to-day, I had like to have burst out crying—he was so changed."

"And I'll be bound the others keep their colour; eh Richt? such as it is."

"Oh, I see no odds in them."

"Of course not. We painters are no match for boors. We are glass, they are stone. We can't stand the worry, worry, worry of little minds; and it is not for the good of mankind we should be exposed to it. It is hard enough, God knows, to design and paint a master-piece, without having gnats and flies stinging us to death into the bargain."

Exasperated as Gerard was by his father's threat of violence, he listened to these friendly voices telling him his most prudent course was rebellion. But though he listened he was not convinced.

"I do not fear my father's violence," he said, "but I do fear his anger. When it came to the point he would not imprison me. I would marry Margaret to-morrow if that was my only fear. No; he would disown me. I should take Margaret from her father, and give her a poor husband, who would never thrive, weighed down by his parent's curse. Oh, madam! I sometimes think if I could but marry her secretly, and then take her away to some country where my craft is better paid than in this; and after a year or two, when the storm had blown over, you know, could come back with money in my purse, and say, 'My dear parents, we do not seek your substance, we but ask you to love us once more as you used, and as we have never ceased to love you'—but, alas! I shall be told these are the dreams of an inexperienced young man."

The old lady's eyes sparkled.

"It is no dream, but a piece of wonderful

common sense in a boy ; it remains to be seen whether you have spirit to carry out your own thought. There is a country, Gerard, where certain fortune awaits you at this moment. Here the arts freeze, but there they flourish, as they never yet flourished in any age or land."

"It is Italy!" cried Gerard. "It is Italy!"

"Yes, Italy! where painters are honoured like princes, and scribes are paid three hundred crowns for copying a single manuscript. Know you not that his Holiness the Pope has written to every land for skilful scribes to copy the hundreds of precious manuscripts that are pouring into that favoured land from Constantinople, whence learning and learned men are driven by the barbarian Turks."

"Nay, I know not that; but it has been the dream and hope of my life to visit Italy, the queen of all the arts. Oh, madam! but the journey, and we are all so poor."

"Find you the heart to go, I'll find the means. I know where to lay my hand on ten golden angels to take you to Rome; and the girl will go with you if she loves you as she ought."

They sat till midnight over this theme. And, after that day, Gerard recovered his spirits, and seemed to carry some secret talisman against all the gibes and the harsh words that flew about his ears at home.

Besides the money she procured him for the journey, Margaret Van Eyck gave him money's worth. Said she, "I will tell you secrets that I learned from masters that are gone from me, and have left no fellow behind. Even the Italians know not everything; and what I tell you now in Tergou you may sell dear in Florence. Note my brother John's pictures: time, which fades all other paintings, leaves his colours bright as the day they left the easel. The reason is, he did nothing blindly, nothing in a hurry. He trusted to no hireling to grind his colours; he did it himself, or saw it done. His panel was prepared, and prepared again—I will show you how—a year before he laid his colour on. Most of them are quite content to have their work sucked up and lost sooner than not be in a hurry—bad painters are always in a hurry. Above all, Gerard, I warn you never boil your oil; boiling it melts that vegetable dross into its very heart, which it is our business to clear away; for impure oil is death to colour. No; take your oil and pour it into a bottle with water. In a day or two, the water will turn muddy: that is muck from the oil. Pour the dirty water carefully away, and add fresh. When that is poured away, you will fancy the oil is clear. You are mistaken. Right, fetch me that!" Right brought a glass trough with a glass lid fitting tight. "When your oil has been washed in bottle, put it into this trough with water, and put the trough in the sun all day. You will soon see the water turbid again. But mark, you must not carry this game too far, or the sun will turn your oil to varnish. When it is as clear as crystal, and not too drying, drain carefully, and cork it up tight. Grind your own prime colours, and lay them on with this oil, and they shall live. Hubert would put sand or salt in the water to clear the oil quicker. But John

used to say, 'Water will do it best, if you but give water time.' Jan Van Eyck was never in a hurry, and that is why the world will not forget him in a hurry."

This and several other receipts—*quæ nunc prescribere longum est*—Margaret gave him with sparkling eyes, and Gerard received them like a legacy from Heaven, so interesting are some things that read uninteresting. Thus provided with money and knowledge, Gerard decided to marry and fly with his wife to Italy. Nothing remained now but to inform Margaret Brandt of his resolution, and to publish the banns as quietly as possible. He went to Sevenbergen earlier than usual on both these errands. He began with Margaret; told her of the Dame Van Eyck's goodness, and the resolution he had come to at last, and invited her co-operation.

She refused it plump.

CHAPTER XII.

"No, Gerard; you and I have never spoken of your family, but when you come to marriage—" She stopped, then began again. "I do think your father has no objection to me more than to another. He told Peter Buysken as much, and Peter told me. But so long as he is so bent on your being a priest (you ought to have told me this instead of I you), I could not marry you, Gerard, dearly as I love you."

Gerard strove in vain to shake this resolution. He found it very easy to make her cry, but impossible to make her yield. Then Gerard was impatient and unjust.

"Very well!" he cried; "then you are on their side, and you will drive me to be a priest, for this must end one way or another. My parents hate me in earnest, but my lover only loves me in jest!"

And with this wild, bitter speech, he flung away home again, and left Margaret weeping.

(To be continued.)

MAN AND THE HORSE.

THE contest between mind and matter is intelligible enough. There cannot be much doubt on which side victory will remain in the long run, for it is a mere question of weighing, measuring, calculating, observing, and drawing conclusions. Earth, sea, air; the more subtle powers of nature, such as electricity, heat, and so forth, have been pressed into the service of man, and rendered obedient to his will. Into these contests neither passion nor feeling enters. It is impossible to feel resentment against a circular storm. An earthquake may inspire the immediate patients with dread, but these are mere victims, not combatants. They are not engaged in taming the subterranean fire; they have not pitted human reason against the volcano's unreasoning strength. When this is to be done, the philosopher, discoverer—call him what you will—will no more give way to emotion than Watt when he grappled with the problem of steam, or Davy when he fought his successful duel with fire-damp. Whether it be Newton speculating on the fall of the apple, or Agassiz calculating the downward progress of the glacier, the human champion in such struggles

knows well that he must not attribute feeling to matter, nor allow such a misapprehension to disturb the equitable play of his own powers.

Take the other side of the picture. Between man and his fellow-man the contest is in the main emotional. "If you want me to cry, shed the first tear yourself," said the Alexander Pope of Augustin days. Nineteen-twentieths of man's life (I speak alone of human relations) deal with mere questions of feeling; and I doubt if the twentieth part can altogether be assigned in an unmixed way to the province of reason. Have an argument with a man you dislike, and see if he will convince you. Try and bring a child up according to the canons of pure logic. Why is a constant disputant a constant bore? What is the meaning of oratory, poetry, music, love, friendship, hatred, compassion, mourning for those who have gone before us, and that yearning to rejoin them which is stronger than the grave? All this is pure emotion, and of such stuff is life made up. If, then, you would train a child, or ever exercise any influence upon your fellow-creatures, you must do so mainly by handling those golden harmonies which are always ready in every human heart to own the master's touch.

But there is a half-way house; and this brings us to our immediate point. There is such a thing as a storm which can be taught to love and dread you; as an electric flash which could destroy you in a second, and which yet you can tame to your will—not as Franklin did it, by sending up a kite, but by caressing and rebuking it as you would a forward child. The thought occurred to me the other day when I watched Mr. Rarey in Leicester Square as he lay upon the ground, and lifted to his forehead the hinder hoofs of a wild and savage horse, whom he had just subdued to his will. Not a blow, not an angry word had passed; but there lay the horse on the litter by his side, obedient, passive, prostrate. Not half-an-hour before he would simply have killed half-a-dozen unarmed men who had been shut up with him in a yard, and endeavoured to cast him upon the ground. Mr. Rarey had effectually mastered the animal's nature. He had operated upon matter, but upon matter of so emotional a kind that during the progress of the operation it might be regarded as mere force (the *Kratos* or *Bia* of *Æschylus*), under the absolute dominion of terror and wrath.

Now, as far as it is possible to do so in words, my wish is to make clear to the reader what I saw myself on the day in question. It is, however, a transaction which can only be fully comprehended if it is seen. In common with others, I had read the little sixpenny book published by Routledge, entitled "The Taming of Horses, By J. S. Rarey." When my reading was done, I was pretty much in the situation of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* when his fencing-master put a foil in his hand, and told him that the whole science of fencing consisted in killing your adversary and not being killed yourself. I found at the conclusion of that little work, that when I wanted to make a horse lie down—that horse being *Cruiser* or the *King of Oude*—all I had to do was to bend his left fore-leg and slip a loop over it, so that he could not get it down. The

next point was to put a circingle round his body (*Cruiser's* body!), and fasten one end of a long strap around the other fore-leg, just above the hoof (the *King of Oude's* hoof!). Then I was to place the other end under the circingle, so as to keep the strap in the right direction; to take a short hold of it with my right hand; to stand on the left side of the horse; to grasp the bit in my left hand; to pull steadily upon the strap with my right; to bear against his shoulder till I caused him to move. As soon as I lifted his weight—so I read—my pulling would raise his other foot, and he would then have to come on his knees.

At this point, I was above all things to be careful to keep the strap tight in my hand, so that he could not straighten his leg if he rose up. As I held him in this position, he would turn his head towards me; I was then to bear against his side with my shoulder, not hard (certainly not), but with a steady, equal pressure, and in about ten minutes he would lie down. As soon as he was down he would be completely conquered, and I might handle him as I pleased. That, no doubt, would be a very pleasant moment, if ever it arrived; but I could not help feeling throughout that in all probability before the ten minutes were out, either *Cruiser* or the *Sovereign of Oude* would have tamed me in a very effectual manner, all straps, loops, and circingles to the contrary notwithstanding.

I can positively affirm that this is precisely what Mr. Rarey did; but although the directions are as accurately transcribed from his own little book as the necessary inversion of the phrases will permit, I affirm, with equal certainty, that they would be of very little use to any one who had not seen the operation actually performed. I more than doubt, in the case of any animal of a peculiarly savage and vicious character (there are *Rushes* as well as *Oberlins* amongst the equine tribe), if any man, not possessed of Mr. Rarey's own extraordinary nerve and self-possession, could carry the experiment to a successful issue, even after he had witnessed one of the great horse-tamer's struggles and victories. Ordinary horse-tamers well imbued with his method, may succeed with ordinary horses, and, even so, an incalculable amount of good will have been worked; but the horse which is a miracle of savagery and madness will still require the man who is a miracle of cool courage to bring him to his bearings. This, however, in no way detracts from the value of Mr. Rarey's method; the proved success of which ought to work an entire change in our system of horse-breaking. I simply mean, that as you must call in a first-rate surgeon to perform some operation of peculiar difficulty, so you will always be compelled to place such a horse as *Cruiser* in the hands of Mr. Rarey himself, or his successor—if such an one may be found—if you would not see the man torn or mashed to pieces, and the experiment a failure.

It is a grand sight when the horse is first brought in. What a snorting, and shrieking, and plunging, and vicious display of teeth. Let us suppose the horse at first to be free, or that he has broken loose from the head-stall or long halter which had helped to introduce him to the presence. A wild horse, thoroughly roused to the

top of his bent under the influence of rage and fear, is a sight which he who has once seen will not readily forget. Some little time passes by whilst the animal is expending his fury in this purposeless way—but at length he catches sight of a tall, quiet man standing motionless, within his reach. That man is of course Mr. Rarey. At this moment there is no reason—if the horse knew his own power—why he should not rend the man into atoms, and stamp the life out of him. He does not take advantage of the golden moment; he rushes madly about hither and thither; he stands at gaze, contemplating the strange object, with distended nostril and blood-shot eye. The man remains immovable, fixed as a statue, his right arm extended from the elbow. The horse will come up, all but, to him; he will put his head down, and paw the ground. If the man moved backward, the horse would rush at him; if forwards, in all probability he would attack him with his teeth. This last sentence, however, embodies a mere conjecture of my own, for, in neither of the two operations which I witnessed, did any such catastrophe occur. On the contrary, the horse-tamer's power over the animal was far more speedy in operation than I had expected to see it: so much so, that the idea would suggest itself,—Is this in very truth a mad and savage horse? I can only state it as my own conviction, that there was no delusion about the matter—and this from the further course of the operation. It appeared to me that Mr. Rarey must have some extraordinary power of fascination about his eye, or his general bearing, which soothed the fury, and assuaged the terror of the animal. Soon you saw the horse standing motionless in the midst of the arena, and watching rather with an expression of curiosity than of fear and anger, the movements of the man as he strode up to his head very slowly, very gently, and ever with extended hand. At length, when Mr. Rarey was close upon him, he reached out his head, and eagerly smelt at his hand, his wrist, his sleeves. There was no precipitation. The object seemed to be to give the horse as much time as he might choose to take. The tamer's hand now caressed the horse's head above the nostrils, smoothed it down, passed up to the forehead, and repeated the process. By this time Mr. Rarey was standing by the horse's left shoulder, and had caught hold, with his other hand, of the end of his head-stall or halter.

I have been informed that at this stage of the operation the horse will break away sometimes more than once; but this is obviously a mere question of time. This I did not see. Mr. Rarey now proceeded to pass his hand down the animal's side, just as any one of us might do to a horse which he was fondling or petting. This lasted some minutes, the horse evidently pleased to be relieved from his terrors, and appearing to enjoy the tamer's caress. At length Mr. Rarey began to stroke his fore legs, more especially the left fore leg. Here was the critical moment. In an incredibly short space of time (it was almost like a trick of legerdemain) Mr. Rarey got the strap out of his pocket, took up the horse's left fore leg, and slipped a loop over it, so that he could not get it down. There was nothing, however, abrupt

or jerking about the way this was done; it was just as though he had been continuously stroking the leg; but the thing was done. I was told that this is the real instant of victory. From the moment the horse's leg is strapped up, he is conquered. Plenty, however, remains to be told.

I had supposed that as soon as the horse felt one of his fore legs thus confined, he would at once recommence his struggles. This did not happen in the cases which I witnessed. The horse stood quiet, and suffered himself to be caressed. Mr. Rarey stroked him over his back, his shoulders, his left side, and then began to make fresh appeals to his right leg. This took some minutes more. At length he took a long strap out of his pocket, and fastened it by a buckle around the right fore leg, just above the hoof: he then carried the other end through the circingle, holding the end firmly in his right hand. The next step was to take a short hold of the halter, and to pull with great strength, but slowly and continuously—not by a jerk—on both, but mainly, as it seemed to me, on the halter. The horse now took alarm again, but the upward spring which he gave to relieve himself from restraint, of course lifted the right leg from the ground, and when he came down again, it was on both his knees. I should have said that Mr. Rarey had fitted the horse with knee-caps before he pulled him down. A considerable time—about ten minutes—elapsed from this period of the operation until the animal was fairly rolled over; and this was one of the most remarkable parts of the exhibition.

Throughout, let him struggle as he might, Mr. Rarey never quitted his left shoulder, nor relaxed his grasp on the strap. The horse reared up into the air, making frantic beatings with his handcuffed fore legs, but it was all in vain. Let him fight as he would, he was invariably brought down on his knees; and in this truncated attitude he stood, panting, snorting, foaming, until at last the fierceness of his spirit seemed to give way, and he looked around him rather in a pitiable than a ferocious way, as much as to say, "This is really too bad!" But whether he struggled, or whether he remained quiet, the even pressure was never taken off his left shoulder. Before he yielded to it finally, he made one struggle more determined than all that had gone before, but with this his fury was spent. At length he suffered himself to be literally "tumbled" over, thoroughly tamed. I noticed that when he was fairly on his side, the poor creature gave a great sigh, which seemed to my fancy to be one of relief, as though he had thought within himself, "Well! I've nothing to blame myself with; but that's well over at any rate." When once upon his side, the horse was effectually tamed: he was as passive in the hands of his conqueror as one of the well-trained circus-horses, which at a given signal fall upon the floor of the arena, and simulate death.

Whilst the animal lay in this condition Mr. Rarey patted and stroked him over, or, to use his own quaint phrase, "gentled," first one side then the other; now this leg—then that. From his expressions you would have inferred that he had magnetised the whole of the horse's frame in detail, and that had he neglected to make his passes over

any particular section of the horse—that section would still have remained in a state of savagery. Thus you might have had three tame legs, and a wild one. This, no doubt, implies an exaggeration. I only mean to convey an idea of the importance which the operator seemed to attach to familiarising the animal with contact with the human hand over its whole frame. The straps which had confined his fore legs were soon removed, but still the horse lay perfectly passive, and seemingly content with his situation. Mr. Rarey lay upon him; stepped over him, sate upon his head, took his fore-legs, rubbed them and moved them backwards and forwards as you would do if you had intended to restore checked or impeded circulation. The same process took place with the hind legs, and here it was evident that volition, and the power of independent muscular action was gone. The hind-legs were soft and flaccid; they moved as they were pulled, and remained where they had been placed. Mr. Rarey lay down upon the ground, and taking one of the horse's hind-feet, placed the armed hoof on his forehead. Had there been but one momentary spasm of volition, or return of ferocity, the horse-tamer was a dead man. He was like a man tied to the mouth of a gun; nothing could have saved him had the fire been applied to the charge.

This portion of the operation may have lasted about a quarter of an hour. Mr. Rarey then made the horse get up, which he did readily enough, but now every spark of his original ferocity seemed extinct. Saddle and bridle were brought in. They were first presented to the horse, and were carefully examined by him. The examination was conducted entirely by the sense of smell.

When the process of saddling, mounting, and dismounting had been freely accomplished, a drum

was brought in by one of the attendants. This also was presented to the horse, who carefully smelt it all over, and soon appeared satisfied that no harm was intended. The drum was passed over his head, neck, shoulders; his sides were rubbed with it, and finally it was placed upon his back, and softly tapped at first. The horse merely pricked up his ears. It was sounded louder and louder by degrees, until at last the most enthusiastic drummer would have been satisfied with the disturbance and clatter. This seemed to be the crucial test, and the animal was led out meek, and entirely subdued.

Now, this is a faithful and unexaggerated account of what I saw. How far the effect produced upon the horse by Mr. Rarey's method may be permanent I have no means of judging. In the "Times" of this morning, July 26, I observe a letter in which it is stated that Cruiser, forgetful of Mr. Rarey's lessons, has inflicted injuries of so grave a character upon his room, that he is now lying at St. George's Hospital at the last extremity. We cannot, however, venture to draw conclusions from this lamentable occurrence, unless we knew how far this unfortunate man had treated the horse in accordance with Mr. Rarey's instructions. Even if there are exceptional cases in which the improvement is transitory, not permanent—apparent, not real—we must remember that we find incorrigible and untrainable cases even amongst human beings. Why should not a horse be afflicted with homicidal mania as well as a man? A system of education may be the best which the wit of man can devise; but no one would affirm that it would never fail in particular cases. The system of Mr. Rarey must be judged of as a whole, and by its general results; as such we may confidently affirm that it will be productive of great good both to man and to the horse.

A. A. KNOX.

SEBASTOPOL VILLA.



ALWAYS do my best to earn my welcome at those houses where I—fortunate bachelor that I am—enjoy the privilege of being able to drop in when I like, of an evening, for a cup of tea and a pleasant chat. So that—happening to be present when the new microscope, which my friend Jones had ordered as a present for his wife, came home; and hearing that lady express a wish for a bottle full of the green slime of stagnant ponds, "in which the dear animalcules and infusoria, about which Mr. Gosse writes so charmingly," are to be found—you may be sure that I took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded me of making myself acceptable; and promised my hostess that I would forthwith obtain for her a liberal supply of those interesting creatures to try her long coveted instrument upon; and early the following morning I started off, like a man of my word, to procure them.

I can recal the time when I could have got what I wanted within half a mile of the Marble Arch, but those days have long since passed away. I remembered that when travelling by railway I had passed through fields in the neighbourhood of—let us call the suburb—Whichstead, in which green ponds were still to be found, and thitherward I directed

my course. An omnibus carried me as far as the turnpike-gate, and having strolled on, about half a mile along the high road, I came to a lane. I turned down this lane, and lo! I was in the country. Looking northward—I could see nothing but fields and trees; looking eastwards and westwards—nothing but trees and fields. I could not look to the south very far, because the railway embankment shut out the prospect. I might have been a hundred miles from London for anything of its noise, and bustle, and smoke, that I could perceive in that quiet spot. The hedges were in bud; the birds were singing. There was a good crop of grass that would soon be mowed, in the field to my right. Over the stile on the other side a man in a smock frock was ploughing, and yet I was barely five miles from Oxford Street!

If I had gone there to moralise I could have done so at great length, but I had come to catch animalcules for Mrs. Jones, and looking about I soon saw a pond—a green-coated, rush-fringed hole, with a small quantity of dirty water in it, a willow-tree at one end, and two boys fishing for efts with a worm tied to a piece of worsted, at the other. I quickly filled the bottles, which I had provided with the richest slime, according to my instructions, and having added to these by purchasing from the juveniles a brace of the most loathsome of the reptiles they had captured, for my friend's aquarium, I retraced my steps; and Mrs. Jones held microscopic *séances* every evening for a week.

I am quite incapable of describing the wonders that the learned lady disclosed to us. I only know that, at last, we got a little tired of them—that the treasured green slime bottle, being left about one day, "baby" got hold of it, and drank some—that the efts crawled out of their tank, and after having been hunted for, high and low, in vain, for a fortnight, were found at last baked quite dry in a crack in the hearth-stone—and that about three months afterwards, the animalcule mania having broken out again, I was asked if I *would* be so very kind as to fetch a fresh supply.

Again I put my bottles in my pocket; again I paced along the Whichstead road; again I turned the corner of the lane that had led me to my pond, fully expecting to find it as I had left it, with its willow tree at one end, and its two boys fishing for efts at the other, and, lo! I was in a town. Looking northward, I could see nothing but houses—houses built, and houses in course of erection; looking eastwards and westwards, nothing but houses in course of erection, and houses built. Looking to the south, the railway embankment shut out the prospect as before. The hedges were gone, so were the song-birds; the sharp click of the bricklayers' trowels was now the prevalent sound. The grass-field was turned into a square, laid out with flower-beds, and fenced with an iron railing. A bright, new, flaring public-house, just finished, with a huge flag waving from the roof, stood where my friend in the smock frock had "whistled at the plough." Upon the very spot where I had seen the largest

and most repulsive of my efts drawn wriggling from his muddy lair, was erected the threshold of "SEBASTOPOL VILLA!"

As I have to explain how this remarkably sudden change came about, the sooner I set about doing so the better. The land belonged to the trustees of a Charity, and they wanted to make money of it. Mr. Specie, the great contractor, had plenty of money, and wanted to sink some of it in land. The deeds were executed, the consideration paid, and to Peter Specie, Esq., was duly conveyed the grass-field, and the ploughed land, with their, and all and every of their fences, walls, ditches, water-courses, mines, minerals, tenements, and hereditaments; and also the pond and the willow-tree, with their, and all and every of their efts, newts, rushes, tadpoles, animalculæ, caterpillars, and earwigs thereunto belonging or in any way pertaining: to have and to hold unto him the said Peter Specie and his heirs for ever.

Having obtained possession, the new landlord stuck up, upon every part of his property that could be seen from the road, huge boards, upon which was legibly painted the information that eligible plots of land were to be let on building leases. What says the old saw!—"Fools build houses for wise men to live in." Peter Specie did not build houses—but he took mortgages from those who did. One Joe Price, a carpenter, was his victim in this instance, who, after mortgaging the house floor by floor, in order to complete it, and running it up as slightly as possible, found in the end, that if it was let as soon as the paint was dry, and the rent was paid punctually, from that day forward to the expiration of his lease, he owed as much as the house was worth: Mr. Specie knew better than to let him owe more. Fortunately for poor Joe, a tenant *was* found soon after the paint became dry, and his name was Honiton Smith, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-law.

Honiton Smith had a fair practice at the bar,—as practices go now-a-days; and having arranged preliminaries with a pretty girl in his own position in life, he married her at once, like a sensible fellow, instead of wearing out her heart, and her roses, with a long engagement. But, unlike a sensible fellow, instead of taking her to substantial lodgings, where they could save up capital for commencing housekeeping, he took Sebastopol Villa, and hired his furniture from Veneer, Shoddy, & Co., on the plan of paying for it by instalments. Pretty Katey, his wife, in her joy at its radiance, of course aspired to have a housewarming, and Honiton Smith gave way; but "mind," he said severely, laying aside the man and assuming the householder,—“mind you do not invite too many.” Katey assured him that it should “only be a little dance,” and there the discussion ended.

We all know what “only a little dance” means. Poor Katey! She calculated that half the elderly people she invited for propriety's sake would decline; but they, “rather than offend the young folks,” committed self-sacrifice and came. Then Katey discovered that twenty dancing girls had accepted, and that she had only invited

fifteen men upon whom she could count as partners for them. Honiton had asked a number of clients and brother barristers,—persons of no use whatever in a ball-room—without telling her, and the question whether there would be room and supper enough for all became a pertinent one. The eventful night arrived, and a crush of guests poured into the drawing-room of Sebastopol Villa such as Joe Price had never contemplated in settling the strength of his joists. At the height of the festivities,—when good little Katey's nervousness had worn off, and she began to think that really things were not going so badly, after all,—in the middle of the last gallop before supper,—when the jellies and creams and cakes, the chickens with their legs and wings cut off, and tied on again with blue ribbons were laid out for that repast,—when the hired plate and glass were shining their brightest,—when the table was, as the man from the confectioner's declared, "quite a pictur' to look at,"—when the dance was going on gaily above, and the first instalment of "married people" had just taken their places at the festive board,—*smash!* came a boot and a black-trousered leg through the ceiling, close to the chandelier; and then, *SMASH!!*—*CRASH!!!*—down came chandelier, ceiling, and all upon the supper table, breaking it down and burying all its glittering and savoury contents in one mass of chalky desolation.

Words cannot paint the scene that followed. The ladies shrieked and fled into the garden, thinking that the house itself was coming down. It was as much as three men could do to drag the unfortunate youth, whose vigorous dancing had finished Mr. Price's flooring, out of his hole. No one would enter drawing or dining-room again, and it was some time before cabs were procured, as a solution to the confusion, and the dispirited assembly melted away. The next day Price was sent for; Smith, the crest-fallen, would have it out with *him*, at any rate; but to his indignation it was the builder who assumed the injured innocent. What had they bin up to? Darning! What business had they to get darning in his house? Fifty pound houses like that warn't built for *darning!* Worn't there a clause in their agreement agin balls, and parties, and sich like goings on. No, there worn't? Yes, but there was though, and that Mr. Smith should find. Honiton had forgotten all about the prohibitory covenant, and had to pay for the necessary repairs out of his own pocket. Mr. Price was right: Sebastopol Villa was clearly "not built for darning."

The builder's account for a new ceiling, floor, and joists mounted up to 40*l.*; the confectioner's bill for broken glass and damaged silver was 32*l.*, besides the cost of the supper which was spoilt. When all this was paid, poor Smith had but little of his savings left to go towards making up the 50*l.*, the first instalment of the 500*l.* due to Messrs. Veneer, Shoddy, & Co. I have said that the dining-room table was broken down by the fall of the ceiling. The fracture disclosed that it was a rotten, worthless article, just French polished up for sale. A respectable upholsterer was called in, and it soon became clear that all

the furniture in the house was of the same description. The chairs broke when sat upon, the carpets wore out, the curtains faded, and in little more than a year distressing signs of seediness appeared in every room. Smith expostulated with the great furnishing firm, and the great furnishing firm turned round upon him insolently, and demanded what right he had to find fault, when his last instalment was in arrear? Smith persisted, and Veneer & Co. blustered, threatening to sue him. Smith took heart of grace, swore he would defend the action, and dared them to proceed. Veneer & Co. were cowed, and eventually released their entire claim upon Smith's father paying them 300*l.* The real worth of the goods they had sold was not three hundred pence!

But the troubles of the newly-married pair did not begin or end here. Winter set in, and they soon found that Sebastopol Villa was neither wind, rain, nor cold proof. It looked very pretty in summer. Its plate-glass windows were imposing; its stuccoed front was unimpeachable; its marble mantlepieces and fancy grates were apparently first-rate. But then the wet came through the roof, the doors warped and let in the draught, and the sashes of the windows would not fit. Added to this, the walls were very, very thin, and afforded little shelter against the piercing north-east wind, to which the house was exposed. Moreover, being papered before they were quite dry, the paper now began to peel off in strips, which hung down, and waved about mournfully in the currents of air that rushed in and out of the rooms. Poor Katey Smith did not jump for joy in her drawing-room now.

Christmas came, and Joe Price himself was in the Gazette. He had tried other building speculations, had run up other "jerry-built" houses, and had failed utterly, hopelessly. Mr. Peter Specie seized his houses, including Sebastopol Villa, for the ground rent, had them patched up, and let them to people who believed in cheap tenements. Honiton Smith did not long continue his tenant. He saw with grief that his good little wife's cheek grew paler and paler every day.

One morning as he was taking leave of her to go into his chambers, he put his arm round her, and, drawing the gentle face close to his own, said, softly, "Katey, are you very fond of house-keeping?"

"No, dear!" she said, looking down, tying and untying knots in her apron cords, "not very."

"Should you much mind our giving up this place, and going into lodgings for a year or two, until we can afford to hire a really good house, and furnish it comfortably?"

"O, Honey!" was the joyous reply, "I'd have asked you to do so months ago, but I feared it might pain you."

Within two years the Smiths had a house of their own again, thanks to Honiton's increasing Parliamentary practice; but you may depend upon it that it was not built by a Price, nor furnished by a Veneer, Shoddy, & Co.

Sebastopol Villa is To BE LET. If the public will take my advice, it will remain so.

ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JUNR.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHT.

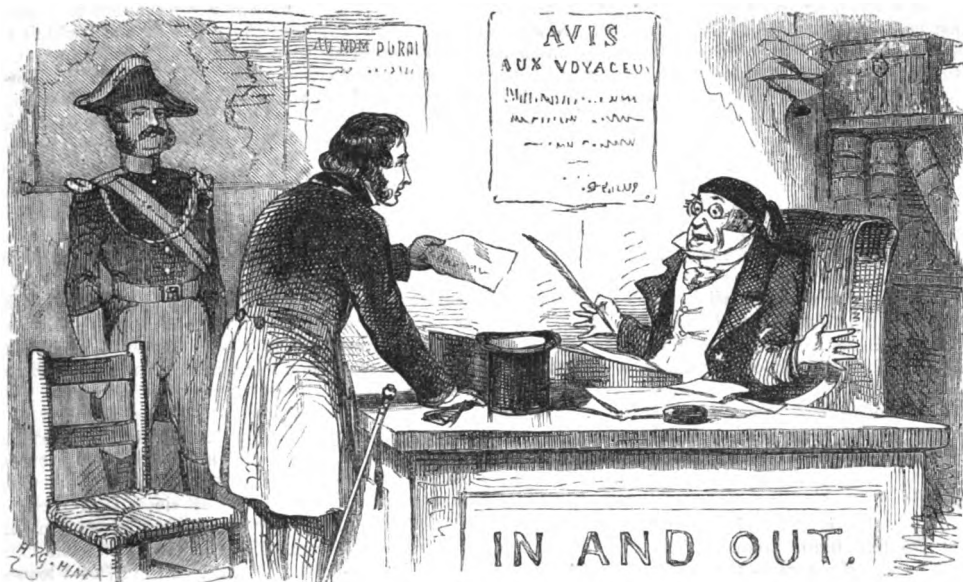


HUSBAND, you are busy thinking,
 Past and present ever linking ;
 Take a penny for the thought :—
 Strike a bargain. Is it bought ?
 Let me know."

" 'Tis a fancy over-wrought !
 Be it so.
 I remember, long ago,
 Cupid's dart
 Struck my heart ;
 Cupid caught me unaware ;
 On the landing of a stair,
 Strung his bow.
 And I'm still acutely feeling
 (For the wound is never-healing)
 All the smart
 Of the blow.

" And a maiden fresh and fair,
 Sitting yonder in the chair.
 Saw him do it :
 Held me by her eyes and hair—
 By the magic of her air—
 Held me there
 While he drew it.
 Now you know,
 Pay for hearing !—Only this :
 But a penny !
 Take it back, and give—a kiss.
 One of many.

J. F. F.



A TOURIST'S SOUVENIR.

FROM the days of the Patriarch Joseph down to those in which we, "the latest seed of time," have the hap to live, there have been prisoners released, or escaped, to end their days in liberty and honour. Plenty of them have left to posterity the record of their wrongs. Some in song; some in slip-slop; some in words that burn; some in twaddle so anti-phlogistic as well-nigh to make the yawning reader curse the hour of their liberation. There are, too, names enough of saints in the dismal calendar of prisoners to fling a halo of interest round the mere name of captive. Captives, be it observed, not gaol-birds—I speak without thought of Newgate or petty larceny, Dick Turpin or Jack Sheppard. It may be that the brightest luminaries of that hagiology emerged from the darkness of captivity, only to flash for a moment in the eyes of men, ere they set for ever upon the scaffold. But there are plenty of stars, of no contemptible magnitude, whose light has come forth to shine undimmed by the damps of the dungeon. Galileo, Tasso, Lovelace, the Prophet Daniel, Lavallette, Baron Trench, the seven bishops, Silvio Pellico—(I have no turn for chronological arrangement)—all managed, somehow or other, to get safely out of durance, and die peaceably in their beds. His Imperial Majesty Louis Napoleon III. spent some portion of his existence in the solitude of Ham. The Baron Pœrio is—long may he remain so—an escaped prisoner.

Pauld minor—so am I. And it happened in this wise:—

In the year 1847, in the reign of that constitutional French monarch who subsequently retired into private life and a foreign country under the unassuming appellation of Mr. Smith, I was in my youth, and in my first travel, on the Rhine.

Youth, first travel, and the Rhine! Let the reader of experience be grateful, that even on such texts, I abstain from preaching.

At Wiesbaden. And at Wiesbaden it happened—no matter how—that I found it necessary to take steps to replenish an exhaust—wanted money, in short. And so, with letters of credit in hand, I betook myself to the bureau of M. Junius Merlé, named in that document as the correspondent of the London bankers who undertook the charge of keeping my modest "account."

My name is—let me see. For the purposes of this narrative my name is Temple, Henry Temple. I am going to lie a little in the matter of names, but, upon my honour, I stop there: all beyond shall be true as gospel. To those who know me, even my pseudonyms will be transparent enough. To those who don't, no matter.

M. Junius Merlé sat behind his counter expectant of custom. Except in the great capitals, bankers' establishments on the continent are, as travellers know, rarely mounted on the same scale to which we are accustomed at home; and in M. Merlé's bureau, which comprised a space of some twelve feet square, there was no appearance or symptom of a clerk, unless, indeed, Madame Merlé, who sat quietly knitting behind the farthest corner of the same (and only) counter, was to be suspected, from what followed, of occasionally assisting her better half in that capacity.

There is, for us English, no disguising our nationality, were we ever so disposed. Before I had got out three syllables of the French harangue, carefully prepared for the exposition of my necessities, M. Merlé was down upon me with a few words of indifferent but polite English, and holding out his hand for my letter of credit.

As he read it a curious sort of smile stole over M. Merlé's face. He looked up from the letter at me, and down again from me at the letter, and at last he broke into an audible chuckle. Madame Merlé, attracted by a behaviour probably unusual, sidled up to her husband and stole a glance over his shoulder at the credentials which seemed to move his risibility. Strange! the very same curious smile crept over the placid, blonde German countenance of the lady, and she looked at her husband, and he looked at her; and with a simultaneous "Ach! mein Gott! wie sonderbar!" they stood chuckling undisguisedly at each other.

"What the devil are they grinning at?" said I, half aloud, to myself.

"Und sie heissen wahrlich—Ach! I forget!—Dat is your name truly, Heinrich Tempel?" said M. Merlé, with the tip of his massively-ringed finger pointed to the line where I appeared so designated.

"Of course it is," said I. "Is there anything funny in it?"

"Ach! no," said M. Merlé, still with the remnant of a smile, "but we know well here dat name."

"Indeed. How so?"

"He live here, Heinrich Tempel, dree, four, five year. He sheat—vat you call swindel—all the world, and he vanish away sudden, and make at Frankfort the fraudulent bankrupt for—ach! Himmel! sebenty-four tousand gulden!"

I interposed some common-place expression of regret that one bearing my name should have so misconducted himself.

"Vell," said M. Merlé, consolingly, "he was not you. He do this now seven year since. He live here in all society. He was a man most charming, most delightful. He speak all languages. He have two bankers in your London—how you call them? Berrys and Barker. He was a Jew—"

"I never heard of a Jew so named," said I. "What was he like?"

"I know not. He was a Jew for all dat. He have at dat time fifty-seben year. A small man, dat wear a perruque, and make trips, *des petite pas*, de leetel steps ven he valk. Ach, vell!" repeated M. Merlé, turning short off to business as a fresh customer entered, and stood awaiting his turn of attention. "He was not you. How mush money vill you vant?"

I journeyed with the results of that interview to Frankfort, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Strasbourg, down the Rhine again, and up the Moselle to Treves. And all this while, saving that I had mentioned in a letter home the misdeeds of my namesake, and had received, in a reply from my sister, the expression of a hope that I should not be exposed to any annoyance on his account, troubled my head no farther about the former Henry Temple and his rascalities.

It was at the fall of a fine evening on the 22nd September that, travelling solitary in a private "leathern conveniency," I reached the gates of the old fortified town of Luxembourg, leaving at the entrance my passport, which was there demanded for the first time since my landing at Ostend, and which was returned to me at my

hotel, either that night or early the following morning, without a word of comment.

And here I should say a word about this passport. The Foreign Office passes, with which all wise men now travel, were at that time much more expensive and much less used than at present, and mine had been granted by the Belgian Consul in London and duly *visé* for the countries through which I intended to pass. It contained, of course, a "signalement," most of whose particulars would have applied as well to anybody else as to myself; but it was, at any rate, strictly correct in stating me to be *thirty-one* years of age, five feet ten or eleven inches high, and that the colour of my beard, or so much of it as I then wore, was "roussâtre." It had not taken the trouble to notice that I wore spectacles, and bore a slight permanent scar on one cheek. Startling fidelity was never a characteristic of these written likenesses.

Luxembourg—(passport again demanded at the French frontier town of Thionville, and returned with bows and politeness)—Metz, Verdun, Chalons sur Marne, unmolested slept I at each of these places; and early on the 26th of September, descended at the excellent hotel of the Lion d'Or, at Rheims. On the morning of the 27th, I leaned against the porte-cochère of the hotel, tranquilly smoking my cigar and revolving the means of most speedily and comfortably reaching the crowning attraction of my trip—the yet unvisited Paris. There was no railway. The coupé of the diligence was engaged for three or four days to come. How was I to go? Fate stepped in and moved the adjournment of the debate.

Fate—in the shape of a heavily-moustached "bon gendarme"—who, glancing at me as he passed, to exchange a word or two with the people in the bureau of the hotel, returned, stopped, bowed, and spoke:

"Was he right in supposing that he addressed M. Temple?"

He was.

"M. Henri Temple, perhaps?"

The same.

"Did Monsieur happen to have a passport?"

Of course, Monsieur had one.

"Would Monsieur allow him a sight of it?"

Certainly, if it gave him any satisfaction. Monsieur would step up-stairs and fetch it.

Ah! no; he could not think of it: he would accompany Monsieur.

So he did; and I don't think there was much belonging to Monsieur that did not fall within the range of his observation, during the two minutes which he passed in Monsieur's apartment.

"Would Monsieur," he said, when he got my passport, "give himself the trouble to step with him over the way for a little moment?"

Certainly Monsieur would,—though he didn't a bit understand the meaning of it all.

"De quelle religion êtes vous, Monsieur?" said he, as he passed by the glorious west front of the cathedral.

Monsieur was a Protestant of the Church of England. (What the deuce *could* it matter to the gendarme?)

"Monsieur n'est donc pas Juif ?"

Then, at once, the truth flashed upon me. I was supposed to be my namesake, of whom M. Junius Merlé had told me at Wiesbaden.

"Aha," said I, "maintenant j'y suis. La chose commence à s'expliquer!" The thing was too absurd, and I laughed in the gendarme's face. He smiled, too, but not heartily; and the fact that I laughed seemed to puzzle him hugely.

"Par ici, Monsieur! Donnez-vous la peine de passer!" And through a little door in a little street we entered a little room, where, busily writing at a table, and apparently with no mind to be interrupted, sat a little dry wiry man, of rather more than middle age,—no other as I afterwards learned than M. Mongrolle (I give his real name), judge of some court or other, and, I suppose, the proper person to attend to such cases as mine in the absence of the Substitut du Procureur du Roi, who happened that day to be out *à la chasse*. M. Mongrolle wrote on for a few moments without apparent consciousness of my presence; and then, pushing his papers slightly aside and impatiently turning round to me, as to a sort of bore to whom he was obliged to attend, and of whom he meant to get rid as quickly as possible, demanded shortly, "Well, sir, what have you got to say?"

"To what?" said I. "What am I called on to answer?"

The charge was shortly stated—swindling to a considerably larger extent than M. Merlé had mentioned.

"You have heard?"

"Yes."

"Your name is Henri Temple?"

"Yes."

"What have you to say?"

"Simply that I am not the Henri Temple in question."

He looked at a paper which he held in his hand, and at me. "Mais le signalement est le vôtre!" Would he allow me to look at it for a moment?—He complied, but not with the best grace in the world. In was in MS., on part of a sheet of ordinary writing-paper, and had been forwarded from Luxembourg. I glanced rapidly over it. In a few particulars, the colour of the eyes and the average (*moyen*) size of nose and mouth, the signalement agreed with my own; but I took the liberty, after narrating what had passed between me and M. Merlé, of observing to M. Mongrolle that there was an important difference in height between me and the person therein described; that the latter was set down as a person "qui doit être Israélite," of fifty-one, not thirty-one, years of age; "qui portait une perruque grise, et qui faisait des petits pas en marchant." M. Mongrolle evidently had not time to see the weight of my objections. The difference of twenty years in age did not matter a pin—"ne faisait rien,"—it was very easy to cast off a perruque, or to affect a particular style of walking. The difference in height and the Israelitish physiognomy were arguments which M. Mongrolle did not condescend to combat at all. He treated them with contemptuous silence, only repeating obstinately, "Le signalement est le vôtre." Things began to look serious. I called M. Mongrolle's attention to the

date of my passport, compared with that of the fraudulent bankruptcy; to the signatures of two German bankers already attached to my letter of credit. I offered to produce all the bills of all the hotels at which I had slept, including Wiesbaden and Frankfort, to show that the good people at those places had enjoyed ample opportunities of recognising their victimiser, if I were indeed he. It did not occur to me at the moment to add, as was the fact, that my name, "Henry Temple, Esq.," was painted at full length on my portmanteau, in letters so large and white as to have frequently elicited jocular remark from fellow-travellers, and that such a tempting of recognition was hardly the act of one who had anything to fear from the consequences. It would not have aided me, had I thought of it. I might as well have whistled jigs to a milestone. M. Mongrolle had no intention of examining anything save the Luxembourg signalement.

"Le nom est le vôtre! le signalement est le vôtre!" shrieked the now somewhat excited magistrate, persisting manfully in his lie: "You must be detained!"

"Am I then," said I, innocently, "to consider myself as under surveillance?"

"Of course," said M. Mongrolle, curtly, and turning to his interrupted writing.

"Pig-headed old fool!" muttered I, as I emerged from the bureau. "Well! It's only a policeman in the distance, for a day or two, after all!"

In five minutes from that time I was in the Public Prison of the good city of Rheims, with the gendarme, the gaoler, the gaoler's wife and daughter, and two or three smaller officials of the House of Durance clustering round me in the lobby!

No wonder. I was such a novelty. They had not caught an Englishman since the coronation of Charles X., when an English clergyman who came to witness the ceremony, with a passport not altogether en règle, was unceremoniously lodged in this same prison, being allowed as a favour, to witness, through a grating, the procession on its way to the Cathedral.

My portmanteau and dressing-case were fetched from my hotel, and carefully examined by the gendarme and the gaoler, M. Bernard (I give that worthy man's real name), before they were allowed to be removed to the apartment destined to my use. I think the scrutiny satisfied the gendarme that they had caught the wrong bird. He had evidently had his doubts all along; but, from that moment forward, he treated me like a friend whom he felt to be ill-used, and whom he would be glad to help if he could. M. Bernard was astonished chiefly at the amount of my wardrobe. "My God! has he got shirts enough?" he ejaculated, as my stock of body-linen was unfolded, piece by piece, before his wondering eyes.

At the top of the prison, with barred windows on the outer side, "giving" on to the Place in front of the Cathedral, and with a series of numbered doors on the inner-side affording entrance to a corresponding range of cells, more or less closet-like, runs a long corridor, extending from end to end of the building. I was formally installed in

No. 12, a stone-walled and floored room of some twelve feet by ten, containing simply a coarse truckle-bed, fairly clean, a rush-bottomed chair, and a small deal table. My door, I was told, would be locked from 8 P. M. till 8 A. M., but between those hours, free use of the corridor outside was allowed to me.

I had not been there a quarter of an hour before every man, woman, and child, connected with the service of the establishment, had been to see me, and "take my likeness." But without a grain or shadow of roughness or incivility. A slightly puzzled expression, half of doubt, half of sympathy; and from most a kindly word or two. Though I say it, who should not, I *did* behave like a Briton. I flatter myself that our insular reputation for *sangfroid* lost nothing in my hands. Excessively astonished I certainly was; but,—I know not why,—trifles at-home, the absence of the "Times" at breakfast, or some similar nothing, have often discomposed my temper more seriously than did this really serious misfortune. I was as cool as a cucumber. I unpacked, I arranged my dressing and writing materials; in ten minutes, I had given my four stone walls an air of positive comfort, and as Auguste, the turnkey, and Suzanne, the prison housemaid, were looking on, I whistled carelessly as I worked. Auguste and Suzanne could make nothing of me, and went their way down stairs, much marvelling.

As soon as I was left alone, I set to work to write. I wrote to the English Foreign Secretary, to our Ambassador at Paris, to M. Junius Merlé at Wiesbaden, to all sorts of people besides. Much good all my writing did me!

Then, feeling that I had done all that could be done at the moment, I came out tranquilly to take the air in the corridor; and, lo! there was balm in Gilead, I was not even alone. Three other houses in my street were tenanted; and their occupants, who had evidently been discussing the new arrival, and watching for his appearance, lost no time in making my acquaintance. Two old men and a young one. The last was an *avocat*, named—no! never mind his name. How shall I delicately state the offence which had brought him there? He had broken part of the tenth commandment, and the whole of the seventh; and he was indignant beyond measure with his prosecutor, who had not called him out, like a gentleman, and given him a chance of breaking the sixth into the bargain! *Le lâche!* he had preferred, like a *canaille* as he was, to resort to civil revenges; and my friend had to "dree his weird," where I found him, for the term of six calendar months, while the fair and frail partner in his offence spent a similar period in similar seclusion on the opposite side of the establishment. We had not been acquainted ten minutes before he told me the whole of this story. He could not endure that a "gentilhomme Anglais," as Monsieur evidently was, should for a moment suppose him to be a mere petty-larceny villain. He had, he said, "*beaucoup étudié l'Anglais;*" and when I produced, for his edification, a fragment of the "Times" which I happened to have with me, he recognised it at once.

"Ah yays, I know him! de Timmess!"

He was not a bad fellow at bottom; vain enough,

though, and as poor as Job: eking out his imprisonment by a little "feuilleton" penny-a-lining.

The first old man was a journeyman tailor, M. Michel. He was a poor, harmless small debtor, who accepted with enthusiasm, on the second day of our acquaintance, a proposition that he should mend one of my waistcoats which needed reparation, and was honestly reluctant to accept a two-franc piece which I forced upon him as an *honorarium*.

"Ah! Mon Dieu!" he said, when I at last overcame his scruples. "*Je suis comme vous, Monsieur, J'aime à faire noblement les choses!*" and summoning a lad who acted as prison errand-boy, he informed him, with much glee, that he had been lucky enough to do a little "*coup de métier,*" and besought him not to forget to add a sumptuous dessert of apples to his ordinary "*repas*" that afternoon.

Of the second old man, who was quite as poor, and not so cheerful as the tailor, we knew nothing. We called him, and spoke of him as "*Monsieur.*" His name, and his offence, he kept carefully to himself. He would talk, when addressed; but ordinarily smoked his pipe in silence, and volunteered but small contribution to the liveliness of the society. The *avocat*, the tailor, and I, were chirping enough. M. Mongrolle's was the hand to which also the first-named owed *his* commitment; and we vituperated the old boy pretty handsomely in concert, as we walked together up and down our corridor.

About four o'clock it occurred to the turnkey, that Monsieur would probably not object to improve the prison-allowance by some addition from the *cuisine* of the neighbouring *traiteur*. Monsieur was only too glad to do so if allowed. Certainly, Monsieur was allowed. Good. Then Monsieur, though in prison, would "dine:" and there were set before him, accordingly, *potage*, *cotelettes*, *volaille*, *salade*, *dessert*; a good enough dinner in short, of which M. Michel and the other "Monsieur" divided, with much thankfulness, the *débris*. But the honest turnkey afterwards privately fell out with me for my extravagance; and instructed me how to order a thoroughly sufficient banquet at considerably smaller cost. Would many English turnkeys have done the like? Alas! I fear, but few. In that public prison of Rheims there was not a single official with whom I came in contact, who did not, in his way, do his best to be obliging, to spare me needless trouble and expense, and to make me as little uncomfortable as circumstances permitted. And I can't in conscience say that I *was* uncomfortable; though, of course, I ought to have been. I was young, and in good health; the weather was fine, dry, and warm; I had a few books, my cigar, three people to talk to, and that glorious old west-front, with its three portals, to look at. I was treated with perfect civility; had no business anywhere awaiting my coming; and felt, into the bargain, the conviction that this farce *could* not last very long. No. I was *not* uncomfortable, save only on account of one or two far away, if by chance they should come to know where I was.

Eight o'clock, P. M., and I had made no provision of candle! Twelve feet square of thick,

bare, cold, stone wall, darkness, and a door heavily bolted outside! Not altogether pleasant. Some touch of real *bond fide* imprisonment made itself felt at last. Bah! it can't last! "That's my comfort!" Had I been a geologist, I should have ripped open my mattress to see what kind of stone they used for stuffing at Rheims:—but, after all, what is a hard bed to an easy conscience? "Never slept guilt as Werner slept that night!"

With morning came again my gendarme. Monsieur was requested to step down, and present himself before the Substitut du Procureur du Roi, who had returned from his yesterday's *chasse*, and desired to see him in his "Parquet." M. Alexandre (I can't help thinking that good gendarme had somewhat predisposed him in my favour) received and treated me like a gentleman. A tall, fair, handsome man, in the prime of life, with a pleasant expression, and a frank cheerful manner—more like a well-bred country gentleman than a lawyer; but ready, quick, and precise in his questions; evidently well up to his work. He held in his hand (God knows how he got it) a paper from which he examined me. It was a perfect diary of my journey from Luxembourg to Rheims. He knew each hotel at which I had slept—each particular conveyance, public or private, by which I had travelled. He had got down in black and white that I had unsuccessfully endeavoured to "negotiate" a "valuable security" at Luxembourg; (it was true that a banker there had refused to change for me a 500 franc note of the bank of Strasbourg):—he had it recorded, that I had asked a fellow-traveller, in the coupé of the diligence, "whether we should have to show our passports at the gates of Verdun?" for which question my fellow-traveller, or some one for him, had been amiable enough to suggest an obvious motive unfavourable to myself. In short, all my most trivial doings for the last four days had been "set in a note-book, conned, and got by rote, to cast into my teeth." So well and thoroughly had it been done, that I could not help expressing, then and there, my admiration, not of the system, but of the way in which it was worked. M. Alexandre only smiled at the dubious compliment. He dismissed me, apparently well satisfied with my responses, promising to come up immediately to my room, and personally examine my "belongings," and with some complimentary phrases on the easy fashion in which I took my misfortune. His faith! if he had been in my place he should have been utterly *désolé!*

He was as good as his word, and did come immediately. Two minutes' inspection—though he went conscientiously through every item—was enough to show him that a grievous blunder had been committed. He requested me to entrust him, "in my interest," with my sister's letter, previously mentioned—(he understood English perfectly, though he did not speak it),—regretted that, as I was actually imprisoned, it was beyond his power to let me out without authorisation from his superiors—pledged himself to omit no endeavours to arrange "my affair" as soon as possible—and gave orders that any addition to my personal accommodation which

I might desire should be provided, if within their resources, by the officials of the prison. "He is no more the man they want than I am!" I heard him exclaim to the gendarme, as he closed my door; and he prefaced the assertion by one of those sinful ejaculations with which the Abbess of Andouillet, and Margarita the novice, ineffectually endeavoured in concert to overcome the obstinacy of the old mule.

Tuesday—Wednesday—the noon of Thursday arrived and passed without incident, save a visit from two long-cloaked flap-hatted brethren of some charitable fraternity, who sate upon my bed, with little or nothing to say for themselves, and stared at me with a calm, mild, non-impertinent, inoffensive curiosity.

I own, the novelty of the situation had by this time worn off, and I was beginning to get tired and impatient.

But about that noon of Thursday came again my gendarme, with an intimation that M. Alexandre wished once more to see me. "Aha! you go to hear good news!" said the little avocat, as I descended.

M. Alexandre had now another paper in his hand—the real "signalement," forwarded from Frankfort, of my confounded namesake. He was there described as a Jew, aged (in 1845) *sixty-five* years, and in particulars of personal appearance so different from mine, that M. Alexandre interrupted his comparison more than once to exclaim, "Bah! not the slightest resemblance!" I ventured to ask him how he accounted for the blundering Luxembourg "signalement" on which M. Mongrolle had acted, and why it was that the authorities of that place had not, then and there, themselves arrested my progress? "Ma foi!" he said, with the national shrug of the shoulders, "Je ne comprends pas la Police Allemande."

"And now," he added, "I don't know what to do with you. It is clear enough that you are not the man. I don't like to keep you here; but I have not, strictly, the power to let you out. I incur some responsibility (*je m'engage un peu*) in making you the offer, but, if you will give me your word not to leave Rheims till you hear from me, you shall be at liberty to return to your hotel."

Gladly, of course, I would. A cell in the Lion d'Or would be but a nominal prison.

"No, no, not even so. *Soyez libre—amusez vous*. Do what you will; only do not quit Rheims till I authorise you." And so, with all sorts of polite speeches on both sides, we parted.

I think everybody was pleased when my liberation was known; and I wonder my hand was not shaken off before I got out of the prison. The landlord of the Lion d'Or congratulated me calmly on getting so soon out of an ugly scrape. The garçon who reinstated me in my apartments vented his sympathy in scathing remarks on the stupidity of people "who were *bêtes* enough to box up (*coffrer*) like that a Monsieur with such a dressing-case as mine." Innocent garçon!

I am walking and smoking after dinner on the pavement in front of the cathedral. At the windows of the corridor, along which I had paced the previous evening, I see figures apparently endeavouring to attract my attention, and before

long I make out M. Michel and the anonymous "Monsieur." They bow, they smile, they gesticulate, they lay their hands upon their hearts. The fact is, that I have, in a note addressed to my little avocat, placed at the disposal of those two poor devils a small enough sum—some five-and-twenty francs a-piece. I did not know how much gratitude one could get for the money. There comes to the door of the gaol M. Bernard, the gaoler, full of smiles, and beckons me across to shake me violently by the hand.

"Mais, mon Dieu! M. Temple, mais vous êtes — généreux!"

The adverb he employed is not to be found in any dictionary of the French tongue.

I still keep two letters as souvenirs of my captivity. One, in which my little avocat returned thanks on behalf of the two *bénéficiaires* (and which I would here print if it were not so full of compliments to myself); and one, of much politeness, from M. Alexandre, in which, on the morning after my liberation, he returned to me my passport and my sister's letter, stating that, as he had received authority from Paris to act in my case entirely on his own discretion, he lost no time in announcing that I was once more a perfectly free agent, and handsomely expressing his own regret at the share in my annoying detention, which the duties of his office had imposed upon him.

As I trotted out of the gates of Rheims, in a cabriolet-de-poste, that afternoon, *en route* for Paris, I met, and was glad to meet, my gendarme; and no grim-visaged functionary of his order ever broke into a smile so honest, or made a *ci-devant* gaol-bird a bow so profound, as the smile and the bow which accompanied his "Bon jour, Monsieur! Bon jour et bon voyage!"

My first visit at Paris was to the English embassy. I had, it appeared, in my hurry, addressed my letter to "The Right Hon. the Lord Cowley, Ambassador of England," &c. &c., forgetting, at the moment, that Lord Cowley had recently died, and that Lord Normanby, in his stead, represented Queen Victoria in the Faubourg St. Honoré. My letter was lying comfortably, unrepresented, in the porter's lodge.

"Ah, mon Dieu, Monsieur! Milord Cowley est mort!" said the portress, as she calmly handed back to me the wasted epistle.

Had I not turned up, or unless Lord Cowley's spirit had come "rapping" to claim his property, I suppose it would have lain there to this day. I demanded to see the Ambassador. He was out. Some attaché was, I presumed, at his post. Yes; but he was "souffrant," and could not see anybody just then. It was eleven o'clock, A.M., and I conclude that "souffrant" is French for "fast asleep, and don't want to be bothered;" for he showed no symptom of disorder when I *did* see him, three hours later, and when he affably said, "He was really very glad I was out without trouble."

But, then, I had an interview with the French Minister of the Interior, who heard my story patiently, complimented me on my French, and shrugged his shoulders wonderfully at the recital. And did not the "Ambassador of England" leave his card for me at Meurice's? And don't I keep it to this day? Doubtless it was great honour for the like of me—and it was all the compensation I ever got.

* * * *

In the year 1850, I was once more at Frankfort and Wiesbaden. Recollecting what had happened, I took the precaution of going to the police bureau at the former place, and getting their *visa* placed upon my passport. I mentioned my reasons, and was told I need be under no apprehension, as my namesake had been some time since caught and duly punished.

At Wiesbaden I re-entered the bureau of M. Junius Merlé. He did not know me till he caught the name in my passport, when he seized me violently by the hand.

"Ach! mein Gott!" he cried, "Heinrich Tempel! my tear sir, vy have you not shange your name? Dey vill have you once more!"

"No!" I answered, laughing; "now they have got the real man they will, I hope, let me alone."

"Who have got him?" said M. Merlé, quickly. "Vere have dey got him?"

"At Frankfort," said I. "So, at least, the police there assured me."

"At Frankfort!" said M. Merlé, tersely. "De police do lie! *Il court encore*. Dey have not catch him! Dey cannot catch him! Dey nevare sall catch him! No, nevare!"

HARRY LEROY TEMPLE.



ENGLISH RAILWAY ARTILLERY.

A CHEAP DEFENCE AGAINST INVASION.

THE beginning of the end is approaching. Wars cannot be carried on without railways, and the railway is emphatically the offspring and tool of civilisation—not to be maintained without civilisation. It is a weapon of defence and not of attack, and is easily rendered useless to an invading enemy. But as yet it has only been used as a tool, and not as a weapon. Only one has yet been constructed specially—viz., the one at Balaklava; and, according to all accounts, it was a very inferior piece of construction—what is called “contractor’s way.” But this railway was merely a means of transit—not a tool of fighting. It was protected from attack—was, in short, a camp-fitting one, but never half turned to its fitting uses. Let us consider how far a railway might be applied as a means of coast defences—cheap coast defences, dispensing with artillery horses and detached forts and batteries.

As we very fortunately live in an island with water enclosing us, as a hedge does a farm, keeping out intruders, and enabling us to perform our own work without hindrance, it follows that all invasion must be by water. Supposing that some modern Van Tromp under French orders should sweep the Channel to land soldiers on our shores, what then would be our best course of defence? I am merely arguing this as a supposition, precisely as Prince Joinville did.

It is agreed that artillery, and that, heavy artillery, is the most formidable implement of modern warfare; but it has the disadvantage of requiring many horses to draw it, liable to be impeded by wounds, and the further disadvantage of being liable to flanking attacks of cavalry, whose greater speed prevents it from retreating.

Therefore the problem to solve is, how to dispense with horses, and to increase its speed for advance or retreat so that no cavalry may overtake it.

There is a simple mode of accomplishing this. Put the artillery upon our true lines of defence, our rails, and draw or propel it by locomotive engines. Mount a gun of twenty tons weight on a railway truck, with a circular traversing platform, and capable of throwing a shot or shell weighing one hundred to one hundred and a-half a distance of five miles. A truck on eight wheels would carry this very easily, and there would be no recoil. A battery of ten guns of this kind would weigh about 300 tons, and could be easily worked at thirty to forty miles per hour. There would be no horses to take fright or to be killed, and no cavalry could approach it, and no artillery not drawn on rails could reach it. This would practically be a moving fortress, carrying with it munitions for the guns and provisions for the men. And it could move out of its own smoke to secure a constant clear atmosphere.

It will be therefore conceded that, to compete upon equal terms, an invading army must either land with rails ready to lay down and similar artillery, or it must get possession of those existing in the country. The latter condition could scarcely be compatible with common sense on the

part of the invaded; the former would entail insuperable difficulties on the invaders.

But, it may be argued, rails do not extend everywhere, and the enemy would take the opportunity of landing at the points where rails do not reach. Quite true. But let us look at the railway map.

We find there that the railways radiate from London to that piece of salt water we still call the English Channel, as follows, London being the centre which in all cases the enemy would seek to possess, at all events for the purpose of plunder:—The Great Western extends from London to Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, and Falmouth; the South Western extends from Exeter to Southampton, Dorchester, and Bridport, with only one short link wanting; the Brighton, from London to the south coast; the South Eastern, from London to Folkestone and Dover; so concluding the radius south and west of the Thames. The northern bank of the Thames is closed from entrance by the North Kent and its continuations to Margate. Another South Eastern line extends from Dover to Reigate, Guildford, and Reading. Then the coast-line extends again from Dover to Hythe, Rye, Hastings, Portsmouth, and continues to Dorchester, where a slip needs filling in up to Exeter, and thence the continuation goes on to the Land’s End. North of the Thames the lines extend from London to Tilbury, to Ipswich, Colchester, Yarmouth, Preston, Grimsby, Hull, Scarborough, and Whitby, and so on, with an interruption between Whitby and Stockton, but which has a rear line in compensation, and so on with a continuous coast line to the Frith of Forth.

Now, all these coast railways, put to their proper uses, are really lines of defence, backed with second and third lines, and then on to a network, eclipsing any Torres Vedras on record; and, having moving batteries on their lines carrying shot and shell farther than an enemy could reach, and unapproachable by cavalry, would be the cheapest of all possible fortresses—absolutely a continuous fortress along the whole coast. They would be to the land what the war-ship is to the sea. We have hitherto regarded the rail merely as a vehicle of transport to carry materials which are not to be set to work till off the rails. If we look at the rail as part of an instrument of warfare, we shall be startled at the enormous means we have at hand instantly available from mercantile purposes to convert to engines of war, and, what is more, at the economy of defence, immediately reconvertible to purposes of peace. We absolutely need nothing but to construct gun-carriages for our rails, and, lo! our steam-horses are ready at hand, and our steam-carriages ready to transport our troops whithersoever we will. We have the vantage ground against all Europe combined, if we only use our existing appliances. We ourselves could not invade Europe, unless by consent of some of the nations of Europe to get a foothold; and neither could any or all the nations of Europe invade us, except by our own consent. Steam may have “bridged the Channel,” but until a railway bridge can be constructed on the narrow sea, no batteries brought by sea can compete with our own at the water’s edge. England will be

literally walled about with iron when we shall have constructed our moving iron fortresses.

It would be desirable to make a strategical survey of all our coast lines, with a view to fill in all intervals, and for this purpose the connecting highways ought to be effectively applied.

To make continuous batteries along the whole coast would be a costly affair, besides interfering, in many ways, with the operations of peace. Now, although for the most part we need special harbours and landing-places for the contingencies of bad weather, yet in fine weather the whole of our harbours are landing-places, and especially with off-shore winds. A railway, in the ordinary sense, requires to be made in a costly manner, the ground levelled, and with all sorts of preparations for passengers and goods. But if we could make a railway at a cheap rate along the coast we might have moving-batteries, and dispense altogether with "towers along the steep." The first element therefore is, if possible, to follow the surface of the ground, and thus dispense with earth-works, unless in very steep places.

The usual gradients on ordinary turnpike-roads are about one in twenty, and many coast-roads run very near the shore or the edge of the cliff. Where such roads exist, they can be applied to railway purposes by simply sinking the rails to the level of the road surface, in such a mode that the ordinary uses would not be interfered with. Where the roads do not lie in the right direction, of course new roads must be opened.

Assuming the gradient to be one in twenty, a locomotive-engine on four low driving-wheels, and weighing, with full load of fuel and water, only fourteen tons, would be competent to draw behind it, or propel before it, eighteen tons of load, at a speed of twenty miles per hour. A truck on four wheels, weighing six tons, could carry on a railway platform a long gun weighing five tons, and throwing a 50-pound shot four miles. A second truck could be walled round with sheet-iron to shelter the gunners, and weighing, say three tons, with four tons of ammunition; or instead of a single gun of five tons, five guns weighing one ton each might be applied.

Supposing the gradient to be one in forty, the same engine could take a battery weighing forty-six tons at the same speed, and with a gradient of one in eighty a battery weighing ninety tons.

Therefore, ten locomotives, worth probably 1500*l.* each, would be the moving power for a battery of ten 50-pounders, up a gradient of one in twenty, at a speed of twenty miles per hour, or a battery of fifty 50-pounders up a gradient of one in eighty, at twenty miles per hour. Horses would be entirely dispensed with, and the speed of movement doubled, with an expenditure of coal about one-tenth the value of oats and hay; and, moreover, coal being only required when in use, and not constantly, as in the case of oats and hay. The engines will cost 15,000*l.*, but one moving battery would be equivalent to at least ten such batteries placed in "towers along the steep," or any number of batteries moved by horses. Supposing no land to buy, the roads could be laid out at a cost of about 1400*l.* per mile, and the roads could be used for

passenger purposes; thus keeping the engines in order, with a probable profit to the government. At intervals, when covering a landing-place, earthen banks could be thrown up for shelter, and militia-artillerymen might thus be enabled to practice conveniently at objects at sea.

Supposing an enemy to land, batteries travelling at twenty miles per hour would be a serious annoyance, the more especially as he could not bring any equivalent to bear, and could not go in pursuit, unless he disembarked engines first, and railways of the same gauge, a process very simple when going to a friendly country, but very difficult when amongst enemies.

I have proposed this arrangement for coast-roads, but there is no reason why rails should not be laid on inland roads as well, being applicable to the two purposes of artillery and public roads, enabling the government to keep up a stock of engines at little cost.

But with these roads communicating with the railroads, the whole railway system becomes applicable to military purposes. The essential thing is, that the guns, instead of being mounted on the ordinary carriages worked by horses, should be mounted on rail-carriages. The advantages would be very great in the absence of horses and all the difficulties attending them. The advantages of the rails would be wholly with the invaded and against the invaders; for every engine being withdrawn, they would perforce have to march slowly by highway, while the defenders would have the rail wherewith to accumulate any number of troops; and as the rails connect the highways at various points, it would be impossible to avoid being destroyed; unless we are to suppose that the command of the Channel would give them an unlimited means of disembarking engines and rail artillery.

It seems, therefore, that the railway system is so especially adapted for defence, and so little adapted to invaders, that it should become at once a matter of experiment how best to adapt Armstrong or other guns to its uses. The process of fitting the engines with shot-proof walls to protect the drivers against riflemen would be very easy, and the steam power might very well be adapted to throwing showers of shot in case of a charge of cavalry or infantry. Nothing but artillery could damage the engines or moving batteries, and artillery could not get near them if it were desirable to keep out of the way.

It has been stated in former papers, that guns far heavier than have yet been constructed are essential to give long range and prevent recoil. These conditions render the transit of the gun in the ordinary mode a matter of increased difficulty. And of all wheel carriages used at speed, the gun-carriage is the worst provided for velocity. It has no springs. Bad enough this for a gun weighing fifteen hundredweight or a ton, but rendering quite impracticable a five-ton gun. Therefore, the railways, in giving a far better road with fewer obstacles, materially facilitate transit by the use of springs, and would do so still more if really efficient springs were used. And on the rail, weight becomes much less a difficulty. As the guns must be of great length as well as weight, in

order to do their work efficiently, they could not well be used at right angles to the rail, but could be used to throw shot over the quarter or over the bow, that is, diagonally to the truck frame. Breech loaders of course, and rifled, if the rifling should on fuller experience turn out to be an advantage. Meanwhile, it would be well to try the following experiment: Load the rifled cannon with spherical as well as elongated shot, and see whether the same effect is produced, and then try the same experiment with a smooth bore of the same diameter. Ascertain how much of the result is in both cases due to the prevention of windage, and the diminution of resisting surface.

With these batteries any number of carriages can be carried bearing riflemen or sharpshooters. The whole of the banks may be earthworks to shelter the men from skirmishers; and all elevated spots along the line can be outlooks communicating by telegraph. We talk of hedges and ditches to protect riflemen, but no hedges or ditches could be so effective as the railway cuttings and embankments, and with forts—instead of fixed towers—travelling at flying speed, with a very small proportion of intelligent men doing all the work.

The great economy of this system is worthy of remark. One gun transportable would do the work of ten which are fixtures in forts; and there would be no men to take prisoners, for no forts would be captured. Instead of a gun with field-tackle and horses, there would only be a gun with rail-tackle and without horses; the steam power being at work earning money till wanted for war purposes, wherefore the actual cost of guns would be diminished. On the new lines of coast road for steep inclines and for rails on highways, new locomotives would be required; but these are precisely the conditions required for new railways; and every railway official and servant would be an intuitive rail militia-man. The more this system is thought of, the more the conviction will grow that it is the simplest mode of rendering the country impenetrable to invaders at a comparatively trifling cost; for facility of transit is equivalent to the multiplication of men; and every line of rail would be a pitfall to the foe and a protection to the defender. And what is very rare in warfare, there is no sinking of capital in an investment without return. Every rail laid down and every locomotive constructed may be used as an implement of reproduction. The reputation of such a system of defence once established, there would be an end at once and for ever of irritating innuendos and annoying anxiety, and we could afford to send our ships out of the channel on an emergency. In war he who has the greatest facility of movement and the greatest facility for transporting huge guns must be the conqueror. And supposing in case of accident that a battery became immoveable on the line, and were attacked, cavalry or infantry could do nothing but be destroyed by musketry from behind iron walls. Supposing a battery to be taken by the invaders owing to mismanagement, it could only retreat where it could be followed along the line of rails, for the numerous batteries would otherwise destroy it.

The invaders would not be suffered to turn it to account.

What is wanted then is:

First—To construct a pattern piece of ordnance of the largest weight and longest range adapted for moving on its own carriage on ordinary railways.

Secondly—To lay down a simple railway on a common highway, forming a connecting link with ordinary lines.

Thirdly—To form a short coast line of steep gradients as a pattern.

Fourthly—To construct a locomotive to work on such a gradient with the longest practicable gun.

Fifthly—To commence with a small corps of men—say the Coast Guard—to practise the new system.

Sixthly—To form the whole of the railway men into a body of railway artillerymen.

Seventhly—To work the new lines on highways as ordinary passenger lines, to keep up transit over them, and keep the working stock in order at little cost.

This is precisely the kind of arrangement that could never grow into an instrument of tyranny in England, for the maintenance of the rails would depend upon the will of the general community. Every man would look upon them as his own property and safeguard; the trippers up of intruders. Our great advantage in the Crimean war was the facility of converting the appliances of ordinary industry to war uses. This system of railway defence would open up a larger source of war application without any waste whatever. And no one could accuse us of making any preparations for invading the territories of others.

The war in Italy has shown the value of railways, though they were only used for transit, and not for actual fighting. If ever Italy becomes free, a defensive system of railways would be her safeguard against all invasion. The Alps would make her a practical island. How to make defences not convertible into offences is, in the present condition of the world, a most important study. The Channel being our practical "break of gauge," the enemy cannot approach us. In whatever country a "break of gauge" can be accomplished by a mountain range, a similar advantage will be obtained.

The proverb says, "threatened folks live long," but it is an unpleasant condition of existence. The impossibility of executing the threat once demonstrated, a better condition of health will be indicated by laughing faces smoothing the wrinkles from the brow.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

RETROSPECTIVE.

I NEVER shall forget the school
Conducted by the Misses Gurning,
For underneath those ladies' rule
I enter'd on the path of learning.

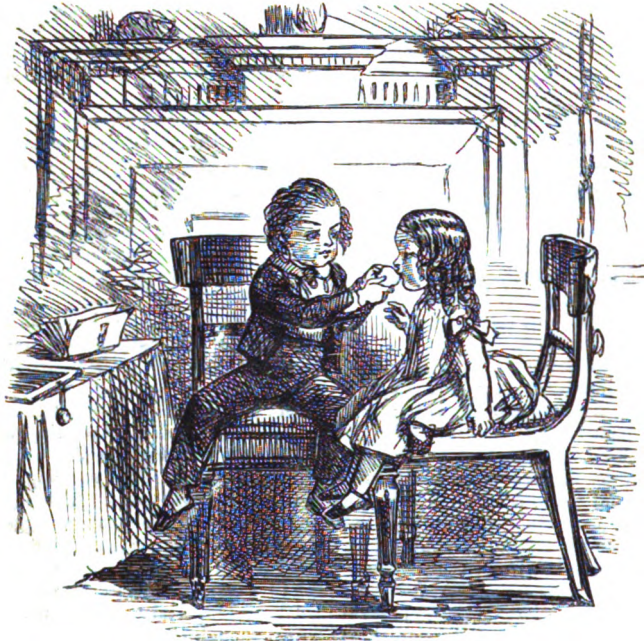
Not merely learning got from books,
But such as comes in other fashion,—
The science taught by lips and looks,
The all-absorbing tender passion.

'Twas pretty little Laura Hayes
Whose charms my youthful heart excited ;
I hadn't been at school three days
Before our solemn troth was plighted.

I found my seat was by her side
(For all in school had settled places),
And there we both sat, open-eyed,
Staring with grave and solemn faces.

At last I kiss'd her, and instead
Of any show of feeling nettled,
She put her hand in mine, and said,
"I like you." And so that was settled.

Why not ! My age was six, or more,
As nearly as I now remember ;
And Laura told me she was four
"The twenty-ninth of last November."



Her face was round, her eyes were grey,
Her teeth were sharp as well as pearly
(She bit me in a tiff one day),
Her hair was long, and brown, and curly.

Our love was placid, calm, compact ;
No sighs, no prayers, no doubts, no quaking ;
No vows, or oaths ; there was, in fact,
Plenty of love, but no love-making.

Few were our clouds, our April showers,
Our jealous quarrels, and repentance ;
We used to sit and stare for hours,
And not exchange one single sentence.

And, loving words thus being few,
We often found it very handy
To show our warmth of feeling through
The medium of our sugar-candy.

But other things as well as sweets
Form'd mute memorials of feeling ;
As fruit, or pie-crust, potted meats,
Or toast, or even orange peeling.

So things went on, until at last
(Some comment having been excited),
I said that, after what had pass'd,
We really ought to get united.

But Laura took a different view,
Thought we were very well without it ;
And ask'd me, likewise, if I knew
The proper way to set about it ?

I told her (after some research)
All that was needful for our marriage
Was, just that we should go to church
And back again—but in a carriage.

She seem'd to like that ; so I press'd
The matter with the greater vigour ;
But then she said it would be best
To stay till we were rather bigger.

In spite of all that I could plead,
Laura's resolve was only strengthen'd ;
So that at length we both agreed
To wait until—her frocks were lengthen'd.

She gave me her most solemn word
Our smallness was the only reason
Which prompted, when she thus deferr'd
Our union to a future season.

Well, matters being settled so,
How came it that our love miscarried ?
I cannot tell,—but this I know,
She's not my wife, and I am married.

C. P. WILLIAM.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.



CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN a man misbehaves, the effect is curious on a girl who loves him sincerely. It makes her pity him. This, to some of us males, seems anything but logical. The fault is in our own eye, the logic is too swift for us. The girl argues thus:—"How unhappy, how vexed, poor * * * must be; *him* to misbehave!"

Margaret was full of this sweet womanly pity, when, to her great surprise, scarce an hour and a half after he left her, Gerard came running back to her with the fragments of a picture in his hand, and panting with anger and grief.

"There, Margaret! see! see! the wretches! Look at their spite! They have cut your portrait to pieces."

Margaret looked. And, sure enough, some malicious hand had cut her portrait into five pieces. She was a good girl, but she was not ice; she turned red to her very forehead.

"Who did it?"

"Nay, I know not. I dared not ask; for I should hate the hand that did it, ay, till my dying day. My poor Margaret! The beasts! the ruffians! Six months' work cut out of my life, and nothing to show for it now. See, they have hacked through your very face—the sweet face that everyone loves who knows it. O, heartless, merciless vipers!"

"Never mind, Gerard," said Margaret, panting. "Since this is how they treat you for my sake—you rob him of my portrait, do you! Well, then I give him the original."

"O, Margaret!"
 "Yes, Gerard; since they are so cruel, I will be the kinder: forgive me for refusing you. I will be your wife—to-morrow, if it is your pleasure."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE bans of marriage had to be read three times, as with us; but they were read on week-

days, and the young couple easily persuaded the curé to do the three readings in twenty-four hours: he was new to the place, and their looks spoke volumes in their favour. They were cried on Monday at matins and at vespers; and, to their great delight, nobody from Tergou was in the church. The next morning they were both there palpitating with anxiety, when, to their horror, a stranger stood up and forbade the banns, on the score that the parties were not of age, and their parents not consenting.

Outside the church door, Margaret and Gerard held a trembling and almost despairing consultation; but, before they could settle anything, the man who had done them so ill a turn approached, and gave them to understand that he was very sorry to interfere; that his inclination was to further the happiness of the young: but that in point of fact his only means of getting a living was by forbidding banns: what then? The young people give me a crown, and I undo my work handsomely; tell the curé I was misinformed; and all goes smoothly.

"A crown? I will give you a golden angel to do this," said Gerard, eagerly. The man consented as eagerly, and went with Gerard to the curé, and told him he had made a ridiculous mistake, which a sight of the parties had rectified. On this the curé agreed to marry the young couple next day at ten: and the professional obstructor of bliss went home with Gerard's angel. Like most of these very clever knaves, he was a fool, and proceeded to drink his angel at a certain hostelry in Tergou, where was a green devoted to archery and the common sports of the day. There, being drunk, he bragged of his day's exploit; and who should be there, imbibing every word, but a great frequenter of the sport, the ne'er-do-weel Sybrandt. Sybrandt ran home to tell his father; his father was not at home; he was gone to Rotterdam to buy cloth of the merchants. Catching his elder brother's eye, he made him a signal to come out, and told him what he had heard.

There are black sheep in nearly every large family: and these two were Gerard's black brothers. Idleness is vitiating: waiting for the death of those we ought to love is vitiating: and these two one-eyed curs were ready to tear any one to death that should interfere with that miserable inheritance, which was their thought by day and their dream by night. Their parents' parsimony was a virtue; it was accompanied by industry, and its motive was love of their offspring: but in these perverse and selfish hearts that homely virtue was perverted into avarice, than which no more fruitful source of crimes is to be found in nature.

They put their heads together, and agreed not to tell their mother, whose sentiments were so uncertain, but to go first to the Burgomaster. They were cunning enough to see that he was averse to the match, though they could not divine why.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten saw through them at once; but he took care not to let them see through him. He heard their story; and, putting on magisterial dignity and coldness, he said:

"Since the father of the family is not here, his duty devolves on me, who am the father of the town. I know your father's mind; leave all to me: and, above all, tell no woman a word of all this, least of all the women that are in your own house: for chattering tongues mar the wisest counsels."

So he dismissed them a little superciliously: he was ashamed of his confederates.

On their return home they found their brother Gerard seated on a low stool at their mother's knee: she was caressing his hair with her hand, speaking very kindly to him, and promising to take his part with his father and thwart his love no more. The main cause of this change of mind was one that the reader will comprehend, if he has ever known a woman of this kind. It was this. She it was who in a moment of female irritation had cut Margaret's picture to pieces. She had watched the effect with some misgivings, and had seen Gerard turn pale as death, and sit motionless like a bereaved creature, with the pieces in his hands, and his eyes fixed on them till tears came and blinded them. Then she was terrified at what she had done; and next her heart smote her bitterly; and she wept sore apart: but, being what she was, dared not own it, but said to herself, "I'll not say a word, but I'll make it up to him." And her bowels yearned over her son, and her feeble violence died a natural death, and she was transferring her fatal alliance to Gerard when the two black sheep came in. Gerard knew nothing of the immediate cause; on the contrary, her kindness made this novice ashamed of a suspicion he had for a moment entertained that she was the depredator; and he kissed her again and again, and went to bed happy as a prince to think his mother was his mother once more at the very crisis of his fate.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, Gerard and Margaret were in the church at Sevenbergen—he radiant with joy, she with blushes. Peter was also there, and Martin Wittenhaagen, but no other friend. Secresy was everything. Margaret had declined Italy. She could not leave her father; he was too learned and too helpless. But it was settled they should retire into Flanders for a few weeks until the storm should be blown over at Tergou. The curé did not keep them waiting long, though it seemed an age. Presently he stood at the altar, and called them to him. They went hand in hand, the happiest in Holland. The curé opened his book.

But ere he had uttered a single word of the sacred rite, a harsh voice cried "Forbear!" And the constables of Tergou came up the aisle and seized Gerard in the name of the law. Martin's long knife flashed out directly.

"Forbear, man!" cried the Priest. "What! draw your weapon in a church! And you who interrupt this holy sacrament—what means this impiety?"

"There is no impiety, father," said the Burgomaster's servant respectfully. "This young man would marry against his father's will, and his father has prayed our Burgomaster to deal with

him according to the law. Let him deny it if he can."

"Is this so, young man?"

Gerard hung his head.

"We take him to Rotterdam to abide the sentence of the duke."

At this Margaret uttered a cry of despair, and the young creatures, who were so happy a moment ago, fell to sobbing in one another's arms so piteously that the instruments of oppression drew back a step, and were ashamed; but one of them that was good-natured stepped up under pretence of separating them, and whispered:

"Rotterdam? it is a lie! We but take him to our Stadthouse."

They took him away on horseback, on the road to Rotterdam; and, after a dozen halts, and by sly detours, to Tergou. Just outside the town they were met by a rude vehicle covered with canvas. Gerard was put into this, and about five in the evening was secretly conveyed into the prison of the Stadthouse. He was taken up several flights of stairs and thrust into a small room lighted only by a narrow window, with a vertical iron bar. The whole furniture was a huge oak chest.

Imprisonment in those days was one of the high roads to death. It is horrible in its mildest form; but in these days it implied cold, unbroken solitude, torture, starvation, and often poison. Gerard felt he was in the hands of an enemy.

"Oh, the look that man gave me on the road to Rotterdam. There is more here than my father's wrath. I doubt I shall see no more the light of day." And he kneeled down and commended his soul to God.

Then he rose and sprang at the iron bar of the window and clutched it. This enabled him, by pressing his knees against the wall, to look out. It was but for a minute; but, in that minute, he saw a sight that none but a captive can appreciate.

He saw Martin Wittenhaagen's back.

Martin was sitting, quietly fishing in the brook near the Stadthouse.

Gerard sprang again at the window, and whistled. Martin instantly showed that he was watching much harder than he was fishing. He turned hastily round and saw Gerard;—made him a signal, and taking up his line and bow went quickly off.

Gerard saw by this that his friends were not idle, yet he had rather Martin had stayed. The very sight of him was a comfort. He held on, looking at the soldier's retiring form as long as he could, then falling back somewhat heavily, wrenched the rusty iron bar—held only by rusty nails—away from the stone-work just as Ghysbrecht Van Swieten opened the door stealthily behind him. The Burgomaster's eye fell instantly on the iron, and then glanced at the window; but he said nothing. The window was eighty feet high; and if Gerard had a fancy for jumping out, why should he balk it? He brought a brown loaf and a pitcher of water, and set them on the chest in solemn silence. Gerard's first impulse was to brain him with the iron bar, and fly down the stairs; but the Burgomaster seeing something wicked in his eye, gave a little cough, and three

stout fellows, armed, showed themselves directly at the door.

"My orders are to keep you thus until you shall bind yourself by an oath to leave Margaret Brandt, and return to the church to which you have belonged from infancy."

"Death sooner!"

"As you please." And the Burgomaster retired.

Martin went with all speed to Sevenbergen; there he found Margaret pale and agitated, but full of resolution and energy. She was just finishing a letter to the Countess Charolois, appealing to her against the violence and treachery of Ghysbrecht.

"Courage!" cried Martin, on entering. "I have found him. He is in the haunted tower; right at the top of it. Ay! I know the place: many a poor fellow has gone up there straight, and come down feet foremost."

He then told them how he had looked up and seen Gerard's face at a window that was like a slit in the wall.

"Oh, Martin! how did he look?"

"What mean you? He looked like Gerard Gerardsson."

"But was he pale?"

"A little."

"Looked he anxious? Looked he like one doomed?"

"Nay, nay; as bright as a pewter pot."

"You mock me. Ah! then that was at sight of you. He counts on us. Oh! what shall we do? Martin, good friend, take this at once to Rotterdam."

Martin held out his hand for the letter, but was interrupted.

Peter had sat silent all this time, but pondering, and, contrary to his usual custom, keenly attentive to what was going on around him.

"Put not your trust in princes," said he.

"Alas! what else have we to trust in?"

"Knowledge."

"Alas, father! your learning will not serve us here."

"How know you that? Wit has been too strong for iron bars ere to-day."

"Ay, father; but nature is stronger than wit, and she is against us. Think of the height! No ladder in Holland might reach."

"I need no ladder: what I need is a gold crown."

"Nay, I have money, for that matter. I have nine angels. Gerard gave them me to keep; but what do they avail? The Burgomaster will not be bribed to let Gerard free."

"What do they avail? Give me but one crown, and the young man shall sup with us this night."

Peter spoke so eagerly and confidently, that for a moment Margaret felt hopeful; but she caught Martin's eye dwelling upon him with an expression of benevolent contempt.

"It passes the powers of man's invention," said she, with a deep sigh.

"Invention?" cried the old man. "A fig for invention! What need we invention at this time of day? Everything has been said that is to be

said, and done that can be done. I shall tell you how a Florentine knight was shut up in a tower higher than Gerard's: yet did his faithful squire stand at the tower foot and get him out, with no other engine than that in your hand, Martin, and certain kickshaws I shall buy for a crown."

Martin looked at his bow, and turned it round in his hand; and seemed to interrogate it. But the examination left him as incredulous as before.

Then Peter told them his story, how the faithful squire got the knight out of a high tower at Brescia. The manœuvre, like most things that are really scientific, was so simple, that now their wonder was they had taken for impossible a thing which was not even difficult.

The letter never went to Rotterdam. They trusted to Peter's learning and their own dexterity.

It was nine o'clock on a clear moonlight night; Gerard, senior, was still away; the rest of his little family had been sometime a-bed.

A figure stood by the dwarf's bed. It was white, and the moonlight shone on it.

With an unearthly noise, between a yell and a snarl, the gymnast rolled off his bed and under it by a single unbroken movement. A soft voice followed him in his retreat.

"Why, Giles, are you afraid of me?"

At this, Giles's head peeped cautiously out, and he saw it was only his sister Kate.

She put her finger to her lips. "Hush! lest the wicked Cornelis or the wicked Sybrandt hear us."

She then revealed to Giles, that she had heard Cornelis and Sybrandt mention Gerard's name; and being herself in great anxiety at his not coming home all day, had listened at their door, and had made a fearful discovery. Gerard was in prison, in the haunted tower of the Stadthouse. He was there it seemed by their father's authority. But here must be some treachery; for how could their father have ordered this cruel act? he was at Rotterdam. She ended by entreating Giles to bear her company to the fort of the haunted tower, to say a word of comfort to poor Gerard, and let him know their father was absent, and would be sure to release him on his return.

"Dear Giles, I would go alone, but I am afraid of the spirits that men say do haunt the tower: but with you I shall not be afraid."

"Nor I with you," said Giles. "I don't believe there are any spirits in Tergou. I never saw one. This last was the likeliest one ever I saw; and it was only you, Kate, after all."

In less than half an hour Giles and Kate opened the house door cautiously and issued forth. She made him carry a lantern, though the night was bright. "The lantern gives me more courage against the evil spirits," said she.

The first day of imprisonment is very trying, especially if to the horror of captivity is added the horror of utter solitude. I observe that in our own day a great many persons commit suicide during the first twenty-four hours of the solitary cell. This is doubtless why our Jairi abstain so

carefully from the impertinence of watching their little experiment upon the human soul at that stage of it.

As the sun declined, Gerard's heart too sank and sank: with the waning light, even the embers of hope went out. He was faint, too, with hunger; for he was afraid to eat the food Ghysbrecht had brought him: and hunger alone cows men. He sat upon the chest his arms and his head drooping before him, a picture of despondency. Suddenly something struck the wall beyond him very sharply, and then rattled on the floor at his feet. It was an arrow; he saw the white feather. A chill ran through him—they meant then to assassinate him from the outside. He crouched. No more missiles came. He crawled on all fours, and took up the arrow: there was no head to it. He uttered a cry of hope: had a friendly hand shot it? He took it up, and felt it all over: he found a soft substance attached to it. Then one of his eccentricities was of grand use to him. His tinder-box enabled him to strike a light: it showed him two things that made his heart bound with delight, none the less thrilling for being somewhat vague. Attached to the arrow was a skein of silk, and on the arrow itself were words written.

How his eye devoured them, his heart panting the while!

All beloved, make fast the silk to thy knife and lower to us: but hold thy end fast: then count an hundred and draw up.

Gerard seized the oak chest, and with almost superhuman energy dragged it to the window: a moment ago he could not have moved it. Standing on the chest and looking down he saw figures at the lower foot. They were so indistinct they looked like one huge form. He waved his bonnet to them with trembling hand: then he undid the silk rapidly but carefully, and made one end fast to his knife and lowered it till it ceased to draw. Then he counted a hundred. Then pulled the silk carefully up: it came up a little heavier. At last he came to a large knot, and by that knot a stout whipcord was attached to the silk. What might this mean? While he was puzzling himself Margaret's voice came up to him, low but clear. "Draw up, Gerard, till you see liberty in your hand." At the word Gerard drew the whipcord line up, and drew and drew till he came to another knot, and found a cord of some thickness take the place of the whipcord. He had no sooner begun to draw this up than he found that he had now a heavy weight to deal with. Then the truth suddenly flashed on him, and he went to work, and pulled and pulled till the perspiration rolled down him: the weight got heavier and heavier, and at last he was well nigh exhausted; looking down he saw in the moonlight a sight that revived him: it was as it were a great snake coming up to him out of the deep shadow cast by the tower. He gave a shout of joy, and a score more wild pulls, and lo! a stout new rope touched his hand: he hauled and hauled, and dragged the end into his power and instantly passed it through both handles of the chest in succession, and knotted it firmly; then sat for a moment to recover his breath and

collect his courage. The first thing was to make sure that the chest was sound, and capable of resisting his weight poised in mid-air. He jumped with all his force upon it. At the third jump the whole side burst open, and out scuttled the contents, a host of parchments.

After the first start and misgiving this gave him, Gerard comprehended that the chest had not burst but opened: he had doubtless jumped upon the secret spring. Still it shook in some degree his confidence in the chest's powers of resistance; so he gave it an ally: he took the iron bar and fastened it with the small rope across the large rope, and across the window. He now mounted the chest, and from the chest put his foot through the window, and sat half in and half out, with one hand on that part of the rope which was inside. It was a nervous moment; but the free air breathed on his face and gave him the courage to risk what we must all lose one day—for liberty. Many dangers awaited him, but the greatest was the first getting on to the rope outside. Gerard reflected. Finally he put himself in the attitude of a swimmer, his body to the waist being in the prison, his legs outside. Then holding the inside rope with both hands, he felt with his feet for the outside rope, and when he had got it he worked it in between the palms of his feet, and kept it there tight: then he put his left hand on the sill and gradually wriggled out. Then he seized the iron bar and for one fearful moment hung outside from it by his right hand, while his left hand seized the rope down at his knees. It was too tight against the wall for his fingers to get round it higher up. The next moment he left the bar and swiftly seized the rope with the right hand too; but in this manœuvre his body necessarily descended about a yard, and a stifled cry came up from below. Gerard hung in mid-air. He clenched his teeth, and nipped the rope tight with his feet and gripped it with his hands, and went down slowly hand below hand. He passed by one huge rough stone after another. He saw there was green moss on one or two. He looked up and he looked down. The moon shone upon his prison window: it seemed very near. The fluttering figures below seemed an awful distance. It made him dizzy to look down: so he fixed his eyes steadily on the wall close to him, and went slowly down, down, down.

He passed a rusty slimy streak on the wall, it was some ten feet long. The rope made his hands very hot. He stole another look up.

The prison window was a good way off, now.

Down—down—down—down.

The rope made his hands sore.

He looked up. The window was so distant, he ventured now to turn his eyes downward again: and then, not more than thirty feet below him were Margaret and Martin, their faithful hands upstretched to catch him should he fall. He could see their eyes and their teeth shine.

"Take care, Gerard! Oh, take care! Look not down."

"Fear me not," cried Gerard, joyfully, and eyed the wall, but came down faster.

In another minute his feet were at their hands. They seized him ere he touched the ground, and

all three clung together in one rapturous, panting embrace.

"Hush! away in silence, dear one."

They stole along the shadow of the wall.

But ere they had gone many yards suddenly a stream of light shot from an angle of the building, and lay across their path like a barrier of fire, and they heard whispers and footsteps close at hand.

"Back!" hissed Martin. "Keep in the shade."

They hurried back, passed the dangling rope, and made for a little square projecting tower. They had barely rounded it when the light shot trembling past them, and flickered uncertainly into the distance.

"A lantern!" groaned Martin, in a whisper. "They are after us."

"Give me my knife," whispered Gerard. "I'll never be taken alive."

"No, no!" murmured Margaret: "is there no way out where we are?"

"None, none! but I carry six lives at my shoulder:" and with the word, Martin strung his bow, and fitted an arrow to the string: "in war never wait to be struck: I will kill one or two ere they shall know where their death comes from:" then, motioning his companions to be quiet, he began to draw his bow, and ere the arrow was quite drawn to the head, he glided round the corner ready to loose the string the moment the enemy should offer a mark.

Gerard and Margaret palpitated. They had never seen life taken.

(To be continued.)

MY FIRST LITERARY SUCCESS.

A STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—As I am aware of your deep sympathy for those who are ardently, though perhaps ineffectually, struggling onwards through thorny paths to the temple of Fame, I am confident that you will hail with delight the account I feel bound to lay before you of the perfect success of my first literary attempt, as detailed in the various items of the Balance Sheet which I have now the pleasure to indorse for the gratification of yourself as well as for the instruction and encouragement of your readers. "To make both ends meet" at one's first indulgence in so expensive a luxury as a Publisher, is a triumphant result, I am told, very rarely achieved; but when to this I can boast of superadding all that can enchant the eye and gratify the taste—the approving smiles of the softer sex, and the bland hospitalities of the men—I confess I am astounded at the ingratitude of so many of the younger votaries of the Muses, and would willingly infuse into their bosoms some portion of that enthusiasm for the speculations of literature which can never fail to animate my own. I hardly consider it necessary to mention the title of the work which has combined these results, as common conjecture will at once identify so remarkable a production; so, without further preface, I beg you to peruse the statement I enclose, in the hopes of being ably shortly to prove to you that my second attempt, like my first,

will be something more substantial than a mere *succès d'estime*.

I remain, &c.,

PHILOMATHE DE FOURCHETTE.

RATON SQUARE,
St. Ortolan's Day.

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DUMB MOUTHS.

In his work of interpreting nature, man has put tongues into a good many dumb mouths, and extracted from them surprising utterances. The chemist listens to revelations whose significance is, as yet, only partly discernible. The geologist, breaking stones by the wayside, applies his ear to a more instructive shell than the one that murmurs of its ocean home. And other interpreters are similarly busy, fitting, with more or less ability, tongues into orifices previously silent. Yet, strangely enough, the dumb mouths of our species may be rendered almost eloquent, while less is known of the processes adopted in the workshops where true human tongues are found for them.

It is not a very long time since workshops of this kind were instituted. Before their establishment, deaf-born children grew up amongst hearing playmates, like the tare in the midst of good grain, which it resembled in its early stages, but from which further growth showed its dissimilarity.

A child, who hears, very soon imitates the sounds made to him by his nurse and others. From finding that particular sounds are made on particular occasions, he learns to connect meanings with words. By and by, as his stock of words and phrases increases, he becomes aware of increasing resemblances betwixt things. More hidden resemblances are pointed out to him, and gradually he comes to find that the limited experience of his own life serves as a set of recesses, into which language fitting keys, he can wander at will among things present, past, and future, and, practically, have the benefit of all men's thoughts.

Not so with the deaf-born child. Emotions excited in him by their proper stimulants pass over his mind like ripples on a lake, but are confined within himself by the boundary line, so to speak, of his deafness. Like winds blowing where they list, moods and impulses sweep across him, but he cannot tell whence they come nor trace whither they go. He cannot compare sensations with other children, and thus he drilled into certain prevalent habits of thought, according to which the people round about him live and move and have their being. His deafness is like an envelope that entirely wraps up his mind, so that language, which is the instrument whereby the minds of persons who hear correspond with one another, has no effect on him.

An ingenious writer represents the human body as a tenement occupied temporarily by a soul which will vacate the premises on certain mishaps occurring. He describes his clay investment as "the house I live in." One might not inappropriately conceive of a deaf mute as the inmate of a prison rather than a dwelling-house rightly so called. From the grated window of his tower he looks out on life, and sees a perplexing phantasmagoria, but what it is all about he has no more notion than he has of how the tower he is in came to be there, or how he came to be in it.

How to put a tongue into the poor dumb mouth of a human being thus conditioned, is one of that bright cluster of discoveries that blaze away like

stars right above our own times. Occasionally, during centuries back, some intellect of first magnitude would shut itself up with a deaf and dumb child, as the prophet shut himself up in his chamber with the dead son of his hostess, and in due time present to the world an awakened intelligence with animation in its looks, and a story of its own to tell—whereat the world marvelled greatly, and went its way. But clever men did all sorts of freaks in those times. To sit down, however, steadily, and make it the business of one's life, one's mission—in fact, having gathered together into a school a number of deaf mute children, to do by them, in such sort as might be, what the regular schoolmasters did for other children,—was a stretch of caprice they did not venture upon. Instances of tamed leopards had been heard of, but nobody on that account thought of civilising the desert. Why, then, because sometimes single mutes had been made rational, should outrageous eccentricity insist on trying it on with an assemblage of them?

Happily the case is altered now. Most of the very large towns in England possess schools of this kind, the managers of which are but too glad to make their methods known. Let us suppose we have just entered one.

We are struck in a moment by the extraordinary quietness that prevails. This, at first, has a somewhat chilling effect, but the bright faces round about soon dissipate the feeling. There is abundance of activity and bustle, too, for that matter, but the ominous absence of all speech keeps obstinately in recollection that we come to see deaf mute children.

Our attention is first directed to two little boys, who have been at school a week. They are of the ages respectively of seven and nine years. We find that conductors of this kind of school (the conductors of this particular school, at any rate) have their own notions as to bending of twigs early in the hope of securing upright growth—into which notions we cannot enter here. The nine years' pupil, on the ground of his years, is thought to promise best. As yet, however, his main activity displays itself in watching new faces that enter the school. On all such he keeps a close eye. His seven years' co-mate parcels out with more equality his attention among all the various parties who are in the room, children, teachers, and strangers, glancing over all and sundry with the restlessness of a ferret, or a revolving light on its tower. It would task a good imagination to find out the thoughts that hide, like truth in her secluded well, at the bottom of that brisk, incessant eye.

Some pupils of the same class, who have been a few months under instruction, can write names of common things. We are told to show some object. We point to our hat, the three letters composing which word a little girl immediately writes on her slate, and then, with evident pride, hitches herself erect on her seat, and smartly pats the top of her head, to indicate that the three letters refer to the object worn there. She then leans forward and touches it in our hand.

"Here, then," observes the master, proying a little, "is a manifest beginning, an undoubted

connection established betwixt a set of meaningless characters called letters, and certain meanings which it is agreed these marks shall represent. For in this power of associating thought with things (in the present case with written characters), lies our ability to apprehend what is in the minds of other people, and generally to derive all those advantages which the use of speech brings. The fact is, that speech, as we possess it, is so perfect an instrument, that, like sunlight performing its multiplicity of offices, we cease to look on it as a piece of mechanism. It rather, like one of our limbs, seems an inseparable part of us, the absence of which is simply inconceivable till it occurs."

"Quite true," we observe, not clearly seeing his drift, and very much at a loss for some suitable remark.

"You remember," he continues, "Dean Swift's humorous story of the philosophers in Laputa, who carried about boxes of pebbles, selections of which, grouped according to known patterns, formed sentences and superseded speech. Two persons talking, merely unslung their pebble-boxes, searched among the contents for certain small stones, which they arranged so as to indicate whatever they wished to say, and then, having finished their conversation, shut up and trudged on again; like two ships at sea signalling, or may I not say like two ordinary human beings whose memories are their pebble-boxes, and for whom spoken words serve as the pebbles."

"Very ingenious," we admit, conceiving that such an admission on our part is looked for.

"Over here," proceeds our informant, going to another part of the schoolroom, "are the more advanced pupils. Their pebble-boxes, you perceive, are getting filled. The little girl we saw just knew some names of common things. She can, so to speak, select a particular pebble to represent a particular object. But all her pebbles are of one kind. In this class, however, you see round pebbles that designate things, square pebbles that show qualities, triangular that denote actions; and pebbles of various other shapes, sizes, and colours, necessary to be used on occasions sure to arise. In drilling the children into the use of such pebbles—or as this is not Laputa, but an English schoolroom—of common English words, lies our work."

"I see well enough how you begin," we remark, desiring now to select information, rather than have it in the lump; "but how with something that you cannot show? How, for instance, would you inform them that *tea grows in China*?"

"They see the country round about them. They know, or can be made to know, that by continuous walking, or progression after some other mode—as riding or sailing—they still come to some new place, colder or hotter than where they are, with clear or clouded skies, with plants many or few, and otherwise with differences from what is around them, which may be easily enough explained. Of varying heat and cold they have experience, of changes of weather, of herbage stunted or luxuriant, &c. Alterations of such nature they see or feel as they walk about, or as the seasons move on. China, then, I say to them,

is a place to which after sailing many many days a ship comes. Here is the ship's track on the map. The men and women there dress according to this pattern which I show. The skies the people see are so and so. Their fields are thus and thus. Their houses are built in this style. In that land the tea we use is got. The fact of tea being the leaf of a plant, prepared after such and such a fashion, can form no difficulty which you cannot easily conceive removed by reference to plants within reach."

"Analogy, then," we observe, satisfied with our light, "is your main dependence. You show how the things and persons they know resemble or differ from those you desire to teach them about. Now, what do you do with all these children when they grow up?"

"Oh, as to that," he adds, in a changed voice, as if dismounted from his hobby, which was evidently the schoolwork, "they are fit for most of the common handicraft employments by which men make a living. It is sometimes difficult to get one apprenticed, undoubtedly; but a fair proportion of them afterwards do well, and support themselves creditably."

"Deaf persons are very eccentric, are they not?" we inquire.

"As how?" he asks.

"I have heard very curious stories of them," we reply, "as to their inquisitiveness, and odd ways they take to gratify it. I have been told, too,

that they prefer their condition, and would rather not be made to hear."

"Ask one of them," observes our Mentor.

The question is written—"Whether would you be made able to hear or remain deaf?" In a moment the boy underlines the words—*able to hear*.

"The fact is," the master proceeds improving the subject, "that deaf human beings are very similar to others, liking what people commonly like, and disliking what is commonly thought irksome. Now and then odd tastes may show themselves, but whatever is odd—whatever departs from the common standard by which we regulate preferences and aversions—is exceptional. If a deaf person prefers deafness, his case, to say the least of it, is singular. I never knew or heard of an instance of the kind, and can more easily imagine a mistake as to the spirit (for deaf persons are not devoid of drollery), in which a preference of the sort was expressed, than gravely accept your statement that in a deaf person taste so manifested itself as a fact to be reasoned from."

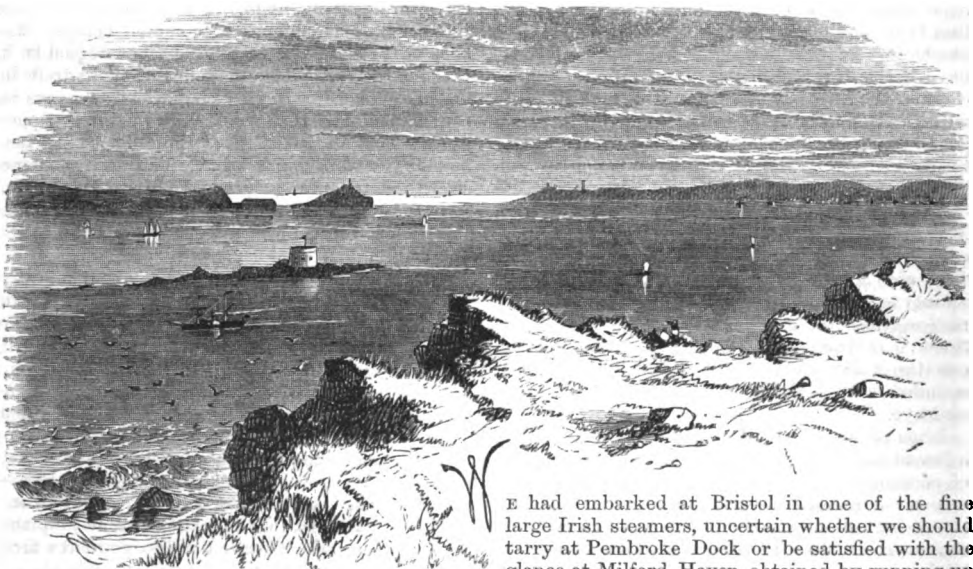
"What number of persons now in all England may be deaf and dumb?"

"Speaking in round numbers, ten thousand."

Surely a class of schools which essays to put into ten thousand poor dumb mouths an available substitute for the speech we with reason prize so much, constitutes a section of England's educational apparatus deserving proper recognition. May its work prosper!

JOHN CLYNE.

MILFORD HAVEN.



and down it on our way to Waterford, thence to explore the beauties of southern Ireland. The day was gloriously fine; and though on land quite equal in heat to the Bahamas, yet stationed on the bridge which spans the huge paddle boxes, and meeting the fresh westerly breeze blowing right in our faces from the Atlantic, we were in no need of shelter from the sun's rays. It was late in the afternoon when, hugging the shore to keep in the slack of the tide, we ran past Govan

Head, the chief promontory of the coast, midway between Tenby and the mouth of Milford Haven, where, if there be a sea running anywhere in the Bristol Channel, it achieves the nearest approach to "mountains high" of which that shameless exaggeration of phrase admits. If the wind blows anywhere it usually storms here.

"There lies the Amelia," said our skipper, pointing to an ugly black spot close in shore. "She went down there after striking that rock in a fog, so thick you couldn't see your bowsprit; and there she must lie, for they cannot raise her."

This Amelia was a Bristol steamer, lost last year. A lighthouse is needed here. There is none between Caldy Island and St. Anne's Head. If a brilliant light were lit in these heavy fogs it would suffice to warn ships of their immediate peril when close in shore, and enable them to correct their course. The coast from hence to Milford is full of dangers, apart even from the Stack and Crow rocks; and the Trinity House ought, least of all, to economise its luminous offices on this great western inlet to England.

The storms which rage and beat on the bluff face of the perpendicular cliffs which fringe this iron coast have worn and bored them into the most fantastic shapes and chasms conceivable. They form for miles the sea margin of the large estates of the Lord of Stackpole, Earl Cawdor. They revel in rocky hideousness, and startle you at each step with some ragged peak or cavernous gulf, more wild and monstrous than the rest. Swarms of puffins and eliguis screech around you and complete the scene.

We steam on; and having passed close to that huge pile which looks like a gigantic pulpit for some clerical Triton, the Stack Rock, we shave Linney Head, and open the commanding cliff on which the St. Anne's lighthouses are built, and which forms the western horn of glorious Milford Haven. We rapidly approach the eastern cliff, and steam close round the fortress-capped rock called Thorn Island, which stands just far enough out from the mainland to allow a large ship to sail through the deep strait which severs them.

Few who witnessed the scenery of the Haven on that sunny evening will soon forget it. Sheltered by the beetling cliffs which tower aloft on either side, the placid waters of this grand estuary reposed in perfect calm. The sun was setting in its gorgeous bed of gold and crimson clouds. There was just ripple enough to break up the rose-tinted surface of the deep blue water into myriads of dazzling rubies. The Haven turns rapidly to the eastward, and the sun's setting rays shone on the broad expanse of ten miles of majestic lake, the coasts presenting grey and purple outlines of graceful undulation; and, save that there reigned around a strange stillness, a dearth of all shipping, and a most unnatural absence of the life and activity which so grand a haven seems thus expressively to invite, nothing was wanted to the perfection of this singularly beautiful scene.

To return, however, to the fortifications.

The fort on Thorn Island is the main defence of the Haven. It mounts ten or twelve guns—to a

non-military eye—perched aloft in so naked a fashion that they might be all dismounted by the first volley fired from the heavy guns of a three-decker.

The mouth of the Haven, from St. Anne's Head to Thorn Island is just two miles wide. On the former, at Dale Point, a new fortification has been recently built, and a battery of a few guns for the first time confronts the twin headland, and is supposed thus to command the entrance of the Haven. That these two little forts would be insufficient, is manifest at a glance. Every part of the mouth is navigable by ships of the burden of the Great Eastern. The only rock rises to a single sharp point, over which several fathoms of water flow at the lowest tide, and it is well buoyed. Fogs frequently prevail, so that a large fleet might sail in without being seen from either shore. Two miles inwards there is another and a miniature battery, mounting three or four guns only, built on a low rock in the middle of the Haven, where about twice as many soldiers are garrisoned. A couple of frigates might with the greatest ease run up to Pater Dockyard, which lies on the east shore about eleven miles up, and set fire to the whole of it any dark night with impunity. The only ship in the whole of Milford Haven, or anywhere within two hundred miles of it, capable of making any resistance is the Eagle, 50 guns, a coast-guard ship anchored high up the harbour. This and the little Snake (gunboat) constitute the whole of the floating defence of this vast Haven and its noble dockyards.

The "inheritance" of "this blessed Milford," as Imogen calls it, is more a reproach than a boon to us. We have done nothing whatever to give effect up to this hour to its boundless capacities for maritime commerce. Except, perhaps, Rio and San Francisco, there is no harbour equal to it in the world—certainly none approaching to it in the Old World; and yet there exists no means in any part of the Haven of docking an average-sized American liner, or of landing and warehousing its cargo! A small floating pier alone accommodates the Irish and Bristol steamers. Until these preliminaries to sea traffic are achieved, railways and inland means of transit are premature.

The little town of Milford stands about midway from the mouth to the dockyard, where the Haven ends. The water leaves about a furlong of the shore opposite to the town dry at each low spring tide, save a narrow stream which runs down one of the pills or inlets which abound on either side of the Haven. It is therefore not so well adapted in this respect for the planting of a second Liverpool as some other places on the shores; but, perhaps, taking all circumstances into account—especially the fact that it will be quickly connected by rail with the Johnston Station, on the South Wales line—it is the likeliest point at which to open the ball.

We speedily steamed up past the dockyards to a huge buoy, opposite to the Neyland terminus. We were rejoiced to see lights in the different sheds, showing extra activity in the dockyard, where no less than eight large ships are being rapidly built

or repaired for sea ; the fine old-fashioned ship, the Howe, 121 guns, being one of the latter.

We hired the first boat that came alongside to take us to the landing-ship at Neyland ; nor were we at all surprised to see a brawny woman with her great hat, forming, as we thought, the better half of the boat's crew, for no women in the world pull a better oar or dredge more manfully for oysters than the Amazons of Milford Haven. She had come, however, on no such errand ; and our

luggage and ourselves, three in number, being snugly stowed away, we gave the order to push off, when our female friend stood up and refused to let the boat proceed, until she had received a deaf and dumb child on board, who she persisted had arrived with us in the steamer. This was stoutly denied from on board, no such passenger had embarked ; none such was forthcoming. I now ordered the boatman to pull away, and he proceeded to obey ; but the tall woman, still standing



calmly, said, the boat should not stir. To our consternation the boatman, though pulling with all his might, could make no weigh whatever—the boat was immovable. The superstition of the people, as to the magical power of cunning women, is great ; and the man's courage was evidently giving way. He probably remembered a similarly strange fact which undoubtedly occurred within a few yards of the same spot when a great launch was once about to take place. A resolute Welsh woman (supposed to be what in the North would be termed "no canny") presented herself for admittance, as a spectator, in the best seats ; but was, as a matter of course, having no order, refused an entrée. She coolly said, with a haughty sneer,

"Then there shall be no launch to-day." When the ship began to run down the slips, from some perfectly undiscoverable cause she came to a sudden and stubborn halt before she reached her new element. And sure enough there was no launch that day, nor for many a day afterwards. We were more fortunate ; we found means to transfer our evil genius to another boat. I, at the same time, unshipped our rudder, which had no doubt got foul of some hidden rope, and we sped merrily on our way across the ferry, to the infinite relief of our valiant Charon, and were soon under the roof of that prince of Welsh inns which flanks, with its pretty grounds, the Neyland Railway Station.
J. C. S.

THE ROUND TOWER AT JHANSI.—JUNE 8, 1857.

A HUNDRED, a thousand to one ; even so ;
Not a hope in the world remained ;
The swarming, howling wretches below
Gained, and gained, and gained.

S— look'd at his pale young wife :—
"Is the time come ?" "The time *is* come."
Young, strong, and so full of life ;
The agony struck them dumb.

"Will it hurt much ?" "No, mine own :
I wish I could bear the pang for both."
"I wish I could bear the pang alone :
Courage, dear ! I am not loth."

Kiss and kiss : "It is not pain
Thus to kiss and die.
One kiss more." "And yet one again."
"Goodbye." "Goodbye."

CAROLINE G. ROSSETTI.

A FATAL GIFT.*



THESE are many wishes which we habitually conceive and express, without considering what the result would be were it possible to realise them, and what enormous consequences their realisation would entail. For instance, we are apt to exclaim, when perplexed by the conduct of others, "I'd give anything to know So-and-So's thoughts!" A facility of this kind seems, at the first blush, to promise an easy solution of our difficulties. The effect of realising this wish will, however, be illustrated in the following narrative.

I was sitting up late one Saturday night finishing my sermon for the following Sunday; and the completion of which, as was very frequently the case with my sermons, had been delayed till the last moment, owing to the pressure of other duties. The subject, which I had afterwards strange reasons for remembering, was *Faith*.

I had been endeavouring to point out that what men find so difficult in a religious sense, really forms the foundation of secular life. Take, for instances, our investments of money, our whole system of commercial credit, nay, higher than that, our dearest domestic relations, our best social affections. "Why, without Faith," I had written, "the world would come to a dead-lock; there be perfectly isolated. Faith was the cohesive I little thought that that very night would afford a spirit of speculative contemplativeness.

would be an end of concerted action; men would principle which bound together the human atoms." me a terrible illustration of what I had written in a

Just as I had finished my discourse, I heard a low, single rap at the street-door. The servant had gone to bed, so I undid the bolts, and looked out; and eventually looking down, I discovered a little scared girl not more than seven years old standing in the doorway.

"Please sir, Mr. C—— is very ill, and would like to see you."

"Mr. C——!" The name was not familiar to me; but, reflecting for a moment, I recollected meeting a gentleman of that name some years back. "What's the direction?" I asked.

"——, Adelphi Chambers," said the child.

"I'll be there directly," I replied (with a sigh, I confess), for the rain was coming down heavily, and I had had a hard day's parochial duty.

I pulled on my boots accordingly, and, with coat and umbrella, sallied forth. I was admitted into the house by a decent looking woman, who I presumed was the keeper of the chambers. She led me up-stairs—cheerless chamber-stairs; and I shuddered as she went before me with the feeble light.

"It is well for me to be here," I thought, "if I can in anywise comfort a poor creature dying without the support of home care, and affection."

I stopped the woman at the chamber-landing, and made her communicate to me some particulars of the case. The malady, it appeared, had quite puzzled the doctors; the woman herself thought Mr. C—— was troubled by something on his mind.

"He has lived here, sir," said she, "for about six

months: a nice quiet gentleman, and no trouble; but from the first there was something strange in his manner. He always seemed to want to be to himself; me or my husband being in the room seemed to irritate him; and he never liked to be waited upon by anybody but our little girl. Since his illness he has had a screen drawn close round his bed, and he don't like anybody to see him: not even the doctor."

As I entered the room, where a shaded candle was dimly burning, in one corner I perceived a small camp-bed, almost concealed by a curtained screen. The woman mentioned my name, and withdrew. Then a voice, feeble but perfectly articulate, addressed me from behind the curtain.

"I am deeply your debtor for coming to see me at such a time." I expressed my hope that I might be of comfort to him. "Will you be good enough," he continued, "to take a seat near my bed, without disturbing the curtains; the request is strange, but I will explain it by-and-by."

I did as he desired.

"Perhaps," said he, "you have not forgotten my name: we met casually some years ago. I have not forgotten you! Your manner and appearance made a very deep impression on me; and when I chanced to hear that you were living in this district, I could not resist sending for you, in a sort of vain hope that you might afford me some alleviation."

I signified to him that my mission was rather to deal with spiritual affliction.

* It ought to be mentioned, in justice to both Author and Editor, that this story was in type some two or three weeks before the appearance of the July number of "Blackwood," which contains a story on the same theme.

"Ay," said he, "there's the source of the malady. I fear cure is beyond your power; but this night I am impelled by a strong desire to speak out the terrible secret which is consuming me. The last time we met was, if you recollect, at R——'s rooms; and the conversation even there turned on mesmerism. I was an enthusiastic mesmerist; I mesmerised some of the party, and you were much interested in the experiments. I remember your saying that this new discovery, whereby the troubled spirit might be wrapped in calm and released from pain, was a precious gift, but manifestly very liable to abuse, and should therefore be religiously exercised for the benefit of mankind, and not for the purposes of vain curiosity. I treated your words lightly at the time, but I have often thought of them since. I have learnt, in a terrible manner, that they were signally true.

"I was a most skilful mesmerist—in other words, by intense strength of will I could subdue the *submitted* volition of other people. The longer I exercised this gift, the stronger my power grew; at last I no longer required perfect submission from those on whom I operated. I could encounter mental opposition, and overcome it. You must bear patiently with me if I am somewhat exact and minute in describing this psychological process. At first I could only deal with a mind which thought of nothing but Me; then I acquired the power of driving away extraneous thought from the mind of the patient, and substituting the thought of Me exclusively. When I first acquired the latter power I could merely detect a mental opposition, which seemed like a painful depression cast on my own mind; but gradually, as my power grew, I could distinguish the opposing thought thrown like a reflection in a mirror on my own mind. Sometimes the thought was fear—sometimes a proud desire not to be overcome. As I was very careful to verify the truth of my discernment, I made my patients, after the trance was over, call to mind, as far as possible, their last thought before unconsciousness began; and invariably the thought which had existed in the mind of the patient had co-existed in my own mind.

"Would to God I had been contented thus far! It was in my power to benefit others largely by affording them freedom from pain, but the desire of being able to read the thoughts of men absorbed me. The slight progress I had made seemed but the germ of a mighty power of which the world had no conception. To be master of the motives of men's actions, to watch the gradual development of thought into action—above all, to be able to unmask false profession by a knowledge of the actual feeling—this was a gift conferring power incalculable.

"And out of much meditation upon this idea there grew a colossal fascination which grasped my whole soul.

"Alas! there is always more or less of isolation in the intensity of a great thought; when deeply seated, it dries up our sympathies and feeds upon the social inclinations of the heart.

"You know how the alchemists of the middle ages laboured in the hope of discovering the golden

secret of the physical world; how they spent time, and thought, and substance in the work. You have read, perhaps, Balzac's 'Recherche de l'Absolu?' I was striving for the golden secret of the mental world; no trouble was too great, no labour too hard for me; and as it was well known in the profession that I possessed the power of lulling pain, doctors would send for me at all times, day and night, to ease the anguish of patients whose maladies defied opium itself. I used to answer their call with the greatest readiness, for severe pain, by distracting the mind of the sufferer, increased the difficulty I had in subduing that mind to my own, and my power always grew stronger after opposition.

"For a long period I did not progress beyond the ability to feel with the greatest clearness the thoughts in my patients' minds prior to their lapsing into the trance. I attained my higher power suddenly. One day I had succeeded in alleviating a case of severe pain. The sufferer was the son of a very old man, and the father thanked me with tears in his eyes, grasping my hands.

"'The doctor told me,' said he, 'that if we could subdue the pain he might live a few days yet—my other boy may reach home in time to see him.'

"Instantly I recognised a strange thought in my mind, and I looked sternly in the old man's face.

"'You hope your other son will return in time?'

"'Ay, that I do,' replied the old man somewhat flurried by my glance, 'they are so fond of one another.'

"I hurried from the house, jumped into a cab and drove to the — Insurance Office. It happened that I was well acquainted with one of the clerks. I inquired whether So-and-So, mentioning the dying man's name, was insured there.

"'He is,' replied my friend, 'and if he lives another two days a handsome bonus will be added to his policy.'

"The clerk's words sufficed to tell me that I had acquired my long-sought power. While the old man was lavishing his thanks upon me in the sick room, I had *felt* his thought, 'that if his son lived two days longer, the policy would possess additional value.'

"Surely, sir," said I, interrupting his narrative, "this was merely some casual coincidence of thought."

"Coincidence, indeed," replied the voice, mournfully, "but constant, not casual."

"From that day was given me the gift of reading human thought; a few, only very few, minds were sealed from my introspection. At this period the conditions and limitations of my power appeared to be these.—I had to hold the person's eyes steadily on mine, my mind required to be as much as possible in a passive state, vacant of thought, for positive thought on my part dimmed, or quite effaced, the thought reflected from the other mind.

"Ah! I tremble now when I think of it, the towering pride and exultation which beset me as I left that assurance office; as I strode along the

busy city streets, men seemed dwarfs, pigmies, in comparison with my power. I laughed as I thought of their comparative impotence. I was strangely moved, too full of strong feeling to exercise my power again that day; but when I got home I shut myself up in my room, and let exultation have full sway; and a great tide of thought at the wondrous consequences of my gift flowed through my excited mind."

I interrupted him at this point, and strongly insisted that this could only be some strange hallucination which ought to be fought against, prayed against, and resolutely conquered.

"Ay, ay!" was the reply; "I have hugged that idea, clung to it, prayed, fervently prayed, that it might be after all some vain delusion. No, no, that hope's passed, but you must hear my case out before you can suggest any remedy.

"Alas!" he continued, "my power has been verified hundreds of times. I have never been in error.

"I recollect even on that first day of exultation, after the first fervid burst was over, I trembled at my vast power. Even then a sense of desolation, of utter isolation overcame me. I had broken through the mental limits of mankind. I must traverse this new realm of knowledge without help—without sympathy; friendship could give me no comfort—wisdom no advice. I was sole tenant of a new world, without chart, without rule, without serviceable law. I stood alone, with my wretched feeble reason to uphold me. And yet at first glance conduct would seem very easy; thought is the parent of action: if we are cognisant of thought we can predict action. Not so! Thank God,—not so. I have seen men, good men in the world's estimation, yet the thoughts of their hearts, the promptings of passion, have been vile; but the world was right, those very men have after all acted well. I had seen the temptation to evil, and the strong habit of right, almost *unthought*, which in a moment thrust back evil and forced to virtuous action. Ah! I have seen noble thoughts, piety, grand aspirations. I could have humbled myself and knelt before some men, and yet all this greatness has been lost in mean and selfish acts.

"Alas! I only beheld the thoughts of men, to become mystified by their subsequent actions. I trusted, where I was deceived; I doubted where I might have trusted; mankind perpetually falsified my predictions. What wonder? I had only my poor trivial unaided reason to guide me amid the infinite complexities of the soul. The consequent labour of attempted analysis has worn my mind and body. In the personal intercourse of life I dare not trust; I may not doubt. Oh! I have prayed for faith—prayed that my awful vision might be mercifully darkened, that I might be led back to that open judgment-ground of mortals,—positive acts."

At this point Mr. C— seemed somewhat exhausted, and asked me to give him the lemonade. I was very much moved by his strange confession—the gloom of the room, the dead silence of the large house, broken only by the voice of the hidden speaker, feeble at times, then suddenly breaking out in painful energy—the thin, worn hand

stretched through the curtain to grasp the glass. I felt that this extraordinary delusion, evidently deep seated, was not to be uprooted by mere emphatic contradiction or ridicule. I hoped by inducing him to relate some of the experiences upon which he had built his terrible conclusion, I might convince him of some fallacy, of some erroneous assumptions in his train of argument.

"I think," said I, addressing him, "I understood you to say that you have never revealed this faculty of yours to any one?"

"What!" he exclaimed vehemently, "and let men know my power, so that they should cast me forth as an unhallowed spy—all shrinking from me, as some involuntarily shrunk from Dante, declaring he had walked in Hell—no! I was isolated enough without that."

"Still," said I, "you were certainly wrong, because another person, free from that morbid feeling which exists in your mind, might have been able to show you that this coincidence of thought, upon which you base your supposed power, was merely the natural effect of common circumstances upon two minds. Relate to me one of your strongest instances."

He assented to my proposal.

"I had an old uncle," said he, "who was very well off. I was his favourite nephew, the son of a sister who had been very dear to him. He was a kind, good old man, somewhat sensitive in matters of courtesy and attention. When I grew so entirely absorbed in my great idea, I gave up all social intercourse, and entirely neglected my uncle as well as the rest of my friends. People used to tell me that a young cousin of mine, home from his first voyage, was staying at my uncle's house; that I risked my chance of after-fortune by my imprudent conduct. I paid attention to none of these warnings, and one night I was sent for in a great hurry; my uncle had had a sudden fit, and was fast sinking. I hastened to the house; on entering the room I found my uncle was in a heavy dose of unconsciousness, but on my approaching the bed, he feebly opened his eyes and gazed vacantly at me without the slightest sign of recognition.

"'He does not know you,' said my cousin.

"But he did know me! the body was fast sinking, yet the mind was still active. I felt, as I looked deeply in his eyes, his thought of returning tenderness—Janet's only son—and then the terrible regret that *that* was not signed. In my desperation I seized pen and paper—I thrust the pen into his hand, and clasped the yielding fingers on it.

"'It is too late!' said my cousin.

"'No, no!' I replied.

"It *was* too late. The pen fell away from the nerveless hand, but I *felt* the intense inward struggle which strove in vain to reanimate the failing strength of the dying man."

"Allow me to observe," said I, "that I cannot consider this as any proof of your power—you knew that your uncle's affections were cooled towards you, that your cousin would in all probability be his heir—all the rest was merely the effect of excited imagination."

"You are too hasty, sir," was the reply to my objection. "We found, on searching my uncle's

papers, a will in his desk, making my cousin his heir, to my entire exclusion, but so convinced was I of the truth of what I had felt pass in my uncle's mind, that I made unabated search through all the papers, even waste papers—and in the waste paper basket, thrown in by the servant who cleared the room, I took up a common circular which, from its date, my uncle must have received the very morning of his seizure, and turning over to the blank sheet, I discovered in his handwriting the draft of a codicil which would have made me joint-heir with my cousin; but it was nothing more than a draft.

"Again, sir! I knew my cousin was a young man of generous feeling—I say I knew this, because when we discovered the will, I saw his inward feeling of surprise, his regret that I had been entirely excluded, and his fear lest I should think he had been undermining my credit with my uncle. Surely, I thought, he will be affected now by this evidence of my uncle's feeling, and will to some extent act upon it. I gave him the memorandum to read. I watched him very intently. After reading he was silent awhile, and then I saw to my astonishment great exultation in his mind that the document was legally invalid. Hard words were rising to my lips—thank God! I spoke them not—with utterance sudden as thought, he swore to act upon the codicil. I grasped his hands, expressing my deep sense of his noble conduct. 'Tell me, Harry,' said I, at length, 'did not you at first feel glad that the codicil was not signed?'

"'How the deuce did you guess that?' he replied, 'I did feel glad for a moment!—but I kicked that thought to the devil!'

It was clearly hopeless to try to satisfy Mr. C— of the fallacy of his idea through his own narratives. He had evidently squared all his proofs with such strange ingenuity. I trusted, therefore, that something might occur under my own cognisance which would enable me by the impartial use of fact to satisfy him of his error.

"What was wealth to me?" he continued—"my terrible power was growing, I no longer required contact of vision; merely personal presence unobstructed within a certain distance sufficed. To possess any peace of mind in the presence of others I am forced to conceal myself, to veil in my vision. I told you there were some few who were sealed from my power; these were the friends I loved best—I know not why, or how—perhaps from that strong element of faith which is contained in true love. Alas! one by one, my power gradually prevailed over these. I was forced to leave them; the world thought me fickle and inconstant; I could not help that; it was so utterly wearisome to bear in one's bosom the thoughts of others—so dreadful to behold continually the anatomy of the soul, to be perpetually reasoning out men's acts from their thoughts. You know how pleasant are the words of friendly intercourse, how refreshing is the sound of friendly talk, but here was the climax of my misery—I felt the idea before the tongue spoke it—the human voice was never fresh to me, it was always telling an old tale, falling flat and sickening on the ear.

"At last there was only one being over whose

mind I was powerless—Oh! how desperately I clung to her—how earnestly I prayed for her to accept me. It was ecstatic, that doubt of mine, while I waited for her reply; that thrill of uncertainty, as I gazed into her dark eyes, and rejoiced in their glorious mystery—and then her sweet voice falling fresh, oh! so fresh upon my ears—her words, sweeter to me than softest music, springing from an unfathomed heart, and assuring me, with sincere emotion, that that heart was mine. I loved her with all the happiness of faith! I have no words to describe the intensity of my feeling. Do you recollect that German ballad—

"I knew but heaven in Wilhelm's kiss,
And all is hell without it!"

"That was my love for her! ay, and intensified far beyond the poet's meaning—it was the last bond that held me to the common joys of mankind. They might well say I worshipped her—I could sit for hours gazing silently on the play of her eyes, listening to the slightest things she uttered. I can never make you understand what her voice was to me—her voice, the only voice in the world I could bear to hear. I used to tremble at the thought of losing her. Not by death—for she had all the chances of youth and strength, but from my terrible power. I reasoned thus: love for a while had saved me some friends; but I loved this girl far beyond friendship, and love would be her shield. Again, I had observed that the smallest feeling of doubt towards any friend had been the commencement of my fatal vision—but doubt towards her was impossible, for I loved her with the strongest faith.

"Nevertheless I was to be isolated from all the world—doubt did come one day. Clara had a cousin, a wild young fellow, who had been shipped by his family to Australia for the double purpose of reformation and fortune. It seems he had been always fond of her, but her friends would never listen to his proposals. Some time after our engagement he returned to England, having made a good round sum in the gold scramble. I met him at a party to which I had accompanied Clara and her mother. I saw on our introduction that he had an aversion to me, and independently of this I was not prepossessed by his manner and appearance. I told Clara my feeling, and she defended him, as I thought, rather too warmly.

"In the course of the evening, while I was talking to Clara, he came and stood near us; our conversation, which had been in reference to him, was silenced by the singing. I know not what induced me to direct my attention towards him—he was gazing earnestly on Clara; I felt the violent love which was raging in his bosom, and the wild lawless inclination to make her his. Involuntarily I turned on Clara. Cursed doubt was in my mind arising out of our previous conversation. In an instant I beheld her thought—tenderness and love towards her cousin!

"And then by a new access of my power the thoughts of both those minds were mirrored in mine—Oh it cuts very sharp to know a rival's love, but think of the bewildering torture of feeling that rival's love, and the love felt towards him at work in your own breast!

"In my pain and anger I was advancing towards this man. Then flashed on my mind with a force before which the previous feeling with all its intensity shrivelled away, the terrible fact that my last hope was gone. I had read her mind—I must be alone henceforth."

The voice gradually dropped into indistinctness—I listened, there was a dead silence. I drew back the curtain—he had fainted—poor C—! how sadly altered from the young man I recollected but a few short years back. The light fell horizontally on his pale face, on the ridges revealed and the hollows in dark shade worn by the fever—his fatal imagination.

* * * *

C— permitted me to state his real condition to the doctor. This gentleman was a very clever, clear-headed, and benevolent man, and took immense interest in the case. Both of us reasoned with C— upon his hallucination. I strove on religious grounds to show him the improbability of such a condition being divinely permitted. We both of us blamed him for having doubted on such frivolous grounds his betrothed's love and fidelity.

He told us it was this last struggle which had so completely worn away his health. This love for her cousin, as far as he had seen, was only a passing thought; but alas! his joy in her was at an end; her voice had lost its sweetness, her eyes their mysterious delight—he dared not bind himself to a life of perpetual attraction and repulsion, beholding all the fluctuations of her thoughts, yet never knowing her true feelings. Love was impossible without faith.

He had broken off the match, offering what compensation money could afford—this had been proudly refused, but he had made his will in her favour.

We urged upon him that he ought at the least to take the lady's word whether or not the thought he had mentioned had ever existed in her mind. With some difficulty, upon giving our pledge to act with fairness in the matter, we induced him to agree to this proposition.

We had every hope that her disavowal would afford us a lever to uproot his strange convictions.

At C—'s desire I called upon Miss M—. I saw her and her mother. She, poor girl, evidently loved C— still, and was much distressed to hear of his dangerous condition. It appeared that he had excused himself for breaking off the match, on the ground of some hereditary malady, and he had blamed himself in strong terms for ever making her an offer. From what Mrs. M— said, she seemed to regard C— with pity rather than with resentment, notwithstanding the sad trial it had been to her daughter. I stated the object of my visit; that it would afford much consolation to C—, if Miss M— would visit him, and answer a certain doubt which existed in his mind; it was right for me to state that the question which would be asked was of a painful nature, but I was quite convinced that one true word from Miss M— would explain the whole matter at once. Miss M— and her mother readily agreed to my request.

It was a very painful meeting. The curtain had been drawn back, Miss M—, her mother,

and the doctor stood at the end of the bed; I was at C—'s side, and as he was very weak he requested me to speak. After recalling to Miss M—'s recollection the events of the particular evening (it was less than a year from that day), and stating that C— made no question of the sincerity of her love (he also speaking to the same effect himself), I asked her whether she could remember at the particular moment just before C— fainted in the room, experiencing a feeling of regard towards her cousin?

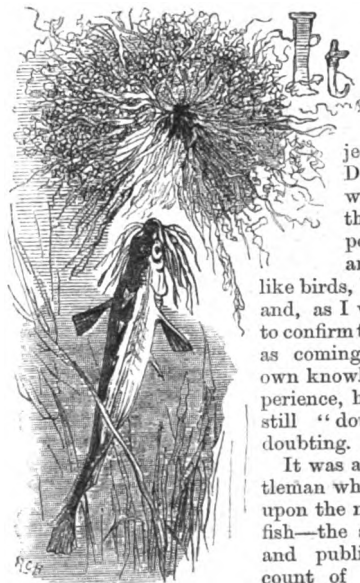
C—, in breathless suspense, bent forward in his bed, and regarded her intently. She, poor girl, was deeply moved, blushing crimson. Her mother interposed with warmth, and denied my right to ask such a question. I expostulated, and prayed of her to allow her daughter to answer.

The doctor suddenly moved forward: C— had fallen back insensible! And then Miss M—, hurrying to the bedside, and kneeling as she clasped C—'s hand, confessed that the thought had passed through her mind—"a morbid folly," she cried, "the recollection of childish days, of what people had said, as boy and girl, of their marrying;" she had never approved of her cousin's conduct since he had grown up—she had refused his hand but a month ago.

From this time C— gradually sank.

G. U. S.

NEST-BUILDING FISH.



WAS no use saying any more upon the subject. Old Mr. Doubtful would have it that "it is impossible there are fishes who,

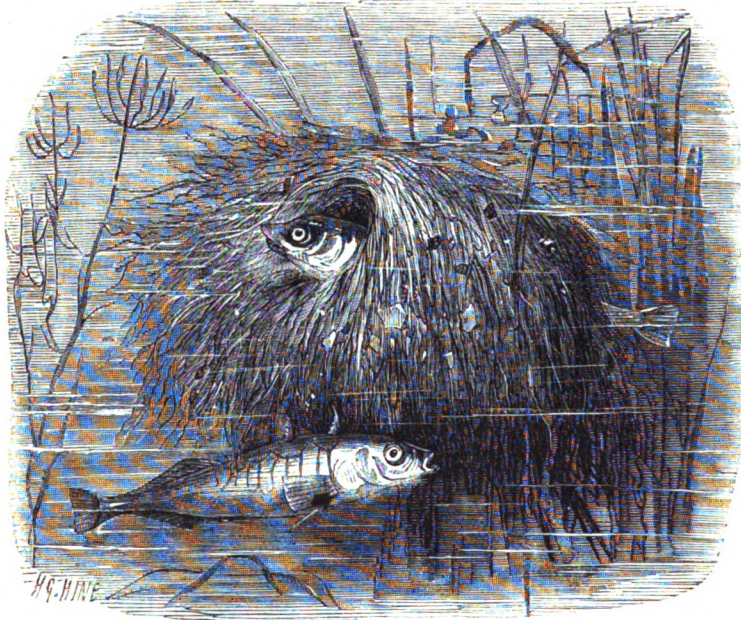
like birds, build nests;" and, as I was not able to confirm the statement as coming within my own knowledge and experience, he went away still "doubtful" and doubting.

It was a French gentleman who first wrote upon the nidification of fish—the stickleback—and published an account of his observations.

For years I have accustomed myself closely to watch the little fellows, hoping to see his discovery confirmed in my own aquarium, but without success. This summer, however, my long deferred hope has been gratified. Among the many advantages accruing from the possession of aquaria, not the least is the stimulus it gives one to be up these fine mornings with the lark, and, armed with net and can, and feet well shod, poke

about the ponds and clear ditches of the country for living creatures with which to keep up the stock in the tanks and vases. A good appetite and invigorated health is sure to result; and if occasionally in our anxiety to get hold of some fine

specimen we espy among the plants, a "tumble in" is the consequence, why, what fun it is! Home we go. Our merry sister, or good-tempered spouse, laughs well at us, and then quickly supplies clean dry clothes, not forgetting something



with which to comfort the inner man. A short time ago, it was my good fortune to capture a pair, male and female, of the ten-spined stickleback—*Gasterosteus pungitius*—perhaps the most savage of this lively, but quarrelsome, tribe. The three-spined I have possessed in abundance before, but never these. On popping them into an aquarium, the little creatures, as these merry fellows ever will, soon made themselves at home, and in a few hours were observed hurrying to and fro, as busy as possible, with shreds of "weed" in their mouths; in a few hours a perfect nest had been built the size of a small walnut, and there it was,—a beautiful object, depending from a stalk of *Ranunculus aquatilis*, as we see the nest of a humming-bird depicted hanging from the branch of a tree. A hole was formed right through it, evidently for the female fish to rest in as she deposited her spawn or eggs.

The lady wandered about the vessel, seemingly without much to care for, while the gentleman fish watched the nest with much apparent anxiety, manifestly on guard to protect it from harm, or watch unwonted intrusion. A few days passed by, and the novelty of the little fish building so sweet a nest attracted many prying eyes, and some pretty ones too,—for more than one fair lady "took a peep." Whether or not the eyes were too bright, or that the sticklebacks disliked such unwonted attention, must be left to conjecture; but this, alas, is a fact, that one night the little creatures resolved upon destroying their habitation, and had

carried out their resolve, leaving hardly a shred to be seen.

I have since procured several of the same species, but as yet they have evinced no sign of building a nest.
CHARLES STRANGE.

RIVER SCENES IN CHINA.

TOWARDS the end of last year two sets of people were staring at each other with the utmost intensity for nearly eight weeks. To all appearance the mutual study left them mutually pleased; and, if so, the only thing to be wished is, that we could learn the precise impression made on both parties as accurately as we can on one. The one party was the population along the banks of the great Chinese river, the Yangtse, from its mouth to the group of three large cities, six hundred miles up; and the other party was the British Embassy. Six hundred miles may appear a small portion of a river which measures upwards of three thousand, but it is enough to carry strangers into the heart of China, where they can see the genuine Chinese people living in their ordinary way, and unmixed with such a sophisticated population as that of Canton, and of all the ports where foreigners trade and reside.

For four hundred miles up, the tides affect the surface of the vast stream, while its mass of waters keeps its way below, to the sea, for ever deepening its channel, and draining the interior of the country from side to side, after having done the

same for a part of Thibet. The ebb of the tide is so strong that, before the days of steam-navigation, the ascent of the river was out of the question, except in the native vessels. Lord Amherst's party reached the Poyang Lake, in junks, in 1816, turning thence southwards to Canton. In 1854, an American vessel, the *Susquehanna*, worked her way up to Woosoo, sixty miles above Nankin: and none but native vessels had ever passed that point till last November, when Lord Elgin and his attendant ships and gun-boats achieved a memorable voyage. They made a fine study of "the son of the sea," as the Chinese call the mighty stream, and it seems as if the untravelled citizens along the banks had made an earnest study of them.

If the inhabitants would but record their impressions in their dearly-beloved "literature," we might know, in the course of a generation or two, how the celebrated barbarians appeared in their eyes. As for us at home, it was an anxious season while our countrymen were behind the curtain which veils the interior of China; but when they came into view again, and related what they had seen, it became as evident as it always does on analogous occasions, that men are very much alike everywhere in the make of their heads and hearts, and quite capable of being useful and agreeable to each other whenever all parties desire to be so.

It must have been a wonderful day for the country-people—and for the towns-people, too—when the British squadron came in sight, round a curve of the stream, perhaps, or from behind one of the rocky islets with which its channel abounds. Perhaps it was first seen by the bonzes on the height where Bhuddist temples usually stand. The poor priests have nothing to do when their mechanical prayers are said—four times a day—but to sit and look abroad from some ledge or bench: and it is not often that one of their wretched order lights on such a chance as seeing Lord Elgin's squadron come upon the scene. First, there are the two gun-boats—*Dove* and *Lee*—approaching as the advanced guard, the white steam gushing from their cylinders at every stroke, and curling and melting in the air. They hold a steady course between the centre and the banks of the stream, where the channel admits of it, and thus seem to measure its width by keeping a mile or two apart. Then follow the three larger vessels—the *Furious*, with Lord Elgin on board—in the middle. Whether the tide is flowing or ebbing, on come "the fire-ships" of the strong barbarians. And they are not like the clumsy junks which roll and wallop, and lean over when anything goes wrong. The little outriders of the English squadron give warning when the water shoals, and say whatever they please by shifting their flags. They try here and there—push and probe—go round and about, talking their signal-talk all the while; and the large ships watch, listen, and obey—slacken, stop, and even turn and go back when so advised.

What a sight for the Bhuddist priests! They never before saw ships independent of wind and tide, and are half persuaded that these must be alive and rational. But when the fleet comes abreast

of their rock, and the great ships stop while the little ones explore, what a sight it is to see the chief man of the foreigners come ashore, and walk up the hill! He has an interpreter with him, and he wants to hear about the temple, and the ways of the priests. He learns why the head of one has twelve bald places, the signs of vows he has taken against twelve vices, and what the priest expects to happen to him if he breaks any vow on the list; and how he spends his time without books or business: and finally the great barbarian gives five dollars, to the astonishment of the holy group.

The news is now pretty sure to spread up the river. The imperial troops surrounding a city hear of it from their scouts, and the besieged rebels learn it from the bustle outside the walls, and look out from their forts and prepare to fire on the strangers. The peasants driving their cattle in long strings away from the seat of war, see the apparition on the broad stream, whose surface, as polished as a mirror, reflects the native rafts and boats, but breaks into ripples wherever the "fire-ships" turn. The people who are cutting their bulrush-crop in the flats rush to the banks to behold the sight; and even the opium smoker delays lighting his pipe for the moment to witness the miracle of a group of vessels ascending the strong river without a wind, and against the tide. The lime-burners appear from the quarry in the hills, and the oil-mill stops, while the crushers of the seed run to the banks, where the whole population of a village or a town, at present free from the rebels, range themselves—a vast orderly multitude—to see the strangers pass. Some have heard of these barbarians, but more have not; and when the few are set talking the most astonishing stories pass from mouth to mouth.

Will they act for or against the rebels? is the practical question. Nobody can answer it now. Is there any one who will venture to inquire the next time the fire-ships stop to rest?

Quick eyes soon discern a Chinaman acting as pilot on board the chief vessel; and from point to point of the shores it becomes known that more and more of the country people have held conversation with the strangers, and have come out none the worse from the adventure; till at last it becomes an object of eager desire to sell them food; and the folk make haste home, and collect their fowls and eggs, or go out to fish in the night, for the chance of a market in the morning.

This much we know, because this much was visible from the deck or the masthead of the English ships, with a little help from interpreter and pilot; but beyond those outward demonstrations all is dark. How far the people understand us, and what they think of us, we can learn only by an incident here and there in the experience of many weeks.

On board, meantime, impressions are gathered from hour to hour. When the channel is clear and the progress rapid, the shifting scenery is full of interest and instruction; and when shoals or perilous rocks delay the ships for hours or days, or compel the unloading of even the coal, the gentlemen of the expedition go ashore, and walk

in all directions, climb up to temples and forts, traverse villages, enter farm-houses, go shopping in towns, and exchange visits with high officials. On this side the question, therefore, we know a good deal.

There were parts of the scenery which reminded the travellers strongly of Egypt. Sometimes there was a dreamy softness about the hills like that of a sunset on the Nile. Swampy flats where reeds or grain grew tall, and where the tallest were cut for fences, or for the walls of houses, were like Egypt too; and so were the interminable strings of wild fowl. One which passed over the Yangtse was several miles long, folding and twisting so that it literally darkened the sky. Again, some parts subject to inundation, and buried under four or five feet of sand, were like the junction of the Lybian desert with the fertile ground. In Egypt the peasants cut down through the sand to form their cucumber-beds below; and in China they break up the clay subsoil and mix it with the sand for tillage.

When the flats were left behind, and the rocky hills drew close to the river to form a pass, the scenery became Scotch in its character: at least, so say the Scotchmen of the party, including the ambassador himself. Their hearts warmed to the distant hills, with a purple bloom like heather upon them; and the clefts, and the wooded hillocks, and the stretches of dark firs, with grey rock peeping out, reminding them of hunting days of old. Elsewhere there were woods reflected in the waters in all the brilliant hues of an American autumn. Here and there occurred large towns, supposed to contain hundreds of thousands of busy people, but found on entering to be mere heaps of ruins, with broad avenues grass-grown, and narrow streets choked with heaps of fallen dwellings. The war which caused this devastation sometimes came forward itself upon the scene. An army on the hills made a great waving of flags; and another army in the plain below waved other flags, so as to present a fine show; and now and then a cannon-shot was fired on the one side or the other. If any prisoners were taken their heads were cut off, the natives said: but this did not very often happen. The liveliest battle-scene seems to have been at Nganching, where the imperialists were watching the city. The rebels within the forts were foolish enough to fire on the British ships, which silenced them with the smallest possible number of replies, the effect of which was to send the rebels scampering out of the city directly into the arms of the imperialists, who were marching up. As seen from the mast-head, the scene was a curious one: the gesticulations and gambols of the advancing force, the rush of the rebels from the fortified pagoda, and their consternation at finding themselves between two foes. The British, however, were in no hostile mood, and they moved on, leaving the coast clear for a return to the pagoda, where they left the silly aggressors pouring in as fast as they had run out.

This was not the only occasion of attack from the shore. The story of the Nanking forts firing on the whole line of ships is well known through the newspapers, and need not be repeated

here. When the aggressors had received their lesson, they were all eagerness to apologise for the mistake of some foolish people, who had been decapitated. Such was the account they sent with all zeal up and down the river, and acted upon when the gunboats came down without the larger ships, and were obliged to stand in near the shore and its defences. The Taiping people, some way up the river, learned their lesson quickly—their rebel chief, our “humble younger brother,” desiring aid against the “demons” (the imperialists), and when that could not be afforded, sending down to the shore a present of two pieces of red bunting and a dozen fowls—a better offering than puffs of white smoke and hot cannon-balls.

Rebels and imperialist soldiers were not, however, the sort of people the British had most curiosity about, for they were no fair specimen of the inhabitants. A landowner with whom the travellers had some conversation thought the rebels very presuming in their claims. He said that they laid hands on everything wherever they went, as given to them by their Heavenly Father; and that they vowed, in their grace before meat, to destroy the demons, but that their Heavenly Father did not seem to think much of them, for they were “poor creatures,” and did not get on very well. It was more pleasant and profitable to make acquaintance with the people who lived beyond the limits of the war on the river; to stop and converse with such men as this landowner, and look into the peasants’ dwellings, and watch the buying and selling when the ships were taking in stores.

While the gun-boats were hunting for a channel it was always a temptation to go on shore and shoot; for the whole country was like a game preserve. Birds sprang up from under the sportsmen’s feet in places as strange as the burial-grounds which Bayard Taylor tells us of as harbouring pheasants in the grass of the graves. In the midst of a walled-town as large as Canton, but partly in ruins, Lord Elgin’s party started two brace of pheasants on a hill-side. In the regions of lakes and ponds, the wild fowl were inexhaustible, and little interfered with by the people. There were no signs of a degree of poverty which made the question of subsistence a difficulty. Game could not continually abound among a starving people, and be neglected by them, however fond of a vegetable diet in preference to meat. The chatty and good-humoured cottage farmers, who were always ready for a visit from the strangers, gave a pretty comfortable account of themselves. They said they had generally from two to three acres a-piece, and paid about a tenth part of the produce as a tax. If they worked for hire they got 120 cash (sixpence) a-day. The larger farms were known by the herds of buffaloes in the pastures, each one with a little boy on its back to keep it in order. Among this rural population, as well as in the towns, the supreme reverence is for intellectual superiority. In the house of a proprietor of three or four acres there was a tablet, in the place of honour over the door, in celebration of a brother having gained the highest literary degree, and being therefore eligible

for the highest offices in the state. The proprietor was not so distinguished, and had bought his Bachelor's degree for £35, contenting himself with this because he must have paid nearly ten times the amount for the degree of Master, besides having some sort of examination to go through. The anecdote indicates a somewhat Russian tone of public morals—a condition of public examination which needs reform.

There were hamlets in which some of the peasants found it difficult to pay the two dollars a year requisite for the children's schooling ; but it was in such places that miserable men were found lying on the bare ground, in poor reed huts, with a lamp between two, smoking opium. The habit entails poverty of course ; the mere opium costing fourpence a day, while the working man's wages are but sixpence. Wife and children depend on the bit of land, three acres of which were said to yield about a ton and one-third of pulse or grain annually, the value of which is forty dollars, and the tax three-quarters of a dollar. Such was the account given through the interpreter : but it seems as if there must be some mistake about the quantity of land. We can be no judges of the value of produce there, nor of the proportion of taxation ; but the produce, in a country where three crops and upwards are taken in a year, must surely be larger than half a ton of pulse or grain per acre annually. It is true, where the father is smoking opium, and the children are untaught and untrained, the case is no fair specimen. The travellers admit that it was difficult to obtain clear information as to the amounts of land and produce. On the whole, though the dwellings of these peasant-proprietors were often excessively dirty, and the sins of intemperate parents occasionally brought misery on the children, the class seemed to be comfortably provided for. They had the appearance of a prosperous peasantry. One tenant of a somewhat larger farm said that he paid his landlord four-tenths of the produce of his land. The lime-burners were willing to stop for a chat, and tell their terms—selling their lime at 17s. per ton, and buying their small coal for the process at 25s. per ton. The cotton and hemp spinners were as full of smiles as the rest, and paused for a gossip ; and so did the oily people who were crushing the cotton-seed in a mill. Little incidents occurred which showed that the natives were as observant of character as their visitors.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

(To be continued.)

ANA.

THE late Duke of Rutland, meeting Theodore Hook at an evening party, offered to take him home. When in the hall, Hook missed his hat, and kept the duke waiting. "Come along," said his grace, "never mind your hat."—"Why, to be sure," replied Hook, "my beaver (Belvoir) is not quite of so much consequence as your grace's." E. J.

THE late James Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," being asked whom George Robins, the celebrated auctioneer, had married, replied : "Why *Lot's* wife, to be sure." E. J.

THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

Yes, she is very beautiful, with sunlight in her glancing ;

Her coral lips are parted to a music low and sweet ;
The grace of all her movement swells to triumph in her dancing,

And like snowflakes on the flooring fall her dainty sandall'd feet.

Yes, she is very beautiful, and favour'd ones are round her,

With eyes that look her being through—and hers not turn'd away—

Still I would their homage seem'd not so all-powerless to confound her,

That a blush were on her fair cheek at the burning words they say.

For the dance are many suppliants ; to win her hand's a labour ;

There was one, I saw, who claim'd it, but she look'd him queenly down ;

There were coronets in waiting, he was but a country neighbour,

Who was he who dared ambition such a pride of place in town ?

Who was he ? Her childhood's playmate ; nay, perhaps her childhood's lover ;

One whose pride was in her beauty, and her conquests, nothing more ;

With her woodlands murmuring round her, and her pure home-skies above her,

She will gladden him again, perchance, with greeting as of yore.

What is there in this atmosphere we call the world of fashion,

That robs the heart at dawning of its innocence and truth ?

There's calm of cold indifference, there's storm of summer passion,

But no bright springtide wavelets for the tender barque of youth.

The chestnut-trees in Aubrey Park were white when first I knew her,

And sweet broom-scented breezes came sweeping up the glen ;

The brightest things in nature seem'd to throng her path to woo her ;

They brought her all the flattery that thrill'd her spirit then.

Two summers silver-blossoming have brighten'd and have faded

Since I met her in her morning's prime, half-woman and half-child,

With the modest little bonnet that her violet eyes o'er-shaded,

And the maiden blush that mantled on her features when she smiled.

She came down to the grey old church when Sabbath bells were ringing,

She came down calm and thoughtful through the arching linden-trees,

School-faces clustering round her, as her clear voice led the singing,

And the dim reply of angels as her fingers swept the keys.

Round the jasmimed cottage porches there was child-
hood's happy laughter ;
For each she had some tender look, some kindly
word to say ;
She enter'd in ; it seem'd, they said, a blessing follow'd
after,
To cheer the poor sick pallet when her footfall died
away.

Had they left there that image fair, that life so purely
moulded ;
Those links that bound her being round, those links
of love unruven !
What time is now for peaceful brow, for little hands
prayer-folded ?
What leisure for sweet offices that win the way to
Heaven !



O, they changed her when they brought her here, with
a change that passes telling ;
A countess stood her sponsor, and her fair face made
her known ;
But no more the streams of Aubrey will reflect the
same sweet Helen,
And no more the hearts that loved her so, will dare
to claim their own.

Ay ! love her for her lovely face, and bless her for her
brightness,
But add one heartfelt hope for her, and think one
thought of prayer,
That she look not back too late for the old days' peace
and lightness
But to find a desert round her, where the sunny
gardens were !
RALPH A. BENSON.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XV.

"I HOPE 'tis the Burgomaster that carries the light," said the escaped prisoner, panting with a strange mixture of horror and exultation. The soldier, he knew, would send an arrow through a burgher or a burgomaster, as he would through a boar in a wood.

But who may foretell the future, however near? The bow instead of remaining firm, and loosing the deadly shaft, was seen to waver first, then shake violently, and the stout soldier staggered back to them, his knees knocking and his cheeks blanched with fear. He let his arrow fall, and clutched Gerard's shoulder.

"Let me feel flesh and blood," he gasped: "the haunted tower! the haunted tower!"

His terror communicated itself to Margaret and Gerard. They could hardly find breath to ask him what he had seen.

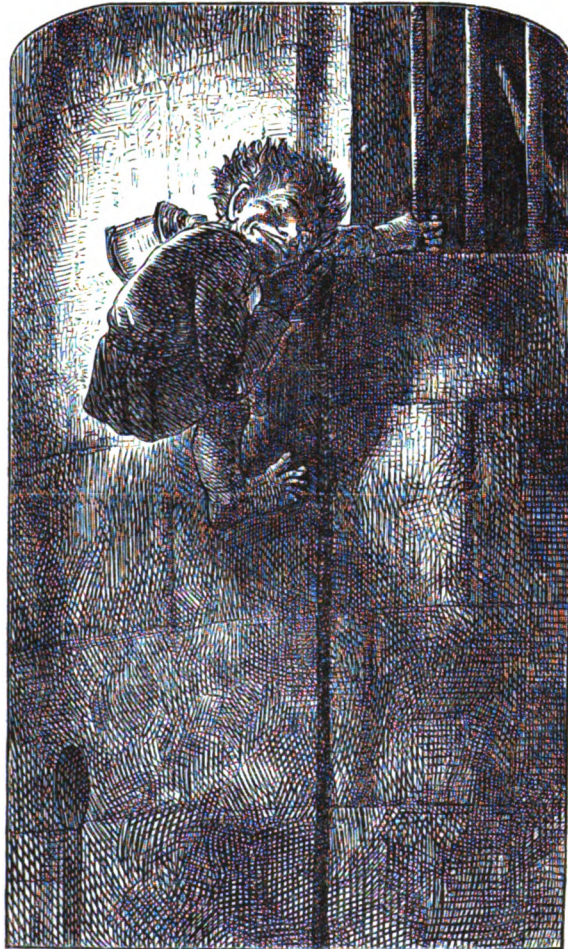
"Hush!" he cried, "it will hear you. *Up* the wall! it is going *up* the wall! Its head is on fire. *Up* the wall, as mortal creatures walk upon green sward. If you know a prayer say it! For hell is loose to-night."

"I have power to exorcise spirits," said Gerard, trembling. "I will venture forth."

"Go alone, then!" said Martin, "I have looked on't once and live."

Gerard stepped forth, and Margaret seized his hand and held it convulsively, and they crept out.

Sure enough a sight struck their eyes that benumbed them as they stood. Half-way up the tower, a creature with fiery head, like an enormous glow-worm, was going steadily up the wall: the body



was dark, but its outline visible, and the whole creature not much less than four feet long.

At the foot of the tower stood a thing in white, that looked exactly like the figure of a female. Gerard and Margaret palpitated with awe.

"The rope—the rope! It is going up the rope—not the wall," gasped Gerard.

As they gazed, the glow-worm disappeared in Gerard's late prison, but its light illuminated the cell inside and reddened the window. The white figure stood motionless below.

Such as can retain their senses after the first prostrating effect of the supernatural, are apt to experience terror in one of its strangest forms, a wild desire to fling themselves upon the terrible object. It fasci-

nates them as the snake the bird. The great tragedian Macready used to render this finely in *Macbeth* at Banquo's second appearance. He flung himself with averted head at the horrible shadow. This strange impulse now seized Margaret. She put down Gerard's hand quietly, and stood fascinated; then, all in a moment, with a wild cry, darted towards the spectre. Gerard, not aware of the natural impulse I have spoken of, never doubted the evil one was drawing her to her perdition. He fell on his knees.

"Exorcizo vos. In nomine beatæ Mariæ, exorcizo vos."

While he was shrieking his incantations in extremity of terror, to his infinite relief he heard the spectre utter a feeble cry of fear. To find that hell had also its little weaknesses was encou-

raging. He redoubled his exorcisms, and presently he saw the shape kneeling at Margaret's knees, and heard it praying piteously for mercy.

Poor little spectre! It took Margaret for the ill spirit of the haunted tower, come flying out on it—to damn it.

Kate and Giles soon reached the haunted tower. Judge their surprise when they found a new rope dangling from the prisoner's window to the ground.

"I see how it is," said the inferior intelligence taking facts as they came. "Our Gerard has come down this rope. He has got clear. Up I go, and see."

"No, Giles, no!" said the superior intelligence blinded by prejudice. "See you not this is glamour. This rope is a line the evil one casts out to wile you to destruction. He knows the weaknesses of all our hearts; he has seen how fond you are of going up things. Where should our Gerard procure a rope? how fasten it in the very sky like that? It is not in nature. Holy saints protect us this night, for hell is abroad."

"Stuff!" said the dwarf: "the way to hell is down, and this rope leads up. I never had the luck to go up such a long rope. It may be years ere I fall in with such a long rope all ready fastened for me. As well be knocked on the head at once as never know enjoyment."

And he sprang on to the rope with a cry of delight, as a cat jumps with a mew on a table where fish is. All the gymnast was on fire; and the only concession Kate could gain from him was permission to fasten the lantern on his neck first.

"A light scares the ill spirits," said she.

And so, with his huge arms, and legs like feathers, Giles went up the rope faster than his brother came down it. The light at the nape of his neck made a glow-worm of him. His sister watched his progress with trembling anxiety. Suddenly a female figure started out of the solid masonry, and came flying at her with more than mortal velocity.

Kate uttered a feeble cry. It was all she could, for her tongue clove to her palate with terror. Then she dropped her crutches, and sank upon her knees, hiding her face and moaning:

"Take my body, but spare my soul!" &c.

Margaret (panting). "Why it is a woman!"

Kate (quivering). "Why it is a woman!"

Margaret. "How you frightened me."

Kate. "I am frightened enough myself. Oh! oh! oh!"

"This is strange. But the fiery-headed thing! Yet it was with you, and you are harmless. But why are you here at this time of night?"

"Nay, why are you?"

"Perhaps we are on the same errand? Ah! you are his good sister, Kate."

"And you are Margaret Brandt."

"Yes."

"All the better. You love him; you are here. Then Giles was right. He has escaped."

Gerard came forward, and put the question at

rest. But all further explanation was cut short by a horrible unearthly cry, like a sepulchre exulting aloud:

"PARCHMENT!—PARCHMENT!—PARCHMENT!"

At each repetition it rose in intensity. They looked up, and there was the dwarf with his hands full of parchments, and his face lighted with fiendish joy, and lurid with diabolical fire. The light being at his neck, a more infernal "transparency" never startled mortal eye. With the word the awful imp hurled the parchment down at the astonished heads below. Down came the records, like wounded wild ducks, some collapsed, others fluttering, and others spread out and wheeling slowly down in airy circles. They had hardly settled, when again the sepulchral roar was heard: "Parchment!—Parchment!" and down pattered and sailed another flock of documents—another followed: they whitened the grass. Finally, the fire-headed imp, with his light body and horny hands, slid down the rope like a falling star, and (business before sentiment) proposed to Gerard an immediate settlement for the merchandise he had just delivered.

"Hush!" said Gerard; "you speak too loud. Gather them up and follow us to a safer place than this."

"Will you not come home with me, Gerard?"

"I have no home."

"You shall not say so, Gerard. Who is more welcome than you will be, after this cruel wrong, to your father's house?"

"Father? I have no father," said Gerard, sternly. "He that was my father is turned my gaoler. I have escaped from his hands; I will never come within their reach again."

"An enemy did this, and not our father," said Kate.

And she told him what she had overheard Cornelis and Sybrandt say. But the injury was too recent to be soothed. Gerard showed a bitterness of indignation he had hitherto seemed incapable of.

"Cornelis and Sybrandt are two ill curs that have shown me their teeth and their heart a long while; but they could do no more. My father it is that gave the Burgomaster authority, or he durst not have laid a finger on me, that am a free burgher of this town. So be it, then. I was his son—I am his prisoner. He has played his part—I shall play mine. Farewell the town where I was born and lived honestly, and was put in prison. While there is another town left in creation, I'll never trouble you again, Tergou."

"Oh, Gerard! Gerard!"

Margaret whispered her:—"Do not gainsay him now. Give his choler time to cool!"

Kate turned quickly towards her. "Let me look at your face!" The inspection was favourable, it seemed, for she whispered:—"It is a comely face, and no mischief-maker's."

"Fear me not," said Margaret, in the same tone. "I could not be happy without your love as well as Gerard's."

"These are comfortable words," sobbed Kate. Then, looking up, she said, "I little thought to like you so well. My heart is willing, but my infirmity will not let me embrace you."

At this point Margaret turned gently round to Gerard's sister, and kissed her lovingly.

"Often he has spoken of you to me, Kate, and often I longed for this."

"You, too, Gerard," said Kate, "kiss me ere you go, for my heart lies heavy at parting with you this night."

Gerard kissed her, and she went on her crutches home. The last thing they heard of her was a little patient sigh. Then the tears came and stood thick in Margaret's eyes; but Gerard was a man, and noticed it not.

As they turned to go to Sevenbergen, the dwarf nudged Gerard with his bundle of parchments, and sought remuneration.

Margaret dissuaded Gerard. "Why take what is not ours?"

"Oh! spoil an enemy how you can."

"But may they not make this a handle for fresh violence?"

"How can they? Think you I shall stay in Tergou after this? The Burgomaster robbed me of my liberty; I would take his life for it if I could."

"Oh fie, Gerard!"

"What? Is life worth more than liberty? Well, I can't take his life, so I take the first thing that comes to hand."

He gave Giles a few small coins, with which the urchin was gladdened, and shuffled after his sister. Margaret and Gerard were speedily joined by Martin, and away to Sevenbergen.

CHAPTER XVI.

GHYSBRECHT VAN SWIETEN kept the key of Gerard's prison in his pouch. He waited till ten of the clock ere he visited him; for he said to himself, "A little hunger sometimes does well; it breaks them." At ten he crept up the stairs with a loaf and pitcher, followed by his trusty servant well armed. Ghysbrecht listened at the door. There was no sound inside. A grim smile stole over his features. "By this time he will be as down-hearted as Albert Koestein was," thought he. He opened the door.

No Gerard.

Ghysbrecht stood stupified.

Although his face was not visible, his body seemed to lose all motion in so peculiar a way, and then after a little he fell a trembling so, that the servant behind him saw there was something amiss, and crept close to him and peeped over his shoulder. At sight of the empty cell and the rope, and iron bar, he uttered a loud exclamation of wonder: but his surprise doubled when his master, disregarding all else, suddenly flung himself on his knees before the empty chest, and felt wildly all over it with quivering hands, as if unwilling to trust his eyes in a matter so important.

The servant gazed at him in utter bewilderment.

"Why, master, what is the matter?"

Ghysbrecht's pale lips worked as if he was going to answer; but they uttered no sound: his hands fell by his side, and he stared into the chest.

"Why, master, what avails glaring into that empty box? He is not there. See here! Note

the cunning of the young rogue; he hath taken out the bar, and——"

"GONE! GONE! GONE!"

"Gone? What is gone? Holy saints! he is planet struck."

"STOP THIEF!" shrieked Ghysbrecht, and suddenly turned on his servant and collared him, and shook him with rage. "D'ye stand there, knave, and see your master robbed? Run! fly! A hundred crowns to him that finds it me again. No, no! 'tis in vain. Oh, fool! fool! to leave that in the same room with him. But none ever found the secret spring before. None ever would but he. It was to be. It is to be. Lost! lost!" And his years and infirmity now gained the better of his short-lived frenzy, and he sank on the chest muttering "lost! lost!"

"What is lost, master?" said the servant kindly.

"House and lands and good name:" groaned Ghysbrecht, and wrung his hands feebly.

"What?" cried the servant.

This emphatic word and the tone of eager curiosity struck on Ghysbrecht's ear, and revived his natural cunning.

"I have lost the town records," stammered he, and he looked askant at the man like a fox caught near a hen-roost.

"Oh, is that all?"

"Is't not enough? What will the burghers say to me? What will the burgh do?" Then he suddenly burst out again, "A hundred crowns to him who shall recover them; all, mind, all that were in this box. If one be missing, I give nothing."

"'Tis a bargain, master: the hundred crowns are in my pouch. See you not that where Gerard Gerardsson is, there are the pieces of sheepskin you rate so high?"

"That is true; that is true; good Dierich: good faithful Dierich! All, mind, all, that were in the chest."

"Master, I will take the constables to Gerard's house and seize him for the theft."

"The theft? ay! good! very good! It is theft. I forgot that. So as he is a thief now, we will put him in the dungeons below: where the toads are and the rats. Dierich, that man must never see daylight again. 'Tis his own fault. He must be prying. Quick, quick! ere he has time to talk, you know, time to talk."

In less than half an hour Dierich Brower and four constables entered the hosier's house and demanded young Gerard of the panic-stricken Catherine.

"Alas! what has he done now?" cried she: "that boy will break my heart."

"Nay, dame, but a trick of youth," said Dierich. "He hath but made off with certain skins of parchment, in a frolic doubtless; but the Burgomaster is answerable to the burgh for their safe keeping, so he is in care about them: as for the youth, he will doubtless be quit for a reprimand."

This smooth speech completely imposed on Catherine; but her daughter was more suspicious, and that suspicion was strengthened by the disproportionate anger and disappointment Dierich

showed the moment he learned Gerard was not at home—had not been at home that night.

"Come away then," said he, roughly. "We are wasting time." He added, vehemently, "I'll find him if he is above ground."

Affection sharpens the wits, and often it has made an innocent person more than a match for the wily. As Dierich was going out, Kate made him a signal she would speak with him privately. He bade his men go on, and waited outside the door. She joined him.

"Hush!" said she, "my mother knows not. Gerard has left Tergou."

"How!"

"I saw him last night."

"Ay? Where?" cried Dierich, eagerly.

"At the foot of the haunted tower."

"How did he get the rope?"

"I know not; but this I know; my brother Gerard bade me there farewell, and he is many leagues from Tergou ere this. The town, you know, was always unworthy of him, and when it imprisoned him he vowed never to set foot in it again. Let the Burgomaster be content, then. He has imprisoned him, and he has driven him from his birthplace and from his native land. What need now to rob him and us of our good name?"

This might at another moment have struck Dierich as good sense; but he was too mortified at this escape of Gerard and the loss of a hundred crowns.

"What need had he to steal?" retorted he, bitterly.

"Gerard stole not the trash: he but took it to spite the Burgomaster, who stole his liberty; but he shall answer to the Duke for it, he shall. Look in the nearest brook or sty, and maybe you shall find these skins of parchment you keep such a coil about."

"Think ye so, mistress?—think ye so?" And Dierich's eyes flashed. "Mayhap you know 'tis so."

"This I know, that Gerard is too good to steal, and too wise to load himself with rubbish, going a journey."

"Give you good day, then," said Dierich, sharply. "The sheepskin you scorn, I value it more than the skin of any he in Tergou."

And he went off hastily on a false scent.

Kate returned into the house and drew Giles aside.

"Giles, my heart misgives me; breathe not to a soul what I say to you. I have told Dirk Brower that Gerard is out of Holland, but much I doubt he is not a league from Tergou."

"Why, where is he, then?"

"Where should he be, but with her he loves? But if so he must not loiter. These be deep and dark and wicked men that seek him. Giles, I see that in Dirk Brower's eye makes me tremble. Oh! why cannot I fly to Sevenbergen, and bid him away? Why am I not lusty and active like other girls? God forgive me for fretting at His will: but I never felt till now what it is to be lame and weak and useless. But you are strong, dear Giles," added she coaxingly—"you are very strong."

"Yes, I am strong!" thundered Perpusillus; then, catching sight of her meaning, "but I hate to go on foot," he added, sulkily.

"Alas! alas! who will help me if you will not? Dear Giles, do you not love Gerard?"

"Yes, I like him best of the lot. I'll go to Sevenbergen on Peter Buysken his mule. Ask you him, for he won't lend her me."

Kate remonstrated. The whole town would follow him. It would be known whither he was gone, and Gerard be in worse danger than before.

Giles parried this by promising to ride out of the town the opposite way, and not turn the mule's head towards Sevenbergen till he had got rid of the curious.

Kate then assented, and borrowed the mule. She charged Giles with a short but meaning message, and made him repeat it after her, over and over, till he could say it word for word.

Giles started on the mule, and little Kate retired, and did the last thing now in her power for her beloved brother; prayed on her knees long and earnestly for his safety.

CHAPTER XVII.

GERARD and Margaret went gaily to Sevenbergen in the first flush of recovered liberty, and successful adventure. But these soon yielded to sadder thoughts. Neither of them attached any importance to the abstraction of the sheepskins: but Gerard was an escaped prisoner, and liable to be retaken and perhaps punished; and therefore he and Margaret would have to part for a time. Moreover he had conceived a hatred to his native place. Margaret wished him to leave the country for a while, but at the thought of his going to Italy her heart fainted. Gerard, on the contrary, was reconciled to leaving Margaret only by his desire to visit Italy, and his strong conviction that there he should earn money and reputation, and remove every obstacle to their marriage. He had already told her all that the demoiselle Van Eyck had said to him. He repeated it, and reminded Margaret that the gold pieces were only given him to go to Italy with. The journey to Italy was clearly for Gerard's interest. He was a craftsman and an artist, lost in this boorish place. In Italy they would know how to value him. On this ground, above all, the unselfish girl gave her consent: but many tender tears came with it, and at that Gerard, young and loving as herself, cried bitterly with her, and often they asked one another what they had done, that so many different persons should be their enemies, and combine, as it seemed, to part them.

They sat hand in hand till midnight, now deploring their hard fate, now drawing bright and hopeful pictures of the future, in the midst of which Margaret's tears would suddenly flow, and then poor Gerard's eloquence would die away in a sigh.

The morning found them resigned to part, but neither had the courage to say when; and much I doubt whether the hour of parting ever would have struck.

But about three in the afternoon, Giles, who had made a circuit of many miles to avoid suspicion, rode up to the door. They both ran out to

him, eager with curiosity. He soon turned that light feeling to dismay.

"Brother Gerard," cried he, in his tremendous tones, "Kate bids you run for your life. They charge you with theft; you have given them a handle. Think not to explain. Hope not for justice in Tergou! The parchments you took they are but a blind. She hath seen your death in the men's eyes: a price is on your head. Fly! For Margaret's sake and all who love you, loiter not life away, but fly!"

It was a thunder-clap, and left two pale faces looking at one another, awestruck.

Then Giles, who had hitherto but uttered by rote what Catherine bade him, put in a word of his own.

"All the constables were at our house after you, and so was Dirk Brower. Kate is wise, Gerard. Best give ear to her rede, and fly."

"Oh, yes! Gerard," cried Margaret, wildly. "Fly on the instant. Ah! those parchments; my mind misgave me: why did I let you take them?"

"Margaret, they are but a blind: Giles says so: no matter, the old caiffit shall never see them again; I will not go till I have hidden his treasure where he shall never find it." Gerard then, after thanking Giles warmly, bade him farewell, and told him to go back, and tell Kate he was gone. "For I shall be gone, ere you reach home," said he. He shouted for Martin; and told him what had happened, and begged him to go a little way towards Tergou, and watch the road.

"Ay!" said Martin, "and if I see Dirk Brower, or any of his men, I will shoot an arrow into the oak tree that is in our garden; and on that you must run into the forest hard by, and meet me at the wierd hunter's spring. Then I will guide you through the wood."

Surprise thus provided against, Gerard breathed again. He went with Margaret, and while she watched the oak tree tremblingly, fearing every moment to see an arrow strike among the branches, Gerard dug a deep hole to bury the parchments in.

He threw them in, one by one. They were nearly all charters and records of the burgh: but one appeared to be a private deed between Floris Brandt, father of Peter, and Ghybrecht.

"Why this is as much yours as his," said Gerard. "I will read this."

"Oh, not now, Gerard, not now," cried Margaret. "Every moment you lose fills me with fear; and see, large drops of rain are beginning to fall, and the clouds lower."

Gerard yielded to this remonstrance: but he put the deed into his bosom, and threw the earth in over the others, and stamped it down. While thus employed there came a flash of lightning followed by a peal of distant thunder, and the rain came down heavily. Margaret and Gerard ran into the house, whither they were speedily followed by Martin.

"The road is clear," said he, "and a heavy storm coming on."

His words proved true. The thunder came nearer and nearer till it crashed over head: the flashes followed one another close, like the strokes

of a whip, and the rain fell in torrents. Margaret hid her face not to see the lightning. On this, Gerard put up the rough shutter, and lighted a candle. The lovers consulted together, and Gerard blessed the storm that gave him a few hours more with Margaret. The sun set unperceived, and still the thunder pealed, and the lightning flashed, and the rain poured. Supper was set; but Gerard and Margaret could not eat: the thought that this was the last time they should sup together, choked them. The storm lulled a little. Peter retired to rest. But Gerard was to go at peep of day, and neither he nor Margaret could afford to lose an hour in sleep. Martin sat up a while, too: for he was fitting a new string to his bow, a matter in which he was very nice.

The lovers murmured their sorrows and their love beside him.

Suddenly the old man held up his hand to them to be silent.

They were quiet and listened, and heard nothing. But the next moment a footstep crackled faintly upon the autumn leaves that lay strewn in the garden at the back door of the house. To those who had nothing to fear such a step would have said nothing: but to those who had enemies it was terrible. For it was a foot trying to be noiseless.

Martin fitted an arrow to his string, and hastily blew out the candle. At this moment, to their horror, they heard more than one footstep approach the other door of the cottage, not quite so noiselessly as the other, but very stealthily—and then a dead pause. Their blood almost froze in their veins.

"Oh, Kate! oh, Kate! She said, fly on the instant!" And Margaret moaned and wrung her hands in anguish and terror and wild remorse.

"Hush, girl!" said Martin, in a stern whisper; and even at that moment a heavy knock fell on the door.

(To be continued.)

THE STRIKE.

TO THE BUILDERS, GASMEN, AND OTHERS ON STRIKE.

I AM an old friend of yours, and have employed many compositors in my day, and never wrote or said one word tending to degrade you. But as your friend I shall use a friend's privilege to speak plain.

You call yourselves "working men," as though there were no other working men in the world. This is a piece of arrogant assumption on your part, which, if it occurred amongst people better off than yourselves, you would call aristocratic insolence. There are many harder workers than you—men who work with their brains, and brain-work honestly done is far harder work than that of the hands. Writers in ONCE A WEEK keep each employed a larger number of hands than any working builder or gasman amongst you, helping them to a living as well as themselves, so these brain-workmen are some hundred times more valuable than any individual hand-worker. All the false logic that ever was coined in any rebellion of the "members against the belly" cannot

overset that truth. So, my good friends, take to yourselves a little wholesome modesty, and don't arrogate to yourselves the exclusive title of working men.

For there are amongst you men who don't work, men who shirk work, and men so useless that they can't get work to do. And so the men who shirk work, and the men who can't get work, take in vain the name of working men, and proclaim that henceforth wages shall be a fixed quantity, and that all men, good, bad, and indifferent, shall be paid alike; and, moreover, that as there is only work for nine out of ten, the whole ten shall be employed at nine hours each, instead of ten hours, and shall have ten hours' wages for it.

This is Jack Cade legislation, such as our grand old poet writes about, and as is practised across the Channel,—socialism without sociology.

"I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers (*fraternité et égalité*), and worship me their lord."

It won't do. There is a thing called individuality—the right of every man to do all things not infringing on the rights of his fellows, and if this principle be lost sight of, there is an end of progress. Therefore every man has a right to determine at what price he will sell his labour, and every master what he will pay for it. And any number of men have a right to join together to keep their own labour out of the market, and to raise its value if they can. But they have no right to dictate to other men what they shall do. If a skilled workman chooses to work for any price that suits him—any number of hours that suit him—to interfere with him is to exercise tyranny, and this all English-minded men will denounce and put down.

In this strike the question is one of day wages, and not of the amount of work and pay. There has been invented a phrase, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," but this defines nothing. As the Americans say, it is about as big as a piece of chalk. If it be digging a field, it may amount to a specific number of yards, or it might be on a question of making so many doors and windows, or so many square feet of flooring laid down. Now, it is quite clear that one man may dig faster than another, or make more doors or windows than another, in a given time. Is he, then, to do more work, or is he to stop short when he has done his task? In the latter case, he will work less hours; in the former case, he would be paid lower wages than his neighbour, by doing more work for a given sum. In this mode, the less work a man does, the higher will be the cost of his labour; and the constant tendency would be to do as little as possible, unless the work be of that kind which can be exactly appreciated. It comes, then, to the fact, that justice between master and man is best attained by the practice of piece-work; and the best paid labourers in England—the navvies—have arrived at precisely this condition, and would look with contempt at day-work and lazy wages. Day-work is really only the condition of "odd men," who can do a number of indefinite things not to be tested by an exact value. They are not skilled workmen who are willing to become "odd men." The skilled

men get work easily, and are mostly employed at good wages, for they are never too numerous, and have no need to strike.

The strike, then, is made by the inferior workmen, who compel the superior workmen to join them under threats. If the workmen out of work be one-tenth of the whole, the reduction of the hours from ten to nine would put all in employment. If the wages paid were the same, the process would be very simple. But the claim for wages would be increased, while, as a rule, all the wages that can be paid are paid, for the competition of business is so strong that as long as any profit can be made, masters will go on increasing their business and increasing also the number of the men they employ. While competition lasts, business men keep down their profits to the lowest pitch. They have no unlimited fund allowing them to pay any wages the workmen may desire. They are not rich beyond measure. If the whole of the master's profit were poured into the wages-fund, each man would receive as much as though the colonel's dinner were divided amongst the regiment, or the churchwardens and overseers threw their dinners into the workhouse cauldron.

If two masters be competing for one man, rivalry will extract the largest amount of wages they can afford to pay. If two men be competing for one master, they must work for any price he chooses to give. The inferior man will infallibly offer for the lowest wage, but the master will be a fool if he does not employ the best man, and pay him sufficient wages to keep him in a comfortable condition. The higher wages a master can afford to pay, the greater will be the result to himself, if the man's work be in proportion to his wages. If a master pays £100 a-week to twenty men, he will need a less amount of tools and workshops, and other matters, than if he paid £100 per week to one hundred men, and will conduct his business with less trouble.

If, therefore, workmen want to improve their condition, they should subscribe to send their surplus number to the colonies by means of benefit societies, or in other modes.

Probably the strike will do this indirectly. It will set inventive and intelligent men to make machinery do more than it has ever yet done, and possibly it may be a working out of providential ends to prevent the degradation of manhood to unworthy employments. In truth, a strike is the inarticulate grumbling of men who have not yet learned to talk; it is akin to the dumb sighs of men who, feeling miserable, burn down hay-ricks to draw attention to their misery.

You, gasman, who are broiled alive, and made to inhale a semi-poison, in order that streets and workshops may be well-lighted, you are, doubtless, miserably off, and not compensated by thirty shillings a-week. Do you think that thirty-five shillings will make a difference in your sensations? No! It is a cruelty to broil you, and the only remedy is to teach machines to do your work, if indeed it be not within the province of art to produce other lights without a killing process. Better that we should go to bed with the birds, than go on with a race of helots, worse slaves than ever toiled in the mill in elder Greece. It is not

a necessary condition of humanity to use a pipe issuing vapour for lights instead of the hydro-carbon oils now dawning upon the public faculty of perception, oils produced almost perfect by nature in all the regions of the world.

And you, brickmaker, all day moulding wet clay without straw, as in Egypt of old, know you not that your toil will in good time be ended? That, even now, the steam engine takes clay powder without wetting, stamps it into a solid mass, and carries brick after brick direct into the kiln without loss of time?

And ye, too, masons and stone-carvers, ye who cut those endless repetitions on the Houses of Parliament, and deemed them works of art, and turned out on strikes as though mankind depended on you, know ye not that the chemist is now making better stone than Nature's self, and moulding it to any shape without the chisel? Verily your present strike will make this stone universal!

And joiners, pattern-makers, carpenters, whom I once saw in a long procession defiling down to Whitehall to convince Lord Melbourne and others how strong ye were—and of a truth your forms and faces put the other trades to the blush, for ye were of the aristocracy of workmen—speak, I pray (and speak the truth!), does not steam make mouldings and plane flooring-boards and cut tenons and mortises as deftly as ye can do? Well do I remember you, while thinking that those eyes that could look straight along a board-edge were the very eyes to take sights along a rifle barrel. But ye were not the men to do this in any but "a good cause, and with the law on your side." Well, well! steam has taken away your drudgery, but it leaves to you still the true artist's work—the pattern-making, the originating.

But what is to become of the great mass? will be asked. Have they nothing to complain of? They have. No strikes could have arisen had they been fairly dealt by. The employing class, as a body, has been guilty of a heavy sin of omission. Too much have men been looked on as living machines, not so good as cattle, inasmuch as cattle are cared for when work ceases. But in our great contracting processes and engineering calculations we speak of men and fractions of men and fractions of boys, as if they were merely figures in arithmetic and not living souls. A great work and contract is on hand, and dependent humanity rushes towards it for wages: the work is ended, and dependent humanity slinks away to starve. The great contractor knows no more of his men than by the numbers on their tickets. How this is to end we cannot clearly see, but assuredly it is not a condition of things to last. The contracting system does produce things at the lowest cost, but it is not yet proven that it produces the really cheapest things. The poor men who put their money in savings' banks ought to have better investments for it, and now that everything is tending towards joint-stock companies, and securities are increasing for their good management, it does seem a possible conclusion that the time will come when working men will be on a par with American whaling crews and Cornish miners—sharing in profits produced by individual skill and general watchfulness. A better

feeling between classes is gradually gaining ground, but trade is still hard-hearted. It cannot yet see that the welfare of the man is the welfare of the master. It leaves the man to his own devices "deserted at his utmost need," and so men of slavish notions try to bind the master down to take them as daily slaves. Out of such men did France get her universal suffrage and its sale to the promiser of daily bread. It behoves us all—masters and men, to guard against this—to increase, so far as possible, the number of the *haves* and to decrease the number of the *have-nots*. A great nation is not great by mere numbers; or, if so, China would be the greatest nation in the world. It is by the absence of poverty rather than by the excess of riches, that the strength of a nation must be reckoned, so that every individual may feel convinced he has something to lose, so that the faculties of every individual may find their proper sphere of action, in which work ceases to be a drudgery and becomes a pleasure. Then a strike is a sin against the law of common sense, though its authors have themselves been sinned against by neglect; inasmuch as it will be found that the really discontented are men below the standard of the civilised processes the nation is now growing up to and demanding, and that their habits are those of a ruder state of society. It would therefore be mild and just to provide them from time to time with the means of emigrating to the colonies, where, their faculties finding employment, their condition might become that of enjoyment instead of constant discontent. At all events, we may look forward to the time when many deteriorating employments and their followers will have disappeared from amongst us, just as the pretended needle-women are disappearing with the advent of the stitching machine.

It is a blessed thought that the time may come when ignorance and poverty and disease shall almost disappear; and although it is true that the "poor shall never cease from out of the land," that they may only be the few, whom it will be a pleasure to help and who will keep our charities living.

REDIVIVUS.

SHIP-LIFTING OR UNLAUNCHING.

"GIVE me a fulcrum," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world." We have not yet come to that point—to use matter external to the world, unless perchance meteoric iron; but we assuredly move very large things on the surface of the world, and we move them with a very unstable sort of fulcrum in its material state, but which yet by artificial means we contrive to consolidate.

"Unstable as water thou shalt not excel," has ceased to be a perfect image for the poet. A Hebrew Caucasian, hight Bramah, doubtless as much Abraham as Braham the singer was, some score years ago caught this unstable fluid, this Undine, this water-kelpie, conjured it into an iron cylinder, with a moveable piston, fitted thereto a tiny pump which practically drove with every alternate stroke of the handle small wedges of water into the mass, gradually enlarging the bulk of the mass of water and so forcing up the piston

by the accumulated power of the man's arm, till the column of solid water below became a fulcrum capable of sustaining any number of tons' weight that would not crush or burst the cast-iron cylinder itself, being commonly about three tons to every circular inch, equal to forty strong men. Such is the water-kelpie, held in a leash or collar of folded cow-hide by the cunning glamourie of one of our master mechanics, some sixty years since.

Three of these presses, two of them having rams or pistons eighteen inches in diameter, and one of them twenty inches, raised the Britannia tube, weighing, with its tackle, upwards of 2000 tons, one hundred feet high. But instead of a man's arm to work the pump—heat from food acting through human muscles—the steam engine was used—heat from coal acting through water swollen in bulk, and thus rendered expansive, at every fresh pulsation driving a fresh wedge of cold water beneath the giant rams, till by gradual increment the work was done.

And thus was a piece of knowledge accumulated for all time, convertible to many uses. Archimedes, it is said, lifted ships out of the water, and swamped them—and Roman soldiers and centurions with them—by mechanical contrivance. They probably were not very large ships. But a short period has elapsed since modern engineers have taken to lifting ships out of the water, not to smash, but to examine and repair them. A large float has huge cranes in it, which take hold of cables fastened round a vessel, and she is lifted bodily by steam power, and water is pumped into the float at one part, as a counterbalance weight, while air upholds it at the other. In the United States and elsewhere, hollow boxes of wood or iron, partly filled with water, are drawn under a vessel, and held in position. The water is then pumped out, and the pontoons by their buoyancy lift the vessel, which can then be examined and repaired.

The engineers connected with the Victoria Docks wanted to have a simple means of rapidly raising a vessel out of the water, and Edwin Clarke, one of the instinctive engineers of the day, was chosen to devise them. The ordinary construction of graving docks is an oblong space, enclosed by timber or masonry, with a flood-gate at the entrance, the sides being made to slope something to the shape of the vessel. When the vessel enters at high tide, the gates are closed, the sluices opened, and the vessel propped in position, till the water runs out to the level of low tide, when the sluices are closed, and the remaining water, if for a very deep vessel, is pumped out. In the dock the vessel remains till all external repairs are done, when the water is let in, and the vessel floats away. In this mode the dock may be occupied many days together with one vessel.

Mr. Clarke's object was to be able to raise a succession of vessels, and float them out of the dock as soon as raised; in this mode making one dock do the work of a dozen.

A row of cast-iron tubes, about five feet in diameter, were sunk vertically at each side of the basin, about ten feet apart. The mode of sinking was peculiar. Being lowered to the bottom, a man in a diver's dress was lowered inside. He dug under water, and filled pails, which were

drawn up in succession, the tube gradually sinking till sufficient depth was attained; and so on in succession with all the tubes, the tops of which were connected with a framework of iron. From the top downwards, each tube was slotted parallel to the length of the dock. In this slot was a cross-head, carrying on each side a pair of long iron links. These two links were connected with two links on the opposite side of the dock, at a distance of sixty feet, by strong wrought-iron girders. At the bottom of each column was a powerful Bramah's press, with a piston of sufficient length to carry the cross-head to the top of the tube, and with sufficient length of stroke to descend to the bottom. Thus every pair of opposite columns laid was calculated to raise two cross beams, the columns extending the whole length of the dock. The presses were worked by a steam engine, being so connected as to form three sets of lifts, each of which sets being supplied from a common stock of water worked simultaneously, so that the middle or the ends could be raised more or less at pleasure. A kind of big gridiron was thus formed, about one hundred and sixty feet long and sixty feet wide, and capable of moving up and down through a space of some twenty feet.

Upon this gridiron was placed a huge tray or square saucer of sheet iron, rivetted together, with the edges rising upwards in vertical walls, about four to five feet high. The tray was divided into water-tight compartments by cross partitions of sheet iron, similarly to a ship, and was strutted and timbered with cross-beams to keep it in shape.

A few days back the public, ladies inclusive, were called in to behold an anti-launch, with the usual paraphernalia of spread tables and the eternal champagne bottles.

The valves of the huge tray being opened, it gradually sunk under water as it filled, bearing down with it all the ram-heads with the gridiron. A craft from Aberdeen, called the Jason, light in ballast, and feather-headed with a multitude of flags, of between eight and nine hundred tons burden, was hauled by a rope forward and pushed by a steam-tug aft, till her keel ranged fore and aft over the centre of the tray, carefully adjusted by measuring-poles, while lifting and moving. The pumps were then set to work till the tray touched her keel, when a series of huge chocks were hauled by ropes and slid forward on the transoms of the tray till they formed a cradle all round her bottom. Then the rams were again set to work, and up went gridiron, tray and clipper ship till her keel stood some five feet above the water level, and captain and mates could walk round her as easily as a school of dolphins could swim round her in deep water. Then unmistakably could be seen the traces in her copper of all the rickling and straining or scraping she might have undergone.

As the tray rose, the water fell through the valves, and when clear of water the valves were closed, and then the great tray floated with Jason and his Argosy, and captain and crew, and what golden fleecery they might have, all on board. The vessel was hoisted upon the tray for public inspection as deftly as Jeames of Buckley Square could hand up a letter.

Most frequenters of launches have observed how boats ply about, and their occupiers, with scoops and landing-nets, catch the floating tallow. Here also in this un-launch there was scope for the pickers-up of unconsidered trifles. Some half-dozen good-sized perch had got entangled in this giant iron sagene, and there were no weak meshes to burst through. The boys were after them, and old Father Thames must have been delighted to see them hold them up in triumph, incontestibly proving that he was not all poison, and inviting all anglers to try a punt off the Isle of Dogs, where there are positive live perch existing.

Now for a digression, to which the apropos will come.

On a hot evening some ten years back I waited on the pier barge at Blackwall for a boat to cross the water. Two porters were taking the coolest place they could find, and discoursing first quietly and then excitedly. At last a screw-steamer came by, and gave point to their subject, one exclaiming, "I should like to know who invented the first screw?" His companion's wit was uppermost, and he replied, "Vy Harkymeds, to be sure." "Don't believe it," said the other; "depend on it, it was somebody behind Harkymeds what invented it for him, and he gave it his own name." In short the porter held a strong conviction that no real inventor ever got justice done to him, but that the invention was always officially appropriated; and had his fellow colloquist given the name of the direct assistant of Harkymeds, would have been ready to testify that it had been appropriated third hand.

As usual, speech-making followed the symposium, and a director demonstrated that the new scheme was the best and most profitable and the company the most prosperous that had as yet been devised, and thereupon Edwin Clarke came to claim the very modest merit of having taken his idea from the moving of the Britannia tubes. If a tube of 2000 tons could be lifted by these hydraulic presses, 100,000 tons might be lifted by multiplying the presses; and in the details of working out he had been helped by numerous people, directly and indirectly, moreover having a body of engineers for directors, who, from time to time, corrected any crudities. A more modest inventor never gave speech to public. He admitted the moving body behind "Harkymeds."

And now to the *cui bono*. The tray has to be lifted as well as the vessel, but there is no water to pump out as is the case with ordinary pontoons, so the cost of coal for the two processes is about equal. But then in a graving tidal dock the water runs out without pumping. But again with the tray system, each tray may be floated away with its cargo, and one dock will serve instead of many, and a large amount of first cost and valuable space is saved; and what is more than all in time of business, the saving of time is great. Several vessels may be docked, examined, and discharged in a single tide. It is also no slight advantage to have the vessel in daylight raised above the water's level at will, so that a craft may be looked all over before going to sea to make sure of her trustworthiness. Nor does there appear to be any reason why the trays

should not be so constructed as to be as durable as the stone dock they replace. Upon the whole, the plan is very valuable, even for a tidal water. It will be still more important where there are no tides.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS IN HAMBURGH.

It may not perhaps be uninteresting for those of your readers who have so often to complain of "wretched servants," to learn how they are managed elsewhere.

During the spring of the present year, I was spending a short time in Hamburg; and one afternoon, being engaged to dine with a female relative resident there, I was surprised, upon my arrival, to find her in a state of intense excitement, caused by the misconduct of one of her domestics; and by way of entrée to our repeat the following narrative was served up for my gratification.

It appeared that Doris, a comely looking girl, had come from Lübeck to Hamburg in search of a place, and had been engaged as housemaid by my worthy aunt. Though able to work well, she was not only thoughtless but passionate; and would often lose control over her temper to such a degree, as to completely terrify the members of the household. Having, however, rendered herself of great service upon several occasions of sickness in the family, her many sins of omission and commission had been overlooked until that very day, when, being required to do some additional work, she had completely forgotten herself—had made dire onslaught upon crockery and kitchen utensils, given full indulgence to her tongue, and otherwise so grossly misbehaved herself, that my aunt had been compelled to request the assistance of the police authorities to restore order. I was then informed that in Hamburg it is the custom to engage servants for six months, and that they cannot be sent away before the expiration of that period unless paid for the whole time, or in event of their being placed under the surveillance of the police.

At this moment an officer from the Bureau arrived. To a casual observer he might have seemed merely a respectable tradesman, but I recognised him as a member of the profession with which, in former days of extreme conviviality, I had more than once come in unpleasantly close contact. To him did my aunt relate her sorrows; and upon his requesting that the delinquent might be summoned, a scene ensued which was irresistibly comical. With her back to the door, her apron to her eyes, stood the hapless Dienstmädchen, confronted by the officer, whilst on one side my relative detailed the misdemeanours of her domestic, dwelling upon her own forbearance and goodness, with a force and eloquence that would have brought tears of sympathy into the eyes of any one who had dined.

At length she ceased. The man in authority commented severely upon the misconduct of the Mädchen (who had made but few though desperate attempts to prove her innocence), told her that she should be at once placed under arrest, undergo perhaps two days' imprisonment, then be taken to

the gate of the city and ignominiously sent about her business. Heedless of her agonising entreaties for mercy, she was then dismissed from the room ; and I forgot my hunger in a strong desire to assist her inquisitor to a still more speedy exit through the window. By this time the anger of my relative had given way to compassion ; she begged that the girl might not be imprisoned, and even offered to retain her if she could be bound over to keep the peace. To this the polizei assented ; the servant was again sent for ; and the former, addressing her in impressive low German, said that at the request of Madame he should give her one more trial, send in two days to make inquiries as to her conduct ; and should the result not be satisfactory, that he should enforce the sentence already passed. All that the officer received for this trouble and trial of patience was thanks, as

there was nothing to pay, he said, although had the girl been arrested a Prussian dollar would have been due to the Bureau. A polite bow, and he was gone ; and I lost no time attacking the repast which this specimen of Hamburg justice had compelled me to forego so long.

I have since heard that Doris seems to have profited by her lesson ; and though such a plan could scarcely be adopted in England, where policeman, servant, and kitchen are so closely connected, still I believe, that were the servants in this country placed under external control, and made amenable to the authorities for any breach of domestic peace, or improper conduct of any kind, the same good results might ensue as on the day I so much enjoyed the eloquence and hospitality of my esteemed relative.

GEORGE A. JACKSON.

OVER THE HILLS.



The old hound wags his shaggy tail,
And I know what he would say :
It's over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills, and away.

There's nought for us here save to count the clock,
And hang the head all day :
But over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

Here among men we're like the deer
That yonder is our prey :
So, over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The hypocrite is master here,
But he's the cock of clay :
So, over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The women, they shall sigh and smile,
And madden whom they may :
It's over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

Let silly lads in couples run
To pleasure, a wicked fay :
'Tis ours on the heather to bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The torrent glints under the rowan red,
And shakes the bracken spray :
What joy on the heather to bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The sun bursts broad, and the heathery bed
Is purple, and orange, and gray :
Away, and away, we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away. GEORGE MEREDITH.

TOM ROCKET.



Sandiger, our president, sitting and smoking his pipe of those times, and said he, "It happened to my father, and that's how I came to know all about it."

I do not think you would like me to give you the story just as Mr. Josh gave it us; you might get vexed with his pipe. He always smokes a very long clay pipe, which seems to require a great deal of management to get it to draw properly. He never says more than about six words at a time; then he has a pull at his pipe, and goes on again, giving you a whiff of words, and then a whiff of smoke, whilst you are turning them over in your mind and wondering what is coming next. About every tenth whiff, he takes his pipe out of his mouth and looks gravely into the bowl; then he takes the tobacco-stopper, presses down the ashes carefully, and shakes them out on the hob; then he looks into it again, and, if it is all right, he dips the shank end into his brandy and water, looks into the bowl a third time, and gives it a rub with his cuff. Next, he opens his mouth wide, puts the sealing-wax end in, closes his lips upon it slowly, and then goes on again with his story, six words at a time as before. He is reckoned a very emphatic speaker in these parts, is our president. And so, of course, he is; but I must confess, out of his hearing, that all this fidgetting, these pauses, and puffings, and stoppings, and rubbings, and lookings at nothing at all, in the middle of a story, irritate me sometimes to that degree that I feel inclined to run at him, knock his pipe out of his mouth, and shriek at him to get on faster—that I do!

It would be as well, perhaps, then, if I were to quote his own words as nearly as I can recollect them straight on, and put his pipe out.

My father (continued Mr. Josh), used often to say that he would like to see the man who

It happened to my father," said the tall man in the chimney corner, "and that's how I came to know all about it."

The chimney corner is that of the Rising Sun, a pleasant little roadside inn, about two miles from Northampton, and the tall man is the president of a bowling-club that met there, once a fortnight, principally to dine. The "it," of which the speaker's relative was the hero, is the adventure which forms the subject of this narrative.

The reason why we were listening to stories, instead of playing bowls, was simply this. One of the heaviest thunder-storms that I can remember, broke over the Rising Sun that afternoon. All during dinner we could see great ragged, copper-coloured clouds banking up against the wind, and the cloth was hardly off the table, when spit! spat! spat! against the diamond-shaped window-panes came a few heavy hailstones, then came the lightning, then came the thunder, and then came the rain, as though it had not rained for ten years, and was determined to make up for lost time. So there was nothing for it but to sit still and amuse ourselves, as best we could, in-doors; and the conversation having turned upon travelling, and the dangers of the road before railways were invented, Mr. Josh

in the chimney corner, volunteered to tell us a tale of those times, and said he, "It happened to my father, and that's how I came to know all about it."

could rob him upon the highway, and one fine November evening he *did* see him.

You young fellows who are accustomed to be whisked away a hundred miles between your breakfast and your dinner by an express-train, and grumble vastly if you are ten minutes behind time, don't know much about what travelling was in 1795—cross country travelling 'specially. Folks did not leave their homes then if they could help it. It's all very fine to talk about the beauties of the country, and the delights of a change of scene, but when there are more highwaymen than scavengers or police about, the roads are not so very charming, I can tell you. Why, it was a week's journey from here to London and back, in those days! and if you got home with whole bones and a full purse, you were not in a hurry to tempt Providence and Tom Rocket a second time.

Tom Rocket was a highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warwick Assizes, he was arraigned as Charles Jackson, and they were particular about names then. If you indicted a man as Jim, and his true name was Joe, he got off; and when the law was altered—so that they could set such errors right at the trial—people, leastwise lawyers, said that the British Constitution was being pulled up, root and branch. But that's neither here nor there.

I cannot tell you how it was that he came to be known as Tom Rocket, and if I could, it would not have anything to do with my story. For six years he was the most famous thief in the Midland counties, and for six years no one knew what he was like. He was a lazy fellow, was Tom; he never

came out except when there was a good prize to be picked up, and he had his scouts and his spies all over the place to give him information about booty, and to warn him of danger. But to judge by what people said, he was "on the road" at half-a-dozen different places at once every day of his life; for you see when any one was robbed of his property, or found it convenient so to account for it, why he laid it upon Tom Rocket as a sort of excuse for giving it up easily, because, you see, no one thought of resisting Tom. So it was, that all sorts of conflicting descriptions of his person got abroad. One said that he was an awfully tall man and had a voice like thunder; another that was a mild little man, with black eyes and light hair. He was a fiery fat man, with blue eyes and black hair with some; he had a jolly red face—he was as pale as death—his nose was Roman one day, Grecian or a snub the rest. His dress was all the colours of the rainbow, and as for his horse!—that was of every shade and breed that was ever heard of, and of a good many more beside, that have yet to be found out. He wore a black half-mask, but somehow or other it was always obliging enough to slip off, so as to give each of his victims a full view of his face, only no two of them could ever agree as to what it was like.

My father was a Gloucestershire man. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and measured thirty-six inches across the chest. He could double up a half-crown between his finger and thumb, and was as brave as a lion. So, many a time and oft, when any one talked of the dangers of the road, he would set his great teeth together, shake his head, and say that he should like to see the man that could rob *him* on the highway; and, as I said before, he *did* see him, and it was Tom Rocket.

My father was a lawyer, and was, at the time I have mentioned, engaged in a great tithe cause that was to be tried at Warwick Spring Assizes. So, shortly before Christmas, he had to go over to look up the evidence. There was no cross-country coach, so he rode; and being, as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone. He transacted his business; and my poor mother being ill, and not liking to leave her alone longer than he could help, he set out to ride home again about half-past nine o'clock that same evening. It was as beautiful a winter's night as ever you were out in. His nag was a first-rate hunter, as docile as a dog, and fit to carry even his weight over, or past anything. He had a brace of excellent pistols in his holsters; and he jogged along, humming a merry tune, neither thinking nor caring for any robber under the sun. All of a sudden, it struck him that the pretty barmaid of an inn just out of Warwick town, where he had stopped to have a girth that he had broken patched together, had been very busy with those self-same pistols; and suspecting that she might have been tampering with them, he drew the charges and re-loaded them carefully. This done, he jogged on again as before.

He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge that there was in those days over the Avon. Just beyond it rose a stiffish

hill, at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. Just as my father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled round upon him, and bade him "*Stand and deliver!*" It was Tom Rocket! In a second my father's pistols were out, cocked, and snapped within a yard of the highwayman's chest; but, one after the other, they missed fire! The pretty barmaid—a special favourite of Tom's—was too sharp to rely upon the old dodge of drawing the balls, or damping the charge: she thrust a pin into each touch-hole, and then broke it short off.

"Any more?" Tom inquired, as coolly as you please, when my father's second pistol flashed in the pan.

"Yes!" shouted my father, in a fury, "one for your nob!" And seizing the weapon last used by the muzzle, he hurled it with all his might and main at Rocket's head. Tom ducked, the pistol flew over the hedge, and my father, thrown out of balance by his exertion, lost his seat, and fell heavily on the grass by the road side. In less time than it takes to say so, Tom dismounted, seized my father by the collar, and presenting a pistol within an inch of his face as he lay, bade him be quiet, or it would be the worse for him.

"You've given me a deal of trouble," said Tom, "so just hand over your purse without any more ado, or by G—! I'll send a bullet through your skull—just there;" and he laid the cold muzzle of his pistol on my father's forehead just between his eyes.

It is bad enough to have to look down the barrel of loaded fire-arms upon full cock, with a highwayman's finger upon the trigger; but to have the cold muzzle pressed slowly upon your head—ugh!—it makes me creep to think of it.

My father made a virtue of necessity, and quietly gave up his purse.

"Much good may it do you," he said; "for there's only three-and-sixpence in it."

"Now for your pocket-book," said Tom, not heeding him.

"Pocket-book?" inquired my father, turning a little pale.

"Aye, pocket-book!" Tom repeated; "a thick black one; it is in the left-hand pocket of your riding-coat."

"Here it is," said my father, "you know so much about it that perhaps you can tell what its contents are worth?"

"I'll see," Tom replied, quietly taking out and unfolding half a dozen legal-looking documents.

"They are law-papers—not worth a rush to you or any one else," said my father.

"Then," Tom replied, "I may tear them up," and he made as though he would do so.

"Hold! on your life!" my father shouted, struggling hard, but in vain, to rise.

"Oh! they are worth something, then," said Tom, with a grin.

"It would take a deal of trouble to make them out again," my father replied sulkily,— "that's all."

"How much trouble?" Tom inquired with a meaning look.

"Well," my father answered, "I suppose I

know what you are driving at. Hand me them back and let me go, and I promise to send you a hundred pounds when and where you please."

"You know very well that these papers are worth more than a hundred," said Tom.

"A hundred and fifty, then," said my father.

"Go on," said Tom.

"I tell you what it is, you scoundrel," cried my father, "I'll stake five hundred against them if you'll loose your hold, and fight me fairly for it."

Tom only chuckled.

"Why what a ninny you must take me for," he



said. "Why should I bother myself fighting for what I even get without."

"You're a cur, that's what you are," my father shouted in a fury.

"Don't be cross," said Tom, "it don't become you to look red in the face. Now, attend to me," he continued in an altered tone, "do you see that bridge? Well! There's a heap of stones in the centre, isn't there? Very good! If you will place

five hundred guineas in gold, in a bag, amongst those stones at twelve o'clock at night this day week, you shall find your pocket-book and all its contents in the same place two hours afterwards."

"How am I to know that you will keep your word," my father replied, a little softened by the hope of regaining, even at so heavy a price, the papers that were invaluable to him.

"I'm Tom Rocket," replied the robber, securing the pocket-book upon his person, "and what I mean, I say, and what I say, I stick to. Now, get up, and mind," he added, as my father sprang to his feet, "my pistols don't miss fire."

"I shall live to see you hanged," my father muttered, adjusting his disordered dress.

"Shall I help you to catch your horse?" Tom asked politely.

"I'll never rest till I lodge you in a jail," said my father, savagely.

"Give my compliments to your wife," said Tom, mounting his horse.

"Confound your impudence," howled my father.

"Good night," said Tom, with a wave of his hand, and turning sharp round, he jumped his horse over the fence and was out of sight in a moment.

It was not quite fair of my father, I must own (Mr. Josh continued, after a pause), but he determined to set a trap for Tom Rocket, baited with the five hundred guineas, at the bridge. He posted up to London, saw Bradshaw, a famous Bow-street runner, and arranged that he and his men should come down, and help to catch Tom; but, just at the last moment, Bradshaw was detained upon some important government trial, and so another runner, Fraser, a no less celebrated officer, took his place.

It was settled that the runners should come by different roads, and all meet at a way-side inn about five miles from the bridge, at eight o'clock P.M. on the day my father's pocket-book was to be returned. An hour afterwards they were to join him on the road, three miles further on. Their object, you see, in taking this roundabout course was to baffle Tom's spies and accomplices, and to get securely hid about the appointed spot long before the appointed time.

My father was a little late at the place of meeting; but when he arrived there he could see no one about, except a loutish-looking countryman in a smock-frock, who was swinging on a gate hard by.

"Good noight, maister," said the yokel.

"Good night to you," replied my father.

"Can ye tell me who this yer letter's for," said the yokel, producing a folded paper.

My father saw in a moment that it was his own letter to Bradshaw.

"Where did you get that?" he said quickly.

"Ah!" replied the yokel, replacing it in his pocket, "that ud be tellins. Be yer expecting anybody?"

"What's that to you?" said my father.

"Oh, nought," said the yokel, "only a gentleman from London—"

"Ha!" cried my father; "what gentleman?"

"Will a name beginning with F. suit you?" asked the yokel.

"Fraser?" The word fell involuntarily from my father's lips.

"That's the name," replied the yokel, jumping down from his seat, and changing his tone and manner in a moment. "I'm Fraser, sir, and you're Mr. Sandiger, as has been robbed of a

pocket-book containing valuable papers; and we're going to catch Tom Rocket as has got it—that's our game, sir. All right, sir; and now to business."

"But where are your men?" my father asked, when Fraser had explained the reason for his disguise.

"All right again, sir," said the runner, "they will join us. We have not much time to lose, so please to lead the way."

So my father led the way, followed by Fraser; and by the time that they came in sight of the bridge they had been joined by four London officers, in different disguises, and from different directions. One appeared as a tramp, one as a pedlar, another as a gentleman's servant leading a horse, and the fourth as a soldier. No one could have guessed that they had met before, much less that they were engaged together in a pre-concerted scheme. My father gave Fraser great credit for the dexterous way in which he had collected his forces.

The bridge upon which the money was to be placed, consisted of two arches across the river, and was joined on either side by a long sort of causeway, built upon piles over meadows that in the winter time were generally covered with water. It so happened, that the very next morning after the robbery heavy rain set in, and soon the floods were out, so that there was no way of getting on the bridge but by going along the causeway, which extended a distance of a hundred yards, sloping down gradually to the road, on each side of the river. This causeway was built of wood. At some places the timbers were covered with earth and stones, but at others the roadway had worn out and they were bare, so that anyone looking up from underneath, could see who was passing overhead. Mr. Fraser's sharp eye took in the position in a moment. He got two hurdles out of a field close by, and with some rope, that he had brought for another purpose, fastened them to the piles, so that they hung like shelves between the roadway and the flood, one at each side of the bridge, and about twenty yards from it. This was his plan: two of his men were to lie hidden on each hurdle, whilst he and my father, in a boat that was concealed beneath the main arch of the bridge, unseen themselves, could watch the heap of stones where the money was to be placed, and the stolen pocket-book left in exchange for it. As soon as Tom Rocket, or any of his friends, removed the bag in which the gold was packed, Fraser was to whistle, and his men were to climb from their hiding places, and secure whoever it might be. If he leaped over the railing of the causeway, and took to the water, there was the boat in which to follow and capture him.

Mr. Fraser was very particular to practise his allies in springing quickly from their place of concealment, and in impressing upon them and my father the necessity of all acting together, keeping careful watch, and strict silence. "And now, sir," he said to my father, as a distant clock chimed a quarter to twelve, "it's time to get to our places and to bait the trap, so please to hand me the bag that I may mark it, and some of the

coins, so as to be able to identify them at the trial." He had made up his mind, you see, to nail Master Tom this time.

My father gave him the bag, saw him write upon it, and make some scratches on about a dozen of the guineas, and then my father let himself down into the boat, in which he was immediately joined by the runner.

"It's all right," said Fraser, in a low tone.

"Do you think he will come?" whispered my father.

"Certain," replied Fraser, "but, hush! we must not talk, sir, time's up."

For three mortal hours did my father sit in that boat, and the runners lay stretched out on the broad of their backs upon those hurdles watching for Tom Rocket to come for his money; and for three mortal hours not a soul approached the bridge, not a sound but the wash of the swollen river was heard. By the time that the clock struck three, my father, who had been nodding for the last twenty minutes, fell fast asleep as he sat covered up in his cloak, for it was a bitter cold night; but was very speedily aroused by hearing Fraser cry out that they were adrift.

Adrift they were, sure enough. The rope that held them had been chafed against the sharp corner of a pile (so Mr. Fraser explained) till it broke, and away went the boat, whirling round and round in the eddies of the river, fit to make any one giddy. So strong was the stream, that they were carried a mile and a half down it, before they could get ashore. My father was for returning directly to the bridge, and so was Fraser; but, somehow or other, they lost each other in the dark; and when my father arrived there, having run nearly all the way, he found, to his great surprise, that the officers had left. He rushed to the heap of stones, and there the first thing that caught his eye was his pocket-book—*the money was gone!*

Lord, how he did swear!

Determining to have it out with the runners for deserting their posts, he hurried on to the inn where they had met, and were to pass the night. He knocked at the door. No answer. He knocked again, louder. No answer. He was not in the very best of tempers, as you may guess; so he gave the door a big kick. In it flew; and a sight met his view that fairly took away his breath. Tied into five chairs, hand and foot, trussed up like so many Christmas turkeys, with five gags in their five mouths, and their five pair of eyes glaring at him, owlishly, sat the *real* Mr. Fraser and his four Bow Street runners. Tom Rocket had managed the business at the bridge himself!

How he managed to get scent of the plot, and to seize the officers, all together, just at the nick of time, my father never could find out, and no one knows to this day.

Upon examining his pocket-book, my father found all his documents, and a paper on which was written these words:—

"By destroying these writings I could have ruined you. In doing so, I should have injured your client, whom I respect. For his sake I keep my word, though you have played me false.

TOM ROCKET."

Here Mr. Josh paused, and smoked for some time in silence.

"And what became of Tom?" asked one of the company.

"Well," replied Mr. Josh, "after having been tried three times, and getting off upon some law quibble on each occasion, he—who had robbed the worth of thousands of pounds, and escaped—was executed at Nottingham for stealing an old bridle! And now I've done, gentlemen all. I looks to—wards you."

So our worthy president "looked to—wards us," and finished his brandy-and-water at a gulp. Then, finding that the rain had given over, we thanked him for his story, and all adjourned to the bowling-green.

ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JUNR.

ORCHARDS IN CHEAPSIDE.

AND why not? We stall-feed milch cows in upper-stories of London houses, bring deep sea fishes and zoophytes under inspection in our drawing-rooms, and grow choice ferns in domestic glass-cases, and we contend it is quite as easy to pick our own fruit from our own trees in the centre of the city as from the south peach-wall of some snug country house. Our reader, of course, is incredulous, but we mean what we say, and hope, before we have done, to convince him that we speak the words of truth and soberness. The cultivation of fruit-trees in pots in hot-houses has long been practised by nurserymen in this country, in the same manner as grapes are cultivated; this process is necessarily expensive, and entails the necessity of employing highly-skilled gardeners. Mr. Rivers, of Sawbridgeworth, in Hertfordshire, was the first, however, we believe, who proposed to simplify the growing of rare fruits—such as the peach, nectarine, and apricot—so as to render their culture within the means and knowledge of persons of very moderate incomes. To grow peaches at the cost of two shillings a-piece has never been a difficulty; to grow them at one penny a-piece is a triumph, and that he has taught us all to do. In this country the production of the rare stone-fruits out of doors has always been a lottery. We rejoice greatly at seeing our walls one sheet of blossom in early spring; and then comes a day of wet and a nipping frost, as in this very year, and all our hopes are blighted. To afford protection during the few trying weeks of March and April, and to produce a temperature like the dry yet varying atmosphere of the East, the natural home of our finest wall-fruit, without delivering us into the hands of the professed gardener—with his stoves, hot pits, boilers, and other horticultural luxuries, which the rich only can afford—was the desideratum, and that Mr. Rivers has accomplished with what he terms, his "orchard-houses."

These are not the elaborate pieces of carpentry work we meet with in great gardens, but glass-houses, constructed so simply that any person of an ingenious turn may construct them for himself; they are nothing more, in fact, than low wooden-sided houses, with a glass roof. As there

is no window-framing, planing, mortising, or rebating required, the cost is very inconsiderable. A span-roofed orchard-house, thirty feet long by fourteen feet wide, with a height to the ridge in the middle of eight feet, sloping down to four feet on either side, can be constructed by any carpenter for 27*l.* 10*s.*; smaller lean-to houses for very considerably less; estimates for which our more curious reader, who may feel inclined to make an experiment in home fruit growing, will find carefully set forth in Mr. Rivers's original little work, "The Orchard-House," published by Longman. One of these houses gives the fruit grower an atmosphere as nearly as possible resembling the native one of the peach, nectarine, and apricot. The glass affords abundance of light through its ample panes, and its protection gives a dry atmosphere, in which the fruit is sure to set and come to maturity; whilst the vigour of the tree is insured by the wide openings or shutters in the opposite side walls, which admit a constant and *abundant* current of air through the house when it is thought desirable to do so. The atmosphere produced, beds are made, composed of loam and manure, on either side of the sunken central pathway, not for our orchard to grow in but *upon*. And here begins the singularity of this new method of culture. Any one who has grown fruit-trees, must be aware that their roots are great travellers: they penetrate under the garden wall, crop up in the gravel path, and penetrate into the old drains; they seek their food, in fact, as the cow does in the meadow, moving from place to place, and, like the cow, they, to a certain extent, exhaust themselves in so doing. Under such circumstances, artificial aid is of little avail, you cannot give nourishment to roots that have run you don't know where; but you can confine the roots and stall-feed them, as we do animals, with a certainty of producing the effect we desire, and this we accomplish by putting our orchards into pots.

But Pomona has still an infinity to learn. It clearly will not do to allow our fruit-trees to fling about their arms as they do in a wild state; in the orchard-house we have to economise room; there must not be an inch of useless wood. A little time since, small standard trees, about four feet high, were thought to be the best form for the orchard-house, but Mr. Rivers has come to the conclusion that most light and heat is gained by training his trees perpendicularly—in the form of a small cypress—thus a stem, four feet high, supports a large number of short lateral branches, pinched back to five or six fruit-buds. This somewhat formal shape has the great advantage of allowing a large number to be congregated together, and of ripening their fruit better, inasmuch as they are not so much shaded with leaves, as those having straggling branches. And now for the manner of feeding them. The pots in which the roots are encased may be considered the manglers of the tree; to these nutriment is given in the autumn of every year, in the shape of a top-dressing of manure, in addition to which, instead of one hole, three or four are made in the bottom of the pot, to allow the roots to emerge into the rich compost of two-thirds loam and one of manure, forming the border.

"But," says our reader, "this, after all, is but a round-about way of making the roots seek mother earth."

It may appear so, but in reality it is a very different thing. In the first place, the zone of baked clay placed round about the roots, in the shape of the pot, is a good conductor of heat, which highly stimulates the tree. In the second place, the roots, although allowed to strike into the border, are within call; when the branches are pinched back in the spring, these roots also are pruned; thus the vegetation, which otherwise would be apt to run riot and fill the house with useless leaves and wood, is checked at will. To provide still further nourishment to our nurslings, every two years the earth is picked out of each pot, two inches all round, and six inches deep, and fresh compost is rammed into its place.

Our reader will perhaps smile when he thinks of the old grey and mossy orchards of the country, with their tumble-down trees leaning in every direction, and spreading over acres of ground, and hundreds of yards of wall trees being compressed into a little glass-house, and thus made so shockingly tame by the hand of man, that they are forced to depend upon him, like barn-door fowl, for their daily nourishment; but he would smile, and that with delight, to see the town of orchard-houses in Mr. Rivers's nursery, thus filled with obedient trees, and bearing educated crops, such as no open orchard or garden ever dreamed of doing.

Trees, once potted and placed in the orchard-house, the trouble attendant upon them is not very much, and does not require any special gardening qualifications. A lady might, with advantage, relieve the monotony of making holes upon cambric and sewing them up again, by this delightful occupation. In the winter and spring months protection should be given against frosts by closing the shutters; very little water should be allowed in winter, as the trees require to hibernate, and water acts as a stimulant. About March, pruning should commence, and should continue through the season until the final autumn pruning, when the orchard is once more put to sleep. All these are matters which afford infinite pleasure to all persons of healthy tastes. The trees are all brought microscopically, as it were, before us; we watch the buds perfected into the blossom, and an orchard-house of peaches in full bloom is one of the most beautiful sights in horticulture. We watch with still greater interest the gradually ripening fruit. Some one has wittily said, "that the orchard-house is the ladies' billiard-table," and certainly a more pleasurable occupation for them, could not well be devised. Peaches, nectarines, or apricots, grown on these pyramidal trees, as they are somewhat incorrectly called, are charmingly ornamental, especially the apricot, the golden fruit of which contrasts beautifully with the green leaves, and what can be more quaint or delicious than to pluck your own fruit from the living tree ornamenting the dessert-table? It will be impossible within the limits of this article to attempt any directions with regard to the management of the different fruit that may be grown in these domestic orchards, we would rather refer

the reader to Mr. Rivers's little volume for these particulars.

It is essential to inform our reader, however, that failure, with even the most moderate care, is the exception rather than the rule. We all know how difficult it is to keep the peach and nectarine trees clear of the brown aphid blight which infests them. These and all other kinds of blight, including the red spider, the pest of hot-houses, can now be most readily destroyed by the application of the new patent composition, termed Giahurst, a kind of sulphur soap, which readily dissolves in water. One or two applications of this compound clears the most shrivelled leaves of these parasites at once without injuring the points of the tender growing shoots, as the fumes of sulphur or the decoction of tobacco-water are sometimes apt to do. But it may be asked, what is the actual gain resulting from this domestic method of treatment? We reply, in point, size, quantity and quality, the fruit is greatly superior to that given by the old method of wall-training.

An orchard-house thirty-feet long and fourteen feet wide will hold, say forty perpendicularly-trained peach-trees, or two rows on either side the centre pathway. These trees in the third year, and henceforth for many years (Mr. Rivers has them still luxuriantly bearing in the twelfth year), will produce two dozen fruit each, or eighty dozen altogether, and by the selection of various sorts and the retardation of the ripening, by the simple expedient of removing some of the trees to an out-of-door north aspect, a constant succession of this fine fruit may be maintained from August to November. The trees should be placed alternately, thus—

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in the double row, so as to give them the utmost amount of light and air. By this arrangement the fruit is ripened all round, instead of simply on its outer surface, as it often happens with wall-fruit. Another important matter is to shift the trees now and then, let the pot in the north-east end of the house be taken to the south-west; a little visiting in fresh air is quite as beneficial to trees as to humans; and this locomotive quality is another advantage that orchard-house trees have over those planted against walls.

Apples, pears, grapes, figs, and oranges, are grown in this manner with the same facility, certainty, and cheapness, as the choicer stone fruit; and, be it remembered, these orchard-houses are designed for small gardens and for small gardeners. All that is required is a slip of ground open to the sun, just large enough to find room for the orchard-house, which should, if possible, lie south-east by north-west, in order that the full summer sun may, in the course of the day, fall upon all sides of the trees.

There is scarcely a suburban road-side slip of garden which may not find room for its peach-orchard, and where room and expense is an object, a small lean-to house may be erected for a very few pounds, which will ripen its fruit as well as the larger ones. And where there are no gardens we may make them on the roofs of our houses, as they do in the East. Where there are flat-leads the erection of glass orchard-houses is a simple matter enough. "But what about the blacks?" interposes my reader. Simply this: we must

treat the orchard-houses in such situations as we do persons with delicate lungs; we must provide them with respirators; over all the openings left in the sides for the free circulation of air, woollen netting with three-quarter inch meshes must be stretched. The small fibres projecting from these meshes filter the air in the most surprising manner, as will be evidenced by the soot entangled within them by the time they have done their work for the season. Moderate frosts are intercepted in the same manner. A gentleman living at Bow, in the midst of the smokiest suburb of London, has in this way produced abundant crops of the rarest fruit for many years; and Mr. Rivers informs us, that he would engage to produce excellent fruit in City orchard-houses, if required to do so. Glass is now so cheap, that we see no reason why the roofs of the houses should not be glazed instead of tiled. By an arrangement of this kind, every citizen may, if he likes, possess his attic garden blooming with fruit, and after it is gathered, with autumn flowers, such as chrysanthemums. Such glass-roofed attics (only far more lofty and expensive ones) already meet the eye in all directions, built for the use of photographers. We see no manner of reason why peaches, as well as pictures, may not be produced in such situations; and indeed there is nothing to prevent the construction of very fruitful "Orchards in Cheapside." A. W.

A RAMBLE IN THE FOREST OF DEAN.



HOUGH at the present time, railways in the neighbourhood have recently connected this important district with other parts of the kingdom, it is but little known to artistic and other travellers, notwithstanding the scenes of beauty and objects of interest within its borders. In one direction the river Wye murmurs amid rocks and

woods; on the other the noble Severn is seen from many points over high hills covered with forest trees. Here and there are churches of Norman and Middle Age architecture, in which are tombs and other curious memorials. Crosses, richly carved, are to be met with in the churchyards; and in some of the villages the May-poles, the stocks and whipping-posts, and other relics of

past times, are still to be found. In the ancient castle of St. Briaval's, which, with the church of the same name, stands on a picturesque point on the margin of the forest, the old "dog-wheel," made to be moved by the "turn-spit" dog, which was two or three centuries ago in such general use, is still to be seen.

For miles the ground is covered with oaks of various growths, in which are specimens of fat deer, which would have gladdened the sight of the hermit of Copmanhurst. Here the charcoal-burners pursue their work, and lodge in huts formed of rough timber and turf, of the same shape, and quite as primitive as those used by the Britons at the time of the landing of Julius Cæsar. Some of these huts, with gipsy-like cooking apparatus in front, and sun-burnt women and children lounging about, backed by massive silver-grey branches and thick foliage, form rare pictures. On both the Severn and the Wye the coracle, a light boat of wicker-work, covered, which can be easily removed from place to place, of exactly the same shape as that in use by the ancient Britons, is still in fashion amongst the fishermen.

In all directions are traces of the Roman occupation of this neighbourhood. On the hills are the remains of encampments, and in other parts roads on which the original pavement is still visible, although it is far more than a thousand years since it was placed there by the great conquerors and civilisers. Here and there the traveller will meet with rough unhewn stones, which probably have a far greater antiquity.

Besides these objects of interest, the Forest of Dean is rich in large stores of coal, iron, and other valuable minerals. Near Cinderford a great space is crowded with collieries of various descriptions, some of such small extent that the "horse-gin," and even hand-labour, serves to raise the coal; others are, however, fitted with steam machinery and all the aids of modern science. Although this part of the forest has a smoked and withered appearance, it is not without striking features. In the day time it is a busy scene of industry, and at night—the lights of long ranges of coke ovens, the blazing and roaring of blast furnaces, contrast with the stillness of the surrounding country. In other parts, in the midst of woods, on commons, and in other situations, the iron ore miners may be seen no less actively at work; and there are others engaged in quarrying the materials necessary for fusing the iron ore, and in digging stone of a varied and valuable description. In all directions the geologist, the naturalist, antiquary, and artist will find ample materials for observation. Nor are the dwellers of the forest less worthy of notice. The miners, both of coal and iron, are a far more stalwart and intelligent class than those in the counties (if we except the lead miners of the Alston Moor district) of Northumberland, Durham, and Staffordshire; and this may in some measure be accounted for by the independent manner in which the workmen engage in their business.

According to the laws of this forest, any one born within its liberties is entitled to work the coal, &c., to a certain extent, on the payment to the Government of a tithe of all the minerals

raised. In most instances two, three, four, or more Foresters select a portion of ground to which no one has already laid claim, and on giving due notice to the persons appointed, open a mine or "gale" as it is called. The men are thus to a great extent their own masters, and acquire a degree of independence which those who are engaged in large numbers do not often possess. There are also courts and other arrangements peculiar to the neighbourhood. In the centre of the forest is a building of comparatively recent date, called the "Speech-house," in which the chief parts of the disputes of the miners and other business is settled. This court is probably of as great antiquity as the Saxon times. Its labours have, however, been much decreased during the last few years, owing to the arrangement of certain causes of difference by a Government commission, appointed for that purpose. Before this time numbers of the Foresters had sunk "gales," and for the want of proper registration one party's right interfered with another. Mines had also in many instances been sunk in situations which interfered with the proper cultivation of the oaks intended for the public use. In order to prevent this, the land directly appropriated for this purpose was clearly defined; and those who had claims were settled with according to the money value, or else by the exchange of mining ground placed in some more suitable position.

The working of the miners is superintended, on the part of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, by officers called "Gavellers," who are well acquainted with mining and surveying, who preserve a record of the ore, &c., won, and perform other important duties. Guided by these functionaries we come in some parts upon strange-looking places, called "Scowles:" these consist of rocks of the most fantastic shapes, which form chambers and passages open to the surface. So singular are they, that they assume in some instances the appearance of chapels, with pulpits, and other architectural forms. The scowles are spots from which the iron ore has been taken, so far back that no tradition of its date remains. In order the better to understand the nature of these excavations, it may be worth while to mention, that the iron-stone of this district is found in layers of uncertain form and extent, with masses of other material between; and that the reason of those portions of rock being left is because they are of no use to the miner. It is so long since the busy hands which laboured here have gone to dust, that the stones have become covered with thick mosses and other plants, and great trees have grown which are now decayed with age, presenting a scene so wild, that it is not wonderful that the more ignorant of the people look upon the scowles with a sort of mysterious dread.

The iron ore is wrought in various ways. Sometimes a hole is dug in the side of a hill covered with trees, ferns, &c., and the bright red earth, thickly impregnated with metal, foils strongly with the bright greenery which surrounds. Other excavations descend either at an acute angle or perpendicularly into the earth. In most instances the iron-stone is brought from the place of working, with much labour, on the backs of boys;

this, however, is cheerfully borne; and it is worth while to listen to the quaint forms of speech, which smack of Shakspeare's days. Nor has the old style of hospitality gone out of fashion in these parts; for, in the course of wandering, we called at no house, of either the rich or the poor, without seeing the best cyder and other more substantial materials brought forth to regale us.

The examination of the exteriors of the mines created a natural desire to explore some of the interiors. A party was soon formed for this purpose, who were properly arrayed in the flannel jackets, glazed hats, &c., worn by the miners. Other important, and to us unintelligible, preparations were carried forward at the inn at Coleford. Two men were loaded with small casks of ale, and a variety of drinking vessels, lights of various kinds were stored, a number of small sticks with clay attached to one end, and other matters were properly packed. In due course of time, the entrance of the mine was reached, and those unaccustomed to awkward descents were somewhat startled by the nature of the shaft, which was very narrow, and seemed to descend perpendicularly. On holding the light into the pit, it seemed a deep darkness, but on a more careful inspection, alight projections were visible on each side. Although the arrangement was more suited to bears, than to human travellers, the bottom of the shaft was safely reached, when a cave of considerable size was found, and there our men of experience proceeded to light candles for each person; these they stuck in the clay fixed to the sticks already mentioned. We then saw, that from this part of the mine there were openings of various sizes, which seemed to lead in different directions. Much to our surprise, one of the smallest of these holes, which was barely three feet and a-half high, was chosen as the means of further progress. Into this, by the help of both hands and feet, we managed to enter; the use of the wood and clay candlesticks was now evident, for all limbs being engaged, it was necessary to hold this instrument between the teeth. This narrow passage descended at a gradient so steep, that by means of the rotten soil of shingle we slid down in a bent posture at a rapid rate; being advised, however, to be careful not to let our heads strike the roof, for sometimes only by a slight contact, a ton or more of the shelving top falls with a dull heavy sound, burying those beneath. For long, the way ran through passages of different height and breadth, sometimes descending in the same manner as that just mentioned, and in other parts rising as suddenly, and as difficult to pass through as the cunning avenues in the Pyramids of Egypt.

Except to the "Gaveller," and his attendants, this exercise was trying, and it was satisfactory to find the way widen, and at last, far in the bowels of the earth, to discern our party, hot and tired, in an excavation of immense size—so large that all our candles failed to light the vast mass of darkness above.

With hands and faces of the colour of those of the Red Indians, we accommodated ourselves as well as possible amongst the broken rocks; fancying, doubtless, that we presented a picture which

Salvator Rosa would have been glad to have had the opportunity of painting. While enjoying the refreshment which had been so happily provided, we had time to view the wonders of the cave. As the eye became accustomed to the dim light; mass after mass of the rocks stood out in all the "dusky splendour of Rembrandt." In deep shadows there appeared dark beyond dark, leading the imagination to endless workings, and suggesting the notion that the mine was interminable.

This part of the mine, which must have required hundreds of hands for many years to empty it of the masses of iron stone which was once here lodged, is so old that no one can tell when the works were carried forward; but bronze Roman tools, and other ancient implements, have from time to time been discovered. These and other speculations, called up by the sombre appearance of this interior were interrupted by our forest attendants, who, doubtless, enlivened by the good ale from Coleford, were chanting the favourite provincial ditty:—

For we are the jovial foresters,
Our trade is getting coal;
You never knew a forester
But was a hearty soul.

This led to conversation on the risks of the mines, the accidents by explosions, deficiency of machinery, the falling of roofs (very common in this district, and which might by proper care be avoided), and other dangers. We heard of sad processions, which were sometimes seen winding through the forest paths, of wounded and dead miners, borne on hurdles by torchlight, accompanied by comrades and relations from the scene of accident to their homes; and it is gratifying to find that the same noble spirit which induced young George Stephenson, the engineer, to venture into a burning coal-pit in another district—a good deed, which is not uncommon in both the Northern and Midland counties—has always been strongly displayed in the Forest of Dean.

It would be no easy matter, even by the aid of candle-light, for those not accustomed to the mines to unravel the burrows which are visible, some far up towards the roof, or to find their way to the outward air. "True," said Mr. Gaveller, "persons have been lost in those places, and no doubt perished with hunger. A few years since, a geologist, who had undertaken an adventure similar to ours, discovered a 'lode' of a very scarce and valuable description of mineral, which had not before been noticed. Afraid that if he showed any attention to it in the presence of witnesses, that others might step in and deprive him of a portion of his profits, he therefore craftily took careful notice of the spot, and, afterwards selecting a suitable time, without either mentioning his intention to his wife or any other person, he proceeded to the mine in order to obtain a sample of the treasure. Having entered the mine, and travelled for some distance, as he thought, in the right direction, he became bewildered, and eventually was altogether lost. At length the candles he had taken with him burnt out, and he was left in darkness and despair. His cries, for upwards of two days, failed to reach

any ear. Meanwhile, search was made throughout the district, and at length a party of miners, quite by chance, came upon the track of the geologist, and delivered him, severely bruised and more dead than alive, from his difficulty."

Without, however, dwelling on other mishaps of a similar description, we move on, after having carefully surveyed this cavern and noticed the passages which lead in all directions—most of them of a small size, but others forming avenues like the naves of Norman cathedrals. These, from the equality of the roadway, would seem to have been used as subterranean ways for the carriage of the ore from the workings on each side. Along one of these we wandered for a long distance, and were surprised to hear distant voices, and soon, in the darkness, a solitary light became visible, and then we noticed a party of miners coming along this usually quiet and solitary path after their day's hard work. A friendly meeting took place, the casks were again broached, and after some

agreeable fraternising with this party, we each proceeded on our way.

For miles these excavations extend, but without presenting features very different from those mentioned. After much clambering and crawling through narrow passages, we once more, by a different opening, got again above-ground; the moonbeams lighted up the tree-branches and moorland, making the progress home satisfactory; and, well tired, we remained for the night at our old-fashioned inn, dreaming of ancient Romans superintending the working of iron and coal in grim pits, and of Saxons, Danes, and others, who have delved in this forest, and aided in the distribution of its minerals to the world.

Although, as we have shown, portions of the forest have been cleared of their most valuable contents, still all that has been removed is but a trifle in comparison with the immense quantities which remain, and which increased facilities for transit will add to the national wealth. B.

LAMENT FOR EROS.



Eros is dead ! I saw his lovely eyes,
Lovely and languishing, like stars that fled,
When morning came along the purple skies.
Eros is dead !

Eros is dead ! I saw his rose-lips parted,
And the last sigh, exhaled like perfume shed,
And troops of virgins, wailing broken-hearted,
"Eros is dead !"

Eros is dead ! from Earth's most murky cave,
Came forth dark Mammon with unholy tread,
I heard him shout, exulting o'er the grave,
"Eros is dead !"

Eros is dead ! young Eros, the divine,
Forsaking ours, to purer worlds hath fled,
Twine ye the cypress, weeping virgins, twine,
"Eros is dead !"

B. AIKIN.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.



As if this had been a concerted signal, the back-door was struck as rudely the next instant. They were hemmed in. But at these alarming sounds Margaret seemed to recover some share of self-possession. She whispered, "Say he was here, but is gone." And with this she seized Gerard and almost dragged him up the rude steps that led to her father's sleeping-room. Her own lay next beyond it.

The blows on the door were repeated.

"Who knocks at this hour?"

"Open, and you will see!"

"I open not to thieves—honest men are all a-bed now."

"Open to the law, Martin Wittenhaagen, or you shall rue it."

"Why that is Dirk Brower's voice, I trow. What make you so far from Tergou?"

"Open, and you will know."

Martin drew the bolt, and in rushed Dierich and four more. They let in their companion who was at the back-door.

"Now, Martin, where is Gerard Gerardssoen?"

"Gerard Gerardssoen? Why he was here but now."

"Was here?" Dierich's countenance fell.

"And where is he now?"

"They say he is gone to Italy. Why? What is to do?"

"No matter. When did he go? Tell me not that he went in such a storm as this!"

"Here is a coil about Gerard Gerardssoen," said Martin, contemptuously. Then he lighted the candle, and, seating himself coolly by the fire, proceeded to whip some fine silk round his bow-string at the place where the nick of the arrow frets it. "I'll tell you," said he, carelessly. "Do you know his brother Giles—a little misbegotten

imp all head and arms? Well, he came tearing over here on a mule, and bawled out something. I was too far off to hear the creature's words, but I heard its noise. Any way, he started Gerard. For as soon as he was gone, there was such crying and kissing, and then Gerard went away. They do tell me he is gone to Italy—mayhap you know where that is, for I don't."

Dierich's countenance fell lower and lower at this account. There was no flaw in it. A cunninger man than Martin would, perhaps, have told a lie too many, and raised suspicion. But Martin did his task well. He only told the one falsehood he was bade to tell, and of his own head invented nothing.

"Mates," said Dierich, "I doubt he speaks sooth. I told the Burgomaster how 'twould be. He met the dwarf galloping Peter Buysken's mule from Sevenbergen. 'They have sent that imp to Gerard,' says he, 'so, then, Gerard is at Sevenbergen.'—'Ah, master!' says I, 'tis too late now. We should have thought of Sevenbergen before, instead of wasting our time hunting all the odd corners of Tergou for those cursed parchments that we shall never find till we find the man that took 'em. If he was at Sevenbergen,' quoth I, 'and they have sent the dwarf to him, it must have been to warn him we are after him. He is leagues away by now,' quoth I. 'Confound that chalk-faced girl! she has outwitted us bearded men:' and so I told the Burgomaster, but he would not hear reason. A wet jerkin a-piece, that is all we shall get, mates, by this job."

Martin grinned coolly in Dierich's face.

"However," added the latter, "just to content the Burgomaster, we will search the house."

Martin turned grave directly.

This change of countenance did not escape Dierich. He reflected a moment.

"Watch outside two of you, one on each side of the house, that no one jump from the upper windows. The rest come with me."

And he took the candle and mounted the stairs, followed by three of his comrades.

Martin was left alone.

The stout soldier hung his head. All had gone so well at first: and now this fatal turn! Suddenly it occurred to him that all was not yet lost. Gerard must be either in Peter's room or Margaret's; they were not so very high from the ground. Gerard would leap out. Dierich had left a man below; but what then? For half a minute Gerard and he would be two to one, and in that brief space, what might not be done?

Martin then held the back-door ajar and watched. The light was in Peter's room. "Curse the fool!" said he, "is he going to let them take him like a girl?"

The light passed now into Margaret's bedroom. Still no window was opened. Had Gerard intended to escape that way he would not have waited till the men were in the room. Martin saw that at once, and left the door, and came to the foot-stair and listened. He began to think Gerard must have escaped by the window while all the men were in the house. The longer the

silence continued the stronger grew this conviction. But it was suddenly and rudely dissipated.

Piercing shrieks issued from the inner bedroom.—Margaret's.

"They have taken him," groaned Martin; "they have got him."

It flashed through Martin's mind in one moment that if they took Gerard away his life was not worth a button; and that, if evil befell him, Margaret's heart would break. He cast his eyes wildly round like some savage beast seeking an escape, and in a twinkling he formed a resolution terribly characteristic of those iron times and of a soldier driven to bay.

CHAPTER XVII.

HE stepped to each door in turn, and imitating Dirk Brower's voice, said sharply, "Watch the window!" He then quietly closed and bolted both doors. He then took up his bow and six arrows; one he fitted to his string, the others he put into his quiver. His knife he placed upon a chair behind him, the hilt towards him; and there he waited at the foot of the stair with the calm determination to slay those four men, or be slain by them. Two, he knew, he could dispose of by his arrows, ere they could get near him, and Gerard and he must take their chance, hand-to-hand, with the remaining pair. Besides, he had seen men panic-stricken by a sudden attack of this sort. Should Brower and his men hesitate but an instant, he should shoot three instead of two, and then the odds would be on the right side.

He had not long to wait. The heavy steps sounded in Margaret's room, and came nearer and nearer.

The light also approached, and voices.

Martin's heart, stout as it was, beat hard, to hear men coming thus to their death, and, perhaps, to his; more likely so than not; for four is long odds in a battle-field of ten feet square, and Gerard might be bound, perhaps, and powerless to help. But this man, whom we have seen shake in his shoes at a Giles-o'-lanthorn, never wavered in this awful moment of real danger, but stood there, his body all braced for combat, and his eye glowing, equally ready to take life and lose it. Desperate game! to win which was exile instant and for life, and to lose it was to die that moment upon that floor he stood on.

Dierich Brower and his men found Peter in his first sleep. They opened his cupboards; they ran their knives into an alligator he had nailed to his wall; they looked under his bed: it was a large room, and apparently full of hiding places, but they found no Gerard.

Then they went on to Margaret's room, and the very sight of it was discouraging—it was small and bare, and not a cupboard in it; there was, however, a large fire-place and chimney. Dierich's eye fell on these directly. Here they found the beauty of Sevenbergen sleeping on an old chest, not a foot high, and no attempt made to cover it; but the sheets were snowy white, and

so was Margaret's own linen. And there she lay, looking like a lily fallen into a rut.

Presently she awoke, and sat up in the bed, like one amazed; then, seeing the men, began to scream violently, and pray for mercy.

She made Dierich Brower ashamed of his errand.

"Here is a to-do," said he, a little confused. "We are not going to hurt you, my pretty maid. Lie you still, and shut your eyes, and think of your wedding-night, while I look up this chimney to see if Master Gerard is there."

"Gerard! in my room?"

"Why not? They say that you and he—"

"Cruel; you know they have driven him away from me—driven him from his native place. This is a blind. You are thieves; you are wicked men; you are not men of Sevenbergen, or you would know Margaret Brandt better than to look for her lover in this room of all others in the world. Oh brave! Four great hulking men to come, armed to the teeth, to insult one poor honest girl! The women that live in your own houses must be naught, or you would respect them too much to insult a girl of good character."

"There, come away, before we hear worse," said Dierich, hastily. "He is not in the chimney. Plaister will mend what a cudgel breaks; but a woman's tongue is a double-edged dagger, and a girl is a woman with her mother's milk still in her." And he beat a hasty retreat. "I told the Burgomaster how 'twould be."

CHAPTER XIX.

WHERE is the woman that cannot act a part? Where is she who will not do it, and do it well, to save the man she loves. Nature on these great occasions comes to the aid of the simplest of the sex, and teaches her to throw dust in Solomon's eyes. The men had no sooner retired than Margaret stepped out of bed and opened the long chest on which she had been lying down in her skirt and petticoat and stockings, and night-dress over all; and put the lid, bed-clothes and all, against the wall: then glided to the door and listened. The footsteps died away through her father's room, and down the stairs.

Now in that chest there was a peculiarity that it was almost impossible for a stranger to detect. A part of the boarding of the room had been broken, and Gerard being applied to to make it look neater, and being short of materials, had ingeniously sawed away a space sufficient just to admit Margaret's *soi-disant* bed, and with the materials thus acquired he had repaired the whole room. As for the bed or chest it really rested on the rafters a foot below the boards. Consequently it was full two feet deep, though it looked scarce one.

All was quiet. Margaret kneeled and gave thanks to Heaven. Then she glided from the door, and leaned over the chest, and whispered tenderly, "Gerard!"

Gerard did not reply.

She then whispered, a little louder, "Gerard, all is safe, thank Heaven! You may rise; but, oh! be cautious!"

Gerard made no reply.

She laid her hand upon his shoulder—"Gerard!"

No reply.

"Oh! what is this?" she cried, and her hands ran wildly over his face and his bosom. She took him by the shoulders; she shook him; she lifted him; but he escaped from her trembling hands, and fell back, not like a man but like a body. A great dread fell on her. The lid had been down. She had lain upon it. The men had been some time in the room. With all the strength of frenzy, she tore him out of the chest. She bore him in her arms to the window. She dashed the window open. The sweet air came in. She laid him in it and in the moonlight. His face was the colour of ashes, his body was all limp and motionless. She felt his heart. Horror! it was as still as the rest! Horror of horrors! she had stifled him with her own body!

CHAPTER XX.

THE mind cannot all at once believe so great and sudden and strange a calamity. Gerard, who had got alive into that chest scarce five minutes ago, how could he be dead?

She called him by all the endearing names that heart could think, or tongue could frame. She kissed him and fondled him and coaxed him and implored him to speak to her.

No answer to words of love, such as she had never uttered to him before, nor thought she could utter. Then the poor creature, trembling all over, began to say over that white face little foolish things that were at once terrible and pitiable.

"Oh, Gerard! I am very sorry you are dead! I am very sorry I have killed you! Forgive me for not letting the men take you, it would have been better than this! Oh, Gerard! I am very, very sorry for what I have done!" Then she began suddenly to rave. "No! no! such things can't be, or there is no God! It is monstrous! How can my Gerard be dead? How can I have killed my Gerard? I love him! Oh, God! you know how I love him! He does not. I never told him. If he knew my heart, he would speak to me, he would not be so deaf to his poor Margaret. It is all a trick to make me cry out and betray him: but, no, I love him too well for that. I'll choke first." And she seized her own throat, to check her wild desire to scream in her terror and anguish.

"If he would but say one word. Oh, Gerard! don't die without a word. Have mercy on me and scold me! but speak to me: if you are angry with me, scold me! curse me! I deserve it: the idiot that killed the man she loved better than herself. Ah! I am a murderess. The worst in all the world. Help, help! I have murdered him. Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!"

She tore her hair, and uttered shriek after shriek so wild, so piercing, they fell like a knell upon the ears of Dierich Brower and his men. All started to their feet, and looked at one another.

CHAPTER XXL

MARTIN WITTENHAAGEN standing at the foot of the stairs with his arrow drawn nearly to the head, and his knife behind him, was struck with

amazement to see the men come back without Gerard: he lowered his bow, and looked open-mouthed at them. They, for their part, were equally surprised at the attitude they had caught him in.

"Why, mates, was the old fellow making ready to shoot one of us?"

"Stuff!" said Martin, recovering his stolid composure, "I was but trying my new string. There, I'll unstring my bow, if you think that."

"Humph!" said Dierich, suspiciously, "there is something more in you than I understand: put a log on, and let us dry our hides a bit, ere we go."

A blazing fire was soon made, and the men gathered round it, and their clothes and long hair were soon smoking from the cheerful blaze. Then it was that the shrieks were heard in Margaret's room. They all started up, and one of them seized the candle, and ran up the steps that led to the bed-rooms.

Martin rose hastily, too, and being confused by these sudden screams, and apprehending danger from the man's curiosity, tried to prevent him from going there.

At this Dierich threw his arms round him from behind, and called on the others to keep him. The man that had the candle got clear away, and all the rest fell upon Martin, and after a long and fierce struggle, in the course of which they were more than once all rolling on the floor, with Martin in the middle, they succeeded in mastering the old Samson, and binding him hand and foot with a rope they had brought for Gerard.

"That is a good job," said Dierich, pointing; "our lives weren't safe while this old fellow's four bones were free. He makes me think Gerard is whereabouts, for all we can't find him. Hallo, mates! Jorian Ketel's a long time in that girl's bed-room."

The rude laugh caused by this remark, had hardly subsided, when hasty footsteps were heard running along over-head.

"Oh! here he comes, at last. Well, Jorian, what is to do now?"

CHAPTER XXII.

JORIAN KETEL went straight to Margaret's room, and there he found the man he had been in search of, pale and motionless, his head in Margaret's lap, and she kneeling over him, mute now, and stricken to stone. Her eyes were dilated, yet glazed, and she neither saw the light nor heard the man, nor cared for anything on earth, but the white face in her lap.

Jorian stood awe-struck, the candle shaking in his hand.

Why, where was he, then, all the time?

Margaret heeded him not. Jorian went to the empty chest and inspected it. He began to comprehend. The girl's dumb and frozen despair moved him.

"This is a sorry sight," said he: "it is a black night's work: all for a few skins! Better have gone with us than so. She is past answering me, poor wench! Stop—let us try."

He took down a little round mirror, no bigger

than his hand, and put it to Gerard's mouth and nostrils, and held it there. When he withdrew it, it was dull. Jorian Ketel gave a joyful cry:

"THERE IS LIFE IN HIM, GIRL!"

At that word, it was as if a statue had started into life and passion. Margaret rose, and flung her arms round Jorian's neck.

"Oh bless the tongue that tells me so!" and she kissed the great rough fellow again and again, eagerly, almost fiercely.

"There, there! let us lay him warm," said Jorian; and in a moment he raised Gerard, and laid him on the bed-clothes. Then he took out a flask he carried, and filled his hand twice with Schiedamze, and flung it sharply each time in Gerard's face. The pungent liquor co-operated with his recovery—he gave a faint sigh. Oh, never was sound so joyful to human ear! She flew towards him, but then stopped, quivering for fear she should hurt him. She had lost all confidence in herself.

"That is right—let him alone," said Jorian: "don't go cuddling him as you did me, or you'll drive his breath back again. Let him alone: he is sure to come to. 'Tisn't like as if he was an old man."

Gerard sighed deeply, and a faint streak of colour stole to his lips. Jorian made for the door. He had hardly reached it, when he found his legs seized from behind.

It was Margaret! She curled round his knees like a serpent, and kissed his hand, and fawned on him. "You won't tell? You have saved his life; you have not the heart to thrust him back into his grave, to undo your own good work?"

"No, no! It is not the first time I've done you two a good turn; 'twas I told you in the church whither we had to take him. Besides, what is Dirk Brower to me? I'll see him hanged ere I'll tell him. But I wish you'd tell me where the parchments are? There are a hundred crowns offered for them. That would be a good windfall for my Joan and the children, you know."

"Ah! they shall have those hundred crowns."

"What! are the things in the house?" asked Jorian, eagerly.

"No; but I know where they are: and, by God and St. Barsos, I swear you shall have them to-morrow. Come to me for them when you will, but come alone."

"I were mad, else. What! share the hundred crowns with Dirk Brower? And now may my bones rot in my skin if I let a soul know the poor boy is here!"

He then ran off, lest by staying longer he should excite suspicion, and have them all after him. And Margaret knelt, quivering from head to foot, and prayed beside Gerard, and for Gerard.

"What is to do? Why we have scared the girl out of her wits. She was in a kind of fit."

"We had better all go and doctor her, then."

"Oh yes! and frighten her into the church-yard. Her father is a doctor, and I have roused him, and set him to bring her round. Let us see the fire, will ye?"

His off-hand way disarmed all suspicion. And soon after the party agreed that the kitchen

of the Three Kings was much warmer than Peter's house, and they departed, having first untied Martin.

"Take note, mate, that I was right, and the Burgomaster wrong," said Dierich Brower, at the door: "I said we should be too late to catch him, and we were too late."

Thus Gerard, in one terrible night, grazed the prison and the grave!

And how did he get clear at last? Not by his cunningly-contrived hiding-place, nor by Margaret's ready wit; but by a good impulse in one of his captors—by the bit of humanity left in a somewhat reckless fellow's heart, aided by his desire of gain. So mixed and seemingly incongruous are human motives, so short-sighted our shrewdest counsels!

They whose moderate natures, or gentle fates, keep them in life's passage from the fierce extremes of joy and anguish our nature is capable of, are perhaps the best, and certainly the happiest, of mankind. But to such readers I should try in vain to convey what bliss unspeakable settled now upon those persecuted lovers. Even to those who have joyed greatly, and greatly suffered, my feeble art can present but a pale reminiscence, and a faint reflection of Margaret's and Gerard's ecstasy.

To sit and see a beloved face come back from the grave to the world, to health and beauty by swift gradations; to see the roses return to the loved cheek, love's glance to the loved eye, and his words to the loved mouth: this was Margaret's—a joy to balance years of sorrow. It was Gerard's to awake from a trance and find his head pillowed on Margaret's arm; to hear the woman he adored murmur new words of eloquent love, and shower tears and tender kisses and caresses on him. He never knew, till this sweet moment, how ardently, how tenderly she loved him. He thanked his enemies. They wreathed their arms sweetly round each other, and trouble and danger seemed a world, an age, behind them. They called each other husband and wife. Had they not stood before the altar together? Was not the blessing of Holy Church upon their union?—her curse on all who would part them?

But as no woman's nerves can bear with impunity so terrible a strain, presently Margaret turned faint, and sank on Gerard's shoulder, smiling feebly, but quite, quite unstrung. Thus Gerard was anxious, and would seek assistance. But she held him with a gentle grasp, and implored him not to leave her for a moment. "While I can lay my hand on you, I feel you are safe, not else. Foolish Gerard! nothing ails me. I am weak, dearest, but happy, oh! so happy!"

Then it was Gerard's turn to support that dear head, with its great waves of hair flowing loose over him, and nurse her, and soothe her, quivering on his bosom, with soft encouraging words and murmurs of love, and gentle caresses. Sweetest of all her charms is a woman's weakness to a manly heart.

Poor things! they were happy. To-morrow they must part. But that was nothing to them

now. They had seen Death, and all other troubles seemed light as air. While there is life there is hope: while there is hope there is joy. Separation for a year or two, what was it to them, who were so young, and had caught a glimpse of the grave? The future was bright, the present was Heaven: so passed the blissful hours.

Alas! their innocence ran other risks besides the prison and the grave: they were in most danger from their own hearts and their inexperience, now that visible danger there was none.

(To be continued.)

STALE BREAD.

I DON'T like very stale bread—do you? My reason for disliking it is very much the reason why I don't like Dr. Fell; your reason is really the same, but you probably cheat yourself into the belief that it is something else, namely because the bread is "so dry." Allow me to undeceive you. No bread is dry; bread just baked is nearly *half water*; and the stalest of stale loaves has not lost more than a hundredth part of this water.

The fact that bread contains nearly half its weight of water is surprising, but not so surprising as that your own bread contains a considerably larger proportion—nearly three-fourths. It is "water, water everywhere, and (often) not a drop to drink." The flour from which bread is made is dry enough, containing not more than sixteen per cent. of water; but it has a great tendency to absorb water, and in the process of baking it absorbs it rapidly. The gum, which is produced from the starch of the flour in baking, holds this water firmly; and the gluten, which forms a coating round every little hollow in the bread, steadily resists evaporation. Thus bread becomes moist, and *keeps* moist, let it be never so stale.

But if stale bread be not dry bread, what is it? What makes that familiar difference between the soft, plastic, spongy crumb, and the harsh, crumbling morsel of six days old? That it is no difference of moisture, has been experimentally verified; every cook, or baker, could have told us that there is no use in placing bread in a moist cellar to prevent the evaporation of its water, since the bread will assuredly become stale as the hours roll on. On the other hand, every baker and every cook could tell us, that if a stale loaf be placed in the oven again for a few minutes, it will come out having (for a time, at least) all the characters of new bread. Yet in the oven it must necessarily have lost some of its water, and comes out dryer than it went in—dryer, but not by any means so stale. Further: who does not know the effect of toasting a slice of stale bread? The fire scorches the outside layers, and renders them completely dry; but, especially if the slice be not too thin, we find the interior layers deliciously soft, plastic, and palatable.

An experiment made by the eminent chemist, M. Boussingault, proves in a convincing manner that the amount of water in the bread has nothing to do with its newness. He took a loaf six days old, weighing 3 kilogrammes, 690 grammes (a

kilogramme is something more than 2 pounds, a gramme is about $15\frac{1}{2}$ grains). This loaf was placed in the oven for an hour; on removing it, a loss of 120 grammes of water was found to have taken place; yet, in spite of this loss, amounting to $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., the bread was as new as that just made.

It is the water in the bread which prevents the loaf becoming all crust. In an oven with a temperature of 500 degrees Fahrenheit, the loaf gets roasted outside, and the crust is formed; but the inside crumb never has a temperature above 100 degrees; the water which is there, and which cannot evaporate through the crust, keeping the temperature down. If this crumb is thus slow to heat, it is also slow to cool. Every one knows how long the crumb of a roll continues warm, even on a cold winter morning; and the loaf which was taken from the oven at three in the morning, comes warm to the breakfast-table at ten. M. Boussingault has also experimented on this. He placed a loaf, hot from the oven, in a room the temperature of which was 66 degrees. The law of equilibrium, by which a hot body loses heat until it is no hotter than the surrounding objects, instantly came into operation; but, although all bodies give off their heat to bodies that are colder, they do so with varying degrees of rapidity—some being very tenacious of the heat they have got hold of, and others being the most prodigal of spendthrifts; and thus the loaf, although it began to cool as soon as it was taken from the oven, did not reach the temperature of the surrounding air until twenty-four hours had elapsed—and then it was stale.

Does it not seem, then, that the difference between new bread and stale bread is only the difference between hot bread and cold bread? It does seem so, when we reflect that we have only to warm the stale bread in an oven to make it new again. But there is this fact which stands in the way of such an explanation: the bread which has been re-baked, although undistinguishable from bread which has been recently baked, is only so for a very short time—it rapidly becomes stale again. Were this not the case, we need never have to complain of stale bread: it could always be made new again in a few minutes. The conclusion drawn by M. Boussingault from his experiments is, that the staleness depends on a peculiar molecular condition of the bread; and this condition is itself dependent on a fall of temperature.

But new bread, if more palatable, is very unwholesome, because very indigestible to those whose peptics are imperfect. The peculiarity of new bread, that it forms itself into a paste, is an obstacle to its digestion. But this is only true of the lumpy, pasty, doughy, obstinate, irrational bread baked in our favoured island. No dyspeptic trembles at the new bread of Paris or Vienna. In Vienna they bake—or used to bake, when I lived there—three times a day, and perfectly fresh rolls were served up with each meal. No one complained; every one ate these rolls so alarming to the dyspeptic mind, and would have stormed at an unhappy waiter who should have

day's roll. But let weak and strong beware how they trifle with the new half-quartern, which, in unshapely, uninviting, and well-founded modesty, stands on the breakfast-table of the British mother. The hot bread may tempt her inconsiderate boy—perhaps the more so because he is assured it is "bad for him." Boys have a very natural suspicion, founded on ample experience, that what parents and guardians declare to be "good for them," is certain to be odious. They are birched for their good, they are bolussed for their good, they are hurried off to bed for their good,—and of course they like to try the bad, because it isn't for their good. But, except these young gentlemen, no one with a stomach more delicate than that of a ploughman or a foxhunter should venture on hot bread in England. L.

RIVER SCENES IN CHINA.

KIENKIANG is a city beyond Lake Poyang, and of course beyond the range of European intercourse. No person in European dress had perhaps ever been within it: and it was therefore just the place in which to note the impressions made on the people's minds. Outside, the city appeared to be about five miles in circumference: within, Lord Elgin found a mere wilderness of weeds and ruins, with a single street running through it. The desolation was recent, and the work of the rebels. The inhabitants were merry and easy, and ready to laugh at every joke of the interpreter; but not the less were they watching the morality of the barbarians. The opportunity was taken to buy some articles of food; but the party had only Mexican dollars with them, to which the first seller objected as strange money. He was told that he should have sycee silver if he came to the ship, whereupon the interpreter heard the remark among the bystanders: "See how just these people are! They do not force their coin upon him."

Nothing seems to have impressed our countrymen more, in their whole intercourse with the Chinese, than their perpetual and practical regard to principles of "justice" in their ideal and in their conduct. Among the facts which came before them was this.

When Commissioner Yeh was raising money for the defence of Canton against the allies, he called upon an old man there for taels to the amount of about 1000*l.*, in addition to the established taxation. "You have two sons," he said, "who are making money in the service of the barbarians, and you must pay in proportion." The old man had not the money, and prepared to sell his patrimony as the only means of raising it. On hearing of his intention, his sons, in English employment, sent him to say that he must not sell his estate, nor suffer on their account: that it was true that they were profiting by the barbarians, and it was therefore just that they should pay in proportion. They sent the 1000*l.*, and engaged to bear their father harmless. Such incidents as these seem to authorise Lord Elgin's conviction that there must be some other way than terror and violence for managing a people who form their judgments by an ethical standard, criticising barbarians, and

regulating themselves, by the idea of what is "just."

It was vexatious to find every possible obstacle thrown in the way of intercourse with the people by the mandarins, who, on pretence of keeping order, beat away with bamboos all natives who approached the strangers with genial dispositions. Lord Elgin baffled this tyranny by dodging the mandarins, landing where he was least expected, taking spontaneous walks, and declining to turn back when once inside a city gate. Everywhere he found the inhabitants delighted to be spoken to and traded with; and thus some agreeable general views of our future aims were arrived at. But the study of individual characters seems to have been nowhere practicable among the unsophisticated Chinese. The nearest approach to this was perhaps in the case of the pilot taken on board at Kiewhien. He was a talkative and inquisitive Chinaman, wanting to hear all about everything, and proposing to go to England, but not forgetful of family duty meanwhile. When the commodore sent for him, and told him that he was wanted to carry the ship safely up the river, he fell on his knees, and observed:

"That is a public service; and if your Excellency desires it, I must go. But I have a mother and sister who must be provided for in my absence."

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then I am ready," said the pilot.

And ready he was; for he stepped into the boat forthwith, and established himself on board the *Furious*. Next day, he went ashore in the evening at Tunglew, to get the forepart of his head shaved, and extol the barbarians. On his re-appearance, the ambassador asked him what the people on shore were saying about the expedition. They had been greatly alarmed, it seemed, lest the fireships should attack them; and their hearts went pit-a-pat; but when he told them how well he was treated, and that the British were no friends to the rebels, they said, "Poussa, that is Bhudda's doing;"—equivalent perhaps to "Thank God!"

This person seems to have been just the speculative moralist that the writers of Chinese proclamations appear to be; and, like a good many people outside of China, always ready to explain any phenomena that came to hand. His squadron did not get up the river so easily and safely as he could have wished, being brought to a stop, and kept waiting very frequently and vexatiously. Some of the vessels were large, the depth of water was constantly changing, and perhaps some of the shoals might be so too. However this might be, the journals of the voyagers tell of incessant explorations by the gun-boats, disappointments and delays; unloading of the vessels; unexpected release at one moment, and turning back at another; now a whole series of discouraging signals; and again shouts and hurrahs, heard miles into the interior by the ambassador, while pursuing his explorations among the villagers. The pilot was as perplexed as other people; and, when asked how it was that he could not get through a channel which he had emphatically recommended, he sighed out, "The ways of waters are like those of men: one day here, another there, who can

tell?" This reminds one of the eternal "Quien sabe?"—the lazy answer to all troublesome questions on the opposite shore of the Pacific. Mexicans and Chinese solace themselves in difficult cases by their sentimental "Who can tell?" precisely when the North Americans and British are resolving that they *will* know the reason why. Not the less, however, does the Chinaman offer an explanation of what he can least understand, as when accounting to Lord Elgin for the destruction of the temples by the rebels,—to the amount of thirty such edifices at Chinkeang. The Bhuddist priest on the spot believed they did not like temples because they did not use them for worship; but our pilot went more deeply into speculation on the matter. He said that the rich had the advantage over the poor with Bhudda, because they could offer more joss-sticks and other gifts. The rebels disapprove of the gods being so partial, and foil them by destroying the temples altogether. This appeared to be the popular view of the conduct of the rebels, and it must strongly promote their cause with the multitude as against the rich.

Our ambassador had his special opportunity of studying the doctrine of the rebels for himself. Possibly the leaders thought it well to take the chance of converting him. When the expedition was descending the river in the gun-boats, having been obliged to leave the larger vessels among the shoals, intimation was sent to the rebels who held the towns that the British intended to pass up and down, between the port and their ships, doing no harm, and expecting no molestation. In reply, came on one occasion a letter, about three fathoms long, written in royal vermilion on yellow silk, and addressed, "For the jewel glance of the Earl." A translation is before us; and a more wearisome piece of verse than this immense epistle surely never was penned. It assumes at the beginning to be "a proclamation for the information of our foreign younger brethren of the western ocean;" and ends with the invitation, "Come rejoicing to court, and give thanks. Foreign brethren of the western ocean, worship Shang-Ti." But the yellow silk, and the vermilion, and the adorned envelope, and the mystic seals, and the theology, and the verse, and the summons, all failed. Not one of the voyagers went to court in consequence of the invitation, nor before, except for the purpose of conveying Lord Elgin's intimation of the freedom of the river. Their guide, a rebel officer, was anxious to be carried away by the British; and when they declined his company, begged for opium, saying that about one in three of the force in Nanking smoked it. No reliable tidings of the original prince-leader could be obtained, though some insisted that he was living in seclusion with three hundred wives. Opium smoking and matrimony in this style will hardly regenerate China.

While beyond the reach of letters, newspapers and familiar faces, our countrymen must have felt as if transported into the world of many thousand years ago,—so rampant was the fetichism they met at every turn, and so wild the fables which are attached to every prominent object in the

scene. At the Hen-barrier, for instance, near Nganching, where the only passage is close to the left bank, the rest of the channel being occupied with rocks like stepping-stones for giants, the pilot explained why passengers were crowded in upon the shore.

The great rock on the right bank, shaped like a hen, was once an evil spirit which coveted the good land on the opposite shore. Step by step the great hen crossed, barring the stream as she proceeded. In consternation the good spirits appealed to a bonze, who lived in a temple niched like a nest in a pyramidal rock on the left bank 300 feet high, overlooking the pass. The bonze after much reflection, began to crow like a cock, to make the hen turn round, which would break her power. The hen supposed she heard her mate, and turned her head; after which she could never move again. The country-people cut off her head; and there lies her body, and there stand her stepping-stones, with the river perpetually rushing against them.

But we must hasten to the end of our sketch—past open expanses strewn with islands, wooded to the water's edge,—past rocky gorges where the current runs like a cataract;—past prairies where lakes gleam at intervals, and hamlets peep forth from the groves, and corn-fields, divided by causeways, stretch to the horizon;—past the entrance to the Poyang Lake, with its guardian bluff crowned with a fortress, and the circuit of mountains closing in the loveliest view on the river;—past the Benevolent Tiger Mountain, darkening as gloomy weather came on, on the descent of the stream; and, finally,—past the scene which presented itself after Christmas Day, when the hills in the background were white as the Alps, and thatched cottages and fir-woods on the rising grounds sprang conspicuously out of the sheeted snow, while the shore was thronged with a multitude canopied with red umbrellas, and an official personage stood on the brink, waving a red flag. These are only a specimen of the varieties of scenery explored by our countrymen for six hundred miles, while we were wondering what they were about.

The grandest show they saw in China was at the extremity of their voyage, where the three great cities of Hankow, Hanyang, and Woochangfoo, in a group, constitute "the heart of the commerce of China."

Some other hand, with more space at command, will, no doubt, describe this remarkable confluence of rivers, markets, and populations. We can only just notice the meeting of the authorities.

It was here that the greatest efforts were made to interpose mandarin meddlers between the people and the strangers. Presents were sent to preclude traffic for food; but the ambassador sent back the presents, and announced his wish for supplies, and his intention to pay for them. A hope was hinted that he would not cross the river to Woochangfoo, whereupon he intimated by letter his intention of calling on the Governor-General there the next day. A day's delay was begged, in order to make due preparation. Lord Elgin could not have

thirty chairs for his suite, nor eight bearers for himself. The reply that he would go with eight bearers and his suite in thirty chairs, or not land at all, settled the business. The authorities objected no more; but, on the contrary, the Governor-General became obsequious,—shook his head at the folly of Yeh, who would have behaved very differently if he had been at Canton at the time,—knew all about us, and how we had now arrived, bullying the Chinese who had once bullied us, approved of settling matters reasonably, and would do everything possible to promote trade, now that the river was opened, and so forth.

The visit and return visit were very grand—salutes on both sides—a great guard of British marines and sailors, and the procession of thirty chairs passing through a smiling multitude; conversation and tea in a great room; a sumptuous feast in a larger apartment; everything plentiful but conversation; ambassadors to the East finding it hard work to talk with nothing to say, and to say that nothing through an interpreter. But the host was handsome, well-dressed, courteous, and less formal than most of his order. The return visit, the next day, was more lively; salutes again—yards manned in all the four ships—sun shining brilliantly when the Governor-General's huge glittering junk left the bank, towed by six boats covered with triangular flags of all colours; troops, horse and foot, keeping the line from the city to the river, and along the beach in odd and showy uniforms; and on board great eagerness to make the Governor-General happy,—to feast him, photograph him, amuse him for three hours, and send him away thoroughly propitiated. This was done. He no doubt has recorded the greatest event that has been witnessed in the interior, in connection with barbarians; while our ambassador declares that the most splendid reception he experienced in China was six hundred miles up the river, just midway between the Court at Peking and our old and hated haunt—Canton.

Rivers, ports, seas, courts, are all open now,—thanks to Lord Elgin. Every step of his progress was animating to himself, his comrades, and the English at home; but the point around which the strongest interest will probably cling—at least in the minds of the voyagers—is that at which they turned back, leaving a group of three vast cities waiting and longing for the apparition of more pleasant barbarians, bringing with them the commerce of Europe.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

NED STOKES'S CAROL ON COTTAGES.

WITH my shovel on my shoulder
At the early dawn of day,
I hasten to the turnip-field,
Or scuffle through the hay;
My forehead feels the fresher
As the sweet air blows agin it,
For my cottage an't a model one
Wi' a ventilator in it.

And yet it an't so close,
Barring the time o' year;
We ben't no more than seven,
And a winder in the rear;

There can't no nokahus vapours
Through its open casement fall,
For it doesn't open widely,
And it looks upon a wall.

This morning, though, a queerish pain
Is shooting through my head,
For Bill and Tommy's whooping cough
'Most shook us out o' bed;
And I dreamt as how the savages,
As I heer'd of t'other day,
Were tearing off my old grey scalp
With a "hip, hip, hip, hooray!"

They say them model dwellins
Be a poorish speculation,
And fill the purse o' squires and lords
Wi' nothing but vexation:
So the like of us should, sartain, be
Wi' a single room content
When stars and garters get no more
Than four or five per cent.

They talk of Hoxygen, and all
Them cattle in the air,
And say as how there ought to be
A little everywhere.
But I says, says I, it an't no use
To poor folk, any way,
The Squire won't give us Hoxygen
Till Hoxygen do pay.

It an't to be expected
That, wi' all they've got to do,
They'd build their noble mansions
And our model cottage too.
It pays 'em better, I believe,
To speculate in stud:
If they can be content wi' turf,
Be we content wi' mud.

J. S.

VANITAS, VANITAS!

I AM not much given to moralising, especially upon subjects over which sages have moralised ever since human nature has defined itself as human nature. But, some years ago, I was forcibly plunged into a moralising mood upon the very trite and well-worn subject that heads this paper, by a spectacle which I saw on my first visit to the picturesque old city of Salzburg. Perhaps the train of thought, which it induced, had been already slightly forced upon my mind by a previous circumstance. I had been wheedled, contrary to my usual creed and my usual wont, into being lionised about the place, its old castle, and its panoramic views of mountain and plain, ravine and torrent, by a German friend. Among other of the sights of Salzburg, he had insisted upon my being presented to the lady, then living, who had once been the wife of one of the greatest composers of all time. The introduction had taken place through the intermediation of her *second husband*, who announced her to us as "the *inconsolable* widow of Mozart!" This self-immolation at the shrine of vanity had possibly already prepared me to murmur the words—"vanitas, vanitas, omnia vanitas!"

We followed up this singular tribute to the memory of the dead, by a visit to the picturesque churchyard of St. Peter's, in which most of the notabilities of Salzburg are interred. A more

romantic burying-ground—unless, indeed, that belonging to the village of Halletadt on the lake of the same name in the Austrian Salakammergat—can scarcely be conceived. But I am not going into descriptive raptures now. At the foot of a staircase, which is cut in the precipitous rocks, and leads to an old hermitage on the heights above, the traditional residence of St. Rupert, the first Bishop of Salzburg, and hollowed out of these same rocks, was a small grotto-like chapel, the entrance to which was opened to us by an old monk, the guardian of the sacred ground. The first sight that forcibly attracted observation in this species of chapel, was an accumulation of skulls enclosed in glass-cases, and ranged in rows one above the other along the walls. They were those, we were told, of the privileged personages who had been permitted burial on that spot, and lay in death beneath. Singular enough was this strange custom! but more singular still the fact, that, above each skull was placed the painted portrait, in living colour, of its possessor before the flesh had rotted away from the ghastly bones, with the name it had borne in life, duly registered in gilt letters on the picture. Our natural inclination was to suppose that a spirit of stern morality had dictated this fearful practice, that the close approximation of the semblance of what had been life with the hideous reality of the work of death, was intended as a practical application of the motto—*Respice finem*—that the dead were thus used to read a visible warning-sermon to the living they had left on earth. We were communicating such sentiments one to the other, when I observed a mocking smile upon the lips of the old monk. Upon being questioned he shrugged his shoulders, and then laughed aloud. It was considered a great honour, he told us, to have the skull and portrait placed in the chapel; that only the nobly born and wealthy were allowed the proud privilege; that a considerable sum of money was paid for this exclusive advantage; that he was not aware that there was any intention, in any man's mind, of reading a warning lesson or preaching a practical sermon upon the nothingness of life, or the frailty of beauty, or the charms that are bestowed but to wither into so terrible a consequence; but that he knew very well that people were very vain, even before death, of the purchased privilege of having their skulls thus exposed, and that the relations, after death, were always very vain of the exposure. No wonder, then, that this coquetry with Death sent me away moralising upon the trite old topic—*vanitas, vanitas, omnia vanitas!*

I had already seen in the receptacles, called dead-houses, in Roman Catholic Germany, where the dead are by law exposed to public view, before their final hiding away beneath the earth—I had already seen, I say, the yellow waxy cheeks of dead old women tricked out with false curls, and highly rouged. I had seen the beauty, cut off in her prime, lying on her last bed, decked in the gayest ball-attire, with her chaplet of roses on her head. I had seen the officer of state and the military man dressed (in death) in the stiff embroidered pomp of worldly pride and glory. I had seen in the streets of Naples the exposed corpse borne aloft to burial, in gawdy attire, with the terrible caricature

of life in its painted face. In all these was the repulsive evidence of the last vanity in death. But nothing so much as the strange spectacle in the

chapel of St. Peter's, at Salzburg, had preached so loudly the words of the preacher—*Vanitas, vanitas, omnia vanitas!* J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

THE CROW OF CEYLON.



EVERY one has heard of the sympathies of animals towards each other. Cries of distress will often call them forth. When the dam of a new-born lamb has died, some affectionate sheep, although she may have one of her own, has been known to foster and suckle the helpless young one. In my own immediate neighbourhood, the youngest of a large litter of pigs—a poor little helpless creature—who was not able to get at its mother for nourishment, was warmed under the wings of a good-natured hen. It was fed by hand, but when turned down, the hen was always ready to take charge of it, and thus it was reared. These instances might be multiplied to a considerable extent, showing the active benevolence of some animals; but the following fact will prove the existence of a combined intelligence in creatures, which I have reason to believe has been hitherto unnoticed by naturalists as existing amongst the feathered creation. The accuracy of the anecdote may be vouched for.

In the island of Ceylon there is to be found a very cunning and sensible crow, somewhat smaller

than our own native one, having a glossy back, and altogether rather an engaging pretty bird. Now, in the yard of the Governor of Ceylon, a dog was one day amusing himself by gnawing a bone, the scraps of meat upon which attracted the attention of one of these crows. It alighted on the ground, hopped round the dog and the bone, and evidently waited for an opportunity of seizing the latter. The dog, however, was on his guard, and by certain growls and probably angry looks, which the bird understood no doubt, protected his property. The crow was too cunning and too hungry to be baffled. He flew away, but soon returned with a companion. They hopped up to the dog, when the fresh arrival watched his opportunity and gave a sudden pull at the dog's tail. Not being used to such an insult he suddenly turned round, in order to see who had taken this liberty with him. The bone was for a moment left unprotected, and was immediately seized by the first cunning crow, who flew away with it, joined by his companion, and they doubtless had a merry feast upon it.

EDWARD JESSE.

THE LOST CHILD.

A CHINESE STORY.

[THE tale, entitled "Sea-lou (Little-chamber) the Lost Child," is one of the most popular of Chinese fictions, and fairly indicates the state of intellectual activity prevailing over that extensive and thickly populated empire. The very inanity of the story, with its marvellous coincidences, is significant to our Western minds, while its details afford interesting glimpses of the semi-civilised state of the Chinese people. It is abstracted, rather than translated; but the spirit, characteristic phrases, and curious Chinese tone of thought of the original have been preserved as closely as possible in the following version.]



IN a certain district, in the province of Kwantung, there lived a gentleman named Lien, possessed of considerable wealth; not acquired, however, by either official exactions, or the chicaneries of traffic, but by his ancestors' and his own industry in cultivating the soil. He was married to a lady of great domestic virtues: wealth established their house, prudence regulated their conduct; and the calm current of their happiness was unruffled, save by one unfortunate circumstance—they had no children. Attributing this misfortune to the unpropitious form of his abode, Lien added to the paternal mansion a small apartment, having many lucky angles and corners; and, accordingly, in course of time, in this very room, a son was born to him. In grateful acknowledgment of the beneficial effect of the lucky corners, Lien named his son Sea-lou—the Little-chamber. The boy grew, and thrived apace, till between three and four years old, when, happening one evening to go out to play with other children, he did not return home at night. Search

was immediately made in every direction, and continued for many days, but without success; so, at last, the disconsolate parents were reluctantly forced to conclude that their darling son had been devoured by a tiger then infesting the district. Lien, being a wealthy man, had many friends to condole with him in his distress. They advised him to pray to Buddha for another son; but he replied, that he had already wearied his mouth in fruitless prayer. Then they advised him to adopt a son; this he also refused to do, alleging that an adopted child could never essentially become like his own, and would ultimately found a family on his wealth; moreover, that, at his death, the adopted, though becoming the master of his household, would not give for him.

"It is not right," he continued, "that I should give the property acquired by myself and ancestors to an entire stranger. But I will wait till I find a young person who has a true affection for me; and I will not adopt one before I have received ample proofs of such affection, and satisfied my heart that I really have secured it."

Lien's friends were not altogether disinterested advisers: they all had children, and any one of them would gladly have allowed the rich agriculturist to adopt a son. Several boys, too, about this time seemed all at once to become wonderfully fond of the childless old man. So, one day, Lien said to his wife:

"The people of this place, knowing that my property is fat and thick, and that I have not decided on adopting a child, are continually pestering me with advice upon the matter, and letting down all manner of baits and hooks to deceive me and catch my wealth. I intend, therefore, to travel into a distant country, in order to endeavour to find some one, by land or water, who may evince

a true affection for me. I may be lucky enough to find a suitable person, who, by showing a sincere heart towards me, may, on his part, be lucky enough to become my adopted son."

The project meeting his wife's approbation, Lien, as soon as he had settled his plums—that is to say, arranged his affairs,—started off on his journey. When he had reached a considerable distance from home, he threw off the garb and character of a well-to-do Chinese gentleman, and assumed the appearance of a beggar, who wished to sell himself as a slave. The various persons he met by the way, reasoned with him, saying that he was unfit to be either a labourer, domestic servant, or tutor,—that, in short, no one would purchase a helpless old man like him. To this Lien invariably replied:

"It is true my years are many, and that I am not worth a hair as a labourer, domestic servant, or tutor; but the purchaser I seek is a wealthy orphan, to whom I could act in the capacity of a father, by taking care of his money and pro-

perty, managing his affairs, and regulating his household."

Then the strangers, with much laughter, would say :

"You have an oily mouth, old man ; but you will not succeed in this country !"

And passed on their way, wondering whether he were a rogue or a simpleton.

After long and painful travel, Lien, not finding a wealthy orphan to purchase him, determined to try another course. Buying a piece of white cotton cloth, he wrote on it, in large and distinct characters, the following words :

"THIS ELDERLY GENTLEMAN IS DESIROUS TO SELL HIMSELF TO SOME YOUNG MAN, IN ORDER TO BECOME HIS FATHER. THE PRICE IS TEN DOLLARS ONLY. FROM THE DAY OF SALE THE SELLER WILL ENTER INTO THE MOST FRIENDLY RELATIONS WITH THE PURCHASER, WHO SHALL NEVER HAVE REASON TO REPENT OF HIS BARGAIN."

Lien placed this placard on his breast ; and, travelling onwards, was saluted by deriding shouts, coarse jeers, and contemptuous laughter from all who met him. Nothing dismayed, however, he still kept on his way, passing through towns and villages, though hooted and pelted at by all the rabble. One day, at length, as he was sitting in the market-place of the city of Hwan-Shing, surrounded as usual by an insulting mob, a tall, well-dressed, young man, of benevolent countenance, pushed through the crowd to learn what might be the matter. The young man presenting a fresh butt for the vulgar witticisms of the mob, they cried to him :

"Hallo, sir ! you are very charitable and compassionate to widows and orphans. Pull out your purse, pay ten dollars, and have a father."

While others cried :

"What does the greedy old rogue want with ten dollars ? since whoever may be fool enough to buy him will assuredly have to keep him !"

The young man, however, was too much struck by the shrewd but amiable features of Lien, and the extraordinary nature of the placard, to pay any attention to the rude ribaldry of the rabble. Musing, he thought :

"If this old man should really prove a true father to me ! I ought to buy him, and thus obtain a renown for benevolence for one hundred years. But he may have relatives, who might some day recognise and claim him."

To the question if he had any relatives, Lien answered that he had not. To all other questions he did not answer, but merely pointed to the words on the placard—"The purchaser shall never have reason to repent of his bargain." Without saying more, the young man gave Lien ten dollars. Then the latter tore the placard off his breast, and put it in the hands of the young man, as a receipt in full, thus consummating the bargain after the Chinese fashion. Then the young man, seizing his newly purchased father by the arm, led him through the uproarious crowd to the nearest wine-shop, where, seating him in the place of honour, he put a pot of rich warm wine in his hands with all due filial reverence. The rabble followed, shouting as they ran :

"Is this old man a god, a devil, or an ass, that

he should lead the sharpest young broker in our city into so foolish a bargain ?"

But the broker soon quieted them, by giving the wine-shop keeper some silver to treat them all round, in honour of the joyous occasion ; and then, calling a sedan-chair, he took Lien home to his house.

Lien was well pleased to find that his new son's house was evidently the dwelling of a prosperous merchant. On entering, the young man led him to the seat of honour ; and, after performing the four reverences which Chinese etiquette demands from a son to a father, begged to inquire his name and history. But Lien was a genuine Chinaman, and accordingly gave a very patchy and muddy, or, in plain English, a very false account of himself. The young man, in return, and speaking truthfully, said that his name was Yaou, and he was the son of one Kwe, formerly a rice-merchant in the city of Hwo-Kwang. He had lost his parents when young, and, consequently, began the world early in life as an apprentice to a travelling silk-dealer. Having acquired a knowledge of the business, and a peculiar skill in estimating the value of different qualities of silk, his master frequently entrusted him with small ventures and commissions ; so, by care and industry, he was soon enabled to set up for himself ; and now, though only twenty-two years of age, he was one of the leading silk-brokers in Hwan-Shing.

Lien was highly gratified to find that he had obtained so promising a son ; but, with the characteristic cunning of his race, he determined to learn more about Yaou, before he disclosed his real name, great wealth, and high position in society. Day by day, however, the silk-broker's excellent disposition and energetic business habits became more apparent, and Lien was almost tempted to reveal his true history when, all at once, news arrived that the rebel army was in full march towards Hwan-Shing, with the intention of sacking, if not totally destroying, the doomed city. Yaou, on hearing this alarming intelligence, asked Lien's advice as to how they should act. Lien advised that Yaou should sell off all his goods as soon as possible, and, with the proceeds concealed on their persons, the two should travel about, disguised as beggars, until tranquillity should be restored. To this Yaou warmly replied, that the hardships and fatigue of such a mode of action would seriously injure, or perhaps kill, so aged a man as Lien ; and that, for his own part, he would rather remain in the city, and endeavour to compound with the rebels, even if he lost all his property, than allow his venerable father to suffer such privations. This melted Lien's heart. He acknowledged that he was a wealthy gentleman, and declared that Yaou should be his heir. Their plan was soon arranged. That very day Yaou sold all his goods, and the two embarked in a passage-boat, their destination being Lien's house.

When the boat had started, and the adopted father and son had once more, after the hurry of their departure, an opportunity of quiet converse together, Lien asked the other how it was that he had never married. Yaou replied that

he had intended to marry a certain lady, but now of course he must be entirely ruled by his respected parent's wishes. Lien rejoined that if the rank and fortune of the lady were suitable, he could have no possible objections. Yaou then told him that the lady's name was Faw-wang, and she was the daughter of his old master, the silk-merchant; that they had long loved each other, but on account of his youth and want of fortune her parents would not allow their marriage to take place. After some further conversation on the matter, it was agreed that, as there

was a landing-place, at which the boat stopped to take in and discharge passengers, close by where Faw-wang lived, Yaou should take the opportunity to run up to see her; and if she were still unmarried, and willing to come with him, he was to bring her to the boat, and they would all go home to Lien's house merrily together. But, on reaching the landing-place, the other passengers, alarmed by reports of the proximity and dreadful atrocities of the rebels, would not allow the boat to stop any longer time than was merely necessary to land such travellers as wished. To



the expostulations of Lien, who spoke of his son's particular business, the passengers turned a deaf ear, exclaiming that time pressed, and every one had his own business to do; that the traveller never knew whether life or death, preservation or destruction, depended on the rate he travelled; and they concluded by observing:

"When we took our passage we made no bargain about waiting for you."

This last was decisive.

So as nothing better could be done, under the circumstances, Lien, who in his capacity of father, carried the joint purse, gave Yaou one hundred ounces of gold, with which he jumped on shore to arrange the marriage; while the old gentleman proceeded homewards, in the boat, to prepare a grand festival for the reception of the bride and bridegroom. But scarcely had the boat again started, when Lien, with great vexation, recollected the very patchy and muddy account he had given

of himself to his adopted son; and, also, that though he had since acknowledged his wealth and position in society, he had never told Yaou his real name and place of residence. His natural shrewdness, however, did him good service in this dilemma. When the boat reached its destination, he caused a number of placards to be printed and posted, in various conspicuous positions, on the roads most likely to be travelled by his adopted son, and these placards, couched in ambiguous language, so as to be understood by Yaou alone, were intended to inform him respecting his adopted father's real name and address. Having accomplished this, Lien proceeded on his homeward journey.

Yaou, as soon as he had landed, hurried off on the wings of expectation to the dwelling of the silk-dealer; but, to his consternation, soon found that it had been burned by the rebels; and, on

making further inquiries, learned that all the family had been murdered, with the exception of the fair Faw-wang, whom the rebels had carried off in captivity. Sorrowfully enough, then, Yaou turned his steps towards his adopted father's house, as he thought; but, in reality, in quite another direction, according to the false statement made by Lien.

After travelling a day's journey, he came to the bank of a river, where a large crowd was assembled. On asking what caused the assemblage of so many persons in that particular spot, he was told that a party of the rebels were then and there holding a *hong*, or market, to dispose of their plunder and prisoners. Thinking that Faw-wang might probably be among the captives, Yaou entered the market, but soon discovered that the rebels were keen dealers. For, apprehending that if their female captives' faces were seen, the purchasers would invariably select the youngest and best looking; the rebels placed a sack over the head of each prisoner, drawing it down as far as the hands, and sold the whole for one price all round.

As there was no help for it, Yaou purchased one that seemed to him the youngest and most likely looking of the captives; but, to the great and vociferous amusement of the by-standers, when the sack was taken off her head, she proved to be a venerable matron, between fifty and sixty years of age. Still, as the appearance of the old lady was respectable, and her countenance betokened an amiable disposition, Yaou did not altogether repent of his bargain. Taking into consideration that he had purchased a wealthy father for only ten dollars, he thought that possibly this bargain might turn out a good one also. Moreover, recollecting that Lien had positively declared that he had no relatives, Yaou considered that the respectable-looking old lady might make a capital wife for his adopted father. Accordingly, he asked her if she had a son, and being answered in the negative, he proposed to adopt her as his mother. She agreeing, he immediately performed the four reverences to her, and the other ceremonies of adoption. The old lady, then, to show her gratitude drew Yaou to one side, and informed him that among the captives still unsold there was a maiden as beautiful as the day.

"It may be so, mother," he replied, "but how am I to find her. I cannot see through a sack."

"Listen," rejoined the old lady, "the damsel of whom I speak has an implement of jade-stone—from which, I heard her say, nothing but death should part her—this she has concealed in one of the sleeves of her dress. Go, then, among the captives, use your eyes discreetly, and probably you may discover some indications of this jade implement."

Yaou went, and soon perceived the end of the jade-stone peeping out, as it were, at the place where the sack was tied round one of the captive's wrists. Nay, more, he recognised it to be a jade silk-measure that he had himself given to Faw-wang in former and happier days. He, at once, purchased the captive, and sure enough, when the sack was taken from her head, she proved to be

Faw-wang herself, to the great delight and happiness of them both.

Accompanied by his bride and adopted mother, Yaou again set off with the intention of proceeding to Lien's house; but, as before, and from the same reason, going in quite a contrary direction. After travelling a short distance, however, he espied one of the placards that had been put up by Lien, which, from its ambiguous wording, being utterly unable to comprehend, brought him to a stand-still. His adopted mother, perceiving he was in a dilemma, then said:

"Why should my son travel farther, if he be uncertain of his way? My house is but a short distance from this place, let us go thither for the present."

Yaou agreed to this proposition, and they all embarked in a boat, which soon took them to a wide lake—so wide that the shades of the evening closed round the party, ere they had crossed it. At last, as the boat neared the opposite bank, Yaou was surprised to hear the voice of Lien cry out from the shore:

"Is that my son Yaou's boat?"

But he was still more astonished when he immediately afterwards heard his adopted mother exclaim:

"That is my dear husband's voice!"

For the old lady that Yaou had so fortunately purchased was no other than Lien's wife, who had been carried off by the rebels, previous to the old gentleman's return home.

After the first happy greetings and hurried explanations on the bank of the lake, Lien led the way to his house; and, having ushered Yaou and Faw-wang into the little apartment, with the many lucky corners, gave them formal possession of it, for their own use. On entering the room Yaou was struck with surprise; his eyes eagerly glanced over the windows, doors, tables, seats, bed, and bed-hangings.

"How strange!" he exclaimed. "I have frequently dreamt of a room, exactly resembling this; everything here is quite familiar to me. Am I awake, or do I still dream! I remember, too, that in my dreams I have frequently gone to a recess, concealed by that very curtain at the foot of the bed, and taken from thence a box of toys—a little porcelain horse, a hammer, a ball, and other things, such as children play with."

Lien, too much agitated to speak, drew back the curtain, disclosing the recess and the box of toys, which were immediately recognised by Yaou.

"Of a surety, then," said Lien, "you cannot be any other than my own son, who, escaping the calamity of the tiger, was picked up by a kidnapper, and sold to some childless family."

But Yaou strongly insisted that such could not be the case; for no one had ever told him that he was not the son of Kwe, the rice-merchant, in the city of Hwo-Kwang. Then Faw-wang, who had not previously spoken, said to her husband:

"Everybody in our town well knew that you were not the son of Kwe, the rice-merchant, though nobody liked to tell you so to your face. When you first proposed marriage to me, my parents, seeing you were an industrious and well-

disposed young man, would gladly have consented if you had been the true offspring of Kwe's house, and not a mere purchased brat. That was the true reason why they would not permit our marriage to be solemnised. And now, when you have heard all this, how can you doubt that you are the son of this worthy couple?—that this is the very room in which you were born?"

For some minutes not one of the party could speak. At last, Lien, with an effort, breaking the silence, said:

"We need not long remain in doubt upon this matter. There is a certain means of identification, by a peculiar mark my child had upon his body."

On examination, the mark was found upon Yaou, and then Lien said:

"This day the Imperial Heaven and Queen-like Earth, taking compassion on our collected virtue, have brought us all together to complete our imperfect circle."

Then all, with one accord, having bowed and thanked Heaven and Earth, Lien summoned the servants, and ordered them to make preparations for a grand feast. Four pigs and four sheep were killed in honour of the gods, and to furnish a repast for all the neighbours; before whom Lien acknowledged Yaou to be his legitimate son and heir, who, consequently, took from that time his original name of Sea-lou, or the Little-chamber, though he is still more generally known over all the great celestial, central, flowery empire as THE LOST CHILD.

WILLIAM PINKERTON.

THE WRECK OF THE ALMA.

BY A PASSENGER.

ON the afternoon of Friday the 10th of June, 1859, we were enjoying the kind and courteous hospitalities of the Brigadier-Commandant at his residence on one of the highest spots of the extinguished volcano now called Aden. We talked over the wonderful variety of comforts and conveniences which the facilities of modern communication have brought to that desolate crater from all regions of the world. Suddenly we saw smoke rising in the harbour from the chimney of the beautiful steamer Alma, which had brought us from Point de Galle in the Island of Ceylon; and while she took in coals for the continuation of her homeward voyage, had handed us over to the urbanities of our friends. We had understood she was not to start till Saturday's daybreak—for superstition against a departure on a Friday is still not without its influence among naval men. It was supposed some new arrangement had been made, so we hurried on board. Not, however, on an unlucky Friday, but at sunrise on Saturday the good ship heaved her anchor, making for the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, to dash and perish in the Red Sea on a coral reef on that anniversary Sabbath generally deemed so bright and auspicious—the gayest Sabbath of the year, Whitsunday.

The moon had just gone down, the night was perfectly serene, and the waves of the Arabian gulf tranquil as a lake in summer. It was three o'clock a.m., and except a few who remained on

deck to escape from the intolerable heat below, we had retired to our cabins to seek that repose which is not easily found when the thermometer ranges at or above 90 degrees of Fahrenheit. No dream of danger molested us for a moment. The captain, it is true, had been confined to his cabin by an attack of erysipelas, and had not been visible for two or three days; but the chief officers were in constant communication with him. All had long experience of the Red Sea navigation, and we were provided with admirable charts pointing out every peril, and laying down the safe channels with perfect accuracy. Indeed, disasters have been very uncommon on this well-known and constantly traversed navigation, the highroad for steamers to and from India, China, and Australia, not to speak of the numerous steam-ships of war which are scarcely ever wanting in the great gulf which divides Asia from Africa, whose name is familiar to our earliest associations, connected as it is with some of the most startling and impressive events of biblical history. And yet there was real ground for anxiety. Excepting the officers, there were only four European sailors on board, the crew consisting of Lascars, who, in the sequel, exhibited both cowardice and treachery; for when the Alma struck they jumped into the water, swam to the neighbouring reef, abandoning ship and passengers to their fate, and were afterwards busy in breaking open and robbing the baggage which was saved from the wreck.

There were three fearful crashes, and in a few seconds the vessel heeled over, and floods of water rushed in at the port-holes. We heard the orders given to drive on—to go a-head—in the hope, no doubt, that the reef might be got over, but with fear that if a hole had been made in her bottom, her backing would have taken us into deep water, when she would have gone down perpendicularly, and all must have perished. Everybody rushed forth from their cabins. There were many screams and cries, especially from mothers who were seeking their children,—many supplications for deliverance, many prayers for forgiveness of sins, many commendations of souls to God. Those who were able, made their way to the door of the saloon and up the staircase to the sloping deck. But the rising of the waters soon closed that means of retreat. From the cabins on the port-side, which was under water, the passengers were rescued by those who were on the starboard side, which was high and nearly dry; but the slope of the deck made it difficult to maintain a footing. Planting our heels against anything that offered resistance, and holding on by whatever we could seize as a means of support, we watched the waters rising, rising, rising—extinguishing the lights as they rose, till we were left in utter darkness, waiting the moment when we should be overwhelmed, or, wholly exhausted, drop into the engulfing waves. We heard noise and tumult above. Once voices reached us, "Any ladies below?" We answered as loudly and as frequently as we were able—"Ladies, children, men!" but there was silence and no relief. Our little group consisted of six persons—three males, three females. We discussed our chances of redemption, and abandoned hope. We held each other's hands, and the words,

"Thy will, O God! be done," passed from lips to lips. The women were as serene as saints waiting for a celestial flight.

Then it was that relief and salvation were near. Ropes and friendly hands came down through the skylight. It had been discovered that many of the passengers had not been able to escape from the saloon. Every energy was exerted for our rescue, and rescued we all were, though many were wounded and bruised while dragged over the waters amidst the floating furniture, the broken planks, and through the apertures of escape. We had no garments on but our night dresses; we were nearly naked and barefooted. All cares seemed absorbed in that for our personal deliverance. One by one we were pulled out of our watery prison, and lowered over the side of the Alma into boats below.

But that which received us was water-logged, and full of women and children. Happily it had been fastened to the side of the Alma. Two life-preservers were flung into the boat, and one of the sailors broke the head of a barrel which was used to bale out the water that had filled the little craft. Among those who had been aided down into the boat was an old lady who had lived more than fifty married years in India, and was returning with her husband, whose age exceeded fourscore, to end their long pilgrimage in their native land. Most touching was the anxiety they exhibited not to be "separated," whether for life or death. "O! let us two be preserved together, or together die." Though separated for a time, they were united again on the coral reef when the general gathering took place. May many a ray of brightness gild the evening of their existence!

A lifeboat which had already conveyed many passengers to the reef arrived, and we were transferred to its safer keeping and landed on the lower part of the coral island. Having neither shoes nor stockings, our feet were cruelly cut by the sharp and jagged coral, and we often fell on our hands, elbows and knees from the extreme pain of the wounds. Our object was to reach the higher point of the reef, as the waves were covering the spot where we were first put on shore. Those who had made some progress, and who had slippers and shoes, sent them to those who were barefooted. Curious were the devices for the protection of the sole. I tied my nightcap round what Beau Brummel called his "favourite foot," thus patronising one of my two supporters. When some sails had been saved they were turned into sandals, and enabled the wearers to brave the sharp edges of the serrated coral. We aided the ladies to reach the more elevated portion of the reef, where, to our great satisfaction, the deposits of birds convinced us that this reef was not usually covered by the tide. We learnt afterwards from the captain of the Cyclops, that he had seen the reef wholly submerged in waves, but to no such peril were we now exposed.

With the dawn of day, we perceived that many things had been brought away from the wreck. The mails were landed, and a portion of the luggage, much of which had been seriously damaged by the salt water. Though the gunpowder was all wetted, muskets, and such arms as could be got

at, were secured—two rockets were saved which we felt might be useful as signals—one of the two was employed for the purpose. The live-stock was brought on shore, but soon began to die off for want of drink. Of beer there was a good supply, some wine, some rum, but we suffered most from the inadequate provision of water, and that which was brought on shore was brackish from the mixture of the sea.

Our first care was to provide for the safety of the party, of whom more than three hundred and fifty were landed on the reef. An attack from the Arabs was among probable contingencies, especially after the exasperation caused by the late hostile proceedings against Djedda. The name of the reef on which we found ourselves is Moorshedjerah—it may be seen in all the large charts—is between Moka and Hodeida, near the Harnish Islands, and about twenty-five miles from the Arabian coast.

Sails, spars and ropes were brought from the wreck, rude tents were constructed, and afforded some, though a very insufficient, shelter from the vertical rays of the sun. Most of the ladies, children, and some of the aged and infirm were escorted or carried to the highest part of the reef, where every possible arrangement was made for their comfort and accommodation. Bolsters, pillows, blankets and garments were collected, and invariably appropriated to those who needed them most. The ascent to the ladies' bivouac was somewhat steep and rugged, but nothing was wanting on the part of the men to alleviate their sufferings, and to furnish such appliances for their relief as were accessible. And well indeed did they deserve, and well repay our solicitudes—their conduct was equally patient and heroic. Indeed a more striking display of multitudinous virtues could hardly have been exhibited. Everywhere the young were ministering to the old—the strong to the feeble—the men to the women—the women to the children. Nor were the virtues alone called into action, it seemed as if sagacity and foresight were almost supernaturally brightened, everything was thought of that prudence could suggest, and devotion accomplish—everywhere was order, everywhere harmony, good-will, full trust in those to whom the direction was confided, and theirs was a most onerous and responsible task, which they admirably fulfilled.

There had been indeed a short period during which the maternal agonies could hardly be restrained. Many of the children were supposed to have been drowned, and several who had fallen into the water were rescued by the unwearied efforts of those who plunged in after them to save them. Not one of them perished, but some mothers while they were inquiring in mortal distress after the fate of their offspring, received children that were not their own. But when all had been restored to those who claimed them, cries and clamours subsided into smiles and gratitude, and from that moment there reigned a calm and a confidence unbroken.

Among the passengers were a considerable number of officers—both in the Queen's and the Company's service, returning to England from India. To these was confided the distribution of the warlike weapons with which those were armed who

undertook the guardianship and protection of the camp and of the provisions. They were our sentinels at night as our companions by day.

Our purser was one of the most robust of men. He usually conducted the religious worship on board, and we had heard him only a day or two before read the funeral service over two of our companions, when they were committed to the deep. Upon him much depended, he exposed himself to the sun, and seemed confused with the sense of his heavy responsibilities. He became delirious and frenzied, and it was scarcely possible to hold him, so violent were his contortions, while his cries were loud and furious; they were stilled by death, and in a few hours—it not being possible to dig a grave in the hard coral, his corpse was flung into the sea. There were several other distressing cases of suffering from sun-strokes, but none but this had a fatal termination.

We had been joined at Aden by a party of eight gentlemen, who had been engaged in laying down the electric telegraph from Suez. Their services and knowledge of localities were invaluable to us. One of them volunteered to accompany one of the ship's boats to Moka, in order to seek there succour and supplies, especially of water, of which we were so lamentably in want. There were no sounds more saddening than those of the children crying for "pani! pani!—water! water!" which it was impossible to give them in sufficient quantity to satisfy their cravings. The men came to an early resolution that such water as had been saved should be given only to the sick, the women and the children. The boat, in consequence of the absence of winds, and the presence of mists, did not reach Moka till the following afternoon. She took with her a Mahomedan Hadji merchant, who was among our passengers, and our representatives were kindly received by the authorities, who undertook to send us a quantity of water. It had not, however, arrived, when two days after, we left the reef. Another party had gone to a neighbouring island, where they found wells with water, but it was brackish and disagreeable to the taste. After accomplishing their mission at Moka, the boat's party proceeded to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, where they found H. M. S. Cyclops, which had been directed by the Admiralty to assist in the service of the Electric Telegraph Company. The Cyclops had fortunately been detained by head-winds. To her, under Providence, we afterwards owed our redemption.

The passengers were divided into two principal groups—one at the top of the reef; another, and by far the most numerous, scattered about below, where they found (during part of the day), shadow from a portion of the reef, which ran up somewhat abruptly; but it was close and sultry withal, and the atmosphere under the awnings somewhat impure.

There were cases of fever, and it was to be apprehended that if they assumed a typhoid and contagious character, a great mortality would have resulted. At times the sun's heat was intolerable, as his beams descended directly on our heads; but we found great relief from keeping our hair and foreheads wet with rags steeped in the salt water, hot though it was, and in having streams of it poured upon our necks. These precautions

secured many from strokes of the sun, and restored others who were suffering from such strokes. Moreover, we found that salt water so employed alleviated our burning thirst. For food there was little appetite; and of the animals that were landed, I believe very few were slaughtered. As neither Mohammedans nor Hindoos drink spirituous liquors, it was necessary to apportion among them a part of the water saved. A black man stole a tin can of water more than his portion: he was cut down by one of the officers on the watch. There was but one other melancholy exception to the general concurrence in, and obedience to, these regulations, whose observance was the main cause of our safety and security. The sinner belonged—sad to say!—he belonged to the Indian army; an officer of rank. He said he had appropriated the two bottles of beer, which were found secreted on him, in order to ascertain whether the watch was vigilant. Let his name and shame be buried in oblivion together! The verdict of those who heard the defence was an appropriate punishment for the misdoing. In bright contrast to such malfiance, let one act of devotion be recorded: and it would be easy to select many such acts. There was an officer of the same military rank as the offender, the bones of whose middle finger were splintered by the fall of the mast of the Alma, having been caught by one of the ropes. For four-and-twenty hours no instrument could be found to amputate the mutilated member. Wholly forgetful of his sufferings, and being selected as a leader, there was not only no relaxation in his exertions, but he was one of the most active and useful of our auxiliaries. No thought of self interfered for a moment with the claims of self-sacrificing courage.

Another of the gentlemen, belonging to the Electric Telegraph Expedition, was charged with the general custody and distribution of the provisions saved from the wreck, and excellently did he justify the confidence that was placed in his sagacity. He was as firm in courteously resisting unreasonable requirements, as he was considerate in kind concessions to those who had peculiar claims to urge. The care required was not only with reference to the supply of immediate wants, but to provide for our uncertain, and possibly prolonged, detention on the reef; and so to use our resources as to secure us, as far as possible, against whatever might happen. No doubt there were a few pardonable pious frauds, in which a husband obtained for a wife, or a father for his children, somewhat more than their just proportion; but as there was no real cause of complaint, so there were no complainings.

The party was separated into smaller groups, messes we called them, of from ten to fourteen each. Every mess selected a head; and the lists being given to the commissary-in-chief, the head received in the morning and at night the beer, wine, and rum allotted to his care, and for whose fair apportionment he was deemed responsible. On one occasion some ice was discovered, and a lump was given to each of the ladies. There were two or three great festivals, when soup, made of preserved vegetables and salt water was distributed. It has often been my lot to sit at the

table of monarchs and share the luxuries of *gourmandise* with some of the most illustrious students and judges of culinary arts, but for intense enjoyment give me, on a coral reef, under a tropical sun, when faint and famished—give me a bason of preserved vegetable and salt water soup! Assuredly neither Beauvilliers nor Soyer ever provided such delicious fare! If delicacies fall upon the palate of the satiated—if dry bread be sweet to the mouth of the hungry—there is something far beyond the enjoyment of common luxury, when, exhausted with weariness, parched and panting with thirst, the glass, whose drops are more delicious than nectar, is raised to the lips.

The comfort of bathing was great, especially before sunrise; yet so deceitful was the flight of time, that, believing it to be five A.M., I once made my way to the edge of the reef, and found afterwards that it was only one hour after midnight. It required no small care to escape being cut by the sharp edges of the coral; but there were some places where soft green sea-weeds covered the surface, on which it was delicious to lay ourselves down, and to allow the surges to flow over and refresh the body.

Above the reef, gulls and sea-birds flew and screamed as they passed over our heads, little used to such interruptions of their solitude; but we were wholly freed from the molestations of those insect visitants which are such torments to tropical life.

In the numbers of which our party was composed, the four quarters of the world were undoubtedly represented; for, to say nothing of the ordinary crew of a steamer plying east of the Cape, in which will be found negroes attending to the fires, Mahomedans and Hindoos of various classes charged with the ordinary functions of seamen, Chinamen as cooks and carpenters, Manillamen for pilots and steerers; while among the European sailors there will be generally discovered an infusion of Danes and Dutch and other maritime nations—independently of this motley crew, our passengers represented a great variety of tribes and tongues: people there were from North and South America, from Australia, many Anglo-Indians, and many of pure English blood, who had never visited the country of their sires. In Galle we heard of the European war; and in the same apartments were a Frenchman and an Austrian, who thenceforward called themselves, to our great amusement, "intimate enemies," and fought for the politics and reputation of their governments and people with becoming and earnest patriotism.

There was a considerable party of Spaniards and Filipinos about to visit the "renowned romantic land," so great and chivalric in its history, and which seen from the remoteness of a Spanish colony, and pictured in the teaching of the clergy and their colleges, has lost nothing of its greatness or its glory. The Spaniards having at first no interpreter, had been utterly forgotten; and, on the first day, received no portion of the allotted beverages. One of them had a sun-stroke, and it was some time before his condition could be made known to the medical people. I found him held down by his countrymen, calling out in the wildest delirium for his madre! madre! (mother! mother!) One old man specially interested me.

He had taken under his charge a bright-eyed boy—an Ilocan Indian—and on many occasions I saw the bent and wrinkled *Anciano* giving a large part of his own supplies to the fainting youth. That youth had often amused and instructed me, an inquirer as to the Ilocos branch of the Tegáloc idiom, which is the most widely disseminated of the native languages of the northern portion of the Philippines. The Spaniards did full justice to the demeanour of our English women. How differently, they said, would Spanish ladies have acted! It would have been impossible to subdue their fears or to control their passions.

Both the Spanish and the Netherlands Archipelago are now brought into regular steam communication with Europe by branches of the great Peninsular and Oriental Company. Hong Kong is the point of contact with Manila. Singapore with Batavia; and, at Singapore we had a large accession of Dutch families, with their Javanese servants, and many children of native mothers and European fathers, speaking only the Malay tongue. The various nationalities—if so broad a name can be given to the many races, who call themselves the subjects of the same prince or power—presented singular contrasts in action, and in suffering, under circumstances so likely to develop character; but we may well be pleased with and proud of the bearing of Englishmen and Englishwomen, our women especially, when placed in extreme difficulty and danger. The noblest qualities expand and strengthen with the urgency for their exercise.

There were several sick people among the wrecked passengers. Such was the care they experienced that, with the exception of the purser, there was no case of death upon the reef. One gentleman died after our rescue, but his situation had been long deemed hopeless.

On the third day it was necessary to diminish the allotments of beer and wine. It was served out in half-glasses in the mess to which I belonged, but there was no flagging of courage or fortitude; on the contrary, a sort of presentiment prevailed among us that relief was at hand.

Let me mention here as somewhat relative and illustrative, that I had been haunted by strange visions during my unquiet slumbers on the reef. On one occasion a handsome Italian lady—a companion of our misfortune—appeared, in my dreams,—her face was close to mine; its beauty was gradually changed into deformity; the hair was loosened from its roots; the features were extinguished; it became a naked skull, and then slowly moved away. It was followed by the visage of a bearded man, which looked searchingly upon and into me. Then the beard fell off; the eyes dropped from their sockets; the countenance became a hideous and offensive mass—which was also slowly transformed to a skull and disappeared; to be followed by another head, which, after glaring at me, became discoloured by pustules and tumours which rent the skin; the flesh was loosened, it detached itself from the bones, leaving nothing but a skull, which, like its predecessors, then departed. There were, at least, twenty such visitations—unlike one another—each looking intensely into my face; and, after undergoing frightful transformations, all assumed the appearance of crania, and like

Banquo's ghost, glided away from sight. I remember that I preserved perfect serenity during these strange appearances, which gave evidence, no doubt, of a somewhat fevered intellect, acted upon by the excitement of the events of the day. The dream was but the uncovering of the passing scene, on which the shadows of death were so adjacent to the business of life.

And the morning of the fourth day brought us deliverance. The boat which had gone to Moka, proceeded to Aden, and in the Straits found H.M. steamer Cyclops, Captain Pullen, which, though about to depart in another direction, had fortunately been detained by strong head-winds, and lost not a moment in hastening to our rescue; the crew having put themselves on short commons in order to secure to us more abundant supplies. Shouts of "A steamer! a steamer!" were echoed and re-echoed over the reef. What gratulations! what embracing! what tears of joy! Soon water-barrels were rolling to the tents; tea was provided in abundance. A hundred ready hands, moved by clear heads and warm hearts, were engaged in our service. Shoes were found for the shoeless—garments for the ragged and naked. The sick ladies were first conveyed on cots to the ship; then the rest of the women and the children; the men followed, and in a few hours all but the principal officers and native crew of the Alma, who remained on the reef in charge of the wreck, were transferred to the Cyclops; where they found a welcome, than which none was ever warmer, on the part of the sailors, or more acceptable to those who were the objects and recipients of the overflowing kindness. Every man was inquiring what he could do for our comfort, offering anything he possessed as if he were receiving not conferring a favour. Our feelings may be judged of by the address which was signed by all the passengers of the Alma, who, though they had lost a large portion of their effects, and many were absolutely penniless, raised a sum of about 140*l.* which was presented to the noble crew to whom they were so much indebted. There is reason to believe the Lords of the Admiralty have given evidence of their just appreciation of the services rendered by the officers and crew of the Cyclops. The passengers themselves addressed a testimonial of their gratitude to them, and especially to their captain, W. L. J. Pullen.

Before leaving the reef, the Lascars were drawn up in a line, and called upon to restore the plunder they had taken from the passengers. Most of them flung behind them the money and the jewels of which they had possessed themselves, and the value was said to be considerable. One gentleman recovered an amount of about eighty pounds in gold, of which he had been despoiled. It was universally felt to be a sore grievance, and has been made the subject of strong representations and remonstrances to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, that the persons and property of passengers on board their steamers in the Eastern Seas, are exposed to so much additional danger from the immense preponderance of the black races on whom the navigation of the ship depends. Independently of the officers, the European seamen did not amount to one-twentieth part of the

whole crew. The untrustworthiness of the Lascars in cases requiring confidence and courage has been but too commonly experienced by our countrymen, but the experience has not produced the needful change.

Closely packed, no doubt, but with thankful and joyful hearts, and thinking less of the perils we had encountered, than of the privileges we enjoyed, we steered away to Aden, which we reached on the following day. Aden has few accommodations—no hotels, or lodging-houses—but the ready services of everybody were at our disposal, and by the distribution of the passengers on all sides, shelter was found and food and rest.

About half the passengers (109 in number), availed themselves of the first opportunity of reaching Suez, which was afforded by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer "Bombay." These persons, no doubt, caused some inconvenience to the Bombay's people. Our presence was loudly complained of, and bitterly remonstrated against, by those who represented themselves as already uncomfortably crowded; but no sympathy has to my knowledge been expressed with the complainers. J. B.

THE LAST WORDS OF JUGGLING JERRY.

PTON here the tent, while the old horse grazes :

By the old hedge-side we'll halt a stage.

It's nigh my last above the daisies :

My next leaf'll be man's blank page.

Yes, my old girl! and it's no use crying :

Juggler, constable, king, must bow.

One that outjuggles all's been spying

Long to have me, and has me now.

We've travelled times to this old common :

Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.

We've had a stirring life, old woman!

You, and I, and the old grey horse.

Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,

Found us coming to their call :

Now they'll miss us at our stations :

There's a Juggler outjuggles all!

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly!

Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.

It's easy to think that grieving's folly,

When the hand's firm as driven stakes.

Ay! when we're strong, and braced, and manful,

Life's a sweet fiddle: but we're a batch

Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful :

Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket :

I was a lad not wide from here :

Couldn't I juggle the bale off the wicket?

Like an old world those days appear!

Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatch'd ale-house. I

know 'em!

They're old friends of my halts, and seem,

Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe 'em :

Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual :

Nature allows us to bait for the fool.

Holding one's own makes us juggle no little;

But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.

You that are sneering at my profession,

Haven't you juggled a vast amount!

There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,

Juggles more games than my sins'll count.

I've murder'd insects with moek thunder :
 Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.
 I've made bread from the bump of wonder :
 That's my business, and there's my tale.
 Fashion and rank all praised the professor :
 Ay ! and I've had my smile from the Queen :
 Bravo, Jerry ! she meant : God bless her !
 Ain't this a sermon on that scene ?

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
 Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
 Some are fine fellows : some, right scurvy :
 Most, a dash between the two.
 But it's a woman, old girl, that makes me
 Think more kindly of the race :
 And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes me
 When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal :
 Honest we've lived since we've been one.
 Lord ! I could then jump like an eagle :
 You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.
 Birds in a May-bush we were ! right merry !
 All night we kiss'd—we juggled all day.
 Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry !
 Now from his old girl he's juggled away.

It's past parsons to console us :
 No, nor no doctor fetch for me :
 I can die without my bolus ;
 Two of a trade, lass, never agree.
 Parson and Doctor !—don't they love rarely,
 Fighting the devil in other men's fields !
 Stand up yourself and match him fairly :
 Then see how the rascal yields !



I, lass, have lived no gipsy, flaunting
 Finery while his poor helpmate grubs :
 Coin I've stored, and you won't be wanting :
 You shan't beg from the troughs and tubs.
 Nobby you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen
 Duke might kneel to call you Cook :
 Palaces you could have ruled and grown rich in,
 But old Jerry you never forsook.
 Hand up the chirper ! ripe ale winks in it ;
 Let's have comfort and be at peace.
 Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.
 Cheer up ! the Lord must have his lease.
 May be—for none see in that black hollow—
 It's just a place where we're held in pawn,
 And, when the Great Juggler makes us to swallow,
 It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite gone !

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so nutty,
 Gold-like and warm : it's the prime of May.
 Better than mortar, brick, and putty,
 Is God's house on a blowing day.
 Lean me more up the mound ; now I feel it :
 All the old heath-smells ! Ain't it strange ?
 There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,
 But He is by us, juggling the change.
 I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,
 Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,
 Which, as the moon got up, were flying
 Down a big wave that spark'd and swell'd.
 Crack ! went a gun : one fell : the second
 Wheel'd round him twice, and was off for new luck :
 There in the dark her white wing beckon'd :
 Give me a kiss—I'm the bird dead-struck !

GEORGE MEREDITH.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

GHYSBRECHT VAN SWIETEN could not sleep all night for anxiety. He was afraid of thunder and lightning, or he would have made one of the party that searched Peter's house. As soon as the storm ceased altogether, he crept downstairs, saddled his mule, and rode to the Three Kings at Sevenbergen. There he found his men sleeping, some on the chairs, some on the tables, some on the floor. He roused them furiously, and heard the story of their unsuccessful search, interlarded with praises of their zeal.

"Fool! to let you go without me," cried the Burgomaster. "My life on't he was there all the time. Looked ye under the girl's bed?"

"No: there was no room for a man there."

"How know ye that, if ye looked not?" snarled Ghysbrecht. "Ye should have looked under her bed, and in it, too; and sounded all the panels with your knives. Come, now, get up, and I shall show ye how to search."

Dierich Brower got up, and shook himself: "If you find him, call me a horse and no man."

In a few minutes Peter's house was again surrounded.

The fiery old man left his mule in the hands of Jorian Ketel, and, with Dierich Brower and the others, entered the house.

The house was empty!

Not a creature to be seen, not even Peter. They went up-stairs, and then suddenly one of the men gave a shout, and pointed through Peter's window, which was open. The others looked, and there, at some little distance, walking quietly across the fields with Margaret and Martin, was the man they sought. Ghysbrecht, with an



exulting yell, descended the stairs, and flung himself on his mule; and he and his men set off in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GERARD, warned by recent peril, rose before day-break, and waked Martin. The old soldier was astonished. He thought Gerard had escaped by the window last night. Being consulted as to the best way for him to leave the country and elude pursuit, he said there was but one road safe. "I must guide you through the great forest to a bridle road I know of. This will take you speedily to a hostelry, where they will lend you a swift horse: and then an hour's gallop will take you out of Holland. But let us start ere the folk here quit their beds."

Peter's house was but a furlong and a half from the forest. They started, Martin with his bow

and three arrows, for it was Thursday: Gerard with nothing but a stout oak staff Peter gave him for the journey.

Margaret pinned up her kirtle and farthingale, for the road was wet. Peter went as far as his garden hedge with them, and then, with more emotion than he often bestowed on passing events, gave the young man his blessing.

The sun was peeping above the horizon as they crossed the stony field and made for the wood. They had crossed about half, when Margaret, who kept nervously looking back every now and then, uttered a cry, and, following her instinct, began to run towards the wood, screaming with terror all the way.

Ghysbrecht and his men were in hot pursuit.

Resistance would have been madness. Martin and Gerard followed Margaret's example. The pursuers gained slightly on them; but Martin

kept shouting, "Only gain the wood! only gain the wood!"

They had too good a start for the men on foot, and their hearts bounded with hope at Martin's words, for the great trees seemed now to stretch their branches like friendly arms towards them, and their leaves like a screen.

But an unforeseen danger burst on them. The fiery old Burgomaster had flung himself on his mule, and, spurring him to a gallop, he headed not his own men only, but the fugitives. His object was to cut them off. The old man came galloping in a semicircle, and got on the edge of the wood, right in front of Gerard: the others might escape for ought he cared.

Margaret shrieked twice; but only once for Gerard.

Ghysbrecht in his ardour had forgotten that hunted animals turn on the hunter; and that two men can hate, and two can long to kill the thing they hate.

Instead of attempting to dodge him, as the Burgomaster thought he would, Gerard flew right at him with a savage, exulting cry, and struck at him with all his heart and soul and strength. The oak staff came down on his face with a frightful crash, and laid him under his mule's tail, beating the devil's tattoo with his heels, his face streaming, and his collar spattered, with blood.

The next moment, the three were in the wood. The yell of dismay and vengeance that burst from Ghysbrecht's men at that terrible blow which felled their leader, told the fugitives that it was a race for life or death.

"Why run?" cried Gerard, panting. "You have your bow; and I have this:" and he shook his bloody staff.

"Boy!" roared Martin; "the GALLOWS! Follow me!" and he fed into the wood. Soon they heard a cry like a pack of hounds opening on sight of the game. The men were in the wood, and saw them flitting among the trees. Margaret moaned and panted, as she ran; and Gerard clenched his teeth, and grasped his staff. The next minute they came to a stiff hazel coppice. Martin dashed into it, and shouldered the young wood aside as if it were standing corn.

Ere they had gone fifty yards in it they came to four blind paths.

Martin took one. "Bend low," said he: and, half-creeping, they glided along. Presently their path was again intersected with other little tortuous paths. They took one of them; it seemed to lead back, but it soon took a turn, and after a while brought them to a thick pine grove where the walking was good and hard: there were no paths here, and the young fir-trees were so thick you could not see three yards before your nose.

When they had gone some way in this, Martin sat down, and accustomed to lose all impression of danger with the danger itself, took a piece of bread and a slice of ham out of his wallet, and began quietly to eat his breakfast.

The young ones looked at him with dismay. He replied to their looks.

"All Sevenbergen could not find you now; you will lose your purse, Gerard, long before you get to Italy: is that the way to carry a purse?"

Gerard looked, and there was a large triangular purse, entangled by its chains to the buckle and strap of his wallet.

"This is none of mine," said he. "What is in it, I wonder?" and he tried to detach it: but in passing through the coppice it had become inextricably entangled in his strap and buckle. "It seems loath to leave me," said Gerard, and he had to cut it loose with his knife. The purse, on examination, proved to be well provided with silver coins of all sizes, but its bloated appearance was greatly owing to a number of pieces of brown paper folded and doubled. A light burst on Gerard. "Why it must be that old thief's? and see! stuffed with paper to deceive the world!"

The wonder was, how the Burgomaster's purse came on Gerard.

They hit at last upon the right solution. The purse must have been at Ghysbrecht's saddle-bow, and Gerard, rushing at his enemy, had unconsciously torn it away, thus felling his enemy and robbing him, with a single gesture.

Gerard was delighted at this feat, but Margaret was uneasy.

"Throw it away, Gerard, or let Martin take it back. Already they call you a thief. I cannot bear it."

"Throw it away? give it him back? not a stiver. This is spoil, lawfully won in battle from an enemy. Is it not, Martin?"

"Why, of course. Send him back the brown paper an you will; but the purse or the coin—that were a sin."

"Oh, Gerard!" said Margaret, "you are going to a distant land. We need the good will of Heaven. How can we hope for that, if we take what is not ours."

But Gerard saw it in a different light.

"It is Heaven that gives it me by a miracle, and I shall cherish it accordingly," said this pious youth. "Thus the favoured people spoiled the Egyptians, and were blessed."

"Take your own way," said Margaret, humbly, "you are wiser than I am. You are my husband," added she, in a low murmuring voice; "is it for me to gainsay you?"

These humble words from Margaret, who, till that day, had held the whip hand, rather surprised Martin for the moment. They recurred to him some time afterwards, and then they surprised him less.

Gerard kissed her tenderly in return for her wife-like docility, and they pursued their journey hand-in-hand, Martin leading the way, into the depths of the huge forest. The farther they went the more absolutely secure from pursuit they felt. Indeed, the townspeople never ventured so far as this into the trackless part of the forest.

Impetuous natures repent quickly. Gerard was no sooner out of all danger, than his conscience began to prick him.

"Martin, would I had not struck quite so hard."

"Whom? Oh! let that pass; he is cheap served."

"Martin, I saw his grey hairs as my stick fell on him. I doubt I shall not get them out of my sight this while."

Martin grunted. "Who spares a badger for his grey hairs? The greyer your enemy is, the older; and the older the craftier; and the craftier the better for a little killing."

"Killing? Killing, Martin? don't speak of killing!" And Gerard shook all over.

"I am very much mistaken if you have not," said Martin, cheerfully,

"Now Heaven forbid!"

"The old vagabond's skull cracked like a walnut. Aha!"

"God and all the saints forbid it!"

"He rolled off his mule like a stone shot out of a cart. Said I to myself, 'there is one wiped out.'" And the iron old soldier grinned ruthlessly.

Gerard fell on his knees, and began to pray for his enemy's life.

At this Martin lost patience. "Here's mummery. What, you that set up for learning, know you not that a wise man never strikes his enemy but to kill him? And what is all this coil about killing of old men? If it had been a young one now, with the joys of life waiting for him—to wit, wine, women, and pillage—but an old fellow at the edge of the grave, why *not* shove him in? Go he must, to-day or to-morrow; and what better place for greybeards? Now, if ever I should be so mischancy as to last so long as Ghysbrecht did, and have to go on a mule's legs instead of Martin Wittenhaagen's, and a back like this (striking the wood of his bow), instead of this (striking the string), I'll thank and bless any young fellow, who will have the charity and the friendship to knock me on the head, as you have done that old shopkeeper, malediction on his memory!"

"Oh, culpa mea! culpa mea!" cried Gerard, and smote upon his breast.

"Look there," said Martin to Margaret, scornfully, "*he is a priest at heart, still*: and, when he is not in ire, St. Paul! what a milk-sop!"

"Tush, Martin!" cried Margaret, reproachfully: then sinking on her knees, she wreathed her arms round Gerard, and comforted him with the double magic of a woman's sense and a woman's voice.

"Sweetheart," murmured she, "you forget: you went not a step out of the way to harm him, who hunted you to your death. You fled from him. He it was who spurred on you. Then did you strike, but in self-defence, and a single blow, and with that which was in your hand. Malice had drawn knife, or struck again and again. How often have men been smitten with staves not one but many blows, yet no lives lost. If then your enemy has fallen, it is through his own malice, not yours, and by the will of God."

"Bless you, Margaret, bless you, for thinking so!"

"Yes, but, beloved one; if you have had the *misfortune* to kill that wicked man, the more need is there that you fly with haste from Holland. Oh! let us on."

"Nay, Margaret," said Gerard. "I fear not man's vengeance, thanks to Martin here, and this thick wood: only Him I fear whose eye pierces the forest, and reads the heart of man. If I but struck in self-defence, 'tis well; but if in hate, he

may bid the avenger of blood follow me to Italy; to Italy? ay, to earth's remotest bounds."

"Hush!" said Martin, peevishly. "I can't hear for your chat."

"What is it?"

"Do you hear nothing, Margaret? My ears are getting old."

Margaret listened, and presently she heard a tuneful sound, like a single stroke upon a deep ringing bell. She described it so to Martin.

"Nay, I heard it," said he.

"And so did I," said Gerard: "it was beautiful: Ah! there it is again. How sweetly it blends with the air. It is a long way off. It is before us; is it not?"

"No, no! the echoes of this wood confound the ear of a stranger. It comes from the pine grove."

"What, the one we passed?"

"The one we passed."

"Why, Martin, is this *anything*? You look pale."

"Wonderful!" said Martin, with a sickly sneer. "He asks me is it *anything*? Come, on, on! at any rate, let us reach a better place than this."

"A better place—for what?"

"To stand at bay, Gerard," said Martin, gravely; "and die like soldiers, killing three for one."

"What's that sound?"

"IT IS THE AVENGER OF BLOOD."

"Oh, Martin, save him! Oh, Heaven be merciful! What new, mysterious peril is this?"

"GIRL, IT'S A BLOOD-HOUND."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE courage, like the talent of common men, runs in a narrow groove. Take them but an inch out of that, and they are done. Martin's courage was perfect as far as it went. He had met and baffled many dangers in the course of his rude life; and these familiar dangers he could face with Spartan fortitude, almost with indifference: but he had never been hunted by a blood-hound; nor had he ever seen that brute's unerring instinct baffled by human cunning. Here then a sense of the supernatural combined with novelty to unsteel his heart. After going a few steps he leaned on his bow, and energy and hope oozed out of him. Gerard, to whom the danger appeared slight in proportion as it was distant, urged him to flight.

"What avails it," said Martin, sadly; "if we get clear of the wood we shall die cheap; here, hard-by, I know a place where we may die dear."

"Alas! good Martin," cried Gerard: "despair not so quickly: there must be some way to escape."

"Oh, Martin!" cried Margaret. "What if we were to part company? Gerard's life alone is forfeit! is there no way to draw the pursuit on us twain, and let him go safe?"

"Girl, you know not the blood-hound's nature. He is not on this man's track, or that; he is on the track of blood. My life on't, they have taken him to where Ghysbrecht fell, and from Ghysbrecht's blood to the man that shed it that cursed hound will lead them, though Gerard should run through an army, or swim the Meuse." And again he leaned upon his bow, and his head sank.

The hound's mellow voice rang through the wood.

A cry more tuneable
Was never halloed to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, or in Thessaly.

Strange that things beautiful should be terrible and deadly. The eye of the boa constrictor while fascinating its prey is lovely. No royal crown holds such a jewel; it is a ruby with the emerald's green light playing ever upon it. Yet the deer that sees it, loses all power of motion, and trembles, and awaits his death; and even so to compare hearing with sight, this sweet and mellow sound seemed to fascinate Martin Wittenhaagen. He stood uncertain, bewildered, and unnerved. Gerard was little better now. Martin's last words had daunted him. He had struck an old man and shed his blood, and by means of that very blood blood's four-footed avenger was on his track. Was not the finger of Heaven in this?

Whilst the men were thus benumbed, the woman's brain was all activity. The man she loved was in danger.

"Lend me your knife," said she to Martin. He gave it her.

"But 'twill be little use in your hands," said he.

Then Margaret did a sly thing. She stepped behind Gerard, and furtively drew the knife across her arm, and made it bleed freely: then stooping, smeared her hose and shoes: and still as the blood trickled she smeared them; but so adroitly that neither Gerard nor Martin saw. Then she seized the soldier's arm.

"Come, be a man!" she said, haughtily, "and let this end. Take us to some thick place, where numbers will not avail our foes."

"I am going," said Martin, sulkily. "Hurry avails not: we can't shun the hound, and the place is hard by;" then turning to the left, he led the way, as men go to execution.

He soon brought them to a thick hazel coppice, like the one that had favoured their escape in the morning.

"There," said he, "this is but a furlong broad, but it will serve our turn."

"What are we to do?"

"Get through this, and wait on the other side: then as they come straggling through, shoot three, knock two on the head, and the rest will kill us."

"Is that all you can think of?" said Gerard.

"That is all."

"Then, Martin Wittenhaagen, I take the lead; for you have lost your head. Come, can you obey so young a man as I am?"

"Oh! yes, Martin," cried Margaret, "do not gainsay Gerard! He is wiser than his years."

Martin gave a sullen assent, and they entered the thick coppice.

When they had painfully travelled through half the brush-wood, the bloodhound's deep bay came nearer and nearer, louder and louder.

Margaret trembled.

Martin went down on his stomach and listened.

"I hear a horse's feet."

"No," said Gerard. "I doubt it is a mule's. That cursed Ghysbrecht is still alive, none other would follow me up so bitterly."

"Never strike your enemy but to slay him," said Martin, gloomily.

"I'll hit harder this time, if Heaven gives me the chance," said Gerard.

At last they worked through the coppice, and there was an open wood. The trees were large, but far apart, and no escape possible that way.

And now with the hound's bay mingled a score of voices, hooping and hallooing.

"The whole village is out after us," said Martin.

"I care not," said Gerard. "Listen Martin. The hound will gain on the men, and as soon as he comes out of the coppice, we will kill him."

"The hound? There are more than one!"

"I hear but one."

"Ay! but one speaks, the others run mute; but let the leading hound lose the scent, then another shall give tongue. There will be three dogs at least, or devils in dogs' hides. Then we must kill three, instead of one. The moment they are dead, into the coppice again, and go right back. That is a good thought, Gerard!" said Martin, lifting his head.

"Hush! the men are in the wood."

Gerard now gave his orders in a whisper.

"Stand you with your bow by the side of the coppice—there, in the ditch! I will go but a few yards to yon oak-tree, and hide behind it; the dogs will follow me, and as they come out shoot as many as you can, the rest will I brain as they come round the tree!"

Martin's eye flashed. They took up their places.

The hooping and hallooing came closer and closer, and even the rustling of the young wood was heard, and every now and then the unerring bloodhound gave a single bay.

Oh! it was terrible! the branches rustling nearer and nearer, and the inevitable struggle for life and death coming on minute by minute, and that death-knell leading it. A trembling hand was laid on Gerard's shoulder. It made him start violently.

"Martin says, if we are forced to part company, make for that high ash-tree we came in by."

"Yes! yes! yes! but go back for Heaven's sake! don't come here!"

She ran back towards Martin; but, ere she could get to him, suddenly a huge dog burst out of the coppice, and stood erect a moment. He never noticed Margaret. But he lowered his nose an instant, and the next moment, with an awful yell, sprang straight at Gerard's tree, and rolled head-over-heels dead as a stone, literally spitted by an arrow from the bow that twanged beside the coppice in Martin's hand. That same moment out came another hound and smelt his dead comrade. Gerard rushed out at him; but ere he could use his cudgel, a streak of white lightning seemed to strike the hound, and he grovelled in the dust, wounded desperately, but not killed, and howling piteously.

Gerard had not time to dispatch him: the coppice rustled too near: it seemed alive with men. Pointing wildly to Martin to go back, Gerard ran a few yards to the right, then crept

cautiously into the thick coppice just as three men burst out. These had headed their comrades considerably; the rest were following at various distances. Gerard crawled back almost on all-fours. Instinct taught Martin and Margaret to do the same upon their line of retreat. Thus, within the distance of a few yards, the pursuers and pursued were passing one another upon opposite tracks.

A loud cry announced the discovery of the dead and the wounded hound. Then followed a babble of voices, still swelling as fresh pursuers reached the spot. The hunters, as usual on a surprise, were wasting time, and the hunted ones were making the most of it.

"I hear no more hounds," whispered Martin to Margaret, and he was himself again.

It was Margaret's turn to tremble and despair. "Oh! why did we part with Gerard? They will kill my Gerard, and I not near him!"

"Nay, nay! the head to catch him is not on their shoulders. You bade him meet us at the ash-tree."

"And so I did! Bless you, Martin, for thinking of that—to the ash-tree!"

"Ay! but with less noise."

They were now nearly at the edge of the coppice, when suddenly they heard hooping and hallooing behind them. The men had satisfied themselves the fugitives were in the coppice, and were beating back.

"No matter," whispered Martin to his trembling companion. "We shall have time to win clear and slip out of sight by hard running. Ah!"

He stopped suddenly; for just as he was going to burst out of the brush-wood, his eye caught a figure keeping sentinel. It was Ghysbrecht van Swieten seated on his mule, a bloody bandage was across his nose, the bridge of which was broken; but over this his eyes peered keenly, and it was plain by their expression he had heard the fugitives rustle, and was looking out for them. Martin muttered a terrible oath, and cautiously strung his bow, then with equal caution fitted his last arrow to the string. Margaret put her hands to her face, but said nothing. She saw this man must die or Gerard. After the first impulse she peered through her fingers, her heart panting audibly.

(To be continued.)

HEROD IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WHEN the experiment of an Infant-School was determined on, in the last generation, the difficulty was how to begin.

Mr. Wilderspin long afterwards told the story of the first day of the first school, except that which had grown up under Mr. Owen, at Lanark. Mr. Wilderspin and his wife had been very unwilling to make such a venture as bringing together a great number of infants, who had never before spent an hour away from their homes or their mothers; but they were at last persuaded. How many arrived we do not remember; but they kept coming and coming; and the mothers took off their hats and bonnets, and kissed them, and left them. The Wilderspains set to work to play with them: and

heavy work it was. At last one little creature began to cry aloud. This set another off; the roar spread till every one of the whole assemblage was screaming at the top of its voice. There was nothing to be done—the noise was so great, and the distress so desperate. If this went on till noon—when the mothers were to come—half the children would be exhausted, and almost dead. In despair, the Wilderspains rushed into the next room, and the poor woman threw herself on the bed in tears. Her husband was struck by an unaccountable but most fortunate fancy. A cap of his wife's was hanging up to dry. He stuck it on the top of a pole, and carried it into the school, waving it as he went. Within two minutes every child had stopped crying. Their faces were all wet and blubbered, but they were watching the dancing cap.

We need not pursue the story. The hint of appealing to the eye was taken. The excellent master and mistress thought the morning never would be over; and the afternoon was little better. At night they agreed that they could not possibly go on with it; but, as future generations will know, they did persevere; and their success induced many to take up their work.

Many of our readers may have visited an Infant-School. Some may have visited several. Let them now recall what they saw. They saw, perhaps sixty children in one school; a hundred in another; two hundred in a third; all under five or six years old. Every one of these little creatures was infinitely dear to its parents, who thought that no other baby ever was so winning, so singularly charming; and even to a stranger who watched their movements, there was not one which did not excite interest in its own way. Most of them were alive in every fibre, never still a minute, except the set that were in the cribs; and they were in a rosy sleep, as still as at midnight. Now fancy all these schools united in one: add to them all the collection assembled at the baby-shows we heard of five years since; add to these again all the infants you ever remember to have seen; and then imagine these thousands of infants struck dead, lying—a crowd of corpses—on some wide common (for St. Paul's Cathedral floor would not hold them); conceive of them laid out in rows on the grass, with their little coffins piled in pyramids behind them; and you see but a small part of the murder of the innocents which goes on in England every year. Did you ever think of this before?

The fact is proved that, in England, a hundred thousand persons die needlessly every year; and of this number forty thousand are children under five years of age.

Of all the infants born in England, above forty per cent. die before they are five years old. Yet what creature is so tenacious of life as a baby? Those who know the creature best, say they never despair of an infant's life while it breathes; and most of us have witnessed some recoveries which are called miraculous. There is also no creature so easily manageable as an infant, so easily kept healthy and happy, merely by not interfering with the natural course of things. How, then, can this prodigious amount of killing go on

in a country where infanticide is not an institution?

It is precisely because the natural course of things is interfered with that infants die as they do. Nature provides their first food; and if they do not get it, whose fault is it? The great majority of mothers must be naturally able to nurse their own infants. Poor women do it as a matter of course; and if gentlewomen did it as simply and naturally, that one change would largely modify the average of deaths. Gentlewomen may not be aware of this, because the doctor is complaisant in bringing a wet-nurse, and the indolent mother is unaware that her own infant probably suffers, though it does not die, from being put to the wrong breast, while it never enters her head that the nurse's baby probably dies.

If, of the forty per cent. of English infants who die yearly we could know how many are the children of wet-nurses, the fact might startle the fine ladies who scorn the mothers, and might bring no small amount of reproach on the complaisant doctors. When the kind of food is changed, nature is still far from being deferred to as she ought.

Railways are doing good in the article of children's diet. There are still far too many town-cows; but more and more milk is brought in from the country. We remember the spectacle of the brewery cow, shut up all the week in her stable, where, from the effect of full feeding with grains, she soon could not turn round, nor get out till she was shrunk; and of her Sundays when, the gates being closed, she was let out to disport herself among the barrels in the yard. She was a picture of health in comparison with many London cows, which feed hundreds of children. This may, or may not, be better than the state of things when there was no milk to be had for nearly half the children in London: but the race will have no fair chance till there is an abundance of country milk procurable in every town in England.

Modern bread is a great improvement, generally speaking, on that of half a century ago; there are more vegetables, we believe, in proportion to our numbers; not so much meat, we fear, but what there is of a finer quality. In regard to food, the most fatal mischief is, perhaps, the bad cookery,—taking all ranks of society into the account. In many a respectable kitchen, and almost universally in the poor man's dwelling, a large proportion of the nourishing quality of food is lost by injudicious cookery. Other mischiefs in regard to aliment we see every day. We see hungry children, with their spectre eyes and pinched features, and the tell-tale down, like that of a callow bird, on their cheeks. We see infants gnawing at raw apples or carrots, to keep them quiet. We see the children of small shopkeepers, and artisans, and farmers killed with a surfeit of food. We specify those classes, because they, above others, fall into the mistake of cramming themselves and their children, under the notion of living comfortably, doing justice to the children, and so on. The doctors could tell a good deal about the amount of disease in people of all ages,

where it is the habit of the household to eat every two or three hours, and have meat or fish at every meal. Liver complaints and fevers afflict, or carry off, the parents in many such households; and child after child dies of diarrhoea, inflammatory attacks, or actual surfeit. If the food eaten could be divided between the hungry and the over-fed, a noble group of English children would grow up, year by year, to serve and grace society, and enjoy their natural term of life, instead of being missed from the crib, and the little chair at table, and the father's knee in the evening, and the mother's heart through the whole weary day.

So much for interference with nature about food. As to medicine, that may be called an interference with nature in every case; though the consequences of a yet worse disobedience may render physicking the lesser of two evils, on occasion.

We need say nothing here of the practice of giving laudanum or other narcotics to infants, because anything that can be said has been said, aloud, solemnly, vehemently, from one end of society to the other. Where we still see an infant laid down with a flannel steeped in "cordial" stuffed into its mouth; or the bottle and spoon with baby's "sleeping mixture" on the mantel-piece, it is either where an old nurse is about to give over her office to a new generation, or where the household is sunk so low in intemperance and ignorance, that nothing can be done but through education, from the lowest point upwards. But there are still nurseries, from the tradesman's attic to the nobleman's suite of children's apartments, where quacking practices are going on, as fatal as the sleeping sop in the cellar or the gin-shop. We, ourselves, have seen ladies in silk and lace, diligently engaged in killing a baby—following their own notions—(the mother obedient to the grandmother), rubbing in calomel in large quantities, after putting some down the throat. We will not say what more we have seen, for one case is as good as ten, for purposes of warning. Some of the wisest persons we know, of both sexes, parents, doctors, nurses, and sensible observers, are of opinion that children will never grow up in full vigour and full numbers while more or less drugged. Remedies should rarely be needed; and of all remedial measures, swallowing drugs (or receiving them in any way) will hereafter be the last to be resorted to.

Brain diseases seem to be the scourge of infancy in our time: far more so than of old, when fevers and digestive disturbance seem to have prevailed. The fact is, we are all less vegetative in our habits than our forefathers were; and, whatever may be the effect on our adult bodies and minds, we ought to consider the case of the children more than we do. The racket, and wear and tear, that the human brain is subject to, in our days, before it is fully grown, may account for a large proportion of the needless mortality which is our crime and disgrace.

We all join in a shout of reprobation when we hear of the frightening of infants in the dark. We execrate the housemaid who hid herself in mamma's bed-curtains; and, just when the little child was nearly asleep, came and pinched its nose, with the hoarse information, "I'm Billy the Bo:" but yet

there are papas—great men at the bar, perhaps, or busy men at the bank—who come home after baby is gone to bed and just asleep, and who must give baby a toss before dinner. They go and snatch up baby from its first sleep, and before it knows what it is about, toss it half-way to the ceiling; or, in winter, shake it about before the flaring gas-light. We would not venture to say which is worst, Billy the Bo, or such fathers, as far as the children's brains are concerned. Then, there are the frequent journeys of our days. Formerly, young children of all ranks had the advantage, which the children of the humbler middle classes have now—of vegetating, while their nature is vegetative; of living on from month to month, and from year to year, with only such change as deepened the benefit of the stillness; sleeping in the same bed, going through the same daily routine, and being thereby more at liberty to profit by the natural changes of the seasons and of human life. The brain then grew undisturbed, the natural processes of thought went on, the powers were developed in their order, and every stage of life was fruitful in its turn. It is so now where children are reared under the guardianship of thorough good-sense.

But the exceptions to this normal rearing seem to be more numerous—perhaps during a transition state only. Among the richer classes, infants really seem to have no rest. They are whisked hither and thither by railway, without any apparent consideration of the effects of its singular accompaniments of noise and motion. There are not a few adults who feel it a hardship to have no choice of modes of travelling, if they are not rich enough to post. The double motion of the railway carriage, the noise and swiftness, are sorely trying to many heads, stomachs, and spines: yet we see in almost every train more or fewer infants, of whom some are probably receiving fatal injury. At the age when quietness is so necessary that we can detect the bad effects of the silly practice of talking loud to infants (as to foreigners, as if they were deaf, because they cannot understand as we do), we expose the tender brain to the barbarous rumble, whizz, clatter, and screech of a railway-train. At the period when nature shuts in the little creature within the quiet enclosure of home, where it can take refuge from scaring sights and sounds in its mother's lap, we see it carried over land and sea, meeting new faces and new scenes at every turn, and going through everything but the regular habits necessary to its growth,—to the confirmation of each stage of development.

The roving life of our day is abundantly hurtful at a subsequent stage of education; but it then affects the mental and moral growth, whereas in infancy the physical frame is liable to fatal mischief from it. The youth and the girl who have travelled every year of their lives, and been carried over continent and sea in pursuit of "advantages," may, and usually do, turn out incapable of deep thought or feeling,—essentially superficial, though apparently liberal; but the little one of the family is of weak intellect, or dwarfed, or rickety, or is probably in its grave. The poorer classes suffer proportionally by Infant Schools, if we may judge by the statistics which

show the mortality from brain-disease among the infant-school population of the country. The process is much the same in the two cases. Nature is outraged in both. It may be better that the working-woman's child should be at school at three years old than setting itself on fire, or falling out of the window, or being run over in the street; but it is out of its proper place in a large room, amidst a vast assemblage of children of its own age, all making a noise, and every sense being excited for the greater part of every day. Its natural place is in a home where no two people are of the same age; where there is a certain household resemblance among them all; where all are too busy for much noise; and where there are quiet times and shady places for the repose of the sensitive little brain when it grows irritable.

It does not follow that the child itself should be quiet, except just enough for its own good. It makes one's heart ache to read of the little Brontës stepping about the house as if they trod on eggs, and speaking in whispers, and knowing no games, nor the delight of a shout. The best rebuke ever given to thoughtlessness about a child's need of lung-exercise was perhaps that given by poor Laura Bridgman, the American girl so pathetically and philosophically made known to Europe by the annual reports of her guardian, Dr. Howe. This poor child, actually bereaved of eyes and ears in early infancy, showed all the instincts of childhood as she grew up, and, among the rest, that of making a noise: but being totally deaf, her noises were harsh and troublesome. When instructed about suppressing them, the poor dumb girl asked, by her finger-signs, "Why, then, has God given me so much voice?" This was guidance. She was allowed a room for a certain time daily, where she might make all the noise she pleased. Every young child ought to have that sort of liberty for a considerable part of every day. When it begins to chatter, its lungs will have plentiful exercise: meantime its natural cries of joy and grief should have free course, except during the hours when it may be trained to be quiet. We may be disposed to pity the Quaker child in many Friends' households, set up on a high stool for a certain time daily, to learn to be perfectly still; but it is a question whether the little creature does not gain, on the whole, by the practice, if it is only left free to make itself heard all over the garden in play-hours: but the noise ought to be in proportion to the self-denial which earns it.

Not only must the lungs be exercised, if the child is to be healthy, but the senses must be put early to use, to develop the brain equably. We remember two ladies of about the same age, and in much the same position, and, moreover, acquainted with each other, who offered the most complete contrast in their way of entertaining their succession of babies; a contrast which would have been ludicrous, but for the thought of the consequences. One was a peremptory, self-confident woman, whose spirit was never dashed with a misgiving in her life, most probably. Every place where she was seemed full of glare, noise, and bustle; and her notion of baby-play, in which

she thought herself unparalleled, was praising baby in the most highfown terms, in a scream like an eagle's, shaking it like a pitch of hay on a fork, and making it the most stupendous promises in the most alarming manner. What the maturity of those babies is, we will not describe. The contrasting mother was singularly absent. She would let her baby sit doubled up on her left arm (always the same arm) for any length of time that her reverie lasted. While her large, vacant black eyes were fixed on the window-blind, and her mouth hung half-open, baby's large black eyes fixed on vacancy, and hanging jaw, presented the most absurd likeness to its mother throughout a long series. When not so niched on the arm, the child was on the carpet,—put down like a bag of meal,—and supplied with a bunch of keys, which it jingled till somebody came to take it up again. Dull as ditch-water, dry as chaff, were the minds so left undeveloped; and the bodily state was something between health and disease. It is only through the sweet and merry entertainment of exercising the eyes on colours, forms, and objects, and the ears among natural sounds, and the touch on all substances that come in the way, that the highest health can be attained,—the elastic, inexhaustible energy which grows out of an active and well-amused mind, during its period of abode among the senses.

These things are overlooked by many who are aware of the necessity of exercising the limbs; but how great is the number of mothers and nursemaids who do not perceive even the latter necessity, the prevalence of perambulators may indicate. We hope these vehicles have been sufficiently abused. Deaths of infants by sun-stroke in the Park this summer, are a pretty strong warning: and attention has been directed by all conceivable means to the blue lips, rolling eyes, and dead countenances of infants wheeled through the wind and frost in mid-winter,—their bodies torpid, their limbs cramped, their sensations those of dull misery; so that we may hope that the pile of coffins for victims of a practice liable to so much abuse may not be destined to grow much larger.

What in the world is easier than to let nature show what the child ought to do with its limbs? Give the little creature space and liberty, and encouragement to tumble about, and see what it will do. A soft ball, cunningly rolled, is enough to set an infant using all its powers till it is tired, when it will be still. It will get up when it is able to stand: it will pass from one chair to another when it is able to walk; and nothing but mischief can come of interfering,—mischief in the form of bow-legs or crooked ankles, and infinite distress to the child.

And thus it is through the whole course of infant life. The machine will go very well if its works are not tampered with or obstructed. In the child's first walks across the room, we let it take its own path, only watching to remove obstructions, and to prevent a fall: and just such should be the course of the little creature's progress in life. It will do all that it ought to do at the right time, if it is only left unstinted in the requisites of health—good air, wholesome food,

warmth and cleanliness, and tender intercourse. Sensible women say there is nothing easier than managing children, body and mind, if good sense is brought to the task. You may wind them round your finger; you may make anything of them, in regard to moral habits, simply by letting nature have her perfect work, free from perversion by anxiety, carelessness, or passion. Sensible doctors say the same as to the bodily growth, supposing the child is born healthy. The natural course of things is, that every infant born free from disease and imperfection, should at five years old be a creature full of promise—erect, intelligent, active, inquisitive, manifesting in little all the qualities which contribute to compose a true manhood or womanhood. Instead of this, what do we see? The most distressing after-dinner incident we ever witnessed was this: A man of literary eminence—a family man, a man of the tenderest heart and most delicate feelings—was dining with some old acquaintance after a long term of foreign travel. Two other guests were present. After dinner, the door opened, and a weakly, tottering, dismal-looking little girl of three entered silently, and was silently taken upon mamma's lap. The returned traveller studied her for a moment, and then said, "Come, you are all very well; but where are the rest?" The rest, six others, were all in their graves!

So, if we would summon the family of English infants by the hundred born on the same day, what should we see? Perhaps twenty would appear in perfect bloom, true towards nature, and dressed in her strength and beauty. Forty more might follow, whose parents are looking forward to the proper threescore years and ten for them. Some few, perhaps, may be mournfully regarded as destined for a short career; but no thoughtless observer would guess the smallness of the chance that most of the group have of completing the course of human life. Many will die soon, and few late. Unaware of the hidden signs or sources of disease, and satisfied with a low average of health, the spectator may say, "This is all very well; but where are the rest?" The rest are gone, and will be no more seen. Those forty out of the hundred have undergone, in the mass, a hell of suffering. Those tender little creatures, so sensitive to pain, yet so tenacious of life, have passed through the fire to Moloch. Their moans and shrieks, as the fire of disease consumed them, will never die out of our ears. "Oh! it is hard to see a child die!" exclaimed a fond father, who saw his two infants die in one week. It is hard, when all has been done that lies in the power of man or woman, first to guard and then to save. But of these forty in the hundred, there are scarcely any which are not cases of murder—of such murder as occasionally shocks society as having happened in a lunatic asylum. One does not blame anybody; but it is a dreadful catastrophe, which must be taken as a warning to permit no more. So it is with this great company of children, killed by misadventure. The great point is, that the perpetration is henceforth to be considered as either crime or lunacy. How long shall it be witnessed without resistance?

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CLOVER.



HERE is no animal more to be envied, in my eyes, than a horse at grass,—not one of your broken-down screws, blistered all round, and left to batten on a moor; but an elderly lady's middle-aged carriage-horse, turned out with his match for company, up to

his hocks in clover, bobbing his head and shaking his mane to drive the flies from his nose, and switching his long tail to drive them from his flank. Would that I were a horse for this one occasion! I do like standing still so much, up to my hocks in clover. Nature never meant me for an Englishman; for though there is plenty of clover in England, yet somehow or other I never stand still to eat it. A crowd there is always pushing me along, just as I get my head down, and that is not what a horse likes this hot weather.

Where will they let me stand up to my hocks in clover? Not in France. Frenchmen are so vainglorious, and talk so much and so fast about war, and the women are so plain, and talk so much and so fast about dress; and there is not a quiet clover-field in all France, except Philippe's, in the Rue Mont Orgueil, and there clover is dreadfully expensive, and at the most can only last two hours; whereas I like clover all night for nothing, and to be taken in when the flies come out. Do you like yawning? I do. I delight in it, this hot weather.

Will they let me stand still on the Rhine? Certainly not.

In Germany? No!

Is there a country where nothing moves?

Is there any clover or trefoil in Belgium? Will they let me stand still in it? Will the man in office expect a passport? or will he be satisfied with the back of a letter addressed to me, William à Bon Marché, Esquire, alias Cheap William, as they called me at school?

I will try. I am at Ostend. No difficulties. My face is ingenuous: there is nothing of Will Watch in my look.

"Rien à déclarer?"

"Rien, M'sieu." I pass. "No passport?"

"No passport." I show my envelope. I pass. Too-too, on a trumpet; the train starts, and I am at Bruges.

François is wrong; François, the Commissionnaire of the Hôtel Fleur de Blé, is in a mistake. There is a high tower to the Halle, a tower of many steps,

at the top of which are many bells, which produce many chimes of no tune, and out of time. François thinks that I will mount that tower of 400 steps with him, that I will buy his vile cigars, and admire all the crucifixions and ghastly martyrdoms in every church of Bruges.

Thank you much, François; but that is not my idea of clover.

He does not understand the expression, and continues: "Shall you see the house where your Keeng Charless leevie when at Bruges?" Not the least like clover. "Shall you like to see the mark of the last high tide on the Halle?" and he holds up his hand above his head. Does he mean the last occasion on which the dykes gave way? or the last spring-tide "as ever was?"

"Hi! you, cabby! take me out of Bruges!"

But it is late—the last train is gone. The seven gates of Bruges are closed: the keys of those gates are silver keys, and I am a pauper. So Bruges sleeps in its quiet streets, and I sleep at the Fleur de Blé, which is a pretty name for a public-house, not to be turned into English, and still to carry the sentiment, Flower of wheat is too near wheaten flour, which brings with it millers and Mark Lane.

Blossom of wheat? No.

Corn blossom? Not the least like it.

Were you ever at Bruges? An old-fashioned town—half Flemish, a quarter young Belgium (not at all a nice young man), and the rest French and Spanish. Bruges can never grow bigger, for it has a broad sedgy canal all round, and over the canal are seven bridges, and at each bridge there is a gate which is closed every night, and something is charged for coming home after hours: no latch-keys allowed. So Bruges can only grow less inside the canal; and Bruges at present is availing itself of its only opportunity. The clover of Bruges is a poor pasture; but Bruges does not even stand still in it. Grazing terms fail me in describing Bruges, and recourse must be had to a nautical figure. Bruges is sinking at its moorings.

Nobody moves here. It is hot and sedgy, and bad for wheezy people, for we are many feet below the level of the sea; and there is that dreadful mark of the high-tide on the Halle (high up in the wall too), the thought of which gives me a swim-you-must feeling some day or other. But the natives are reconciled, and it does not look well to have misgivings where all are confiding.

Yet there is one little patch of clover in Bruges. In the year fourteen hundred and odd, a soldier was wounded at the battle of Nancy, and was removed from the field to the hospital of St. John at Bruges, where he was kept by the monks for eleven years for nothing. No, not for nothing, for there was money's-worth in the poor wounded soldier.

His name was Embling, or Hemling, or Memling (for spelling was as lax in those days as it was in the generation just past, in which the Duke of Wellington spelled his name Wesley early in life, being a relative to the Christian of that name, and Wellesley when he grew older), and there is not a more remarkable name in the whole range of the history of painting than that of Embling.

The collateral state of the arts in different countries at different periods is very curious. Whilst artists in England were daubing in the style of the ancient Mexicans, in Flanders, only a few hours' sail distant, a man like Emling not only knew the science of correct drawing and all the tricks of his art, but also had a knowledge of chemistry sufficient to enable him to prepare colours that have lasted 400 years, and are still as bright as the day they were laid on.

So the monks of St. John maintained Emling in hospital, while he was painting pictures for them—pictures which may be said to be priceless, for an English duke offered ten thousand pounds for one of them, and the offer was refused. In the Adoration of the Magi there is the figure of a negro in a green tunic embroidered with gold, tights and frill of Emling's time, taking off his hat and feathers in the most courteous manner, to the little stranger, which negro, for pose drawing, colouring, and wonderful skill in expressing embroidery, velvet, negro's skin, feathers and leather, could scarcely even be copied at the present day.

There is a shrine, or *chasse*, as it is called, covered with paintings, by Emling, representing the adventures of St. Ursula from Cologne to Rome, her reception by the Pope, her return, and the martyrdom of herself and companions in the camp of Maximian—all clover. Her figure in the last scene of all, just as a soldier in full knight's armour is drawing a bow to the arrow head close to her breast, is quite beautiful.

Some may smile at the Joseph in the Adoration being dressed as a Flemish gentleman of Emling's day, and at the negro as a page of the same period. But these are mistakes made by artists in all ages. Emling painted what he saw, which gave him an advantage over the artists nearer our own time, who usually exhibit Solomon as a Roman senator. Did not Garrick do Macbeth in knee-breeches, silk-stockings and full bottomed wig? Is there not his picture to this effect in the Garrick Club?

When you come to Bruges, mind you spend the days of your sojourn with Emling and the man in the wig who shows the gallery. He in the wig talks as if he loved his avocations, and is well worth a franc for himself, given before-hand.

And when you have done with Emling, have done with Bruges. One Dutch gable-end is like another. The canal is equally sedgy all round, and the grass grows the same length in all its deserted alleys.

"Hi! you cabby! drive me to the station to meet any train that leaves Bruges for anywhere."

"The voiture is engaged, or would be at the service of Monsieur —"

"When does that diligence start that has Blankenberghe in big letters on its panels? Where is Blankenberghe?"

A man in blouse says, Blankenberghe is on the sea; an hour and a little quarter's drive, and the diligence starts in twenty minutes. So do I. We are nearly full, and I sit among a family of two old ladies and one young one. We arrange legs, and I hold on my knee a puppy-dog for one of the old ladies, and a bird-cage for the young one, who

has blue eyes and long black hair, and reminds me of you, O Laura! and I have a day-dream till we come to a series of half-way houses, where we all drink cheap Belgian beer, and I get a centime in exchange—supposed to be the first ever given to an Englishman. Then we see the dunes or sand-hills, which are the only barrier between the brave Belgians and an eternity of salt-water. Then comes Blankenberghe, on the land-side of the dunes, to the top of which I mount by thirty steps, and then descend ten to the beach, which proves, without doubt or the use of the dumpy, that I am living below the level of the sea. And I am again by the sea, where I never had a lonely hour, and on a sandy beach where clover always grows for me.

There are crowds of people under the awning of the restaurant built on the dune, and on the beach below there are donkeys, and nearer the sea are the bathing-machines which are moved as the tide rises and falls, and are always kept about forty yards from the sea. And between the sea and the machines men and women of all ages and classes are walking and talking in their bathing dresses. The ladies in dark peg-top trousers and tunics trimmed with red or orange, and their hair loose or in bags, and their white little feet bare on the yellow sands; and the men of the machines are bathing them, and dipping and teaching them to swim by holding them gently, ever so gently, just above the waves. I think I could do that, and I bathe and long to give lessons to the demoiselle, her of the birdcage, with blue eyes and long loose black hair; but I am shy, and on my road back to the machine I meet and have a long talk with the two old ladies who are watching the demoiselle, and I dress and mount the ten steps to the restaurant where everybody is dining, and I dine, for I never in the whole course of my life could look on long at any game.

"What would I like? Ostend oysters came into season last week, and the *moules* are delicious."

"Mussels!" said I. "Do you call mussels human food? Do you take me for a gurnet or a rock cod, that you should bait for me with a mussel that has lived all its life on a pier or a ship's bottom, coppered or otherwise?"

"Monsieur is in a mistake. The mussels of Blankenberghe are a great delicacy; they are caught on a bank; they are kept in clear water for two days to clean; then in scalding water till they open; then a sauce of butter, parsley and other fragrant herbs is poured over them, shells and all, and they are picked out nominally with a fork, but really with a finger and thumb, and eaten with brown bread and butter and Faro beer—clover, clover!"

The demoiselle that I longed to bathe is at the next table, picking them out with a jerk much faster than I can manage.

"Will Mademoiselle teach me how?"

"Volontiers," and I order another bushel.

"In return I shall be happy to teach Mademoiselle to swim."

"A thousand thanks—at nine to-morrow."

"To-morrow at nine."

Clover, clover, clover!

C.

UNCLE SIMKINSON AND MRS. MOUNTELEPHANT.



If you look into any newly-established chemist's shop in a country town, at any hour, you will probably see some neatly dressed young female waiting to be served. Early and late, winter and summer, spring-time and autumn, the same phenomenon presents itself. We have observed it on so many occasions, that we long since began to theorise upon it, and we fancy with some success. Is the feminine tooth in perpetual suffering? for chemists are dentists as well as druggists. Are delicate little fingers continually being pinched in malignant wickets? Do chilblains need medical advice; or is honey required for chaps when the thermometer is at 93 degrees in the shade? We have no hesitation in giving these questions a most unflinching negative.

How, then, do we account for the shops of young chemists being the chosen resort of the gentle sex? Simply in this way: because the young chemist is looking out for a partnership—not chemical—but connubial—and every pretty and sensible young person—maid or widow—knows it, and turns that knowledge to profitable account.

That is our theory.

In a year or two a change takes place. Instead of a lady being constantly before the counter, one is occasionally seen behind it. The most meritorious candidate has been selected for preferment. With proper feeling the opposition retire, and business is allowed to flow in its natural and legitimate channels. The sale of cosmetics is greatly reduced, depilatories

are in less request, and casualties, such as the pricking of thumbs, or burns from Italian-irons, are of very rare occurrence.

The young chemist is no longer a marked man—his individuality has fallen like a drop of rain, and been swallowed up in the mighty ocean of matrimony.

Such are the vicissitudes to which chemistry and its professors are exposed, and which were experienced in their full force by Josiah Simkinson on his setting up for himself, to use a homely and intelligible phrase. Josiah had been only a few months out of his apprenticeship, when aided by his uncle Simkinson's capital, he opened a smart little chemist's shop, amply adorned with red and blue bottles, not a hundred miles, or anything like it, from the market-town of G—, in the pleasant county of Surrey. The usual course of things followed. Though a remarkably sedate young man, Josiah was by no means ill-favoured—his eyes being blue, and his whiskers luxuriant though sandy. For advice, therefore, all the fair and unappropriated inhabitants of G— resorted to the Golden Horn, where Mr. Simkinson supplied it gratis, but without that display of sympathy which many young pharmacoplists would have deemed it politic and kind to exhibit to patients who so much desired and perhaps deserved it. The fact is, that Josiah was not adapted for his profession; he had no command of small talk; he was grossly ignorant of the soothing system; had quite forgotten, if he had ever learnt, that in prescribing for the "nerves," a little flattery is sometimes as serviceable as a little ether, or sal-volatile. He was a stoic, not of the woods, but of the gallipots, with some modesty, an upright and gentlemanly figure, a very white hand, and a very white apron.

In addition, however, to his natural cynicism, he

had another motive power which prompted him to treat the artifices of speculating spinsters with profound indifference. He was engaged to Sophy Pinnett, a very little but astonishingly pretty milliner, who, having lost her father, a master mariner, at an early age, had supported herself and mother for many years, partly by her industry and skill.

One evening, shortly after Josiah had lit his gas, and was busy spreading a diachylon plaster with a hot spatula, the postman placed a letter on his counter, which he opened with evident alarm. It was from Uncle Simkinson, and ran as follows:—

MY DEAR JOSIAH,—I dare say you will be rather surprised to hear it, but I am going to enter into the happy state of wedlock, with a very nice middle-aged widow lady, Mrs. Mountelephant, whom you may remember we met at Waterloo last summer, and whose two daughters—very tall and commanding in appearance, like their mamma—you will find highly intellectual, speaking German with great fluency. If you have any idea of changing your condition, and becoming a benedict, you couldn't do better than at once make your election: my vote and interest you may rely upon. Please send me a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, and a large piece of sponge, free from grit, and believe me,

Your affectionate uncle,

NEHEMIAH SIMKINSON.

The perusal of this letter quite unmanned the chemist, and, laying down his spatula with a heavy heart, he remained for some minutes buried in solemn meditation.

He was restored to consciousness by the entrance of a brisk, fresh-looking, but corpulent old gentleman in spectacles, with a white hat, blue coat, and bright buttons.

"Well, Josiah," said the old gentleman, putting his gold-headed cane under his arm, and rubbing his hands cheerfully, "how goes business, eh?"

Josiah shook his head and sighed.

"What! won't people be bled, bolused, and blistered?" exclaimed the old gentleman: "do they all cry with Shakspeare, 'throw physic to the dogs—we'll none on't'?"

"Well, Mr. Butterfield," replied Josiah, "business is not so bad, but—I suppose you've heard about my uncle?"

"No, I've not. What has happened?" inquired the friend of the family. "He hasn't had another visit from his old enemy?"

"I'm sorry to say, Mr. Butterfield, he has," returned Josiah, rolling out a mass of brown paste, prior to its division into pills.

"Ah, bad boy! he should try a dry old port," observed Mr. Butterfield: "he's too fond of a fruity flavour—won't do for gout."

"It's not gout, sir," rejoined the chemist, with a faint smile. "I wish it was, with all my heart."

"No! you don't mean it! What is it? A little palpitation here?" And the old gentleman, patting himself on the waistcoat, winked with great significancy.

"That's it, sir," replied the chemist, taking his spatula and cutting the roll of brown paste into a species of mince physic.

"Dear me," said Mr. Butterfield, looking at Josiah complacently through his spectacles. "I'm very glad indeed to hear of it."

Josiah dropped his spatula with an air of astonishment:

"Mr. Butterfield!"

"You know, Josiah," remarked the old gentleman, "it's never too late to repent: he ought to have done it twenty years ago, and so I've told him over and over again. Why, look at me. I married at eighteen, and now I'm the father of ten and the grandfather of as many more. What think you of that?"

"Well, I think, Mr. Butterfield," said Josiah, gravely, "that you made a wise and happy selection. My uncle, I fear, is the victim of infatuation."

"How so?" demanded the friend of the family.

In answer to this inquiry, Josiah informed Mr. Butterfield that the lady to whom his uncle was engaged—a Mrs. Mountelephant—was the widow of a superintendent of the Irish constabulary; that she was a magnificent woman, with a high, commanding tone; and that he felt assured her imperious manners, not to mention her two daughters, who were reduced copies of their mamma, would render poor Uncle Simkinson miserable for life.

"A perfect Boadicea," observed Mr. Butterfield, who appeared to be slightly impressed by Josiah's earnestness. "I was in hopes he had found some nice little woman who would butter his crumpets, air his slippers, sweeten his gruel, tie his cravat, and lighten his sorrows. Supposing you and I call upon him to-morrow evening, and see if we can't restore him to reason?"

Josiah consented with pleasure, and Mr. Butterfield having requested his medical adviser to let

him have a packet of James's powders, took his departure, first promising to see Uncle Sim, and prepare his mind for the operation, of which it stood so urgently in need.

The hearty old gentleman was scarcely out of sight, when his place was taken by a little, but remarkably pretty young female, with very bright hazel eyes, very glossy brown curls, and the smallest chip bonnet, trimmed with flowers, that the perverse ingenuity of fashion has perhaps ever produced.

"Isn't that delicious?" she said, holding up a bouquet to Josiah's roman nose.

"Tolerable," replied the chemist, coldly moulding his bits of paste into spherical forms between his finger and thumb.

"There's no encouragement to give you anything nice," returned the little beauty. "I thought you would have been enraptured. Some young—persons—would."

Josiah dropped the finished pill into a white card-box, and heaved a great sigh.

"How dull you look to-day," complained the fairy-tempter, with something between sympathy and reproach. "What's happened, Josey, dear?"

"I've had a letter from Uncle Simkinson," replied the chemist, shutting the pill-box, with an expression of sorrow; "but walk into the surgery, and I'll tell you all about it, as soon as I've made up Mrs. Condito's prescription."

Sophy went into the surgery, and sat down in an awful looking chair, with a high and hollow back, adapted for patients who were doomed to undergo the fearful penalties of dental extraction. There was a kind of corkscrew on the mantelshelf, and other instruments of torture, which Sophy could not contemplate without a shudder.

"I have just received this letter from my uncle," said Josiah, handing Sophy the depressing epistle before cited.

"So, he's going to be married at last," cried Sophy laughing. "Well, they say, better late than never."

"My dear Sophy," remonstrated the chemist, "how can you treat a serious matter with such shocking levity—really, I'm surprised."

"Why?"

"Why?"

"There's no harm in it, Josey," rejoined Sophia, with one of her sweetest looks.

"Well!" said the medical professor, untying and retying his white apron, "that's purely a matter of taste."

"O!" cried Sophia, rising and preparing to go, for like some other little, but pretty women, her humility was not greatly conspicuous at all times. "You wish to play at contradictions. I see no necessity for it. So—good evening."

Josiah turned and caught her just as she had opened the surgery door, and was about to depart in a tiff—a lover's tiff, of course. There was a little tear on her cheek, which ought to have been preserved in a lachrymatory, as it was the first and last that Josiah's cruelty ever caused her to shed.

"Don't be angry, Sophy," said the penitent chemist in a more sentimental tone than we had given him credit for. "I didn't mean to—."

"I know that, Josey," murmured Sophy, wiping her eyes and adjusting her side-combs; "but why are you so alarmed, dear, about Uncle Simkinson's marriage?"

"Because, Sophy, it will not only be the ruin of him, but I fear the ruin of both of us. You know he lent me two hundred pounds to take this business, for which he holds my promissory note. Now, I've no confidence in that Mrs. Mountelephant: she's a haughty and overbearing, if not also an artful and designing woman. She will rule poor Uncle Sim with a rod of iron, and will perhaps set him against all his relations, in order to secure his property for herself and her daughters."

"O Josiah," cried Sophy, looking tenderly upon her adorer, "I think you are too—what shall I say—cautious. I do, indeed."

"One can't be too cautious, Sophy," returned the chemist, drawing his stool nearer to Sophy's chair. "I was in hopes that we should have been able to have arranged for our marriage next month, but until I know what my uncle's feeling will be when he is married, it would be madness to think of it. Here's Mrs. Condito—excuse me."

And Josiah left the surgery, carefully closing the door behind him, to prevent Mrs. Condito from gratifying her native curiosity by seeing Josiah's "intended," of whom rumour spoke highly, and rumour in a country town, as we all know, is seldom or never unsupported by some slight foundation of fact.

Leaving Sophy and Josiah to confer more fully on this alarming state of affairs, let us endeavour to ascertain the feelings and position of the party most interested—if Josiah's statement be correct—in escaping from it.

Uncle Simkinson was a little bald-headed man, with a long reddish nose and grey twinkling eyes. He dressed with great primness, and always wore a large seal, a smart frill, drab smalls and gaiters to match.

Uncle Sim had his weak side—he was a little too fond of punch. Reclining in an easy chair, with a sleek tortoiseshell cat purring at his feet; his feet on the fender; a bright fire before him; a glass of hot whiskey-toddy and a couple of wax candles at his elbow, and Petrarch's Sonnets visible through his eye-glass, he would, under ordinary circumstances, have been happy, for what more could a rational bachelor require to make him supremely blest? Nothing.

But Uncle Sim had for some short time ceased to be a rational bachelor. He was under the spell of the Enchantress. On the plains of Waterloo, to which he and his nephew Josiah made a pilgrimage from Brussels last summer, Uncle Sim was encountered and conquered by Mrs. Mountelephant. He listened, and was lost—carried away by her commanding eloquence and military genius, as she expatiated, for the edification of her daughters—two stately young ladies of highly apprehensive aspect and voluminous crinoline—upon the magnitude and grandeur of European war. With her parasol as her indicator, she pointed out the locality of the most remarkable events in that great battle, whereon she spake with Johnsonian pomp and patriotic pride. Yonder was the farm-house of Hougomont; there was the

orchard, where "Greek met Greek." By that road the Prussians advanced. On the right was La Belle Alliance, where Blucher and Wellington first embraced; and there, where mangel-wurzel now is nurtured by the ensanguined soil, that fell and final struggle ensued, in obedience to the summons, "Up guards and at 'em," whose memory historians have rendered imperishable.



When a young man, Uncle Sim had been one of the Coggeshall Fencibles, and even now the embers of martial enthusiasm glowed in his bosom, and lent a heroic radiance to his eye. No wonder, therefore, that he gazed admiringly upon Mrs. Mountelephant, and eagerly sought to make her acquaintance. Moreover, though he had never invested his happiness in nuptial bonds, he had a fine appreciation of feminine majesty, and was wont to speak of Siddons, Pasta, and other Queens of Tragedy and Song, in terms of extravagant laudation. With the graceful gallantry of a past age, he rendered homage to the magnificent charms of the Irish widow, and was so successful, that a month had scarcely elapsed from their meeting at Waterloo, when the widow had taken possession not only of his heart, but of furnished apartments in his house.

One evening, shortly after Uncle Simkinson had written to inform his nephew of his contemplated union with Mrs. Mountelephant, he was sitting alone in bachelor meditation—fancy free—when, dreaming of wedded bliss, he nodded and fell asleep. He was awoke by a brisk current of air, which he ascribed to the sudden entrance of Mrs. Mountelephant and her voluminous daughters. Presenting him with a marriage licence, the widow announced that she had arranged everything for to-morrow at 11 A.M., military time, and hoped Mr. Simkinson would not keep the carriage waiting. Uncle Sim, whose mind was not accustomed

to travel by express trains of thought, declared afterwards, that he felt so completely subdued by Mrs. Mountelephant's imperial address, that he had neither power nor will to offer any resistance. The nuptials were accordingly solemnised forthwith; and on their return from church, Mrs. Simkinson addressed her consort—having first desired him to be seated—in these words:

"You may probably not be aware, Mr. Simkinson, that I am and have been for some years—indeed prior to my poor dear husband's decease—the 'Honorary Secretary to the Ladies' Managing Committee of the United General and Benevolent Association for the Promotion of Cottage Economy among the Industrial Peasantry in the Northern District of the Province of Connaught.' My official duties will require my presence in Ireland for a few weeks every year. I have, however, made such arrangements that you will not have to complain of any want of comfort during my absence. Martha will remain with you on board wages. I have given her directions about taking down the four-post bedstead, during which time perhaps you would not mind sleeping on the boards. The chandelier, mirror, paintings, piano, sofa, &c., will all be carefully wrapped in brown-holland, so that you need be under no apprehension of their sustaining any injury. The family plate I have sent to my daughter Adelaide, and the best china cups and saucers are carefully put away, so that nothing can be stolen or destroyed. The carpets will all be taken up and the floors scoured. With reference to refectons, you will find sixty-seven spoonfuls of tea in the caddy—two for each day and one over for the teapot. As Martha will be so much occupied, perhaps you will excuse her cooking more than is absolutely necessary. I have told her to get you a neck of mutton for Sunday next, which will probably last you all the week. Should you wish for wine or spirits at any time, I will leave the key of the cellaret with my daughter Clarissa, and on your communicating with her at Bayswater, she will supply you with any quantity that you may require. There is half a bottle of cowslip wine and a little gingerette, but you will only take them medicinally of course. I have locked the book-case, but you will find on my official bureau, which is open, a few works, such as 'Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations,' 'M'Culloch's Statistics,' 'Watts' Logic,' 'The Principles of Banking Popularly Explained,' and a large collection of Blue Books, by which your mind in solitude will be agreeably elevated and relieved. Martha has tied a kid glove round the knocker to prevent hearth-stone boys from coming up the steps, so that you can pursue your studies without interruption. You will oblige me by keeping the curtains drawn and blinds down, and let me beg of you not to indulge in your usual habit of humming any secular tunes, which might lead unthinking persons to associate my absence with feelings on your part other than those of deep and becoming regret."

"Have you finished?" demanded Uncle Sim.

"One word more. Should any friend call, as you will have no means of entertaining him, you will not be 'at home'—in the polite sense of the term."

"Madam!" exclaimed Uncle Sim, unable any longer to curb his rage, "do you wish to reduce me to a perfect nonentity? Are you aware that I am your lord and master? That my will is law, and that your province is simply to render obedience and honour?"

"Sir!" returned the late Mrs. Mountelephant, majestically, "I shall not condescend to answer such common-place remarks."

Uncle Sim collapsed to his natural proportions.

"But am I to sacrifice *all* my little domestic bachelor comforts?" pleaded Uncle Sim, with tearful pathos.

"Assuredly!" rejoined his imperious consort; "have I not sacrificed my pension—my name—my independence? Ungrateful man! I leave you to your reflections."

And with a magnificent sweep of her train, she left him accordingly.

"This is a pretty reign of terror," soliloquised Uncle Sim, throwing open his coat to breathe more freely. "I'm looked upon by Mrs. S. as less than nobody. I'll not endure it! I'll have a deed of separate maintenance!"

And scarcely had he uttered the words, when Clarissa entered, and, with a reproachful gaze, denounced him as a "monster," while Adelaide, looking over her sister's shoulder, shudderingly pronounced him a "brute."

Paralysed by such fearful epithets, Uncle Sim was seized with vertigo; his head swam, his body reeled, and, unable to maintain his balance, either mental or physical, he fainted away.

When he recovered his senses he was standing at the street-door, benumbed with cold. It was a frosty moon-lit night, and the iron railings sparkled as if strewn with small diamonds. After knocking violently for some minutes, Martha looked out of her chamber-window, and informed him that it was past one o'clock, and missis had ordered her never to admit master if he wasn't home before eleven.

Uncle Sim broke into a cold perspiration. He now saw it all. Mrs. S. was determined to worry him to death, secure his property, and marry another victim—if another could be found.

With feelings of unfeigned contrition, Uncle Sim retired to a small coffee-shop, where he slept all day. On his return home he perceived lights in the drawing-room, and shadows on the muslin-curtains, which made his purse-strings quiver, feeling that shadows such as these must be attended with a loss of substance somewhere. A confectioner's man was standing at the door, who requested Uncle Sim to help him down with his tray—an indignity to which Uncle Sim peremptorily refused to submit.

"Why, arn't you the greengrocer wot's come to wait at table?" said the confectioner's man with an air of surprise.

"Greengrocer?" cried Uncle Sim. "No! I'm master of the house."

"Doubtful!" coolly replied the man of tarts; "there's only one master here, and that's a missus."

"I'll go for a policeman," said Uncle Sim, and he had proceeded some distance for that purpose, when, turning round, his steps and attention were

arrested by a fly, with a gaunt horse, which stopped at his family mansion; and from which alighted three ladies in blue satin, one slightly deformed, and a stout military-looking man wearing a waxed moustache.

Uncle Sim hastened back, but it was too late, the door was closed before he could reach it, and with a sense of desolation he sat down on his own steps and wept.

The arrival of hired musicians—a harp, fiddle, and violoncello—compelled him to rise. Availing himself of the opportunity he followed them in, and ascending the grand staircase, was about to enter the drawing-room, when he was stopped by the greengrocer in faded theatrical livery, who begged him, as a gentleman, to walk down, as Mrs. Simkinson had very “pertikler” company.

This was too much, Uncle Sim seized the innocent greengrocer by his scarlet collar, and compressing him into a corner, left him breathless; then, bounding forward, he presently confronted Mrs. Simkinson, who was presiding at the tea-urn, while Clarissa and Adelaide sat on the sofa, one on either side of the stout military-man, whom they were evidently besieging with compliments of large calibre. The ladies in blue satin were bending over Heath’s Book of Beauties, and three fashionable but faint-looking gentlemen with faultless back-hair were bending over them.

“Don’t move, ladies,” said Mrs. Simkinson, composedly pausing with sugar-tongs in hand; “this poor gentleman labours under an hallucination; he fancies that he is master of the house, but he is quite harmless.”

So saying she stamped once or twice heavily on the carpet, when two solemn-looking men with cotton pocket-handkerchiefs in their hands, made their appearance, and would kindly have persuaded Uncle Sim to allow himself to be led away. “Never!” exclaimed the noble champion of the rights of man, “it’s my house, it’s my wife, it’s my furniture; and before I’ll abdicate my throne I’ll throw my house, and all that is in it, out of window!”

A shriek that might have penetrated a party wall burst from the ladies in blue as Uncle Sim wildly seizing the sofa cushions, flung up the window-sash, and hurled them into the fore-court below. Music-stool, canterbury, ottoman, squab, vases, lustres, shovel, poker, tongs, broom, and kettle-holder, followed in rapid succession, and Uncle Sim was about raising the chair of state occupied by his stupendous consort, when a familiar voice startled him, and, looking up, he beheld his old friend Butterfield and his nephew Josiah, who were standing by his own fireside, and laughing heartily at his surprised demeanour.

“Why, Sim, you’ve been dreaming,” exclaimed Mr. Butterfield; “had a cucumber, I suppose, for supper?”

“Thank fortune it’s no worse!” replied Uncle Sim, wiping his forehead. “I fancied, Josey, that I was married to Mrs. Mountelephant.”

And he then proceeded to relate, with some degree of agitation, the fearful vision by which his slumbers had been broken.

“How horrid,” said Josiah, sympathetically. “I don’t wonder at your looking so pale.”

After some further conversation upon Mrs. Mountelephant, whose name alone, as Uncle Sim observed, was enough to inspire an army with terror, Mr. Butterfield retired in order that Josiah might, as he expressed it, have a clear stage and no favour. Josiah accordingly, with modest assurance, proceeded to lay his matrimonial plans before his uncle, humbly hoping that his patron would have no objection to his union with a young lady of no fortune, but of excellent principles, and—bating a little hastiness—of sweet disposition.

“Objection,” cried Uncle Sim, joyously shaking Josiah’s hand. “I admire your courage, Josey, and will dance at your wedding, and you shall dance at mine—some day—but not just yet, Josey—not just yet.”

The young chemist and Sophy, having long had—in Josiah’s language—a “natural affinity” for each other, are now indissolubly united. Clarissa is engaged to Major K——, unattached, and Adelaide is idolised by a French artist, whose pencil has already immortalised her lofty loveliness. As for Uncle Simkinson and Mrs. Mountelephant, they are as good friends as ever, and likely long to remain so; for while declining to enlist his affections under her banner, Uncle Sim still regards that majestic woman with gallant admiration, and taking into account her knowledge of military tactics, conscientiously believes her worthy to rank with some of the oldest generals in Her Majesty’s service. A.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

LIKE all new things, much prognostication of failure has been indulged in with regard to this vessel. It is sufficient that she is the largest vessel in the world, for people to find out all the shortcomings possible. But there is one thing, which if she accomplishes, will make up for all possible failures of another kind. If she accomplishes the great fact of enabling bad sailors to cross the ocean without being sea-sick, she will revolutionise sea transit, increasing the amount of travellers in the same proportion as modern railways compared with the old stage coaches. Seasickness is induced by the upheaving of the diaphragm in proportion as the rising and falling of the waves converts the vessel into a moving lever, uplifting stem and stern alternately. Yet strange to say, there are people to be found who maintain that the larger the vessel the more she will pitch and roll. They forget that a large log is undisturbed by the ripple on a sheet of water, while a small toy vessel is incessantly moving and tossing, taking every angle of the ripple in its departure from the horizontal line. The question is only one of proportion. If the waves be large, the vessel must be much larger, to prevent any disturbance. But the objectors persist in regarding the waves as solid ridges upon which this long vessel is to rock, forgetting that the weight of the vessel will sink into these ridges till the displacement is sufficient to support her. She will make a straight horizontal course through the waves, while their crests and valleys undulate alongside. If seven hundred feet of length be not enough to

accomplish this, we must go to a thousand, till we have "ruled the waves" straight.

But if she does not pitch she will roll, say the objectors. Possibly, but still it will only prove that she is not large enough. Her size has been calculated from the datum how to carry coal enough to India and back without supplies on the passage. It is only incidentally that her sea-sickness-avoiding capability comes about, and if she be not perfect under the extreme violence of the waves, the next ship will require to be bigger, that is all. But it is only in the South Atlantic where the heavy waves occur. The waves of the Bay of Biscay and North Atlantic are quick and short, those of the South comparatively slower and longer. If her speed be anything near what is talked about she will not roll. Slow movement is essential to rolling.

The next question is, Will she be fast? We don't know. Her great size renders calculation difficult. It is a new circumstance. Speed is to a great extent a question of fuel. She must be very fast to satisfy the expectations of her projectors; but whether she is so or not, a few days, a few hours now will decide. But even if she be not fast, even if her speed is less than that of other vessels, still if she be free from sea-sickness she will monopolise the great bulk of the passengers. They will wait for her time going and returning. And with regard to the allegation that her capacity for cargo would make a glut, the probability is that she would prevent the occurrence of gluts by keeping down the competition of smaller vessels, and making supply a matter of regularity instead of uncertainty.

But supposing all that can be imagined of these defects, inferior speed, and unfittingness for transport of goods, there is yet the use never yet supplied—if only she be free from sea-sickness.

There is a considerable number of persons to whom the sea is a luxury, if not a necessity. There are numerous keepers of yachts, and many more who would keep yachts if their means were sufficient. There is a large class of persons who visit Madeira, and a much larger class who would visit it if possessing money enough—people who need pure air for purposes of health. There is a large class of people who, born and possessing property in England, cannot yet endure the extreme vicissitudes of the English climate. If these persons could live upon the sea they would, instead of living in houses upon the sea-shore with all the disadvantages of impure air.

What are the present drawbacks to dwelling on the sea? Nausea, unquiet movement, limited provisions, unpleasant contiguity, absence of society and land enjoyments, want of exercise, risk of fire, risk of drowning, expense.

Assuming the capital embarked to be 500,000*l.*, 10 per cent. for interest and renewals would be 50,000*l.* a-year, therefore 250 families could live here at a rental of 200*l.* a-year each, say 1000 persons at 50*l.* each, as a floating hotel. For people dwelling on the sea, and not using it as a mere road, no great speed would be needed, and probably one-fourth of the estimated fuel would suffice. The screw might serve without the paddles. With regard to nutriment, the cost

would be less at sea than on shore, from the absence of duties and the facility of preservation, and all the operations of domestic service would be reduced in cost. There is no reason why families should not live altogether in private, if desiring it.

The vessel might make a continuous voyage up the Mediterranean and to other warm climates in the winter season of England, and to the North Sea and the coast of Norway in the hot months of summer. The Sea Kings would resume their ancient dominion, making the salt water their home with their wives and families, and with none to make them afraid.

There is no doubt that iron houses on the sea can be built as cheap as brick or stone houses on the land, and as many land expenses are thereby avoided, sea-travelling may be obtained by persons of moderate income, as a means of health, to whom at present it is a costly luxury instead of a cheap necessity. All the conveniences of home, and medical attendance, might exist, instead of the absence of all comfort so frequently experienced in strange countries.

I am not supposing this is to be a necessary result of the Great Eastern, but merely showing that she has a value and uses quite independent of ordinary vessels, that should preclude her from being a loss to the shareholders. But if she be not fast, and not to be made fast, and be free from nausea completely, other and greater ships will be built that will eclipse her; and she would not be a discouragement to other great and valuable speculations if her owners find out a new use for her. Railway engineers and contractors, who have accumulated money, have largely contributed to build her; and probably no country in the world—save England—could have produced her. She is a growth of brains and hands, that time is ripe for as a new investment for capital; and she is emphatically a vessel of *Peace*.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

WITHERED.

OH, there was one I used to know,
A tiny babe, whose witching smiles
Set sweet affection all a-glow;
Who won me with her simple wiles.

And there was one I used to know,
A little maid with sunny hair;
And with a brow as white as snow,
And with a heart as light as air.

And there was one I used to know,
A damsel, full of life and grace;
Who walk'd the great world to and fro
With angel-light upon her face.

And there was one I used to know,
Who lived to bless the old and poor;
And once I saw with bitter woe
That Death was standing at her door.

There is a tomb that now I know,
'Tis deck'd with flow'rets fair and frail;
And to that tomb in vain I go,
In hope to peer "behind the veil."

JAS. SMART LINWOOD.

AMWELL AND ITS QUAKER POET.

Little footsteps lightly print the ground.
Suppressed stanza of GRAY'S Elegy.



How many readers of poetry in the present day are conscious of the existence of John Scott? Johnson, who said to Boswell that "he liked individuals among the Quakers, but not the sect," was on terms of friendship with the Poet of Amwell. Scott died in December, 1783. In September, 1784, Johnson, in answer to an application to him to write the good man's life, wrote, "As I have made some advances towards recovery, and loved Scott, I am willing to do justice to his memory." Three months later Johnson himself had obeyed "kind Nature's signal for retreat;" and that memory which the author of the "Lives of the Poets" might have preserved from oblivion, was not rendered more enduring by the somewhat feeble memoir of Hoole, the translator of Tasso.

The poetry of which the main feature is local description rarely attains any permanent fame. The most celebrated poems of this kind are chiefly remembered for passages which have a strong human interest. Such is the passage in "Cooper's Hill," where the distant prospect of St. Paul's suggests the thought of the crowd who run, by several ways, beneath "the sacred pile,"

Some to undo, and some to be undone.

Such is Pope's description, however exaggerated,

of the depopulation produced by the Norman forest-makers. But of all tiresome local poetry, save me, Common Sense, from the unrealities of Garth's "Claremont," where Echo and Narcissus still haunt the groves, and Druids prophesy the glories of the Second George. Save me, also, from Tickell's "Kensington Gardens," their fairies and their dwarfs, their Dryads and their Naiads. Such verses, made to order, have wholly perished, as they deserved to perish. But the Quaker of Amwell poured forth his local poetry out of the abundance of his heart. His mind was the pure reflection of the gentle scenery amidst which his life was passed. He seems to reproduce, almost without an effort, the imagery of the sweet pastoral country amidst which his blameless existence glided away. A passing recollection of the one well-known poem of this man of peace,

I hate that drum's discordant sound,

led me to look at his more elaborate writings. There is nothing very striking in them—few passages that the mind delights to linger over—no vivid flashes of genius. But there is a soothing charm about his home scenes, which in certain moods of the mind is more pleasing than the efforts of more powerful writers. Moreover, the localities

in which the Quaker poet delighted are the primrose-hills and silent silver streams which Isaak Walton "thought too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holy-days." Take your sketch-book, my friend, and let us make a holiday to Amwell.

"Pack clouds away!" The misty June morning will end in sunshine. Less than an hour of railroad will take us to the thriving town whither John Gilpin rode "sore against his will," and stopped not till his horse stood at the Callender's door. We whisk over twenty miles of the flattest country, through this valley of the Lea; but over a country abundantly suggestive of historical memories. We look upon the grey tower of Waltham Abbey, and think of the traditional burial-place of Harold. We look in vain for even a bit of mouldering wall of the proud palace of Theobalds, to help our fancy to a notion of our first Stuart king coming forth to hunt in his forest of Epping, wedged safely in his padded saddle. A few miles onward, and the red turret of the Rye House tells of baffled conspiracy, and of honourable haters of tyranny confounded with vulgar traitors. As we approach Ware, a vision of Alfred rises up, as we think of his memorable exploit of diverting the channel of the Lea, leaving the Danish ships high and dry behind their *Weir*. Fighting against invasions, real or threatened, for ten centuries, the Anglo-Saxon is still compelled to think of defending his soil. Upon the many branches of the Lea in the marshes around Waltham are the great gunpowder works of the Board of Ordnance; and those tall chimneys proclaim where the Enfield rifle is forged.

A walk of some half mile by the side of the New River—which has its highest source close at hand at Chadwell Spring—brings us within the near view of a gently rising hill, crowned by a church tower. We wind along a green lane on a pleasant ascent, and are beneath the high bank where the well-preserved windows of this church of the fourteenth century, and its very perfect apse, peep from behind the richest foliage. Scott has described this charming spot, which wants no feature of the most perfect picture. His "pleased eye"

On Amwell rests at last, its favourite scene.
How picturesque the view! where up the side
Of that steep bank her roofs of russet thatch
Rise, mix'd with trees, above whose swelling tops
Ascends the tall church tower, and loftier still
The hill's extended ridge. How picturesque!
Where slow beneath that bank the silver stream
Glides by the flowery isle, and willow groves
Wave on its northern verge, with trembling tufts
Of osier intermix'd. How picturesque
The slender group of airy elm, the clump
Of pollard oak, or ash, with ivy brown
Entwined; the walnut's gloomy breadth of boughs,
The orchard's ancient fence of rugged pales,
The haystack's dusty cone, the moss-grown shed,
The clay-built barn, the elder-shaded cot.

The scene has a more dressed appearance now than in the days of its poet. The russet thatch of the elder-shaded cot has given place to the trim

roof of the rose-covered villa. But the natural features—the steep bank, the flowery island, the trees, are still the same. Here is the Amwell spring—the Emme-well of the Domesday Book—one of the heads of the New River. There is an urn to the memory of Middleton on the island, round which the stream flows far more gracefully than in its ordinary course; and on the bank is a stone inscribed with eight lines by the contemplative Quaker:—

Amwell, perpetual be thy stream,
Nor e'er thy spring be less,
Which thousands drink who never dream
Whence flows the boon they bless.
Too often thus ungrateful man
Blind and unconscious lives,
Enjoys kind Heaven's indulgent plan,
Nor thinks of Him who gives.

There is a tranquillising influence in such spots, of which minds formed as those of the poet of Amwell, and of the author of the "Complete Angler," are the best interpreters. Scott has paid his tribute to Isaak Walton, who

Oft our fair haunts explored; upon Lea's shore
Beneath some green tree oft his angle laid,
His sport suspending to admire their charms.

Here all the sweet passages of the cheerful old haberdasher come unbidden into our mind. Two hundred years have passed since he walked forth from his "shop near Chancery Lane," to sit under the high honeysuckle hedge, whilst the shower fell gently upon the teeming earth, and to listen to the birds, who "seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill." The hill of Amwell still echoes the nightingale's song, undisturbed by the tread of busy feet. The exquisite passage in which Walton describes the music of the nightingale has been compared by Henry Headley,* with a marked preference, to the more famous strains of Milton and Thomson: "He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"

Thoughts such as these naturally lead us to climb the rustic steps which mount to the churchyard. Here lie, amidst the peaceful tenants of the hamlet, men not unknown to fame. William Warner, the author of "Albion's England," was buried here in 1609. Scott calls him "the gentle bard, by fame forgotten." He who told the tender story of "Argentile and Curan," was not forgotten when Percy revived the tastes which had been lost in the unimaginative times that had consigned our old poets to oblivion. Robert Mylne, the engineer of Blackfriars Bridge, has here a splendid monument. Scott himself rests in the Quakers' burial-place at Ware. We hear the hum of children's voices on "the hill's

* In his charming volumes, "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry." 1787.

extended ridge," and are pursuing our way upward, when we come suddenly upon a plain tomb which startles us out of our musings upon past worthies :—

THE REV. RICHARD JONES
Died 1855
Aged 64.

Here then is thy resting-place, most energetic and sagacious of men. Thy worldly wisdom (for thy administrative ability was as eminent as thy profound knowledge) was tempered by as generous and benevolent a heart as ever beat. Yes ; thy Haileybury, the home of thy arduous labours, the seat of thy genial hospitality, is in this parish of Amwell ; and here thou liest in the prettiest of churchyards. Here is the work of education going forward which Richard Jones, the professor of History and Political Economy, so advanced in a higher sphere. The clergyman of Amwell invites us into his school-room, and the rosiest of girls and the cleanest of boys sing with no mean skill a simple strain in praise of summer. A little farther on, the clergyman's wife sits under a shading elm, and hears a class of elder girls read aloud in the clear air. Life and death ; youth and age ; the past and the present, blend harmoniously together.

Scott's "Amwell" has the historical allusions that belong to local poetry. Hertford's "Grey Towers," Ware's "Tournaments' proud pomp," "Alfred, father of his people," Rhye's "Old Walls," are naturally suggested by the wide prospect. He looks, too, upon Ware Park, where Fanshawe, retired from camps and courts, sat in the garden "famed in Wotton's page," and translated "Guarini's amorous lore." Scott knew not, perhaps, of the admirable wife of Fanshawe—for her Memoirs were unpublished in his time—whose tender anxiety for her husband's freedom Cromwell could not resist ; who, when the ship in which they sailed was about to be attacked by a Turkish galley, put on a sailor's blue cap and tarred coat, and stood upon deck beside her husband, who snatched her up in his arms, saying "Good God, that love can make this change !" Scott does not overdo his historical allusions. But he is in his true element when he sings, as old Herrick sang, "of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers." He rejoices to look from the airy point of his Amwell Hill upon the prospect,

Not vast and awful, but confined and fair ;
Not the black mountain and the foamy main ;
Not the throng'd city, and the busy port ;
But pleasant interchange of soft ascent,
And level plain, and growth of shady woods,
And turning course of rivers clear, and sight
Of rural towns, and rural cots, whose roofs
Rise scattering round.

Through these scenes we must wend our way to the Rye House, where the pretty inn will give us refreshment, and the swift train bear us back to "the throng'd city." We can scarcely wander through the valley of the Lea as honest Isaak wandered ; for the river has been made navigable by long formal cuts, and the old stream is in most places strictly preserved. So we may gradually

ramble along by the less picturesque New River, and rest at last in the holiday garden of the inn, whither hundreds come by excursion-train and van to escape for a long summer's day from the vast area,

Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.

Hither come for their annual festivals, clubs of Odd Fellows and of Jolly Fellows—the skilled artisans of great London establishments, such as printers and pianoforte makers. They dine in a vast saloon, formed out of an extension of the old offices of Rumbold the malster, who dwelt in the Rye House. Up the old turret they climb, and look out upon the green fields through which the Lea flows amidst osier'd banks. They crowd into punts, and aspire to angle where Walton angled. They speed over the meadows, and try their unaccustomed hands at trap-ball and quoits. The provident host of the Rye House is justly proud of the patronage of these great associations of ingenious workmen, who dine economically, and care more for ale than champagne. His dining-room is radiant with bright gilt frames, holding pleasant certificates of their excellent fare from the representatives of the merry and contented hundreds who have thus forgot their accustomed lot for the summer holiday long to be remembered. The form of enjoyment is changed : the conveniences for enjoyment have multiplied since Walton described his holidays—"stretching our legs up Tottenham Hill ;" "taking our morning draught at the Thatched House at Hodsden ;" "leading our mates to an honest alehouse, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall ;" listening to the song of "a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be." We have no time in our days for such lingering delights ; we have no taste for such simple luxuries. We ourselves rejoice to find as good a dinner at the Rye House as at the Bedford, instead of bringing out of our fish-bags "a piece of powdered beef and a radish or two." We sit contentedly sipping our sherry and water and puffing our cigar under alcoves festooned with roses, instead of indulging in such rare gratification as that with which happy Isaak finished his three days' sport—"a bottle of sack, milk, oranges, and sugar, which all put together make a drink like nectar—indeed, too good for anybody but anglers." The habitual economy of those times enabled the industrious tradesman to be occasionally expensive in his tastes. The cheapness and rapidity of modern conveyance permits the London artisan to have a full day's relaxation with that best of economies, the economy of his time. Our holiday enjoyments are perhaps not quite so poetical as when the cheerful old Piscator went out with a determined purpose to be happy. On the banks of the Lea no milkmaid now charms us with "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow," of

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield.

No milkmaid's mother sings "an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days." Maudlin and her mother have vanished from the scene. Less pretty and pastoral are three sable minstrels who suddenly glide into our garden walks by the side of the Lea, and burst out, to the music of the banjo, with—

Who's dat knocking at the door ?

The forms of our pleasures and their accompaniments in other respects incessantly change, but their natural backgrounds are eternally fresh and perennially welcome.

CHARLES KNIGHT.



THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

A SEAPORT DITTY.

"HARK, my maiden, and I'll tell you
By the power of my art,
All the things that e'er befel you,
And the secret of your heart.

"How that you love some one,—don't you ?
Love him better than you say ;
Won't you hear, my maiden, won't you ?
What's to be your wedding-day !"

"Ah, you cheat, with words of honey,
You tell stories, that you know !
Where's the husband for my money
That I gave you long ago ?

"Neither silver, gold, or copper
Shall you get this time from me ;
Where's the husband, tall and proper,
That you told me I should see !"

"Coming still, my maiden, coming,
With two eyes as black as sloes ;
Marching soldierly, and humming
Gallant love-songs as he goes."

"Get along, you stupid gipsy !
I won't have your barrack-beau ;
Strutting up to me half tipsy,
Saucy—with his chin up—so !"

"Come, I'll tell you the first letter
Of your handsome sailor's name"—

"I know every one, that's better,
Thank you, gipsy, all the same."

"Ha, my maiden, runs your text so ?
Now I see the die is cast ;
And the day is—Monday next." "No,
Gipsy, it was—Monday last !"

MARY BROTHERTON.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.



The bow was raised and the deadly arrow steadily drawn to its head, when at that moment an active figure leaped on Ghysbrecht from behind so swiftly, it was like a hawk swooping on a pigeon. A shirt went over the Burgomaster, and, in a turn of the hand, his head was muffled in it, and he was whirled from his seat and fell heavily upon the ground, where he lay groaning with terror; and Gerard jumped down after him.

"Hist, Martin! Martin!"

Martin and Margaret came out, the former open-mouthed, crying, "Now fly! fly! while they are all in the thicket; we are saved!"

At this crisis, when safety seemed at hand, as fate would have it, Margaret, who had borne up so bravely till now, began to succumb, partly from loss of blood.

"Oh, my beloved! fly!" she gasped. "Leave me, for I am faint!"

"No! no!" screamed Gerard. "Death together, or safety! Ah! the mule! mount her; you, and I'll—"

In a moment Martin was on the mule, and Gerard raised the fainting girl in his arms and placed her on the saddle, and relieved Martin of his bow.

"Help! treason! murder! murder!" shrieked Ghysbrecht, rising on his hams.

"Silence, cur!" roared Gerard, and trode him down again by the throat as men crush an adder. "Now, have you got her firm? Then fly! for our lives!"

But even as the mule, urged suddenly by Martin's heel, scattered the flints with his hind hoofs ere he got into a canter, and even as Gerard withdrew his foot from Ghysbrecht's throat to run, Dierich Brower and his five men, who had come back for orders, and heard the Bur-

gomaster's cries, burst roaring out of the coppice on them.

CHAPTER XXV.

SPEECH is the familiar vent of human thoughts : but there are emotions so simple and overpowering, that they rush out not in words, but in eloquent sounds. At such moments man seems to lose his characteristics, and to be merely one of the higher animals ; for these when greatly agitated ejaculate, though they cannot speak.

There was something terrible and truly animal both in the roar of triumph with which the pursuers burst out of the thicket on our fugitives, and in the sharp cry of terror with which these latter darted away. The pursuers' hands clutched the empty air, scarce two feet behind them, as they fled for life. Confused for a moment, like lions that miss their spring, Dierich and his men let Gerard and the mule put ten yards between them. Then they flew after with uplifted weapons. They were sure of catching them ; for this was not the first time the parties had measured speed. In the open ground they had gained visibly on the trio this morning, and now, at last, it was a fair race again, to be settled by speed alone. A hundred yards were covered in no time. Yet still there remained these ten yards between the pursuers and the pursued.

This increase of speed since the morning puzzled Dierich Brower. But I think I understand it. When three run in company, the pace is that of the slowest of the three. From Peter's house to the edge of the forest Gerard ran Margaret's pace ; but now he ran his own ; for the mule was fleet, and could have left them all far behind. Moreover, youth and chaste living began to tell. Daylight grew imperceptibly between the hunted ones and the hunters. Then Dierich made a desperate effort, and gained two yards ; but in a few seconds Gerard had stolen them quickly back. The pursuers began to curse.

Martin heard, and his face lighted up. "Courage, Gerard ! courage, brave lad ! they are strag-
gling."

It was so. Dierich was now headed by one of his men, and another dropped into the rear altogether.

They came to a rising ground, not sharp, but long ; and here youth, and grit, and honest living, told more than ever.

Ere he reached the top, Dierich's forty years weighed him down like forty bullets. "Our cake is dough," he gasped. "Take him dead, if you can't alive : " and he left off running, and followed at a foot's pace. Jorian Ketel tailed off next ; and then another, and so, one by one, Gerard ran them all to a stand still, except one who kept on staunch as a blood-hound, though losing ground every minute. His name, if I am not mistaken, was Eric Wouverman. Followed by this one, they came to a rise in the wood, shorter, but much steeper than the last.

"Hand on mane ! " cried Martin.

Gerard obeyed, and the mule helped him up the hill faster even than he was running before.

At the sight of this manœuvre, Dierich's man lost heart, and, being now full eighty yards behind

Gerard, and rather more than that in advance of his nearest comrade, he pulled up short, and in obedience to Dierich's order, took down his cross-bow, levelled it deliberately, and just as the trio were sinking out of sight, over the crest of the hill, sent the bolt whizzing among them.

There was a cry of dismay ; and, next moment, as if a thunderbolt had fallen on them, they were all lying on the ground, mule and all.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE effect was so sudden and magical, that the shooter himself was stupified for a moment. Then he hailed his companions to join him in effecting the capture, and himself set off up the hill : when up rose the figure of Martin Wittenhaagen with a bent bow in his hand. Eric Wouverman no sooner saw him in this attitude, than he darted behind a tree, and made himself as small as possible. Martin's skill with that weapon was well-known, and the slain dog was a keen reminder of it.

Wouverman peered round the bark cautiously : there was the arrow's point still aimed at him. He saw it shine. He dared not move from his shelter.

When he had been at peep-bo some minutes, his companions came up, and then, with a scornful laugh, Martin vanished, and presently was heard to ride off on the mule.

All the men ran up together. The high ground commanded a view of a narrow but almost interminable glade.

They saw Gerard and Margaret running along at a prodigious distance ; they looked like gnats ; and Martin galloping after them *ventre à terre*.

The hunters were outwitted as well as outrun. A few words will explain Martin's conduct. We arrive at causes by noting coincidences : yet, now and then, coincidences are deceitful. As we have all seen a hare tumble over a briar just as the gun went off, and so raise expectations, then dash them to earth by scudding away untouched, so the Burgomaster's mule put her foot in a rabbit-hole, at or about the time the cross-bow bolt whizzed innocuous over her head : she fell and threw both her riders. Gerard caught Margaret, but was carried down by her weight and impetus. Thus in a moment the soil was strewed with *dramatis personæ*.

The docile mule was up again directly, and stood trembling. Martin was next, and looking round found out there was but one in pursuit ; on this he made the young lovers fly on foot, while he checked the enemy as I have recorded.

He now galloped after his companions, and when after a long race, he caught them, he instantly put Gerard and Margaret on the mule, and ran by their side, till his breath failed, then took his turn to ride, and so in rotation. Thus the runner was always fresh, and long ere they relaxed their speed, all sound and trace of them was hopelessly lost to Dierich and his men. These latter went crest-fallen back to look after their chief.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LIFE and liberty, while safe, are little thought of : for why ?—they are matters of course. Endangered, they are rated at their real value. In this, too, they are like sunshine, whose beauty

men notice not at noon when it is greatest, but towards evening when it lies in flakes of topaz under shady elms. Yet it is feebler then; but gloom lies beside it and reveals its fire. Thus Gerard and Margaret, though they started at every leaf that rustled louder than its fellows, glowed all over with joy and thankfulness as they glided among the friendly trees in safety and deep tranquil silence, baying dogs and brutal voices yet ringing in their mind's ears.

But presently Gerard found stains of blood on Margaret's ancles.

"Oh, Martin! Martin! help! they have wounded her: the cross-bow!"

"No, no!" said Margaret, smiling to re-assure him. "I am not wounded, nor hurt at all."

"But what is it, then, in Heaven's name?" cried Gerard, in great agitation.

"Do not scold me, then!" and Margaret blushed.

"Did I ever scold you?"

"No, dear Gerard. Well, then, Martin said it was blood those cruel dogs followed; so I thought if I could but have a little blood on my shoon the dogs would follow me instead, and let my Gerard win free. So I scratched my arm with Martin's knife—forgive me! Whose else could I take? Yours, Gerard? Ah, no. You forgive me?"

"Let me see this scratch first," said Gerard, choking with emotion. "There, I thought so. A scratch? I call it a cut—a deep, terrible, cruel cut."

Gerard shuddered at sight of it.

"She might have done it with her bodkin," said the soldier. "Milksop! that sickens at sight of a scratch and a little blood."

"No, no. I could look on a sea of blood; but not on hers. Oh, Margaret! how could you be so cruel?"

Margaret smiled with love ineffable. "Foolish Gerard," murmured she, "to make so much of nothing." And she flung the guilty arm round his neck. "As if I would not give all the blood in my heart for you, let alone a few drops from my arm." And the next moment, under the sense of his recent danger, she wept on his neck for pity and love: and he wept with her.

"And I must part from her," he sobbed, "we two that love so dear—one must be in Holland, one in Italy. Ah me! ah me! ah me!"

At this Margaret wept afresh, but patiently and silently. Instinct is never off its guard, and with her unselfishness was an instinct. To utter her present thoughts would be to add to Gerard's misery at parting, so she wept in silence.

Suddenly they emerged upon a beaten path, and Martin stopped.

"This is the bridle-road I spoke of," said he, gravely, "and there away lies the hostelry."

Margaret and Gerard cast a scared look at one another.

"Come a step with me, Martin," whispered Gerard. When he had drawn him aside, he said to him in a broken voice, "Oh, Martin! watch over her for me! She is my wife—yet I leave her. See Martin! here is gold—it was for my journey; it is no use my asking her to take it—she would not; but you will for her, will you

not? Oh, Heaven! and is this all I can do for her? Money? But poverty is a curse. You will not let her want for anything, Martin? The Burgomaster's silver is enough for me."

"Thou art a good lad, Gerard. Neither want nor harm shall come to her. I care more for her little finger than for all the world: and were she nought to me, even for thy sake would I be a father to her. Go with a stout heart, and God be with thee going and coming." And the rough soldier wrung Gerard's hand and turned his head away.

After a moment's silence, he was for going back to Margaret; but Gerard stopped him. "No, good Martin: prithee, stay here behind this thicket, while I—O, Martin! Martin!"

By this means Gerard escaped a witness of his anguish at leaving her he loved, and Martin escaped a piteous sight, on which I myself would rather not dwell. He did not see the poor young things kneel and renew before Heaven those holy vows cruel men had interrupted. He did not see them cling together like one, and then try to part, and fail, and return to one another, and cling again, like drowning despairing creatures. But he heard Gerard sob, and sob, and Margaret moan.

At last there was a wild cry, and feet pattered on the hard road.

He started up, and there was Gerard running wildly, with both hands clasped above his head, in prayer, and Margaret tottering towards him with palms extended piteously, as if for help, and ashy cheek, and eyes fixed on vacancy.

He caught her in his arms, and spoke words of comfort to her; but her mind could not take them in; only at the sound of his voice she held him tight, and trembled violently.

He got her on the mule, and put his arm round her, and so, supporting her frame, which was now all relaxed and powerless, he took her slowly and sadly home.

She did not shed one tear, nor speak one word.

At the edge of the wood he took her off the mule, and bade her go across to her father's house. She did as she was bid.

Martin to Rotterdam. Sevenbergen was too hot for him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JORIAN KETEL came to Peter's house to claim Margaret's promise; but Margaret was ill in bed, and Peter, on hearing his errand, affronted him and warned him off the premises, and one or two that stood by were for ducking him; for both father and daughter were favourites, and the whole story was in every mouth, and the Sevenbergans in that state of hot, indiscriminating irritation which accompanies popular sympathy.

So Jorian Ketel went off in dudgeon, and repented him of his good deed. This sort of penitence is not rare, and has the merit of being sincere. Dierich Brower, who was discovered at "The Three Kings," making a chatter-box drunk in order to worm out of him the whereabouts of Martin Wittenhaagen, was actually taken and flung into a horse-pond, and threatened with worse

usage, should he ever show his face in the burgh again; and finally, municipal jealousy being roused, the Burgomaster of Sevenbergen sent a formal missive to the Burgomaster of Tergou, reminding him he had overstepped the law, and requesting him to apply to the authorities of Sevenbergen on any future occasion when he might have a complaint, real or imaginary, against any of the townfolk.

The wily Ghysbrecht, suppressing his rage at this remonstrance, sent back a civil message to say that the person he had followed to Sevenbergen was a Tergovan, one Gerard, and that he had stolen the town records: that Gerard having escaped into foreign parts, and probably taken the documents with him, the whole matter was at an end; and that he should not think of molesting his friend Peter Brandt, now there was no longer any good to be gained by it.

Thus he made a virtue of necessity. But in reality his calmness was but a veil: baffled at Sevenbergen, he turned his views elsewhere. He set his emissaries to learn from the family at Tergou whither Gerard had fled, and to his infinite surprise he found they did not know. This added to his uneasiness. It made him fear Gerard was only lurking in the neighbourhood: he would make a certain discovery, and would come back and take a terrible revenge. From this time Dierich and others that were about him noticed a change for the worse in Ghysbrecht Van Swieten. He became a moody, irritable man. A dread lay on him. His eyes were for ever casting furtive glances like one who expects a blow, and knows not from what quarter it is to come. Making others wretched had not made him happy. It seldom does. The little family at Tergou, which but for his violent interference might in time have cemented its difference without banishing spem gregis to a distant land, wore still the same outward features, but within was no longer the simple happy family this tale opened with. Little Kate knew the share Cornelis and Sybrandt had had in banishing Gerard, and though, for fear of making more mischief still, she never told her mother, yet there were times she shuddered at the bare sight of them, and blushed at their hypocritical regrets: she could not help it. Catherine with a woman's vigilance noticed this, and with a woman's subtlety said nothing, but quietly pondered it, and went on watching for more. The black sheep themselves, in their efforts to partake in the general gloom and sorrow, succeeded so far as to impose upon their father and Giles: but the demure satisfaction that lay at the bottom of them could not escape these feminine eyes—

That, noting all, seem'd nought to note.

Thus mistrust and suspicion sat at the table, poor substitutes for Gerard's intelligent face, that had brightened the whole circle, unobserved till now. As for the old hosier, his pride had been wounded by his son's disobedience, and so he bore stiffly up, and did his best never to mention Gerard's name; but underneath his Spartan cloak Nature might often be seen tugging at his heart-strings. One anxiety he never affected to conceal. "If I but knew where the boy is, and that

his life and health are in no danger, small would be my care," would he say; and then a deep sigh would follow. (I can't help thinking that if Gerard had opened the door just then, and walked in, there would have been many tears and embraces for him, and few reproaches, or none.)

One thing took the old couple quite by surprise—publicity. Ere Gerard had been gone a week, his adventures were in every mouth; and, to make matters worse, the popular sympathy declared itself warmly on the side of the lovers, and against Gerard's cruel parents, and that old busy-body the Burgomaster, "who must put his nose into a business that nowise concerned him."

One feeling in Catherine's mind was bitterly strong, and deprived an unfortunate young creature of a sympathy that she lay longing for, though not daring to hope for it.

"Mother," said Kate, "it is all over the town that Margaret is down with a fever—a burning fever; her father fears her sadly."

"Margaret? what Margaret?" inquired Catherine, with a treacherous assumption of calmness and indifference.

"Oh, mother! whom should I mean? Why Gerard's Margaret."

"Gerard's Margaret!" screamed Catherine; "how dare you say such a word to me? And I rede you never mention that hussey's name in this house, that she has laid bare. She is the ruin of my poor boy:—the flower of all my flock. She is the cause that he is not a holy priest in the midst of us, but is roaming the world, and that I am a desolate broken-hearted mother. There, do not cry, my girl, I do ill to speak harsh to you. But, oh, Kate! you don't know what passes in a mother's heart. I bear up before you all; it behoves me swallow my fears: but at night I see him in my dreams, and always some trouble or other near him: sometimes I see him torn by wild beasts; sometimes he is in the hands of robbers, and their cruel knives uplifted to strike his poor pale face, that one would think would move a stone. Oh! when I think that while I sit here in comfort, perhaps my poor boy lies dead in some savage place: and all along of that girl: there, her very name is ratsbane to me. I tremble all over when I hear it."

"I'll not say anything, nor do anything to grieve you worse, mother," said Kate tenderly; but she sighed.

She whose name was so fiercely interdicted in this house, was much spoken of, and even pitied, elsewhere. All Sevenbergen was sorry for her, and the young men and maidens cast many a pitying glance, as they passed at the little window where the beauty of the village lay dying for love. In this familiar phrase they underrated her spirit and unselfishness. Gerard was not dead, and she was too loyal herself to doubt his constancy. Her father was dear to her and helpless; and, but for bodily weakness, all her love for Gerard would not have kept her from doing her duties, though she might have gone about them with drooping head and heavy heart. But physical and mental excitement had brought on an attack of fever so violent, that nothing but youth and constitution

saved her. The malady left her at last, but in that terrible state of bodily weakness in which the patient feels life a burden.

Then it is that love and friendship by the bed-side are mortal angels with comfort in their voices, and healing in their palms.

But this poor girl had to come back to life and vigour how she could. Many days she lay alone, and the heavy hours rolled like leaden waves over her. In her enfeebled state existence seemed a burden, and life a thing gone by. She could not try to get well. Gerard was gone. She had not him to get well for. Often she lay for hours quite still, with the tears welling gently out of her eyes.

But one day, waking from an uneasy slumber, she found two women in her room. One was a servant, the other by the deep fur on her collar and sleeves was a person of consideration: a narrow band of silvery hair being spared by her coiffure, showed her to be past the age when women of sense conceal their years. The looks of both were kind and friendly. Margaret tried to raise herself in the bed, but the old lady placed a hand very gently on her.

"Lie still, sweetheart; we come not here to put you about, but to comfort you, God willing. Now cheer up a bit, and tell us, first, who think you we are?"

"Nay, madam, I know you, though I never saw you before: you are the demoiselle Van Eyck, and this is Richt Heynes. Gerard has often spoken of you, and of your goodness to him. Madam, he has no friend like you near him now," and she lay back, and the tears welled out of her eyes.

The good-natured Richt Heynes began to cry for company; but her mistress scolded her. "Well, you are a pretty one for a sick-room," said she: and she put out a world of innocent art to cheer the patient: and not without some little success. An old woman that has seen life and all its troubles is a sovereign blessing by a sorrowful young woman's side. She knows what to say, and what to avoid. She knows how to soothe her and interest her. Ere she had been there an hour she had Margaret's head lying on her shoulder instead of on the pillow, and Margaret's soft eyes dwelling on her with gentle gratitude.

"Ah! this is hair," said the old lady, running her fingers through it. "Come and look at it, Richt!"

Richt came and handled it, and praised it unaffectedly. The poor child that owned it was not quite out of the reach of flattery; (owing, no doubt, to her not being dead).

"In sooth, madam, I did use to think it hideous: but *he* praised it, and ever since then I have been almost vain of it, God forgive me. You know how foolish those are that love."

"They are greater fools that don't," said the old lady, sharply.

Margaret opened her lovely eyes, and looked at her for her meaning.

This was only the first of many visits. In fact either Margaret Van Eyck or Richt came nearly every day until their patient was convalescent: and she improved rapidly under their hands. Richt attributed this principally to certain nou-

rishing dishes she prepared in Peter's kitchen: but Margaret herself thought more of the kind words and eyes that kept telling her she had friends to live for. Her gratitude to her old friend was ardent and touching, and there was no mistaking its depth and sincerity.

VOLCANOES FOR THE MILLION.

SEVEN hours more! I shall become liquid in five. Why?

Because I am packed in the centre of a red-hot railway-carriage, on the hottest evening of the hottest July it has ever been my lot to broil through; and because my constitution is not adapted to such treatment, since my enemies (vulgar wretches!) say I am *fat*; my bitter enemies *very fat*; and I own myself that I am a little inclined to—well, to stoutness; and because the party on my left is a Frenchwoman, who, I should *think*, hasn't touched water for a week, except most superficially; and the party on my right is a Frenchman, who, I'm *sure*, hasn't touched it at all for twice as long; whilst the party opposite is a member of the ecclesiastical profession (likewise French), who seems to have caught cold at his baptism, and been unable to endure the idea of contact with the element from that day—a supposition borne out by his being troubled with a nasal affection, or cold, productive of a continuous species of combined snort and snivel, and who doesn't seem ashamed of his dirt-encrusted countenance, but exposes its mahogany hues in the most barefaced—no, crusty-faced—way; and whose crustiness is not confined to his face, but extends to his whole manner; and if this isn't enough, because the remaining seats are filled with *really* fat French parties, each one combining in himself the worst peculiarities of all the rest, without a single redeeming one of his own; and because, lastly, all the windows are shut, and I am a minority of one when I propose to open them.

If this state of things isn't sufficient to justify one in trickling gradually away, I shall be extremely glad to know what is. Talk of Purgatory! why it must be quite a refreshing sort of ghostly pleasure-garden, or Cremorne, compared with this carriage to-night as it bears us, not over quickly, southward on the Great South Trunk Line of France, and I defy you to prove the contrary.

I don't think I mentioned that we had a little French boy, whose mother had brought him in, though there was no vacant seat, and who (when he wasn't eating) slept on anybody's lap which looked to him most comfortable.

This is my predicament. Leaving the frizzling white pavements of London and Paris for the frizzling green plains of Central France, and at last for the hills and coolness of the Puy de Dôme.

Where we don't arrive just yet, though. Hours of wide awake nightmare first. Pass Orléans at eleven, travellers getting sleepy. My *she* neighbour puts on a terrific head-gear (whose shadow bobs about opposite me like the ghost of a mad Hindoo idol); then snores. My *he* neighbour

casts a once-white handkerchief over his head, and snores too; throwing in moreover an occasional choke. My umber-coloured friend opposite does the same, with an increased allowance of chokes; and so they continue, each snoring and choking in turn, the only variety being when they become *isochronous*, and snore and choke together. How can I sleep?

On, on, on.—Past the Allier, a broad river which we cross on a wooden bridge, which temporarily replaces a massive one of masonry swept away by the great inundations, to St. Germain des Fossés, where it being now broad daylight, and my companions having given up snores and become simply Bores, they most of them depart by the main line running to Lyons and Marseilles; and we on again past Vichy—sacred to mineral water and to Strauss, god of waltzes—to Clermont Ferrand, where we at length arrive, and I scrape up French enough to get some breakfast.

Poof!—Hotter than ever! I don't do Clermont (having, in fact, lost so much weight during the last day or two that I can't risk it in the heat), but crib accounts of its cathedral, monuments, petrifying springs, museums, &c., from the Guide-book, to talk about when I return; so taking a voiture, with a brigand-hatted man in blue for driver, I start at once for the Volcanoes.

The strong point of the Auvergne peasants certainly is skill in cracking whips. I don't remember ever seeing them *strike* their cattle with them; but yet the whip-cracking which I heard during my stay in their country, left a shadowy impression on my mind, after leaving it, instinctively suggestive of fireworks.

During my drive to Pontgiband I formed a better idea than I had ever before had of the sensations of Guy Fawkes during his annual immolation in a storm of crackers on the fifth of November; and I am convinced that if Mr. Harrison of Rose of Castile renown were to settle in these parts, there is *no* position or rank which his masterly skill, acquired in that amusing opera, would not justify him in aspiring to. But I digress.

I reached Pontgiband, then, my destination, in a *crack*, as I may say. Passing high up through the vineyards which clothe the sunny hills of Clermont, into the cool regions—almost cold—at the foot of the giant guardian of the country, the Puy de Dôme, and on through lava and barrenness (for the whole country now round us is covered with volcanic mountains, of pre-Adamite activity, but whose lava streams, little affected by time, still stretch for miles over the valleys and plains) to the above-named town, my destination.

Central in one of the wildest, most picturesque, and beautiful, but yet least known, parts of France; interesting in the highest degree to the geologist, scarcely less so to the antiquary, and abounding in attractions for the admirer of Nature merely; and at the same time easy of access, being, as I have shown, only twenty-four hours from London, it is strange that this district has not been more sought by that rising institution, the British tourist.

So foreign that the very peasants talk an unknown tongue, unintelligible to ordinary Frenchmen, and

to which Welsh is sweet and mellifluous; so lovely, and with such variety of loveliness, that no part of picturesque Europe need despise it; with fish for the sportsman (uncommonly good the trout is too), swarms of ragged parties in blue linen costumes, wild flowing beards, and ragged staves in hand, all as dirty as the most enthusiastic artist in the picturesque could desire; and hills, dales, cascades, caverns, ruins, and forests for the photographer; for all, the Puy de Dôme ought to be secured by the "Return-ticket available for fourteen-days" people at once.

I feel certain that those who visit this country, will wish to do so again; and that those—a large class—who can spare the fortnight necessary for so novel and interesting an excursion, but who can do no more, will return as well and better pleased than the beaten-track tourist who does his Alps or his Rhine at a far greater expenditure of time, of money, and of labour (this last no insignificant item, I find), but who probably returns *blasé* and wearied with what everybody by this time knows so well.

I go again this autumn, and take Mrs. Tomk—ns with me.

Let me recommend very squeamish people though, to stop at home in Brighton, Ryde, Scarborough, or their usual haunts; since I think it barely possible that in their wanderings among these simple-minded French people they may occasionally meet with a flea or even a —, when woe betide them, for the English are a juicy people.

The whole district, comprising the department of the Puy de Dôme and part of that of Cantal, is one of very remarkable characteristics. It rises from the broad, flat, sunny plain of the Limagne, which occupies so much of South France, and appears to be entirely volcanic in origin.

From the northern part of this elevated (and in this blazing weather comparatively cool) plateau, springs up a chain of six or seven almost conical hills of different elevations. These are called in the language of the country, *puy*s. The chain is some miles in length, and the cones towards each of its extremities—the Puy de Corne and the Puy de Louchadière—are crushed down on their western sides, and present in great perfection the cup-shaped cavity forming the crater of a volcano.

From these craters two streams of lava have burst at some remote period, before man was; and pouring down the hill sides have, after independent courses of six or eight miles, united their seething currents in one, which flowing on has at length been stopped by a wall of rock forming the western bank of a little river. The bed of this stream, choked up at the time, has been reformed in the substance of the lava itself by the action of the water through many centuries.

On this sheet of lava, and of it, Pontgiband is built; and to this curious volcanic action the natural beauties which surround it are due. For the wide surface of the lava sheet is broken up into fern-covered masses piled together in wildest confusion, forming caves, monuments, and seas of basalt. In some places the river flows between walls forty or fifty feet high, of the same rugged

material. In others its course has disclosed columns of the pale brown basalt, crystallised into large hexagonal prisms. In others, again, pillared caverns seem to penetrate, which overhang the dancing stream beneath. Further on forests of dark silent pines line the sides of a wide, gloomy valley whose centre forms the river's bed, over which it bubbles on, past the ruins of what has once been an immense monastery of the Chartreuse monks.

Besides all this, Pontgibaud boasts of an old castle, itself lava built, whose battlemented towers frown over the town from the summit of the hill on which it is perched. There is, too, the Puy de Dôme, the highest of the chain of hills, though never itself a cone of eruption. On it at certain, or uncertain times fairies and goblins swarm: there the unwary traveller may see sights and hear sounds at these times, such as mortal traveller never sees or hears elsewhere.

The natives themselves are not unnoticeable. The men wild and weird in dress and manner; seldom venturing from their hill recesses, save when they clatter in their rattling sabots after their herds to the fair in the nearest town. The women, whose *first* peculiarity is universal, unmitigated and intense ugliness; and their *second*, a habit of bandaging their heads from cradledom upwards, in yards of never removed linen swathes, surmounted by caps of whose hideousness no words could give more than a faint idea, and who consequently become literally thick-headed; but who are, nevertheless (both men and women) a harmless, inoffensive set, barring dirt and an inherent distrust and dislike of the English, which seems, though not demonstratively, to pervade all classes in this, one of the best-preserved parts of real, old-fashioned, royal France.

How I enjoyed my visit, where I went, what I did, how I climbed into craters of volcanoes and other inaccessible places, how I penetrated ruined castles and monasteries, wonderful caverns and mysterious ravines; how I saw strange ceremonies and customs, and heard appalling legends; how I attended fêtes, religious and otherwise; how I beheld a French chase, or horse-race, and did marvel and smile much thereat; how I experienced hospitalities which makes the recollections of a few days very pleasant; how I visited the region of the Mont Dore, fifteen miles off, where France rears her highest peak—that of Sancy—and heard how Saussure made his celebrated barometric experiments there; and how I returned home to St. Mary Axe, refreshed, strengthened, and embrowned, but delighted—is it not given to future pages to disclose? Perhaps. X.

BREAD-MAKING IN SPAIN.

FINDING myself about two leagues from Seville, in the picturesque village of Alcalá de Guadaira, but commonly called Alcalá de los Panaderos (or bakers), as almost all the bread consumed in Seville is made there, I determined to learn how it was made. No traveller who visits the south of Spain ever fails to remark, "How delicious the bread is!" It is white as snow, close as cake, and yet

very light: the flavour is most delicious, for the wheat is good and pure, and the bread well kneaded.

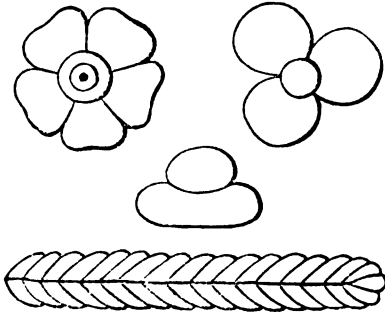
As practical demonstration is better than hearsay or theory, I would not content myself with the description of the process of bread-making, but went to the house of a baker, whose pretty wife and daughter I had often stopped to look at as they were sorting the wheat, seated on very low stools in the porch of their house. It was a pretty picture: their dark sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and snowy teeth; their hair always beautifully dressed, and ornamented with natural flowers from their little garden in the background; their bright-coloured neckerchiefs rolled in at the top, showing the neck; their cotton gowns with short sleeves; their hands scrupulously clean, and so small that many an aristocratic dame might have envied them; surrounded by large round panniers filled with wheat, which they took out a handful at a time, sorting it most carefully and expeditiously, and throwing every defective grain in another basket.

When this is done, the wheat is ground between two large circular stones, in the way it was ground in Egypt 2000 years ago, the rotary motion being given by a blindfolded mule, which paces round and round with untiring patience, a bell being attached to his neck, which as long as he is in movement tinkles on; and when it stops he is urged to his duty by the shout of "arre, mula," from some one within hearing. When ground, the wheat is sifted through three sieves, the last being so fine that only the pure flour can pass through it; it is of a pale apricot colour.

The bread is made of an evening; and after sunset I returned to the baker's, and watched his pretty wife first weigh the flour, and then mix it with only just sufficient water, mixed with a little salt, to make it into dough. A very small quantity of leaven is added. The Scripture says, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump;" but in England, to avoid the trouble of kneading, they put as much leaven, or yeast, in one batch of household bread, as in Spain would last them a week for the six or eight donkey loads of bread they send every night from their oven.

When the dough was made it was put in sacks, and carried on the donkeys' backs to the oven in the centre of the village, so as to bake it immediately it is kneaded. On arriving there, the dough was divided into portions weighing three pounds each. Two long narrow wooden tables on trussels were then placed down the room, and, to my surprise, about twenty men came in and ranged themselves on one side of the tables. A lump of dough was handed to the nearest, which he commenced kneading and knocking about with all his might for about three or four minutes, and then passed it to his neighbour, who did the same, and so on successively until all had kneaded it, when it was as soft as new putty, and ready for the oven. Of course, as soon as the first baker hands the loaf to his neighbour, another is given to him, and so on till the whole quantity of dough is successively kneaded by them all.

The baker's wife and daughters shape them for the oven. Some of the loaves are divided into many smaller ones, chiefly of these shapes, and



immediately baked. The ovens are very large, and not heated by fires *under* them; but a quantity of twigs of the herbs of sweet marjoram and thyme, which cover the hills in great profusion, are put in the oven and ignited. They heat the

oven to any extent required; and as the bread gets baked the oven gets gradually colder, so the bread is never burned.

Oh, if our English bakers would but use less yeast, and knead their bread more, and not adulterate the flour, how many a heartburn and fit of indigestion they might prevent! Bread would then be the staff of life, as Providence intended it to be!

They knead the bread in Spain with such force that the palm of the hand and the second joints of the baker's fingers are covered with corns; and it so affects the chest, that they cannot work for more than two hours at a time. They can be heard from some distance as they give a kind of guttural sound (ha, ha) as they work, which they say eases the chest. Our sailors have the same fancy when hoisting a sail.

I have kept a small loaf of Spanish bread for several months in a dry place, and then immersed it in boiling water and re-baked it, and I can assure my readers, that it was neither musty nor sour. Soy Yo.

THE ARTIFICIAL MAN.



WHILE lounging, the other day, in a medical library, I chanced to take up a little volume, the odd title of which led me to dip into it—"Bigg on Artificial Limbs." I had heard of the skillful, anatomical mechanic of Leicester Square, whom the Queen delighted to honour with commissions for cunningly devised limbs for wounded soldiers during the Crimean war, but never realised to myself the art with which man can eke out the defects of nature until I glanced over this little volume; the contents of which so struck me, that I was determined to see for myself how far that cunning biped man can simulate the handiwork of our great mother. I was received courteously, and on explaining the nature of my errand, an assistant was sent through the different workshops to satisfy my curiosity.

A very few minutes' conversation with my conductor left the impression upon my mind that, instead of having any profound respect for Nature, he looked upon her as sometimes rather in the way than otherwise; for, happening to ask him playfully, as a kind of starting question, with how small a modicum of humanity he could manage to work, "Sir," said he, very seriously, "we only want the vital principle; give us nervous centres and sound viscera, and we find all the rest."

"But," said I, not prepared for this liberal offer, "suppose a man had only three inches of stump?"

"Three inches of stump!" he replied, contemptuously, "with that allowance we could do anything. There is," said he, "somewhere in Ireland, a gentleman born without limbs,

who goes out hunting in a clothes-basket strapped on his horse's back. If we could only get hold of him, his friends, in six weeks, would not know him."

An inspection of my friend's *ateliers*, certainly, went far to justify the confident spirit in which his assistant spoke. I soon found out that there are first, second, and third-class limbs, however, as of everything else.

"What!" said I, "do you make banisters as well as legs," pointing to a shelf-full neatly turned and painted.

"Banisters! my dear sir," he replied, a little hurt, "these are our Chelsea pensioners!"

And on a closer examination such they proved

to be. Here was the hard third-class fact simple and unadorned.

"And these buckets?" I rejoined, pointing to some scores of hollow wooden cones placed one within the other.

"Bucket's the word!" said he, reaching one down, and screwing a banister into its lower end. "These are our Chelsea pensioners complete. But this is nothing to what they have in store at Chelsea Hospital. During the war we could not make them fast enough, and they were obliged to

apply to the mop-makers. Fact," said he, seeing the surprise in our eyes—"and arms, too! You



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should see the rows and rows stored on the shelves,—their hooks hanging out like so many hundred dozen of umbrellas. Government can only afford hooks for soldiers and sailors; but officers who are not able to pay, can get new legs and arms of the very best construction at the expense of a grateful nation, by simply applying at the Horse Guards."

All the while this serio-comic conversation was going on, a workman in the coolest possible manner was working away at a most delicate little leg that would not have come off second best in the Judgment of Paris—a faultless Balmoral boot, and the daintiest silk stocking covered proportions that Madame Vestris may have envied.

"These," said my companion, "are some of our first-class goods. "Would you like to see the mechanism?—Goodge, pull down the stocking." With that the workman bared the limb, whilst my companion put it through its paces. "This, you see, is our patent knee-cap and patella, and this the new vulcanised india-rubber tendon-Achilles; here, in the instep, you will observe a spiral spring elevating the toes, and if you will just observe (opening a little trap-door in the back of the calf), here is an ingenious contrivance by which the bending of the knee elevates the front part of the foot, thus allowing it full play to swing forward clear of the ground."

Certainly it was an admirable contrivance.

"And can a man or woman progress easily with that arrangement?" I said.

"Do you know Lady ——?" said he.

"Yes."

"Nothing the matter there?" he rejoined, interrogatively.

I was obliged to confess, not to my knowledge.

"That's her spare leg, nevertheless," he replied triumphantly.

"Spare leg! What do you mean?"

"Lord bless you! look into that cupboard. I



have the spare members of half the town there duly labelled. Things will go wrong with the best conducted limbs; and to save difficulties we keep duplicates here which can be applied at the shortest notice. A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Smith, once lost the pin out of his knee-joint, and sent here for his off-leg. A young lad up from the country sent him another Mr. Smith's box containing an arm—very awkward."

"Will you allow me?" said I, trying to read the names on the boxes.

"Certainly not," said he, shutting the door and turning the key: "this is our Blue Beard's cupboard, and I wouldn't allow even my wife to peep. But come and look at our hands."

There they were—some clenched, some spread out, some in the act of holding, some gloved, and displayed like Vandykes, as if to challenge attention.

"Now, what will they do?" said I, almost doubtful whether the clenched fist wouldn't strike.

"Do anything," said he: "by means of the hook inserted in the palm, it can lift, or hold the reins, almost as well as the natural member. Observe the beautiful operation of the spring thumb imitating the grand privilege of man and monkey, by means of which it can grasp a fork, or lightly finger a toothpick."

"Do you supply fingers and such small deer?" I inquired.

"Fingers, toes, noses, lips—we take them as they come. A gentleman with but one finger on his left hand came to us the other day, and asked to have the complement made up. We fitted on the rest, and attached them by means of a signet ring to the remaining finger—movement perfect; you should see him pass his fingers through his hair—natural as life. The hand is a wonderful thing—that beats me—legs are mere A B C, but the hand!—Here," said he, recovering from his momentary admiration of nature, "here is a drawing of a pretty thing. A Hudson's Bay trapper had his hand bitten off by a bear, and came to us to replace it.

"Do you want something really useful?" said I.

"Yes," said he.

"So I made him this dagger, fitting into his arm-stump socket. He sleeps in his dagger, and finds it particularly handy when there are bears about. Look at the action of this spring and ratchet-elbow: you have only to touch the little button in the elbow, and the fore-arm closes as natural as life. Who would wear an empty sleeve when a member like this can be obtained? We always recommend our arm and hand patients to wear a cloak neatly folded over it, as it prevents any attempt at hand-shaking. We don't warrant the shake—the touch isn't quite natural."

"But how about the more delicate operations—eyes and noses?" I inquired.

"Oh, we do any feature at a moment's notice. Noses, for instance: the best way is to bring a patient to the modeller, who first designs the missing member in clay after a portrait or from instructions; from this an india-rubber cast is taken, to which we fit on a pair of spectacles, to break the flesh line; and when the superstructure is complete, an artist puts in the complexion."

"And eyes?" I added, deeply interested.

"Eyes we do not do so much in," he added apologetically. "There is M. Boisenou, from Paris, who travels with all the eyes of Europe—from the black of Andalusia to the blues of Scandinavia."

"But how are they applied?"

"Easily as possible," he added, pulling out a drawer and displaying the upturned gaze of winkless scores. "Let me see," said he, rapidly taking up eye after eye, and comparing them with my own. "Light grey—that's a good match. Now, with this little ivory jemmy we prize the eye into its socket; the muscle being left, we get good motion, and the deception is perfect. A lady once closed her good eye, and went up to the glass to see her false one. There is one little drawback, however: you can wipe away a cold tear perfectly, but as the eyeball itself is not sensitive, the flies sometimes walk about upon it, which looks odd."

"You must see a vast deal of maimed humanity?" said I.

"And vanity, too," he replied. "But I am afraid I must leave you, as I see there is a leg-below-knee, two toes, and an arm wanting to see me in the waiting-room, and there in the cab—we are near love-day, I suppose—is the Honourable Augustus Witherdman calling for his calves."

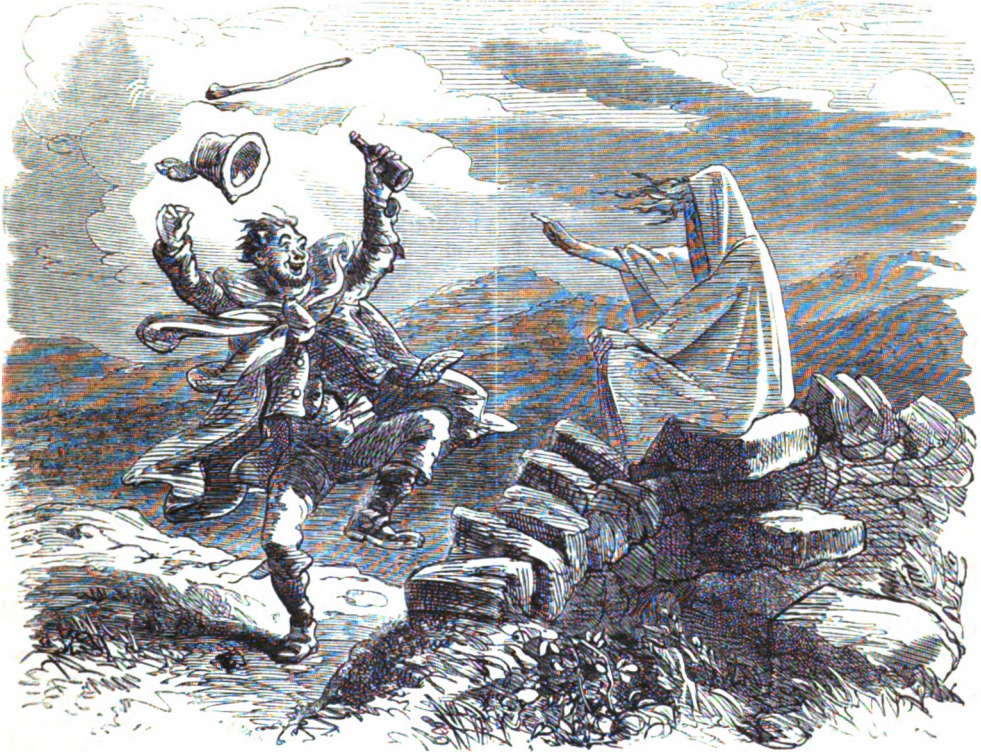
As I walked homeward, my head full of the subject I had been dwelling upon, it seemed to me that the artificial man met me in detail everywhere. There were his teeth grinning at me in glass cases outside the dentists' shops—teeth in sets, with the new patent elastic india-rubber gums, warranted equal to the living tissue, without the disadvantage of growing gum-boils. How many fair dames smile at us whose flashing ivories have lain for years on continental battle-grounds, or may be under the verdant churchyard sod at home! The hairdressers' windows, again, bloomed with deception. Here, indeed, art has made a stride. The old stereotyped form of wig, with its sprawling wavy curl of glossy black across the forehead, flanked with the frothy bosses of curls on either side, leaving the hard skin line to disclose the bungling hand of man—this is gradually giving place to higher efforts. Mark, for instance, that wig, so puritanical in its plainness, with a few grey hairs artfully cast in; see, again, what efforts have been made with the net parting, to simulate the thin rooting of the hair: and, again, how its setting-on gradually fines off towards the forehead. And what shall we say to those long coils of gold which hang in such pendulous richness: these are the contributions of the poor German peasant girls to London fashionable life. Does my Amelia eke out her natural tresses with these shining snakes of glossy hair? Does my maiden aunt Bridget hide the gradually widening parting of her once raven locks with that platted coronet? What member is there in this artful age that we can depend upon as genuine? what secret bodily defect that we particularly desire to keep to ourselves that that wicked "Times" does not show up in its advertising sheet and tell us how to tinker?

And if the individual can thus craftily be built up, imagine, good reader, the nightly dissolution. Picture your valet taking off both your legs (such things are often done), carefully placing away your arm, disengaging your wig, easing you of your glass eye, washing and putting by your masticators, and, finally, helping the bare vital principle into bed, there to lie up in ordinary, like a dismantled hulk, for the rest of the night! In these latter days we are, indeed, sometimes, as the Psalmist said, fearfully and wonderfully made; and, like the author of Frankenstein, we may tremble at our creations.

A. W.



HOW PHIL CONSIDINE MET THE BANSHEE.



"Did yer honor ever hear tell," inquired Darby as we emerged on the direct highway to that portion of her Majesty's dominions called Cahirciveen, "of how Phil Considine met the Banshee?"

"Never!"

I leaped off the car as I answered, glad of the opportunity to stretch my aching limbs. I had penetrated so far into Darby's idiosyncrasy as likewise to know that whenever he volunteered a yarn commencing with, "Did you ever hear tell?" it was an unmistakable signal that the "baste" wanted a rest.

The shades of evening were rapidly descending, the black pall of night clothed the rugged fastnesses we had left behind us, mists rose in curling wreaths from mountain-moss and lowland lea, the last faint pencilled rays of day were glinting up the far western wave, and the plaintive lowing of the kine mingled with the distant moaning of the ocean; it was just that hour of evening when the imagination feeds on the marvellous and supernatural. And as Darby threw the reins to his tired steed and strode alongside of me, I could scarcely restrain a wandering glance to each lichen-covered crag or yellow-blossomed furze brake, momentarily expecting that his wild legends would become realised by the appearance of some one of the strange beings with which he had peopled the romantic West.

"Well, thin, your honor must know," continued Darby, "that the Banshee is a quare sort of sperit, and always appears before a death in a family; it's a woman yer honor, and generally appears in the gloom of evenin, and keens to herself just like a child singin a wailful, purty, little song; and more times whin she's angry like, you could hear it risin up in the air, fearsome to hear, fitful and heart-wringin, just like the screech of a dying hare. Arrah! sure, yer honor, there isn't one of the raale ould stock at all that hasn't a Banshee in the family, sometimes appearin for misfortin, and more times whin the corpse candles are lightin; bud, bedad if she spakes to you, ye may lave yer clothes wid the first respectable naybour, and just lie down in the most convaynient spot, for go you will, and the less throuble ye give yer relaytions the aisier they'll pray for the repose of yer sowl.

"Phil Considine was a rovin sort uv blade—a regular sporthar, and never could settle down to a day's mowin, rapin, or turf-cuttin in his life; bud if there was a hare to be soho'd, or a main uv cocks to be fought, or a salmon to be coaxed in sayson or out uv sayson; shure Phil the darlin was the boy to do it; and he had as many pets, betune dogs, an badgers, an saales, an game cocks, as id set up a thravellin show-man. He was a hardy crayture, too, an would as lieve sleep out on the side uv a mountain as on the best feather-

bed in the barony; ye'd know Phil a mile off by his shamblin gate,—half throt, half walk,—his ould caubeen stuck on the back uv his head; an alpeen uv the raale mountain-ash always unsaisy in his fist, and the neck uv a black bottle peepin out uv his coat, in which, he said, he carried holy-wather to defend himself agin the good people; but, bedad, it was so often impty that people began to think at last that he used to meet whole regimints uv thim: anyhow, there ye'd see Phil goin along, and divil resave the bush or tuft, that the alpeen wouldn't be shoved into, lookin for hares' forms, and the like; and to see him settin a throuth or a salmon—och! musha! it was a pictur intirely. There he'd stand away back from the bank uv the river, shadin his eyes wid his left hand, the alpeen in his right, held in the middle, as if it was the butt uv a fly-rod; his back doubled up like a rapin-hook, an his knees thrimblin backwards and forwards wid every move uv the fish; an often if ye watched him close from a hidin place, he'd get so wake in himself that he'd forget may be, and take a pull at the holy-wather bottle, all by mistake, uv coorse.

"Well, wid all, Phil was a mighty dacent poor chap, an never a crayture was lyin sick bud Phil id have a nice leverit, or may be a young grouse, or a dawshy silver salmon, an he'd lave it quiet an aisy like, at the doore airly uv a mornin, so that nobody id know where it kem from; and sure if he did snare a hare of an odd start, or run a salmon by the light uv a bog dale, —divil a one was the worse of it.

"However, sheep begun to go, an fowl roosts wor found impty uv a mornin, and tho ther was a load uv thravellin tinkers about the counthry, yet the sthrong farmers all about wor down upon poor Phil. Now, Phil was a poor divil that had a conscience, an let the thruth be towld, he had nayther hand, act, nor part in the sheep staylins or fowl sackins that was goin on, for it was an ould thief uv a horse docther, who more betoken got seven years for the same, divil's cure to him.

"Well, Phil was himself agin, an wint on wid his ould capers, an people liked him all the bether, whin the times all of a suddent fell hard,—raale famine the poor craytures wor sufferin in these parts, and Phil was put to his wite'-ends to keep starvation from the doore an the life in his poor little famishin gorsoons. There was a great big gomersal of a farmer lived down there by the river, over where yer honor sees the big white house beyant!"

"Ay, Darby,—I see it!"

"His name was Pat Flaherty, yer honor, an he was a cousin german uv that same poor Con Flaherty that I remimbered yer honor uv a while ago!"

"Anan!"

"He was a cruel, selfish, bosthoon, he hadn't an Irish heart about him, at all at all; an tho' he had bread, butther an tay, full an plinty, he'd grudge a crumb the size of a midge's wing.

"One evenin Phil was womasin home sad an weary enough, for the childther hadn't tasted a meal's-mate for two days, an a couple of his naybours wor almost in the dead grips for fair want of food; just as he kem down the boren by

the ind uv Pat Flaherty's house, out jumps an illigant, bewtifully fat hoorisheen uv a pig; Phil's heart lepped into his mouth, an his teeth began to wather, an bits of pork wid a selvage uv cabbage begun dancin before his eyes, an every grunt the pig id let as he capered on, stickin his snout first in one sod and thin in another, and thin kicking up his crubeens, an gallopin like mad, med Phil fairly beside himself wid timptation; so Phil repated the Pather, and an office agin the snares uv the evil one; but, begor, it was all up with the poor fellow, for the pig kep gruntin at him, and squintin quite knowin like wid his little grey winky eyes, until, at last, Phil whips off his coateen, an 'hoorishees' to the pig.

"Grunt—grunt—squeak—squeak! says the pig; and, bedad, whilst ye'd squeeze a goozeberry Phil whips the coat round his head, claps him undther his arm, and away wid him down along the river, an across the bog, runnin like a thoroughbred at the Curragh, an dodgin like a rat in a haggard.

"Oh faix, it was short work wid poor squeakeen whin onst Phil had him housed; he was kilt, an divided betune the childther an the starvin naybours, an divil as much as a bristle or a bone, a tail or a tusk ever tould who tasted the pig.

"Och! ye may be shure, yer honor, there was Milia-murther at Pat's whin the pig was missed; the whole barony was sarched, for Flaherty was cruel vindictive in his way, but sight nor light uv the grunther never was found.

"Phil, as I said before, yer honor, had a conscience, an id was very sevale on him; divil a sod he could pass that he didn't think he saw the pig's snout sticking out uv id, an every moan on the breeze seemed like a dyin grunt; for ye see it was the first civilised animal he ever come by in an undtherhand sort uv way: oh! no, yer honor—Phil was very high in that respect: I wont say the same uv the wild bastes uv the field; for shure, as he used to say, 'God Almighty gave them for everybody's use;' an as to a pack uv grouse, or a wisp uv snipe, or snarin a scutty tail, begor, he'd sweep 'em the same as a live coal would a turf clamp.

"Phil daren't go to Father Doolin; for Pat Flaherty was great in the dues, and the fat goose, or the tindher turkey, much less a goolden crock of butther, or a creel of the raale red-bog turf, was never wantin whin the coadjuthor gev the wink; so he was afeard to say boo to a bulrush, for he knew that 'Paudeen More' had his suspecs uv him, an the fate uv the horse-docther was nothin to the thransportation that my poor Phil id get, if he was found out.

"One evenin just like this, yer honor, Phil was comin down by the ould castle uv Rosscarberry, a great ould sthroughould, too, an a bad spot to be near at nightfall; for the ould chieftains, they say, walks about there still, and many is the quare sight and sound I heerd tell uv the same spot. Well, yer honor, as I was sayin, Phil was comin along purty brisk, whin just as he got near the stile by the ould tower, the sight left his eyes a'most; for there sittin undther the withered branch of the eldther three, was—divil resave the doubt—the Banshee herself, ay, thrue enough; dusky white,

and croonin away, as she rocked backwards and forwards, wid her arms restin on her knees.

"Phil's heart was goin thump—thump—thug—thug—that you might hear it a mile off, his jaw hung loose an thrimblin like the dewlap of a cow, every bone in his body shook and rattled like a bladder full uv pays, an his knees wor playin hide and go seek wid one another.

"Phil Considine!" says the Banshee.

"Hoo-ho-coh!" blurted out Phil, fallin down on his marrow-bones.

"Phil Considine!" says the Banshee.

"Holy Mary uv Agypt!" began Phil.

"Howld yer tongue!" says the sperit, 'an attend to me!'

"Y—y—yis, Mam!" says Phil, takin a pull at the holy-wather bottle.

"Phil Considine!" says the Banshee. 'I've been watchin yer goins on!'

"Seven Pathers and eight Aves for the repose uv yer poor sainted sow!" whimpers Phil.

"Phil!" says the sperit. 'I've been watchin ye, an there's somethin heavy on yer conscience!'

"All the way to the Cross uv Coppla, wid pays in my brogues!" groans Phil.

"Confess at onst!" says the Banshee, wid a screech that made the ould tower rock agin, whilst the leaves on the eldther shook and rattled like tundther, an a big white owl flew out wid a whoop that made the hair of Phil's head stand uv an ind.

"Whoo-o-o-o-' cries Phil. 'I stole a pig!' says he.

"Ye stole a pig, ye murtherin vagabond!" says she.

"I did, ma'am, av ye plaze, an be marciful—be marciful—an give uz a long day to repint uv the same!"

"Oh—hoo—hoo!" says she, wid a wailful croon, 'an who did ye stale the pig from, ye misfortunate craythure!'

"Pat Flaherty!" moans Phil.

"What—ye stole a pig from Pat Flaherty; the good—pious, Pat Flaherty, that attends to his devotions, an takes care uv his clargy: go directly and restore the dacint man his pig!"

"Begor, I can't!" says Phil, gettin bould wid another swig of the holy-wather. 'Begor, I can't, mam,' says he, 'for we ate the pig!'

"Oh, ye haythen sinner!" says the sperit, 'ye onlooky thisevin naygur! See here, now, Phil Considine!' says she, an she lifts up her hood, an her eyes glowered out at him like two stars in the middle of a winnowin sheet. 'Mark my words!' says she.

"Yis, ma'am!" says Phil.

"The day uv judgemint 'ill come!" says she.

"Thrus for you, alanna!" answers Phil.

"I'll be there!" says she.

"More glory to you, ma'am!" says Phil, taking another throw uv the black bottle.

"An you'll be there?" says she.

"Id's myself 'ill be proud to meet you, anyhow,—hic—hic—hiccup!" says Phil.

"An Pat Flaherty 'ill be there!" says she.

"Ugh the dirty b—b—baste!" says Phil.

"An the pig 'ill be there!" says she.

"Whoo—be jakers! Banshee jewel, I have

id!" yells Phil, flingin away the alpeen and the bottle. I'll say, 'there Pat Flaherty—there's yer pig!'"

W. C.

REPRESENTATIVE CAFÉS.

THE LITERARY, THE ELECTRIC, AND THE ORIENTAL CAFÉS.

THE history of France is in a large degree the history of its cafés. We do not make the remark in order to humiliate the French nation, who might well retort that the history of England is to be read in its tavern-signs, and even in its baked potatoe-cans. If a collection of the baked potato-cans of the last fifteen years were to be made, those of the period of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation would be found inscribed "Free Trade;" those of 1850, bear the words "Kossuth for ever," testifying to the sympathy of the English mob for the great Hungarian insurgent; the cans of 1854, sail, or rather steam, under the banner of the French alliance, and call down imprecations on the head of Nicholas, "the never-to-be-forgotten," and we are told that there was recently a pause in the manufacture of potato-cans, simply because the makers could not come to a decision as to what the popular cry would be during the autumn and winter, in reference to the great struggle on the continent. On the connection between our tavern-signs and our military and naval heroes, it would be superfluous to insist. We have, it is true, our Dogs and Ducks, our Geese and Gridirons, our Bells and Horns, our Wellington Arms, and our Napier's Heads, and, taking them all together, the names of our hostelries indicate the various epochs of their origin in a remarkable manner. Another characteristic of the British tavern-sign as compared with the French *enseigne*, whether of the café, the restaurant, or the tobacco-shop, is the permanency of the former, which we take to be typical of our national conservatism. Potato-cans "*se suivent et ne ressemblent pas*;" but the public-house endures; and, enduring, would scorn to change its colours. Who ever heard of the "Earl of Chatham" being converted into the "Sir Robert Peel," or "Lord Nelson" into the "Sir Charles Napier," except by some rare contingency? Now, in France, just the contrary takes place. All the cafés, tobacco-shops, theatres, steamers, and even omnibuses, that rejoice in what may be called demonstrative titles, change their signs and their appellations with each successive dynasty. We saw a curious instance of this in February, 1848, on board one of the little steamers which ascend "the rapid Rhone" from Avignon to Lyons.

The vessel was called "La Duchesse de Nemours." When we left the ancient papal city, it was supposed that Louis Philippe reigned in France, though alarming rumours in connection with certain reform banquets had already reached us. However, we steamed slowly towards Lyons, with the tri-colour at the mast-head, and the figure of the duchess at the prow. The words "DUCHESS DE NEMOURS," were painted in letters of gold on the paddle-wheels, the decks were white, the sky was

blue, the sun was shining, the passengers were in high spirits, the experiments with the *vin du pays* at the different stations were satisfactory, and we were almost congratulating ourselves that, owing to the unusual strength of the current, the voyage would be rather longer than had originally been expected, when suddenly at one of the landing stations we were astonished by the news that the king had taken to flight, and that the republic had been proclaimed.

"The workmen of Lyons are mad with joy," said our informant, who was the company's agent, "and if you attempt to enter the place under Orleanist colours," he added, addressing the sailors, "they will certainly knock your figure-head to pieces, and perhaps fire into you."

"What are the colours of the new republic?" inquired the captain, with admirable promptitude.

"Most probably red," replied the agent. "At all events, they are all reds at Lyons, as you know well enough, yourself."

"Pull down that flag," cried the captain, as soon as we had started. "*Et puis, vite, une camisole rouge!*"

Three of the sailors brought red *camisoles*. The captain took a pair of shears, cut off the arms of each, gave the mutilated bodies to the steward, and desired that functionary to sew them together, so as to form a large red flag.

"A pot of red paint!" shouted the captain, once more; but there was no red paint on board. "Never mind, then, green, blue, black, any kind will do," he added.

A pot of black paint was produced, and the captain with a bold brush commenced painting out the words "Duchesse de Nemours," until at last all the beautiful gold letters were covered with one hideous sable smear.

"*Adieu, la duchesse!*" muttered one of the men, with a grin.

"There, don't chatter," said the captain, "but see if that flag's ready."

"Here it is, captain, all ready to hoist," cried a sailor, into whose hands the steward had just delivered the improvised *drapeau rouge*.

"Then hoist it," cried the gallant commander, and an instant afterwards, the united *camisoles* were seen fluttering in the breeze.

The captain paced the deck, as if in thought. Then suddenly pausing, he said to a group of passengers:

"*La République doit-elle être une femme?*"

"I should think so," answered an old officer, who had served under Napoleon. "That is why she never knows what she wants."

"Captain," at that moment interrupted the engineer, (he was an Englishman, and appeared much amused at the sudden change that had taken place in the political creed of his boat). "Captain, I have just come up to ask you whether you are going to do anything to the figure-head? You know we have the duchess there as large as life."

"How ingenious we English are!" replied the captain; "that was just what I was thinking about myself. But the piece of sculpture is monumental. It cost the company five hundred francs, and I don't want to knock it to pieces."

Some one suggested that the Duchess might be crowned with the cap of Liberty, and that she would then look like an emblematic figure of the Republic; but the captain maintained that the features of her royal highness were too well known, and that the excited mob might misinterpret their emblematic figure, and regard it as the symbol of an unnatural union between the exiled Orleanists and the now triumphant popular party.

At last the following brutal expedient was resorted to. The duchess, wearing her ducal coronet, was allowed to remain at the prow, but a rope was put round her neck; and under the protection of this scandalous device, and with the red flag glaring at the mast-head, the steamer passed along-side the quays of Lyons, amid the cheers of an intelligent and high-minded populace. In the evening a *coloriste* was sent for, who over the effaced "Duchesse de Nemours" painted in white letters on a black ground, "AU SALUT DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE;" and an ingenious sculptor chiselled the Duchess's nose into an absurd straight line continuous with her forehead, gave her ferocious eyes, cut her crown off, decorated her with the Phrygian cap, and probably sent in his bill to the company in the following words:

To the citizen Phidias Dupont, sculptor, for converting an ex-Duchess into a figure of Liberty, 25 francs.

Proceeding from Lyons to Paris, we observed that theatres, public buildings, in short, everything in the country, had shared, more or less, the fate of the unfortunate Duchess. The Louvre was inscribed, "national property." In the evening we went to the Académie Nationale de Musique, and happening to purchase a box of lucifers on the boulevard, found that they were labelled, "allumettes nationales." But above all the cafés and hotels had suffered. Even the old Café de la Régence, where Phillidor used to take his *demi-tasse*, and which had always been a chess-playing and not a political café, had assumed some republican name (it is the Café de la Régence again now); and the only place of public entertainment which never ceased for an instant to assert its dependence on the monarchical system was the excellent Hôtel des Princes.

But we were saying, that it is above all in the cafés proper that the history of France is to be read; and not the political history alone, for it can be shown that those interesting establishments are responsive not only to every political, but also to every social, literary, and commercial change that takes place in the French metropolis. The *demoiselle du comptoir* in the more popular, or perhaps we should say more plebeian, quarters of Paris, is herself an important historical figure, appearing, as she did during the African war, as an Algérienne, in the days of the Republic and of Mimi Pinson, as a priestess of Liberty, and while Sebastopol was being besieged as a Tartar girl of the Crimea: but she too is a political rather than a social index. Such also were the United Cooks, whose miserable *gargotes* flourished during the Liberty Equality and Fraternity period. May they never return, with their *bois à la république*, their *agneau à la Robespierre*,

their *veau à la baïonnette*, and their *mouton à la sauce rouge*, of which it would be difficult to say which was the most economical, and, above all, which was the most indigestible. Far different were the restaurants and cafés whose titles and interior arrangements might be looked upon as indicative of the social and intellectual movement of the nation, and of which the most remarkable we can remember at the present moment, were the enormous Literary Café on the Boulevard Bonnes Nouvelles, the Electric Cafés, of which there were several between the Porte St. Martin and the Théâtre Lyrique, and the still existing Café Oriental, near the Boulevard du Temple. Most strangers, provincial Frenchmen as well as foreigners, who have visited Paris in the character of sight-seers, have been conducted to the dreary Café des Aveugles, and probably to the absurd Café des Singes; but it is only those who have never taken the trouble to enter the Panthéon or the Invalides, and who have wandered about the boulevards, careless how they might be devoured, that can have found their way to the Literary, the Electric, or the Oriental Café.

The Café Littéraire was a building of which it would be little to say that it was more magnificent than an English palace. Above the portico the title of the establishment, in gigantic letters and in striking relief, was conspicuous. The stone staircase which led to the entrance was so imposing, that as you walked up it you instinctively put your hand in your pocket to assure yourself that you had a respectable number of francs at your disposal. In the vestibule stood two officials—one was the under-waiter, the other the sub-editor of the establishment.

"Does Monsieur wish to eat?" "Does Monsieur wish to read?" said the two functionaries at the same time.

Anxious to offend neither, and not possessing the art of eating and reading simultaneously, we replied that we wished to play at billiards.

"You will find the professor and tables in abundance on the first floor," said the under-waiter. "Allow me to present you with the *carte* of my department;" and he handed me an ordinary *carte du jour*.

"Here is the *carte* of the department with which I have the honour to be connected," said the sub-editor, giving me at the same time an astounding, unheard-of literary bill of fare, of which we subjoin a translation:

BILL OF THE DAY.

POETRY :	
Odes and Ballads by Victor Hugo	8 parts (livraisons).
Poetic Meditations by Lamartine	10 "
Poems by Hippolyte Moreau . . .	6 "
ROMANCES :	
The Three Musketeers, by Alex. Dumas	40 "
Twenty Years Afterwards, by Alex. Dumas	40 "
The Viscount of Bragelonne, by Alex. Dumas	40 "
Memoirs of the, &c., by F. Soulie	40 "
The Sin of Mr. Antony, by George Sand	18 "

DRAMATIC LITERATURE :

Scribe's Theatre	110 parts (livraisons).
Faust (Gerard de Nerval's translation)	4 "
Corneille	2 "

The above works are ready, and can be supplied at a moment's notice. The following have either not yet appeared in the edition peculiar to this establishment, or are still at the printer's.

Then came a long list of French and Foreign works of every kind, followed by the annexed :

GENERAL RULES.

Every consumer spending a franc in this establishment is entitled to one *livraison*, to be selected at will from our vast collection; or in that proportion up to the largest sum he may expend. N.B.—To avoid delay, gentlemen consumers who may require an entire romance are requested to name their author with the soup.

"May billiard-players take advantage of this system?" we said to the professor, having now reached the first floor.

"Certainly," was the reply. "It was but last week that a gentleman came here, who wanted the 'Three Musketeers.' He played eight hours a-day for four days in succession, and on the fourth, towards midnight, received from the hands of our editor-in-chief the last number of the work he so ardently desired,—one of the longest that this or any other age has produced."

"I see, you charge twenty-five sous an hour for the tables, and the *livraisons* cost, at the ordinary book-shops, four sous each. But at the cafés on this boulevard, the ordinary charge for billiards is only twenty sous; so that—"

"Pardon me, sir," interrupted the professor, with a sweet smile, "I perceive that you do not quite understand our system, which for the rest is unique. Allow me to explain it. At other cafés you play to win or to lose: perhaps only a *demi-tasse*, or a bottle of beer; but still there is a chance of loss. Here, on the other hand, there is a certainty of gain; and the great beauty of the system consists in this,—that the longer you play, the more you win. As I was telling you, a gentleman only last week won a book worth forty francs, and that in four days! Why, sir, during the same period many a man has ruined himself."

Having played a few games with the professor, we found that we had two francs and a-half to pay, and having paid it and received a voucher for the sum, were waited upon by the editor-in-chief. We were entitled, in strict justice, to two *livraisons* and a half; but the editor assured us that it was contrary to the rules of the establishment to serve less than an entire *livraison*. To ask for half a *livraison*, he said, was like ordering half a mutton chop or half a bottle of lemonade.

"What works are in season?" we inquired.

"All kinds, sir," was the reply. "Would you like a nice little vaudeville? or, if it would not be more than you require, we could offer you a portion of a novel, by George Sand; it is not quite done, but it will be very fine when it is, if you don't mind waiting. Or you could have a play by Victor Hugo—just up; or a poem—though

it's rather late," he added, "and I'm afraid the poems are all gone. Let me recommend something by Dumas, and a piece of Scribe's to follow."

And with eight sous' worth of literature, at the market value, in our pocket, we walked towards the door. As we passed the entrance to the restaurant, we overheard a conversation between an irascible "consumer" and the head-waiter.

"I didn't like the dinner you served me yesterday at all," said the former.

"I am sorry it displeased you, sir," answered the latter. "I will mention it to the cook."

"It's quite true the *filet* was tough," continued the consumer. "But what I principally complain of is the novel. Confounded stuff! It actually gave me the nightmare!"

"I regret the occurrence exceedingly," responded the waiter. "If you will favour me with the title of the work which disagreed with you, I will call the editor's attention to it."

The establishment of the *Café Littéraire* was contemporaneous with the first issue on a large scale of three-franc volumes and four-sous *livraisons*; with liberty of the press, open discussion, and the ascendancy of literary men in connection with politics. As a natural consequence of this general intellectual activity, a taste for popular science arose, which the astronomer on the Pont Neuf, with his long telescope and his interminable orations, was unable to satisfy. The public laughed at the old *savant*. He assured us that the little boys repeated to him his own lecture on the moon,—in fine, treated him with contempt. Unable to assist the poor man, even with our advice, we went to dine, and in the evening visited the *Folies Nouvelles*, where the great impersonator of the *Sire de Framboisy* was then performing. At the end of the representation, afflicted with thirst, we entered a kind of *café*, which however was more a *buffet* than a *café*, and in which the most remarkable object was an enormous metal counter. Having disposed of our beverage, we, in accordance with the custom in such cases, were in the act of placing a piece of money on the counter in token of payment, when, to our astonishment and confusion, we received a violent shock in the right arm, which might have caused a person with less presence of mind to relax his hold on the coin. Turning to a friend who was with us, we hinted our suspicions that we had received an electric shock.

"The notion is absurd," said our friend. "You must have knocked your funny-bone against the corner of the wall. Why should the proprietor of a *café* electrify his customers, and how should he do so simply with a metal counter, just like any other counter?"

We replied that we were ignorant of science, but that we could recognise a sensation, and that we had been electrified.

"Perhaps it was the young lady behind the counter," suggested the incredulous one. "We often read in the journals of a *prima donna* electrifying the audience. Probably it was something in the young lady's manner of saying 'Vingt quatre sous' that affected you so powerfully."

"Touch the counter yourself," was our laconic rejoinder.

"I am touching it," answered the unbeliever, as he in fact placed his hand upon it, "and it produces no effect whatever upon me."

We had been conversing in English. In the meanwhile the *demoiselle du comptoir* had put down our change, amounting to sixteen sous, which, electrified or not, we had no intention of leaving. With considerable determination we made a clutch at the half-franc, and succeeded in obtaining possession of it without any unpleasant result beyond that of exposing ourselves to the ridicule of every one in the *café*. Then with more composure we proceeded to gather up the coppers, but in making the attempt received such a violent shock that we were obliged to abandon our project. The demon of electricity protected the sous. It was impossible to take hold of them, and we were about to leave them to their fate, when the *demoiselle du comptoir* collected them apparently without the slightest difficulty, and placed them in our hand, saying very calmly: "Monsieur appears to be afraid of his own money."

"It is very strange," said our friend as we left the place, "we both had our hands uncovered, and you certainly seemed to receive an electric shock, whereas I experienced nothing of the kind."

Having been mystified ourselves, our only consolation was to mystify some one else. We returned to the electric *café* the next evening with an unsuspecting compatriot, and had the satisfaction of seeing him receive several severe shocks while endeavouring to pay for a cup of coffee. We, on the other hand, touched the counter with impunity. It was evident that we were already reckoned among the initiated. However, we were determined not to go away until we had penetrated the great mystery of the establishment; and when we had spent a sufficient sum of money to entitle us to the privilege, the *demoiselle du comptoir* condescended to explain to us in a neat lecture how it was that her counter electrified us. We will not reproduce her discourse. Suffice it to say, that at the foot of the metal counter was a strip of sheet-iron, which was connected with one of the wires of a galvanic battery, the other wire being in communication with the counter itself. When one of the initiated touched the counter, the young lady who presided thereat interrupted the communication; when she abstained from doing so, it was of course impossible to touch it without receiving a shock.

"We find that this amuses the consumers," said our instructress in conclusion; "but the electric counter was originally established in the interests of science."

The end of the electric counters was curious. They spread so rapidly that at length the government felt called upon to suppress them. Whether there are scientific as well as literary censors in Paris we cannot say, but in all probability there are; and the censor for the electric department may have feared that the abundance of electricity on the lower boulevard would some day produce a terrific thunder-storm. Or the effects of sudden agitation on a people condemned to political inactivity may have been dreaded; but, whatever the motive, it is certain that the electric counters were severely condemned and strictly forbidden by the police.

Shortly afterwards, when all the journalists in Paris were suffering either from the tyranny of the censorship which rendered the exercise of their profession nearly impossible, or from the absolute suppression of their journals, we stumbled upon the announcement of a certain "Diner Oriental" held at the Café Oriental, and which we afterwards discovered to be one of the results of the destruction of periodical literature in France. *Qui dort dine*, says the proverb, and thus (slightly to misapply the dictum) the journalists, finding themselves condemned to a sort of literary atrophy, had taken to uttering their opinions at the dinner-table. Why the dinner in question was honoured with the epithet of "oriental" we never could make out, unless it was that it was held at the east end of Paris. The meal was not an expensive one, costing a franc and a half with half a bottle of ordinary wine, or two francs with a bottle of "old Maçon." The *menu* was as follows: "Soup, hors d'œuvre of radishes and butter, one entrée, one roast, two vegetables, salad," and, in place of dessert, "literary and artistic conversation by Messieurs les habitués." We thought this last dish was certainly not nourishing, but it might be refreshing.

It was spring, the afternoon was magnificent, and we dined in a garden beneath a grove of trees, which, however, was more poetical than pleasant, for the birds were making their nests overhead, and from time to time kicked down little twigs and pieces of moss, which fell into the dishes or on to the heads of the diners. "Messieurs les habitués" ate like ogres, and drank freely either of the ordinary wine or of the "old Maçon," which had apparently been about five minutes in bottle. At last, the moment of the intellectual dessert arrived. We confess it disappointed us. One habitué produced a number of the Charivari, another a copy of the Tintamarre, a third had brought a volume of the extinct Garret Journal (Journal de la Mansarde), of which it was one of the rules that no contributions should be received from any writer who occupied apartments lower than the fourth floor; a fourth exhibited a prospectus of the forthcoming Flash of Lightning, (*L'Éclair*), in which it was announced that as the subscribers to the Flash of Lightning were sure to be persons belonging to the élite of intellectual society, it was proposed to re-unite them once every year in the largest ball-room that could be found in Paris; and the editor added that distant provincial subscribers who might not think it worth their while to come to Paris specially for the ball might, if they chanced to visit the metropolis, call upon the editor at his private residence, when he would be only too happy to accompany them on an artistic expedition through the capital, and to point out to them and enlarge upon the beauties of the various monuments which had made the fair Lutetia the glory of the civilised world. Other habitués had brought manuscripts which they threatened to read, and the "literary and artistic conversation" (hitherto almost exclusively literary) had been going on for about ten minutes when Mademoiselle Blanche, whom we at once recognised as a *coryphée* from the Folies Dramatiques (and who was the daughter of the

proprietor of the café), made her appearance with a number of the Gazette des Théâtres in her hand. Then the conversation took an exclusively "artistic," that is to say theatrical, turn, doubtless out of compliment to Mademoiselle Blanche. The little *coryphée*, on her side, had many civil things to say to a sentimental gentleman who had written about her in the theatrical journal just named, and who, without ceremony, had compared her to Tagliani.

At half-past seven Mademoiselle Blanche, having first of all promised the editor of the Flash of Lightning that she would be present at his ball, went off to the "Folies," escorted by the critic. Then the manuscript holders again tried to make themselves heard, and after a very narrow escape from a political novel in eight books, we thought it time to make good our retreat, and went away highly edified by the "literary and artistic conversation of Messieurs les habitués."

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

THE GLACIERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

A VAST number of my readers would be inclined to stare at anybody who began to talk of the glaciers of Great Britain, and would perhaps set him down as a person of neglected education, but they would change their opinion if taken to see the actual places where these things occurred, and the unmistakeable marks that they have left behind. Tourists who fancy that the Alps or the Dovrefeld are the only European localities, which have ever been the centre of perpetual snow, should go and examine the traces of ice so frequently to be found in the mountain ranges of North Wales or Cumberland, and they will be able to compare the signs of the mighty past with the operations of Nature going on at this very time. What makes the inquiry the more interesting, is the fact that all these events happened at a geological period, very nearly allied to our present era (when the outlines of the country had assumed much the same shape as they now present), and that to them are due, to a great extent, the beautiful variety of hill and dale, and the different kinds of soil for the support and nourishment of the vegetable kingdom.

Before we go back to the past, let us take a brief summary of the present, and inquire into the movements and effects of glaciers as now existing in the Alps. Notwithstanding the large surface covered in those regions by snow and ice, it is clear that many of the glaciers have considerably declined in size. Some have risen, indeed, and swelled out, but as a rule they have receded. Although apparently bound immovably in the fetters of frost, no glacier is ever permanent or stationary; but, on the contrary, slowly but surely moves on with an irresistible pressure that carries everything before it, and it is almost incredible what enormous rocks are rolled forward as far as its influence extends. Certain effects are thus caused, which show the observant saven the indubitable marks of ice, plainly proving that a glacier has, at one time or other, filled the bottom of the mountain ravine which he is exploring.

The most prominent and common of these signs are long lines of stones which settle on the sides

of the glacier, having been detached from the surrounding rocks by the action of the frost, lightning, avalanches, &c. These are called lateral "moraines," in contradistinction to other heaps found at the end of the glaciers, which are "terminal moraines." These last, however, by being constantly propelled forward and ground down against each other, are in a more fragmentary state than those on the sides, and at length accumulate in a great mound which, nevertheless, does not always remain as an after-mark of the former presence of a glacier, and for this reason. By the accumulation, a dam is formed across the valley, acting as a barrier to the lake-waters, generally found in an old glacier basin, but which in floods and storms, frequently burst through the moraine mound, carrying death and destruction in their course down the vale. As the stones which compose the moraines are carried forward, they rub up against each other, causing great wearing of the surface, and also scrape deeply and heavily against the rock over which the glacier is flowing; and such is the tremendous pressure to which they are subject, that not only are the surfaces of the rock often polished by the friction, but "striated," as geologists term it, i. e., marked by straight lines, as though done by a machine, whilst in many cases deep grooves are regularly furrowed in.

Sometimes, also, a projecting eminence is smoothed and worn into a round shape, somewhat like a sheep lying down, from whence these rocks are termed "roches moutonnées." There is another still more curious appearance of frequent occurrence, when a glacier happens to have surrounded a peak or pinnacle of mountain, and lodges a ring of stones all round it. After a time the ice melts, and the stones, which are called "perched blocks," are seen grouped at the top of the peak in the most fantastic situations, as though a number of Titans had been amusing themselves with a Brobdingnag game at marbles. Now, these peculiar marks, the moraines, striations, groovings, "roches moutonnées," &c., are to be observed in the Alps in many situations, where glaciers do not now exist, attesting their former presence; and many skilful observers, such as Forbes, Tyndall, and Ramsay, were enabled to make accurate maps of their course, extent, and depth, by noting these various signs. But, perhaps, my readers will be inclined to say, What has all this to do with Great Britain? Simply that the same marks which are to be seen in the Alps may be found on the Grampians, the hills of Cumberland, and the ranges of Snowdon. The latter mountain has been shown by Professor Ramsay to have been the centre of six glaciers that flowed from the direction of the peak down as many valleys that radiate from the summit; and in Cwm-Glas in particular, which runs down towards the pass of Llanberris, there is an exceedingly large moraine heap, which, however, since the disappearance of the glacier, has been a good deal cut away by the stream that drains the Pass. It is evident from the position of the boulders—a geological term for all these stones which have been carried away—and the striæ on the face of the rocks, that this mass of ice descended Cwm-Glas, and with others aided to form

the great glacier of Llanberris, the grooving from which Mr. Ramsay has traced in forty-six places on the hills on each side of the lake, at such heights that he has been enabled to calculate the thickness of the ice that filled the valley, at about 1200 feet. Not only Snowdon itself, but the whole of the mountain country between Bangor, Conway, and Capel Curig bears the traces of either glaciers or icebergs, which latter have caused in the northern counties of England the still more striking and wide-spread appearances, known to geologists by the name of drift. Not only the north of Great Britain, but also of Europe and North America, presents this feature, which for a long time puzzled the scientific world.

Quantities of loose rocks, of all sorts and sizes, cover the ground to such an extent that it received the name of boulder, or drift formation, and in many places, is locally called "till," the peculiarity of it being that the stones which compose it do not belong to the same formation as that of the locality in which they are found; but are probably hundreds of miles from the spot where they were originally "in situ." Mr. Binney has found in the till around Manchester fragments of granite, slates, and Silurian rocks, mountain limestone, coal measures, and new red sandstone. Now, as soon as these phenomena were found to be so general, the question arose, How did they come there? Many put them down to the deluge; but this theory involved them in such difficulties in reconciling geology to religion, that it was soon abandoned. It is not necessary to detail all the speculations and hypotheses on the subject—suffice it to say that the one generally accepted is that of the glacial era—an era of intense cold, such as man has probably never known, when the whole earth lay buried in perpetual winter. From the north issued tremendous icebergs, which overran all North Europe and America, and the extreme cold thus produced gave birth at the same time to the glaciers of the Grampians, the Lake Mountains, and Snowdon. Now it is well known that icebergs at the present day, break off from the mainland, and are carried by currents for many miles, bearing with them out to sea (like the glaciers causing the moraines), numbers of stones and rocks, which when the berg melts, are gently deposited at the bottom, and even now the western Atlantic is becoming sown with earth by this means. In the same way, the icebergs of Scandinavia brought fragments of the old rocks, and scattered them over Russia, Prussia, and the coast of England, as far south as Essex; while the greatest portion of the till which is found in the more centrally northern counties, is supposed to have been brought in the same way from Cumberland, Scotland, and Wales. In Lancashire and Cheshire they are in prodigious numbers, a fact which Mr. Binney is inclined to attribute to a glacier extending thither from the Lake district. In North America, Professor Ramsay has well shown that the great Laurentian chain of mountains on the north side of the St. Lawrence, exhibits for an extent of 1500 miles, unequivocal signs of glacial action, being often striated, and showing "roches moutonnées," while the low country on the south side of the

river is covered with boulders and drift. An interesting question now occurs, as to the probable shape and features of England in those times. The outlines and great contours of the land are supposed to have been, to a certain extent, pretty much the same as they are now, with this important difference, however, that it was nearly all under water. Sinkings and elevations of a country, or even of a whole continent, are of common occurrence in geological history, and offer explanations of many a difficulty; and it is quite evident that at the time of the glacial epoch, Great Britain consisted of only a few islands, the tops of which appeared above water, while over the remainder icebergs were carrying their freight of boulders. Gradually, however, a powerful, though slow elevating force was at work, uplifting the country, and ever and anon stopping for a while; and as a proof of these things, it may be stated that sea-shells of an Arctic type (that is, of a type now existing in the Arctic oceans), have been found at the top of Moel Tryfan, near Snowdon, at a height of 1300 feet above the sea. All through Britain and Ireland the drift may be seen on the flanks of the mountains, and in North Wales to a height of 2300 feet! and not only this, but it is found arranged in terraces, showing the periods of rest in the elevating forces. In many parts of England, such as Worcester, Shrewsbury, and the Vale of Gloucester, shells have been found, indicating the lines of the drift. The reasons of the glacial climate are not quite so clear as the results, but they arose no doubt from enormous changes in the relative amount of land and water, which, it is well known, exercises a vast influence over the temperature of climate. The eastern side of any large continent is always more extreme in the heat and cold of summer and winter than that of the west, and from observations made by Humboldt, and many eminent English geologists, it is considered not improbable that Britain formed the eastern side of America, what is now sunk under the Atlantic having been dry land. England would, in that case, have possessed a climate somewhat resembling Labrador. The Gulf stream is the principal agent in causing a mild temperature in this country; but were the Isthmus of Panama to be submerged, and the Gulf stream to flow into the Pacific instead of its present course, there is no telling how far our temperature might be reduced. It may occur to the reader to inquire, what is the length of time that has elapsed since the glacial sea rolled over Europe? A very rough guess is the nearest approximation that we can ever arrive at, and such has been done by Sir Charles Lyell, who from certain experiments and observations made on the falls of Niagara, suggested that 35,000 years at least had been consumed in the erosion or wearing away of the rocky bed by the action of the water, and from geological appearances it seems that the Falls commenced at the close of the drift period. After all, though we cannot but admire and wonder at the abstract reasoning of these masters in geological science, we must accept such calculations with great caution, remembering how infinite (to man's ideas), is all geological time—only to be compared to the distances between the earth and the fixed

stars, about which we so often speak, but which we cannot realise.

What has been the ultimate end of this long continued region of winter? It was a season of desolation and sterility, in order that the future country might be made more flourishing, for it is to the "drift" that a great portion of the soil owes its formation, mixture, and arrangement, and the earth finally rendered complete for the reception of God's highest work—Man.

G. P. BEVAN.

SCARBOROUGH—1859.

I HAVE been here a little child, with a nankeen frock and spade,
The darling and the despot of a pretty little maid:
"She'd never know'd," I heard her say, as we came up
the rocks,
"Such a hawful boy as master John for dirtying of his
socks."

And here (ah, merry days!), a boy, I learnt to dive and
swim,
And that dear old sailor taught me his little craft to
trim;
Or, when the sail flapp'd idly, to "feather" and to
scull,
To catch the whiting, and to shoot the heavy, harmless
gull.

And here from merry Oxford, with the newest thing in
"ties,"
With a coat—the whole "get up," in short, a marvel
and surprise—
I came "to read for honours" (so, in letters home,
'twas said),
And took to flirting on the Spa, and playing *Poule*,
instead.

Here, too, a man, I lost my heart, and woo'd on wave
and strand
My counterpart, my life, until I won that soft, small
hand;
And for ever shall I bless that hour, in the grotto by
the sea,
When we talk'd of all our mutual love, and wept in
ecstasy.

For now once more with her I come, and though the
children say
That they find hairs in my whiskers of a most decided
gray,
And though my Kate (the "counterpart") must weigh
nigh thirteen stone,
We're happier now than ever—say, are we not, my
own?

A child runs to us o'er the sand, and his curls are dank
with brine:
My childhood lives again in his, for that little boy is
mine;
And up above upon the Spa, that handsome, laughing
"swell"
Is our merry Frank, our eldest, in love with every
belle.

God bless them, child and boy, and may He grant to
them, my Kate,
When manhood comes to those our sons, their father's
happy fate:

Such a wife, my own true darling, as thou hast been to
me,
According to thy promise, in the grotto by the sea!

H.

[See page 230.]



A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.



MARTIN WITTENHAAGEN went straight to Rotterdam, to take the bull by the horns. The bull in question was Philip the Good, duke of this, earl of that, lord of the other. Arrived at Rotterdam, he found the court was at Ghent. To Ghent he went, and sought an audience, but was put off and baffled by lacqueys and pages. So he threw himself in his sovereign's way out hunting, and, contrary to all court precedents, commenced the conversation—by roaring lustily for mercy.

"Why, where is the peril, man?" said the duke, looking all round, and laughing.

"Grace for an old soldier hunted down by burghers!"

Now kings differ in character like other folk; but there is one trait they have in common; they are mightily inclined to be affable to men of very low estate indeed. These do not vie with them in anything whatever, so jealousy cannot creep in; and they amuse them by their bluntness and novelty, and refresh them with a touch of nature—a rarity in courts. So Philip the Good reined in his horse and gave Martin almost a *lle-à-lle*, and Martin reminded him of a certain battle-field where he had received an arrow intended for his sovereign. The Duke remembered the incident perfectly, and was graciously pleased to take a cheerful view of it. He could afford to. Then Martin told his sovereign of Gerard's first capture in the church, his imprisonment in the tower, and the *manœuvre* by which they got him out, and all the details of the hunt; and, whether he told it better than I have, or that the Duke had not heard so many good stories as you have, certain it is like got so excited, that, when a number of courtiers came galloping up and interrupted

Martin, he swore like a costermonger and threatened, only half in jest, to cut off the next head that should come between him and a good story: and when Martin had done, he said:—

"St. Luke! what sport goeth on in this mine earldom—ay! in my own woods, and I see it not. You fellows have all the luck." And he was indignant at the partiality of Fortune. "Lo you now! this was a man-hunt!" said he. "I never had the luck to be at a man-hunt."

"My luck was none so great," replied Martin, bluntly; "I was on the wrong side of the dogs' noses."

"Ah! so you were: I forgot that." And royalty was almost reconciled to its lot. "What would you then?"

"A free pardon, your highness, for myself and Gerard."

"For what?"

"For prison-breaking."

"Go to: the bird will fly from the cage. 'Tis instinct. Besides, coop a young man up for loving a young woman? These burgomasters must be void of common sense. What else?"

"For striking down the Burgomaster."

"Oh! the hunted bear will turn to bay. 'Tis his right, and I hold him less than man that grudges it him. What else?"

"For killing of the blood-hounds."

The Duke's countenance fell.

"'Twas their life or mine," said Martin eagerly.

"Ay! but I can't have my blood-hounds, my beautiful blood-hounds, sacrificed to——"

"No, no, no! They were not your dogs."

"Whose, then?"

"The ranger's."

"Oh. Well, I am very sorry for him, but, as I was saying, I can't have my old soldiers sacrificed to his blood-hounds. Thou shalt have thy free pardon."

"And poor Gerard?"

"And poor Gerard too, for thy sake. And more, tell thou this! Burgomaster his doings mislike me: this is to set up for a king, not a burgomaster. I'll have no kings in Holland but one. Bid him be more humble, or by St. Jude I'll hang him before his own door, as I hanged the Burgomaster of what's the name, some town or other in Flanders it was: no, 'twas somewhere in Brabant—no matter—I hanged him, I remember that much—for oppressing poor folk."

The Duke then beckoned his chancellor, a pursy old fellow that sat his horse like a sack, and bade him write out a free pardon for Martin and one Gerard.

This precious document was drawn up in form and signed next day, and Martin hastened home with it.

Margaret had left her bed some days, and was sitting pale and pensive by the fireside, when he burst in, waving the parchment, and crying, "A free pardon, girl, for Gerard as well as me! Send for him back when you will; all the burgomasters on earth daren't lay a finger on him."

She flushed all over with joy, and her hands trembled with eagerness as she took the parchment, and devoured it with her eyes, and kissed it again and again, and flung her arms round Martin's neck, and kissed him. When she was calmer, she told him Heaven had raised her up a friend in the dame Van Eyck. "And I would fain consult her on this good news: but I have not strength to walk so far."

"What need to walk? There is my mule."

"Your mule, Martin?"

The old soldier or professional pillager laughed, and confessed he had got so used to her, that he forgot at times Ghysbrecht had a prior claim. Tomorrow he would turn her into the Burgomaster's yard, but to-night she should carry Margaret to Tergou.

It was nearly dusk; so Margaret ventured, and about seven in the evening she astonished and gladdened her new but ardent friend by arriving at her house—with unwonted roses on her cheeks, and Gerard's pardon in her bosom.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SOME are old in heart at forty, some are young at eighty. Margaret Van Eyck's heart was an evergreen. She loved her young namesake with youthful ardour. Nor was this new sentiment a mere caprice: she was quick at reading character, and saw in Margaret Brandt that which in one of her own sex goes far with an intelligent woman—genuineness. But, besides her own sterling qualities, Margaret Brandt had from the first a potent ally in the old artist's bosom.

Human nature.

Strange as it may appear to the unobservant, our hearts warm more readily to those we have benefited than to our benefactors. Some of the Greek philosophers noticed this; but the British Homer has stamped it in immortal lines:—

I heard, and thought how side by side
We two had stemmed the battle's tide
In many a well-debated field,
Where Bertram's breast was Philip's shield.
I thought on Darien's deserts pale,
Where Death bestrides the evening gale,
How o'er my friend my cloak I threw,
And fenceless faced the deadly dew.
I thought on Quariana's cliff,
Where, rescued from our foundering skiff,
Through the white breakers' wrath I bore
Exhausted Mortram to the shore;
And when his side an arrow found,
I sucked the Indian's venom'd wound.
These thoughts like torrents rushed along
To sweep away my purpose strong.

Observe! this assassin's hand is stayed by memory, not of benefits received, but benefits conferred.

Now Margaret Van Eyck had been wonderfully kind to Margaret Brandt; had broken through her own habits to go and see her; had nursed her, and soothed her, and petted her, and cured her more than all the medicine in the world. So her heart opened to the recipient of her goodness, and she loved her now far more tenderly than she had ever loved Gerard, though, in truth, it was purely out of regard for Gerard she had visited her in the first instance.

When, therefore, she saw the unwonted roses on Margaret's cheek, and read the bit of parchment that had brought them there, she gave up her own views without a murmur.

"Sweetheart," said she, "I did desire he should stay in Italy five or six years, and come back rich, and, above all, an artist. But your happiness is before all, and I see you can't live without him, so we must have him home as fast as may be."

"Ah, madam! you divine my very thoughts." And the young woman hung her head a moment and blushed. "But how to let him know, Madam? That passes my skill. He is gone to Italy; but what part, that I know not. Stay! he named the cities he should visit. Florence was one, and Rome. But then—"

Finally, being a sensible girl, she divined that a letter, addressed "My Gerard—Italy," might chance to miscarry, and she looked imploringly at her friend for counsel.

"You are come to the right place, and at the right time," said the old lady. "Here was this Hans Memling with me to-day; he is going to Italy, girl, no later than next week—'to improve his hand,' he says. Not before 'twas needed, I do assure you."

"But how is he to find my Gerard?"

"Why, he knows your Gerard, child. They have supped here more than once, and were like hand and glove. Now, as his business is the same as Gerard's—"

"What! he is a painter then?"

"He passes for one. He will visit the same places as Gerard, and, soon or late, he must fall in with him. Wherefore, get you a long letter written, and copy out this pardon into it, and I'll answer for the messenger. In six months at farthest Gerard shall get it; and when he ^{shall} get it, then will he kiss it, and put it; his

bosom, and come flying home. What are you smiling at? And now what makes your cheeks so red? And what you are smothering me for, I cannot think—My darling! yes! happy days are coming to my little pearl."

Meantime, Martin sat in the kitchen, with the black-jack before him and Richt Heynes spinning beside him: and, wow! but she pumped him that night.

This Hans Memling was an old pupil of Jan Van Eyck and his sister. He was a painter, notwithstanding Margaret's sneer, and a good soul enough, with one fault. He loved the "nipperkin, canakin, and the brown bowl" more than they deserve. This singular penchant kept him from amassing fortune, and was the cause that he often came to Margaret Van Eyck for a meal, and sometimes for a groat. But this gave her a claim on him, and she knew he would not trifle with any commission she should entrust to him.

The letter was duly written, and left with Margaret Van Eyck; and, the following week, sure enough, Hans Memling returned from Flanders. Margaret Van Eyck gave him the letter, and a piece of gold towards his travelling expenses. He seemed in a hurry to be off.

"All the better," said the old artist; "he will be the sooner in Italy."

But as there are horses who burn and rage to start, and after the first yard or two want the whip, so all this hurry cooled into inaction when Hans got as far as the principal hostelry of Tergou, and saw two of his boon companions sitting in the bay window. He went in for a parting glass with them; but when he offered to pay, they would not hear of it. No; he was going a long journey; they would treat him,—everybody must treat him, the landlord and all.

It resulted from this treatment that his tongue got as loose as if the wine had been oil; and he confided to the convivial crew that he was going to show the Italians how to paint: next he sang his exploits in battle, for he had handled a pike; and his amorous successes with females, luckily not present to oppose their version of the incidents. In short, "plenus rimarum erat: huc illic diffuebat:" and among the miscellaneous matters that oozed out, he must blab that he was entrusted with a letter to a townsman of theirs, one Gerard, a good fellow. He added: "you are all good fellows;" and he slapped Sybrandt on the back so heartily, that the breath was driven out of his body.

Sybrandt on this got a long way off; but listened to every word, and learned for the first time that Gerard was gone to Italy. However, to make sure, he affected to doubt it.

"My brother Gerard is never in Italy."

"Ye lie, ye cur," roared Hans, taking instantly the irascible turn, and not remarking that he who now sat opposite him was the same he had eulogised, and hit, when beside him. "If he was ten times your brother, he is in Italy. What call ye this? There, read me that superscription!" and he flung down a letter on the table.

Sybrandt took it up and examined it gravely; but eventually laid it down, with the remark,

that he could not read. However, one of the company, by some immense fortuity, could read; and, proud of so rare an accomplishment, took it, and read it out: "To Gerard Gerardson, of Tergou. These by the hand of the trusty Hans Hemling, with all speed."

"'Tis excellently well writ," said the reader, examining every letter.

"Ay!" said Hans, bombastically, "and small wonder: 'tis writ by a famous hand; by Margaret, sister of Jan Van Eyck. Blessed and honoured be his memory! She is an old friend of mine, is Margaret Van Eyck."

Miscellaneous Hans then diverged into forty topics.

Sybrandt stole out of the company, and went in search of Cornelis.

They put their heads together over the news: Italy was an immense distance off. If they could only keep him there?

"Keep him there? Nothing would keep him long from his Margaret."

"Curse her!" said Sybrandt. "Why didn't she die when she was about it!"

"*She* die! She would outlive the pest to vex us." And he was wroth at her selfishness in not dying, to oblige.

These two black sheep kept putting their heads together, and tainting each other worse and worse, till at last their corrupt hearts conceived a plan for keeping Gerard in Italy all his life, and so securing his share of their father's substance.

But when they had planned it they were no nearer the execution; for that required talent: so iniquity came to a stand still. But presently, as if Satan had come between the two heads, and whispered into the right ear of one and the left of the other simultaneously, they both burst out at once with the same word.

"THE BURGOMASTER!"

They went to Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, and he received them at once: for the man who is under the torture of suspense catches eagerly at knowledge. Certainty is often painful, but seldom, like suspense, intolerable.

"You have news of Gerard?" said he eagerly.

Then they told about the letter and Hans Memling. He listened with restless eye. "Who writ this letter?"

"Margaret Van Eyck," was the reply: for they naturally thought the contents were by the same hand as the superscription.

"Are ye sure?" And he went to a drawer and drew out a paper written by Margaret Van Eyck while treating with the Burgh for her house. "Was it writ like this?"

"Yes. 'Tis the same writing," said Sybrandt, boldly.

"Good! And now what would ye of me?" said Ghysbrecht, with beating heart, but a carelessness so well feigned that it staggered them. They fumbled with their bonnets, and stammered and spoke a word or two, then hesitated and beat about the bush, and let out by degrees that they wanted a letter written, to say something that would be sure to keep Gerard in Italy, and this letter they proposed to substitute in Hans Mem-

ling's wallet for the one he carried. While these fumbled with their bonnets and their iniquity, and vacillated between respect for a burgomaster, and their knowledge that this one was as great a rogue as themselves, and, somehow or other, on their side against Gerard, pros and cons were coursing one another to and fro in the keen old man's spirit. Vengeance said let Gerard come back and feel the weight of the law. Prudence said keep him a thousand miles off. But then prudence said also, why do dirty work on a doubtful chance? Why put it in the power of these two rogues to tarnish your name? Finally, his strong persuasion that Gerard was in possession of a secret by means of which he could wound him to the quick, coupled with his caution, resulted thus: "It is my duty to aid the citizens that cannot write. But for their matter I will not be responsible. Tell me, then, what I shall write."

"Something about this Margaret."

"Ay, ay! that she is false, that she is married to another, I'll go bail."

"Nay, Burgomaster, nay! not for all the world!" cried Sybrandt; "Gerard would not believe it, or but half, and then he would come back to see. No; say that she is dead."

"Dead! what at her age? will he credit that?"

"Sooner than the other? Why she *was* nearly dead, so it is not to say a downright lie, after all."

"Humph? And you think that will keep him in Italy?"

"We are sure of it, are we not, Cornelis?"

"Ay," said Cornelis, "our Gerard will never leave Italy now he is there. It was always his dream to get there. He would come back for his Margaret, but not for us. What cares he for us? He despises his own family—always did."

"This would be a bitter pill to him," said the old hypocrite.

"It will be for his good in the end," replied the young one.

"What avails Famine wedding Thirst," said Cornelis.

"And the grief you are preparing for him so coolly:" Ghysbrecht spoke sarcastically, but tasted his own vengeance all the time.

"Oh, a lie is not like a blow with a curtal axe. It hacks no flesh, and breaks no bones."

"A curtal axe!" said Sybrandt; "no, nor even like a stroke with a cudgel!" and he shot a sly envenomed glance at the Burgomaster's broken nose.

Ghysbrecht's face turned white with ire when this adder's tongue struck his wound. But it told, as intended: the old man bristled with hate.

"Well," said he, "tell me what to write for you, and I must write it: but, take notice, you bear the blame if aught turns amiss. Not the hand which writes, but the tongue which dictates, doth the deed."

The brothers assented warmly, sneering within. Ghysbrecht then drew his inkhorn towards him, and laid the specimen of Margaret Van Eyck's writing before him, and made some inquiries as to the size and shape of the letter; when an unlooked-

for interruption occurred; Jorian Ketel burst hastily into the room, and looked vexed at not finding him alone.

"Thou seest I have matter on hand, good fellow."

"Ay; but this is grave. I bring good news; but 'tis not for every ear."

The Burgomaster rose, and drew Jorian aside into the embrasure of his deep window, and then the brothers heard them converse in low but eager tones. It ended by Ghysbrecht sending Jorian out to saddle his mule. He then addressed the black sheep with a sudden coldness that amazed them:

"I value the peace of families; but this is not a thing to be done in a hurry: we will see about it, we will see."

"But, Burgomaster, the man will be gone. It will be too late."

"Where is he?"

"At the hostelry, drinking."

"Well, keep him drinking. We will see, we will see." And he sent them off discomfited.

To explain all this we must retrograde a step. This very morning, then, Margaret Brandt had met Jorian Ketel near her own door. He passed her with a scowl. This struck her, and she remembered him.

"Stay," said she. "Yes! it is the good man who saved him. Oh! why have you not been near me since? And why have you not come for the parchments? Was it not true about the hundred crowns?"

Jorian gave a snort: but, seeing her face that looked so candid, began to think there might be some mistake. He told her he had come, and how he had been received.

"Alas!" said she, "I knew nought of this. I lay at death's door." She then invited him to follow her, and took him into the garden and showed him the spot where the parchments were buried. "Martin was for taking them up, but I would not let him. He put them there, and I said none should move them but you, who had earned them so well of him and me."

"Give me a spade!" cried Jorian, eagerly. "But, stop! No; he is a suspicious man. You are sure they are there still?"

"Sure? I will openly take the blame if human hand hath touched them."

"Then keep them but two hours more, I prithee, good Margaret," said Jorian, and ran off to the Stadthouse of Tergou a joyful man.

The rest you have divined.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE Burgomaster was also a joyful man as he jogged along towards Sevenbergen, with Jorian striding beside him, giving him assurance that in an hour's time the missing parchments would be in his hand.

"Ah, master!" said he, "lucky for us it wasn't a thief that took them."

"Not a thief? not a thief? what call you him, then?"

"Well, saving your presence, I call him a jackdaw. This is a piece of jackdaw's work, if ever

there was ; take the thing you are least in want of, and hide it—that's a jackdaw. I should know," added Jorian, oracularly, "for I was brought up with a jackdaw. He and I were born the same year, but he cut his teeth long before me, and, wow ! but my life was a burden for years all along of him. If you had but a hole in your hose no bigger than a groat, in went his beak like a gimlet ; and in the matter of stealing, he was Gerard all over. What he wanted least, and any poor Christian in the house wanted most, that went first. Mother was a notable woman, so if she did but look round, away flew her thimble. Father lived by cordwaining, so about sunrise Jack went diligently away with his awl, his wax, and his twine. After that, make your bread how you could ! One day I heard my mother tell him to his face he was enough to corrupt half a dozen children ; and he only cocked his eye at her, and next minute away with the nursing's shoe off his very foot. Now this Gerard is tarred with the same stick. The parchments are no more unto him than a thimble or an awl to Jack. He took 'em out of pure mischief and hid them, and you would never have found them but for me."

"I believe you are right," said Ghysbrecht, "and I have vexed myself more than need."

When they came to Peter's gate he felt uneasy.

"I wish it had been anywhere but here."

Jorian re-assured him.

"The girl is honest and friendly," said he. "She had nothing to do with taking them, I'll be sworn !" and he led him into the garden. "There, master, if a face is to be believed, here they lie ; and, see, the mould is loose."

He ran for a spade which was stuck up in the ground at some distance, and soon went to work and uncovered a parchment. Ghysbrecht saw it, and thrust him aside and went down on his knees and tore it out of the hole. His hands trembled and his face shone. He threw out parchment after parchment, and Jorian dusted them and cleaned them and shook them. Now, when Ghysbrecht had thrown out a great many, his face began to darken and lengthen, and when he came to the last he put his hands to his temples and seemed to be all amazed. Then a chill traversed his frame.

"What mystery lies here ?" he gasped. "Are fiends mocking me ? Dig deeper ! There *must* be another !"

(To be continued.)

TWO PARTINGS.

We parted once before. You wept

When I rose up to go, you did ;

You pray'd for me before you slept,

You little love, you know you did !

And no grief now is on that brow,

Which then, you said, throbb'd so, you did ;

You loved me better then than now,—

You cruel thing, you know you did !

Do you remember what the sea,

I took you out to show you, did ?

You made a pretty simile ;

You false of tongue, you know you did !

You sighed, "That life were like its crests
When sunshine breezes blow," you did !
"To catch love's light before it rests !"
You cold, cold heart, you know you did.

What have I done ? You smile no more
On me as months ago you did ;
You deem my homage now a bore ;
You liked it then, you know you did.

"How blest," you said, "were life with one
Who'd love one truly !" O, you did !
But—you thought I was an elder son,—
You utter flirt, you know you did !

RALPH A. BENSON.

AN EVENING IN "THE CITY OF PALACES."

ABOUT six o'clock every evening the *beau monde* of Calcutta begins to take the air on the Course, a very pleasant drive which runs along the bank of the river. There are quite as many carriages as by the Serpentine in the most crowded part of the season ; but it must be confessed that none of them would be likely to excite the envy of an owner of a "fashionable turn-out" at home—unless indeed it might be now and then for the sake of their occupants. However incongruous a native driver may look on the box of an English carriage, and absurd a couple of turbaned grooms painfully crouching behind, or standing on one leg each on the "dickey" steps, a sweet English face, surrounded by the edge of a lovely little bonnet, is always a pleasant sight. The riding-habit, too, is graced by some of these pretty faces and figures—the most graceful of all being Lady Canning. It is delightful to see her canter along, the centre of a brilliant group, her intelligent and beautiful eyes animated in conversation, or with their not less charming expression of repose—*fière* and gentle at the same time.

Long before the Course begins to thin, it is almost dark, and then—at least if the poor loungee is "unattached," and, instead of being seated in one of the before-mentioned enviable *voitures*, or, perhaps happier still, walking his horse across the plain beside some well-trained Arab, he is sharing his buggy with a friend as unfortunate as himself—the general effect of the scene before him is the most interesting object for his gaze. The carriages continue to whirl past, but one sees hardly more of them than their lamps. The river glides, cold and shining, a long silvery light under the opposite bank, while trees and masts and rigging relieve themselves, as in a picture of Giorgione's, against the golden bars of the distant sky. But the band ceases to play, and we all go home to dress.

If the traveller chooses—which, they say, is rare with Englishmen abroad—to leave the society of his compatriots, he may find many an amusing drive in the native parts of the town. Tall Sikhs, whose hair and beards have never known scissors or razor, and who stride along with a trooper-like swagger and high caste dignity ; effeminate Cingalese ; Hindoo clerks, smirking and conceited, and dandified, too, according to their own notions ; almost naked palkee-bearers, who, nevertheless, if there is the slightest

shower, put up an umbrella to protect their shaven crowns; "up-country" girls, like the lady of the nursery-song, with rings in their noses and rings on their toes; little Bengalee beauties in their graceful and cool garment of one piece of muslin, which, ingeniously twisted round them, serves as hood, shawl, and petticoat, but which has the inconvenience (as it would be thought in lands where crinoline prevails) of leaving their figures perfectly visible whenever they come between you and the light; Madras "boys;" Parsees, Chinese, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians. Every variety of race and costume are to be seen bargaining on the quays, chaffering in the bazaars, loading and unloading the ships, trotting along under their water-skins, driving their bullock-carts, smoking their hookahs, or squatting in the shade doing nothing at all.

To come in of an evening from driving about in some of these dark, dirty, narrow, noisy lanes, and half an hour afterwards find oneself in a pleasant English dining-room, is a very pretty contrast. Women nicely dressed, decorated generals and captains, and knights-at-arms and black-coated civilians, intermingled, down the sides of that long table, covered with glass and plate and flowers and little statues, recall to mind dear England; then, what reminds one England is far away, the punkahs swinging over-head between the chandeliers, and the grave, handsome Mohammedan servants. How pleasant, too—doubly so after the stifling cabins of the P. and O. steamer—the great, lofty, marble-pillared room, opening through distant doors on verandahs, and the star-covered blue sky. Not less pleasant to the traveller weary of board ship is the drawing-room with its new books and pictures and photographs, the sound of the billiard balls gently rolling in the adjoining *salon*, and the sight of the groups in the broad verandah enjoying the evening breeze. Best of all, however, and greatest pleasure of all, is the consciousness of liberty; here one is not cooped up on a narrow quarter-deck—here we can change and vary the scene. We have enjoyed ourselves. What shall we do now? "Slope" off and smoke a cheroot at the hotel? Not yet, dear reader; neither will we go to the opera, where "Don Pasquale" is to be performed by a French company. We have heard Lablache at home, and the house here is very hot, and besides possesses no Lablache. But we will take you to a ballet very different to any that you have yet seen, and in our opinion superior in some points.

We have had the good fortune, thanks to our interest in native manners and customs, to make the acquaintance of a Hindoo merchant or contractor; he is a millionaire and a *bon vivant*, on whom his religion—in private—sits somewhat lightly. We might, if we had not been otherwise engaged, have dined with him this evening. He would have been delighted to have received such good fellows as we are, and would have treated us with abundant hospitality and kindness. The dinner would have been of a composite character, partly European, partly native. A sort of rissole of chicken would certainly have been one of the dishes, and with equal certainty would have met

with your approval; the curry, too, would have satisfied you, even if you had just come from Madras or Singapore. There would have been knives and forks for us; our *convives* would not have made much use of the latter, and some of the dishes on which they would have exercised their fingers would hardly have tempted us. The champagne and claret are excellent; and our host, Hindoo as he is, is not sparing in his libations, and at the same time, he and his countrymen would have been vociferous in pressing us to eat and drink, filling our glasses the moment they were empty, and heaping our plates with the choicest morsels.

After all, however, perhaps we have had no great loss in missing the dinner. We shall enjoy the drive to my friend's house, and by being a little late, shall escape the not very delightful sound of tuning various stringed instruments, that even in their perfect state will seem to us horribly inharmonious. Arrived, we leave our horse and buggy to the care of some most cut-throat looking individuals, who crowd round with much noise and gesticulation, wondering who and what we are, while this clatter brings out a sort of major-domo, who recognises us as friends of his master, and soon clears a way for us across the court-yard, full of puddles and mud, takes us up a flight of steps, and ushers us into a long and tolerably well lighted room. Our host, who has evidently dined, comes forward with outstretched hands, and with great cordiality welcomes and presents us to his friends. We can't understand all he says, for his English at the best is not always intelligible, and he is now particularly voluble and jolly. There is a great noise, too, for every one is talking and laughing, and the talking is pretty loud, for it has to overcome the sounds made by sundry musicians seated on carpets at the other end of the room, who are striking their tom-toms, and singing a most doleful and monotonous chant. The Baboo, however, bustling about, soon makes vacant for us two sofas, the places of honour. Little marble tables are before them, on which are placed wine, brandy and soda-water. The other guests resume their seats along the two sides of the room, on our right and left. There are eight or ten men, and two or three ladies; all—the ladies, I mean—very handsome and richly dressed. Lower down, are several young girls in light flowing drapery, busily talking, laughing, and smoking their hookahs. All the fair sex look rather scared and shyly at the foreigners, but some of the men are evidently trying to reassure them, and telling them what swells we are. Order being at length restored, hookahs on our part being respectfully declined, for we have before this tried and found we can't manage them; our cheroots being lit, and our iced brandy pawnee made ready, the performance recommences. The *corps de ballet*, I ought to say, are not performers hired for the occasion, but form part of the regular establishment of our friend the Baboo. One of the girls seated, as I have said, near the musicians at the lower end of the hall, advances slowly, in time with the dreadful music, to within a few feet of one of our sofas, and she is followed by another, who similarly places herself opposite the other sofa. Others in the same way prepare to dance

before other guests. They all stand for a moment in a languid and graceful attitude, the music strikes up a fresh air, and each nautch girl assumes the first position of her dance. She stands with outstretched arm and hand, quivering them in exactly the same way that I have seen in mesmerists, and allowing her body very slightly to partake of the same movement. Her feet, too, mark the time of the music, not by being raised, but by merely pressing the floor with the toes. The action and movement thus seem to run like a wave through the body, greatest where it begins in the hand, and gradually diminishing as it dies away in the foot. With a change of time in the accompaniment, the girl drops her arm, advances a step or two nearer the person before whom she is dancing, and leans back, supporting her whole weight on one foot, with the other put forward, and pressing against the floor the border of her drapery.

In her hands she holds a little scarf, which serves to give a motive to the movements of the arms and head. The action in this figure—which, by the way, admits of great variety, no two performers being at all alike in it—is somewhat stronger than in the first. The undulation, too, instead of dying away gradually from its commencement, runs with equal force, like the line of an S, through the body. Without any pause in the music, the dancer sometimes glides imperceptibly into, sometimes begins with startling suddenness, the next movement. The general position remains what it was before; but to describe how the principle of life and motion seems concentrated below the dancer's waist, and from thence flows in undulating streams to flash from or to dull—according to her organisation—the eyes; and to crisp the childlike feet with which she grasps the carpet, is for me quite impossible. A Rubens or Gavarni might draw what would recall this wonderful pantomime to the brain of one who had seen it, but nothing but his own imagination could suggest it to him who had not.

One of these girls is a perfect actress; she would bewitch us as Vivien did poor Merlin could she get us in a hollow tree, and entertain us with a little confidential chat :

A robe that more exprest
Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,
In colour like the satin shining palm
On shallows in the windy gleams of March.

Numberless shades of expression pass over her delicate features, but the prevailing one is a beseeching, supplicating look, that seems to say,

Trample me,
Dear feet, that I would follow through the world,
And I will pay you worship; tread me down,
And I will kiss you for it.

But we don't do anything of the sort. We only, as the custom is, administer to her some rupees (that we have borrowed from the major-domo) in token of our admiration, and with an arch smile the no longer supplicating damsel passes on.

There is, I believe, a vague notion prevailing, that a nautch is a very naughty and improper exhibition. My experience is very limited, but I

must say, that in the one or two I saw, there was nothing that the most rigid *sergent de ville* at Mabile could have objected to. Lord Haddo and his friends, who are shocked at painters drawing from the living model, or the Neapolitan government, that prescribes the studies of young doctors, might certainly with great consistency express their aversion to an Indian nautch; but no one who retains his stall at a European ballet could say a word on the subject. If the charge of indelicacy is to be brought against either, it would, I think, weigh most heavily against the latter. The Indian dance is voluptuous and graceful—as a dance should be; and this is more than can be affirmed of a ballet of the French school, some of the commonest attitudes of which are undoubtedly not addressed merely to the sense of beauty. However, it is now late; and though our worthy friend and his fellow-countrymen seem to be enjoying themselves with “unabated vigour,” and the “festivities will probably be kept up till a late hour”—as they always say of country balls—we ourselves take leave and get away homewards.

Z.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

OF our pleasant party at The Elms last Christmas, Kate O'Hara was the beauty, far away. I remember our little silence of admiration as she came into the drawing-room just before dinner was announced (for your prima donna does not care to enter until the house is full), and the great sensation her arrival made, though she could not have approached more quietly or meekly if she had been the cat. Half-a-dozen young ladies who, before her advent, looked pretty enough, suddenly became quite uninteresting to a corresponding number of bachelors, and even we married gentlemen paused awhile in our talk of shorthorns to steal an admiring glance. We had resumed our bovine conversation, and were diverging, if I remember aright, in the direction of the Prince Consort's pigs, when my wife came up to me, and whispered :

“That's little Kate O'Hara !”

Why did my cheek glow and my heart throb ? Why did the name of one whom I had not seen since she was a little child recall at once the crowning happiness and chief confusion of my life ?

It shall be told, terribly, anon.

The six bachelors “entered themselves” immediately for “the O'Hara stakes,” as one of them was subsequently pleased to designate the dreaming of Love's young dream; and two of them—a middy and an under-graduate—got the start, and made the running at the most reckless pace I ever saw. Indeed, the sailor proposed on the third evening, and was declined with such good-natured cheerfulness that he seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise; whereas the collegian, who was of a poetical turn, took his refusal, the day following, very seriously to heart, and passed the remaining part of his visit in sorrow and the shrubberies. Two other competitors, unattached (except to Kate), were disposed of at an archery

ball; and the race then lay between Charley Northcote, captain of hussars, and Philip Lee, curate.

It was a grand set-to—"hands up," I can tell you. If Charley had the handsomest face, and, playing with a bullet pendent from his watch-chain, but which had previously resided in his leg, could talk of the time "when I was in the Crimea," Philip had the more intellectual expression, and had won at Oxford the under-graduate's "blue ribbon"—the Newdegate prize for English verse. Charley, it is true, when we were skating on the lake, produced upon the ice such wondrous "eagles" as Audubon never dreamed of; but he was, on the other hand, the first to own, when the frost broke up, that, "in a really good

thing with hounds, there was not one of them could catch the parson." For Philip, though he did not hunt in his own parish, could "go like a bird" out of it, whenever he could get a mount.

CHAPTER II.

ON the night before our party separated, we had a grand performance of charades, and, in the last of these, the Reverend Mr. Lee had won immense applause as a ferocious captain of banditti, acting with the greatest enthusiasm, and having composed for himself, with the co-operation of a cork, a pair of moustachios, which rivalled Charley's. We were to appear at supper in our charade costumes, and were waiting the



announcement of that refection, when I noticed an extraordinary phenomenon which caused me instantly and earnestly to whisper to Miss O'Hara, "I have something to say to you. Come at once."

We passed unnoticed from the crowded drawing-room into the library, still littered with our theatrical properties. Seizing a dagger, and

assuming a characteristic scowl (I was attired as a brigand's assistant), I bade her "Listen!" And she (I see her now in her pretty hat and cloak, for she had represented in our last scene the young English countess stopped by the robbers), ever ready for burlesque and mirth—as she supposed all this to be—made answer, solemnly,

"Say on."

"Twelve years ago, Catherine O'Hara, I wooed and won in the home of your childhood the lady who is now my wife. On a sweet summer's eve I told my love, sitting under an acacia, and upon a garden-seat the property of your respected sire. Hard by, you, then a little child, were swinging in a swing. Those same long silken Irish lashes drooped over those deep blue eyes, and we never dreamed that you took note of us, sealing, in the usual manner, our vows of mutual love. Judge, then, how intense our agony, how complete and awful our abasement, when, as we rejoined the festive throng for coffee, you cried aloud for all to hear:—

"Oh, mama! those two did so kiss each other, when I was swinging in the elm!"

"For twelve years, Kate O'Hara, the memory of that humiliation has troubled my indignant soul; but, at last, I am avenged—*look here!*"

I held before her one of the hand looking-glasses which lay on the table near, and she was preparing to say something in the dramatic style, as she snatched it from me with the proud air of a tragedy queen, when her eye caught the reflection of her face, and in a moment that fair countenance was blanched and pale, and she stood, with her head drooping, speechless. For upon her lip, reader, she saw, as I had seen, the certain sign and trace that, in some obscure corner behind the scenes, *the race had been decided for the "O'Hara Stakes," and that the Briyard Lee had won.*

"Kate," I said, "you cannot be vexed with me, for I congratulate you with all my heart. May you be as happy, dear girl, with our friend the Robber as 'those two' have been happy, whom you saw 'so kissing one another,' from beneath those silken lashes as you sat swinging in the elm." H.

STONE PINE.

You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noise,
When they are frotted with the gusts of heaven.
SHAKESPEARE.

It is always pleasing to hear the regrets which the peasantry express at the loss of any very ancient tree in their immediate neighbourhood. They look upon it with a certain degree of veneration, as to an old and valued friend, and point it out with no little pride to strangers. The few remaining Gospel Oaks amongst us are some of the trees in question, and to which an old legend or story is generally attached, and so are some of our venerable yews. Mr. Ruskin says:—"I was glad to hear a Spanish gentleman, the other day, describing, together with his own, the regrets which the peasants of his neighbourhood had testified for the loss of a noble stone pine, one of the grandest in Spain, which its proprietor had suffered to be cut down for a small gain. He said that the mere spot where it had grown was still popularly known as 'El Pino.'"

The cultivated or stone pine is indeed a noble tree—"Pulcherrima Pinus in Hortis." If we may believe the Life of Homer, attributed to Herodotus, the cones of this tree dropped around the venerable bard, as he lay on Mount Ida

beneath a pine, and which he complimented in the following lines, which may be thus translated:—

What tree on Ida's airy tops of pine
Is known to scatter better fruit than thine?

Macrobius relates a pleasant anecdote concerning these cones, which in common language were called "Poma pinea," or Pine-apples. "There lived in the Augustan age," he tells us, "one Vatinius, who, by some means, had irritated the Roman people so much that they pelted him with stones when he entertained them with gladiators. In order to save himself from such treatment for the future, he procured an edict from the Ediles that no persons should throw any but apples in the amphitheatre. It accidentally happened that at this time Cascellius, eminent for his wit as well as knowledge of the law, was consulted on the question whether a pine-apple (the cone of the pine) was legally included in the term *pomum*, an apple? 'It is an apple,' said he, 'if you intend to fling it at Vatinius.'" A decision by which the edict in his favour did not much mend his situation, for Martial represents it as dangerous to come under this tree, because the cones, in his time, were of so great a size and weight, having been enlarged by cultivation through many ages.

Ray says he found the pine growing wild in Ravenna, and elsewhere in Italy, and that the kernels of the cones, having a very delicate flavour, were eaten at desserts, and were preferred even to almonds. But Miller asserts that it is not a native of that country, and says that it is still raised in gardens for its fruit.

Had any person but Ray told us that he had seen there whole woods of this tree in a natural state, it might have been suspected that it was confounded with the pineaster, as the leaves alone are not distinguishable from each other. The cones indeed are widely different. Linnæus, however, well aware of the alteration and improvement of fruits which have been long cultivated, does not choose to rely on the various appearances of the cones as a sufficient guide to specific distinctions, and therefore refers to the primordial leaves, which, he says, are ciliated in this tree, and plain or smooth in the *Pinus sylvestris*, and also in its variety the Pineaster.

The linear leaf of the whole genus of pines is admirably adapted to evade the force of wind on the mountains where they grow naturally. This singular construction of their foliage communicates a peculiar tone to the passing breezes, with which sounds the ancient poets were delighted as conveying ideas of refreshing coolness. Nor has it escaped the notice of an elegant and popular modern poet, who thus refers to it:—

Where wandering volatile from kind to kind,
He wooed the several trees to give him one.
And first he sought the ash; the voice she lent
Fitfully, with a free and lashing change,
Flung here and there its sad uncertainties;
The aspen next; a fluttered frivolous twitter
Was her sole tribute; from the willow came,
So long as dainty summer dress'd her out,
A whispering sweetness, but her winter note
Was hissing, dry, and reedy. Lastly the pine
Did he solicit, and from her he drew
A voice so constant, soft, and lowly deep,

That there he rested, welcoming in her
A mild memorial of the ocean cave
Where he was born.

HENRY TAYLOR.

The cones of the stone pine require four years to ripen. During the first season the cone attains one-third of its size. In the second it reaches its full size, but remains green. In the third the scales usually become dry, change colour, and open. And in the fourth the winged seed escapes, and is carried to a distance by the winds.

The following fact will serve to prove that what has been said of the size of the cone of the stone pine is not fabulous. A friend of mine walking, some years ago, in the pine-grove of the Casino at Florence, saw some wood-cutters felling the beautiful trees which formed at once such a delightful ornament and shade in the suburbs of that city. On asking them the reason, they said it was done by order of the Grand Duke, lest the cones of the pines should fall on the heads of his children, who were taken there for air and recreation, and injure them.

That delicious tropical fruit, the pine-apple (*Bromelia ananas*), takes its name from the resemblance it bears to the cones of the stone pine. A form so elegant that the Grecian architects, whose profession required them to embellish their works with imitations of the most ornamental productions of Nature, selected this cone to crown the summits of their edifices, in consequence of which we see them on many of our modern buildings. Hogarth, in his *Analysis*, endeavours to explain why this shape is so pleasing to the eye. From the same principle of recurring to vegetable beauty, resulting from proportion, the Grecian columns imitated the trunks of trees. For the opinion adopted by Vitruvius (*lib. iv. c. 1*), that the Doric column represented the robust body of a man, the Ionic that of the elegance of a woman, and the Corinthian that of the superior delicacy of a slender maiden,

is a fantastic conceit which would better have suited Ovid or Pliny. In like manner, the pillars in that singular style of building which has been called the Gothic and Saracenic order, and whose origin has hitherto been sought with fruitless inquiry, were probably intended to resemble a grove of *Arundo bambos*, or bamboos, whose bodies were tied together in columns, and whose branches were interwoven and connected in the form which the ceilings of many of our cathedrals exhibit.

But to return to the stone pine of Italy. It is a tender tree, and never attains any size in this climate. Those in the gardens of Dropmore, where they were planted in considerable numbers by the late Lord Grenville, were probably injured by the roots being affected by severe frost, or by their penetrating into a gravelly soil. One of the oldest trees of this species is in the garden of the late Mrs. Ord, at Purser's Cross, Fulham, now Lord Ravensworth's.

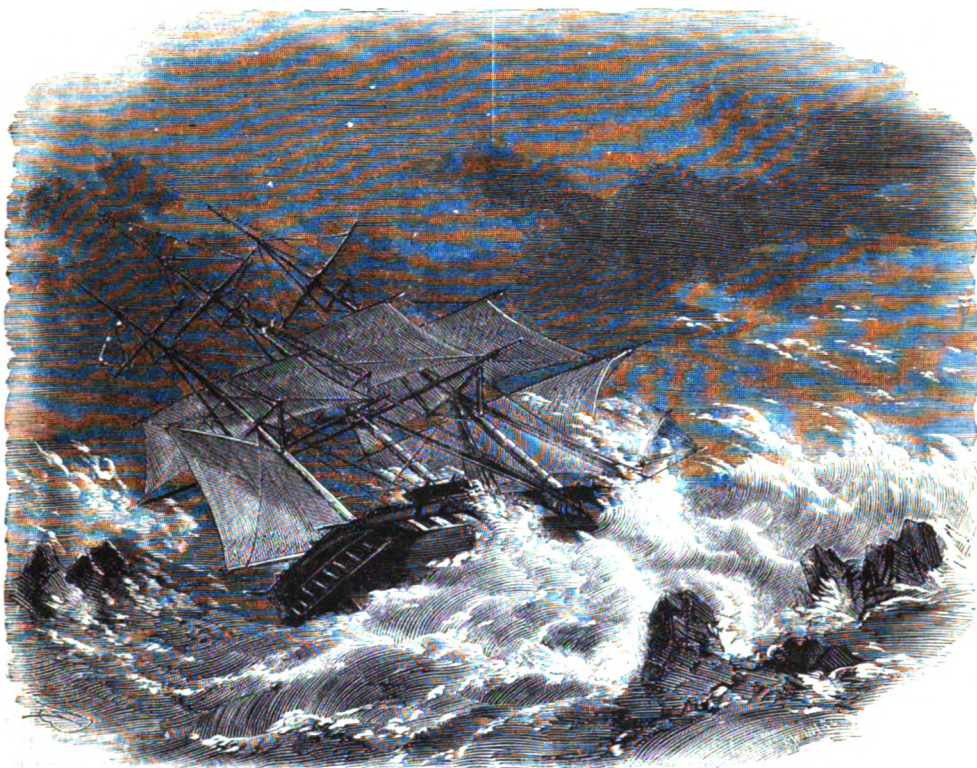
Probably Mr. Lambert, in his book, "*Genus Pinus*," gives some notices as to where other specimens of this tree are to be found. No doubt, however, but that it was in the rich collection of pines at Pain's Hill, Cobham, but whether still existing there may be doubted. There is one now in a corner of a garden in Richmond Green, Surrey, where I have known it for a great

many years, but it has never shown any very perceptible increase of growth. There are also two in an old nursery-ground in the Fulham Road, which I have known long ago, affording another proof of the extreme slowness of the growth of this tree. It is said to bear the smoke of towns better than most evergreens. The seeds ripen freely in this climate. They are sold in the streets of Rome and Naples (*Pinacchio seeds*), and are eaten at desserts, as we eat almonds, nuts, &c., in England. The Pine Wood of Ravenna is familiar to the readers of Dante and of Lord Byron.

EDWARD JESSE.



THE DEVIL'S HORSE-SHOE.



SHORTLY after my *first* entry into her Majesty's service on board the —, I was placed under the tutelage of an old quartermaster to learn the arts of knotting, splicing, plating, &c., then deemed of the first importance both to the tyro himself and the service at large. This hard-featured, weather-beaten veteran of the ocean was of the true school whence Britain draws her choicest hearts of oak—the North Sea trade. With a thorough knowledge of his duty as a seaman, he had an abundant fund of credulity and superstition, which he brought out when favourable opportunities offered. His predilection for and faith in the marvellous, so far from being corrected by the experience of a long life of observation, had increased and strengthened with his years.

I have mentioned this old tar because I met with him again, some years after I had left the navy, under circumstances unusually dramatic. Urgent affairs drew me home from foreign service, and an old family friend, in command of one of the finest frigates in the Royal Navy, offered me a cast over the Atlantic. I accepted his kindly offer, and on ascending the decks of the frigate, the first man I encountered was the old quartermaster.

My friend Captain — was a tall, spare-topmast looking man, rather brusque in his appearance, but most gentlemanlike in his manners, and a thorough seaman. He rather shunned

than courted society, and his retiring habits obtained for him the character of being haughty; but those who were best acquainted with his merits declared him to be a very pleasant unassuming companion, with a mind richly stored and well cultivated. The first lieutenant was a very promising young man, quick in perception, and possessing an eye that would ferret out a truant ashore when invisible to every one else. The second lieutenant was a harem-scarem blade, whose head was literally cracked by a severe cut he had received from a monster Malay pirate; indeed, but for the impenetrability of his skull, it must have been shattered to pieces—its thickness saved him. He was a rigid disciplinarian, at times a complete tartar, though of a generous nature. The other officers were rather commonplace characters—gentlemen and well-tutored seamen, but all within the average.

The land disappeared; the expanse of ocean, with its ever-rolling waves, surrounded us; the breeze was fresh and fair, cresting the billows with a feathery foam; and onward we sped, parting the waters hither and thither, and dashing along through the white and hissing spray, as if the majestic ship felt that she was throned upon her own dominions. But there were some who looked doubtfully upon the swelling sails, for their light frames were unequal to bear the cold chill of the keen northern blast, and they sighed for the warm

and sunny climes in which they had first drawn the breath of life. To them England was the land of the stranger; and the heaven to which they hoped to have access, when called hence by the angel of death, was of a far different description to that of the British islander. He was returning after years of absence from his native home, which he had left at the bidding of high and chivalrous enterprise—the prospects of fame and fortune which had urged so many to abandon the delights of friendship and the sweets of love, to serve in that empire of the East, where life and death, luxury and privation, soft repose and severe duties are constantly moving hand in hand, holding mysterious brotherhood.

Away we went, bowing down the high latitudes with every sail set and an increasing breeze. It was in November. The whole afternoon the wind had been steadily strengthening. It was now blowing fresh, and some sail was taken in. The evening approached, when the second lieutenant observed to me, that if the wind increased at this rate we should soon be scudding under double reefed topsails.

From some pencil-marks on the ship's chart, it appeared that we were in the neighbourhood of one of those *vigia*, or mysterious rocks, that are said to be situated in different parts of the ocean, but whose position and existence is uncertain, and their precise situation unmarked. They are assumed to be of volcanic origin, to be reefs just above or below the surface of the ocean, to appear or disappear, and leave no sign. These unknown dangers, if they exist, are far more appalling, even to the stoutest hearts, than all the real and visible horrors of death by flood and field. Here was a fine opportunity for the display of the superstition and knowledge of the old quartermaster. He was the first to discover that we were in the neighbourhood of the mysterious rock; and he soon communicated the information to the crew, who quickly manifested their appreciation of the unknown danger by a subdued and serious tone of stealthy talk. A strong anxiety was visible in their countenances, and plainly showed that they had a strong feeling among them of their awful position. This feeling, however, did not paralyse their energies; on the contrary, they moved to the performance of every duty, noiselessly indeed, but with a zeal and alacrity that almost anticipated the orders of their officers.

The old quartermaster, an especial favourite of the captain, ventured to address the latter on the quarter-deck, in the strong hope that a suggestion he wished to make would receive favour, and release the ship from the impending danger.

"It will be best to get as far to the north and eastward as we can, sir," he said; "for then we shall have the breeze more southerly, and be well to wind'ard of some nasty reefs laid down about here."

"We must hold on as we are, quartermaster; steer as you say, and we shall get into the vortex of the hurricane, which, I think is blowing great guns somewhere in the direction you indicate."

The old salt retired discomfited.

The evening was rapidly approaching, and the heaving, rising swell was becoming more and more agitated, as if lashing itself into fury to resist the

strength of the coming gale. The breeze continued freshening. Gallantly did the noble craft climb the snow-white tops of the billows, and then slide gracefully down the glacis of waters into the valley below: it is true we occasionally shipped some wild seas, but that was owing to the excitement of Neptune, who was possibly jealous at seeing a bark more lovely than the fairest shell in his ocean-bed, breasting his foaming surge.

After dinner and grog, both of which ceremonies were interlarded with varied speculations on the existence of the mysterious reef we were said to be near, and which few believed in, I ascended to the deck to take one more look on the scene before turning in. The moon was but three or four days' old. It was one of those nights when, setting early, she, at intervals, peeped out through dark black scud, that swiftly swept along, and told of the coming gale, which already whistled in hollow sounds through the trembling rigging, the immense strings of that mighty Æolian harp, a British first-class frigate.

As I listened the cry of "All's well!" resounded through the ship.

One lone star of the first magnitude near the horizon twinkled like a beacon over the bosom of the troubled waters, when down came the gale curling up the waves and sweeping away their foam in sheets of misty whiteness, through which the sea-bird darted in exultation, uttering his wild and piercing cry. But the moon. Ah, the moon! Never shall I forget the heavy debt of gratitude I owe to her soft and cheering light, as her hope-inspiring face guided and nerved us through the danger that was to come! We were scudding before a strong sea, and whilst I watched the raging billows break and tear after us, nearly two hours passed away. As I looked on, I fancied the style of sea changed every now and then; that there were, in fitful moments, unusually white waves ahead, and that the dark water assumed a thicker tinge. I spoke of it to the second lieutenant, who had just come up. He, however, probably from not having been long on deck, and the change in these appearances having taken place gradually, did not perceive at first what was so obvious to my eyes. Upon this I went forward upon the fore-castle, and called the attention of the boatswain to what I observed: he was instantly struck with the same appearances, and went aft and pointed them out to the lieutenant, who seemed now suddenly to awake all at once from his apathy. Just as I was turning round, a snow-white wave that could not be mistaken, suddenly flashed upon my eyes, and in a moment the cry of "Breakers ahead!" flew through the ship.

In an instant every soul rushed on deck, and it was easy to see by their expressive features that all chance of deliverance was gone. All eyes were turned towards the captain, who had ascended from his state-room the moment the alarm was given. He rushed forward to peer into the darkness, and there he saw, at about two cables' length distant, of a horse-shoe shape, a low, long line of reef, not only ahead of us, but on both sides, almost abeam. The survey took but a second; and whilst he, coolly and unmoved,

regarded awful and inevitable destruction to all on board, and saw not the faintest glimmer of hope for escape, the officers and men looked to their commander as to one with whose abilities they were long acquainted, and whose thorough seamanship and resources would be sure to extricate them, if human skill could do so. For a moment the thought struck us all, that by putting her helm down and bringing her close to the wind, we might work out of the semicircle of rock by which we were environed. But neither time nor space would allow of such a course. We were in the very middle of the danger,—the foaming water on every side. But this was not all. The mysterious rock anchored in the midst of a vast ocean, bearing a name, too, that at such a moment struck dismay into all hearts,—the very uncertain and unknown character of the peril, the fearful unknown grave,—all conspired to strike down the hardihood of the stoutest heart on board. The brave ship flew towards the rock as if she had been invited there. The dark, frothy line of reef appeared in awful proximity, and each moment we expected to feel the keel grinding in sure destruction on its rugged surface. We rushed on, and in the heavy darkness no opening appeared. Just then an enormous sea, whose dark and ominous bulk was crowned with foam, that shone and glistened like the light which sometimes presages the mountain's disruption, rolled in swift and menacing convolutions toward the ship, and breaking upon her stern with a terrific crash, lifted her high up upon its bosom. Just then the moon—blessed moon!—unveiling herself from the scudding clouds, threw her light upon the scene. The quick eye of the captain in a moment saw an opening in the line of reef, though so far off, on our port bow, that it appeared doubtful whether we could fetch it. In a second the order went forth: "Down with the helm. Starboard. Hard a-starboard."

The yards were hauled round, and she flew towards the wind, with the rebound of the dashing spray from the reef almost washing the ship. As she was thus luffing-up, a gigantic sea struck her abeam. For a moment the ship, yielding to the mighty pressure, lay almost broadside to the sea, stunned and writhing, as it were, beneath the blow. Our revived agony lasted but a few seconds: the vessel quickly recovered, shook herself, righted, and flew up to the wind. The opening in the reef now appeared well on our lee bow. Every seaman was stationed to some special duty; steady hands were at the wheel; and away we flew under sail so wholly disproportioned to the strength of the gale and the point on which we were sailing, that she was inclined at a fearful angle towards the lee. The waves were fierce and terrible in their assaults, running to an enormous height, and broken and boiling. When within two cables' length of the channel, the old quartermaster, who was at my elbow, pointed out to me two pieces of floating wreck, to which some hapless wretch was still clinging with desperate grasp, whilst the wild sea-birds skimmed round his head, and uttered their tempest screams in his ears. The cries for help were heard amid the howlings of the gale,—for the wise Creator has

given to man, in his perilous distress, a voice that is easily distinguishable from all other sounds,—but no help could be afforded, and doubtless hundreds there had been hurled into one common grave.

In making for the opening, we had diagonally neared the reef so fast, that the rebound from the surface of the rock meeting the rolling billows as they advanced, so completely enveloped us in its wreath of spray and dashing waters, that our maintopsail was almost becalmed, and hung down the mast. Again we mounted on the billows' crest, and the distended sails seemed ready to burst from the bolt-ropes. Again we descended the deep abyss, and the men stood mute in breathless silence, watching the rising wave, almost abeam, which had it broke would have engulfed us there for ever. The conflict was awful! The advancing sea struggling with the recoil, threw up its monstrous head, and dashed and foamed in wild impetuosity. The crested billow curled its white top, and a shuddering instinct went from heart to heart: though all stood silent, yet every man was firm in purpose.

The decisive moment had arrived. We had weathered the opening!

"Heave up the helm!"

"Square the after yards!"

"Starboard!"

"So! Steady!"

"Port! Hard a-port!"

The ship flew before the wind, and we entered a narrow channel, not half a cable's length in width. The surging, raging sea completely enveloped us in a mass of ponderous spray and flying water, above our heads and around us; and the roll of the sea being now astern, we were alternately lifted up to a frightful height and sunk down till we expected to hear the ship's bottom grate on the rocks. There was scarce a breath of wind in these fearful chasms, yet we could see the feathery foam flying with amazing velocity over our mastheads as it drifted on the wings of the storm. Again we were lifted on the raging element, and received a fresh impulse from the gale, again we rushed down the descent, and the brilliant frigate, in her headlong course, often *yawed* and deviated so much from the track as nearly to bring her broadside to the sea. But she was promptly met by the helm, and when she caught the flying wind it had its full effect, and we were saved. Several times were we in a threatening grave, which yawned to receive us, but the gallant ship of war held on her way, and passed through a passage between whole sheets of broken water that poured upon our decks—so narrow was the channel, and so impetuous were the breakers. As we passed the last margin of rock, and were under the lee of the reef, a wild British cheer burst from every breast. We were clear of the foaming mist and spray of the angry waters; the moon shining her last shine before dipping into the horizon, unfolded to us at one view the splendid panorama of a vast ocean swelled and tormented to a tempest.

Not a man left the deck that night; terrors, jets, thankfulness to Providence, speculations

upon the horrors of the Devil's Horse-shoe were adopted in turn, according to the taste of individuals. No man present will forget the thrilling danger of that awful night. To the writer the frightful adventure clings to him with fearful remembrances.

The captain took some rough note of the position of the reef, which we watched in glad yet nervous suspense till it disappeared in the dark waters near the horizon. It appeared to stretch over a distance of about three miles in a north-west and south-westerly direction, with its concave

side and wings facing the east. The line of this fearful reef was easily traceable as far as the eye could see by a margin of white foam.

The day dawned, and the gale bowed its might before the glories of the rising sun, as if in homage to its resplendent brightness; but the fatal reef had revelled in the darkness of the night, smiting its victims with destruction and dismay. Death rode upon the winged blast, and his prey was buried in the great charnelhouse of the deep. Our own escape from the horrors of the Devil's Horse-shoe was doubtless unprecedented. C.

CHALETS IN THE JURA.



[See p. 247.]

LEAVING Orbe, while the mists of early morning are still hanging about its old dark streets, we begin our gradual ascent in the direction of the Châlet Delessert. My companion and guide to this elevated point of the Jura, a tall and energetic man, with his well-used herbarium slung on his shoulder, is the *pharmacien* of the town. Think not contemptuously of my friend, because his small *pharmacie* is not resplendent with coloured liquids and engraven brass—he is earnest and well educated, the third of his generation who, in the same unpretending locale, is dispensing healing and consolation to the inhabitants of his native town and the mountain villages around. You might have guessed his vocation from his dress and demeanour, and the more easily from

his having that pale brow and dishevelled hair, peculiar to clever chemists of all countries; he has something instructive or amusing to say on all subjects, and speaks French in most unexceptionable purity.

How pleasantly passed the first hours of our mountain ramble—now on the winding high road, where we meet the night diligence from Paris, with its dusty, sleepy occupants, and the five greys trotting and jingling with slackened traces down the gradual descent—now we pass over broad pastures—then, by narrow paths, through forests of firs, or along dried torrent-beds, or at the foot of high grey crags, where my companion suddenly finds a scarce botanical specimen. Further on he points to the precipice from which

a young botanist of Orbe, in his too eager search for the same plant, had fallen. As we stood where his mutilated body was found, how pathetic and picturesque was the description of the sad event, which he concluded with an apt quotation from Ovid, as he remarked the unusual quantity of bright flowers which grew in the immediate neighbourhood.

Higher up, on the mountain side, we pass through a black and gloomy village, partially destroyed by fire; the uncleared ruins still standing on either side of the narrow and ill-paved streets. I would willingly have sketched the quaint old fountain, with its fantastic iron work and granite column, and those four full jets of limpid crystal; but there is something so repulsive in the old crones, who are defiling with their villanous "blanchissage," the cistern of pure water, that I prefer for subject the picturesque chalet, into which my friend has entered—no doubt to administer the contents of that bottle, whose safety has caused him so much uneasiness in our rough climb up the mountain.

He would indeed be a skilful artist, who could faithfully give the colour and detail of that high roof and massive chimney, the compact scantling,—here bleached to a silver grey by the action of the weather, there decaying, in richest brown, from the dripping of the overhanging foliage—huge lofts apparently inaccessible, and long galleries which lead to nothing. Festoons of Indian corn, hang with golden and ruddy fringe from the prominent eaves; still deeper in the shadow of the roof, are rude shelves, on which is drying the oily produce of the two neighbouring walnut-trees, which those long slender poles are supposed to have thrashed into proper bearing.

What picturesque confusion in yonder angle of the building—rude implements of husbandry—the light "char," with the yoke and harness for oxen; and under an indescribable mass the winter's sledge, awaiting its coming time of usefulness. In the foreground is that heap of abomination, so valued that its sides are adorned with plaited straw, and a stone reservoir contains its dark filtration—facetiously called the "dot," or dowry, for, however fair the maiden at the chalet door may be, the young Swiss "about to marry," has always an eye to this strong indicator of the quantity of live stock, and proof of the owner's thrift and prosperity.

* * * * *

After another hour's ascent we occasionally caught sight of the Châlet Delessert through the drifting clouds which had come up from the North. Then, entirely enveloped in the chilling mist, with no other guide than the imprint of the cattle's feet on the sward, we reached our destined point. The hail fell sharply as we entered. After a few words of welcome from the principal herdsman, we were attracted by the noise and confusion to the large cow-shed beyond. Imagine the interior of an enormous barn, capable of containing a hundred head of cattle, with a high-pointed roof; at either end a small low door through which one animal only can enter at a time. The hail-storm increasing, rattling with violence on the great scantling roof; the cattle

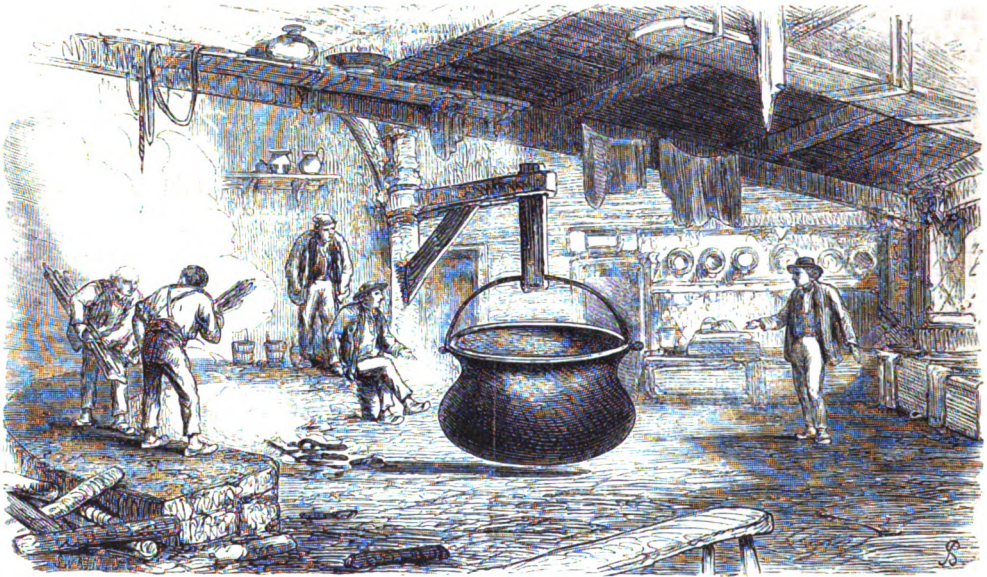
driven hurriedly from the pasturage and forcing their way, one by one, through the narrow entrances; the herdsmen beyond gesticulating and shouting in the pelting storm; the noise and confusion increased by the jingling of the large cow-bells and the lowing of the cattle. Observe how each animal as it enters, goes directly to its place—"knoweth its own stall," until the two long ranks are completely formed down the sides of the cow-shed. Then the doors are closed, and comparative silence succeeds—save that the hail still beats violently on the high roof, and occasionally some restless animal shakes his bell, and receives a loud reproof from the herdsmen in incomprehensible *patois*. As soon as the cattle have sufficiently cooled, and the thick mist which has risen from their reeking sides has passed through the roof, the herdsmen, ludicrously enough, armed with their one-legged stools, commence the process of milking, giving to each animal a handful of salt, as a security for quiet behaviour during the operation.

Contiguous are the buildings appropriated to the making of cheese and the habitations of the herdsmen; they are low, ill-ventilated—little better than log-huts—constructed of trunks of pine, and the crevices plastered with mud. In the interior of the principal hut hangs the large cauldron, into which the freshly-drawn milk is poured. The crane from which it is suspended will swing it over the "foyer," so soon as the smoke from the fire of crackling fir has subsided and left the embers bright and glowing. On the walls, blackened with smoke, are hung the pails and other apparatus of the dairy; their perfect state of cleanliness contrasting strongly with the dirt around them. Beneath are the troughs and presses for the cheese. But the milking is finished; the lowing of the cattle round the chalet tells that the animals are again at liberty. The contents of the milking-pails have been poured into the cauldron, and the herdsmen gather round the foyer, enjoying in listless silence the warmth and momentary repose. They have little opportunity of indulging that Arcadian leisure which romance and the opera ballet assign to the Swiss mountaineers. The driving home of so many cattle, twice a-day, to be milked; the responsibility of keeping them from danger or straying on the mountains; the making of the cheese; the cleaning and arrangement of the dairy utensils, give them constant and arduous occupation.

A bed of straw is their resting-place during the short summer nights. Their food consists almost entirely of milk and cheese; consequently they are pale and delicate—"dairy-fed"—seldom tasting bread during their annual sojourn on the mountains. They usually ascend with their cattle in the beginning of June, and descend to the valley at the end of October. The quantity of cheese made during this time is very considerable. This may be calculated from the number of cows, seldom less than eighty. The best cows will yield in the summer-time between twenty and forty pounds of milk, and each cow produces (on an average) by the end of the four months, two hundred weight of cheese. Twice a year each cow is tried separately as to the amount of cheese which

she is capable of producing in a given time. The proportion indicated by this trial regulates the division of the cheese among the owners at the conclusion of the season.

After a slight repast, rendered still more frugal by our giving the white bread from our knapsacks as a *bonne bouche* to the herdsmen (clouted-cream and a cigar being very questionable restora-



tives to hungry pedestrians), we prepared to depart homewards.

Turning towards the door of the *châlet*, we beheld the upper-part of the half-closed entrance occupied by the head and shoulders of an enormous bull, the patriarch of the herd. It was his favourite station where he ruminated and watched the proceedings within the *châlet*. By the palette of Paul Potter, and the pencil of Rosa Bonheur, the head of that formidable beast was a noble study. He was no sleek, well-groomed prize bull of the Baker Street type; but rough-coated and half-tamed, of the antique cast, with a broad, classical, and curly forehead, and horns which should have been gilded for the sacrifice. The breath of his nostrils, condensed by the cold mountain air, bedewed his broad black muzzle, while the lustre and softness of his large eyes made me think that old Homer did not pay the goddesses so bad a compliment after all, by comparing their heavenly eyes to those of the bovine race. We blush to say that, in our childhood, bull's eyes had a mysterious charm, but in a very vulgar and different sense.

Maurice was the name given by the herdsmen to this majestic quadruped—it ought to have been Jupiter.

He bore a tolerably good character with his masters, but certainly was capricious. A handful of salt made us apparent friends; and as he had deigned to receive this token of good-will among travellers, we passed out with less apprehension. He immediately followed us, and an unworthy distrust of his intentions caused us to walk straight through the slough of poached earth and filth which surrounds the *châlet*. We were not sorry

when Maurice, finding that we had no more salt to give him, stopped, and quietly watched us off his premises. My companion had many anecdotes to tell of the ferocity of these Jura bulls.

The hail-storm had passed away, and there was the promise of a lovely afternoon. How wild and graceful was the rapid motion of those masses of vapour along the mountain side, dashing with noiseless violence against the high crags, seeming to soften their hard nature by the momentary contact; sweeping over the lofty pines, or making an easy passage through all the intricacies of their countless stems, then passing away over the valley and casting their shadows so far beneath as to give to our position the feeling of immense elevation. The view was a most magnificent panorama. On the right of the plain was the Lake of Geneva, and at the opposite extremity that of Neuchâtel; beyond rose the well-known form of Mont Blanc, and the other mountains of Savoy, and those faint forms, which might be mistaken for clouds, in the far east, are the snowy range of the Oberland.

As we descended, we did not take the same road as that of the morning, and consequently came through villages and communes of a different character, much more French in their aspect. Half-way down the mountain we passed through a small bourg, inhabited by an intelligent and thriving population, employed in the manufacture of watches, many of which, it is said, are smuggled over the neighbouring French frontier. A short time since, the Paris diligence from Lausanne was overturned in this vicinity; the pole, being broken, was found to be a hollow tube in which a

large number of watches were ingeniously concealed.

The town of Orbe, to which we must return before night, was still distant in the valley, so that we were compelled to hurry down the mountain. I passed with regret many a rich subject for the pencil, reluctantly keeping the high-road above the Val d'Orbe instead of winding down the rocky defile through which the river forces its passage. We heard beneath us the roar of the Chûte des Dés, seeing only the grey mist which rose from its falling waters among the underwood. Further on we could see into the bed of the torrent, here fretting its way in bright cascades among the grey boulders, there lying in unrippled pools, reflecting the overhanging woods. But the day is wearing on, and my companion is urging me forward in the direction of that square tower which commands the narrow defile. It is well named—Les Clefs—having been, in troublous times, "the key" of the pass. We descend the steep hill-side by a tortuous road, at one angle blocked up by a "char" and four oxen, conveying with difficulty a large cast-iron wheel and other machinery to the mills below. We pass through the village, nestled under the shadow and protection of the old tower, cross the high-arched bridge with the ruined portal, and in the gorge below are situated The Mills, built in a most perilous and picturesque situation, with the intention of turning to industrial profit the waters of the rushing Orbe, but with the evident apprehension of the violence and caprice of an Alpine torrent. I regretted that the daylight was departing when I began my sketch, for in these days of mechanical improvement a picturesque mill is a treat for the sketcher. Indeed there was subject enough for many studies in those high-gabled roofs, and all the varieties of colour and construction, and the long sloping troughs of wood, with bright hissing jets forced through their decaying timbers, giving to the water a resistless action upon the massive wheels. Beneath, the river roars through narrow walls of rock, and bearing on its swift surface the accumulated foam of the Chûte des Dés and other falls which we had passed, plunges into the deep gully beneath the mill, undermining the rocks of porous stone, and wearing them away into most fantastic forms.

My sketch of these picturesque mills was hardly finished when the distant crags of the Jura became more grey in the increasing twilight. There is a change in the voice of the torrent, for the miller has given liberty to the water, and it leaps impatiently back into its natural channel; the sudden stoppage of the dark wheels increases the feeling of repose. "The twinkling taper" of the miller, as he closes the rude shutters, is reflected for a moment on the swift waters below. We are admonished that it is time to take our departure to scenes where we can tread in more security. The shades of night are deepening fast in the narrow gorge, and in the solemn gloom we step cautiously over the plank which spans the gulf, and then direct our steps towards the town of Orbe.

PERCIVAL SKELTON.

EFFIE CAMPBELL.

PRETTY Effie Campbell
Came to me one day ;
Eyes as bright as sunbeams,
Cheeks with blushes gay.

"I'm so happy, Cousin,
Walter told me all,
In the carriage, coming
From the county ball."

"Have a care, Miss Effie—
Look before you leap ;
Men are fickle, Effie,—
Better wait than weep."

"How you're always preaching
Love to be a crime ;
And a kiss perdition,
Surly Peter Syme."

"Fear these first love whispers,
Thrilling, sweet, and strange ;
Eyes will wander, Effie,
And the fancy change."

"I can trust him, Cousin,
With a glad repose ;
Heaven is won by trusting,—
Doubt brings half our woes."

"Are you certain, Effie,
Love will not decay
When your step is slower,
And your hair grows gray ;

"And those eyes, so bonnie,
Look less bright than now ;
And the matron Caution
Saddens cheek and brow ?"

"Love may deepen, Peter,
But it will not die ;
Beat its pulse will steadier,
If not quite so high.

"Smoother run the rivers
As they reach the sea,
Calm'd the noisy plunges—
Still'd the shallow glee.

"True love knows no changing
From the dream of youth,
Or, if changed, 'tis better—
'Tis the dream made truth.

"Love that once pined blindly,
Tenderly reveres,
And the eyes see clearer
That have look'd through tears.

"Beautiful, for ever,
The grief-soften'd tread ;
And the time-touch'd glances,
And the dear gray head.

"The pathetic paleness,
And the lines of care ;
Memory's consecration
Makes men always fair.

"Lips that came close creeping,
Sweet low love to speak,
Kissing, oh ! so softly,
Weary temples weak.

"Eyes that look'd such pity—
Poor wild eyes above ;
Can these lose their beauty
For the souls that love ?

" But I see you're laughing,
As you always do,
When my speech gets earnest—
As my heart throbs through.

" Weak you think us women,—
Slaves of impulse, vain ;
But our heart is oftentimes
Truer than your brain.

" You're our subjects, septic,
Wrangle as you will ;
Mothers' eyes and bosoms
Mould the children still.

" Tale of woman's glamour—
'Tis the oldest known ;
Better doom with woman
Than an Eden lone.

" We shall always snare you,
Struggle as you may ;
I shall see *you*, Cousin,
Deep in love, one day !"

" Effie !"—but she stopp'd me
With a nod and smile,
Calling, as she curtsied,
In her saucy style :

" Bye, bye, Master Peter,—
Take a wife in time,
And she'll make you wiser,
Simple Peter Syme."

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

THE SCHOOLING OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

THE martyrs to progress in the Great Eastern—martyrs by fire and water—will not have given up their lives wholly uselessly if we know how to reason rightly. The Great Eastern has not been burnt, as would assuredly have been the case with a wooden craft, and the boiler fire that threw out flames like a volcano was extinguished by the efficient water supply. The tiller ropes that broke were easily replaced by the chains provided by the sagacity of Captain Harrison. How far these chains may be trustworthy we do not know ; but the risks in chains are considerable. Every link is composed of a separate piece of bar, which is usually welded by a scarf-joint heated in a coal fire, and therefore there is great risk of an imperfect weld. This might be remedied. We join lead pipes now-a-days not by solder but by melting them together by gaseous flame. We could do the same thing by iron rods, making most probably a sound butt-joint instead of an imperfect scarf-joint. This is one of the things worth verifying.

For the sake of security, the smoke funnels of the vessel were surrounded by water-casings, thus to keep cool surfaces. But the surplus heat practically converted these casings or jackets into boilers. These boilers were not provided with sure safety valves to relieve the pressure, and one of them burst and carried away the funnel, the effects of the explosion penetrating into the passengers' saloons and gutting them, fortunately the passengers being absent.

Now, the water casings were right enough, if we remember only that they were a kind of prolongation of the boiler, and should be treated

accordingly. But outside the casings there should have been an explosion-proof iron chamber entirely cutting off the steam from the other portions of the vessel. Before the vessel goes to sea again this should be done. It is quite possible to make the passengers *absolutely* safe in such a vessel if rightly constructed, and if the directors look to profit they must make this clear possibility an absolute fact. The passengers should be enabled to turn in to their berths quite certain that they can neither be burnt, nor scalded, nor drowned, nor suffocated. Nothing short of this will or ought to satisfy those who may take passage in the vessel. The sides of every boiler-room should form a solid wrought-iron shaft, open or lightly covered at top to a sufficient height to vomit forth the results of any explosion above the heads of those on deck. And exposed as the engineers and stokers must be to boiler casualties, still they should be provided with a wholesome atmosphere to work in by the abundant play of cool air around them. This can be done, and should be insisted on. Let all frippery be dispensed with ; passengers will be content with plain white paint in their berths if they know that those who serve them amidst the machinery are in a state of as great comfort and as little risk as may be.

The neglect of these things has filled the mouths of fools with matter for exultation, and progress is retarded for awhile. But it would be better to put off the sailing of the vessel for any number of months, rather than put to sea with anything left undone that may be done in the way of the most perfect comfort and security. This catastrophe should be regarded as a warning, a source of knowledge how to avoid future catastrophes ; as a cause of additional safety to all those who may travel by this vessel, and not as an omen of misfortune. Not by having regard to omens was England made what she is ; but by regarding every misfortune as a teaching of something more to be avoided in the future. And the essence of safety against explosions in steam-ships is to remove every obstacle to the upward force of the explosion, and to provide solid iron walls to retain it laterally and downwards. Let this be done, and the Great Eastern will still be the first in the latest phase of ocean transport. If it be not done, she will be a standing menace to passengers that no amount of decoration can overlay.

W. B. A.

THE CHAMELEON'S COLOUR.

THE Chameleon is a much-injured beast. He has been the topic of scandals as absurdly unfounded and as persistently credited, as if he had done mankind a great service—written a noble work, carved an immortal statue, invented a wonderful machine, or saved his country from peril. I don't know why fable should be so busy with him. I don't know why he cannot be allowed even to eat like another animal ; but must be said to feed on air. This, however, is but a small detail. Men *will* be curious and credulous ; and if they hear that Tennyson likes the lean of mutton-chops, that Macaulay prefers his beef under-done, and Millais dines habitually off pomegranates, they may like

to hear and believe that the chameleon feeds on air. Such things will not disturb the digestion of men or saurians.

But it is otherwise when gossip trenches on the moral region, and character, not gustativeness, is at stake. The chameleon is said to be the most servile of animals, taking his colour by turns from every object he approaches. There are minds which Emerson has energetically characterised as "a mush of concession;" and the chameleon is falsely accused of having the same acquiescent disposition. It is false. The chameleon has his own colours, and sticks to them. How then came about the general belief? How is it that the changing colours of the chameleon are proverbial? Do not press the question: the answer would be painful in its humiliation of human nature. Rather let us ask the Sages of Antiquity—who, having had the advantage of speaking the classical languages, must necessarily know more about everything than we, who speak a very barbarous and composite language, apparently not in the least worthy of the study of scholars—let us hear them explain the facts and causes of the chameleon's colour.

And first hear Aristotle. Hats off, in presence of this really great thinker, and much-knowing naturalist! He knew that the animal sometimes was black, sometimes yellow, and sometimes spotted; and he thought these changes of colour depended on the swelling of its body, or on the death of the animal. Theophrastus, (hats on!) attributed this change to fright: do not *we* change colour when terrified! Carystius said the colour was always taken from surrounding objects; an opinion repeated by Ovid, Seneca, and Pliny (the last-named a mere old woman in Natural History, who in virtue of his classical tongue, was regarded as an authority during several centuries), and which has from them become a popular error.

This is the classical ignorance on the matter. Let us now descend to moderns, or middle-aged moderns. Solinus copies Pliny; few did anything else in his day. Landius and Lord Bacon, without going so far, think that the colour grows darker when the animal approaches a dark object of the same colour as itself. The once-renowned Peiresc did what few of his predecessors thought necessary, he *observed* the living animals; and, of course, found out the error of the common belief. He found the ordinary colour of the chameleon to be green, or ashy grey, but it darkened under the influence of sun-light, or fire-light. Towards the end of the 17th century two Egyptian travellers, Monsieur de Monconys, and Herr Johann Wessling, observed the living animals. The first noticed that the colours changed; the second noticed that in the morning and evening the animal was green; he blackened towards noon, grew pale towards night, and in complete darkness was white. I forgot to mention, that Claude Perrault—the admirable Crichton of whom Boileau, with exquisite wit, and immense injustice, wrote:—

Il vivait jadis, à Florence, un médecin,
Savant habléur, dit-on, et célèbre assassin,

among his multifarious activities included the study of natural history, and explained the change of

colour in the chameleon as the result of a suffusion of the bile.

Vallianeri, a name dear to science, published a dissertation on the chameleon, in which, after criticising the opinions of predecessors, he proposed an explanation not unlike that proposed by Theophrastus. "It is the passions of the animal," he says, "which agitating it determine a rush of blood, humours, and vital spirits to or from the skin, and these make the skin reflect and refract the rays of light differently." Even Cuvier adopted this opinion, slightly modifying it. "The magnitude of the lung is probably the indirect cause of their changing colour, which does not take place, as is currently supposed, for the purpose of assimilating them to the nearest objects, but according to their wants and passions. The lung, in fact, renders them more or less transparent, by forcing the blood more or less into the vessels of the skin, the colour even of this fluid being more or less vivid according as the lung is distended with air."

In 1827, the celebrated Dutch anatomist, Vrolik, ascertained the fact of the influence exercised by light on the colour of these animals; and he observed also that there was a constant succession, or oscillation, of colours. Four years later, his countryman, Van der Hooven (a translation of whose valuable "Handbook of Zoology" was recently published), executed the happy plan of reproducing in five different plates the changes of colour he observed. These show that the fundamental colour of the animal persists under all the variations which may take place in parts. He observes that the median line from the chin downwards is always of one yellow tint. In his opinion the changes of colour are due to a pigment underneath the skin. This idea was taken up by Milne-Edwards, who had two chameleons with different shades of colour: the one presenting violet spots on its flanks; the other, green spots of varying shade. He observed that the change of colour was quite independent of the animal's swelling himself out or not. On removing a strip of skin from the dead animal, and placing it under the microscope, he observed that the darkest colour was beneath the tubercles, and that in these spots the yellow colour was *masked*, but not *replaced*: it still existed, although the violet spots beneath it rendered it invisible. Two pigments therefore are possessed by the chameleon; one, the yellow pigment, being distributed over the surface; the other, the violet pigment, being distributed underneath the former, and only becoming visible under certain circumstances, such as the stimulus of light. Milne-Edwards found that, on stimulating the yellow spots with alcohol, or acids, they became violet; on stimulating the violet spots, they became yellow.

And thus after many centuries of easy fable, and iterated assumptions, the more arduous but more fruitful methods of exact Science gained the key to the whole mystery. But only the key. Milne-Edwards had explained the yellow and black hues; but had not explained the others. That was reserved for Professor Brucke of Vienna. He succeeded to the satisfaction of men of science; but as it would require more technical knowledge

to understand his explanation than can be expected of the ordinary reader, and would lead us to a length beyond our limits, we will merely add, that his observations show that the chameleon has his own colours, and does not borrow them from surrounding objects; if he sometimes shows more

of one than of another, it is not that, like a negro maiden blushing, the emotions of his soul are eloquent on his surface, but simply that the rays of light act upon his skin. After which explanation, it is hoped that we shall hear no more scandals about this much-abused Saurian. L.



THE KING OF THULE.

FROM GOETHE.

In Thule dwelt a king, and he
Was leal unto the grave;
A cup to him of the red red gold
His leman dying gave.

He quaff'd it to the dregs, when'er
He drank among his peers,
And ever, as he drain'd it down,
His eyes would brim with tears.

And when his end drew near, he told
His kingdom's cities up,
Gave all his wealth unto his heir,
But with it not the cup.

He sat and feasted at the board,
His knights around his knee,
Within the palace of his sires,
Hard by the roaring sea.

Then up he rose, that toper old,
A long last breath he drew,
And down the cup he loved so well
Into the ocean threw.

He saw it flash, then settle down,
Far down into the sea,
And as he gazed his eyes grew dim,
Nor'er again drank he. THEODORE MARTIN.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.



JORIAN drove the spade in and threw out quantities of hard mould. In vain. And even while he dug, his master's mood had changed.

"Treason! treachery!" he cried. "You knew of this!"

"Knew what, master, in heaven's name?"

"Caitiff, you knew there was another one worth all these twice told."

"'Tis false!" cried Jorian, made suspicious by the other's suspicion. "'Tis a trick to rob me of my hundred crowns. Oh! I know you, Burgomaster." And Jorian was ready to whimper.

A sweet voice fell on them both like oil upon the waves. "No, good man, it is not false, nor yet is it quite true: there was another parchment."

"There, there, there! Where is it?"

"But," continued Margaret calmly, "it was not a town record (so you have gained your hundred crowns, good man): it was but a private deed between the Burgomaster here and my grandfather Flor——"

"Hush, hush!"

"—is Brandt."

"Where is it, girl? that is all we want to know."

"Have patience, and I shall tell you. Gerard read the title of it, and he said, 'This is as much yours as the Burgomaster's,' and he put it apart, to read it with me at his leisure."

"It is in the house, then?" said the Burgomaster, recovering his calmness.

"No, sir," said Margaret, gravely, "it is not." Then, in a broken voice, "You hunted—my poor Gerard—so hard—and so close—that you gave him—no time—to think of aught—but his life—and his grief.—The parchment was in his bosom, and he hath ta'en it with him."

"Whither, whither?"

"Ask me no more, sir. What right have you to question me thus? It was for *your* sake, good man, I put force upon my heart, and bore to speak at all to this hard old man. For, when I think of the misery he has brought on *him* and me, the sight of him is almost more than I can bear:" and she gave an involuntary shudder, and went away crying bitterly.

Remorse for the past, and dread of the future—the slow, but, as he now felt, the inevitable future—avarice and fear, all tugged in one short moment

at this tough heart. Ghysbrecht hung his head, and his arms fell listless by his sides. A coarse chuckle made him start round, and there stood Martin Wittenhaagen leaning on his bow, and sneering from ear to ear. At sight of the man and his grinning face, Ghysbrecht's worse passions awoke.

"Ho! attack him, seize him, traitor and thief!" cried he. "Dog, thou shalt pay for all."

Martin, without a word, calmly produced the Duke's pardon. Ghysbrecht looked and had not a word to say. Martin followed up his advantage.

"The Duke and I are soldiers. He won't let you greasy burghers trample on an old comrade. He bade me carry you a message too."

"The Duke send a message to me?"

"Ay! I told him of your masterful doings, of your imprisoning Gerard for loving a girl, and says he, 'Tell him this is to be a king, not a burgomaster. I'll have no kings in Holland but one. Bid him be more humble, or I'll hang him at his own door—'"

Ghysbrecht trembled. He thought the Duke capable of the deed.

"—as I hanged the Burgomaster of Thing-embob.' The Duke could not mind which of you he had hung, or in what part; such trifles don't stick in a soldier's memory, but he was sure he had hanged one of you for grinding poor folk, 'and I'm the man to hang another,' said the good Duke."

These repeated insults from so mean a man, coupled with his invulnerability, shielded as he was by the Duke, drove the choleric old man into a fit of impotent fury: he shook his fist at the soldier, and tried to threaten him, but could not speak for the rage and mortification that choked him: then he gave a sort of screech, and coiled himself up in eye and form like a rattle-snake about to strike; and spat furiously upon Martin's doublet.

The thick-skinned soldier treated this ebullition with genuine contempt. "Here's a venomous old toad! he knows a kick from this foot would send him to his last home; and he wants me to cheat the gallows. But I have slain too many men in fair fight to lift limb against anything less than a man: and this I count no man. What is it, in Heaven's name? An old goat's-skin bag full o' rotten bones."

"My mule! my mule!" screamed Ghysbrecht.

Jorian helped the old man up, trembling in every joint. Once in the saddle, he seemed to gather in a moment unnatural vigour; and the figure that went flying to Tergou was truly weird-like and terrible: so old and wizened the face; so white and reverend the streaming hair; so baleful the eye; so fierce the fury which shook the bent frame that went spurring like mad; while the quavering voice yelled, "I'll make their hearts ache!—I'll make their hearts ache!—I'll make their hearts ache!—I'll make their hearts ache! All of them! All!—all!—all!"

The black sheep sat disconsolate amidst the convivial crew, and eyed Hans Memling's wallet. For more ease he had taken it off, and flung it on the table. How readily they could have taken out that letter and put in another. For the first

time in their lives they were sorry they had not learned to write, like their brother.

And now Hans Memling began to talk of going, and the brothers agreed in a whisper to abandon their project for the time. They had scarcely resolved this, when Dierich Brower stood suddenly in the door-way, and gave them a wink.

They went to him. "Come to the Burgomaster with all speed," said he.

They found Ghysbrecht seated at a table, pale and agitated. Before him lay Margaret Van Eyck's handwriting. "I have written what you desired," said he. "Now for the superscription. What were the words? did ye see?"

"We cannot read," said Cornelius.

"Then is all this labour lost," cried Ghysbrecht angrily. "Dolts!"

"Nay, but," said Sybrandt, "I heard the words read, and I have not lost them. They were, 'To Gerard Gerardsson, these by the hand of the trusty Hans Memling with all speed.'"

"'Tis well. Now, how was the letter folded? how big was it?"

"Longer than this one, and not so long as this."

"'Tis well. Where is he?"

"At the hostelry."

"Come, then, take you this groat, and treat him. Then ask to see the letter, and put this in place of it. Come to me with the other letter."

The brothers assented, took the letter, and went to the hostelry.

They had not been gone a minute, when Dierich Brower issued from the Stadthouse, and followed them. He had his orders not to let them out of his sight till the true letter was in his master's hands. He watched outside the hostelry.

He had not long to wait. They came out almost immediately, with downcast looks. Dierich made up to them.

"Too late!" they cried; "too late! He is gone!"

"Gone! How long?"

"Scarce five minutes. Cursed chance!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"You must come to the Burgomaster at once," said Dierich Brower.

"To what end?"

"No matter; come:" and he hurried them to the Stadthouse.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten was not the man to accept a defeat. "Well," said he, on hearing the ill news, "suppose he is gone. Is he mounted?"

"No."

"Then what hinders you to come up with him?"

"But what avails coming up with him; there are no hostelries on the road he is gone."

"Fools!" said Ghysbrecht, "is there no way of emptying a man's pockets but liquor and sleight of hand?"

A meaning look, that passed between Ghysbrecht and Dierich, aided the brothers' comprehension. They changed colour, and lost all zeal for the business.

"No! no! we won't get ourselves hanged to spite Gerard," said Sybrandt; "that would be a fool's trick."

"Hanged?" cried Ghysbrecht. "Am I not the Burgomaster? How can ye be hanged? I see how 'tis: ye fear to tackle one man, being two: hearts of hare, that ye are! O! why cannot I be young again? I'd do it single-handed."

The old man now threw off all disguise, and showed them his heart was in this deed. He then flattered and besought, and jeered them alternately, but he found no eloquence could move them to an action, however dishonourable, which was attended with danger. At last he opened a drawer, and showed them a pile of silver coins.

"Change but those letters for me," he said, "and each of you shall thrust one hand into this drawer and take away as many of them as you can hold."

The effect was magical. Their eyes glittered with desire. Their whole bodies seemed to swell, and rise into male energy.

"Swear it, then," said Sybrandt.

"I swear it."

"No. On the crucifix."

Ghysbrecht swore upon the crucifix.

The next minute the brothers were on the road, in pursuit of Hans Memling. They came in sight of him about two leagues from Tergou: but though they knew he had no weapon but his staff, they were too prudent to venture on him in daylight; so they fell back.

But being now three leagues and more from the town, and on a grassy road,—sun down, moon not yet up,—honest Hans suddenly found himself attacked before and behind at once by men with uplifted knives, who cried in loud though somewhat shaky voices, "Stand and deliver."

The attack was so sudden, and so well planned, that Hans was dismayed. "Slay me not, good fellows," he cried: "I am but a poor man, and ye shall have my all."

"So be it then. Live! But empty thy wallet."

"There is nought in my wallet, good friends, but one letter."

"That we shall see," said Sybrandt, who was the one in front. "Well: it is a letter."

"Take it not from me, I pray you. 'Tis worth nought, and the good dame would fret that writ it."

"There," said Sybrandt, "take back thy letter: and now empty thy pouch. Come! tarry not!"

But by this time Hans had recovered his confusion: and, by a certain flutter in Sybrandt, and hard breathing of Cornelis, aided by an indescribable consciousness, felt sure the pair he had to deal with were no heroes. He pretended to fumble for his money: then suddenly thrust his staff firmly into Sybrandt's face, and drove him staggering, and lent Cornelis a back-handed slash on the ear that sent him twirling: then whirled his weapon over his head and danced about the road like a man on springs, shouting "Come on, ye thieving loons! Come on!"

By "come," they understood "go," and took to their heels directly, with Hans after them, he shouting "Stop thieves!" and they howling with fear and pain as they ran.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ABOUT this time a change passed over Margaret Brandt. She went about her household duties like one in a dream. If Peter did but speak a little quickly to her, she started and fixed two terrified eyes on him. She went less often to her friend Margaret Van Eyck, and was ill at her ease when there. Instead of meeting her warm old friend's caresses, she used to receive them passive and trembling, and sometimes almost shrink from them. But the most extraordinary thing was, she never would go outside her own house in daylight. When she went to Tergou it was after dusk, and she returned before daybreak. She would not even go to matins. At last Peter, unobservant as he was, noticed it, and asked her the reason.

"THE FOLK ALL LOOK AT ME SO."

One day, Margaret Van Eyck asked her what was the matter. A scared look and a flood of tears were all the reply: the old lady expostulated gently. "What, sweetheart, afraid to confide your sorrows to me?"

"I have no sorrows, madam, but of my own making. I am kinder treated than I deserve—especially in this house."

"Then why not come oftener, my dear?"

"I come oftener than I deserve:" and she sighed deeply,

"There, Richt is crying out for you," said Margaret Van Eyck; "go, child!—what on earth can it be?"

Turning possibilities over in her mind, she thought Margaret must be mortified at the contempt with which she was treated by Gerard's family. "I will take them to task for it, at least such of them as are women;" and the very next day she put on her hood and cloak, and followed by Richt went to the hosier's house. Catherine received her with much respect, and thanked her with tears for her kindness to Gerard. But when, encouraged by this, her visitor diverged to Margaret Brandt, Catherine's eyes dried, and her lips turned to half the size, and she looked as only obstinate, ignorant women can look. When they put on this cast of features, you might as well try to soften or convince a brick wall. Margaret Van Eyck tried, but all in vain. So then, not being herself used to be thwarted, she got provoked, and at last went out hastily with an abrupt and mutilated curtesy, which Catherine returned with an air rather of defiance than obeisance. Outside the door Margaret Van Eyck found Richt conversing with a pale girl on crutches. Margaret Van Eyck was passing them with heightened colour, and a scornful toss intended for the whole family, when suddenly a little delicate hand glided timidly into hers, and looking round she saw two dove-like eyes, with the water in them, that sought hers gratefully, and, at the same time, imploringly. The old lady read this wonderful look, complex as it was, and down went her choler. She stooped and kissed Kate's brow. "I see," said she. "Mind, then, I leave it to you." Returned home, she said,—"I have been to a house to-day where I have seen a very common thing and a very uncommon thing: I have seen a stupid, obstinate

woman, and I have seen an angel in the flesh, with a face—if I had it here I'd take down my brushes once more, and try and paint it."

Little Kate did not belie the good opinion so hastily formed of her. She waited a better opportunity, and told her mother what she had learned from Richt Heynes, that Margaret had shed her very blood for Gerard in the wood.

"See, mother, how she loves him."

"Who would not love him?"

"Oh, mother, think of it! Poor thing!"

"Ay, wench. She has her own trouble, no doubt, as well as we ours. I can't abide the sight of blood, let alone my own."

This was a point gained; but when Kate had to follow it up she was stopped short.

About a month after this a soldier of the Dalgetty tribe, returning from service in Tuscany, brought a letter one evening to the hosier's house. He was away on business: but the rest of the family sat at supper. The soldier laid the letter on the table by Catherine, and telling them he had his guerdon for bringing it, went off to Sevenbergen.

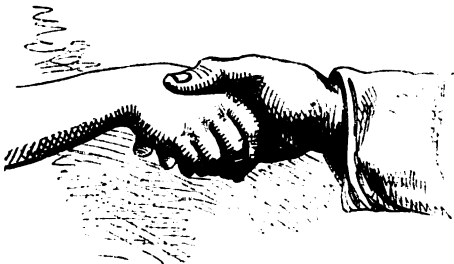
Although for a long time they had hoped and expected this, yet when it did come it took them by surprise.

The letter was unfolded and spread out: and curiously enough, though not one of them could read, they could all tell it was Gerard's handwriting.

"And your father must be away," cried Catherine. "Are ye not ashamed of yourselves? not one that can read your brother's letter?"

But although the words were to them what hieroglyphics are to us, there was something in the letter they could read. There is an art can speak without words: unfettered by the penman's limits, it can steal through the eye into the heart and brain, alike of the learned and unlearned, and it can cross a frontier or a sea, yet lose nothing. It is at the mercy of no translator: for it writes a universal language.

When, therefore, they saw this,



which Gerard had drawn with his pencil between the two short paragraphs of which his letter consisted, they read it, and it went straight to their hearts.

Gerard was bidding them farewell.

As they gazed on that simple sketch, in every turn and line of which they recognised his manner, Gerard seemed present, and bidding them farewell.

The women wept over it till they could see it no longer.

Giles said, "Poor Gerard!" in a lower voice than seemed to belong to him.

Even Cornelis and Sybrandt felt a momentary remorse, and sat enjoying it gloomily.

But how to get the words read to them. They were loth to show their ignorance and emotion—both to a stranger.

"The Dame Van Eyck?" said Kate, timidly.

"And so I will, Kate. She has a good heart. She loves Gerard, too. She will be glad to hear of him. I was short with her when she came here, but I will make my submission, and then she will tell me what my poor child says to me."

She was soon at Margaret Van Eyck's house. Richt took her into a room, and said, "Bide a minute; she is at her orisons."

There was a young woman in the room seated pensively by the stove; but she rose and courteously made way for the visitor.

"Thank you, young lady; the winter nights are cold, and your stove is inviting." Catherine then, while warming her hands, inspected her companion furtively from head to foot, both inclusive. The young person wore an ordinary wimple, but her gown was trimmed with fur, which was, in those days, almost a sign of superior rank or wealth. But what most struck Catherine was the candour and modesty of the face. She felt sure of sympathy from so good a countenance, and began to gossip.

"Now, what think you brings me here, gay lady? It is a letter: a letter from my poor boy that is far away in some savage part or other. And I take shame to say that none of us can read it. I wonder whether you can read?"

"Yes."

"Can ye, now? It is much to your credit, my dear. I dare say she won't be long; but every minute is an hour to a poor longing mother!"

"I will read it to you."

"Bless you, my dear; bless you!"

In her unfeigned eagerness she never noticed the suppressed eagerness with which the hand was slowly put out to take the letter. She did not see the tremor with which the fingers closed on it.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

Is there anybody, above an idiot, who has not at some time or other thought, with a strange internal thrill, while contemplating a crowd, "How will all these people die?" The thought comes when the Queen is opening Parliament, amidst the most gorgeous assemblage that this country can show. It comes in the midst of the village fair, when the drums and trumpets, and the shouts of the showmen, and the great laughs of the rustics are loudest. It comes when, in war time, the troops march forth through thronged streets, and climb into the transports on the crowded sea. It comes when, in time of peace, the first sod of a great railway is turned, or the first stone laid of a building which will be a benefit to successive generations for a thousand years. We know how something very like it occurred to the poet Gray and to Mrs. Hemans, at Evening Prayer in a Girls' School; and few of us can have been present at any

celebration in any one of our public schools without being visited by that speculation.—“In seventy—or, say eighty—years from this day, every individual of this great crowd will be dead.” One would like to know how each one will die: by accident on land, some of them, no doubt: by a gun going off in getting through a hedge—their own gun or some comrade’s who will never be happy again; some by drowning in bathing at home, or by foundering at sea; some by fire in the dressing-room, or in the ship, or in their beds; one or two by suicide in disease of brain or agony of mind; some of the youths, years hence, by apoplexy brought on by intemperance of one kind or another; some of the young women in the most pathetic possible moment,—mothers for an hour or a day, but prevented from rallying by previous violations of the laws of nature; some few, very few, from mere old age, when they will remember this day, but not anything of a then recent date; a large proportion from the ordinary diseases affecting the three great departments of the human frame; many from diseases of the head; more from the various diseases of the abdomen, and most from those of the chest. The deaths in the streets from brain-seizures are a common item of news in the papers. We need but refer to liver-complaints, cholera, the gout of the olden time, still surviving, and the miserable stomach complaints of our own day. But all this last class together will not carry off so many as consumption, if we are to judge the next half-century by the past. Within fifteen or twenty years, a large proportion of the young people who to-day look so full of life and spirits, will have died of the slow strangulation and tormenting fever of consumption.

Whether in the hospital-ward, or in the cottage-loft, or in the city garret, or in the airy chamber and the soft bed of the mansion,—matters little. They will have gasped away their short life and been buried, while others will have half a century longer to live. The dreadful thought is, that they also might, for the most part, have their half century longer, but for the mismanagement of their earlier years. The doomed band, the twenty or thirty youths and maidens, who are listening to the Queen’s voice amidst the hush in the House of Lords, or waving their hats and handkerchiefs to the soldiers who are going into danger less fatal than they are carrying in their own chests, might as well as not have lived to wear wrinkles and silver hair; but disease has been sown in them heedlessly, and it cannot now be uprooted.

So early? Why, many of them have but lately left school! How can they have already received their sentence? And where was it? At home or at school, or where?

Some at home and some at school. It depends on the management. Hitherto, perhaps, the danger has been greatest at school; but the scale may be turning, if we take into the account all the homes, from the Belgravian mansion to the navy’s hovel, in which there are children between seven and seventeen. There are fewer deaths within those ten years, than during the five years of infancy: but they are the preparation for the next period of high mortality, when consumption and stomach-disorders will make fearful havoc among those who

ought to be entering upon the great interests of life. Of the multitude who die before five- or seven-and-twenty, the greater number became doomed at school, or in school-rooms at home.

What is the school-boy? What is the school-girl? And what is school to them?

They are not fully grown, in body or mind. Their brains are fit for a good deal of work of various kinds; but not yet for all kinds; and it requires care, that it be not over-worked, nor partially worked. The frame is strong enough for a good deal of very various exercise; but it requires consideration till its parts have reached their full vigour. Till this happens,—till the spine has become well-knit, and the limbs duly proportioned, and the muscles developed and strengthened, the circulation is often imperfect, the digestion is uncertain, the nervous system is unsettled; and at least as much care is necessary to do justice to the body as to the mind. Is this justice done? Not always at home; and less often at school.

A boy goes to a public school, or to a large private one, such as exist in every sect of dissenters, as well as in many districts lying out of the way of our great public schools. He carries with him the wants that everybody has at his age. He wants food in the first place,—food fit for, and pleasant to, a growing boy. He wants plenty of sleep, airy, quiet, and decent. He wants regular daily opportunity for cleanliness; for the neglect of the skin is invariably avenged upon the internal organs of the body. He wants due warmth in winter, much more than he will need it ten years hence. He wants frequent change of posture and employment; steady, moderate lessons, alternating with vigorous play. He wants to have every muscle put to use in active sports, and every faculty put to use in study and in daily life. How does he get these wants supplied at school?

The “new boy” is puzzled the first morning, at finding only one basin (a good large one, however), for the six or eight fellows in his room. As he is up first he washes first, finishing with his feet. He is caught in the fact, and finds himself hated on account of it. He is called a dirty little wretch—to his amazement. It is very odd and perplexing, after having been brought up to think it a dirty trick to omit washing his feet; but the more he explains and argues, the more he gets abused. He is pulled by the hair, and made to wash out the basin before and after every other boy uses it, and to fetch the additional water required. He is quizzed for his clean collar; and as often as he brushes his hair it is made a mop of again. So he gives up home habits for peace sake, and becomes satisfied with the Saturday night’s feet- and head-washing, in soapy water which must serve for half-a-dozen. During the week, face and hands get washed, but seldom anything else. He soon becomes subject to head-colds, which he never had at home. One comes after another, and it is a great bore. Sooner or later, he has a fever; and an attack of English cholera now and then in summer. It will not be surprising if he gets a cough, which returns more and more frequently.

He is better off, after all, than his sister at her boarding-school, where there is the Saturday night’s washing, with the common foot-bath and the wet

towel; and for the rest of the week, the scanty ablution in the morning, before the eyes of companions, followed by the consciousness of a dirty neck—the only part the teacher detects and complains of. The poor girl wonders where her miseries come from when she has fidgets (the worst plague of all), chaps and chilblains, languor and low spirits—and such dreadful head-colds! She is worse off than her brother, because she does not get such vigorous play; and she never goes to bathe.

We hear now and then, perhaps more and more, of washing-closets in schools; but before this time we ought to have arrived at refusing to send children to any school in which the apparatus for cleanliness is not complete. Baths and wash-houses will soon be considered as necessary as dormitories and school-rooms in every educational establishment. Water—laid on so as to serve a range of washing-closets where the children can wash from head to foot in privacy, and also for the supply of the laundry, where the washing and drying of linen may be done with the ease and speed obtained by modern inventions—will hereafter be a matter of course in large schools. Then will disappear the sneezings in school, and the mopping of noses, and watering eyes, and inflamed lips, and the lingering cough—the ghost which now haunts all assemblages of boys and girls.

“But there is the bathing for boys.” Yes, there is, in a way: but few parents like to think about that. That is a matter in which British education is disgracefully backward. The little heathens whom we think of with a sort of pitying disgust, in their South Sea islands or on the shores of the mighty rivers of the world, have, at least, learned to use their limbs, however it may be with their higher powers. They spend the hot summer noon among the fish, and can cross any stream, dive to any reasonable depth, and shift for themselves under various risks which would be fatal to most of us at their age—or, indeed, at any age. Why are not English children as wise as the savages in this, while so much wiser in some other matters? Wherever there are people with four limbs, living near water, why do they not learn to use their limbs in the water? Perhaps this is the very greatest of the many puzzles belonging to life in England. We live in an island, and are therefore obliged to go to sea if we travel abroad at all. We flock to the coast in the summer for sea-bathing; we all live near a river, or a lake, or a pond, and yet only a small per-centage of the English nation can swim. In the late war, a midddy was drowned in the Baltic, because he could not keep himself afloat till the ship's boat reached him. And then we began to inquire, and found that in our whole navy and merchant-service, and in the fisheries along the coast, only a fraction of the men can swim. The Duke of Northumberland at once set up a swimming-school on the North coast, with a qualified master and all means and appliances, and moreover with prizes for proficiency; and we may hope to hear no more of coroners' inquests on fishermen drowned close by the shore at Cullercoats, and of widows and orphans bereaved and pauperised by the upsetting of a boat within a

stone's throw of the beach. Why is it not made a part of education for every child to learn early to swim? Where is the difficulty? Where is the objection?

Many years ago, a boy was drowned in bathing in one of the great private schools of the dissenters. The usher was with the party, but the boy got beyond his depth, and sank because he did not know how to keep himself up. Instead of taking measures to show every boy how to do that, the masters forbade bathing altogether; and a more awkward squad than the pupils of that school could not well be seen. They never learned the proper use of their limbs; and they were consequently timid where well-trained lads would have been without a thought of fear. A boy who can swim like a fish is pretty sure to do other things well: to row, to bowl, to drive, to ride; and every child ought to swim like a fish. See how this consideration again brings us back to the topic of mortality! Is there ever a summer when we do not see a succession of paragraphs about persons drowned in bathing? Is there ever a tourist season at the Lakes in which every considerable lake has not its victims? A skiff is upset—a bather has got out of his depth—an angler has fallen overboard; and as none of them can swim, they all go to the bottom. So we go on, year after year. This year 1859 has been mournfully distinguished by coroners' inquests on this kind of needless death. Oxford and Cambridge have offered up their victims, and seas and rivers have sent their bad news to swell the indignation and shame with which we have to confess that we, a maritime nation noted for our manly sports, have not yet learned to swim!

We have proposed every child—and not only every boy—as a swimming pupil, because the main reasons for anybody's being able to swim are good for everybody. English women have four limbs, and live in an island, and make voyages, and practice sea-bathing, and need exercise in the water at school and at home, and go out in boats—in short, run the universal risks in regard to water; and, therefore, they have a claim to be taught to swim. At the time when the great school was kept away from the river, because a boy had been drowned, a sensible and wealthy Quaker gentleman built a bathing-house for his young daughters on a mere in his grounds, which was sufficiently fenced with reeds to secure privacy; and the girls learned to swim. In the sea they could all go through the exercises as South-sea women and as French women do. Their frames were improved; their health was improved; their safety was improved; and there was not a shadow of an objection to be set off on the other side.

We are so far making progress as that there are swimming schools opened here and there, for women as for men; and we are learning how French girls esteem and practice the art which has become a matter of regular instruction on the Seine and other rivers. An event which happened three years ago also awakened attention among some who have not shaken off their prejudices against everything French. It will be sufficient to remind our readers of the burning of the steamer *Indiana*, on

Lake Erie, in July, 1856, when 50 passengers perished out of 190, though the time was noonday, and the water was perfectly calm, and help was not long in arriving. The ladies on board could not swim, nor even float; and they had actually used their life-belts as pincushions when undressing; so that they could only go to the bottom when the flames had driven them overboard. The gentlemen seem to have been much in the same condition. Not so Bridget Glyn, a poor Irishwoman, who had her four little children with her—the youngest a babe. Bridget knew what to do in the water; and she saved all her children, even though a boat ran one down, and all went under repeatedly during the time that elapsed before they were picked up. She saw the right moment for throwing them overboard, and for following them; she knew how to make them hold on so as to balance her, as she held up the babe: she prevented them from struggling, and when they sank she knew where they would come up, and seized them by the hair.

Every healthy woman might be at home in the water, like Bridget Glyn; but, instead of that, they lose their wits there, and cling to any man who would save them, so as to drown him too, if possible. If we could, as a nation, swim as naturally as we walk, we should see a prodigious reduction in the amount of mortality from shipwreck and accidents in home navigation. Far greater, however, would be the saving of life in another direction. The victims of consumption would be saved by hundreds.

We have floated far away from our school-children. Not, however, from their interests. What else is necessary for their well-being?

Our own opinion is that no one is justified in keeping a school who does not keep a good cook.

In great public schools the theory is that there are housekeepers whose business it is to see that the tables are properly served; but, in those cases, the housekeepers have no power over the arrangements of meals and hours. In private schools, the heads of the household are usually dependent on their servants; for few are the ladies in our days who know much about the economy of the table. After casting many a wistful glance through a long range of schools—from the Bluecoat School to the super-genteel ladies' establishments, patronised by bishops and filled with future peeresses—we are compelled to say that the simple wants of growing children are seldom met. We have nothing to say here of cheap schools, where everything is done for less than it can possibly cost. The answer we once gave about such places we give now, and always shall give. Two fine little girls, children of a political refugee, motherless and without prospect in life, were to be done something with, and money was subscribed for their education. A lady who had given grand dinners several times a week for the London season, urged their being sent to a school where they would be taken entire charge of for £20 each a-year. After pressing upon this lady the price of the loaf, the price of a pound of mutton, the price of a cwt. of coals, and a week's washing, we with difficulty induced her to say that the thing could not be done; growing

girls could not have enough bread, meat and vegetables; nor warmth, nor clean linen for the money, if there was any real education given at all. Parents must know what food costs; and if they send children to twenty-pound schools, it must be at the conscious risk of health and life. We are not writing for murderers; and therefore we pass over the cheap private schools.

Looking at others, a crowd of mournful remembrances comes back upon us. In one great public school, the boys had to provide their own breakfasts. If a little devil had been set to work to invent a way of encouraging all bad inclinations and passions in boys while injuring their health, he would have devised just this: A school full of lads providing themselves with a meal a-day. The amount of care and interest bestowed on the eating and drinking; the eagerness for luxuries; the debt; the dread of parents, and cessation of intercourse with them; the gaming induced by the pressure of debt; the introduction to the vices of manhood by the choice of breakfast,—these evils are worthy of diabolic invention. One day a wise man decreed that a good comfortable breakfast at home should be a part of the daily routine: and an amount of corruption was prevented such as had engaged the prayers and tears of a succession of holy men before the man of common sense arrived. But the spread meals must be good; and how seldom it is that they are soundly good! One of the primary requisites in any boarding-school is a cook who can make household bread, always alike and always perfect (a practicable thing for those who know how to set about it); who can boil a potato (the hackneyed test); who sends up joints thoroughly roasted to the bone and boiled to the centre, without being burnt or ragged; who understands the mystery of savoury stews and of sending up various vegetables equally hot, and puddings which shall not have their own day of the week, or even of the fortnight. The difference between a monotonous and comfortless dinner and an agreeable and various one, is so small in cost that it is perfectly inexcusable to subject growing children to any disgust and injury for such a reason.

It is commonly taken for granted that sauciness about food is seen in home-bred children; and that the way to make a dainty boy or girl eat properly, is to send them to school. This is partly true: but there is another side to it. Instead of learning to eat what comes, the school-child too often stealthily omits the eating. While a disposition to general daintiness is to be dealt with as carefully as the fault of gormandising, it is as useless as it is cruel to contend with occasional cases of constitutional repugnance to some particular article of diet. It is as absurd as making a child eat what disagrees with it, merely because other people do. We have seen a pale-faced little girl, with lead-coloured circles round her eyes, compelled to take milk breakfasts till she was "of the proper age" to have coffee, and enduring in consequence, a whole youth of indigestion. She did not dislike milk; but she could not digest it; and during her entire childhood, she went to her lessons with a suffocating lump in her throat, and a head full of pain or noises. At school, she

would have eaten the bread and omitted the milk. We have seen a little boy actually unable (like others of the family) to eat rice. His gorge rose at it. This was inconvenient; and the opportunity was taken when he was seven years old, to bribe him to get over the dislike. He took a fancy to a book in a shop-window—one of those overwhelming desires which throw a child into a fever. It was the "Seven Champions of Christendom," with a gay frontispiece. He was promised the book, if he would eat of the Saturday rice-pudding henceforward. By a tremendous effort, with his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, he got down, and kept down, his small plateful of pudding. The book was bought, and read before tea-time: and all was then a blank. The child never did eat rice again: he could not do it; and his mind was troubled. For a transient pleasure he had bound himself by a promise which he could not fulfil. These are grave mistakes, however trifling each occasion may appear. The whole subject of eating is made of far too much importance by thus connecting it with so much thought and emotion. Proper meals, properly cooked, would obviate a large class of such mistakes.

Everybody likes a great deal that is in "Tom Brown's School-days;" but a large proportion of the public, including, probably, the dissenters generally, are amazed and shocked at the disclosure it makes of the sensual cast of mind of the boys in a great public school. It does not follow that it is so in all such institutions. If it were, they would never be entered by the children of parents who dread to expose their sons prematurely to the grosser order of temptations. The little personages in that book think, every day of their lives, and with eagerness and passion, of sausages, kidneys, a treat of beef and mustard for supper—or good eating of one sort or another.

Throughout the wide range of dissenting life in England, nothing like this, we believe, is dreamed of; and the disclosure has been a great shock to a multitude of good citizens. What, they ask, can be expected of boys who begin their independent life amidst overwhelming and entirely unnecessary temptations, and whose minds become occupied with gross thoughts and desires? What parent could make the venture of sending his child into such a scene? We sympathise cordially with this view. Not the more, but the less, however, can we reconcile ourselves to the asceticism which prevails in many private schools, where it is taken for granted that growing children must be hungry; and that hungry children ought to be able to eat whatever is set before them.

The atmosphere of a school is one of high excitement. The faculties are strongly exercised; the nervous system is in a state of tension; the emotions and passions work vehemently; and, while more food is required than in the quiet routine of home life, there is often less inclination to take it. This is particularly the case in girls' schools. We have seen the pupils crowded so closely at table, that the one circumstance of the knives being blunt has made some of the more delicate go without their dinners. Half-roasted

veal or mutton, burnt pie-crust, boiled rice all gluey and served six times a week, offered no inducement to elbow one's neighbour, and hack away with a blunt knife. It was easier to eat the bit of bread, or perhaps a potato, and let the rest go. Hence may grow up the practice of eating between meals, and of buying unwholesome things.

On the whole, the chances are much against the pupils of many schools entering upon life with that inestimable blessing, a sound digestion: and the greater part of the mischief might be spared by such a provision of comfort as is found in every decent home:—plenty of room at table for everybody; plenty of time; liberty to talk quietly to neighbours; sharp knives with clean handles, and bright forks and spoons; good bread; thoroughly well-cooked joints, with such variety as soup, fish, stew, pies,—such dishes as it is perfectly easy to supply in a large household; a pretty wide range of puddings, and occasional fruit when the common fruits are in season. Dinners like these, and comfortable breakfasts and suppers, would leave no pretence for the systematic purchase of food which seems to be an established practice in some public schools. If boys will spend their money in dainties, it should, at least, be without the excuse of hunger or of custom. As it is, troops of children leave school under sentence of long suffering from an impaired digestive system,—a certain proportion being sure to end in early death.

What else is wanted? Warmth; quiet sleep; strong exercise. Boys can generally get on very well in these respects. It is true the elder and stronger are often seen engrossing the fires, when little fellows are blue with cold in the distance: but boys can always move about at short intervals and get warmth into their toes. They have the playground for exercise; and tired boys soon learn to sleep at night in the midst of any storytelling and restlessness around them. Into the practice of fagging and its consequences we do not enter here. Hearts have been broken, brains have been turned, many a life's career has been spoiled, by the tyranny of the strong over the weak in fagging: but there are consequences of an opposite kind enough to make a complicated question of it. We all agree, probably, that when education is what it ought to be, there will be no such prodigious advantage given to the strong over the weak, to the tyrannical over the timid, to the brutal over the nervous. We all hope for the time when the discipline may be given without the abuses.

School-girls are exempt from the great heavy black cloud of care which the fagging system frequently spreads over the life of a multitude of little boys; but they have their own troubles, and some very severe ones. They have seldom anything more than a mere apology for a playground; and they do not half make use of it. The boys may be allowed to engross the fighting as well as the fagging; but we know of no other exercise which the girls might not enjoy as freely.

Indeed, it will be an immense advantage when the day comes for boys and girls learning and

playing together, as the children of several foreign countries do. Climbing trees is admirable exercise for everybody; and so is cricket, and trapball, and ball play of all kinds; and racing and jumping. Instead of this, we see not a few schools where the girls, after sitting and standing all day, are taken out for a walk in the twilight, to save lighting candles. They seldom feel the sun; they have chilblains and other ailments from bad circulation; and in such schools nearly every girl has more or less distortion of the spine when she has been there more than two years. In the last century people knew no better. Little girls were put upon hard benches without backs, and so high that the feet hung in the air; and so perched, they were required to sit bolt upright and sew for hours together. The consequence was the deformed shoulder, the hump-back, the weary aching spine which many thousands of Englishwomen have carried to the grave. There is no more reason for women being crooked than any other creature born with a proper backbone; and this is better understood than it used to be. We see that the seats in schools are oftener accommodated to the height of the children: and if leaning back is not countenanced, there is more frequent change of posture and of occupation. Calisthenic exercises, and even the inclined plane for the relief of the backs of fast-growing girls, are common sights in our day. The improvement is marked; but the condition of school-girls needs more consideration than has yet been given to it. Their average of health is far below that of boys: more of them will languish in invalidism; fewer will have genuine robust health; more, in particular, will die of consumption within ten years. The main cause of this is the unequal development of the faculties. There is too much intellectual acquisition, though not too much mental exercise, if it were made more general; and there is an almost total absence of physical education. If the muscles were called upon as strenuously as the memory to show what they could do, the long train of school-girls who institute the romance of the coming generation would flock merrily into ten thousand homes, instead of parting off—some to gladden their homes, certainly, but too many to the languid lot of invalidism, or to the actual sick-room; while an interminable procession of them is forever on its way to the cemetery—the foremost dropping into the grave while the number is kept up from behind. Many a survivor will be still wondering, with grandchildren round the fire, that this and that and the other pretty or clever schoolfellow should have died so early; and at the same time, papa, at thirty, will remark on the number of the fellows who left school with him who have had to go to Madeira. Some have rallied; but for most it was merely the choice of a grave under the myrtles there, or in the sea, or in the cemetery at home.

When a dragon devoured youths and maidens in ancient times, somebody was always found to go out against him, and to conquer him at last. We must not be less watchful and devoted than our forefathers. We must rescue our youths and maidens from an early doom.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

A DAY AT WHITEWALL HOUSE.

APROPOS OF THE ST. LEGER.

RETURNING from a tour in the North of England, I resolved to break my journey to London by stopping a day in York, to see its beautiful cathedral, and its various relics of antiquity. I took up my quarters at the Station Hotel, one of the best (if not the very best), of the many large establishments which have been begotten by railways in our principal towns; it is situated in the station, so that you step from your inn door into your carriage without the intermediate aid of dirty cabs and shifting of luggage—no little comfort, in my opinion, to the traveller. Having dined, and lit my cigar, while strolling about the quaint old city I suddenly came upon an acquaintance whom I had not met for some time, and after mutual greetings and inquiries of "What brought you here?" and "Where are you going to?" I found my friend was on his road the following morning to Whitewall House, and being somewhat given to the turf, was much amused at my never having heard of this (as it appeared) far-famed racing establishment, which was (as he informed me) the largest and best-managed of the kind in England, belonging to the equally celebrated trainer, John Scott, who has just been received with cheers on the Doncaster race-ground, for his last achievement, the training of Gamester for the Leger.

Though thoroughly ignorant on all turf matters, I am as fond of a horse as the keenest sportsman, and had often had a desire to go through one of our great racing stables, if ever it came in my way; but never, as yet, having had the opportunity, I most willingly put off my return to town for another day, and accepted my friend's proposition to accompany him.

Accordingly, the following morning, we rose at five, and left by the Scarborough mail train at six, without any more breakfast than a thin slice of bread and butter and a cup of tea, my friend having cautioned me to reserve myself for one of John Scott's breakfasts, which were as celebrated as himself, in which performance we should be expected to play a prominent part at about eight. In an hour's time we arrived at Malton, a small country town situated midway between York and Scarborough (the Brighton of Yorkshire), where we got out; the latter part of our journey having laid through a very pretty country, our line of railway following side by side the course of the river Derwent, and having the beautifully wooded banks of Househam and Kirkham on our right, and those of Castle Howard on our left. About a mile from the Malton station is Whitewall, it consists of the house itself, and a long row of smaller ones attached, all painted white, with green doors, in which different people belonging to the establishment live; the stable-yard, which you enter through a pair of large folding-doors, is to the back. The whole forms a considerable block of building, and is quite by itself, no houses being near it; at some little distance is another building, which is the hospital, and the receptacle for discarded horses.

On our arrival, we found our host up and

about, who received us with much civility; he is apparently about sixty years of age, and looks like a squire of the old school, and his dress, of somewhat sporting cut, was scrupulously neat and clean. Until breakfast was ready, we were shown into a very cheerful and pretty drawing-room, hung with paintings of various winners, about each of which he had some story to relate, some of which anecdotes were told with much humour. In a short time breakfast was announced (our host's wife presiding), and a breakfast it was indeed—rump steaks, mutton chops, an abundant supply of fresh eggs, and the best thing I have tasted for a long time, a dish quite new to me, a ham steak cut from a raw ham of his own feeding and curing, and served up with a kind of gravy. On the side-board, where were several trophies in the shape of gold and silver cups, was a magnificent round of beef, with two most formidable looking weapons laid by the side of it, in the shape of an enormous carving knife and fork, the handles of which were (as was described on a silver plate), made of the shank bones of the celebrated horse "Tramp."

Just as we had finished breakfast, a whole troop of horses, carefully clothed, and each of them ridden by a smart, dapper-looking lad, following each other in single file, passed our bay-window on their way to the exercise ground, "Langton Wold," as it is called; it really was a beautiful sight, and my friend knew nearly all the horses as they passed, though occasionally assisted by Mrs. Scott and her daughter. We were soon summoned by our host to accompany him in his four-wheeled carriage up the steep hill which led to Langton Wold, the private property of Major Norcliffe, to whom every horse pays an annual toll for the use of the ground; and as John Scott has an average of about seventy horses, and there are other trainers as well, Fanson, Peck, Sheppard and Cunningham, who use the ground, this piece of moor-land must pay the Major a comfortable rent. There is also a gallop, or track, made of tan, which is used for exercise when the ground becomes very hard, to prevent concussion; it is about a mile and-a-half in length, with a circular track at the commencement, so that by going round the circle that distance can be extended, when required, as is the case when horses are sweated, when they gallop four or five miles.

A bright lovely morning lit up a most beautiful scene; the view from the exercise ground, which forms a portion of that chain of hills called the Yorkshire Wolds, was most extensive (a perfect panorama on every side of us); we cast our eyes over a rich and slightly undulating country extending as far as the eye could reach, and bounded by a chain of hills blue in the far horizon, amongst which was pointed out to us Middleham Moor—a rival training ground about thirty miles off. My friend, however, soon drew my attention from the beautiful scene I had been gazing on to the one more immediately under our eyes—the string of magnificent animals (about sixty in number) which were now marching round their great general (for great general he is in his own line), who, after telling us the name of each horse as he passed as well as that of his owner, commenced to give his

orders; and while doing so, with his arms crossed behind him as he stood on the ground, he certainly looked like a great commander marshalling his troops, with his aide-de-camp (or "head lad" as he is called) Jem Perren by his side, mounted on a neat cob and ready to convey orders to any distant part of the ground. A trusty and faithful servant is Jem, and trusty and faithful he had need be, when we consider that he, as the superintendent of this mammoth establishment, must of necessity know all the private doings, good or bad, of horses on whose success thousands and hundreds of thousands of pounds are pending in bets made in all parts of the kingdom. Most of the lads have nicknames after the places they have come from, as Nottingham, York, Sheffield, Newmarket, &c., and the orders are given to each as they pass on their way down the hill to the commencement of the gallop with a view to what each horse requires, some older boy who is a good judge of pace being selected to lead in each group of horses, so that those who follow may not go too fast or too slow. Thus, "Sheffield, you follow Jack on the old horse, Nottingham follow Sheffield," and so on to some eight or nine; then by-and-by to another group, "York, come a good steady pace with your horse; don't upset him, it is a very close morning." And then to a lot more boys who are intended to follow York are given their respective orders. Then to another: "Tom, let your horse walk. Tiny, you walk too; and you, Smoker, walk also." Then to another lad: "Ely, let your mare come striding along by herself—she is too proud to keep company with common horses; and mind you don't turn geographer this morning, and take a survey of the country, as you did the other day;" which joke Ely received without changing a muscle, it appearing on explanation that the mare and her rider had been of two different minds the other morning, and that the former had taken it into her head to change her route from the monotonous every-day gallop to that of one across the country, our little friend Ely sticking to her like a leech, neither of them luckily coming to any harm. We then saw a lot of ten horses "sweat"—that is, they have put on them a double suit of clothing of a thick, rough-looking material, such as is not infrequently used for winter great-coats, and they gallop—though at a slower pace than in ordinary exercise—about four miles. On pulling up at the top of the hill on the exercise ground, they are taken into a stable built there for the purpose, and called "the rubbing-house." They then have additional clothing thrown over them to increase the perspiration, and they stand in this way for about ten minutes or more, as may in each case be directed; they are then stripped and scraped with a thin wooden scraper with rounded edges so as not to irritate their skins, the perspiration coming from them in streams. I was surprised to see how soon their fine condition caused them to become sufficiently cool to admit of their being sent home, before which they each had a dry suit of ordinary clothes put on them, and were remounted and walked quietly down the hill to have their toilette completed by being thoroughly rubbed down when dry. All these manœuvres (which lasted about

two hours) being over, we returned again to Whitewall. On our way down the hill Mr. Scott informed us he had seventy-five horses "in training," upwards of twenty of which belonged to Lord Glasgow, some to Lord Derby, Lord Exeter, Sir Charles Monck, Mr. Bowes, Mr. Wentworth, and several other gentlemen; and in addition to the above there were several brood-mares, foals, and yearlings, besides harness and hack horses and cart horses for the farm; and that in addition to all these equine mouths, he daily had to supply the cravings of about eighty healthy hardworked human ones!—a commissariat, judging from what I saw of it, *rather* better attended to than was that of our ill-fed troops in the Crimea.

While the horses were being cleaned and got ready for our inspection, we were taken round the establishment and shown its completeness in its different departments: first the brood mares, two of them, Cyprian and Songstress (both the property of Mr. Scott), being winners of the great Oaks race at Epsom, prizes worth about £5000, in each year. The former, we were told, had won besides for her owner several large stakes, and he had sold four of her produce for £500 each. We were then taken into the paddocks to see the yearlings (or foals of the preceding year—race-horses dating their age, no matter in what month born, from the 1st of January), and although their breaking-in had not yet commenced, it was quite remarkable to see how quiet and docile these young things had become, entirely through constant gentle treatment; they stood in their boxes as coolly as an old horse would do; one of them was valued at £1000. I had no conception of the enormous size to which these mere babies could be got by good feeding; but as they are raced as early as two years old, this kind of forcing becomes indispensable.

We were afterwards taken round to see the various offices, the slaughter-house, brew-house, bake-house, wash-houses, ham and bacon room (where hung sufficient to stock a warehouse), stables for feeding and fattening bullocks, and cart stables good enough for race-horses, and I could not help here observing the general neatness that pervaded the whole establishment—the cart-harness being polished up and attended to with as much pride and care as if it was about to be used on some state occasion. The whole place is a perfect little colony: killing its own beef and mutton and bacon and poultry; brewing its own beer; having its own blacksmith's forge and carpenter's shop; and, in short, doing everything for itself and within itself. In about an hour after our return from Langton Wold, which was occupied as I have described, Jem Perren announced that the horses were ready for us to look at, and I was introduced, for the first time in my life, into a racing stable, Mr. Scott going round with us and describing every horse as before. He requested us to go up in their stall to most of them, who, with few exceptions, were very quiet during our inspection of them; they were divested of their clothing, and it was to me a most gratifying sight indeed. I saw every description of animal, and all of them in the highest state of perfection, with flesh as hard as marble, and skin as bright and

smooth as satin; the muscles in those whose services were more immediately to be required being developed in a marked degree. Amongst the rest we saw the celebrated Toxophilite (now the property of Lord Glasgow). There he stood, in his loose box, the walls of which were padded all round to the height of three or four feet; and a more magnificent or better tempered creature I never beheld: to my eye he was perfection, of immense bone and strength of limb, and standing sixteen hands high; and his countenance—not the least important thing to be noticed in a horse—was expressive of courage and good temper, having a broad forehead, and a large beautiful eye. Well may his owner be proud of him. The boy who attends upon (or, to use the technical term, "looks after") each horse, generally becomes much attached to him, and this is not unfrequently reciprocated by the animals; many of them who would be most vicious with others, being perfectly quiet under *their* management. Mr. Scott gave us a curious example of this: On the day following the defeat of Toxophilite for the Derby, the lad who looked after him (who was Irish) was heard talking very loud, as if in conversation with some one in the horse's stable, and no person being allowed there, he listened to hear what was going on; and he heard him say, in choice Hibernian (it appearing on investigation that he was talking to the horse, there being no one found in the stable): "Ah! sure enough, it was a bad day's work you were after yesterday, you and your jockey. And why you did not win I don't know, and never shall; but if I had ridden you we would have won it between us. Ah, sure enough we would, my darling! for you are the best three year old in England or Ireland either, and *ye know ut.*"

The scrupulous neatness and order which was observed, were very remarkable, each boy's bridle being beautifully cleaned, and hung up on the wall behind his horse, ready for use in the morning, and all his clothes and rubbers, &c., neatly marked and folded up. After having seen all the horses in the stable, as we walked down the yard I noticed that outside each door were several little oil-paintings of various winners, very neatly executed on a piece of metal, a gilt plate (i. e., the light shoe, or "dancing pump," as our host called it), in which the horse ran, forming the frame, beneath being set forth, in letters of gold, his various winnings; and as Mr. Scott had trained there for upwards of thirty years, the doors were well covered.

By this time it was about one, and at two we were to dine, and that time arriving, we were quite ready to play as leading parts as we had done at our morning meal. Most excellently good and most excellently cooked was everything that was put before us, and all the product of his own farm, save the salmon and lobsters, which had just arrived by train. At five, being the regular stable-hour, we paid another visit to our four-legged friends, and on our return we joined our host and hostess at a "Yorkshire tea," consisting *not only* of that refreshing beverage. After which we made our bow, and my friend and I set out for the station to meet the train for York, most highly gratified with my day's inspection of the wonders of Whitewall House. S. W.



LANGTON WOLD. (See page 260.)

HERN CASTLE.



I.

HERN CASTLE stands by its own broad lands,
West to the inland and east to the sea ;
The stoutest kite in his questing flight
Will flag ere he crosses the fee.

II.

And the Baroness Lascelles hath gold and vassals,
And winters and springs forty-four ;
Her daughter Grace is the pride of her race,
A waxen cheek,—and no more.

III.

Sir Hugh de Braye hath a palfrey grey ;
And each morn you may see him wait ;
To the weary page it seems an age,
As he yawns at the castle gate.

IV.

But which of the twain Sir Hugh would gain,
With his equal smile and his equal bow ;
That widow and maid, of each other afraid,
Would give the whole world to know !

V.

The bower-maid Alice, who hands the chalice
Of Gascon wine to Sir Hugh the Knight,
I guess could tell, an she listed well,
Which way his choice would light.

VI.

For every day, ere he rides away,
There's a whisper'd word for her private ear,
And a touch to her lip,—lest her memory slip,—
When there's none of the vassals near.

VII.

Some compliment to the mother sent,—
Some courtly phrase to the daughter borne;
"No more, in faith!" "Save a hint," she saith,
"He may pass to-morrow morn."

VIII.

Ne'er yet his trust hath Sir Hugo miss'd:
Can the good grey steed have gone false to-day?
"Ho! Alice the maid! what was it he said
"When last he rode away?"

IX.

"Ho! Alice the maid! why where hath she stray'd?"
Not one in the house can tell:
But across the noon, with an answering tune,
Comes the clash of a marriage-bell.

X.

And below the keep doth a fair train sweep,
With a bride and a bridegroom gay;—
Hern Castle's the pride of the country-side,—
But neither looks that way.

XI.

The Baroness stands with clenched hands,
In a wrath that would fain burst free;
And the pale proud face of the Lady Grace
Grows pallidder yet to see!

XII.

There's a riddle read, and a day-dream fled,
And a bower-maid's office undone to-day,
While "To Lady Alice!" they drain the chalice
In the Hall of Sir Hugh de Braye!

H. L. T.

THE GREAT SHIP'S TRIALS.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE nominal trial trip of the Great Eastern has yet to take place, but a trip full of trials has already been accomplished by her. Her strength, her speed, her steadiness, her steering capability have all been more or less tested on her passage from Deptford to Portland; and although her baptism was not one of water only, but of blood and of fire, the good ship has doubtless a career of pride and glory before her. Let me here trace, with all care, what I have seen of her perils and her successes, and augur wherein her future hopes and dangers lie.

No one at all accustomed to life on board ship could have embarked on board the Great Eastern on Tuesday, the 6th ult., without observing that her condition was by no means what he might fairly have expected to find. The most careful scrutiny could detect but few signs of organisation, and therefore but few signs of security. The passage from the ladder by which the visitor entered, to the saloons in which he hoped to join his fellow-guests, lay through a portion of the ship in which combustible materials, such as shavings and planks, abounded, and in which lighted candles were freely pushed about. This was not an assuring feature in a ship about to proceed to sea. Another circumstance calculated to impress a careful person unpleasantly was, that some, at least, of the "water-tight bulk-heads"—upon the integrity of which the safety of the ship might even on her first journey be made to depend—had passages left through them for convenience in moving from one compartment of the ship to another. But one conclusion could be

drawn from this fact, viz., that if the bottom of the great ship should by any fatality become fairly breached in deep water, she would as infallibly go down as if she were hewn out of stone. In addition to these things, one looked in vain for a sailorly ship's company. There was certainly a number of riggers on board, and with these there appeared to be mingled a slight admixture of grocers, bakers, and other unprofessional individuals, who had taken upon themselves for the moment, apparently, the functions of mariners. But I must confess their presence inspired me with exceedingly little confidence. Fortunately, however—or, was it unfortunately?—there was but little need for sailors, seeing that the ship had not a single sail bent, even to serve a turn upon an emergency! She was furnished, it is true, with two sets of engines, and two propelling apparatuses, so that should any derangement occur to one she would still have another to rely upon. But both engines were new, and both might fail without any miracle; and I should have been better satisfied to have seen that her yards bore canvas. In the captain of the ship I had full reliance; the pilot who was to navigate her was a man of long-tryed ability; the immediate control of both the paddle-wheels and the screw was in the hands of the best man for the purpose—Mr. Scott Russell.* In these respects nothing more could be desired. But at the same time it appeared that these gentlemen themselves were in the hands of commercial men by whom their professional desires were over-ridden, or the journey to Portland would not have been undertaken until the ship had attained greater completeness. If this were not so, then Captain Harrison, though he may be a splendid navigator, is an indifferent disciplinarian.

In the passage of the ship to Purfleet on the first day and to the Nore on the next, there was but little that needs remark here. The abandonment by the great ship of her old moorings—the cheering of the multitudes who beheld her move seaward—the ease with which she turned at every angle of the river—the delay which a stubborn barque, the Kingfisher, occasioned her at Blackwall—the steadiness with which she afterwards continued her course to Purfleet—the anchoring of her huge bulk there for the night—the joyous resumption of the journey in the morning—the welcome salutes with which the troop-ships hailed her at Gravesend—the casting off of the tugs as Long Reach was entered, amid the strains of the national anthem and the cheers of the company—the splendid run to the Nore under her own steam power—and the casting of her anchor for the first time in the green sea water, have not all these things been recorded in those multitudinous journals whose unhappy fate it is to appear *once a day*?

* The proceedings which have taken place at Weymouth, since this article was penned, render it necessary for me to remind the reader that this remark, like another of similar purport which occurs later in the article, implies that only Mr. Scott Russell had the working of the captain's telegraphs to the engine-rooms committed to him, in order that no mistaken instructions might be transmitted to the engine-drivers below. This duty, which was voluntarily undertaken by Mr. Russell, necessarily absorbed the whole of his attention, and was performed to the perfect satisfaction of the pilot and the captain.—E. J. R.

There were, however, a few things which an intelligent eye-witness cannot have omitted to note. The first was the application of steam-power to the rudder. This occurred, in the first instance, before the ship left Deptford. Mr. Lungley, whose steering-signal apparatus is fitted to the ship—and answers well—desired to have the rudder worked from side to side for a time. This there were not hands enough on the spot to effect. Then it was that Mr. Prowse, the intelligent second officer of the ship, led a rope from the engine of the steam crane to the tiller, and by that means worked the rudder with the utmost ease and facility. This device, noted at the time, was again resorted to off Beachy Head with great advantage, as will hereafter be mentioned. Another notable circumstance was the application of steam-power to the weighing of the anchor. This was resorted to both at Purfleet and the Nore, and without it I see not how the anchor could have been weighed at all by the few seamen on board. A third thing noted was the excessive delivery of cable at the Nore. Twice after the ship was anchored to the satisfaction of the pilot was fathom after fathom of cable allowed to run out, contrary to his instructions, and much to his annoyance. This is mentioned merely as one example of the errors committed, not to say the risks run, from the want of discipline and efficiency of the men on board the ship.

After the weighing of the anchor at the Nore, at seven o'clock on Friday morning, the Great Eastern started, under her own steam, and without the attendance of tugs, on her trip to Portland. From that time until six in the evening the company enjoyed one prolonged display of her great and noble qualities. We had a high wind and a heavily rolling sea for many hours in succession. All other vessels—and we passed hundreds—either tossed and pitched at anchor with the greatest violence, or ran before the gale under close-reefed sails. But, despite the driving wind and yawing sea of the Channel, our “moving isle” went as steadily forward as if she had still been stealing her silent way down the unruffled waters of the Thames. It was only by the most careful watching that any eye could detect even the slightest motion in her. The ponderous paddle-engines worked as smoothly as the machinery of a lady's watch, and the screw-engines, although less perfect, require nothing but kindly mention here. Her speed, moreover, was all that could be desired, and more than could have been expected, for, with her engines working at but half-speed, she advanced at more than twelve knots an hour against the beating head-wind. No wonder, then, that every man on board congratulated his fellow on that triumph of human genius over matter in which all were participating.

But at 6:10 P.M., in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all congratulations (of that kind) were brought to an end. A report as of a huge but lightly-rammed piece of ordnance—a heavy throb of the deck beneath our feet—the upheaval of the massive foremost funnel—the bursting forth of a thick dense cloud of steam—the descent of a shower of shattered glass and saloon finery—all these, followed by cries and groans never to be

forgotten, turned the joy of all into mourning. But the mourning that thus fell in a moment upon the officers, men, and passengers of the Great Eastern at that terrible crisis brought no idle, whining, complaining spirit with it, but a spirit of active aid and beneficence. The rescue of the unfortunate men in the stoke-hole, upon whom a horrible deluge of steam and fire had descended, and the preservation of the ship from the fire that seemed to threaten her, were the first duties to which all applied themselves. Or, if not all, all but here and there a man whom the horror of the scene had overcome. There were a few such, and but a few.

With the “water-tight bulkheads” (so-called) in the state before described, had the bottom of the ship been blown out—or, which is much more probable, had masses of the shattered funnel been “fired” through the bottom (after the fashion of shot from cannon)—nothing but the pumps could have saved the magnificent ship from foundering. Whether the pumps would have been equal to the occasion or not it is impossible to say. The event unquestionably teaches that such a ship should never be sent to sea at all until that it is proposed to do to make her safe has been done. The precautions against fire—at that portion of the ship, at least—appeared to be ample. On the alarm of fire coming up from below, Captain Harrison and Mr. Scott Russell promptly brought the hoses into play, and the supply of water forced through them by the engines was abundant.

I have already stated that the ship had not a sail bent, and have also remarked that in the event of an emergency Mr. Prowse knew how to steer the ship by steam. Both of these facts assumed importance soon after the explosion. About noon I had discovered that the steering wheel ropes—which were of hemp, and not of hide as they should have been—were being rapidly cut through by the iron sheaves round which they passed. A preventer should have been at once got on, and new ropes rove. Whether these things were done or not, I cannot say. But as we were nearing Beachy Head in the evening, and as a vessel (not seen by me) is said to have been bearing down awkwardly upon us, our wheel-ropes gave way. Strange to say, the paddle-wheel engine was just then either stopped or very greatly reduced in speed without the directions of Mr. Russell, who had charge of them; and, to complete the troubles of the moment, the screw engines, which had long been a little uneasy, began to groan very audibly. When the ropes went, the ship fell off the wind, turning herself directly upon Beachy Head, and for the first time acquired a very sensible motion. By clapping a rope from the steam crane upon the tiller, command of the helm was speedily attained, and the momentary failures all came to nothing. But they, nevertheless, sufficed to show how very desirable it is that even the Great Eastern should not be taken to sea, as I have said, imperfectly equipped. Had both engines failed on this occasion, as they seemed disposed to fail, or had the inferior wheel-ropes not been supplemented by an extraordinary device, we must either have gone ashore on a lee coast, or trusted to Mr. Trotman's anchors to keep us off it.

The remainder of the trip to Portland was all that could be desired. Nobly the great ship held on her course down Channel through the succeeding night, over the silver sea, and "under the silver moon." Nobly she came to anchor next morning within Mr. Coode's costly breakwater at Portland. How gladly would we have thronged her high sides, and echoed the cheers of the thousands of welcoming visitors who came to greet us, but for those who below were suffering, and those who had been released from suffering!—but for the destiny which had made our city of the sea a city of the dying and the dead!

The accident which has happened to the Great Eastern in no way interferes with the general question of her ultimate success. For the moment it may depress her interests, but the reaction will inevitably follow, and the ship will be estimated according to her own merits. The cause of the accident—the mere turning of a tap the wrong way, probably by some bungling workman—in no way tends to destroy ultimate confidence in the ship herself; not even by implying that she is too large to have her internal affairs administered properly—although there are people absurd enough to suppose that mere size can put a ship beyond the control of man's genius and skill. The fact is, it was just one of those accidents which occur every day, either here or there, and which spring from the smallest circumstances. The water-vessel which exploded is generally pronounced a dangerous contrivance, and ought not to have been placed in the ship, perhaps; but it was not the vessel itself which was the prime cause of failure in the present instance, but a mere adjunct of it, and that alone. The turning of a tap the wrong way did all the mischief, apparently, and things of that kind may occur on land as well as on the sea—in any other ship as well as in the Great Eastern.

But will the Great Eastern succeed? The journey to Portland indicates very clearly that she will. What was she designed for? To carry a certain quantity of coal, to move at a certain speed, to maintain a certain degree of steadiness at sea, and to accommodate a certain quantity of cargo, and a certain number of passengers. The carrying of coal, cargo, and passengers is so simple a matter of calculation, that we have a right to assume she is all that can be desired in this respect. As to speed and steadiness, the late trip was most promising. With engines at half-speed she attained, as I have said, from twelve to thirteen knots an hour; and there is but little doubt, therefore, that with engines at full speed she will much more than reach the speed of fifteen knots, which is all that her builder predicted or claimed for her. If her screw-engines prove themselves capable of working up to the highest speeds required of them, eighteen or even twenty miles may possibly be "got out of her." As to steadiness, I must correct a false impression which has gone abroad. It has been said that when the wheel-lines were carried away, off Beachy Head, she rolled and pitched very considerably: this is an exaggeration. She moved sensibly, no doubt; but the movement was very slow, and really slight—altogether insufficient to argue anything against

her general steadiness at sea. That she will be susceptible to motion in very long seas is certain; but that she will counteract all the worst evils of sea-voyaging, in so far as personal discomfort is concerned, seems to be equally unquestionable.

The late explosion on board the ship has put all considerations respecting her strength beyond question. No conceivable event could have thrown stronger light on this subject. An occurrence which would have rent an ordinary ship asunder, left her to proceed on her voyage absolutely unharmed, in so far as her hull is concerned. Such a circumstance must of necessity engender great confidence in her; for, after all, in committing ourselves to the seas, the prime element of security is strength in the structure in which we embark.

The Great Eastern must, however, be fairly dealt with. Let her not be trifled with. Let her water-tight bulkheads be made water-tight; let her yards have sails bent upon them; let her captain have a crew to handle her at his will; let her wheel-lines, and all other parts of her equipment, be of the right material; let her machinery be placed under the care of a sufficiently large and well-organised staff of engineers; let, in short, the ideas of her designers and builders be faithfully carried out in all respects, and then commercial success will be secured. It will be easy enough for the directors to persuade themselves that many of these things may be deferred, and the ship taken from this place to that, and from that to another, in her present imperfect condition. But public confidence is the indispensable basis of commercial success, and public confidence cannot possibly be gained while the ship is in her present state.

It would not, perhaps, be requiring too much should we ask for the ship now to be delivered up to the captain, and for the directors and their friends to become his guests, and therefore subject to his wishes. The Great Eastern is no longer a mere commercial-man's hobby, or a Londoners' exhibition; she is a ship, and henceforth must be managed and commanded as a ship should be. Until this is done no good can come of her.

E. J. REED.

THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PLUM-COLOURED COAT.

CHAPTER I.

My aunt was the centre of an aureola of good report. She was rumoured to be rich. I was strenuously bidden never to forget this fact, and to be accordingly unremitting in my attention to her. "A widow and without a family," exclaimed all my well-wishers; "what is she to do with her money if she does not leave it to her most respectful and respectable of nephews?"

My aunt resided in a quarter of the town which was fashionable about say a century ago;—for Fashion is a vagrant deity, enjoying the rites of her altars not as freeholds in perpetuity, but on leasehold tenures for very short terms of years. Commerce and Poverty are the bailiffs that ceaselessly dog her footsteps, distract upon her chattels, and eject her from her possessions. Yet the

neighbourhood in which my aunt abode, though Fashion had long since wandered miles away from it in pursuit of that aristocratic *ignis fatuus* called exclusiveness, had not suffered deeply in its respectability. The knockers, it is true, no longer trembled beneath the wrought-up energies of radiant footmen; the rumble of coronetted chariots, the shouts of loud-lunged linkmen no longer roused the echoes of the streets, but Trade as yet held aloof—a Damocles sword hanging over the doomed district. Shops had not yet commenced to disturb façades and abolish parlours. The symptoms of fall were unmistakable. The professions had made large inroads on the place. Law and medicine had firmly fixed themselves. Art had been cutting up the first-floor windows. Charity and science were converting the larger mansions into hospitals and institutions. But the Deluge had not yet come. My aunt was secure in the respectability and repose of Abigail Place, Masham Square, in the W.C. district of the Post Office.

When I mention repose, I would have the word understood in a qualified way. For though the vested interests of a century were respected, and the inhabitants were still at liberty to maintain posts, chains, and gates to ward off the profane vulgar, prevent the desecrating influence of cabs and carts, and generally establish as many obstacles and inconveniences to public comfort as was any way practicable—for though “No thoroughfare” was inscribed in every direction, till the streets got quit rusty and mildewed from want of use, and fringes of dank grass bedecked the paving-stones—for though a beadle was instituted and salaried for the proper preservation of order and quiet—still the repose of the place was subject to severe and degrading invasion. For alas! the beadle!—how changed from that beadle formerly governing the quietude of Abigail Place, Masham Square!—was a little withered old man in a faded uniform, off which the gold trimmings had melted like the glories of yesterday’s sunset. The coat he was doomed to wear had evidently in its first construction been planned for a much larger person. He was poor and feeble, quite incapable of the martial air and over-swelling dignity proper to the British beadle. He suffered from cold in the head, both chronic and acute in its attacks, and in defiance of all regulation proprieties would insist on disfiguring his uniform by sweltering his chin and neck in a long and many-hued comforter terminating in worsted balls that swayed and bobbed about before him like parti-colored pippins in a high wind. The former beadle’s massive staff of office which seemed to have effervesced and burst out at the top in a large brazen bubble, had degenerated in the hands of the existing functionary into a simple bamboo, price one halfpenny. Could such a man so armed hope to make head against the army of boys that resorted to Abigail Place for “fly the garter,” “hop-scotch,” and “three-hole” purposes? Was he not rather a byeword and a reproach amongst those intrepid juvenilities? Could he turn the assaults of grinning, white-teethed, olive-faced organ-men with performing monkeys, depressing comic singers, and “la perche” and “globe rou-

lant” acrobats in faded fleshings? It was not to be expected of him. He acquiesced in his destiny. He let the peace of Abigail Place take care of itself. If inwardly he lamented the decadence of his official functions, he outwardly betrayed no emotion save a lively appreciation of the Prince of Orange public-house, and the joys to be there purchased at economical cost.

My aunt lived in the old bow-windowed house, No. 6, in Abigail Place.

She was an elderly lady, tall and thin, with large gaunt features and light grey eyes, stony and staring in effect. Something of a yellow tone prevailed in her general aspect from her pale sallow complexion and her persistence in wearing, no matter the season of the year, an Indian shawl of a tawny saffron colour. Her long thin hands were always clothed with black lace mittens, through the interstices of which various jewelled rings sparkled hazily. Stiff ringlets of a dead black hue were coiled upon each side of her forehead, and confined in a manner that fostered suspicion as to their genuineness by a black velvet band from which a large garnet set in dull gold dangled on her forehead. My aunt’s occupations were few. She seldom stirred out of the house, but generally sat all the day through on a large sofa by the fire in her front parlour, with her tawny mantle on her shoulders, her jewel on her forehead—a strange combination of the turban and the nightcap on her head—employed in knitting with her thin black mittened-hands, and with wooden needles of vast calibre, very strong and coarse comforters, the wool-ball in an enclosed basket at her feet, rolling and leaping about as the work required it, unwinding like a desperately active rat in a wire cage. Occasionally, too, she executed another species of work which rendered it necessary that she should insert her foot in a stirrup and go bowing and jogging on as though she were engaged in equestrian exercise of a prolonged and energetic character. The destination of my aunt’s work no one ever knew. As soon as one comforter was completed another was commenced, and by a curious inconsistency, the hotter the weather the more zealously my aunt seemed to employ herself in the manufacture of extra strong and thick comforters. Occasionally she left her seat to move to the window, and negative by severe shakings of her head the petitions of pertinacious beggars or obstinate organ-men. And now and then she indulged herself in a promenade up and down her small sitting-room, always walking very upright and joining her hands behind her in quite a quarter-deck commanding officer sort of way. But her love of exercise was not strong, and she was more frequently to be found sitting on the sofa by the fire, knitting to the musical purring of a fat black and white cat with a pink nose, the very feline incarnation of luxurious content and selfish enjoyment.

My aunt had a favourite and confidential servant named Willis, who had lived with her for about thirty years; and, probably from this cause and from being invested and attired in many articles weeded from my aunt’s wardrobe, had acquired no inconsiderable resemblance to her. She was some years younger and stouter, and

more active; but she also wore hair of dense blackness, festooned on her forehead, though unbound by a jewelled fillet. She also assumed at times much of my aunt's rigid and severe expression; wore on her head a fabric of wire and muslin, in which some type of Orientalism was traceable, and which she called a "turbot," and rejoiced in black mittens on her hands, though of a less open and heavier material. Her respect for my aunt amounted to veneration. Her care and attention were unremitting; and my aunt rewarded the fidelity of her companion by admitting her to closer terms of intimacy and friendship than are usual between mistress and servant. Her regard for my aunt Willis also, though in a less degree, extended to her relatives. I know that I often received at her hands an amount of homage that was almost embarrassing.

It was a peculiarity shared by my aunt and Willis to clothe me with a youthfulness which was really inappropriate. My aunt invariably addressed me as "child," and Willis always preferred to give me the prefix of "master" in lieu of the more mature "mister," to which my years very fairly entitled me.

"Willis, take the child's hat," said my aunt, whenever I called to pay my respects and inquire after her health. She never rose from her seat, but always nodded her head in a severely kind way, and held out a thin cold finger for me to shake.

"I hope you're quite well, Master ——?" inquired Willis, in a friendly, patronising way. It was wonderful with what a schoolboy feeling I became possessed. It always seemed as likely as not that they would on some occasion invite me to spin a top, or would produce a rocking-horse for my delectation, or promise me a feast of sugared bread-and-butter if I would recite, without missing a word, "The Boy stood on the burning deck," or "My name is Norval." I know my aunt maintained a habit of furtively "tipping" me with bright silver coins long after I was eight-and-twenty years of age.

"How you *do* grow, Master ——," Willis would go on, goodnaturedly; "quite out of all knowledge."

If she meant old, she was tolerably correct, but if, as I believe, she alluded to my height, it was a singular observation, since for many a long day no inch had been added to my stature.

I generally called upon my aunt in the evening.

Our conversation was not very well sustained. It seldom comprised more than a discussion on the weather, my aunt always maintaining that the seasons had quite changed since she was my age, with occasional digressions as to the progress of my aunt's knitting achievements, and the state of health of the black-and-white cat with the pink nose. At eight o'clock my aunt always put away her work, folded her hands before her, placed her feet upon the fender,—she had a fire nearly all the year round,—and sat quite still for nearly half an hour. She was not asleep; but she kept her eyes fixed on the clock over the mantelpiece. I remember that dial well; it was a curious piece of French ingenuity that did not keep very correct time, and represented the figure of a

harlequin in a loose patchwork suit and black mask carrying on his back a large drum, the side of which formed the face of the clock. It was hemmed in by a variety of grotesque china ornaments, terminating at either end of the shelf in a green dog in a gold collar,—an animal of unnatural and surpassing hideousness. My aunt watched the clock until it chirped the half-hour: she then rang the bell.

"Tea, Willis."

Soon after Willis entered with a large urn, something of the funeral form seen in cemeteries, and with large rings at the side by which to carry it: it only wanted a weeping willow over it to complete an admirable sign for a mourning shop. The teapot was a large china vessel, with a remarkable sort of basket suspended from its spout for filtering purposes. My aunt poured hot water into the pot with great solemnity. I know I always,—I suppose for want of better occupation,—watched the operation with considerable interest. I counted the number of spoonfuls of tea put into the pot: one for my aunt, I thought,—one for me,—one for the pot,—and one—who was the fourth for? I always wondered, for she always put four in; and then I always noticed that three cups had been brought up;—two of a neat ordinary pattern for my aunt and myself, and a third of much more elaborate design, richly gilded, and pictured over with glowing rosebuds and festoons of green vine-leaves and golden grapes. Who was this cup for? The process of brewing the tea was one of some duration. My aunt turned her eyes to the clock at every pause in the proceeding. It was nine o'clock by the time the tea was ready for outpouring. As the clock struck my aunt rang the bell again.

"Well, Willis?" my aunt said, inquiringly: Willis wore a vague mysterious look.

"It's nine and past," she said.

"Yes!" My aunt heaved a deep sigh.

"He'll hardly be here now," Willis continued.

"No." My aunt looked very sad indeed. Willis shook her head strangely and solemnly.

"He must know by this time," said my aunt.

"Of course he does," Willis answered, "unless—"

"Unless what?" My aunt looked up eagerly.

"Unless he's gone to the north-east." Willis spoke in a low voice.

"Or to the south-east." My aunt bowed her head in a mournful way.

"Ay, or to the north-west," Willis went on.

"Or to the south-west." My aunt hid her face in her handkerchief. The minute-hand on the harlequin's drum was stealing on to the quarter-past. My aunt roused herself.

"I should never forgive myself, if he were to come and find us unprepared for him."

Willis seemed to think the consequences of such a contingency would be utterly terrible.

"You had better go to the corner, Willis, and look out."

"Certainly."

And Willis left the room, and I could hear her go out into the street. My aunt did not speak or move, or take the slightest notice of my presence: she kept her gaze fixed to the clock. In a few

minutes Willis returned. My aunt turned towards her anxiously; but the expression on Willis's countenance seemed to be a sufficient answer.

"He'll not come now," said my aunt.

"I think not."

"And the night's fine?"

"Very fine."

"Not too cold?"

"No, not too cold."

"I'm 'glad of that. Thank you, Willis: that will do, Willis. Put coal on; Willis. Elder wine at ten o'clock, Willis."

And then my aunt poured out the tea.

What did this mean?

The same formula went on each time I paid my evening visit to my aunt. The same interchange of looks and words; the same question and reply; the same doubts about the north and south-east, the north and south-west; the same going out into the street; the same gazing at the clock; the same return alone of Willis, and observations upon the weather. What did it all mean? This was my aunt's mystery. In vain I sought some explanation of the enigma; in vain I tried to dissipate the clouds about it by some reasonable solution; in vain I put the case to my friends, and besought their views in regard to it. I was only recommended to boldly inquire of my aunt. I was a long time before I could make up my mind to adopt this course. At length human patience could survive it no longer.

"Whom do you expect, aunt?" I boldly broke out with one evening, after a more than usually provoking performance of the mystery.

"Hush, Master——" cried Willis, with a frightened gesture.

"Children shouldn't ask questions," said my aunt grimly, and with a petrified look about her eyes. She was seriously offended: she did not speak to me again that evening. At ten o'clock she took her usual refreshment of a glass of hot ink-looking elder wine, and a stick of dry toast, and then was led away to bed by Willis.

I never dared to repeat the inquiry. People said my aunt was mad,—“had a loose slate,” was the expression; and satisfied themselves with that explanation, but it never satisfied me. That some fixed notion absorbed her, that her whole faculties were concentrated upon one particular idea seemed likely. Yet this, “though it lacked form a little, was not like madness.”

II.

To reach the root of an old tree one must dig down very deep.

To arrive at the commencement of my aunt's mystery, I have to turn back a good many pages of Time's chronicles.

I have to revert to days when those extinct marvels called Tory gentlemen, over deep glasses of fiery Port, held “Boney” in stinging derision; when an elderly prince, corpulently *débonnaire*, with a strong feeling for auburn wigs and massive, balustrade-like calves, swayed the destiny of Britain as deputy for a more elderly king, whom mental embarrassment had constrained to retire from the business; when Lawrence was painting glittering-eyed, carmine-lipped, satin-skinned wo-

men; when Canova was chiselling florescent compromises between the antique nymph and the modern flirt; when Byron was dropping at intervals his red-hot shells of poems upon amazed London.

It is not with London that I have to deal, however: but with the classic city founded by Bladud, Son of Lud Hudibras, Eighth King of the Britons,—with Bath, of hot-spring and pump-room fame, shining fair and clean amid its hills, like a lump of white sugar in a green cup.

There is quite a blazing forest of wax-candles in the Assembly Room, rapidly filling with a most distinguished company. The clatter of dance-music rings through the elegant *salon*, making the very glass beads of the chandeliers jump and click themselves together. The master of the ceremonies is in the extremeest agonies of his office. He shuffles and deals out the company like a conjuror with his cards, never once loses sight of the more eligible or trumps, and winning all sorts of odd tricks by his adroitness and sleight of hand.

I desire to point out a young lady making her *début* at this ball. She is tall and alight, not ungraceful. She is not beautiful, but attractive from her amiable, subdued, rather shy expression. Her attire is in the mode of the day; the dress scanty in quantity, and peculiar in form,—“gored,” I believe to be the correct term for the breadth of a dress cut narrower at the top than at the bottom of the skirt. Globular puffs of muslin form the sleeves of the frock, and white kid gloves, almost as long as stockings, enclose her arms. She carries a very small fan, and wears a short waist, girded by a bright-coloured sash, tied in a bow at the back, and flowing off into streamers, like a duplex blue-peter floating from the fore. Her head appears to be regarded rather as a foundation for further height, than as the capital of the human figure. There is quite a square half-foot of tortoiseshell erected on her crown, and from this arise elaborate plaits of hair, bunches of ribbon, and garlands of very small daisies. Cataracts of small crisp curls gush on to her temples: long gold drops depend from her ears and strings of coral beads set off the white of her neck. The dress is short enough to display amply very neat feet and ankles, in open-work net stockings and white satin sandals ingeniously tied with many cross-foldings. The effect of such a costume in a modern ball-room would be, perhaps, a little startling: at the period I refer to it was most modestly *en règle*.

She was timid and shy: it was her first ball. From a quiet country-house in the most retired part of Somersetshire she had been transplanted into the festive city of Bath, and she found the air a little overcharged and feverish, a little over-scented with pommade, a little deficient in freshness altogether. And a great difficulty was startling her mind as it was disturbing the discriminations of very many respectable people in those days—for it was a serious, earnest, vital question; accordingly as the young lady made answer was her fate to be decided, she was to be either banned as a prude, or launched as a coquette. And this was the question. *Was waltzing proper?* There was no escape from giving a reply. The thing must be

classified under one or other of those very English divisions,—it was “proper,” or it was “shocking!”

The young lady was much moved by this question. She had fairly walked into the Rubicon, but could not make up her mind whether she should cross over or walk back again. She had learnt the step, but then she had only performed the dance with other young ladies fair, shy, and trembling like herself. She had not yet yielded her waist to the arm of the male waltzer. Should she now submit? The question could be no longer begged, for the stupendous master of the ceremonies was approaching and leading towards her a gentleman, evidently a dancer, and the orchestra had struck up that defunct air “Lieber Augustin,” one of the first waltzes imported. I shall not attempt to describe further the master of the ceremonies; for though but a dim representative of that renowned Beau Nash whose sceptre he swayed, I feel that so great a subject cannot fittingly be treated episodically. I turn therefore to the gentleman who is being pioneered so dexterously through the crowded throngs of the ball-room.

It was rather a transitional period. “The blood,” was dying out—the fighting, strong, swaggering, hard-headed, muscular blood was fairly going out of fashion. “The swell” was not born or thought of, being entirely of a nobility of recent creation. There were the interim stages of the “buck” and the “dandy.” Effeminacy was the vogue, inanity the ruling mode. Gentlemen boasted of their weak nerves, interchanged vapid Brummelisms, padded their limbs and shoulders, plastered curls on their foreheads, even to their eyebrows, splashed about *Eau de Cologne* to keep off the odour of “low people,” wore stays, and bragged as having done a daring coarse thing, that they “had once eat a pea!” The man of fashion of that day was not altogether a thing to be very highly respected.

The gentleman in the care of the master of the ceremonies was an average specimen of his class. He was as good-looking, according to the modern views, as his costume would permit him to be. “Knees and silks” were becoming the peculiar properties of the professions and of old gentlemen. Pantaloon_s were the intermediate step to the

trousers of to-day. Necks were worn long and muslined and buckramed to a point that seemed to put life in peril. The bow of the neck-tie was a thing on which to stake a reputation—to accomplish, and then die. Waists were short, and heavy watch-chains hung from the fob-pockets, weighted with bunches of massive seals and keys. Pumps were the fashion, with ribbed silk stockings. A luxuriant foliage of frilling flourished upon the bosom, and violet-hued waistcoats were worn with false collars of supposititious other waistcoats appearing above the genuine. The gentleman I am referring to wore a bright green silk “vest,” crowned by a collar of red and then a collar of white. His coat was long, narrow, and pointed at the tails,—very tight in its sleeves, very



rolling in its collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It was decorated with gilt basket-buttons, and its colour was plum—a vivid and fruity plum.

The lady, speechless and trembling, hardly knowing what she did, yielded to the entreaties of the master of the ceremonies—to the polite application of the gentleman. In a sort of unconscious way she stood up to join in the dance. The gentleman appreciating her trouble and diffidence, considerably zoned her waist with his arm in a firm decided manner, and they started off on their revolving exploit. They succeeded, for they were both excellent dancers. The room paused to witness their wonderful circling career. There was a loud buzz of “admirable!” Only a few severe ladies, with strong prejudices in

favour of the "Gavotte," "Sir Roger," and "The Tanb" growled out lowly, but intensely, "Shocking!" The master of the ceremonies condescended to congratulate the dancers on their triumph. Such a thing was almost without precedent.

Between the lady and the gentleman, however, little conversation passed, for dancing and talking are not altogether compatible. Once he asked her if she would take some negus; once he admired her fan; once he inquired if she didn't think the room hot; and when they parted for the evening he muttered an incomplete sentence, something about his regret that an acquaintance so delightfully begun should cease so suddenly, and that if the devotion of a life—; but here a lurch in the crush-room snapped the sense of the observation, and parted the lady and gentleman. He jerked out, "Too-bad, 'pon honor!" put his quizzing-glass to his eye, and went to look out for some more supper,—for romance only defers, it does not satiate the appetite.

The lady went home, and in due time sunk back into her retired country life. She always thought of her evening in the Bath ball-room, as one of the most important events in her life; she often dreamt of her partner the gentleman in the plum-coloured coat; she was never tired of talking of him. Often she dwelt upon the delights of her first waltz; often she looked in subsequent ball-rooms for that exquisite partner in the plum-coloured coat. She made all sorts of inquiries about him; sought to ascertain his name—his place of abode—but not successfully. She was unable to fix upon him any more definite title than that of the gentleman in the plum-coloured coat.

After a lapse of some years the young lady was sought in marriage, and duly led to the altar by a gentleman returned from the East Indies with the reputation of being "a nabob." Her heart was not greatly in the business; but with that of course nobody had anything to do. The nabob was not of a very amiable disposition, and did not treat his wife too tenderly; he was a violent, turgid, cruel man, with no thought but for himself. The kindest action he ever performed towards his poor frightened wife was when, thirty-five years after his marriage, he made her his widow, and was interred with extraordinary pomp in the vaults of Marylebone Church.

The widow bore her bereavement like King Claudius, "with wisest sorrow;" she sold off a great deal of her large cumbersome furniture, and with the rest, and a faithful old servant who had been with her almost from her marriage, and who, as the reader will have inferred, bore the name of Willis, settled down in a quiet and respectable street known as Abigail Place, Masham Square, W.C.

III.

ONE day I had seen the formula of the mystery for the last time. My poor old aunt, in a quiet, painless illness, had passed away. Willis was in very great distress.

"Ah! Master —, she was the kindest, truest, goodest mistress that ever was." Willis sobbed

piteously. "I shall never find such another; never—never! Poor soul, it's a comfort to think that she didn't want for nothing. It's a consolation to reflect on, that is. Her wants weren't many, but she had them all supplied."

A thought occurred to me.

"Not all," I said.

Willis looked up inquiringly through her tears.

"He didn't come."

Willis started, and turned quite pale.

"O Master —, how did you know anything about it?"

"I know all," I said.

It was a shameful artifice. I assumed a mysterious, solemn, and meaning air that quite imposed upon Willis, and led her on to forgetting her sorrows in conversation. Gradually the narrative of the Bath ball-room came from her. On the particulars gathered from Willis I have founded that portion of my story. As the reader has no doubt conjectured, the lady who waltzed with the gentleman in the plum-coloured coat was my aunt.

"Ah, Master —," Willis went on shaking her head to and fro, pathetically, "my poor mistress had a sad time of it. Her late husband was a hard, hard man. He'd been accustomed to such slave-driving ways in the Ingies, he couldn't treat a simple English lady properly. My poor Mistress was often very sad and wretched about him, and sat alone, and thought and cried over her young days and how quiet and happy they were, and often she talked of the ball at Bath, and her dancing, and her partner there. And then five years after my master died she had a long, long illness, and her head was a good bit troubled; and when she recovered, which wasn't for ever so long, she got to rambling back to her young times more than ever, and her memory was touched like, and she could only recollect the things which happened quite far back. Then she would be always talking of the Bath gentleman, and she got it fixed in her mind that she should meet him again even yet; and that now she was free again, he would make her an offer of his hand, in pledge of the devotion of a life, and they would be married and happy at last. She got to be for ever talking of this, and wanting to make fresh inquiries, and try and find him out. At last old Mrs. Luff came here one day to do some charring work, and she was full of a wise-woman living next door to her in Brooker's Buildings.

"A what?"

"A wise-woman—a good woman some calls them—who knew everything, could do all sorts of conjuring tricks, tell you all you'd done, bless you, in the whole course of your life, and predict the future by looking in teacups and spreading out packs of cards. Well my mistress heard of this, and at last made up her mind to see the woman and try if she could tell where the gentleman was to be found. Well they had long consultations, and my mistress gave the woman all sorts of things to work the spells with as she called it;—now it was cold meat, now it was gowns, now stout, now bonnets, and now it was one of every coin of the realm, to be left on the door-step at the full moon and to be gone by the morning—took by

the spirits, she said. Well, at last she gave her prediction.—It was about time, for it had cost ever so much money. She said that my mistress and the gentleman would be sure to meet again, and would be happy; that the gentleman was travelling, but the stars wouldn't quite tell her where; that he must be written to, and that as it stood to reason he must be either in the north, south, east, or west, four letters must be sent so addressed, and one would be sure to reach him."

"And my aunt wrote?"

"Yes, Master —; she wrote four letters: they were all alike. She kept a copy of what she wrote; I know where to find it—I'll show it to you."

She produced a sheet of note-paper, written upon in my aunt's cramped irregular writing. The letter ran thus:—

DEAR SIR,—Many years ago you may remember meeting the present writer at a ball at Bath. I wore a lace frock over white silk, with a blue sash. You were dressed in a green waistcoat and a plum-coloured coat. I have been married, but my husband is dead, and I am now free again. Pray come and see me. There is nothing now to prevent our union.

Your affectionate,

SARAH ARABELLA.

P.S.—I address this from the house with the bow-window. Recollect this, please, as there are four number sixes.

There was no date, nor was the address given, and my aunt had apparently only signed her christian names.

"How were the letters directed?"

"Simply 'To the Gentleman in the Plum-coloured Coat, North, South, East, West.'"

"Well?"

"Well, we were to post the letters at the most distant London post-offices we could find. My mistress hired a fly and went round posting her letters. One was put in at Camberwell, one at Islington, one at Kensington, and one in White-chapel. The wise-woman was told of this, and said we had done quite right. My mistress then gave her her sable boa and muff, and she then predicted that the gentleman would arrive in a very few days, and that he would appear precisely at teatime, at nine o'clock."

"He didn't come?"

"He didn't, indeed, Master —! But my mistress was always expecting him. When after a few weeks she got tired a little, she sent again to the wise-woman to try and learn more about him. But the woman had left the neighbourhood suddenly, and we couldn't find out where she had moved to. Then we had a great talking over of the matter, and my mistress wouldn't give up that he would come yet, but was only frightened about his having gone to the north-east or north-west, or to the south-east or south-west, and so not got the letters. So she expected him, and made tea for him, and waited, and sent me out to look for him every night, poor thing, right up to her death last Tuesday."

"And did you expect him, Willis?"

"Well, Master —! what with the wise-woman and my mistress and the incessant talking about

him and the perpetual wondering whether and when he'd come, I got to think of it at last, as all true and likely, and to actually believe that he would come. Ah! it's a sad business to think that she should have died and not seen him again after all! Poor soul! poor soul!"

And Willis gave way again to her tears.

My aunt's mystery was explained.

Her mind, never very strong, in the last year of her life still further weakened by wear, and shattered and crazed by grief and illness, had strayed back to the one happy passage in her rather dull and doleful life, and clung to it with a tenacity which only death could relax. The desire to meet again her first waltz partner had swelled and ripened into a confirmed monomania.

I never read in the newspapers of a fortune-teller taken up for swindling but I think of the wise-woman who preyed upon my aunt, and trust that the worthy magistrate will deal out the law with the utmost rigour. I never see a stout old gentleman, curly in wig and hat-rim, tight in his girths, and with a general savour of the Regency buck about him, decking the window of a St. James's Street club, or taking very cautious promenades in Pall Mall, but I ask myself whether it is possible he could have been the gentleman who wore the plum-coloured coat and waltzed with my aunt at the Bath ball in 18—.

I may mention that my aunt's wealth had been the subject of a grievous exaggeration. The nabob had played highly, and at his death left his widow little more than a comfortable annuity, which died with her. Of her savings, however, there was enough to secure a small pension for the faithful Willis. All that I received—at any rate, all that I now possess—of my aunt's property is comprised in my chimney-decorations: the French harlequin with the drum-clock and the hideous green china dogs. DUTTON COOK.

THE PEIHO, 1859.

THERE comes a wailing on the breeze—
The wild, sharp death-cry of the slain;
The hard-wrung groan of mortal pain
Floats homeward o'er the eastern seas.

And the last prayer of manly pride
Rings o'er the tumult of the guns—
"Oh! call us not unworthy sons;
We might not conquer, but we died."

Fear not, ye hearts of lion race;
For you the pitying tear shall be,
For you the meed of gallantry,
But not a whisper of disgrace.

The memory of the hero chief
Twice smitten to the reeking deck,
Who bore his flag from wreck to wreck,
Shall mingle proudly with our grief.

And over every fallen son]
England shall in the after age
Write on the melancholy page,
No battle lost, but murder done!

EDMUND BOGGER, M.A.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.



"COME, then, read it to me, prithee. I am wearying for it."

"The first words are, 'To my honoured parents.'"

"Ay! and he always did honour us, poor soul."

"God and the saints have you in his holy keeping, and bless you by night and by day. Your one harsh deed is forgotten; your years of love remembered."

Catherine laid her hand on her bosom, and sank back in her chair with one heart-broken sob.

"Then comes this, madam. It speaks for itself. 'A long adieu.'"

"Ay, go on, bless you, girl; you give me sorry comfort. Still, 'tis comfort."

"To my brothers Cornelis and Sybrandt:—Be content. You will see me no more!"

"What does that mean? Ah! has he seen what I have: or more?"

"To my sister Kate. Little angel of my father's house. Be kind to her—' Ah! "

"That is Margaret Brandt, my dear,—his sweet-

heart, poor soul. I've not been kind to her. Forgive me, Gerard!"

"—for poor Gerard's sake: since grief to her is death—to-me—' Ah!" And nature, resenting the poor girl's struggle for unnatural composure, suddenly gave way, and she sank from her chair and lay insensible, with her head on Catherine's knees.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EXPERIENCED women are not frightened when a woman faints, nor do they hastily attribute it to anything but those physical causes which they have often seen produce it. Catherine bustled about; laid the girl down with her head on the floor quite flat, opened the window, and unloosed her dress as she lay. Not till she had done all this did she step to the door and say, rather loudly:

"Come here, if you please."

Margaret Van Eyck and Richt came and found Margaret lying quite flat, and Catherine beating her hands.

"Oh, my poor girl! What has happened?"

"Nothing, madam; nothing more than is natural in her situation."

"My poor Margaret!"

"Margaret? What, not Margaret Brandt?"

"Yes! this is the poor girl you are so bitter against. She is coming to, thank Heaven."

"Me bitter? Well, so I was; but my heart is turned towards her somehow, as if she was my own child—all in one moment. What, sweetheart? Be not frightened, none are here but friends. And to think of my setting her to read me the letter—poor thing!"

They seated her in an easy chair. As the colour was creeping back to her face and lips, Catherine drew Margaret Van Eyck aside.

"I would not let her go home to-night."

To enforce this she whispered a few words. Margaret Van Eyck started at them, and without going out of a whisper, went into a passion.

"It's false! it is a calumny! it is monstrous! Look at her face. It is blasphemy to accuse such a face."

"Tut! tut! tut!" said the other, "you might as well say this is not my hand. I ought to know. I have had a dozen, besides the numbers I have seen. I tell ye it is so."

And much to Margaret Van Eyck's surprise she went up to the girl, and, taking her round the neck, kissed her warmly. "I suffered for Gerard, and you shed your blood for him I do hear: his own words show me I have been to blame. I've held aloof from you. But I'll make it up to you once I begin. You are my daughter from this hour."

Another warm embrace sealed this hasty compact, and the woman of impulse was gone.

Margaret lay back in her chair, and a feeble smile stole over her face. Gerard's mother had kissed her and called her daughter; but the next moment she saw her old friend looking at her with a solemnity and sadness that were quite new.

She slid from her chair to her knees, and prayed piteously to the old dame for pardon. From the words and the manner of her penitence a bystander would have gathered she had inflicted some cruel wrong, and intolerable insult, upon her venerable friend.

The little party at the hosier's house sat at table discussing the recent event, when their mother returned, and casting a piercing glance all round the little circle, laid the letter flat on the table. She repeated every word of it, following the lines with her finger. Then, suddenly lifting her head, she cast another keen look on Cornelis and Sybrandt: their eyes fell.

Then the storm that had long been brewing burst on their heads.

Catherine seemed to swell like an angry hen ruffling her feathers, and out of her mouth came a Rhone and Saone of wisdom and twaddle, of great and mean invective, such as no male that ever was born could utter in one current; and not many women!

"I have long had my doubts that you blew the flame betwixt Gerard and your father, and set that old rogue, Ghysbrecht, on. And now

here are Gerard's own written words to prove it. You have driven your own flesh and blood into a far land, and robbed the mother that bore you of her darling, the pride of her eye, the joy of her heart. But you are all of a piece from end to end. When you were all boys together, my others were a comfort; but you were a curse: mischievous and sly; and it took a woman half her day to keep your clothes whole: for why? work wears cloth, but play cuts it. With the beard comes prudence: but none came to you: still the last to go to bed, and the last to leave it; and why? because honesty goes to bed early, and industry rises betimes. Where there are two lie-abeds in a house there are a pair of ne'er-do-weels. Often I've sat and looked at your ways, and wondered where you came from: you don't take after your father, and you are no more like me than a wasp is to an ant; sure you were changed in the cradle, or the cuckoo dropped ye on my floor: for you have not our hands, nor our hearts: of all my blood none but you ever jeered them that God afflicted; but often when my back was turned I've heard you mock at Giles, because he is not so big as some; and at my lily Kate (that is poor, dear Gerard's word), because she is not so strong as a Flanders mare. After that rob a church an you will! for you can be no worse in his eyes that made both Kate and Giles, and in mine that suffered for them, poor darlings, as I did for you, you paltry, unfeeling, treasonable curs! No I will not hush, my daughter; they have filled the cup too full. It takes a deal to turn a mother's heart against the sons she has nursed upon her knees; and many is the time I have winked and wouldn't see too much, and bitten my tongue, lest their father should know them as I do; he would have put them to the door that moment. But now they have filled the cup too full. And where got ye all this money? You never wrought for it. I wish I may never hear from other mouths how ye got it. Sloth and greed are ill-mated, my masters. Lovers of money must sweat or steal. Well, if you robbed a traveller of it, it was some woman, I'll go bail; for a man would drive you with his naked hand. No matter; it is good for one thing. It has shown me how you will guide our gear if ever it comes to be yours. I have watched you, my lads, this while. You have spent a groat a-day between you. And I spend scarce a groat a week, and keep you all, good and bad. No! give up waiting for the shoes that will may be walk behind your coffin; for this shop and this house shall never be yours. Gerard is our heir: poor Gerard whom you have banished and done your best to kill; never call me mother again! But you have made him tenfold dearer to me. My poor lost boy! I shall soon see him again; shall hold him in my arms, and set him on my knees. Oh, you may stare! You are too clever, and yet not clever enough. You cut the stalk away; but you left the seed—the seed that shall outgrow you, and outlive you. Margaret Brandt is quick, and it is Gerard's, and what is Gerard's is mine; and I have prayed the saints it may be a boy: and it will—it must. Oh, Kate,

when I found it was so, my bowels yearned over her child unborn as if it had been my own. He is our heir. He will outlive us. You will not. For a bad heart in a carcass is like the worm in a nut,—soon brings the body to dust. So, Kate, take down Gerard's bib and tucker that are in the drawer you wot of, and to-morrow we will carry them to Sevenbergen. We will borrow Peter Buyskens' cart and go comfort Gerard's wife under her burden. She is his wife. Who is Ghysbrecht Van Swieten? Can he come between a couple and the altar, and sunder those that God and the priest make one. She is my daughter, and I am as proud of her as I am of you, Kate; and as for you, keep out of my way awhile: for you are like the black dog in my eyes."

Cornelis and Sybrandt took the hint and slunk out, aching with remorse, and impenitence, and hate.

They kept out of her sight for days, and she never spoke to them again about their conduct. *Liberaverat animam suam.*

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GHYSBRECHT VAN SWIETEN heard no more of the black sheep for two days; then they came and produced the letter they had taken from Hans Memling before he leathered them; and claimed their reward. The drawer was opened, and in went their hands. Sybrandt had slyly glued his without telling Cornelis; for black sheep are not always loyal to one another. So some small coins stuck to the back of his hand, and he got more for his soul than his brother did. When they were gone Ghysbrecht opened the letter, and found, to his surprise, it was written by Margaret Brandt. In it the poor girl revealed her situation to her lover, and besought him tenderly to return and save her honour. Her love and her sorrow had found words so simple and touching that Ghysbrecht felt a deeper pang of remorse than ever, and cursed the hour he had fallen into the views of Cornelis and Sybrandt. But it was too late.

Hans was far away with the fatal letter to tell Gerard Margaret was dead.

While Ghysbrecht was in this state, he received a summons to answer a charge made against him by the bishop of the diocese, for entering a church profanely, and interrupting the sacrament of marriage by force and arms, without due authority.

The Curé of Sevenbergen was a mild man and had submitted to that insult; but he related it months afterwards to others of the clergy, and they took it up instantly with ardour and an *esprit du corps* that boded ill for the lay defendant. Soon the lawyers had their word, and after much discussion they settled it thus: that on a special and written authority from the father of the bride or bridegroom the magistrate might stop a marriage even at the altar, provided he did it decently, and *sine strepitu*, and in a certain form, viz., by a writ first delivered to the officiating priest; but that, on a general authority, he could do no act of such weight, this being an interference with the clergy in their proper function, and *in domicilio sancto*. On the above particulars a month was given Ghysbrecht to furnish evidence. But this decision was

in reality fatal to him. He had no written authority from Gerard senior. He had not done his act in the form by law prescribed, and by no means *sine strepitu*. Weighing this, and knowing from Martin Wittenhaagen that the Duke was prejudiced against him, he was deeply dejected. In which state a still heavier blow fell on him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GERARD, who had all his parents' economy, intended to make his pen defray the expenses of his journey. But when he got into Germany he found the art of printing universal, and so beautifully executed that he could not go beyond it. Besides,

Imprimit una dies quantum non scribitur anno.

He had the modesty and the sense to see that the best man can't buffet good machinery. He pushed on to Italy, afraid printing would get there before him. The Burgomaster's money enabled him to travel more quickly than most pedestrians, but when he got to Florence his funds had sadly dwindled. He found no printing to speak of at Florence, and a great demand for scribes.

But, alas! the run was mainly upon Greek MSS., and Gerard, though he knew the Greek character, had no skill to write it. But he set to work with a will and practised it. When he had at last mastered it, he thought he would prepare a specimen of his powers, surrounded with a border of fruit and leaves. Should he buy a fair piece of vellum to lay it on? No; he was Catherine's son: why buy what he had by him? that old deed was on fair vellum: it was dirty: but then he had a receipt for cleaning vellum. He laid the deed on the table, and took his knife to cut it in half, intending to glue the written faces of the two halves together, and so make a glorious solid sheet.

Now, as he bent over it, a word or two excited his curiosity. "Gently," said he, "let me not destroy it till I know what it is—it belongs to her."

Accordingly he read it, and, as he read it, his cheeks got hot, and his heart began to beat. When he had read it, he studied it, and, the more he studied it, the more sure he was that there was something much better to be done with it than copy Plutarch on it.

He sat reading and pondering it, and so absorbed that he missed the sight of a face from Holland. Hans Memling passed his little window twice, but Gerard never saw him.

At peep of day Gerard left Florence.

Friend and foe had shot at him with love and with hate, and each missed him alike. Neither Margaret's imploring cry to him to return reached him, nor did the false report of her death reach him, though it grazed so terribly near him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MARGARET stole away to Sevenbergen at peep of day. There she found the soldier had left her a long letter from Gerard. The thousand tender words of love filled her with joy. But the letter

was dated from Florence. The distance filled her with dismay.

"Oh, Gerard!" she cried, "why are you so far from me? What will become of me if you get not my letter? I shall die disgraced, for live ashamed I cannot."

Soon after breakfast Catherine came, true to her promise, and was so warm, so cheerful, and motherly, that she revived the drooping flower. Little Kate was unable to come. She was in more pain than usual. From this time the visits of Catherine were frequent. Margaret's despondent state caused her considerable anxiety. She never would come to Tergou, and indeed would not leave the house.

"I held my head too high," she said, "and now I can look no one in the face. The Dame Van Eyck tries to forgive me, but she cannot. How can she? None can save me but one, and he comes not. Well-a-day!"

"I tell you," said Catherine, "you are his wife, and my daughter; and don't ye go fretting now, for the sake of the precious burden you are trusted with."

But when it transpired publicly that the clergy were proceeding against Ghysbrecht, Catherine came to Sevenbergen, buoyant with the news; and as she told it with a fair share of exaggeration, it brought life into Margaret's pale face, for a moment or two.

One day, as Peter was reading and Margaret leaning her weary head on her new mother's bosom, and kissing her hand; and the kind Catherine leaning her head down with assumed cheerfulness, but secret anxiety, over this her pining daughter, so dear to her now; there stood in the door-way the figure of a man in rags, weary with travel, pale, large-eyed. Peter glanced off his book, and said:—

"Pass on, good man, we are too poor to give!" then back to his book again.

There was a swift rush, a staff rattled on the floor, and the worn man was on his knees with his arms round both the women, speechless and panting with joy.

"Ah! my darling! my darling!" cried his mother, as only a mother can cry; and Margaret clung tight to him with one long moan of love, and sobbed, and laughed, and wept upon his neck.

But words have not the power to paint a joy so sudden, so wild, so all overpowering.

An hour later, Gerard sat between the two, a hand of each in his hand, and ever and anon kissing a cheek of each alternately, as he told his story.

"Dear Gerard, 'twas my letter brought you?"

"No, Margaret. I got no letter. 'Twas this brought me, this deed which shows me your father is a wealthy man; his father's goods being wrongfully kept from him by Ghysbrecht Van Swieten. I only found it out at Florence. Was I to go on, and leave you in poverty, when I held this talisman to make you rich?"

"I am rich in your love. I ask no more. Oh, mother! can this be real? Can any woman be so happy and live?"

"Why not? What would she gain by dying? Gerard, you and I must talk about that deed: this one is too simple: and now quick to Tergou."

"Ay: but how can I leave Margaret so soon?"

"Mother, he loves me still! I'll come too, Gerard, sooner than the rest should want you."

And Margaret was half an hour making the little changes in her clothes and hair, that of late had not kept her five minutes.

And she came down transformed: elastic; and radiant with beauty.

"Good lack!" cried Catherine. "We shall want no candle with this one in the room."

And in Buyskens' cart went Gerard in rags to Tergou, with a dear hand in each of his; the happiest he in Holland.

Arrived at Tergou, his Spartan sire fell on his neck and kissed him, and no word was uttered but of love and content: and little Kate's face was seraphic, and her hand crept alternately into Margaret's and Gerard's.

And as they talked and sometimes sighed, sometimes rejoiced, over all their troubles now happily ended, their glistening eyes and nimble fingers were all busy making Gerard a suit of decent clothes. They hadn't far to go for the cloth.

Next day, when Gerard went to ask the Curé to marry him, the reverend father observed:—

"This has been discussed, and it is matter of great doubt whether you are not married. If so, it were a sin to repeat the ceremony: this were to throw doubt upon a sacrament."

Gerard exclaimed and entreated, and at last it was settled thus: No fresh banns; the words the Curé had uttered last not to be repeated; the service to be taken up from that point; the marriage to be registered as having taken place at the first attempt, Ghysbrecht's interruption having been laic, profane, illegal, null. On these terms, the Curé consented to read the rest of the mutilated service—and to take the fees.

The piece of parchment was a covenant by which Ghysbrecht had advanced money, many years ago, to Floris Brandt on the security of certain lands and houses, Ghysbrecht to draw the rents until said sum should be repaid; but, comparing the income with the debt and date of loan, it was clear it had been repaid this sixteen years, yet Ghysbrecht had quietly gone on holding the property without a rag of title-deed; and, trusting to the learned Peter's stupidity, had set it afloat that he had *bought* it of Floris Brandt. Thus, not only the property was Peter's, but the back rents for many years. As for the title-deeds, Gerard rummaged the philosopher's house without much hope. "He has cut them up for labels," said he. Unjust! they were detected innocuously lining a drawer which was full of the seeds of medicinal herbs, and really arranged with considerable method—the seeds.

Gerard's father was a shrewd man, and had many friends in Tergou. He and his party took the matter up, and threatened to indict Ghysbrecht if he did not instantly refund. These pressing him hard on one side, and the clergy, whom he had affronted, on the other, Ghysbrecht's ruin and disgrace impended. But the old fox

contrived to give his foes the slip. He was found dead in his bed one morning, not without some suspicion of having hastened an exit desirable for himself and others. His heir, a distant relative and a just man, deprecated scandal, and accounted to Peter, or rather to Gerard, his son-in-law and man of business, for every farthing due. Gerard and Margaret then removed to Rotterdam, taking with them Peter, who met with more honour in the city than in the village, and had the glory of curing several personages—among the rest a heathen belonging to the Duke. He lived to a great age, cherished tenderly by his good son and daughter. He soon ceased to be aware that they were not both his children by blood.

Gerard and Margaret, like many that meet in youth more than their share of trouble, enjoyed more happiness and tranquillity than fall to the usual lot of man.

The Duke, on the report of his giant, sent flaming messengers for Giles to come to court. Vain was all remonstrance. The Duke's word was law. Catherine made Giles ready, weeping bitterly. It was an irreparable loss. She could have spared Sybrandt or Cornelis: she had two black sheep; but she had but one dwarf.

Giles was petted and bedizened, and invested with privileges. Item: on account of his small size he was permitted to speak the truth. It sounded so odd at Court. It is a disagreeable thing at best; but he contrived to make it more so by bellowing it. Sybrandt achieved a broken neck without help of halter, I forget how. Cornelis, free from all rivals, and forgiven long ago by his mother, who clung to him more and more now all her brood was scattered, waited, and waited, and waited, for his parent's decease. But his mother's shrewd word came true: ere she and her mate wore out, this worthy rusted away. At sixty-five he lay dying of old age in his mother's arms a hale woman of eighty-six. He had lain unconscious a while; but came to himself *in articulo mortis*, and seeing her near him, told her how he would transmogrify the shop and premises as soon as they should be his. "Yes, my darling," said the poor old woman, soothingly; and in another minute he was clay. And that clay was followed to the grave by all the shoes he had waited for. After his death the old couple were lonely. Gerard guessed as much, and came for them, and made them sell their shop and goods, and live under his wing as he had once under theirs. His house was large, his heart was larger. He set them by his chimney-corner, and he and his good Margaret forced comforts on them they would by force of habit have denied themselves. They sat some years by Gerard's hearth, and fondled little heads, and smiled at one another, and spoke of early days; and grew like one another; and their wrinkled faces had still a beauty, for they shone with benignity: oh, happy end of lives well spent! All the passions gone; all the affections left. Good citizens they were, and good spouses; they reared many children in probity and piety, and never did holy wedlock show holier or more lovely than in this aged, happy pair, whose solace it had been for threescore years and ten.

Long and long before this little Kate had left

her trouble behind her. There was too much angel in her face for a long abode on earth. She smiled too in pain: another sign. Life gave her but few joys: so it was just that Death should come to her without his frown; and thus he came. She was seized with a sudden lassitude, and a cessation of that pain which had been her companion from infancy. Her mother tried to think this was a change for the better. But the gossips looked at her face, and shook their heads, and said, "She is half way to the saints." Thus painless she lay two days, foretasting heaven. When she was near her end, she begged for Gerard's little boy: he was three years old. They brought him and set him on the bed: by this time she was past speaking: but she pointed to a drawer: they looked, and found the two gold pieces Gerard had given her years ago. Then she nodded her head towards the boy, and looked anxious lest they should not understand her. But they did: they put the tokens of the father's love, so faithfully guarded, into the boy's hands; and, when she saw his little fingers close on them, she smiled content; and so, having disposed of her little earthly treasures, she yielded her immortal jewel to God, and passed from earth so calmly none saw her go. Gerard begged to have her crutches, that she had changed so well for angel's pinions. And he set them in his oratory in form of a cross. For he said: "They were my darling sister's crutches, but now they are the reliques of a saint."

His memory of her never waxed dim: when he was quite an old man he still spoke of her with tears in his eyes as of the one mortal creature he had known pure from all earthly dross.

End of A Good Fight.

THE ISLES OF SCILLY.

I WONDER how many of our legion of summer tourists, familiar with Elbe, Rhine, and Danube, who explore Europe from the Fiords to Cape Matsapan, interspersing rambles among the Pyramids and trips to Niagara, have ever bestowed a thought on our own little home islands. They lie close to us, and there are some which would repay a visit almost as much as some of the continental attractions which drain Cheapside and Belgravia, and imprint half the mountains of Switzerland on the Alpenstock of each roaming Templar. True it is that scenic grandeur is *par excellence* continental, and nowise to be sought in the isles of our own seas. Nor are the habits and manners of their inhabitants, or the productions of nature so dissimilar from our own as those which the favoured tracts of foreign countries present to our annual tourists; but neither, on the other hand, have they been as well explored or as frequently described. And yet they deserve it at least as much. How intimately, again, have we had successively developed to us, with painful fidelity, all the minutiae of civil government, laws, and institutions appertaining to each phase of foreign despotism and democracy from Warsaw to the States. From Laing to Dana, from Inglis to Senior, what feature of nationality in high or low latitudes has escaped reviews and expositions from some one of our wandering literati? Yet it would

strangely astonish them to be told, as they truly might, that peculiarities of government and laws, quite as great and fully as worthy of study by our English politicians, exist close to our own shores, and even under the immediate dynasty of our much beloved Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria! But, as I am not writing a treatise on the political idiosyncrasies of our isles, perhaps I had better begin with the humbler attempt to describe in a very homely fashion the trifling incidents of my own visit to Scilly, and perhaps hereafter to Mona.

There is now a little steamer running from Penzance to Saint Mary's, but before this was established, in 1856, I took my departure from Penzance, one beautiful Saturday morning, on board the *Ariadne*—erst a yacht of Lord Godolphin—then the sole means of communication between the isles and the mainland. She was a famous cutter, of the good old-fashioned build, a thoroughly weatherly sea-boat, such as our yachts used to be before the bluff bows and broad run merged altogether into the lines of the *America*. Good five hundred yards of canvas composed her main-sail; the chief cabin had been converted into a hold for merchandise; and, though her berths were few, there was ample space on her broad decks for all the tourists who, in those days, were likely to extend their peregrinations beyond the Land's End.

Our voyage out produced nothing remarkable. It was beautifully fine, with a light breeze from the N.E. We passed one or two liners, crowded with canvas, with their sky-scrappers set—a noble sight. We saw one of those corked bottles which sometimes become so marvellously the media of long-expected news, but are far oftener the result of the silly spree of some party of pleasure: so our craft held on her course, and the low range of dark rocks which you are told is Scilly, loomed soon afterwards into sight.

The isles are numerous, and subside gradually in size till they become mere rocks. Only six are inhabited, but there must be nearly a hundred large enough to land upon. The chief island is St. Mary's, and the seat of government: that is to say, it can boast of a grim old citadel (temp. Elizabeth) perched aloft on a steep hill rising above the port and town of St. Mary. In this citadel resides all the official dynasty of the Scilly Islands, comprised in the person of Lieutenant—, R.N., who unites in his own person the functions of deputy-governor, commandant of the fortress, and commander-in-chief of all the forces, military and naval (of whom I discovered four), in the Isles of Scilly. This comprehensive official, nowise overburdened with these his loftiest functions, discharges (especially in fine weather) with inimitable diligence those of captain of the only revenue cutter which protects Her Majesty's exchequer in her Scillonian realms. When I speak, however, of Scilly as part of the Queen's dominions, I do so as a mere *façon de parler*.

Mr. Augustus Smith, several years ago, if report be true, purchased of the Duchy of Cornwall a long lease, giving him fiefdom over the whole of these islands; and never was autocracy carried into greater minutiae, or, I must in justice add,

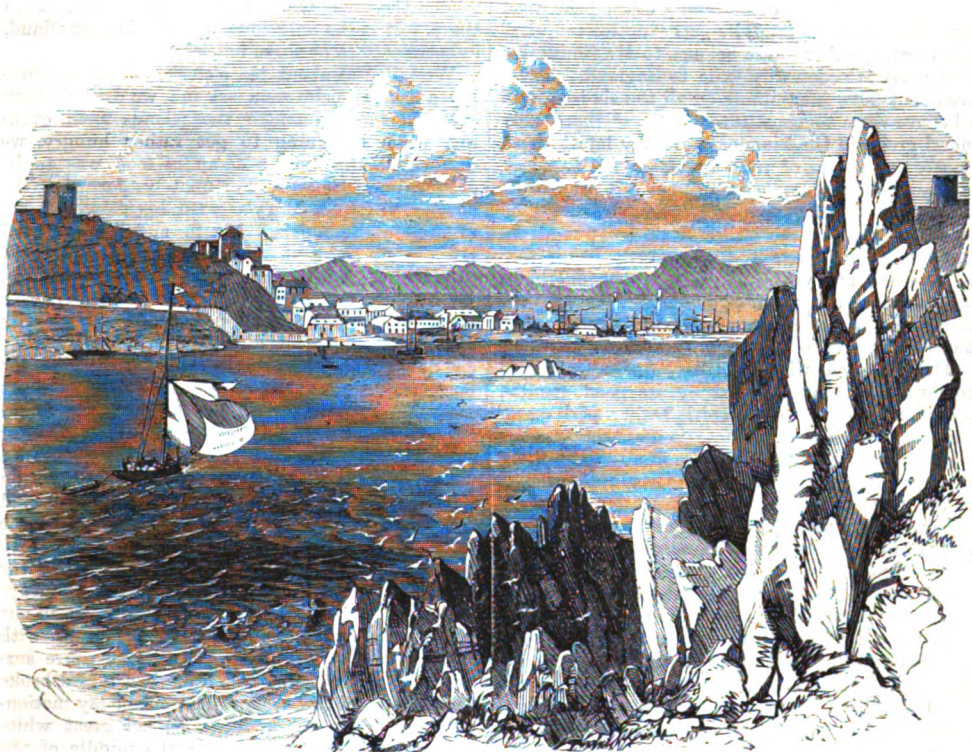
exercised with more hard-headed wisdom and justice.

I had not ventured to incur the hazard of landing on the territories of this insular potentate without some credential from the Lord of the Isles himself, at that time resident in London. A kind mutual friend procured me the necessary missive to the local agent. It happened that I had posted it from Penzance, so that it went by the same packet as I did, and in conversation with the captain I thought it best to inform him of the letter of which he was the bearer, and its probable contents. An unknown gentleman introduced by Mr. Smith into his kingdom was an event to be notified at once to St. Mary's, and I was afterwards told that this was the reason why an immense burgee was hoisted at the mast-head on nearing the harbour.

I was accosted, on my arrival, with the greatest courtesy by the commandant, in a bran-new coat and epaulettes. I told him the object of my visit—simply to lounge about and see as much of the islands as I could before Monday morning, when the *Ariadne* was to return to Penzance. I observed that some delay took place in offering me any definite services. There are no regular inns in the place, but the house of our skipper hard by seemed in some sort to answer the purpose, and some excellent veal cutlets and delicious hams filled up the gaps very comfortably until my letter of introduction had been conned over by the *locum tenens* of the introducer, who soon presented himself, and very civilly asked what I wished to see. I determined to visit the island of Treseo (which contains the residence of Mr. Smith), to sleep there, and return to see St. Mary's. It turned out that the gig of the revenue cutter was laid up for painting, and nothing available came to hand but the most antique and crazy boat I ever saw. Into this were packed some of the Treseo women, with their market baskets, and an elderly lady, the mother of the amiable curate then at Treseo, who had been my only *compagnon de voyage*. I shall always regard that two miles' sail as the most perilous of my nautical exploits. If a breeze had sprung up, and raised any amount of sea, we should have been infallibly swamped. As I steered her along her creeping course, lolling over the stern sheets, it was delightful to watch the changing view which the bottom of the sea presented. It is usually shallow water among the isles, and mica seems to preponderate in the soil, and richly spangles the pure white sand which abounds here, as on the opposite shore of Cornwall. The water, which is consequently, when calm, of the lightest blue, was perfectly transparent, and save where the sea-plants had established their luxuriant groves, every fish and shell could be seen as plainly as in an aquarium; and on my return from Treseo next day, in another boat and in a perfect calm, we saw multitudes of plaice lying flat at the bottom under several fathoms of water. All around us towered or crunched, in various degrees of altitude or flatness, the granite rocks and islets which constitute the great feature of this strange cluster, and give it, with the cerulean waters, snow-white sand, and gaudy yellow gorse,

that peculiar character which, I think I may safely say, no other island, or group of islands, presents. It is strangely isolated in the sea; every terrific storm in winter breaks with appalling fury upon its naked shores, with no tree to check its force; in summer it basks in the calm repose of Italian skies, decked by a profusion of flowers of tropical luxuriance. The Scillonians may indeed boast of singularities of aspect, soil, climate, and vegetation, which it would be difficult to assign as belonging to any single zone.

The little attentions I had been able to show the mother of the resident curate were lavishly overpaid by a hospitable invitation to dinner at the parsonage, and by a fund of information which I thus obtained about the islands and their inhabitants. I took up my abode for the night in the smallest possible inn, which afforded me bed, but certainly not board: and I had soon occasion to appreciate my invitation next day to a meat dinner, the Scillonians not deeming meat one of the necessities of life. I spent the evening in roaming



among the eminences—I can scarcely call them hills—clothed with the shortest grass, and the fantastic granite rocks jutting out in grotesque shapes above the surface alike of land and water. The beautiful blue sea lazily washed the margin of its dazzling white bed with softly rippling tiny waves beneath my bedroom window, and atoned for the absence of the ordinary supply of creature comforts. I attended the morning service at the only church in Tresco, which is served together with that in a neighbouring little islet by the same clergyman. I never saw a better or a more attentive congregation, and I was pleased to find that it was the custom to postpone the Litany until the afternoon. The whole service, therefore, divested of unseemly repetitions, was compassed within a reasonable length, and gained vastly in force and effect. This rejection of customary innovation on the proper division of the services was highly esteemed, as I learnt, by the congregation, and being strictly rubrical, was not opposed

by the bishop, who does not however, I imagine, hold frequent visitations in the Scilly Isles. There are several Dissenters, and I heard their cottage worship as I passed their doors. This leads me at once to speak of the highly improved tone of morals which have resulted under Mr. Smith's sovereignty. Not only is a drunkard scarcely ever seen in the Islands, except he be a strange sailor, but thieving is rare in the extreme, and people leave their doors unbolted at night with perfect safety. I was shown one man living on St. Martin's Island who was suspected of the only house robbery known for years, and he was tabooed by his neighbours, and rarely spoken to. The proofs had not been sufficient to convict him. All offenders are tried at sessions or assizes in Cornwall, but few ever go. Pauperism is almost unknown: and the other vices and ill-deservings seem to have been for many years far below the average of any English district of which I ever investigated the morals—and they are not a few. I attribute this

in great measure to Mr. Smith's edicts. He permits no person to bring up his children uneducated, and he has provided good schools for them. He carries his power into the family ménage, and will tolerate no child after a fit age being unemployed. "Tom" having been long enough at school, must be set to work. I question if there be an idle boy on the islands; and if Miss Carpenter were to establish a Scilly Ragged School, it would infallibly die of inanition for lack of the remotest approach to a "City Arab." If any head of a family disobeys Mr. Smith, whether in the good governance of his family or the prescribed management of his land, he gets "notice to quit;" and as every other house belongs to Mr. Smith, his next move is necessarily exile to England. There are about 3000 inhabitants on all the six isles, and I believe them to constitute the most thoroughly moral group in the kingdom; and my latest experiences and means of judging enable me to speak highly of their general intelligence. It is a proof of the real improvement in public morals effected by the Lord of the Isles that he put down smuggling so vigorously, that scarcely any is said to remain; and yet I was shown the enormous cellars under the parsonage house at Treeco, the clergyman in former times having made much more by kegs than by tithes.

Thus the rigid wisdom of Mr. Smith's style of government is appreciated by its good results, though submitted to in a spirit rather perhaps of philosophy than love. There is no Mrs. Smith; nor am I aware of the residence of any lady likely to impart largely or actively that indescribable charm to the charities and kindly influences of people in high station, which give them their only access to the hearts of the poorer classes.

I walked to Mr. Smith's house, a plain, handsome, sensible, stone building. It is admirably planned and furnished, and is the only approach to a good country gentleman's house I saw or heard of. It occupies a dell in the island a little above the level of the sea. The gardens are extensive and tastefully laid out, and there was a profusion of flowers, many of them tropical or exotic, and all flourishing in the open air. I was struck with the geranium hedges, reaching far above our heads; the hydrangeas were superb, and there was a beautiful bright green flower (I think the spiraxa). The whole of the cactus and yucca tribes seemed to me (being no florist) of prodigious growth and luxuriance. There were some Australian birds which diversified the scene, and contributed to render the aspect of the whole place unique and exotic. I took a boat and rowed back to St. Mary's, and on applying for admission to a sort of boarding-house, which is the nearest approach to an hotel, instead of being admitted I was catechised as to my reasons for not going to Captain T's as I had done on landing. Having, however, satisfied the lady of the house, I was admitted, and favoured with a comfortable bed and breakfast. This is a specimen of the pride which characterises these islanders. Few will even admit that they are tradesmen, and tell you when you go to make purchases that *perhaps they may spare you the articles you want.*

I took a delightful walk over the high promon-

tory, which seems to have formed an ancient appendage to the citadel, and is stocked with deer still. It is covered with gigantic gorse, intersected by public walks, and commands a beautiful view of all the islands, and especially of St. Agnes, with its rocky coast: on it the only lighthouse stood, but another was being built.

St. Mary's, like most of the islands, is nearly cut in two in the centre, where a low isthmus connects this promontory with the mainland of the island. The sea has more than once, in great storms, threatened to break over it and overwhelm the town, which has been indiscreetly built there. It is the only town and the largest island, —between two or three miles long.

We sailed at about ten o'clock, and next morning a perfect calm soon set in: we drifted about with the tide amongst the islands until evening, when beginning to get rather hungry, we discovered that not a scrap of food was to be obtained on board. Fortunately for me, the clergyman of St. Mary's, with his family, were my fellow-passengers. Mr. S. and I persuaded the captain to let us go ashore in the gig: Mr. S. was to beg for the *loan* of provender for tea; he warned me on no account to offer money. We went to two or three farmhouses, and easily obtained eggs, bacon, milk, and bread. When we got down again to the creek where we had left the boat, we found to our dismay that the sailor left in it had punted himself off far along the coast: he returned in half an hour, having speared six or seven fine large plaice, one of which afforded a delicious addition to our tea when we got on board. They who fry their fish when taken, and eat it instanter, will scarcely recognise as the same species such as are eaten after the ordinary interval. As we pulled leisurely back to the cutter, the setting sun shot its long red rays across the water, tinging the ripple we left in our wake with every brilliant hue, spangling with topaz, sapphire, emerald, and ruby the azure surface of that silent rock-girt sea. Not a bird broke the stillness of the scene. The cutter lay motionless, moored to her kedge, with her great white mainsail in helpless repose in the middle of the strait. The broad headlands of St. Margaret's hemmed us in to the eastward, and the long mainland of St. Mary's loomed behind us. The only living figure was a solitary man with a glass, on the highest point of the shore we had just left, evidently on the look-out for some expected arrival.

As not a breeze was felt, and the sky gave no symptom that the calm would end, we all composed ourselves for the night, and a gloriously moonlit bed I had on deck. I was scarcely in my first sleep when I was awake by the sound of oars pulled quietly and almost stealthily. I sang out to the man on watch, "A boat here on the starboard bow!" He told me it was all right, and I said no more; but I observed her shoot noiselessly into a little cove near where we had landed, and close to where the man with the glass was standing. When I awoke in the broad sunlight at five o'clock, we were floating about with the tide, just outside the islands, and the ships in sight kept us countenance with their

royals flapping lazily against their taper spars. Two huge seals, one black, and one spotted white and black, lay asleep and basking, each on a small rock near the shore. We approached near enough to shoot them; but I was glad we had no gun, or the oil might have tempted some of our crew to shoot one, for they are like the chimpanzee, of far too human a sagacity to reconcile one to their wanton slaughter. A rattle on the fore-castle woke them, and they rolled leisurely off the rocks into the sea, and we saw no more of them after swimming away from us. They were evidently off on a fishing cruise. In spite of all that is said of the intelligence of the highest order of the monkey tribe, nothing surpasses that of the seal, while in attachment he excels them, and is easily domesticated.

The calm continuing all the morning, we again persuaded the captain to let us pull into shore, and look for dinner. This time he assented, and went with us. The clergyman took his family, and kindly allowed me to accompany them. We went to two or three houses on St. Mary's Island, but at some distance from the town. This enabled me to get a good insight into the domiciles of the Scillonians. Every cottage bespoke comfort. Most of the men were working on their bit of land, and conducted us in their shirt-sleeves into an inner carpeted room, with nice furniture, books on the table, and all the accompaniments of civilisation, exceeding that of our ordinary farmers. Yet these men do not hold the tenth part of the land; and work it chiefly themselves, and their families. The secret of this is, that every islander who has a patch of suitable land,—and few are without it,—grows early potatoes for the London markets; and most, if not all, of the very early productions we see at great dinners in May come from Scilly, and are sold by the pound at fabulous prices. I was told that little labour, and not much land, sufficed to insure £50 to the producer. I found the women especially conversible and intelligent, and extremely hospitable. They gave us sundry eatables, and one of the men sent his cart and horse into the town to purchase a further supply for the clergyman. Nearly all the women have decayed teeth, and few are handsome. They speak very pure English, and free from provincial accent. Wherever there was shelter, the myrtles, geraniums, and fuchsias grew into large shrubs; but a very few trees were to be found, and those only in a single valley. As we were near the spot, I made them tell me of the loss of the fleet under Sir Cloudesley Shovel, owing to his disregard of the warning of a sailor who knew the islands, and who persisted in his statement, that the course the fleet was taking was directly on to the rocks. He was hanged for his pains at the yard-arm; but not until he had read aloud the 90th Psalm, and prayed God that the grass on Sir Cloudesley Shovel's grave should dry up and wither like the grass in the Psalm. The fleet were wrecked within the hour on the Scilly Isles, and Sir Cloudesley's body buried on the shore, and the legend of the island affirms that no grass did grow on it either before or after the removal of the body to Westminster Abbey. It is singular that a similar occurrence took place in Mont-

gomery churchyard, still better authenticated, and extant to this hour.

In the evening we got on board, and the faintest possible southerly breeze arising, we spread main and broad sail, spent another delightful night on deck, and made Penzance in excellent time for breakfast, having been forty-four hours out on a voyage of some thirty miles. JELINGER C. SYMONS.

OCEAN HORTICULTURE.

THE visitor strolling along the shingly bays of Cornwall, kicking the drift weeds as they lie in a long black line upon the shore, now and then chances upon a worn and shattered piece of bamboo, or upon the bright seeds of some tropical clime. If these weather-beaten travellers could tell of their long journeying ere they were finally cast ashore, his attention would be instantly arrested, for these worthless pieces of drift are the "tallies" the Almighty has placed upon the ocean, which prove that what we term the great waste of waters, circulates in their ocean-depths as regularly and unerringly as the blood in our own veins.

By slow degrees the great maritime nations of the earth are building up a new science,—the physical geography of the sea. We are discovering the laws which cause and regulate those once mysterious currents which seemed to be urging the ancient mariner who ventured into unknown seas, towards the dreadful verge of the world. Of these currents we are most fully acquainted with that known as the "Gulf Stream" of the Atlantic. The traffic between ourselves and America has become so great, that if every keel could plough an enduring mark upon the "herring-pond," there would perhaps be scarcely a part left on its vast surface between the latitudes of 20° and 45° unmarked. This sea being thus brought within the vision of countless eyes trained to watch the changes of the deep, it is not surprising that we should have ascertained its circulating system with tolerable accuracy. Yet no further back than the time of Franklin, we were in entire ignorance of the Gulf Stream, and of its effects upon navigation. Vessels bound for New York in the winter were astonished to find themselves one day sailing along a summer sea, and the next day, when within sight of land perhaps, blown off the shore by an Arctic gale, which dressed in icicles the spars and ropes. By degrees, however, it came to be understood that there was a constant set of the ocean into the Gulf of Mexico from the south-east and north, and a flow outwards towards the north-east. Since the year 1808, the direction of these currents has by degrees been most carefully mapped by the practice introduced into our navy of casting bottles into the ocean, containing papers accurately marking the position of the ship at the time these fragile messengers were sent forth. The surface drift after many days casts these ashore, if they go in a shoreward direction; and the records of the passages made by them for the last half century have been collected by the hydrographer of the Admiralty into what is termed "The Current Bottle Chart." This singular map clearly shows that all the bottles

thrown into the ocean near the Canaries, or the Cape de Verd Islands, make directly for the west, and touch land among the West India Islands, some even penetrating to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Those, again, which are cast into the ocean on the western side of the Atlantic, from about the latitude of New York, make off in a north-eastern direction, and voyage until they are cast on the western shores of Europe. Frail as these bottles may seem, some of them must have made extraordinary voyages ere they finally reached their haven. Thus, a bottle thrown overboard from the *Prima Donna* off Cape Coast Castle, on the west coast of Africa, after voyaging for two years, was finally found on the coast of Cornwall. Now, it is evident that this little messenger, before it could have reached this shore, must have been carried by the Guinea current eastward until it met the African current coming from the southward, with which it would recross the equator, and travel with the equatorial current through the West India Islands until it got within the influence of the Gulf Stream, which finally carried it to the north-east, and cast it on the shores of Cornwall, after a journey of many thousand miles. Other bottles, again, that have been cast into the sea from sister ships, making for the Arctic Ocean, although at seven hundred miles distance, have been known, after traversing the Atlantic from north to south-west, to finish their journey within thirty miles of each other!

And now having shown the direction of the currents to and from the Gulf of Mexico, let us follow the Gulf Stream. If we look at a map of the Gulf of Mexico we find that it is a land-locked sea on the north, south, and west; it is shaped indeed like a vast cauldron, the ascertained average depth of which is one mile; for heating this cauldron we have the fierce sun of the equator, which sends its temperature up to eighty-five degrees. The sea-water thus heated expands, and pours out of the Gulf, in one immense stream, the centre of which is found to be about two inches higher than its edges in the surrounding ocean. This stream, which in consequence of its intense saltness is tinged a deep indigo colour, immediately it clears the Straits of Florida makes away in a north-east direction for the western shores of the Old World. The extraordinary nature of the flow is, that it is a *warm river in the ocean, its banks on either side, and its bottom, being in the winter composed of icy cold water*. This tremendous issue from the Gulf must however find some supply to fill up the vacuum that otherwise would arise, and we find it mainly coming from the Arctic Sea, the current pushing its way down between the coast of North America, and the Gulf Stream flowing up across the Atlantic, in a north-east direction. The Arctic downward current, however, expands and contracts with the seasons; at one time shouldering the hot current more to the east, and then again giving way on the coming of winter. By reason of this agency the Gulf Stream is continually waving about in mid-ocean, as Lieutenant Maury poetically says "like a pennon in the breeze."

But there is also the flow into the Gulf termed

the Equatorial Current, which sweeps through the West India Islands, and enters the cauldron from the eastward. Thus we have a great horse-shoe bend, as it were, in the currents of the Atlantic Ocean, in the centre of which there is a region of comparatively still water, situated midway between the Azores, the Canaries, and the Cape de Verd Islands. Here in the centre of the great whirl, the whole surface of the sea is covered with thickly matted Gulf weeds, and with all the drift wood, and other matters sloughed off by the southern edge of the Gulf Stream; this extraordinary floating surface, termed the Sargossa Sea, is the same that Columbus met with in his great voyage of discovery, and which terrified his sailors into the belief that they had reached the limits of navigation. This singular marine phenomenon is an example on a small scale of what we may see occurring every day in a pan of water to which a rotatory motion has been given—all the light floating particles, such as bits of straw, cork, &c., collecting in the centre, and there remaining, in consequence of its being the spot least disturbed by the surrounding motion. Into this great "bend" of the Atlantic we behold the gathering place and final tomb of those mighty icebergs which, every spring, issue forth in such majestic procession from their birth-place in the Arctic Ocean, sucked southward by the current flowing towards the Gulf. When, after their long march, they reach these still waters, their dissolution rapidly commences, the warm air above, and the hot water beneath assault and undermine their glittering pinnacles, and with thundering crashes they split and subside into their ocean bed.

Lieutenant Maury in his charmingly suggestive volume, "The Physical Geography of the Sea," has ingeniously and truly likened the grand mechanism of the Gulf Stream to the artificial methods by which we produce warmth in our houses. Messrs. Weeks, the great hot-house builders, might have taken a hint from the currents of the Atlantic as to the best method of producing a summer atmosphere in the depths of the winter. In the downward flow of the Arctic current would be found the counterpart of the feed-pipe of the hot-water apparatus; in the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, the vast boiler which elevates the temperature of the water to eighty-five and sometimes ninety degrees; and in the Gulf Stream, the hot-water pipes which as they floor themselves out over the ocean for thousands of miles, present a vast amount of cooling surface, which gives off to the western breeze a moist hot-house temperature in the cold seasons of the year. It must have often struck the reader as a remarkable fact that even as late as June many of the ports in our North American provinces are closed with ice, whilst we are revelling in bright summer weather—yet Labrador is situated in a more southerly parallel of latitude than England. The explanation of this is, that the Gulf Stream is pushed off the North American seaboard by the descending cold current, the difference of temperature between the two streams running side by side being in the depth of winter not less than thirty degrees. We may here state, *en passant*, that the tremendous

fogs, which in the winter season are always found hanging over the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, are attributable to the condensation of the warm and humid air of the edge of the Gulf Stream, by the cold air of the adjacent current.

If we follow the Gulf Stream across the ocean, we perceive how fully it fulfils the purpose for which it was designed. Sir Walter Scott tells us that the pools in the Orkneys are never frozen, the effects of the grand hot-water warming apparatus of a far distant shore being sensibly felt even in these islands, which are situated in latitude nearly ten degrees further north than the ice-bound coast of Labrador. We all know that in Great Britain there is an extraordinary difference between the eastern and western coasts—so great indeed as to induce completely different systems of agriculture. The Emerald Isle owes her splendid grazing-land to the soft west breezes born of the Gulf Stream which strikes full upon her shores; the western shores of England are robed in bright green pastures nourished with the warmth and moisture issuing from the same tropical source. The dairy produce of Great Britain has its root and issue in this steadfast hot-water river in the ocean, the limits of which modern science has so accurately mapped; nay, the florid plump looks of our people, and the large size of our domestic animals, are but effects

of that moist and genial atmosphere which finds its birthplace in the beneficent Gulf Stream.

And in order to bring the effects of this extraordinary marine phenomenon closer home to the stomach of our reader, we may perhaps be permitted to ask him, how it is that of late years he has purchased peas, potatoes, and broccoli so many weeks before their season in Covent Garden Market? Peas in May were once thought to be an extravagance, only allowable to a duke. Now any moderate man may indulge in them to his heart's content. Well, these vegetables are forced—but in a hot-house atmosphere of nature's own contriving. Where the tail of the British dolphin dips into the Atlantic, there the effects of the Gulf Stream are most felt; it is bathed with the warm moist air, heated by the far-off Gulf cauldron, and we may say with exactness that the majority of our early vegetables sold in the open market are forced in hot-houses in Cornwall and Portugal (the seaboard of the more southerly promontory), by means of a boiler situated beyond the West Indian Archipelago, the conducting hot-water pipe of which runs for nearly four thousand miles between the cold walls of the surrounding ocean. Had the ancients been aware of this property of the ocean, it would have modified the representations of the Pagan Olympus, and we should have been familiar with the spectacle of—



NEPTUNE TURNED GARDENER.

A. W.

MARY.

A BALLAD.

HER form was bent, her steps were small,
She came up the path alone;
And sat her down on the churchyard wall,
With her foot on the stepping-stone.

A look she wore of the wasted year,
Whose beauty and strength were over,
But her voice was low, as of old, and clear,
And she sang of her buried lover :

“The year is dying, its leaves are red,
Its sights and its sounds are dreary ;
The year is dying above the dead,
And the living are lone and weary.

“Drearly swings the churchyard chime,
And drearily creaks the yew ;
He died in the goodly summer time :
May I die in the summer, too !

“He died while the corn was tall and green,
Ere the brood of the lark had flown ;
He died while the blossom was on the bean,
He died while the fields were mown.

“He died while the scent was in yon lime,
And the woodbine that wreathed it blew ;
He died in the goodly summer time :
May I die in the summer, too !



“I kept my last watch over his bed,
'Twas noon, and his hour drew near ;
'I would look on the earth once more,' he said,
'Will you show it me, Mary dear !'

“So I raised him up till he saw the skies,
The fields, and the church, and the river ;
Then I laid him down and closed his eyes,
The eyes that I loved, for ever.

“God graat me to live till the spring be here,
And to look on the young year's bloom ;
'Twere sad to die while the earth is drear,
Amid winter-winds and gloom.”

She rose, and under the wall she passed,
To her home in the village lane ;
Through the yew-tree branches hurried the blast,
And the bells brake forth again ;

But there seem'd a tongue in their clanging chime,
And a voice in the creaking yew,
That said, “He died in the summer time,
Thou shalt die in the summer, too.”

E. H. PEMBER.

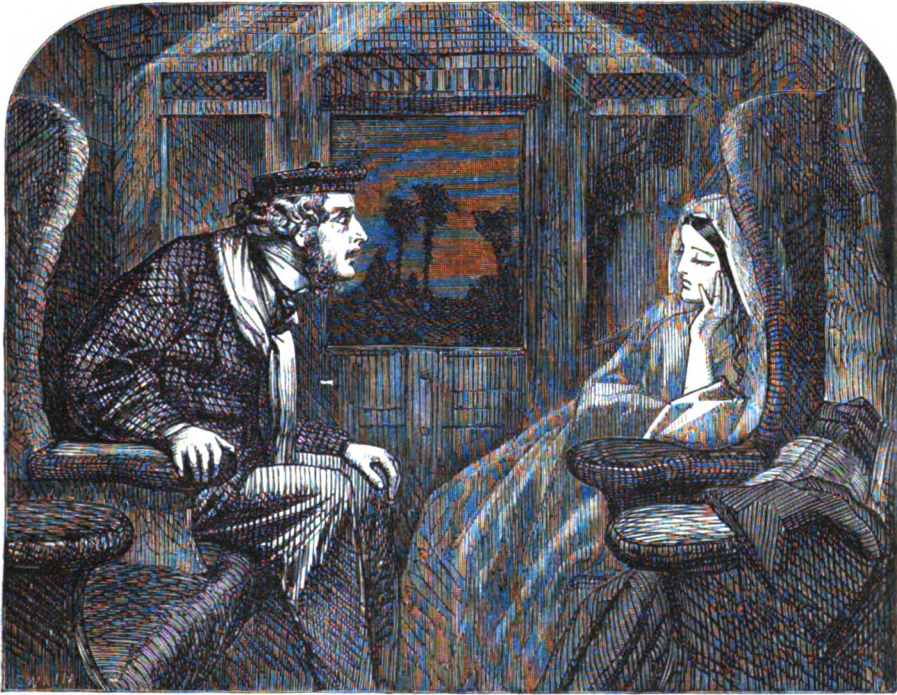
ANA.

At a public dinner, three clergymen stood up at the same moment to say grace. Sydney Smith, who was present, called them “the Three Graces.”

BOBUS SMITH, who was not a very good looking man, was one day talking with Talleyrand, and some how or other he brought in the beauty of his (Smith's) mother : “C'étoit donc votre père qui n'étoit pas bien,” said Talleyrand.

WHEN George Grenville one night in the House of Commons was taken ill, and fainted, George Selwyn cried out : “Why don't you give him the Journals of the House to smell to ?” E. J.

A RAILROAD JOURNEY.



"WILL you mind having the window up, old fellow?" said I to Charley Howard, one foggy afternoon as we were travelling down to Scotland together, "it is a precious raw day this same twenty-ninth of February."

"Twenty-ninth of February!" repeated Charley, like a parrot, pausing with the window half up in his hand, "is it possible?"

"Possible, albeit improbable, I admit, seeing it comes but once in four years. But what on earth is the matter with you, Charley? It is Leap-year certainly, but what of that, unless you have been trifling with the affections of some fair damsel who will pursue you to make you an offer, which she is entitled to do this year! Is she after you? By Jove! I believe you are afraid she will come after you here."

"Fred," said Charley, in a subdued, quiet way very unlike himself, for he is a noisy fellow is Charley, six foot high, and always in the open air. I believe he thinks a house need only consist of a bed-room and dining-hall, with perhaps a lean-to for a billiard-table on a wet day. "You know I am not a fellow to take nervous fancies into my head; don't laugh now, if I tell you a very strange thing that happened to me on this very line, four years ago this very day."

"You nervous! well I should not have thought it certainly, although I wish my best ties were ever as white as your blessed face is at this very moment. Go a-head, Charley! but let me light my cigar to keep my spirits up; nothing like a story for sending a man to sleep—particularly yours"—which last utterance was sotto voce.

"Four years ago, to-day," began Charley, in such a solemn tone. Upon my life! I felt rather inclined to kick the fellow for making me feel drowsy before my time. "Four years ago, I was travelling on this very line—"

"You told me that before," said I; "get on—do!"

"—and, as I wanted to have a quiet smoke—"

"No harm in that," said I, approvingly; "a thing I am not averse to myself."

"—I bribed the guard to lock me in a carriage by myself—"

"Your foresight was good," said I again, "though tampering with the company's servants is forbidden."

"I had performed about half the journey in much comfort," resumed Charley, "when the train stopped at a junction station about five o'clock in the afternoon. There was a good deal of crowd on the platform, and, secure in the purchase I had made of the guard's promise, I amused myself by watching the people elbowing and pushing each other about. There was one figure, however, which attracted my attention by the contrast it formed to the rest. It was a lady, wrapped in a long white bournous, which looked cold and chilly that foggy afternoon."

"Possibly her dressing-gown," said I; "an ill-judged costume, certainly."

"She was apparently young, for the tall figure was very slender; but she had so thick a veil on her face I could not distinguish the features. She alone seemed to know neither bustle nor hurry;

she moved slowly along, with a sort of undulating motion, and with the utmost unconcern walked up and down until the bell had rung, and the train was just starting, when, to my surprise, she stopped opposite my carriage, gently opened the door, and placed herself on the opposite side to me. 'Hang the fellow!' said I to myself, 'I thought he told me the door was locked.' But there was no time for remonstrance then, for the train had started. She sat quite still with her veil down, and I began to wish very much to see her face."

"Very pardonable, as you thought she was young," muttered I.

"There was a long bright curl hanging from beneath the veil which took my fancy very much—"

"I should have taken the curl, I think," said I.

"—So, to begin a conversation, I said I was afraid she might find the carriage smell of smoke. As I spoke, she turned her head towards me. 'I am afraid, then, sir,' she said, 'that I am a most unwelcome intruder in your carriage, for I must have interfered with your smoking.' As she spoke, she lifted the thick veil, and—upon my life, Fred, I never saw so beautiful a face. It was a perfect oval, with beautiful soft brown eyes, very delicately traced eyebrows above them, and long lashes that rested on her cheek when she looked down."

"How they must have tickled," I once more interpolated.

"The only fault of her face was perhaps a want of colour."

"Result probably of dissipation—hot rooms," interrupted I, but Charley got impatient.

"Positively, Fred, I will tell you no more, if you won't attend."

"Attend, my dear fellow! my little remarks are all to show the unflinching attention with which I am listening. But go on, Charley, I won't say much more if I can help it."

"What more I have to say will soon be said," continued Charley, speaking more to himself than to me—which was rude, but I forgave him. "I have seldom had a more witty and intellectual companion. She could talk of every subject below the stars and some beyond them. I can't talk to women generally; for I can't pay compliments, and never go to the opera. But this woman was as reasonable as a man, while she was as quick as a woman."

"Ah, intellectual women—wisdom and water; I know," suggested I, but this time so low that he did not hear me, and went on.

"It had meanwhile got dark, but there was a young moon, and by the uncertain light of the lamp, I could only see the soft outline of her figure and the dazzling whiteness of her face, supported by her hand on which I, for the first time, noticed a wedding-ring; but, to my surprise, the hand was streaked with blood. 'Good gracious! madam, I am afraid you have hurt your hand,' I said, starting forward.

"'I have not hurt it,' she replied faintly, 'it is stained.'

"She did not attempt to move it or to change her position, and I sat looking at it and at the

wedding-ring, and wondering what her history was, *i.e.*, thinking it must be a mournful one, for she never once smiled—not even the shadow of a smile—all the time we were talking, though we were witty enough, as I have told you—"

"I heard you say *she* was," I replied, "and don't deny the possibility of that; but from what I know of you, can scarcely credit it of you *both*."

"—when a sudden gust of wind coming whistling down the cutting, extinguished the lamp—" ("What a disagreeable smell it must have made," said I.)—"and left us in perfect darkness. 'How very unfortunate,' said I to the lady, 'just as we are coming to a tunnel, too.' I thought I heard a faint sigh and her dress rustling. I remember thinking how cold it was in that tunnel. There was such a rush of cold damp air over us; then we began to emerge and I wondered with a kind of childish speculation how soon, by the feeble moonlight, I should be able to trace her outline on the opposite seat. I sat with my eyes fixed on it, but could see nothing. It is too dark, thought I to myself, though I could distinguish the divisions of the seats and my cloak and rug on one of them. 'We must get the lamp re-lighted,' said I, aloud, but there was no answer, and I shivered at the sound of my own voice. I bent forward and felt over the seats. I could feel nothing there. I spoilt match after match of my cigar lights, as I endeavoured to make one burn. I thought we should never stop again; at last, however, we came to a station, and I hallo'd to the guard to light the lamp. 'The door is not locked after all your promises,' said I to him, 'take it out that way.'

"'I beg your pardon, sir,' said a porter, 'the door is locked;' and he lighted the lamp from the top.

"I was *alone* in the carriage. 'Good heavens!' said I, 'where is the lady?'

"The men stared at me. 'I tell you there was a lady here,' I repeated, 'she must have got out in the tunnel.'

"'There was no lady, sir,' said the guard; but the porter, with a mysterious face, shook his head, and said, 'Ah, you've seen her, too, sir, have you?'

"The train, however, went on at that moment, and I had no time to investigate the subject further. Well, Fred, what do you think? Don't think me mad, for it is true."

"Mad! certainly not, my dear fellow, only a little sleepy, as indeed your most interesting story has made me."

"I was not asleep, Fred," replied Charley; "I was as broad awake as I am now. Besides, the porter evidently knew there was a mystery."

"Oh, if you are going to make the whole thing turn upon the porter's shaking his head, I have done with you," said I, incredulously. "I could make as good a romance, and call it the Porter's Wink, if that is all that is necessary. Seriously, Charley, how can you be such an old fool? You had been dreaming, or else eating cat-pie at the last station."

Charley shook his head, and began murmuring something about never eating cat-pies at stations.

"Well, at any rate," said I, "I did, the very last time we stopped, and I think it must have been an old Tom; the remembrance of it makes me so uncomfortable I must go to sleep at once." Thus speaking, I wrapped myself well in my rug, as I naturally did not believe a word of the narrative with which my friend Charley had favoured me.

CHAPTER II.

I MIGHT have been asleep half an hour and more when I suddenly woke up, feeling thoroughly chilled and uneasy, and, looking up, saw Charley who was sitting opposite me, with such a look of terror and amazement on his pale face that I immediately put down my uneasy slumbers to his account.

"Good heavens! Charley," said I, "how the dickens do you expect a fellow to sleep if you sit pulling such long faces opposite him. No wonder I couldn't keep quiet. What is the matter now? Still thinking of your mysterious fiddlesticks?"

"Hush!" said Charley, "there she is!"

I jumped round—sure enough next the other window on my side sat a lady, wrapped, as Charley had described, in a white bournous; the curl of which he had spoken escaping from under the thick veil which concealed her face from us. I'm not such a fool as I look in general, but I must say I was a little staggered for a moment: my next impulse was to enter into conversation with her.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said I, raising my hat, "I am afraid you must have thought I used strong language just now, but I felt myself aggrieved by my friend, as I am a very light sleeper, and I considered he had disturbed me by the very disagreeable face he was making."

"I should not have thought you so light a sleeper, either, sir," replied a sweet low voice, as the lady bowed in return, "for you did not seem to heed the bustle of the Junction on my getting in." So saying she raised her veil, and the identical soft brown eyes Charley had spoken of gazed sadly at me from her astonishingly white brow.

"Take some sherry, Charley," said I, handing him the flask, for I saw his whole frame quivering. "And may I offer you some, madam?"

"None, thank you," she replied.

Charley's hand shook so he dropped the stopper, and it rolled towards her. She picked it up, and restored it to me. Her glove was off.

"Heavens, madam! is it broken? It has cut your hand!" I exclaimed, "it is bleeding."

"I have not hurt it, it is stained," was the quiet answer.

I was getting very uncomfortable; how was this? I know one often has a feeling when a thing takes place. I have done this before. I know exactly what is going to happen next: but it was something more than *that* now. Was I dreaming? surely not, for I heard the train go whizzing on through the evening air, the occasional whistle, the flash of a light as we passed a station, stopping sometimes, and hearing feet crushing the wet gravel; while all the time Charley sat opposite, pale and strange looking, and I could see his lip tremble when the light

shone on him. Beside me sat our silent companion, still and motionless, her face resting as Charley had described it, on the stained hand. I tried to shake off the feelings of dread that were creeping over me, and turning to her began a conversation with her. I found that Charley had indeed not exaggerated her powers of mind, and we were still talking (she and I), when I became aware of a singular movement of the carriage in which we were, which increased till we were swung violently backwards and forwards. Then there was a tremendous crash, the carriage upset, and all seemed going to pieces. An immense spar struck the lady violently on the head: I heard a crunching of delicate bones, saw Charley sinking under another: I myself was stunned by the concussion. When I recovered, there seemed nothing round me but a mass of broken timbers; but after a time I distinguished Charley, lying bleeding and insensible under the débris. The greater mass, however, seemed on the lady's side. I groped my way to her, and shuddering to think what I should find there, with no expectation of there being any answer to my question, remembering what I had heard and seen against that small head, I asked how much she was hurt?

"Not at all, I thank you," replied the sweet low voice I never thought to hear again. "How is your friend?"

"He is insensible; I cannot, I fear, extricate him. Can I assist you?"

"Do not mind me," she answered; "go at once for assistance for your friend."

"But I cannot leave you so." I was trying to remove the spars that lay over her; how she could breathe under such a weight astonished me, for I could not move one, and they lay right on her chest.

"Only assist me to extricate my hand, and then hasten away," she answered; "you cannot help me otherwise."

With the greatest exertion I managed to effect an opening, through which she passed her hand. I started, for the blood seemed fresh on it. The next moment I remembered the singular stain. I took hold of it to pull it through; it was deadly, heavy, cold, and sent a shiver to my very soul.

"Now go," she said, "you can do no more for me, and your friend's life may be at stake. Oh go!"

I had indeed been neglecting poor Charley. I now freed his head and chest as much as I could, and then crept out to see if I could get help. It was a frightful scene as I made my way out: there were a few glaring torches, brought from the next station, which we were near, and people running madly up and down; whilst among the broken timbers you saw mangled, bleeding bodies, helplessly, hopelessly entangled. Another train running into ours seemed to have caused the accident by throwing us down an embankment. I was fortunate enough to fall in with the guard of our train (who happened to be an old servant of our family, and knew me well), directing some fellows with spades to dig for the passengers, and prevailed upon him to begin with our carriage.

I set them to work on poor Charley, who was still insensible, and climbed over to the other side

to encourage the lady. I found her as I had left her.

"Make haste, my lads," said I, "the lady is still conscious."

"What lady, sir?" said the guard, coming towards me. "There was no one in the carriage you recollect, Mr. Frederick, but you and the poor gentleman. You told me to lock you in."

"But there *was* a lady, I tell you, got in afterwards—there is a lady—here under our feet; help me to move these timbers, man."

The man stared at me, as if he thought me insane; but helped to remove one or two spars, and she raised herself on her arm.

"Gently, gently, man," said I. "You will let that fall on the lady's head again. Can you rise now, madam?" and I held out my hand.

"My good sir—my dear sir—there is no one there," said the guard, catching my outstretched arm. "By Heavens, I think he is gone mad! Mr. Frederick!"

"No one there—what do you mean?" said I, shaking him off. "You must be mad. Come, madam;" and as I touched her cold hand she rose to her feet, as if she cast the timber off her like water. "You will set her cloak on fire, man!" I exclaimed, rushing on the guard, who was waving his torch so close to us, I thought the light garment of my companion must catch the flame.

"Now do'ee come away, sir—there's nothing there—nothing but the broken timbers," replied the man, soothingly. "I believe the poor gentleman's head is turned," he added to one of the other men.

A fearful sensation overpowered me—was she then invisible? By this time Charley was extricated, and with the assistance of one of the men, whom I retained to help me, we carried him to the station-house. The lady walked noiselessly by our side. I do not know if the other man was aware of her presence. I almost thought that Charley felt it, unconscious as he appeared, for the expression of his face changed as she came to his side. It was a mournful walk; but we reached the station-house at last, and placed him on one of the sofas in the waiting-room. The lady stood by his side, like a tall statue, still wrapped in her white cloak. She was still standing there when I came back from inquiring for the nearest doctor; one had been sent for, and was expected to arrive immediately.

"A doctor is coming," I said; "perhaps we can do something meanwhile. Can you chafe his hands?"

"Is *this* likely to warm them?" she replied, softly, laying her icy hand for one moment on mine; the touch almost paralysed it.

"You are ill yourself!" I exclaimed. "What can I do? Rest yourself."

"Rest. Oh, Heavens!" she answered, waving me away. "Do not think of me. I *cannot* rest; attend to your friend."

The advice was good. I knelt down by Charley, loosened his cravat, and endeavoured to staunch the blood that flowed from the wound in his head. She stood at a little distance from us, her arms folded on her breast, and an expression of intense agony on her pale face. I was still busy

with my friend, when I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs outside: the door opened, and at the same moment a dreadful shriek rang through the air, and turning, I saw the lady had disappeared, and a stout, middle-aged man standing in the doorway. That dreadful shriek had penetrated even to Charley's slumbering brain; he opened his eyes, and faintly asked where he was.

Meanwhile, the new comer, who proved to be the doctor, advanced hastily towards me, and in agitated tones inquired in the name of Heaven who the lady was?

"I know nothing of her," said I, "except that she travelled with us part of the way. Where can she be gone now?"

"Do not go. Do not go after her," exclaimed Charley, faintly detaining me, as I was rushing from the room. "Is she gone? It must be about the time she disappeared before."

In spite of his remonstrances, I, however, went out, and inquired of the people in the outer room which way the lady in the white cloak had gone? They all denied having seen any such lady either enter or go out, and even the man who had helped me to carry Charley, evidently thought I was delirious in talking of the lady who had walked by our side.

I returned to the waiting-room, where the doctor was binding up Charley's wounds, and told him of my fruitless researches, and asked what he knew of her? He replied that he did not know her; but was struck by her likeness to a lady whom he had attended in that neighbourhood some years before, whose husband had been killed in a railway accident, not far from this very station.

"What became of the lady?" I asked.

"She *died*," was the short answer.

I fancied I heard a moan run through the building as he spoke, but it might have been merely my excited fancy. He was not at first disposed to communication on the subject; but Charley's hurts were severe; for some time he was under Dr. Healall's treatment, and from him we at last gained the history of the lady whose mysterious likeness had disappeared so suddenly on his arrival with us. She had confided it to him on her death-bed.

It appeared she had married a rich cotton-spinner, many years older than herself, and in order to save her favourite brother from disgrace and ruin, she had forged her husband's name to cheques for an amount which freed her brother. The husband, however, had discovered the fraud: he put the police on the track of the brother, and carried her off with him, intending to take her to Glasgow, to confront her with the manager of the bank there on which the forgeries had been drawn. They seemed to have had a frightful quarrel in the railway carriage, he reproaching her with her dishonesty, and she fiercely upbraiding him with wishing to deliver her brother to justice.

"Sooner than you should succeed!" she cried in her passion, "may we never reach our journey's end—may I rather see you dead at my feet!"

He started up, saying he would travel no longer in the same carriage with her, and thrust his head

through the window to call to the guard that he wished to change his seat at the next station.

As he stood with his head and part of his body out of the window, she saw they were coming to a tunnel! They were on the line next the wall; she saw it coming—and coming; but she *would* not speak. The next moment there was a blow—a crunch, and her husband's *corpse* fell heavily across her lap with the skull fractured by concussion against the wall. How she travelled miles in the darkening afternoon of that awful twenty-ninth of February, with that dead body on her knee, her fair hand stained by his blood, how when they found her at last, she was almost paralysed to idiocy; how she lingered but a few weeks after him, and then faded away a prey to the deepest remorse, time and space fail me to tell here; but Dr. Healall's narrative was as solemn as it was thrilling, and both Charley and I left M—, sobered and saddened men. ANON.

NEW WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

GENERAL literature takes little notice of parliamentary blue-books, and an extract from one of these somewhat heavy volumes is scarcely a dainty dish to set before a reader; let us, however, draw attention to the following exceedingly brief announcement copied from a blue-book on Westminster Bridge:

In 1853 an Act was passed enabling the commissioners of her Majesty's works and public buildings to remove the present bridge, and to build a new bridge on or near the site thereof.

The contract for the execution of the works was entered into with Messrs. Mare and Co., April, 1854, and they were shortly afterwards commenced.

In September, 1855, Messrs. Mare became bankrupts, and the works were carried on by the assignees until the end of March, 1856, when they were entirely suspended. In the same year communications were entered into with the Messrs. Cochrane, which ended in their taking up the contract, the final arrangements between the firm and the commissioners being completed, and the work recommenced on the 1st September, 1858.

Such is a rapid resumé of the past history of the new bridge, uninteresting enough to unprofessional readers, and so with them we willingly turn to a nearer view of the work itself, as it is now being carried out, and endeavour to gain some slight insight into the philosophy of bridge-building. In this enlightened age, which ill-natured folk call "sciolistic," and hopeful people "progressive;" when amateurs abound, and we often see not only "every man his own doctor" (thanks to the efforts of homœopaths, and their portable medicine-chests), but sometimes too every man his own architect, lawyer—nay, even parson, it is curious to remark how, with all this stripping off of old prejudices—this "admission free" into Eleusinian mysteries, there remains one profession which is yet a terra incognita to the general public, one branch of work-a-day knowledge whose technical terms even, to say

nothing of its principles, are rarely attempted by the uninitiated.

Comparatively few of those who read the reports on the New Westminster Bridge have very clear ideas of a great deal there put forth; they probably rise from the perusal with a vague notion that it is a great work, and that our engineers are miracles of cleverness, terribly tried by slow contractors. The fact is that engineering is too ponderous, and too responsible a profession to be lightly laid siege to; it has to deal with matter in its rudest forms, and requiring exactness and truthfulness in idea and performance lends no mystery to shroud the mistakes of even its most favoured votaries. Thus, though most of us have some knowledge of the slang, and can talk learnedly on subjects connected with law, physic, or divinity, though civilians have proved how much military and naval knowledge there really is among them, and though our ladies even are often wise on architectural matters, very few have a similarly extensive acquaintance either with the vocabulary or the leading principles of engineering science. We will therefore attempt to give a simple, untechnical exposition of the main features of the great metropolitan work now going on at Westminster. And as construction is ever a nobler work than destruction, let us who have heard much lately how French and Austrian armies break Italian bridges, spend half an hour in learning how we Englishmen build ours.

To make any attempt of this kind intelligible and connected, it will be necessary to give as rapid and comprehensive a sketch of the general design and proportions of the new bridge as possible, before we proceed to a more detailed view of the works themselves. Let therefore all readers given to laziness scruple not to skip several of the coming paragraphs, and so escape the hated "facts and figures."

New Westminster Bridge will be of iron, and is to be built upon the site of the present structure; being, however, some 36 feet wider than the old bridge, it will cover the whole of the present area, and an additional 36 feet on the western side of the river. This increase in width will allow of the pulling down the old edifice, without involving any cessation of the traffic, and the western portion or "first half" of the bridge, as it is called, being now in course of erection close alongside the existing stone-work will, when opened, form the roadway over which the cabs, omnibuses, and foot-passengers will pass, while the old bridge will be quarried out, and cleared completely away to make room for the erection of the remaining width or "second half" of the new.

When this is completed, the river will be spanned by seven arches of elliptical form, varying in their openings from 120 feet in the widest, to 95 feet 9 inches in the narrowest. These arches are supported on granite piers, 10 feet 6 inches wide for the largest and 10 feet for the smallest, standing some 2 feet from the surface of the river at high tide. The headways of the arches, measured from high-water line, vary from 20 feet in the centre to 16 feet on the Surrey and Middlesex shores. These heights are below those of the present bridge; but let no invidious captain of a river

steamer or revolutionary "call-boy," fearing for their funnels, grow wrath thereupon; these dimensions were not lightly come by, a committee of the House of Commons having met, duly weighed evidence, and deliberated, before they were finally fixed upon, rightly considering that convenience of men and horses was of more importance than many funnels. The total length of the seven arches is 820 feet, and the total width of the roadway between the parapets 85 feet, of which 52 feet are carriage-way, and 16 feet on either side foot-way. Fifteen ribs forming the arches, and springing from the piers, make up this width. Each rib is composed of cast-iron, having for its centre or crown a girder of wrought-iron, and placed about 5 feet 3 inches apart under the carriage-way, and 7 feet apart under the footway. They are firmly held together, laterally, by connecting braces, and the whole covered in with plates of wrought-iron (called "buckled plates") bolted to transverse bearers carried by the ribs, the paving and granite pitching of the roadway being laid over all. On either side of the bridge the ribs (being more useful than ornamental) are covered by a decorated face-work of iron, Gothic in design, and on this is carried the parapet, which is Gothic also. This parapet will be remarkably low, standing only 3 feet 5 inches from the footway, thus giving an uninterrupted view of the new palace.

Having now—we hope successfully—got over these dreaded facts, we are in a position to walk leisurely over the works, and describe the various details of the undertaking. In the present condition of the Thames we scarcely dare ask the boldest reader to don a diver's dress, even in imagination, and examine into the construction of the new granite piers. The mere idea of such a bath would be too much for most people; and, as the minutest description of all their peculiarities may be found already published in the Parliamentary blue-books, we would refer the curious to those interesting works, and proceed at once to deal with the superstructure.

The iron-work for the new bridge has three separate stages of existence. The castings are made at Messrs. Cochrane's works at Dudley, they are then delivered to the bridge works at Battersea Fields, where they are planed and fashioned to their proper shape, and are afterwards fixed on the piers at Westminster. Any frequent passenger by steam-boat, travelling between Chelsea and the east, cannot fail to have noticed the yard where the Westminster bridge works are now carried on. Situated under the shadow of the huge stand-pipes of the Southwark and Vauxhall Waterworks, and immediately opposite what were till lately Mr. Thomas Cubitt's premises; this yard, with its travelling-cranes and low black arches of iron dotted irregularly about it, is sure to attract attention. It is here that by far the most interesting operations in connection with the work are being carried on, and it is here we propose to conduct the reader.

We take boat, then, and, braving the Thames' foul smell, are carried rapidly up to Nine Elms pier. On landing, a walk of ten minutes brings us to a little black door, set in a range of black

railing, with a dirty white board which bears an intimation that these premises are the property of her Majesty's Commissioners, and the usual inscription, "No admittance except on business." Having business, we enter, and find ourselves in a spacious yard. Immediately before us and right across the yard runs a tall scaffolding called a gantry, carrying on its top two travelling-cranes. On our right a little arm of the river runs up, and the gantry is carried out into and over the water, allowing the travellers to load and unload with the greatest facility, while on our left are the contractors' temporary offices. Being franked everywhere, we enter these first, and spend half an hour pleasantly enough in looking over the drawings with the polite manager, and then return to the yard for a completer investigation. †

Under the gantry, on the space now before us, the whole work of the bridge is temporarily erected, in precisely the same way as it is afterwards permanently fixed at Westminster; and we stand now immediately under one of the widest arches of the bridge. The length of the gantry is 350 feet, that of the bridge itself, 820 feet; three arches only, therefore, are erected here at one time: when complete, these are removed to their proper site, while others take their place. We see, then, a temporary erection which is a prototype of the true bridge. Beyond the gantry the yard stretches to the river side, with the fitting and smiths' shops in convenient positions. Large castings, arranged in apple-pie order, almost cover the ground; while between them miniature lines of railway run in every direction. Three more travelling-cranes run in parallel lines to the river: these are all busy now, picking up and removing the heavy castings, or unloading fresh arrivals from barges. Let us watch that piece now hanging from one of these gigantic gibbets, and follow its various adventures. It is, as we see, a rough casting, and to be fitted for its future destiny it must be planed to its proper form and dimensions,—much in the same way, though by very different means, as the partially shaped stones of the mason are dressed into truth of surface and finish. The traveller has dropped it on one of the little trucks forming the only "rolling-stock" of these railways, and as it stops upon a turntable, we see in a moment that its passage is taken for the long black building on our left. This is the fitting-shop. Following the truck, we enter a large, well-lighted shop, in which the hum of machinery drowns every other sound: here, too, the little railways, with their turntables, branch in every direction; and ranged along the building are machines of various kinds. First, a drilling machine, next a lathe; in the corner yonder, a screwing machine; and beyond this others again. At one end of the shop is the steam-engine driving the whole; and at the other the foreman's little glass-house. But the truck has stopped by the large planing-machine, and three or four men are, by the aid of a crane, laying the casting upon its side thereon. If we wait a few minutes while the piece is adjusted and fastened firmly down, we shall see the revolving cutting tools of the machine, like a ring of sharp,

shining, steel teeth, tearing away at the rough iron, and leaving a perfectly true, smooth surface behind their track. As the machine cannot plane more than one superficial foot per hour, we will leave the remorseless teeth eating into the solid metal, growling over their meal like some hungry angry beast, and turn to another casting which, having been through this operation, is now laid down to undergo further tortures. To hold all the several parts of the iron-work together, it is necessary to use bolts and nuts; and here the drilling-machine is at work, boring the holes required. We suppose our casting planed and drilled, and follow it once more out of the shop,—still carried on the useful rails to the gantry,—the traveller of which lifts it to its proper position, while the “erectors” are busy bolting together the finished pieces as they arrive. All day, and every day—nay, until lately, by night as well—this work was going on. Out of the smoke of Staffordshire, castings, almost daily arriving, and being unshipped from the barges, do not lie long in the yard. A constant stream of these pieces is pouring through the fitting-shop. All day long the shining teeth gnaw and growl savagely over their prey; all day the active drills eat their way into the metal, like some new kind of “teredo;” and ever there comes the finished work, true, from the machines. But we must leave the fitting-shop, though there is a magnetism about its operations which no one who visits it for the first time escapes.

Once more out of doors, we turn our steps to that portion of the yard devoted to the *wrought-iron*, or smiths' work. Here are the old accompaniments of the trade,—the anvil and the sledge, the bellows and the fires. We are now among the wrought-iron girders before described as forming the crowns of the arches: they are to be seen in every stage of manufacture, from the untouched plates fresh from the mills, to the finished work. Confusion seems to reign supreme in this quarter. Plates, bars, rivets, every form of iron lies about in masses. Girders, partly completed, sprawl helplessly over the ground; here and there others stand temporarily erected in much more orderly fashion, and are receiving the necessary bearers for carrying the buckled plates of the roadway. Elsewhere all is chaos: fire, smoke, hurry, bustle, the din of rivetting hammers, and apparent disorder, mixed up with a prevailing sense of intense busy-ness. The contrast is strange between all this and the comparatively quiet working of the machinery in the shop we have just left: there, nothing could appear slower or more leisurely than its operations; here, nothing could seem more noisy or bustling. Each is good in its place. The work being different, the means are necessarily different also. Near us is the punching and shearing shed, where the metal is cut, and pierced with such holes as may be required. Gangs of three or four men bring in plates of iron for punching. Behind us are two machines—their black forms and heavy proportions looking ogre-like in the smoky atmosphere—furnished with huge jaws, which slowly close and open: they shear through the thick plates as the men place them within their power, or rapidly pierce hole after hole with

a smart “bang” through the metal. Plate after plate, and bar after bar is thus punched and sheared, and as they are finished each is built up into its place, and we follow them until the ring of the riveters' hammers, binding all firmly together, takes unaccustomed ears by storm, and drives us into the farthest corners of the yard, to take a peep at the operation of “buckling” the plates which are to carry the roadway. This buckling consists in giving to a flat plate of iron a dished or convex form. Round a furnace are grouped some six or eight men, hot, sooty, and lightly dressed: hard by stands a frame-work of wood carrying the “dies” by which the buckling is accomplished: within this, and firmly bedded on the ground, is a heavy mass of iron (the lower die), dished out to the form the plate is required to take; into this the top “die” fits, being made with a convex surface corresponding with the dishing in the bed. The upper “die” is lifted by hoisting tackle to a height of three feet; meanwhile, one of the sooty crew opens the furnace door, while his mates draw from its red mouth a heated plate. This they place upon the bed, a catch is pulled, the top “die” falls, and on being raised again, the plate is seen dished or “buckled” to the required form; it is removed from the press, and while still hot, thoroughly oiled; there are nearly 3000 of these plates required to cover the surface of the bridge, and they are buckled at a rate of about sixty plates per day. We must take a glance before we go at the “mould loft.” Over the fitting shop is a large room; on the carefully-laid and clean white floor of which we see a full-sized drawing, showing the contour of every arch of the bridge. Spreading over the boards in every direction, these lines, coloured black, blue, red, and green, seem to a stranger too complex for definite meaning. Each colour denotes a particular arch, and to practised eyes any one set is followed without difficulty or confusion.

Piled around this and the adjoining room are many wooden models, or “patterns” of the castings, and in a corner we remark one for the Gothic parapet. At this moment workmen are busy here making other models for the ornamental facing to the ribs of the bridge. This decorated face-work has naturally excited some public interest, and consequently has been much criticised. Perhaps in all matters relating to decoration, there is nothing so completely without law as public taste, we will not, therefore, stay to examine into the merit or demerit of work on which it is pretty certain every man will have his own opinion; but in criticising ornamental iron-work, the practical man cannot forget that a faulty moulding may be the result of difficulties in casting, as he knows that a really successful imitation of the Gothic style, so peculiarly adapted to stone, is practically almost impossible in cast iron. The verdict of the public on this question will, however, soon be challenged. The contractors have already completed the iron-work for the “first half” of the bridge; with the exception of this face-work, which will be finished somewhat later. It then only remains for the engineer to complete the road and pathway, and open the bridge for traffic.

One obstruction will, we fear, remain. The blocks of houses on either side of the river (ultimately destined to be removed), still look stable as ever—these abut directly upon the new portion of the structure, and will, if not removed before opening the bridge, make a sharp and inconvenient turn in the road necessary. These done away with, we Londoners, may fairly hope to cross the Thames next year, by a bridge about nine feet lower than the present, and thirty-six feet wider when completely finished. As it will be impossible for our contractors to proceed with the destruction of the old bridge in the summary manner lately popular on the continent, we must for the present be content with the first half. It will not be long though before the pickaxe and the spade are busy at their work, and the present crippled arches become things of the past.

Either we, or the stones, seem to have degenerated since Shakespeare's time, for they, now-a-days, preach sermons, but to very few listeners—and are not often occasions for sentiment—but the passing away of old Westminster bridge, associated as it is with some of England's most classic interests, may well suggest memories of noble men and noble deeds, now buried in the dead past. Many a patriot and many a plotter, passed over its footways into England's senate. With or without reminder the glory of our great men will live among us ever; while the remembrance of our base ones will perish like its stones.

With bright thoughts of our dead worthies, we close this paper, hoping in the practical fashion of an engineer, that our new bridge may yet carry to our new Parliament houses hearts as true, as loyal, and fearless, as ever in old time aided to establish our freedom and our fame.

D. P.

CANNIBALISM IN EUROPE.

I FEEL a strong desire to begin this paper Shakesperimentally; and as I recollect several passages which are mostly or entirely irrelevant, I do not see why I should balk my inclination.

When the fire burned and cauldron bubbled, the witches who doubled, toiled, and troubled, threw into the broth, amongst other ingredients of a *recherché* description, a portion of the mummy of one of their respectable sisterhood. The mixture which they concocted was, however, not intended for bodily refreshment, nor in any way made for the stomach's sake. The use to which it was put was, as we all know, quite other than that of victuals.

Again, if I recollect rightly, the fatal handkerchief of Desdemona "was dyed in mummy, which the skilful conserved, of maidens' hearts." But it does not at all appear that that hapless lady's fate was in any way influenced by the application of mummy internally.

Could Shakespeare however have read Sir Thomas Browne, I think he would have been extremely surprised to meet with the following very singular inquiries:

Shall we exceed the barbarities of Cambyses, and turn old heroes into unworthy potions? Shall Egypt lend out her ancients unto churgeons and apothecaries, and Cheops and Psammeticus be weighed unto us for

drugs? Shall we eat of Chamnes and Amasis in electuaries and pills, and be cured by cannibal mixtures?

I think he would have replied promptly, that we ought to do no such thing, that no such thing ever had been done, and that it was absurd to think of it. He would, however, have been entirely mistaken.

Some few centuries ago, the learned physicians of England and other countries of Europe, prescribed for their patients, quite regularly, what they called "mummy;" viz., nothing more and nothing less than the powdered bodies of Egyptian mummies.

Mummy became an article of commerce: a brisk trade was done in it. Bodies, fragments of bodies—of embalmed Egyptians, embalmed Egyptian cats, embalmed Egyptian anything—came to have a marketable value, and were eagerly sought after by the astute Levantine merchants. The people of the East, being inclined to more wholesome medicaments for their own part, and not wanting to keep their peculiar produce at home, exported largely to these countries.

I do not know whether there is on record any authentic list of cures effected by these singular nostrums of our ancestors, but we are credibly informed how the specific was administered, and for what complaints it was esteemed an anodyne. It was recommended to be taken in decoctions of carraway, marjoram, cassia, lentils, saffron, thyme, and various other aromatic herbs, with wine, milk, butter, &c. As for the diseases over which it was all-powerful, any quack list of the present day will give them as well as I can. One great virtue of mummy-powder, however, seems to have been, that if it did no good, it also did no harm; which is more than could be said of the quack mixtures of our times.

The physicians apologised for the singular and offensive nature of their prescriptions, by saying that the ancient Egyptians used in the process of embalming certain precious gums and balsams, the art of preparing and mixing which, in the proper proportions, had been lost in the lapse of ages, and which could therefore only be obtained by using the substances impregnated with them. They urged that these ingredients were not only, as had been sufficiently made manifest, of power to keep the dead husk together in the tomb, but had also the rare and higher virtue of upholding our mortal frames in life, and in some measure lengthening the span allotted to us. I propose to offer no opinion as to the correctness of these theories.

The common people (who took mummy powder without any especial reluctance), cherished a firmly-grounded belief that the virtue, far from being in the spice, was altogether in the Egyptian.

Whether in the course of time it became difficult to obtain supplies of the genuine article, or whether the dealer in mummy found it more profitable to manufacture it at home, I know not. It is certain that the discovery was made that the vendors had been (*horribile dictu*) in the habit of getting hold of the bodies of executed criminals, which, by a process of drying in the sun,

stuffing with common bitumen or asphaltum, and discolouring in various ways, they contrived to palm off as genuine mummies from the banks of the Nile.

This discovery was the death-blow of the trade. Thenceforth people turned in disgust from mummy-powder, and I believe it would be quite in vain to seek for it in any modern pharmacopœia.

So strange an episode in medical history may suggest to us one or two as strange reflections.

The first that occurs to me is, "*How curiously people are sometimes revenged!*"

When mummies were medicine the trades of apothecary and importing merchant were chiefly in the hands of Jews. Consider now the possibility of a hard-hearted Pharaoh, three or four thousand years ago, having insisted on the poor down-trodden children of Israel building him an enormous pyramid in some preposterously short space of time. The poor strawless brick-makers and bricklayers groan under the rod of the oppressor, and labour at their task. The weak bows down before the strong, and the suffering cry of "How long?" seems to have been lifted up in vain.

The Pharaoh goes down to his tomb, and the oppressed go to their long homes, also. To the just and to the unjust there is one common end. But the years roll on unceasingly. Generation follows generation; century after century is swallowed up of time. Israel has been lifted up and brought low again. Once more he groans under the yoke of the stranger. The glory of his own land has departed, and he is scattered abroad amongst the people that scorn and despise him. Even yet in this, his low estate, there is reserved for him a refinement of revenge that is calculated to satisfy even a nation of Shylocks! He takes the old Pharaoh who ground down the faces of his father; takes him from out his stately tomb, beats him with mortar and pestle into a fine powder, and sells him out across the counter at so much an ounce to the extortionate Christian whom he most hates and detests! There is something more than mere revenge in Nemesis turned apothecary. Consider how curiously these Egyptian worthies might be distributed, which is, of course, only a consideration

arising out of my last reflection on their being distributed at all.

Two drams of Sesostris to cure the pork-butcher's little daughter of the whooping-cough!

Half-an-ounce of Sesostris's valet for the relief of His Majesty King John's rheumatism!

An occasional pinch of an Egyptian tom cat from Sebaste for the good of old General Fugleman's eye-sight!

When our forefathers absorbed Egyptian bodies into their own, must they not necessarily have become in some degree Egyptianised? You may tell me "*No*," and that a man by eating beef never shows any tendency to become an ox—still the doubt will return. And when I stand in the Sydenham Palace and look up at those colossal figures of Oimeneptah II., and Amunothph III. (whose name any one may pronounce who can), is it not natural that I should feel a yearning towards them? Why should I not cry "Oh, Oimeneptah II., Oh, Amunothph III., can it be that my ancestors actually devoured thee in the shape of drugs, and that I, through their cannibalism, am in some fractional degree, bone of thy bone, flesh of thy flesh, balsam of thy balsam?"

Did Mr. Buckle properly consider all this when he wrote that admirable book in which he teaches us how greatly our mental, moral, and intellectual eminence depends on the state of the weather, and the quality of our victuals? I am afraid he did not; and as the omission must have been accidental, he is at liberty to insert in his next edition any reflections which may be suggested by this paper. If, as we are so clearly taught, the comparative perfection of the soul depends on the comparative perfection of the body; and if the physical organisation of an Egyptian be so far inferior to that of an European that only the diseased imagination of the lover can "see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;"—it follows, practically and incontrovertibly, that Europe must deteriorate in exactly the same proportion as it assimilates itself to Egypt.

Following out carefully this train of reasoning, my readers must admit that the inadequate manner in which I have brought this subject before them may be chargeable not so much on *me* as on Oimeneptah II., or Amunothph III. R. H.



A NIGHTMARE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

ROUND THE HOP-BIN.

ROUND the hop-bin six fair maidens,
 Throwing from them sunny glances ;
 Knowing not a thought that ladens
 Heart and mind with mournful fancies ;
 Laughing at each other's love-whims,
 Calling blushes to warm faces,
 Till the very moist joy swims
 From their eyes in glancing graces.

In the pure breath of the morning,
 'Neath September's glow all golden,
 Luscious fruits old earth adorning,
 Autumn's own rich flowers unfolden ;
 Round the hop-bin six young maidens,
 Throwing from them sunny glances,
 Knowing not a thought that ladens
 Heart and mind with mournful fancies.

From the bright bind fairy fingers
 Pluck the hop-flowers rich in honey ;
 Now and then a white hand lingers,
 While a thought beams out all sunny ;
 While a flute-voice tells a story,—
 Story of young Love's first suing ;
 While the day in golden glory
 Glows around them, beauty wooing.

Look at Lucy, how she blushes,
 Fairer than a rose of summer ;
 While the gay group's laughter hushes
 As all turn to greet the comer.
 Happy fellow ! Maida's brother,
 Come, he says, to claim his sister ;
 Yet his eyes were on another,
 While with careless lip he kist her.



In a moment they surround him :
 Twelve small hands uplift their whiteness ;
 In a moment they have bound him
 In their arms of snowy brightness.
 Now they lift him, luckless fellow !
 In the full bin next they slide him,
 While 'midst laughter, rich and mellow,
 Deeply 'neath the hops they hide him.

There he rests, the gay and handsome,
 There like smothered chrysalis,
 Till he offers for his ransom
 Gloves for all, and *one* a kiss !
 Whose the kiss ? ah, blushing Lucy !
 There behind the autumn roses,
 Where the grapes hang lush and juicy,
 Takes the ransom he proposes.

There her saucy friends, like graces,
 Through the green shrubs lightly stealing,
 Peep out their bewitching faces,
 Joyous bursts of laughter pealing.
 While the frightened Lucy, blushing,
 Startles closer to her lover,
 Who with feigned anger rushing,
 Drives them from their leafy cover.

Round the hop-bin six young maidens,
 Throwing from them sunny glances,
 Knowing not a thought that ladens
 Heart and mind with mournful fancies.
 May their lot through life be painless,
 One's joy give joy to the others ;
 And those maidens, pure and staines,
 Bloom to comely wives and mothers. E. D. F.

ONE NIGHT ON THE STAGE.

BY HELEN DOWNES.



[See page 299.]

CHAPTER I. THE IMPRESARIO.

MR. ROSSI sat in his study (his "studio" he always called it), a large, comfortable, but not over-tidy room in Charles Street. The walls were covered with portraits of theatrical celebrities. John Kemble with his solemn face and mourning-dress, skull in hand, Grisi as Norma, Malibran as Desdemona; whilst, above these noble tragic countenances, Taglioni, as La Sylphide, balanced herself buoyantly, amidst scenic shrubs and rose-bushes, on the extreme point of her small white satin shoe. Letter-boxes and card-racks were filled to overflowing; a bouquet of exotics, fading for want of fresh water, exhaled its dying sweetness amidst rolls of music, printed or copied, a large receptacle for cigars and a smaller one for their ashes. Each article was costly, yet the *ensemble* was dirty and disorderly. Several musical instruments scattered about might have led to the belief that the owner was an artist, had not something in the man himself contradicted this first impression. He was a short barrel of a man, with a face struggling between its native John Bullishness and its assumed foreign decorations; a round bald head with the hair brushed up very much at the sides, prominent grey eyes, a large full mouth displaying a row of the most regular white teeth (in fact, a set of "Rogers's new patent without metal fastenings"), and a splendid crop of whiskers and moustachios dyed to the darkest brown which could be supposed to

belong to the owner of the light eyes. Jack Ross—or as he signed himself *Giacomo Rossi*—was the son of a country grocer who, coming up to London, to spend his patrimony, and having succeeded by the help of various theatrical tastes, had ended by engaging a provincial theatre, and managing it very satisfactorily, until step by step he had worked his way back to London to speculate grandly as a manager there.

As Rossi sat buried in his cushioned chair, slowly puffing his Havannah, he also studied a sample advertisement just offered to him by a pale, thin, poverty-stricken youth, who stood humbly before him listening to his employer, as he read aloud to judge of its effect:—

"Giacomo Rossi having, we understand, realised a snug little fortune abroad by his very successful administration of theatrical domains—"

"Not bad that, Crowe"—[puff from cigar.]—

—"is enabled to undertake what less successful managers have in vain attempted."—[Puff.]—

"He has taken the Regent Theatre for the purpose of establishing a genuine English opera company—English in every sense—singers, scene painters, decorators, all are to be natives of our own isle, and Britons may learn that they are no more to be conquered in the field of art than in that of war. The company—"

"No, Crowe; I don't like company, it's vulgar; put *corps dramatique*."

"I thought," said Crowe, quietly, "it was to be all English."

"Why, what a fool you are, Crowe! Do you think they would ever have any faith in the concern if it were advertised in plain English? Well, to proceed.

—"The *corps dramatique* is composed entirely of English *artistes*, and the season is to open by the production of an entirely new opera from the pen of our clever—"

"No; not clever, I prefer *gifted*."

—"Of our gifted countryman, Hugo Rossini Smith, entitled Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Domremy."

"So far so good; but now should come the list of singers, and I have found no English prima-donna—in fact, there is none to find. I must have something good to keep up the house, for there is old Barber to do the Dauphin—enough to empty it any night, except just of a few old fogies who remember him sixty years ago, and still swear by him. To engage a foreigner would be too flagrant after all my promises. Miss Watson is my only chance—a magnificent voice! but, fugh! what can she do with it? And as for acting, my walking-stick would have more idea of it."

"Some one knocked at the door, sir."

"Then open it!"

The meek Crowe obeyed, and the visitor came strolling in, and dropped, as if exhausted, into the arm-chair opposite Smith. He was a very tall, gaunt, young man, with tolerably good features and eyes, a beard of several days' growth, a shirt of apparently several weeks' wear, and the cuffs, very much ink-stained, turned back to display a pair of long bony hands, armed with black claws, which evidently had not even a passing acquaintance with soap and water. If only this man could have been washed, and shaved, and clothed afresh, you would have considered him a very good-looking fellow. Ah! what a mistake. Hugo Rossini Smith was a genius on the strength of his dirt, his rudeness, and his eccentricities; his musical talent was ordinary enough, but his appearance was unique.

I once knew an old match-seller who, from illness, was reduced to enter the workhouse, where she was at once put into a warm-bath, and, when she emerged again into society, her picturesqueness, her misery, had faded away; she only looked like any other clean, comfortable, old woman, and her trade was had in proportion to her cleanliness. It took her months to acquire once more her stock in trade of rags and ingrained filth, and she would speak with great pathos of the workhouse episode of her existence, exclaiming:—"They bil'd me, my dear! they bil'd me!" That bath would have been equally fatal to the great composer Hugo Rossini Smith; it would have reduced him to the ordinary standard of civilised men. Now, he was beyond the pale of proprieties, and less bold spirits worshipped him accordingly—women particularly, who would delight in the pressure of that greasy palm, and look up with admiration at that grimy face.

Yes; Mr. Smith was a genius. "Our great English composer" was his ordinary cognomen.

The great Englishman's melodies reminded you of Auber; but his own playing of his own compositions had the effect of some prodigious steam mechanism (at least to the uninitiated)—buzz—whizz—up and down—ease her—back her—let her go—crescendo—accelerando to the very last chord, when it ended in a sudden explosion, with apparently no object at all for all that fuss. You draw a long breath at finding that you are not literally blown up; but Hugo's face meanwhile beams with inspiration, he shakes his long locks, sways his body to and fro, kicks his legs about, convulsed by the throes of genius like the Pythoness of antiquity, and you are half convinced that there was really a cause for all this stir as the great artist wheels round on his music-stool, pale, limp, exhausted, apparently unheeding the reviving cries around of "Wonderful!" "Admirable!" You do him justice; it was *surprising*, but it would have been puzzling to explain what others *admired*.

"Well, Smith, my good fellow, comment ça va? Try a cigar?"

"But so-so," was the reply, whilst the dirty hand grasped the proffered cigar. "I'm worked to death, Rossi—absolutely dead! They won't let me alone."

"Well, I'm glad you have found your way here at any rate, I wanted to speak to you. I'm afraid we shall have to engage Miss Watson, after all."

"Miss Watson translate my immortal Joan!—never!"

"Then Joan won't be translated, as you call it, at all; she'll be a dead language"—and the manager was still laughing at his own wit when the door opened, and Crowe announced "A lady, sir, wishes to see you!" Rossi looked somewhat embarrassed. "A strange lady," explained the man, and Rossi's brow cleared. "She would not give her name, she wanted you solely on business, she said," and even as he spoke the visitor entered.

She was a dark elegant woman, not very young nor very pretty, and after a glance of curiosity the great composer subsided into a reverie, still puffing his cigar, and watching in profound abstraction the curling wreaths of smoke. The manager, not being a genius, could afford to be civil, so threw the remainder of his cigar into the fire, and placed a comfortable seat for the lady, as far as possible from the smoker.

"I heard that you were forming an English company," began the lady with forced composure, "and I am come to offer myself to you as chief soprano."

The manager stared at her boldness, the composer twisted himself round to examine her more closely, and both looked at each other with a slight smile at her astonishing presumption. For in spite of her calm bold words she was a modest-looking woman, evidently not one of themselves, but of that class commonly known as shabby-genteel. But the Impresario piqued himself on his politeness to the weaker sex, so he merely asked courteously: "May I know, madam, what have been your previous engagements?"

"I never sang in public in my life, but I was at one time well used to private theatricals" (the composer's lips curled in intense scorn, and Rossi could hardly conceal his smile.) "My voice has

been well cultivated—Crivelli was my master. You have only to judge for yourself. I do not ask to be engaged by you unless you are satisfied of my competency."

Rossi rose and opened his piano with a sly glance at his friend, who returned it, and both prepared for a little amusement at the poor lady's expense.

"Do you prefer accompanying yourself?" he asked.

"No, I can sing better standing, of course."

"And what am I to have the honour of playing?"

"Choose for yourself—I will refuse if I do not like your selection."

Here Smith rose, and turning over a pile of music rather maliciously, drew from thence the opera of Robert le Diable.

"See," said he, "suppose you give us this first great air of Alice, 'Va! dit-elle.'"

A pleased look stole over the lady's face, and she assented cheerfully—taking off her bonnet,



she stood quietly by the piano. She looked so much handsomer now that her beautiful head was revealed, wreathed with silky coils of black hair, and her eye sparkled with so bright an intelligence that the gentlemen somewhat abated their scorn, and were not so much surprised at the rich quality of the voice which struck upon their ear. There was a little tremor in the first words of that message of the dying mother to her libertine son, but that was soon lost in the earnestness of her own enjoyment of the music; and as she threw her whole soul and voice into the last reiteration of the phrase, "Sa mère pria pour lui!" those two men who had so long made a mere trade of the beautiful art were subdued, enchanted, conquered entirely. There was a decided moisture in Rossi's blue eyes, and the composer for five whole minutes ceased to remember the existence of the great Hugo Rossini Smith! And the pale, shabbily-dressed woman, who felt their emotion, stood with no feeling of triumph in her breast, but a prayer of thankfulness for her success—she had children at home who wanted bread!

There was a silence of some moments, during which the manager recovered his presence of mind, and remembered that he must now probably drive a bargain.

"Very finely rendered, madam, I must say—no doubt as to your voice and method—but are you quick at study?"

"I can keep pace with the others, I suppose."

"We mean to begin by an entirely new opera. Allow me to introduce you to the composer, Mr. Smith, whom doubtless you already know musically, and in my turn may I ask *your* name?"

The lady blushed and hesitated. The manager laughed.

"Not provided with a *nom de guerre*, eh? Suppose we say Miss Percy—Maude Percy?"

The name was accepted. There was a long conversation about salary, length of engagement, rehearsals, and other matters of business, and the lady hastened to her humble home with the first act of Joan of Arc in her hand, to work her very hardest, while the two men in the most delighted enjoyment adjourned to an oyster luncheon at Verey's.

"I tell you what, Smith, that is a lady of rank in disguise!"

"Nonsense, you don't know her."

"Well, if she is not, she *is to be*; so hint the report everywhere.—Your health, Miss Percy, in a bumper of Chablis."

And whilst the lady walked on full of hope, and the gentlemen drank, poor humble Crowe sat before the open piano with the song she had sung unfolded before him, in a perfect stupor of delight at the sounds which still rang in his ears. Poor fellow, he had come out as a boy prodigy under Rossi's management, but his voice had failed, his health had failed—worse than all, his spirit had failed; and he was now a sort of secretary—in truth, a servant—to the man who had once made a

handsome little fortune by him. Music was his only happiness, but it was beyond his reach now that his childish voice was lost. Nature had allowed him small intelligence, but had given him a sensitive heart.

CHAPTER II. JOAN OF ARC.

REHEARSALS went off periodically, throwing the composer into alternate fits of hope and dejection, as the stars lent to his music a character to which he had scarcely himself aspired, or the chorus, on the other hand, drove him to despair with false notes and bad time, for which he was also not responsible. Great was the interest excited by the unknown prima donna, who seemed to belong to no one, to come from nowhere. The manager did his best to encourage the mystery, and whilst declaring he knew nothing of her residence, family, &c., assumed an amused air as if he knew a great deal, and could astonish them not a little if he were not bound to secrecy. As for Hugo Rossini Smith, he entirely lost what heart he had. She would make his fortune, increase his reputation; he hardly knew his own airs again, such melody did her exquisite voice lend to them, such passion did she give to his tamest passages. The opera promised to be highly successful, the cognoscenti admitted to the rehearsals raved about Joan of Arc. It is true that the plan of the work reminded them of a well-known modern French drama, and that there was scarcely a movement of which they could not say, "I think I have heard that before," but then if not original it was not ugly; there were some startling orchestral effects, the scenery and costumes were superb, and, above all, there was Maude Percy, the new English prima donna. The print-shops were full of portraits of Maude Percy, a tall tragic lady, in very complete evening costume, bearing not even a shadow of resemblance to the original save in the arrangement of the hair.

But when Smith expressed his admiration in the most glowing terms (he who had hitherto been content with allowing himself to be admired), the lady cut him short in the coldest language, and seemed entirely bent on understanding music only, and perfecting her operatic part. Once when he went into a rhapsody on her personal charms—her hair, her eyes, her graceful figure—she turned to him quickly, "Ah! if I could only believe in the sincerity of your praise!"

"Well, if you could, what then—speak!"

"Why, it would be a great relief, for others may prove as indulgent as you are, and I am tormented with the idea that after all the public may think it absurd in a woman of thirty to personate the youthful maid of Orleans."

"The public, it is always the public!" muttered the disappointed composer, biting his dirty nails.

"Undoubtedly it is—for whom are we working both of us? For whom am I to act and sing? Who is to establish my profession for me?" and she walked away without awaiting an answer. How unlike the flattery Hugo was in the habit of receiving from the fair sex, and yet he perpetually renewed his court to meet with nothing but coldness, disdain even. One comfort had he—no one was more successful than himself—if he might not be happy he could not be jealous. Only poor

Crowe hovered about the stage, and seemed more stupid than ever after each rehearsal; above all, if he won, as he sometimes did, a kind look or word from the bright star.

At length the great night arrived: the little puffy manager bustled to and fro behind the scenes in a very mingled condition of pleasure, anxiety, and excitement. The composer, got up for the occasion in the most romantic style, in vain endeavoured to conceal his agitation, and to keep up the poetical abstracted reverie in which he feigned to live, careless alike of the world's praise or censure.

"A capital house, Smith, capital house! boxes filling fast, and not standing room in the pit; and I understood there was such a crowd at the lobby door that three ladies fainted and one man had his arm broken; quite beyond my hopes, really—but I am afraid it is too good to be true. Come now, you fellows, clear away those pewter pots; can't you wait to get drunk till you have done your work? Ah! there's Dubois—no though, egad! I must not call him by his own name, I forgot it was changed to Harrison—he takes his baton. Now for your overture, Smith. What a pretty house it is!"

But Hugo Smith could not distinguish a note of his overture for the intense throbbing of his heart; he stood unconsciously wiping away the cold damp from his forehead with a white handkerchief, till Rossi shoved him aside, and bade him go to his box, for the curtain was just about to be drawn up. The overture was received coldly enough, but loud were the plaudits that greeted the opening scene—the distant village of Domremy, the little inn, the open green where stood a rough stone trough, surmounted by a rude cross. Here were assembled a troop of mercenary soldiers recently beaten by the English, who sang of course the opening drinking chorus, throwing their tin cups into the air and drinking out of them again, after the orthodox habit of stage wine-bibbers. But the last verse was little heeded, for from the inn steps out a slight graceful figure, on whom all eyes are instantly fixed. She watches the soldiers enter the inn-porch, before she slowly advances to the foot-lights as a soft symphony is played. There she stands, in a costume as simple, an attitude as pensive, as Scheffer's beautiful home-sick Mignon, and scarcely looking older. With true taste she takes no notice of the applause called forth by her appearance, nor drops a prima-donna curtsey, forgetful of the peasant maiden. A few words of recitative, descriptive of the miserable state of the subdued country, revealed the richness of her organ, and then burst forth the grand air in which she dedicated herself to the service of France, ending by a prayer for divine assistance. It was no longer an actress, a singer, it was the Maid herself; her dark eyes beaming with inspiration, her slight form glowing with courage, her whole person noble and exalted. From that moment all comments were hushed. The audience followed her, as in a trance, through all the scenes, listening only to her: when she knelt reverentially before the holy visions; when she entered the church at midnight to claim the mysterious sword; when she stood by the Dauphin

with her white banner to witness his coronation ; when she rallied the soldiers on the walls of Orleans ; when she wept alone, wounded, dejected in her prison ; when she walked firmly to the blazing pile, singing the prayer of the first scene, once more dignified and inspired. The curtain fell ; then, and then only, did admiration find a voice, the whole house rose in a tumult of delight—the women waved their handkerchiefs, wet with their tears, the men shouted and threw flowers on the stage, and the pale exhausted singer bowed modestly and withdrew. It was not till there was no hope of coaxing her back, that there was a feeble call for the composer, who instantly rushed on in a wild eccentric fashion, and shook his long mane at the public, who, alas ! had nearly forgotten him.

When he withdrew he eagerly sought out the heroine of the night. She was going away as usual alone : it was clear she had no husband, no brother, no belongings ; on such a night of triumph who would not have been proud to have appeared as her escort ?

“Will you not allow me to see you safely home ?” he whispered, as he opened the door of the cab.

She hesitated an instant. “Yes,” she said, “this once you shall see my home.”

He jumped in delighted, exclaiming, “There will soon be an end of hackney cabs ; a neat little brougham and a fine horse and stylish liveries—that must soon be yours. And jewels ! why I’ll engage that by this time to-morrow you will be half a dozen diamond bracelets richer than you are to-day. Alas, poor me ! what chance shall I have then ?”

He looked languishing, but she did not seem to understand him, and he was afraid of going too far lest she should be offended instead of indifferent. At last the cab stopped. They entered a mean dingy-looking house, the door of which was opened by an old female servant, who looked in intense surprise at the hirsute composer. No one came forward, anxious to hear of her triumph : there was no word, no smile of welcome for the lone woman who had that night become the queen of a vast and coveted empire. She took the candle from her servant, and ascended the staircase, followed by the wondering Smith, who noticed that the stair carpet was worn to its last shreds, that the paper, the paint, all he could see, were old, meagre, poverty-stricken. She opened a door on the first landing, and held the candle over a bed where lay sleeping a handsome boy of ten years old. She passed through into another room, where two little girls reposed, side by side, a lovely picture of innocence and confidence. O how beautiful, how tender was the gaze of the mother who contemplated them, and how its very purity rebuked the watcher of the group.

“There, sir, now you have seen my home ; these children depend entirely on my exertions ; and I have no aim in this life but their welfare—they alone have caused me to exercise my one talent, at any cost. The diamond bracelets you spoke of, the increased salary—all, all would be changed into food and clothing for them. I value no praise, no compliment, but as a means of helping them.”

There was a pause of some moments, whilst the

man turned his eyes alternately from the happy children to the pale over-worked mother.

“Have you then lost your husband ?” he asked, in a softened tone.

A look of anguish crossed her features, and with a burning blush she answered, “Yes : I have lost him—he is gone !” And the composer understood that she was not a widow. Her husband lived, but he was lost, indeed—he was a drunkard !

“Thank you,” said Smith, with altered mien, “I shall not forget your home ; I will intrude on you no longer.” And with a respectful bow he left the poor shabby house, sanctified by the presence of pure maternal love.

(To be continued.)

FOLLIES IN FOOD.

In the last generation, a family of five brothers and sisters were left, by the death of their widowed mother, to choose their way of life for themselves, at ages varying from fifteen to two-and-twenty. They made a wise choice, which was acquiesced in by the guardians of the younger ones. They had no marked disease,—any one of them : but they were of a strumous constitution, their physicians admitted ;—not scrofulous, but tending towards it. They resolved to devote five years to the establishment of their health, which they considered would be a good economy of time, if those years could give vigour to all that followed. There was no difficulty about money ; so they took an airy country-house on a gravelly soil ; bought horses for the five and two grooms, and devised a side-saddle for the girls, which would enable the rider to take either side of the horse at pleasure,—a point of some importance for girls still growing, who were to spend so much time on horseback. They were in the open air whenever the weather would possibly admit of it, varying their exercises in every imaginable way. They lived on generous diet,—beef and mutton in plenty, and good ale or porter, and, by the medical advice of the day, port wine. At the end of the five years they were as fine a set of young people as could be seen, without a trace of disease or weakness, sound in body and mind.

Another family in a lower rank of life lost their father when they were about the same age. They had had warning ; for a brother had died of some form of scrofula, and their father, who had been far from temperate, died consumptive : but they had no idea of health being a matter of choice or of duty in any way. They expected “Providence” to settle all that for them ; and the consequence was, that the old mother saw one after another drop from her side, after long periods of disease. It is not necessary to dwell on the particulars. Unhappily, we have all witnessed the fate of scrofulous families, where ignorance and mismanagement aggravated the misery to the utmost. It is enough to say that the young men exposed themselves to heat and draughts without any precautions ; that it never entered their heads to unload their skins (beyond their face and hands) of the salts accumulated on the skins of working-men from day to day ; and

that their meals were like those of their neighbours,—hot cakes, swimming in butter, for breakfast and tea; and at dinner and supper the everlasting favourite,—the “pasty:” no game pie, nor anything like it; but two thick, greasy slabs of paste, with fruit clapped in between them: or, if fruit could not be had, fresh or preserved treacle in its place. There are districts in England where whole families of working-men and apprentices are seen daily dining on such an abominable mess as this, and rarely touching or desiring meat. It is in just such neighbourhoods that there are superstitions against washing. An infant’s arms must not be washed before six months, or it would turn out a thief, and the parents “would not like that:” and the parents themselves are scandalised at the very mention of such rashness as washing the feet. If the doctor advises a patient to put her feet in hot water for a cold, he is told that she has not let water touch her feet for thirty years, and never will; and that she once had a daughter who ought to have been living now, but she was once advised to put her feet in hot water, and she died;—not in the same year, it is true: but who can tell whether she might not have been living now if she had done like her mother? Living in a state of society like this, and knowing nothing of the art of health, the predisposed family drooped and died, or are lingering on in conspicuous disease.

These are indications worth attending to, while the Registrar-General’s Report tells us that twenty in a hundred of the deaths in England, in 1857, were from “constitutional disease,” by far the largest proportion being from some form of scrofulous affection, and especially consumption. No less than 58,320 persons died of consumption in England in 1857. But double the number died of diseases for which want of cleanliness and good diet are mainly answerable. As to personal cleanliness, we will only say one thing;—that very few persons seem to be aware, even after all that the Combes have written, what the precise consequences are of the skin not being thoroughly washed and rubbed every day. It is not enough to say or suppose that people feel refreshed and invigorated by bathing; for mere bathing,—a mere plunge into the Serpentine, or the sea, or any other bath,—does not answer the purpose of thorough ablution. We ought to know the process by which disease follows a loaded skin. It is simply that the skin ought to carry off several pounds a day of the waste of the body; and if it is so choked as to be unable to do this, the work is thrown upon the interior organs, which have quite enough work of their own to do. Hence come internal inflammations, disorders, and decay. The introduction of steam ought to have lessened mortality from this cause more than it has: but the perception of this advantage of the steam-engine is spreading. Many years ago, some mill-owners and mining proprietors gave the benefit of the warm water of their engines to their work-people, by carrying it into a range of washingsheds and baths. In Cornwall it seems to be a regular practice for the miners to wash in this way on leaving their work every afternoon. Let us hope that it is a more thorough washing than is described in the Reports of the Inspector of Mines

in certain coal districts, where the men, duly shaven and proper in appearance on Sundays, are wearing their clean shirts over skins ingrained with six months’ coal-dust. Inflammatory and choleraic diseases make prodigious havoc among an unwashed population.

Taking society all round, however, it appears that more young people are killed by mistakes about food than about anything else except air. The mistakes about food are so various, so opposite, that, while we are ashamed of our ignorance, we may hope for a great saving of life when we grow wiser. “Doctor,” said an American clergyman to the family physician who was attending the mother, “do look at that girl’s tongue.” “O, father, I am very well,” said the young lady; “as well as I always am.” But the doctor looked at the tongue, and observed that it was just as white as every young person’s tongue he looked at. “They are all alike,” said he. “Why? Why people must have more or less fever while they eat as young people eat here; and without proper exercise too.” He criticised the American diet; which it is not our business to do while we have so much to correct in our own. The young people in both countries suffer and die in much the same way;—the Americans more and the English less; but both very unnecessarily. The mistake is the same, whether the diet be the same or different.

The mortality detailed by Dr. Farr relates, we must remember, to all classes. When we read of errors in diet, we usually think of the tables of the rich, as we imagine them, and suppose that luxurious people are over-fed. In the first place, this appears to be a mistake, by the testimony of physicians; and in the next, if it were true we need not dwell upon it, because the rich and luxurious must always be the smallest class of the English or any other people. It is enough to say that wise modern physicians have been heard to declare that English ladies are not, generally speaking, sufficiently well fed. They take enough in bulk, perhaps, but not nutritious and reparative food. They would be more robust and less nervous if they lived rather more as ladies did in Queen Elizabeth’s time, consuming more beef and manchet and (if earned by strong exercise, not otherwise) good ale. As for the late dinners which we are all so shocked at, they had better be called suppers. If the gentlemen do not take a substantial luncheon in the middle of the day, they ought; and the ladies do. They in fact dine with the children at one or two o’clock. The leg of mutton or cold beef then is their real dinner. They have tea at five or six, with or without the children; and then, if they choose to call the eight o’clock meal dinner they can; but it in fact answers to the supper of old days. A few spoonful of soup, a wing of fowl or game, a plate of jelly or cream, and ice and fruit afterwards, may be all very pretty, but it bears no comparison as a dinner to the mutton and pudding at two o’clock. Many gentlemen do make their real dinner at the nominal time; and hence the great amount of disease among professional men and the rich merchant class in London. Now it is the stomach that gives way, and now it is the nerves. Paralysis knocks down one, choleraic disease

carries off another, and dyspepsia makes life a long misery to a third; and who can wonder, when that class of gentlemen breakfast early (if men of business in any way), and work their brains all day, without another proper meal, or perhaps any food at all, for twelve hours? The expenditure of alimentary material may be great in the kitchens of the rich—as in the making of the famous white soup in the Queen's kitchen—but the higher classes are not in this country over-fed.

The next class is nearer to reason in its ostensible practice than perhaps any other in the country. Three meals a day, with a small interlude, and at nearly reasonable times, seem to promise well; and if one sort of citizen is better nourished than another, it is probably the ordinary man of business in town and country, who likes his joint and pudding at dinner, and the loaf of good homemade bread, with country butter and eggs at breakfast and tea. Yet there are drawbacks here. The wife is not complacent about her table, and her daughters do not eat as girls should; and her sons at times look critical. The fault here is, not in the theory, not in the hours, not in the tradesmen who supply the house, but in the cookery. Without incurring the reproach of grumbling at one's own age of the world, or saying that "the former times were better than these," one may state the plain fact, that the custom of our country used to be for the housewives of all ranks to be responsible for the table at home, and to claim that responsibility as a matter of right—as a point of honour as well as of duty. To declare this is to say that the case is otherwise now.

A new saying has recently obtained a wide circulation—"That you should discharge your cook for no offence short of murder." Send her away, and you will never have another: for two real cooks in a lifetime are more than any one has a right to expect. Why are there so few cooks? Simply because the demand for them has declined. So it is, in the very face of the new saying. Cooks are wanted more than ever; but not good ones, because housewives do not know how to set about requiring high qualities in a cook, and are accustomed to put up with what they can get, or to hire on blind speculation. Middle-class housewives in England cannot cook, generally speaking; and, moreover, they do not know what to require, what to order, and how far to superintend. Their mothers did not teach them; we have no schools for the homely domestic arts; and how should they know any more of housewifery than of law, physic, or divinity? If the truth were known, this is one of the depressing influences which bear down the spirit and health of the maidenhood of England. Thousands of girls are painfully conscious of ignorance which is, and ought to be, regarded as a disgrace; and, when intending to marry, a heavy weight of care sits at the heart from the sense of the chances against their being able to make their husbands' homes comfortable, and the scene of complacency that the home of every good wife should be. After marriage it is worse. If the deficiency is repaired, it is through severe humiliation on the one part, and great forbearance on the other; and the cases are few in which it can be thoroughly repaired.

What is to be done? for cooking does not come by nature, nor even ordering a table by observation. The art must be learned, like other arts, by proper instruction. We want, and we must have, schools of domestic management now that every home is not such a school. Mothers can, at least, teach their daughters to know one sort of meat from another, and one joint from another, and, in a rougher or more thorough way, what to order in the every-day way and for guests. Thus much, then, every girl should know, from childhood upwards. A little practice of observation in the markets would soon teach a willing learner to distinguish prime articles from inferior kinds, and to know what fish, flesh, fowl, and fruits are in season every month in the year. We have seen ladies buying pork under a sweltering summer sun, and inquiring for geese in January and July, and taking up with skinny rabbits in May, and letting the season of mackerel, herrings, salmon, and all manner of fish pass over unused.

Everybody is glad to hear of the introduction of cookery into industrial schools, here and there. But much more than this is wanted; and there can be little doubt that if well-qualified cooks would open schools in London and all our large towns for the instruction of ladies and housekeepers, they would meet with signal success. It is probably true that almost every little girl is fond of the household arts, and delights in cooking, especially; and it is certainly true that a multitude of young ladies, married and single, would give all they are worth to be as much at home at the head of their households as their grandmothers were. Till this new-old branch of female education is placed within reach of the whole sex, there will be sickness and mortality, as well as waste of the national resources, from the whole of society being at the mercy of its cooks—not a tenth part of whom are worthy of the honourable name.

How is it in that class in which every wife is the household cook, or at least the directress of the kitchen? How do the affairs of the table prosper in that substantial class which includes our farmers, country shopkeepers, and superior artisans? We are sorry to say—but physicians and tradesmen will testify to the fact—that the mortality of the country is increased by the habit of over-eating which exists in thousands of households of this order. Not in all; and great honour is due to those who adopt a sensible diet, because it is apt to be stigmatised as meanness; but, as a general fact, the habit of over-eating destroys health and life to a grievous amount in that order of citizens in which a gross table is regarded as a liberal and kindly mode of living. As to the true old English farmhouse, there is no better picture of its habits as to meals and hospitality than one given by Mr. Howitt, in (if we remember right) his "Rural Life in England." The quantity on the table at one time, the perpetual arrivals of more, the constant succession of meals all day, and the urgent persuasions to guests to eat, and reproaches for not eating enough, are just like the experience of townspeople who some time in their lives were suddenly introduced into rural society. The ordinary mode of life on a Yorkshire grazing farm is abundantly surprising to persons who have

doubted about taking luncheon while eating three meals a day. Mistress and maid are stirring early to make the porridge for the household, breakfast being at seven. The vast bowls of porridge and quarts of milk being dispatched, there is bare time for the chamber-work before lunch has to be sent out to the fields—huge baskets of bread, oatcake and cheese, with bottles of beer. This is from half-past nine to ten. At twelve dinner smokes on the long board—great pieces of pork, beef, or mutton, or all three; or vast pies and puddings, and cheese, and rice-milk, and ale; and the board is pretty well cleared in half an hour. At three, the baskets go again into the field with the afternoon lunch—bread, cheese, and beer as before. At five all assemble for tea, which is porridge and milk, as at breakfast. At eight, there is supper—cold meat, hot potatoes, oat-cake, and cheese. By that time the women have done cooking for the day, and, the board being cleared, they sit down to mend stockings, the farmer reads the newspaper at his own round table, with his own candle; and the men nudge each other to keep awake, or nod forwards, or join to prick or pinch or punch any particularly sleepy sinner, till nine o'clock strikes, and they slink off to bed. However strong the exercise taken by such a household, it is still subject to fever, liver complaints, diarrhoea, and rheumatism, besides that torpidity of brain which is in itself a preparation for disease. The strongest and most active brains resist disease the best and the longest. Not the overwrought brains, be it observed, but the most generally exercised, which keep up the highest vitality over the widest range of human powers. One does not look for this kind of brain among clowns who eat five or six meals a day, and know and care nothing about the world outside the farm fences.

But the small shopkeepers in towns are a very different class, from whom a higher intelligence might be expected: yet they are apt to eat twice as much as is good for them. Observe the master or mistress of the household at market. What a quantity of prime fish is bought! what ducks, geese, and turkeys, besides joints, and odds and ends of dainties! What peas and asparagus and seacale! What vast cheeses, and cream cheeses, and curds, and gallons of fruit, and mounds of butter! But, to come to particulars, here is an illustration.

A friend of ours—a surgeon's wife—was informed one day about noon that a patient desired to see her in the waiting-room. She answered this odd request by going there, when she found two persons in great alarm, and distressed that the surgeon was not expected home for two hours. The wife of a small shopkeeper was ill, and a friend had come with her, in hope of obtaining immediate relief. They could not explain what was the matter, but would be glad of any advice. The poor woman said she felt so miserable she did not know what to do, and her throat was quite unlike in shape to its usual state; and she could scarcely breathe, and had such an oppression, &c. The lady saw immediately that it was a case of violent indigestion. She said that it was not her practice to prescribe for her husband's patients, but she could recommend a simple medicine for relieving the immediate oppression, which would pass the time

till medical advice could be had. What she heard of the eating of that day and the preceding astonished her; but in the evening her husband said she had not told him nearly all that had gone down the woman's throat, which was, as nearly as we can remember, this—perhaps more, certainly not less.

There was a large fine salmon in the case—a present. A friend came to pass the day, and the salmon was cooked for dinner, superseding a bullock's heart stuffed with onions. There was a pie, and there were puddings, and other things at dinner; but the great salmon was the main feature. At tea, at five, there were hot buttered cakes and buttered toast, and the heart stuffed with onions, and sweet cake, of course: and at eight there was supper, viz., fried soles and potatoes, an apple pie and custard, cheese and porter. At breakfast next morning the salmon was proceeded with; and the patient had partaken plentifully of it, and had also fortified herself with lunch before going to the doctor. If, as we are assured, this is only a fair specimen of the diet of thousands of families in England, it is no wonder that we suffer under that dreary collection of diseases that Adam saw going into hospital, by dismal anticipation, as related in *Paradise Lost*. If we set against these the consequences of under-feeding, we may see how far we are from wisdom. On the subject of deficient food we will not enter. Nobody needs convincing of the horrors of it. The practical question is, whether any means can be found of saving the lives of young people who have been brought up to over-load their stomachs (under the idea of fostering their strength and living generously), that there may be the more food left in the market for those who now have not enough. There are a few places within the United Kingdom where instruction is given in regard to the constitution and management of the human frame. If there were schools enough to teach the girls of the middle classes the leading truths about diet, in relation to health, the next generation would be happier than the last. The well-to-do would have better health—quiet nights, easy and cheerful days, freedom from nightmare and indigestion, a longer life and a merrier one than now: and the poor people below them would have a better chance of keeping body and soul together, and being in an amiable mood towards God and man. Can one not imagine the surplus left over by a wise generation of farmers and shopkeepers spread out in the wilderness for the poor? For it should be remembered that food of all kinds is one of the commodities which is, at each particular time, limited in quantity; so that to waste it is to deprive somebody. If this were fairly understood by those who eat meat three times a day, more persons would have it once.

One practical point, which would assist the due feeding of the under-fed, need not wait for a general advance in education. To enable the poorer classes to turn food to the best account is much the same thing as putting more within their reach; and this could easily be done. It actually is done in a few places where cooking is taught on system in industrial schools; and there is no apparent reason why there should not be schools of cookery for poor children, as well as for young

ladies in London, and for soldiers in the camp. Why should we not all learn to cook? We have cookery-books for the great, and also for the million; but cookery-books are of little value till there is some aptitude at the practice. Let half a dozen popular teachers like Soyer (but who is like him!) travel through the country, each with a portable kitchen, and show all the women and girls in town and country the best way to make and cook the common preparations of food; and the benefit will be equal to a rise of wages to the labouring man at once. The mere secret of the stew—now rarely or never seen on the cottage table—would be as good as another shilling a-week in health and strength. It is difficult to stop here, on the verge of a great and enticing subject; but we can say only one thing more now—that there are literally thousands of mourning parents in England at this moment, whose manly young sons and once promising daughters are in their graves because their fathers made mistakes in providing the family food, and their mothers did not know how to set it before them. The mind recoils from such a statement, but it is true; and it ought therefore to be set down plainly. The mind also recoils from the statement that the cholera is at Dantzic and at Hamburg; and not altogether absent from England; but it is true, and ought to be told; and with it the further truth that if every family in the kingdom sat down in pure air, in a state of personal cleanliness, to three meals a day of good common food, well cooked, and earned by fair work of body and mind, the cholera would be kept out more surely than by a wall of brass, or would fly over us like the first raven we hear of, and go back to its haunts, for want of some place whereon to alight. It will be some time before that can happen. Meanwhile, what can each of us do to save some of the thousands who are for ever dropping into well-known pitfalls around the threshold of adult life? HARRIET MARTINEAU.

SULPHURWELL

WHO has not heard tell of that famous Northern watering-place which I shall call Sulphurwell,—of its baths for the gouty, and its balls for the goutless,—its old-world hotels and *tables d'hôte*,—its bracing air and lovely environs; above all, of its celebrated marriages—the punster has no doubt already christened them sulphur-matches—with which the very name of the place has come to be identified, to the extent of making the insertion of a single gentleman's name among the list of arrivals almost tantamount to an advertisement for a partner in life?

We have all of us, I say, heard of Sulphurwell; and yet in the eyes of us, the modern generation of Londoners, the place exists perhaps rather as a relic of the past. Cecilia and Evelina very likely spent a summer there. Gilbert Gurney, without doubt, must have paid it a visit, having run down there on the top of the Highflyer coach. Or the Pickwickians may have met there with some of their most startling, though unrecorded adventures. But modern heroes of romance no more than modern gentlemen out for a long vacation through the Sulphurwell of the present day. The

steam-engine has whistled them all off. The tourist, not content with overrunning Europe, has of late years discovered America, and at Saratoga, or Newport, or West Point, very likely, will our grandsons furnish us with granddaughters-in-law. Who goes to Sulphurwell now? Perhaps a few foreigners, a few Manchester and Leeds and Sheffield people, a few Irish—perhaps nobody at all! It may be that the mineral water is all used up in turning mill-wheels, and the vast saloons in which our ancestors strutted and minuetted are converted into ragged-school-rooms, or re-echo to the voice, addressing itself to monster meetings, of Mr. Cobden or Mr. Bright!

Such were my thoughts some two months ago, when circumstances—of which it is only necessary to say that they were *not* of a matrimonial character—took me to Sulphurwell for a few days. Instead of a few days, my stay protracted itself into as many weeks, and even now, the season closed and the place really deserted, I sit writing these pages in my quaint old bedroom at the George Hotel. The fact is that Sulphurwell is a rich mine for the observer, a spot the counterpart to which does not exist in Great Britain or, as far as my experience goes, in any portion of the habitable globe. And now that we are all of us so familiar with the globe aforesaid, knowing the Alps a great deal better than the Surrey Hills, and visiting Rome a good deal more often than the Tower Hamlets, perhaps a short account of the life at this out-of-the-way place, lying as it were neglected at our own doors, may come with a certain smack of novelty.

The town is divided into two parts, High and Low, situated about half a mile from each other; but it is of the former that I have principally to treat. Here we have three hotels, each with a distinctive character, or, as the French would say, a *clientèle* peculiar to itself. There is the Marlborough (named after that celebrated general, and built during the period of his triumphs), which goes by the name of "The House of Lords," being the resort of such few fashionables as continue to visit the place. "The House of Commons" is represented by the George (built, and apparently furnished, in the reign of the First George), the head-quarters of fun, flirtation, and Irish aspirants. The William and Mary (whose structure and internal arrangements date from that double reign) is, again, the rendezvous of the Manchester and Leeds aristocracies,—a terribly select house, turning away lords from its doors, and shielding as much as possible its cotton-spinning heiresses from the profane southern or Milesian gaze.

One of the most curious features about Sulphurwell life is the hereditary feud which is kept up between these three chief hotels, sometimes flaming high, sometimes smouldering low, sometimes to all appearance dying out in an *entente cordiale*, yet always ready to spring up again, like the feuds between neighbouring peoples. How the tradition manages to keep afloat with an annually changing population, is the mysterious part of the affair. Now and then the Marlborough, it may be, offended at something done or left undone by the George, starts an opposition dance right on the evening of the George ball, and the other two

hotels uniting, put the Marlborough into Coventry. The Marlburnians, when they appear at our balls, pass hostile criticisms on the fair Georgians, and express audibly their astonishment at our shockingly mixed society. We, on our part, on going to them are lost in amazement, every Friday evening, at their stiffness, their formality, the indifferent quality of their negus, and their other social deficiencies. Not to do this on one side and the other would be to run the risk of being treated as a lukewarm patriot, if not a traitor to one's own signboard.

But the point in which the three hotels—or at least two out of the three—entirely resemble each other, is that of their internal economy and arrangements. You seem to yourself to be transported back to the eighteenth century, as you sit eating your Yorkshire cake in the vast breakfast-room. That, like the still vaster and more dismal dining-room, is innocent of a carpet. The walls are painted with obsolete patterns and impossible flowers, the colours of which have gone off into a kind of faint chalkiness, like the colours of some of the pictures by Sir Joshua. In both rooms there is a musicians' gallery; a lyre, tragic and comic masks, crown, and G. R., the whole surrounded by a garland of flowers, are, I need hardly say, its pictorial decorations, the approach to which is by a rickety ladder, borrowed from the stable. The chairs are, I confess, a mystery to me. An antiquarian from Wardour Street should be brought down to sit in judgment upon them. I should not be in the least surprised to hear that they were bought a bargain at the London residences of the seven bishops, when those prelates, as we may well suppose, "declined housekeeping" on being committed to the Tower.

The bedrooms are destitute of balls and fire-places. But a blazing coal and wood fire illuminates the snugly carpeted bar, shining through its red curtains and bringing into relief the steeple-chasers and stage-coaches upon its walls, the portraits of great local Nimrods, and of the wonderful inhabitants of Sulphurwell, taken at the age of one hundred and ten, by command of her Majesty, Queen Charlotte. Seated in this bar, it becomes possible to conceive the idea of some one being left in charge of the house during the winter, a supposition which would otherwise give one a kind of cold shudder. For in those vast halls, and long re-echoing corridors, there must be, I take it, a winter season for ghosts—ghosts with three-cornered hats and gold-headed canes, ghosts in hoops and patches, marvelling each successive year at the little change which has come over the place since their days of a century ago. Why does not the gentleman who lately advertised in the papers for a haunted house come and spend a winter at Sulphurwell?

These are no spectres, however, the one hundred or so of male and female guests who are waked up to a sensation of appetite, or recalled from their dreadful potations at the well, by the sound of the eight o'clock breakfast gong. A glance at the side-tables will show the anticipated presence of flesh and blood. Legs of mutton, shoulders of mutton, haunch of mutton, saddle of mutton, ribs of mutton, other portions of mutton, if anatomy permit of their existence (we have slaughtered

a sheep lately), form the staple of our fare. A huge tea-urn, something of the shape of the leaning tower of Pisa, furnishes the supply of hot water, which each guest causes to dribble out into his or her little antique tea-pot.

Our fare at Sulphurwell is of the heaviest, and our appetites, as in the case of travellers on a long sea voyage, Cambridge and Oxford undergraduates, country parsons, and other unemployed personages, of the most severe kind. The legs of mutton and rounds of beef reappear cold at the one o'clock luncheon, and are succeeded by hot and ponderous joints at the half-past five o'clock dinner. At eight, the digestion is astonished by the exhibition of muffins, Sally-luns, and Yorkshire cakes, under the name of "tea," and is finally quite prostrated by the sandwiches and negus, or punch, peculiar to the place (having been much approved of on one of her visits by the Duchess of Marlborough), which terminate the day.

But amidst all this Homeric feasting, woe to the unhappy bachelor unattended (as literary bachelors are, for obvious reasons, wont to be) by a servant of his own. The four waiters attached to the establishment are to him not so much as spectral appearances, or indeed appearances of any kind. His meat, if he wish for any, must consist of the dish most nearly contiguous to him: his drink, like that of the Americans, must be taken after the repast, standing at the bar. Perhaps this is only one of the deep-laid traditional schemes of the place, to lure the single men into matrimony by cutting off the supplies, starving out, so to speak, the garrison which refuses to be taken by storm. Certain it is, that families who are *habitués* of the spot, bring down not only their own servants, but their own wines, their tea, sometimes their plate and table-linen, as travellers from St. Petersburg to Moscow were in the habit of doing till within the last few years. There is one elderly Scotch gentleman near me at table, whom I have never yet ventured to ask for a slice of the salmon which stands, twice in the week, before him. I imagine it to be his private property, and to be directed to him for the use of himself and his family, from the shores of his native Tweed.

And yet, in the midst of this confusion, scarcely any one complains. Like Eothen, when he first sat down to his cup of coffee in a real desert, we are all of us glad to escape for awhile from the well-appointed tables of civilised life. The very scramble produces sociability. Strangers are more likely to become acquainted with each other at a pic-nic, than at a stately dinner of eight courses. Hence it is that a new comer, of gentlemanly address, finds himself almost immediately naturalised, and falls easily into one of the three or four family circles or clans which subdivide the hotel. Either he joins the Smith and Robinson families, in visiting the ruins and other points of attraction in the neighbourhood, or he attaches himself, in the same way, to the Browns, Joneses, and Jenkinsons. At the nightly balls—and surely there is no place in the world where there is so much dancing going on—the result of all this is to be seen in a greater degree of *entrain* than can perhaps be found in any other congregation of holiday-seeking Britons. Instead of sitting moodily

in his private room, meditating a letter to the "Times" on the shortcomings of the hotel, Paterfamilias, armed with a gigantic white bow, perspires to and fro, as a master of the ceremonies, forms the sets in the Lancers, hunts up, and captures the shirking waltzer in the remotest corner of the room. Manchester and Leeds go up and down the country-dance hand-in-hand with Wimpole Street and Tavistock Square. Young Ireland is here in force, and in the demeanour of its representatives there are certainly no traces of an oppressed nationality. People actually talk to people whom they have never seen before and may never see again, and that without any sense of wounded dignity, any forboding of being bound at some future period by this fleeting intimacy. I say that it is pleasant to see Britons enjoying themselves in this continental fashion, and that the unusual spectacle is cheaply purchased, even at the expense of brushing one's own tail-coat, and polishing one's own patent-leather boots—processes with which the succession of festivities here has rendered me by degrees exceedingly familiar. Let any one who doubts the truth of these remarks go for a trip next year to Sulphurwell.

Of course every medal has its reverse. And I sometimes wonder if all this be enjoyment in the continental fashion—whether certain other features of Sulphurwell society are continental likewise. Do Ems, and Hamburg, and Saratoga contain types of female character such as my friends, Mrs. White, Mrs. Black, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and a score of others whom I could name? Of these ladies scarcely any have marriageable daughters. They are most of them provided with husbands, and nearly all with false fronts. They don't drink the waters. What in the world do they come here, year after year, to do? They come here, I think, to observe and to invent; and to charm listening circles with the mixed fiction and fact. They are the oral, historical novelists of those who don't read books or subscribe to the circulating library, as the minstrels in an unlettered age were the earliest poets. They can even improvise as they go on, like the Italians. Before you have been a week in the house your past and present—nay, your future life is all patent to these terrible sorceresses. I imagine that they must travel about with Burke's "Landed Gentry and Commoners" (the peerage we have, of course, at the hotel), Boyle's "Court Guide," all the local directories and county histories, perhaps all the back numbers of the "Times" following them in a waggon. How else can they acquire their stupendous knowledge? If, in the wild exuberance of youth and the year '37, you chanced to wrench off a knocker, and were fined by the late Mr. Ballantine, Mrs. Black knows all about it. She knows that there are only a couple of consumptive lives between yourself and your uncle's thirty thousand pounds, made by licensed-victualling. But their functions, as I have already said, are not limited to those of the simple historian. They know how everybody is engaged to everybody else,—Mr. Smith to Miss Brown; Mr. Brown to Miss Jones; how you yourself came down expressly to court Miss Robinson (you danced with her twice the first night—the fact is conclusive), how you proposed in the

private sitting-room, and in pressing her lovely person and cherry-coloured dress (with the blue bows) to your heart, pricked the second joint of your middle finger with the pin of her turquoise and cornelian brooch, &c. &c. One is unavoidably reminded of the "postman coming round the corner with a double letter from Northamptonshire," in the *School for Scandal*. Sheridan before writing that play must of necessity have come to Sulphurwell. Nowhere else is the article exhibited in the same condensed form. Novelists and play-wrights should come here to study it, as painters go to an exhibition, or agriculturists to a prize-show.

Then, another of our types, the Irishman, I mean the Thackerayan Irishman, will be found here in perfection. I wonder whether in any other race is to be found the same mixture of bombast and good-nature, impudence and arch humour, kingly descent and questionable linen? How openly they avow what every one else would do all in his power to conceal: how boldly they stalk in without knocking where the least timid of any other nation stands hesitating at the door. Miss X. the great Sheffield heiress, had not been above a fortnight at the George when seven Irish gentlemen revealed to me in the strictest confidence, and of course separately, that each one had proposed to, and been accepted by, her. Shortly afterwards Miss X. departed home, ignorant, as I am perfectly sure, of the polygamic engagements in which she had become involved: and my seven friends separated quite naturally and unconcernedly into groups, in quest of the persons and purses of Miss Y. and Miss Z. Perhaps one of the most remarkable features about these people is their mutual distrust of one another. "Dog won't eat dog," and it seems that one Irishman refuses to swallow another Irishman's stories. Thus my right-hand neighbour at dinner is a descendant of Brian Boru, a near heir to a peerage, and (adds my left-hand neighbour) the son of a retired linen-draper at Wicklow. And, so the gentleman on my left is a first cousin, not only to the Duke of Leinster, but also to the postmaster at Enniscorthy.

But the Irishman, as exhibited at my favourite Sulphurwell, is an inexhaustible—some may perhaps think an exhausted—subject. Time fails me to speak of his better varieties, as also of other Sulphurwell types of character, scenes, incidents, adventures, and what not, which would swell into the size of a local hand-book. To know Sulphurwell thoroughly, you must go to Sulphurwell yourselves. J. S.

LA FILLE BIEN GARDÉE.

(AN INTERRUPTED LETTER.)

No, Edith, I have got *no* briefs—I want no briefs at all, I want to know that you're come back, and safe at Shirley Hall;

And till I get a note from you, announcing that return, I've neither head nor heart for Chitty, Sugden, Hayes, or Fearnle.

Your letter speaks about "hard work," and "rising at the bar;"

I read it, Edith, at my window, smoking a cigar; And I'm to work while you're away!—a likely thing, indeed!

Yes, I'm in one Assizes case,—the one in *Adam Bede*.

You can believe, or disbelieve me, Edith, as you please,
A fellow's work's all bosh unless a fellow's mind's at
ease ;
And studying Cross Remainders Over is no use, I fear,
While you're in France, and I'm a cross remainder over
here.

Don't, Edith, write about myself, I want to hear of you,
And what you're doing day by day, and also how you
do ;
And whether Mrs. Armington (whom I don't like, and
shan't),
Is really acting like a friend, or only like an aunt ;

And takes you, Edith, everywhere, and shows you
what's to see,
And in society performs what's due to you—and me ;
Nor, while her own long girls are push'd wherever she
can get,
Permits you to be talk'd to by the billiard-playing set.

And, Edith, as she's full of spite (she is, from wig to toes,
And hates me for that harmless sketch that show'd
her Roman nose) ;
Inform me if those vicious innuendoes she contrives,
And talks at briefless barristers, and pities poor men's
wives.



Or if she ever gives you, Edith darling, half a hint
(There's nothing that a woman wouldn't do with such a
squint)
That I've been fast, and people say, "who really ought
to know,"
That at getting briefs and paying bills alone they think
I'm slow ;

Or talks of our engagement in a way that isn't kind,
Makes it, at pic-nics, an excuse for leaving you behind ;
And drawls, that cold old lip of hers maliciously up-
curl'd,
"Of course, engaged Miss Ediths do not care about the
world."

You'll call me such a worry, Edith, but it is not fun
To be stuck in Temple chambers when October has
begun ;
So pity for a lover who's condemned in town to
stay,
When She—and everybody else—are off and far away.

I wander in our Gardens when the dusk makes all things
dim,
The gardener tells me not to smoke, but much I care
for him ;
And Paper Buildings, Edith, in a sketch by fancy drawn,
Grows an old baronial mansion, with the grassplat for
its lawn :

The Thames, its lake ; myself, its Lord (his income,
lucky chance,
Exactly fifty thousand pounds paid yearly in advance) ;
Then at the eastern turret a sweet form is conjur'd up,
And Edith waves a kerchief white, and calls me in—to sup.
Well, bless you, Edith. When you sail'd, I put aboard
your ship
Vanity Fair, by Thackeray, and my dear old Hound,
by Grip ;
And to no girl her destiny more sure protection sends,
Than such a dog to bite her foes, such book to bite her
friends. S. B.

Queen's Bar Ride, Temple.

ROSE STREET.

WE are giving here a picture of a London street, which is now rapidly vanishing before the advance of the spirit of clearance and ventilation; and if it should be actually gone before our readers can see these pages, some of them, doubtless, will call to mind that this was as nearly as possible the spectacle which presented itself at an opening looking into King Street, Covent Garden, at the end of the first week in the present October. The formal epitaph of this street now lies in the mason's yard adjoining, in the form of a tablet detached from one of the houses, and which bears the superscription,—“This is Red Rose Street, 1623.”

Low gambling-houses, floors let out to numerous families, with fearful broods of children, sundry variations of the magisterial permission “to be drunk on the premises,” strange chaotic trades to which no one skilled contribution imparted a distinctive character; and, by way of a moral drawn from the far-off pure air of open fields and farm yards, a London dairy, professing to be constantly supplied with fresh butter, cream, and new milk from the country—were some of the special features of the Rose Street of our time. If this were all, Rose Street might go down into dust without a word of epitaph. But there are circumstances connected with it which will render it immortal in our annals, when its very site shall have become a matter of doubt, hundreds of years hence.

It was here in this murky purlieu of Covent Garden, that Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, died in 1680 of a complication of ailments and miseries, the most urgent of which was want.

Thyrsis has gained preferment for a song,
While *Hudibras* does starve among the throng.
State Poems.



In the first blush of his fame, no man ever had a fairer prospect of achieving honour and independence; but the sequel shows, as his epitaph warns us,

How little faith is due to courts and kings.

The King used to go about with *Hudibras* in his pocket; he was eternally quoting it; he thought it the wittiest, the funniest, and the wisest book in the world. His Majesty even went so far as to send for Butler, that he might have the royal satisfaction of looking at him; “but,” says a contemporary, “Butler was starved at the very time the King had his book in his pocket.” Panegyrics descended upon him from the highest quarters in showers, containing, however, no golden drops; the Lord Chancellor hung up his

portrait in his state dining-room, and Lord Dorset sought, through a friend, a private meeting with him over a bottle in a tavern. *Hudibras* was in everybody's hand. No book ever obtained so wide and immediate a reputation. Its most striking couplets acquired at once the weight and familiarity of proverbs. They furnished the staple of the town talk for months; and the wits of the day traded on their subtle and trenchant humours. The palace and the playhouse, the chocolate house and the taverns, rang with the echoes of his verse. Yet, says Oldham, who survived him only three years,

Of all his gains by verse he could not save
Enough to buy him flannel and a grave;
Reduced to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick.

The intimate friend of Hobbes, he who has been described as “a whole species of poet in one,” whose vast and multifarious learning excited the

astonishment of Doctor Johnson, and whose fate is denounced by Dryden as the disgrace of the age, expired of sheer distress in this miserable, crowded, suffocating Rose Street, and was buried, at the cost of a friend, in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, close under the north wall of the church at the east end. The ashes of its houses may be blown to the four winds, and far-reaching improvements, noble thoroughfares, and grand edifices, may obliterate all traces of its whereabouts; but as long as our language lasts, pilgrims will come to seek the spot where Butler died, as Colley Cibber says, "with the highest esteem of the Court, in a garret."

It was under the same reign, and very close upon the same time, that Rose Street was the scene of another incident, no less memorable in our literary annals, although not quite so tragical. In this narrow gorge, which, remembering how scantily even the Strand was lighted with paper lanterns at that period, must have been pitch dark, Dryden, the poet, was set upon at night by three hired assassins, and beaten, to use the expressive phrase, "within an inch of his life." His biographers tell us that when this ferocious assault was made upon him, he was going home to his house in Gerard Street, from Will's Coffee-house, which he was in the habit of frequenting nightly, and which stood at the south-western corner of Bow Street, looking into Russell Street. This statement has given occasion to much controversy and debate. Concerning the main fact of this beating, there is no question; but proof is wanting that Dryden had been at Will's that night, and, wherever he was going, he certainly could not have been going to Gerard Street, if it be true, as it is alleged, that Gerard Street was not built for two years afterwards. Quiet, intelligent people who read books for their amusement, and, in a general way, for their instruction, have no notion, happily for themselves, of the voluntary drudgery a literary antiquary undergoes in the pursuit of small, and, apparently, trivial details. A date, which does not seem of much value when it is got, may cost weeks of research; and the tiniest scraps and fragments of rectified information, which occupy hardly a line in the relation, and which are utterly insignificant in comparison with the large masses of well-known particulars in which they are set, may be the result of patient inquiry, never lost sight of through the miscellaneous studies of half a life. Don't disparage the antiquary. Let him work on in his own way, and fall out with his fellow-labourers, and abuse everybody after the bent of his temper, and believe that nobody knows anything except himself. If he be conscientious, the world will gain something by his labours; and if he be not, he will assuredly "come to grief." As for accuracy in small facts, it is a quality not to be lightly estimated. He who is indifferent to accuracy in small facts, is not very likely to appreciate the full importance of accuracy in large ones. The sum total is made up of items. Hours are composed of minutes. If you do not set your watch accurately to the minutes, it will be wrong in the hour, although the error may be slight. Besides, in literature there is this additional motive for observing a

vigilant precision, that it keeps us always on the right track for fresh suggestions and further discoveries.

It must be confessed, however, in spite of our respect for the antiquaries, that they have not rendered us much help towards the solution of the problem as to where Dryden was going on the night of the assault. Perhaps we have no right to inquire; but as the question has been raised, we are bound to see exactly how it stands.

Not very long after the new theatre, called the "Duke's House," was opened in Dorset Gardens, under the management of Lady Davenant, on the site of the old playhouse that stood in Salisbury Court before the civil wars, Dryden went to live in Fleet Street, on the verge of Salisbury Court, close to the theatre. He had no immediate interest in the house; for, although he had been intimate with Sir William Davenant, who died some four or five years before, and had helped him to metamorphose the "Tempest" into an opera, and had succeeded him in the office of Laureate, he was too closely allied by politics and literary engagements with the King's company, whose house in Drury Lane had been lately burned down, and who were just then playing in Lincoln's Inn Fields, to take any direct concern in Lady Davenant's establishment. He did concern himself in it afterwards, no doubt; and was complained against to the Lord Chamberlain by Killigrew's people for violating his contract with them, by writing for the rival establishment. But that has nothing to do with our present business. Dryden is stated on the authority of the rate books of the parish, to have lived in Fleet Street from 1673 to 1682, when he removed to a house in Long Acre, exactly facing the dismal embouchure of Rose Street. Here he lived till 1686, when he went farther west to the house, 43, Gerard Street, where he died on the 1st of May, 1700.

Now, as the assault took place on the night of the 18th of December, 1679, there would be no great difficulty in determining where Dryden was living at the time—if these dates be correct. And here it is that our friends, the antiquaries, darken counsel; for we find that while the rate books of St. Bride's are quoted to show that in 1679 he was living in Fleet Street,—the rate books of St. Martin's are relied upon, with equal confidence, to prove that he was living at the same time in Long Acre. The biographers who have escaped the dilemma by sending him on to Gerard Street at once, may, therefore, turn out to be right after all. Fleet Street at all events is put out of court. We know from the contemporary account of the circumstance that he was going from Covent Garden; and, if he were going home, as must be inferred from the lateness of the hour, he could not have been going to Fleet Street, which would take him in the opposite direction, while the way both to Gerard Street and Long Acre lay direct through this unsavoury Rose avenue. To one or other of these residences he must have been going. Perhaps most readers will be of opinion that it is not very material which.

That he had just left Will's Coffee-house, may be taken for granted. The newspaper of the

next morning, describing the occurrence, says, that "last night Mr. Dryden, the famous poet, going from a coffee-house in Covent Garden, was set upon by three persons unknown to him, and so rudely by them handled, that, as it is said, his life is in no small danger." The reporter adds that the attack was supposed to have been made out of a private grudge, and not for the purpose of robbery. The only coffee-house in or near Covent Garden that Dryden could have been coming from, was Will's. He was the oracle of Will's, where, seated in a chair expressly reserved for him, he gave out the law to a hushed crowd of disciples. He was to Will's what Ben Jonson had been before him to the Apollo Club in the old Devil Tavern, at Temple Bar.

The newspaper was right. It was not for the purpose of robbery that Mr. Dryden, the famous poet, was waylaid on his way home from Will's, but to revenge the imaginary wrongs of some "persons of quality" who suspected that he had lampooned them, and who, without waiting to obtain proof of the fact, hired three ruffians to beat, or, as it might be, murder him. Outrages of this kind were not uncommon. Buckingham employed the notorious Colonel Blood to assassinate the Duke of Ormond; Mr. Thynne was killed in Pall Mall by the bravos of Count Königsmark; and Sir John Coventry escaped with his life at the cost of a slit nose. In all such cases, however, there was undeniable provocation, while in Dryden's case there was none of which a scintilla of evidence could be produced. The plot of this little drama is a microcosm of the age.

Louise de Quérouaille, at the age of nineteen, rather more than ten years before the attack upon Dryden, was appointed maid of honour to the Duchess of Orleans, the sister of Charles II. She was descended from a decayed Breton family, and was considered a great beauty, with a child-like expression of sweetness in her face, rich clustering hair, and a voluptuous form. The king saw her, for the first time, in the train of the duchess at Dover in 1670, and immediately afterwards, when the unfortunate duchess was taken off by poison, Louise was invited into England, received with a prodigality of attention that looked like what it meant, and appointed maid of honour to the queen. She at once acquired an ascendancy over the king, which she preserved up to the end of his life against all comers. In two years she was created by letters patent, baroness of one place, countess of another, and Duchess of Portsmouth, besides being made a duchess and peeress of France, with considerable revenues, by Louis XIV., who thus secured her influence as a secret agent at the English court. The splendour of her appointments far transcended the modest state of the queen. Her apartments at Whitehall were miracles of luxury and costliness. She was the sovereign power in the palace. In vain other mistresses intrigued against her, or, for a time, succeeded in ensnaring her Squire of Dames; he was sure to return to her, and to become more enthralled than ever. All the courtiers and men of gallantry were at her feet; and prominent amongst them was Rochester. His reputation, probably, recommended

him to her special confidence, which he is said to have enjoyed.

But incessant vigilance was necessary to the maintenance of her ascendancy. There was always a rival in the field, and it required consummate tact to manage a situation in which the end was almost certain to be sacrificed by the slightest betrayal of the means. The only way to keep the king was to humour his inconstancy. A little wayward, pretty jealousy, dashed with a few skillful tears, flattered the vanity of the monarch; while jealousy in earnest would have interfered with his pleasures and risked his favour. The least indiscretion would have been fatal. Few women could have steered successfully through such rocks and quicksands for twelve or fourteen years. The genius of Louise de Quérouaille was exactly adapted to the position. The aim of her life was the acquisition of wealth and influence; and she was not encumbered with a heart that threw any obstacles in her path.

About the time of which we are speaking, Nell Gwynne, the orange-girl and actress, who was also lodged at Whitehall, as a lady of the Privy Chamber, divided the king's attentions with the Duchess of Portsmouth. They were his bright and his dark spirits. The one, gay, hearty, and unselfish; the other, subtle and patient, with airs of melancholy and fits of pouting, made different approaches to his weak and easy nature, and from opposite points of attraction kept him vibrating between them. These circumstances were notorious at court, and furnished scandal for many a flip-pant jest on the back-stairs.

It was some time in 1679 that a copy of verses, entitled "An Essay on Satire," got about in MS., and fell into the hands of the Duchess of Portsmouth. In this piece, after the fashion of the day, several notorieties were assailed, including Danby the lord high treasurer, Aylesbury, Shaftesbury, Essex, who afterwards committed suicide in the Tower, Sir Thomas Armstrong, subsequently executed for his participation in the Rye-House Plot, and Rochester, described as a wit at second hand, whose entire life was licentious and insincere. These portraits would probably have excited no further notice than a running fire of squibs and pasquinades, and some rough joking in the taverns, if the author had not also flown at higher game. Not content with satirising the poets and politicians, he ascended to the king's mistresses, and in plain language, which one would rather not transplant into a modern page, depicted their contrasted characters, and the different ways in which they held his Majesty in thralldom: the one affecting smiles, the other tears; the one jilting, the other selling him (which latter was true enough, so far as Portsmouth was concerned, although, if Colley Cibber may be believed, the former was not true in reference to Nelly), and both betraying his honour; the whole winding up with a couplet which was more likely to wound the self-love of a pampered woman than all the rest:

Was ever prince by two at once misled,
False, foolish, old, ill-natured, and ill-bred?

We are not informed what part of this satire

chiefly excited the ire of the duchess ; but we suspect it must have been the last line. She might have submitted to the other articles of defamation from prudential motives ; but to be told at nine-and-twenty, in the full-bloom of her influence and her beauty, that she was foolish, old, and ill-bred, was past endurance. Could any ordinary woman forgive this ? As for Nelly, she did not care a straw for such attacks, and took her revenge in shouts of laughter. The revenge of the duchess was not quite so merry. She held counsel with Rochester about the authorship. He was a judge of styles, and he fixed the responsibility on Dryden.

It was not his critical instinct alone that led him to this conclusion. He had a "grudge" against the Laureate, as the newspaper hinted, and here was an opportunity to gratify it. The whole story of Rochester's baseness in this matter would carry us far beyond our immediate subject, so we must come to the issue at once. Rochester had formerly been Dryden's "patron." In those days men of letters had patrons, and wore them on their title-pages as dogs wear collars. Whatever obligations lay between them in that relation, Dryden had closed a few years before by a handsome dedication, in which he likened Rochester to the gods. Being thus fairly off with the old love, he considered himself at liberty to be on with a new one, and so transferred his attachment to the Earl of Mulgrave. This was the mortal offence. Between Rochester and Mulgrave there raged a feud. They had had a quarrel, and Mulgrave had posted Rochester as a coward, because he refused to fight him. No doubt Mulgrave was right ; for, although Rochester began life bravely enough, there never was a greater coward at heart. He was so perpetually haunted by the fear of seeing the ghost of his friend Montague, who was killed in the Dutch war, that he is said to have given himself up to dissipation to escape the horrors of solitude. He appears to have been thoroughly conscious of his infirmity ; and the resentment he felt at its exposure was bitter in proportion. A man who has had his unmanly qualities laid bare, is apt to imagine personalities where none is intended ; and when Dryden took up with Mulgrave for his patron, it seemed to Rochester as if he espoused his quarrel. This was not to be forgiven ; and Rochester, who once extolled Dryden's genius to the skies, now set the meanest of the herd of playwrights above him. He stopped at nothing to drag down his reputation. Ill-will begets ill-will. Dryden speaks unfavourably of Rochester ; the whisper goes round, and Rochester, in correspondence with a private friend, announces his determination, should Dryden attack him with his pen, to "leave the repartee to Black Will, with a cudgel." Soon after this out creeps the "Essay on Satire," in which everybody is abused except Mulgrave, upon whom the author bestows a masked panegyric. The exception is suspicious ; and Rochester, putting all these circumstances together, believes he has detected the cloven foot. "The author is apparent, Mr. —," he writes to his friend, "his patron, Lord —, having a panegyric in the midst." He communicates his conviction to the duchess ; a counsel of war is held ;

and it is decided that Dryden shall be handed over to "Black Will with a cudgel."

Had Dryden written the satire, the "repartee" might, or might not, be justifiable ; but, in any case, the Duchess of Portsmouth and Lord Rochester were the last persons who should have taken the law into their own hands. They must have had treacherous memories when they sat in judgment upon Dryden. They must have forgotten what flattering lines Dryden wrote upon Louise de Quérouaille when she came to England—*he who, to the last drop of his pen, knew how to write so emotionally on "the power of beauty ;"* and, above all, they must have forgotten the scurrilous and profligate verses written by Rochester to the same lady. They must have agreed to a wide act of oblivion, very wonderful to think of in relation to the unutterable obscenity of Rochester, before they could have joined in a conspiracy against the Laureate. But such combinations are always unfathomable.

But what if Dryden were not the author of what is now known in our literature as the *Rose Alley Satire* ? Can it be possible that the *Rose Alley Ambuscade*, as the dastardly attack is called in some lines falsely ascribed to Prior,

A crab-tree cudgel in a narrow street,

was plotted against an innocent man, and fell upon the wrong shoulders ? The evidence is entirely circumstantial. Let us glance at it.

In less than three years after the assault, Lord Mulgrave published, anonymously, an *Essay upon Poetry*, containing the following reference to the transaction :

The laureate here may justly claim our praise,
Crowned by Mac Fleckno with immortal bays ;
Though praised and punish'd for another's rhymes,
His own deserve that glorious fate sometimes.

The allusion is fully explained by a note to this passage in a subsequent edition, informing us that what is meant by "another's rhymes," is "a copy of verses called the *Essay on Satire*, for which Mr. Dryden was both applauded and beaten, though not only innocent, but ignorant of the whole matter." It would seem from this statement, under the hand of Mulgrave, that, whoever was the author, Dryden was not. Who, then, was the author ? It would be as good as the detection of the concealed mischief-maker in a comedy to be able to answer off-hand—*Mulgrave himself*. But we cannot exactly do that, although we can go very near it, as the remaining shreds of evidence will show

In the note just quoted, we have Mulgrave's testimony that Dryden did not write the *Satire* ; and in the first collected edition of Mulgrave's own works, published two years after his death, we have his widow's testimony that he wrote it himself in 1675. The testimony, to be sure, is not worth much. We have no means of determining whether it comes from the widow direct, or from the unknown editor to whom she delegated the getting-up of the edition, in the lavish gorgeousness of which she was much more interested than in its literary trustworthiness. Worth much or little, however, here is a fact which cannot be

left out of the case, that the poem was claimed for Mulgrave in the first edition of his works, and that the claim was repeated unchallenged in a second edition three years afterwards. The presence in the poem of a panegyric on Mulgrave himself is not at all inconsistent with this claim. It is a mere blind to divert suspicion.

On the other hand, the Satire was published in the State Poems with Dryden's name as the author; this, too, while Dryden and Mulgrave were both alive. But it is proper that the reader, who sees many mysterious allusions to these State Poems, thickly sown amongst the critical notices of the literature of the Protectorate and the Restoration, should be apprised that the work is a vagrant miscellany of verses picked up from all manner of sources; very curious as a *refugium* for satirical lampoons that must, otherwise, have been lost, but of no value whatever as an authority. What amount of credit is due to its ascription of the Satire to Dryden, may be inferred from the somewhat startling fact, that in a subsequent edition it ascribes the same poem to the Earl of Mulgrave.

Another witness, of undoubted personal respectability, is quoted from memory, after a long lapse of years, as having asserted positively that Dryden was the sole author of the poem; but his evidence must be rejected on the ground that he states a circumstance in connection with the authorship which we know to be untrue.

Nearly half a century after Dryden's death, his poems were collected, and the Essay on Satire was inserted amongst them as the joint production of Dryden and Mulgrave. Anything for a quiet life! Our national tendency to settle differences, avoid conflicts, and reconcile antagonisms by an easy compromise, is constantly carried into our literature: and here is a notable instance. The circumstantial evidence being loose and imperfect, and the internal evidence by no means satisfactory either way, it has been generally agreed from that time to the present to divide the responsibility by giving Mulgrave the crude first thoughts, and Dryden the shaping, and strengthening, and polishing, together with some of the touches on Shaftesbury, which closely resemble parts of his own portrait of him in Absalom and Achitophel, and the whole of the encomium on Mulgrave. This, of course, is mere surmise, over which every reader is entitled to exercise his own judgment. But it is the opinion of many excellent critics, that whatever revision, if any, Dryden may have bestowed on the poem, Mulgrave was its sole author.

The result is a strong probability that Dryden really was, as Mulgrave tells us, "punished for another's rhymes." Whether it was a part of the compact between poets and their patrons that the one should bear the odium and its consequences of the literary misdemeanours of the other, has not transpired; but in this affair it was evidently Dryden's relations with Mulgrave that drew upon him the vengeance of the duchess and her friend; and to that account, therefore, must be set down the damage he incurred. Such is the moral of the transaction; and it is a moral which

unlocks much of the obscure literary life of the seventeenth century.

Black Will and his confederates were never discovered, although all the usual machinery of the civil power was put in motion, and a reward of 50*l.* was offered for the discovery of the offenders. A proclamation in the London Gazette set forth, that "Whereas John Dryden, Esq., was on Thursday, the 8th inst., at night, barbarously assaulted and wounded in Rose Street, in Covent Garden, by divers men unknown;" adding, that any person who should make discovery "shall not only receive 50*l.*, which is deposited in the hands of Mr. Blanchard, goldsmith, next door to Temple Bar, for the said purpose, but if he be a principal or an accessory in the said fact, his Majesty is graciously pleased to promise him his pardon for the same." But the duchess and Rochester bribed higher than the king, and the criminals escaped justice.

The alley being dark and narrow, the hour late, few people abroad, and the attack sudden, Dryden was hurt before he could see his assailants, or offer any defence. He was then in the prime of life, approaching fifty, and in full possession of his physical powers. But he was not a man of active habits, and could at no time have made an effectual resistance against so ferocious an assault. He was seriously wounded, and might have lost his life, had he not cried out, "Murder!" so lustily, that the villains fled in alarm. At that moment poor Butler was lying on his death-bed in his garret, which looked out on the scene of the outrage; and Dryden's cry of "Murder!" must have reached his ears. Similar cries were, perhaps, too frequent in the purlieus of the Strand and Drury Lane to excite much attention; but we may easily imagine how the voice calling for help at that hour of the night would have affected Butler had he known whose it was!

ROBERT BELL.

RELIQUES OF THE LOST.

"A large boat; within her were two human skeletons . . . a small Bible, interlined in many places, with numerous references written in the margin."—CAPT. M'CLINTOCK'S *Journal*.

OUR stout hearts brave the ice-winds bleak,
Our keen eyes scan the endless snow:
All sign or trace of those we seek,
Has past and perish'd long ago.

O, flash of hope! O, joyous thrill!
Onward with throbbing hearts we haste,
For, looming through the ice-fog chill,
A lonely boat is on the waste!

Sad recompense of all our toil,
Wrung from the iron realms of frost,
A mournful, but a precious spoil,—
A reliquary of the lost.

Here lie the arms, the sail, the oar,
Dank with the storms of winters ten,
And by their unexhausted store
The bones that once were stalwart men.

Their last dark record none may learn:
Whether, in feebleness and pain,
Heartsick they watch'd for the return
Of those who never came again;

Or if amid the stillness drear
They felt the drowsy death-chill creep,
Then stretch'd them on their snowy bier,
And slumber'd to their last long sleep;

He only knows, whose Word of Hope
Was with them in the closing strife,
And taught their spirits how to cope
With agony that wins to life—

He only knows, whose Word of Might
Watch'd by them in their slow decay,—
Sure pledge that Death's long, polar night
Should brighten into endless day :

And when the sun with face unveil'd
Was circling through the summer sky,
With silent words of promise hail'd
The symbol of Eternity.

Welcome, dear relique ! witness rare !
Faithful as if an angel wrote :
Though Death had set his signet there,
The Lord of Life was in the boat.

EDMUND BOOKE, M.A.

REVIVALS.

ONE of the most striking subjects of the day is the Irish revival, which appears to have originated like a great many ordinary subjects. In spite of the efforts and anticipations of many excellent persons, I may be allowed, perhaps, the expression of my own opinion, which is, that there will be no revival, or at least none to speak of, in this country. Of course I have my reasons. Englishmen, on the whole, are not a demonstrative race ; if not altogether in a state of religious torpor, they have, for the most part, rosy cheeks and regular pulses ; they are fervent in business and rather slothful in spirit,—in cases of importance peculiarly disposed to refer to a committee, or to call in the aid of an eminent opinion. Besides, the country scarcely affords space enough for the thing, not to say that the Enclosure Act is dead against it ; and although many well-disposed persons might like once in a way to see a revival, or allow it to take place on their property, yet there is a manifest inconvenience in having a revival settled on one's estate, and something terrible in the supposition that it might become a permanent institution. The aloe, to which attention has been lately directed at Kew, is a wonderful production certainly, but a candid spectator must allow that it is not particularly pleasing. In favour of the revival, it may be urged that it has happened at a very convenient period of the year. If it had been a matter of deliberate arrangement, no season could have been more suitable. Observers of these peculiar phenomena cannot fail to have noticed that they always do happen at a slack time of the year. About the autumnal equinox there is nothing much doing either in town or country. What is more interesting than to a well-intentioned, though not greatly occupied class of persons, than to hear of a revival as occurring at a sufficient distance, and to have the excitement of travelling to it, or returning from it, or the delight of being listened to by an audience that is anxious to have our latest opinion upon the occurrence. The present "awakening" or "time of refreshment"

in Ireland, is therefore interesting. Yet how happens it that Erin has hitherto never been looked upon as drowsy or torpid, but has been thought to need a dose of political and religious anodyne, rather than the administration of any sort of "awakening?" The proper locality for a revival is not Ulster, or Galway, but evidently the opposite side of the Atlantic. The backwoods or prairies offer capabilities for revivals, such as neither Ireland nor Wales can hold out. The earliest revivals were, as most people know, American, and exhibited, though most people do not know the circumstances, many of the same striking appearances now reported in Ireland. A century ago Northampton, in the state of Connecticut, was the scene of a great awakening which took place under the preaching of the pious though over-strict Jonathan Edwards. The deadly sin of a bright ribbon, the display of a pretty foot, the glancing of a white hand, the over-raising of an eyelid, an ungodly giggle, afflicted the heart and ruffled the dreams of the gay young things of Northampton.

There was a great awakening. "Showers of Divine blessing" quickened the human fallow field in New Jersey and Connecticut. The mirth of jig and fiddle ceased. The lights of taverns died out. Men's breasts were full of awful apprehensions ; their lips exercised in continual lamentation, repetition of texts, exhortation, and prayer. Religion, in fact, had become a distemper, and instead of being a daughter of activity and gladness, was converted into a lady of darkness, the mother of dismay and "leaden-eyed despair." Morning and noon and night, nothing but praying and preaching and records of conversion. There was a great refreshing : abundant tears were shed in New Jersey, Rhode Island, and in Philadelphia. The journals announced the closing of theatres and dancing halls, and recorded collections in churches and the progresses of preachers. Far and wide men travelled, never minding blistered feet or bad weather, content to sit under preachers.

"Field-preaching ! field-preaching for ever !" cried the prince of field-preachers.

The rain of righteousness, as Mr. Trumbull informs us, descended so copiously upon New Jersey and Connecticut, that the excellent Edwards became alarmed. The preachers were loud and passionate ; some of them even clapped their hands—swang themselves to and fro in the pulpit—gesticulated and bawled, and shed floods of tears. The Rev. J. Davenport, of Long Island, was a remarkable instance of success. "He came out of his pulpit and stripped off his upper garment, and got into the seats, and leaped up and down some time, and clapped his hands, and cried out in these words : 'The war goes on !—the fight goes on !—the Devil goes up ! the Devil goes down !' and then betook himself to stamping and screaming most violently." Women and children then preached and testified—silence being reckoned a sign of sin, and clamour an evident token of conversion. "Little children of five, six, seven, and eight years old, talked powerfully and experimentally of the things of God." Ever since 1730, these movements have recurred and been expected with more or less regularity. Sensible persons regard them as a "religious flurry,"

or a mere tornado of talk. Not long ago "praying bands" and "flying artillery of Heaven" patrolled the street of New York. There were "business prayer-meetings," "boys' prayer-meetings," "people's prayer-meetings." But New York after the revival, intelligent Americans say, looked very much like New York before that event. In the city, however, a revival is comparatively "cabined, cribbed, confined." It is only down South or down West that the "raal grit" is to be obtained.

In the woods of Virginia, for instance, there is plenty of space for a revival. There is plenty of southern light, too, to give it a beauty and character of its own. Passing along cedar swamps and pine barrens, and picking our way over stumps and by mouldering moss-covered trees, warning us to move warily, we at length come to a cleared open space and a style of wooden architecture that usually implies, if it implies anything, a hard rum store, or groggery. It is closed, however—"Off to camp" is chalked up. On therefore under miles of oak and hickory, under glowing lights from beech and maple, passing now and then a solitary horseman, now a family party in a waggon, until we emerge upon a transatlantic Feast of Tabernacles. There are tilted waggons and horses under the trees; there are groups of bandanaed niggers exceedingly excited; there are backwoodsmen, some whittling, others expectorating, others apparently listening to what is going on in the front; there the trees have been cut down so as to form a semi-circle of seats. A rude platform, or stand, has been made for the preachers, in front of which is set what is called an "anxious bench," the central space making a series of leafy aisles, under which are assembled the motley congregation. The preacher is a massy bison-like man, with a terrible voice and a Backwoods manner. He rolls his eyes fiercely; he rocks himself to and fro; he puts on a tragic or humorous aspect, according as the matter of his discourse requires it. Sometimes he howls like a racoon or a jackal; now he lifts his hands, and attempts emblematically to soar like the eagle; then he is plaintive as a whip-poor-will, or mournful and anguished as a bear. At one time he convulses his flock with laughter, at another he melts them to tears. Sometimes, even in an excess of zeal, a preacher has been known to descend from the stand and convert a border ruffian by grasping him round the neck, and forcing him to utter a prayer.

At sunrise a loud horn sounds a religious réveil, and summons the unawakened or half-awakened from their slumbers on pine-needles, or the soft side of a fir board, to meeting. Ministers turn out of the tents, where they have passed the night on inclined shelves, and have silenced the locusts and katy-deds, if not effectually driven away sleep from their brethren, by singing most melancholy, most unmusical. Hundreds of men and women, looking pale and cold, come out of the tents or the waggons, and fill the seats. Then brother Banks throws his head back, makes a terrible chasm in his face, and begins with an opening prayer—brother Whabcoat having declined on the ground of want of rest and the assaults of mosquitos. Central groans and Amens inter-

rupt him, but few sink down or are stricken, no strong appeal having been made, and evening being, on the whole, more favourable to conversion than the morning. If a shower falls, backwoodsmen are apt to think of their waggons and cattle, and drop away from the meeting. Coloured people, too, not being allowed to sit so that they can hear, sometimes creep away, and choose a preacher of their own. The anxious benches are seldom filled in a morning. During the day the preachers go from tent to tent to stir up the weary, or with staves of hymns and prayers to alarm backsliders. As far as human strength will permit, they endeavour to get as much singing and exclamation as possible into the day. At sun-down the horn sounds again, hoarsely and sadly. Who can forget the sundown splendour of the American woods?

The thousands of mosses and lichens then drop down from the boughs, spires and waves, and feathers of light. The maple is a blaze of crimson; the hemlock and gum-tree drop transparent gold. There is nothing that betokens death and decay; as an American authoress prettily says, "The leaves never say die," in America. As soon as the sun goes down the woods and the trees are dark; then the horn sounds for prayer. Rude lamps hanging from the boughs throw out the preachers' faces into lurid relief, and pinewood-fires cracking and spattering from the tents cast a weird light on the congregation. Now and then the gust blows the embers into the air, or a little company of fire-flies scintillates along the darkness. There needs no preacher to gesticulate a congregation into religion. But Revivalists go in for something extra, and both white and coloured congregations like it.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! bursts out continually from the excited multitude; women swoon, and even become suddenly prostrate. Glory, glory! shout the negroes. "Lord, Lord, I feel de blessing! Lord, thrust out the giggling devils; make 'em feel hotterer and hotterer."

"The devil and me, we don't agree,
I don't like him, and he don't like me."

Such are the actual interjections common at these meetings—and such is a Revival in the United States. T. B.

DEER-STALKING EXTRAORDINARY.

In these days, and at this particular season, when the above manly and bracing exercise is carried on with such unflinching energy, in the wild woods and mountains of Scotland, it may not be out of place to give the general reader an idea of the way in which it is sometimes managed in the far West.

In Central America, that is, the isthmus which connects North and South America, somewhere on the borders of Nicaragua, and some miles from Leon, its capital, they have a custom of sending the ox a deer-stalking, and they actually force the brute to undergo a preliminary education to make him up to his work.

He is tied to a tree by the horns; and is frequently beaten on the head near the roots of his horns, till the latter are loosened, and, of course,

rendered extremely sensitive. A cord is then fastened to each "tip," and he is then guided as easily as a well-bridled and well-broken horse.

After some time the horns get well, not however until he has acquired the habit of being guided by them.

When this system of "ox-breaking" has been sufficiently tested, and when the animal is well "in hand," he is brought out "to stalk;" and, what is strangest of all, in a very short time he pursues the sport with all the keenness and gusto of the most expert and inveterate stalkers.

Mr. Byam, who gives the account, says:—"It is really curious to watch the scientific mode in which an experienced ox conducts the operation on an open plain; he must take a pleasure in it, or else acts the part to perfection.

"No sooner does he perceive a deer on the open plain, than down goes his head, and he nibbles, or pretends to nibble the grass, walking in a circular direction, as if he were going round and round the deer; but the cunning file always takes a step *sideways*, for every one he takes in front, so as to be constantly approaching his victim, but in such a manner as to excite no alarm.

"In a large open plain the ox will take two entire circles, or more, round the game, before he has narrowed the inner one sufficiently to enable the hunter to take aim within proper distance; and the first notice the unsuspecting stag receives is, an arrow, generally behind the shoulders—a gunshot is best directed at the neck, but an arrow, as above, for it impedes the movement of the deer. An experienced hunting ox is best left alone, as he is far more cunning than any hunter, and always keeps his master well hidden; he is only checked by a smart pull when within shooting distance." Æ.

SPANISH CABRESTOS.

[It happens to be in our power to connect with the foregoing testimony to the talents of oxen a still more striking and novel illustration of the effect with which bulls may be educated. The two papers combined are an answer to the startling question of Michelet: "Those oxen crouching beneath the dark oak,—is there no reason in their long reveries?"—Ed.]

EVERY traveller who has written on Spain has described more or less correctly a bull-fight—generally prefacing his narrative by abusing the pastime; or at any rate by lamenting that so barbarous a diversion should be sanctioned in a Christian country, and often drawing the conclusion, that the familiarising both sexes of all ages to such a bloody sight, must blunt the feelings; and even go so far as to attribute to it all the assassinations, murders, crimes, and even the bad government, of Spain.

Now I must observe, in the first place, that the assassinations and crimes in Spain are greatly exaggerated; and I very much doubt if one-half of the amount of crimes (and especially the premeditated ones) is committed in the course of a year in that large tract of country as in half that time in this glorious land of philanthropy, mild laws, good government, and charitable institutions.

The hot blood of the child of the sunny south is

stirred to frenzy in a fit of jealousy, or when insulted; and in that moment of madness and passion it sometimes happens that he lays his foe prostrate at his feet, from a stab with the knife he ever carries in the folds of his sash, but oftener far he calls on his enemy to defend himself, and the strife is equal: but in that land of bull-fights where do you find the premeditated death by slow poison? Or where the murderer who watches with a smile on his face, with words of affection on his lips, ever with intense longing, the progress of agony, and with exulting delight the death-pangs of his victim? Where do you find the wife beaten and ill-used by her husband, and the luckless step-children starved in a cellar, and maltreated by the so-called parent?

But I have wandered far from my idea in this digression, and return to my primary remark, that many have written on bull-fights, but none, I believe, on the way by which this wild and savage monarch of the plain is lured to the haunts of man, and brought willingly in the dead of night to the arena of his triumph and his death.

In the year 18—I went to Xerez de la Frontera to see three bull-fights that were to be given on the opening of the new and beautiful plaza just erected. They were, as usual, to take place at four p.m. But the bulls were to be brought to the plaza at three a.m. This act is called the encierro, or shutting in of the bulls. A wooden balustrade was erected from the door of the bull-ring, increasing in width to the outskirts of the town.

I proceeded to the plaza, where, from an outer upper corridor, I obtained a full view of the open country.

When I left home the moon was shining in all her glory; but the dawn of day is so rapid, and the twilight so short, that the sun's rays almost kiss the moon's silvery track, as she modestly retreats from his ardent and rapid advance. I had but just installed myself in the corridor, when my attention was directed to a dark and rapidly advancing mass, which soon I discovered was composed of mounted picadores, armed each with a very long-poled lance, who headed and surrounded the cavalcade of wild bulls. These again were more immediately hemmed in by bulls, taught by the picador to place themselves between their wild companions and the horses; for, otherwise, both horse and man would be in jeopardy of their lives.

On they came rushing to the mouth (if I may so call it) of the balustrade at full gallop. Here the tamed or decoy-bulls (called "cabrestos") fell back, with the exception of one which carried round its neck the bell of precedence. This one immediately followed the mounted picador who headed this wild procession. As soon as they entered the balustrade, the other "cabrestos" followed close behind them, to prevent their turning back.

The doors of the plaza are wide open. On they rush through them, with foaming mouths and panting sides, to the other extremity of the plaza, and through another door. One trembles for the picador in front; but his horse adroitly bounds aside, and keeps within the plaza while the bulls

rush through, still closely followed by the decoy bulls; but the moment the eight wild ones pass the door their duty ends, and they retreat, only leaving the leader within.

The doors are slammed-to, and you hear the roaring and bellowing of the ferocious animals, who find themselves enclosed in a small circular court, surrounded by a high wall, and perforated with loop-holes, through which the excited people look with delight at them, adding to their fury by their yells and hooting. The cabresto that had headed them keeps close to the door, which in an auspicious moment is cautiously opened enough for its egress; it always backs out, to keep the others by its horns from escaping from their prison.

I was so delighted with the instinct of these animals, that I determined to inquire of the picador how he trained them: and proceeded with my servant to a room attached to the plaza, where there were stretchers and mattresses, and some very old-looking diachylon plaister for the use of the wounded; and, on a table strewed with fresh flowers, a lighted up shrine of the Virgin and child, placed there by the relatives or sweet-hearts of some of the actors in the all-exciting bull-fight, and accompanied with fervent prayers for their safe deliverance from the coming perils.

Don Antonio, the owner of the "cabrestos," was a little man, not five feet in height, with a round head, his thick grey coarse hair closely cropped, little round twinkling black eyes, round face, and round figure.

"Pardon my intrusion," I exclaimed (as they gazed in wonder at so unexpected a vision), "but I am, though a foreigner, a great lover of this favoured land of 'la Virgen purissima,' and a great enthusiast in bull-fights. I have been delighted at the sagacity displayed by your decoy-bulls, and have ventured to come and inquire how you teach them, and how you manage to bring in the wild ones from the country."

Every hat was lifted on my entrance, and every one rose from the table, on which were served sweets and liqueurs; and Don Antonio seemed well pleased at my admiration of his pets.

"Come to-morrow, fair lady, to the encierro, and I will show you how well my bulls are trained. I will give you a review, and you will own that they are as well disciplined as an army."

Whilst he was speaking, four or five others came into the room, who proved to be the picadores and chulillos, who were to show their prowess in the afternoon. My little friend introduced them to me by name, and told them I was an Inglesita, who loved Spain and their customs.

The first and famous picador (Charpa) begged for my good wishes for his success, and handed me a glass of aniseed-brandy, which I would willingly have declined, but he urged me to drink to their success, and it would have been attributed to English pride had I persisted in refusing it, so I took a sip, after making an appropriate speech, and left them with a "Viva por la rubia Inglesa."

The next morning I was true to my appointment; and as soon as the wild bulls were disposed of, Don Antonio, after bowing to me in my box, called to his cabrestos to guard his horse. One immediately preceded him, and one ranged

itself on either side, their horns meeting in front of the horse's chest, and, three abreast in the rear, his four other companions (picadores) followed, and were surrounded by the remaining cabrestos. With a shout, Don Antonio started off at full gallop round the plaza, the bulls keeping pace and position.

"Now to the right!" he called out, suiting the action to the word, and at the same rapid pace. "Now to the left!" "Now cross over!" They obeyed with such promptitude and precision, that the horses were never for a moment exposed. "Halt!" and he reined in his horse so suddenly, as almost to bring him on his haunches; but the bulls as suddenly halted. He then ordered them to fall in the rear. They immediately separated from the horses, and obeyed his mandate; and so they left the plaza, Don Antonio again bowing, and saying, "Sra. esta v. servida."

It was indeed a wonderful sight, and my little friend was charmed with my heartfelt enthusiasm when I went to thank him.

"Do you in your country ever see anything like that?" he exclaimed.

"Certainly not. Is it not very difficult to teach them?"

He said the difficulty was in teaching the first set; they afterwards almost taught each other.

When they went to select the bulls, his horse was always guarded, as I had seen, and followed by the others. With his long lance he touched the bull he selected, when some of the cabrestos quietly surrounded him and lured him away from the herd. The others successively were brought by the cabrestos to where the first had halted, and when the requisite number were detached, the march commenced—the picador in front, followed by the cabresto wearing the bell of precedence, the wild bulls being completely surrounded by the cabrestos, the other picadores ready with their lances to give a poke to any bull who might attempt to escape through the magic circle that was luring him to his destruction.

They start off in a walk, not to startle the bulls; this is gradually accelerated into an amble—then a trot—until they arrive at a little distance from the town they are destined for. Here they halt, and are allowed to graze with the cabrestos until midnight or dawn of day, when they are brought to the plaza in the manner above stated.

I should add that the cabrestos are always brought in first from where they halt to the plaza, to show them the way. When once shown, they never forget it. If the distance is great, they have of course to halt for rest en route.

"And if your horse had stumbled when you were rushing on in front of those bulls to the plaza?"

"Lady," he answered, "it would have deprived me of the great satisfaction I have had in giving you the pleasure you are pleased to express as having received from seeing the evolutions of my cabrestos; for had my horse stumbled then, I should have been trampled to death. Lady, I kiss your feet. Command me in any way I can serve you, and may God be with you."

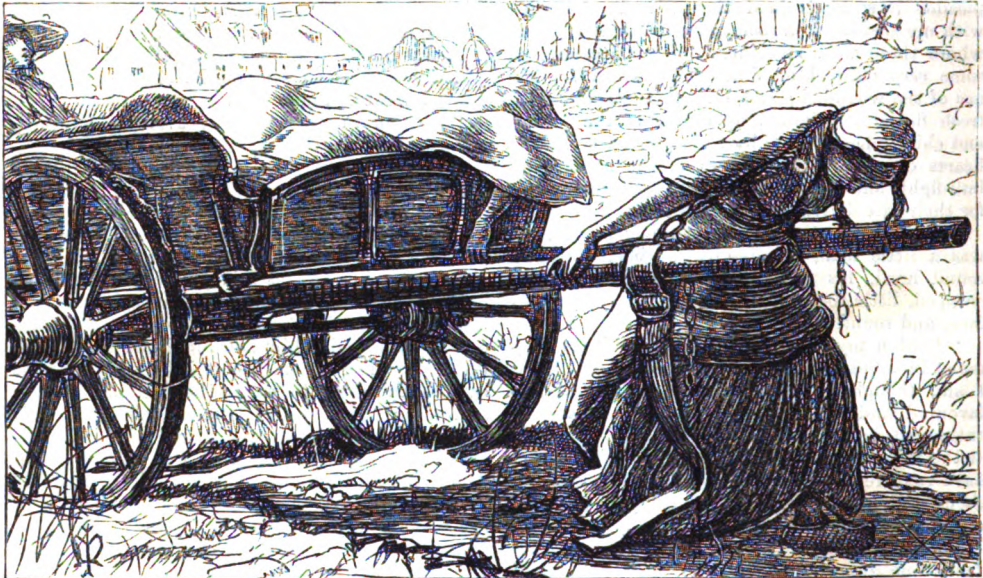
"Adios, señor, un millon de gracias, and may your life long be preserved. I shall never forget your kindness, or your cabrestos." Soy Yo.

THE PLAGUE OF ELLIANT.

(FROM THE BRETON.)

[A LARGE proportion of the ballads still sung in the gatherings of the Breton peasantry—at the “pardon” of the patron saint, the festivities of the wedding, or the consecration of the new threshing-floor—relate to historical events of remote antiquity. One of these time-worn, but deeply-stamped pieces of old bardic coinage, now come down to exclusive circulation among hard peasant-hands, but still precious for the quality of its true poetic metal, and venerable for its ancient mint-mark, is the ballad of “The Plague of Elliant,” of which the following is as literal a version, I think, as can be made from the Breton into the English. I have preserved the metre of the original, so that my version may be sung to the Breton air of the “Bosen Elliant.”]

The plague which the ballad commemorates ravaged Brittany in the sixth century. The Book of Llandaff (in Jesus College, Oxford) contains an account of this plague in an abridgment of the life of Saint Gwenolé, made in the ninth century by Gurdestin, abbot of the convent. In this account special mention is made of the ravages of the plague in the parish of Elliant, though the country immediately round about it is said to have been preserved from the scourge by the prayers of a saintly hermit named Rasian. He is mentioned in the ballad, which, like all other ballads in M. de Villemarqué's “*Barsaz Breiz*” (from which my translation was made), was taken down from oral recitation of the Breton peasantry.]



'TwiX Faouët and Llangolan
There lives a bard, a holy man—
His name is Father Rasian.
On Faouët his heft he laid :
“ Let every month a mass be said,
And bells be rung, and prayers be read.”

In Elliant the plague is o'er,
But not till it had raged full sore :
It slew seven thousand and five score.

Death unto Elliant hath gone down,
No living soul is in the town—
No living soul but two alone.

A crone of sixty years is one,
The other is her only son.

“ The Plague,” quoth she, “ is on our door-sill ;
'Twill enter if it be God's will ;
But till it enter bide we still.”

Through Elliant's streets who wills to go,
Everywhere will find grass to mow—

Everywhere, save in two wheel-ruts bare,
Where the wheels of the dead-cart went to fare.

His heart were flint that had not wept,
Through Elliant's grass-grown streets who stept,

To see eighteen carts, each with its load—
Eighteen at the graveyard, eighteen on the road.

Nine children of one house there were
Whom one dead-cart to the grave did bear :
Their mother 'twixt the shafts did fare.

The father, whistling, walk'd behind,
With a careless step and a mazy mind.

The mother shriek'd and call'd on God,
Crush'd, soul and body, beneath her load.

“ God, help me bury my children nine,
And I vow thee a cord of the wax so fine :

A cord of the wax so long and fine, [shrine.
To go thrice round the church and thrice round the
Nine sons I had ; I bare them all ;
Now Death has ta'en them, great and small.

Hath ta'en them all from my own door-stone :
None left, e'en to give me to drink—not one !”

The churchyard to the walls brims o'er,
The church is full to the steps of the door :
They must bless fields, if they'd bury more.

There grows an oak by the churchyard wall,
From the top-bough hangs a white grave pall—
The Plague hath taken one and all ! TOM TAYLOR.

ONE NIGHT ON THE STAGE.

BY HELEN DOWNES.



[See page 321.]

CHAPTER III. TRIBULATION.

MRS. NEVILLE (that was Maude Percy's real name) retired to rest very late that night; she was so tired, so exhausted, she could scarcely call forth courage to undress, yet when she was in bed she could not sleep. This wonderful success, this lucrative career opened to her when all else had failed, the immense efforts she had made to conquer her timidity, and the enthusiasm she had raised—all excited her so much, that, fatigued as she was, she never closed her eyes! Each hour she grew more restless, and more desirous to compose herself and gain strength for the next night.

But when evening returned, the house filled in vain; in vain the manager bustled, the composer wondered. At length he sent Crowe in a cab to the house he had visited the night before, to bring back the missing star instantly. Crowe returned in half an hour with red eyes, and his pale face paler even than usual. He had found the poor prima donna lying delirious with fever, now singing a few notes of recitative, now talking wildly about diamond bracelets to feed her chil-

dren, whilst they sat apart in a little room, where the old servant had placed them, frightened and weeping. Messrs. Smith and Rossi were in despair; they sent able physicians to prescribe for her, they came often to see if she wanted anything. For six weeks her life was in danger; and when at last she recovered her bodily strength, her voice was grand as before, but her mind appeared shattered for ever. She sang exquisitely, but at random; she could learn nothing new, she could go through with nothing consecutively. Dreadful was the mortification of the manager and his friend; she would rehearse for them some beautiful passage which awakened all their hopes of claiming her once more for their theatre; she would promise to attend rehearsals and resume her labours; but when the hour came, she had forgotten their very existence, and was sitting quietly mending her children's clothes, and singing melodiously over her work. O it was too tantalising to see such talent and make no use of it! Rossi began to feel personally aggrieved, and when the doctors talked of the great pressure on her brain,

replied angrily, "What the devil did she study so hard for? I'm sure I never urged her; she would have been immeasurably superior to any one else, if she had taken it easy and husbanded her own strength." He tried Miss Watkins, and Joan of Arc ceased to please; the house emptied, the speculation failed, and the manager set off for a professional tour in the provinces, resolving never again to establish an English company. But he left behind him his hitherto faithful Crowe, who hung on Smith from the time that he found the musician pretty constant in his attentions to Mrs. Neville: for Smith could not utterly abandon the woman he had admired so warmly—that respect he had felt for her, as she repulsed his suit, by the sight of her sleeping children, continued still, for the virtues which had called it forth were not dimmed like the brightness of her intellect. What if she did lose the thread of a long conversation, and break forth like a bird into snatches of exquisite melody—she was always the same simple, modest lady, the same tender, loving mother; and though poor Joan of Arc had ended her victories when Maude Percy ceased to represent her, the composer could not forget the delight of that one night of exultation, nor the gentle rebuke which had followed the triumph.

So he often sought out the poor lady and consulted with the old servant on means of supporting her. It ended in his procuring pupils for her, and though they were not a first-rate connection, it proved a living for her children; and the genius who had once stood unrivalled, now uncomplainingly taught the "Sol-fa" to the flaunting daughters of the butcher who supplied her with meat, or cancelled the baker's bill by teaching his boy who had a "wonderful notion of singing." The high-minded woman saw no degradation there, as she had before seen no disgrace in her public position. What cared she, so that her children were honestly provided for? In the blaze of her triumph, as in the dim twilight, her children were all her care—her forsaken children who depended on her alone! Even in her bitterest trial, the wrong done to them had been the keenest pang the mother had suffered, far more than the wife. One other friend she had; the clergyman of her parish was one of those hard-working men who do wonders with the most limited time and the scantiest purse, and no sooner did he hear of her illness than he found a hundred kindnesses in his power; his was not the religion of the Pharisee, who sees sin in all that differs from his own views, and it never occurred to him, who had never set foot within a playhouse, to reproach the woman who had ventured on the stage for the support of her fatherless family. Had she been a nun in a convent, he would not have deemed her purer.

One morning as Hugo Rossini Smith was rehearsing one of those wonderful gymnastic exercises with which he was wont to charm an enlightened public, Crowe entered the room and stationed himself patiently behind the music-stool, till the maestro having worked himself up to fever-heat turned round and beheld an unwonted look of animation on his usually depressed physiognomy.

"O, sir! I have made such a discovery!"

"Concerning what?"

"Well, sir, I have been talking to Master Neville, and I let out to him that I was sure his mother was a lady born. You know Mr. Rossi always said so, too."

"Pahaw! That was only his humbug. He wanted to make her more mysterious; he never meant it."

"Well, sir, if he did not, I do. I have seen ladies in plenty in my better days, and have been caressed and praised by them. She is a lady out-and-out, and I knew it the first time I opened the door to her, for all that her dress was so shabby. Well, I told this to the boy, and he coloured up in a proud sort of way. 'Yes,' he said, 'you are right, but say nothing about it; mamma never will allow us to mention it; her father is Sir John Beauchamp, and he has a beautiful house in London, and one handsomer still in Yorkshire; but mamma says she disobeyed him by marrying, and he has never forgiven her.' Now, sir, don't you think if this baronet knew how hard up she has been, through such an illness, he *must* help his own daughter?"

"If you knew the aristocracy as I do," replied Smith, with a grand air, "you would be aware that there is no *must* in the case."

"Well, sir, but don't you think one might try? You, for instance, might go and tell them all about her. The boy was sure his mother had had no intercourse with her family for years, so they can't know what she has suffered."

The great composer stroked his moustache thoughtfully.

After some meditation, he took up a large red book from the table: "Well, Crowe, this will give us the address. Here we have it,—Sir John Beauchamp, 4, Hampton Place. You know it leads into Eaton Square; call up your scattered wits and endeavour to obtain, quietly, some information regarding the habits of the family—if there is Lady B., children and so on; if they are musical, intellectual, fashionable, charitable, or what? If you can sound the key-note for me to-night, I will play the overture to-morrow." The youth was departing forthwith. "Stay, Crowe, I declare you look quite radiant; what is it that fascinates you so entirely in poor Mrs. Neville, and thus rouses all your faculties?"

The boy coloured.

"Well, I don't know; she is so unlike the other women I have had to do with; so kind and yet so above me; and then her voice is so lovely!"

Poor Crowe, that voice of hers was his reward for everything! Smith felt much the same towards her, but in a less degree; he was too much taken up with himself to be capable of genuine enthusiasm.

The musician and his secretary did not meet again till the former returned from the musical soirée where he had been acting the lion greatly to his own satisfaction, as usual. Crowe followed him at once to his room:

"I have not learnt much, they are very shut-up people it seems; could hear nothing about Sir John, but there is a Lady Beauchamp much younger than the baronet, and no children. I can't hear that they do anything but go to chapel, or see anybody."

"They shall see ME to-morrow!" returned

Smith, looking at himself in the glass with a thorough consciousness that that vision would by no means rank as a common event in their lives. As soon as he had breakfasted—that is about noon the next day—Hugo Rossini Smith applied for admittance at 4, Hampton Place.

"Sir John sees no one," replied the servant, "but I believe my lady is at home," with a stress on the *believe* called forth, not by doubts as to his mistress's presence, but as to the respectability of the very dirty and extraordinary-looking visitor.

However, he was shown into Lady Beauchamp's drawing-room, where he prepared for her reception. He threw himself in a lounging attitude on the sofa, pulled his neck-tie into a knot still more *négligé*, fixed his eyes on the ceiling, and drew his fingers through his lanky locks, till the wildness of his appearance was beyond measure ludicrous. Some minutes passed, and Smith grew tired of *posing*, and curiosity strongly prompted him to look round the room. The furniture was costly, but it was not refined; the walls were covered with a few good oil-paintings interspersed with very poor lithographic representations of the Rev. Josiah Pitchitin; the Rev. Josiah Pitchitin's chapel at Kennington; the Rev. Samuel Wheeler, evening lecturer at the Old Road Tabernacle, and other worthies of various features, save in one respect, that they had all heavy fleshy mouths and chins, and very much the *tournaure* of shoemakers in their Sunday clothes, who would appreciate a good dinner with more than even the ordinary gusto of mankind. He looked at the books on the table, all beautifully gilt and bound—presentation copy of the "Saint's Feast;" the "Aroma of Piety," presented with the utmost respect to Lady Beauchamp by Josiah Pitchitin; "Illustrated Hymns used at Salem Chapel." Smith felt dreadfully out of his element, and turned despairingly to the card-basket; but just as he had taken up the first visiting-card, he became miserably conscious of the presence of a tall, frigid, grandly-dressed lady, who stood just within the door watching him with stony glance. O most provoking chance! he had looked, he knew he had, so distingué in his reverie on the sofa; and, after all, to be detected prying with mundane curiosity into the card-basket. He recovered himself as he could.

"Have I the honour of addressing Lady Beauchamp?"—a very slight inclination of the head—"and can her ladyship spare a quarter of an hour to an artist who has for once travelled out of his sphere to restore a brilliant star to hers?"

The lady seated herself, motioned him to a chair, and placing her jewelled watch on the table, "I have, sir," she said, "exactly ten minutes to give you; state your case as concisely as you can."

"My dearest lady! it is not *my* case, but that of one much nearer to you."

A slight anxious flush rose to the lady's cheek, but she waited patiently for the end.

"You may have heard of me, madam; I am Hugo Rossini Smith, the composer of Joan of Arc, an opera which will yet claim immortality, though at present cruelly obscured. You may have witnessed its brilliant *début*."

The lady drew herself up with an air of mingled

surprise and disdain, which said plainer than words could have done: I know nought of such wicked places.

Smith pursued his tale—"The heroine was represented by the most wonderful singer, a genius, a heaven-inspired creature, but for one night only; the excitement of that first performance was too much for her; it produced brain-fever, which has impaired her intellect; yet thus weakened, she is the sole support of her children, for her husband has forsaken her. I must not omit to state, that I am taking this step entirely without her knowledge."

"And why apply to me in favour of this abandoned woman?"

"Abandoned! Good heavens, banish such an idea, she is an angel! a divine creature! pure, lovely! But why I appeal to you, or rather to your husband is, because this unfortunate and most-gifted lady is, I have just ascertained, the daughter of Sir John Beauchamp!"

The lady's face whitened, and her teeth clenched; it was a deadly look of hatred that distorted those features, which she strove evidently to conceal.

"Sir!" she hissed out at length, through her closed teeth, "go back to that vile woman, and tell her to pursue her infamous course as she has hitherto done—*silently*."

"For heaven's sake, madam! consider, this virtuous lady is deeply afflicted—she—"

"Then, sir," interrupted Lady Beauchamp, "tell her to regard her visitation as the justice of Heaven, and may the punishment work repentance in her. I can hold no communication with a stage-player, and her poor father is in no condition to attend to business. I doubt not but that she is well provided with friends of her own stamp, or you, sir, would not now be here begging for her. I have now listened to you for more than ten minutes; allow me to bid you good morning."

Several times during the interview, Smith had noticed a slight movement of the door behind the chair of Lady Beauchamp, and as he mentioned the name of the successful singer, he had distinctly seen the outline of an old man's head start forward, and as quickly retire. He had from that time raised his voice under the impression that it might be Sir John. As he slowly left the room at the command of the imperious lady, he glanced about in hopes of seeing the supposed father, but nought was visible, save a black sheep stealing softly up the stair-case, whom he rightly guessed to be the Rev. Josiah Pitchitin. Even when the smart footman had closed the door on him, he lingered on the steps, hoping he would be followed and recalled by the old shadow, who must have heard his conversation with his wife. Yet no—he might be deaf—he might be imbecile—he might be as merciless as his partner. He was obliged to acknowledge to the eagerly-expectant Crowe, the entire failure of his mission. He did not communicate his doubts to Crowe, but in his own mind he attributed much of his ill-success to his own impatience in having prematurely abandoned his poetic attitude on the sofa, which could not but impress ever so hardened a woman.

However, he did not long brood over his misadventure, but sought and found consolation by

strolling off to some of his usual haunts. Not so poor Crowe; he felt the disappointment keenly. He remained at the musician's desk, copying the musical task allotted to him, but the pen often dropped from his fingers, and the pale face had even a deeper air of dejection than usual, as it looked up occasionally from the confusion of heads and tails which represented one of Smith's fantasies. Suddenly a slight tap at the door startled him; it opened cautiously, and there walked in a large bundle of clothing, which shelled gradually—cloak, paletôt, overcoat, shawl, whilst a voice from within explained in a weak voice, "Excuse me, sir, I begged the servant not to announce me, so much prudence is necessary in my peculiar position. I overheard you this morning telling my—but dear me! I've made some mistake, you are surely not the same gentleman. Can your name be Smith?"

Meanwhile Crowe's eyes were brightening as the process of unmuffling revealed the figure of a feeble old gentleman in his dinner-dress; and in reply to the visitor's question, he put another.

"Are you not Sir John Beauchamp?"

"I am. How can you know me?"

"Oh, sir, do not be alarmed, you may safely trust me; though only the humble secretary of the musician Smith, whom you this morning saw, it was at my suggestion that he visited your house. I know Mrs. Neville, and it was to me that her artless boy revealed her relationship to you."

"Her boy! Then her son still lives?"

"Lives? yes, indeed, he is full of life! a fine healthy fellow of ten years old."

"Yes, ten years—ten long years! And he is a beautiful boy, is he? Alas! and I have no heir—no child!"

"He is a princely fellow, sir, worthy to inherit a dukedom."

"And the mother? Was all that true about her? Did I hear aright? Driven to the stage by poverty? Ill, her mind affected? Can my daughter have suffered so much, and I in ignorance of it?"

"Come and judge for yourself. I will take you to her this very hour, if you will. Your presence might cure her: who knows?"

"But is not her husband there?" asked the old man, slowly, as if each word cost him a pang of pain. "I cannot see *him*; I cannot, indeed—the brute!"

"You will not. I know nothing of him; but he is never there. He went to Australia years ago. They suppose he must be dead, I believe. But Mrs. Neville—come to her, so sweet a lady! and such a voice! Shall we go at once?"

"I dare not, to-night; there is not time; Lady Beauchamp returns at nine, and she must know nothing. But to-morrow I will. Tell me, can she recognise people? Will she know me? Is she sensible?"

"Oh yes: her memory fails, her mind wanders at times, and she can attend to nothing for long, but she is quite sensible, and she sings more exquisitely than ever. Why, even now, she supports her three children by teaching—by teaching butchers, bakers, grocers. It is a shame! a burning shame!"

The old man could not speak; his head drooped on his breast, and the tears shone on his black coat.

"I must return now," he said, with a start; "but to-morrow, O, good young man! lead me to her to-morrow. Come to my house: I will thank you—reward you! Wait near my house to-morrow evening at seven; you will see her start for chapel (Lady Beauchamp, I mean). When you see the carriage drive off, come within the shadow of the portico, and I will join you instantly. Will you promise?"

"Most willingly. I will not fail!"

The old man hurriedly resumed all the garments which greatly disguised him, and almost ran away. Crowe heard the sound of cab-wheels driving rapidly away, and prayed that the old gentleman might regain his home before the wife he so evidently dreaded. He endeavoured to resume his task, but it was harder than ever now: he blackened the heads of his minims, gave double tails to his quavers, and the whole manuscript became such a mass of hopeless confusion, that when Smith returned, with his accustomed used-up air, he exclaimed, "Why, you've been writing in your sleep, Crowe!"

"No, sir; but *he* has been here." And then followed a long account of the interview.

Smith was somewhat jealous that he had had only the unsuccessful part of the interference, whilst Crowe seemed likely to bring it to a fair issue; but his natural idleness consoled him by the thought that he would at least have no further trouble.

CHAPTER IV. HOPE ONCE MORE.

SMITH and Crowe were still discussing the various details of the poor prima donna's story, when another sharp rap at the door was heard simultaneously with a well-known voice.

"I say, Smith, old boy, can you give a fellow a night's lodging? They can't take me in till the morning at my old den in Charles Street."

There was no mistaking the short portly form which rolled in, draped in a handsome travelling cloak, and Turkish cap with immense tassel:—none of your common straw hats or felt wide-awakes for the elegant Giacomo Rossi.

"You are welcome, Rossi. Where do you spring from?"

"From Dublin, last, and you shall taste the only good thing that country produces." And he drew from his pocket a silver-mounted travelling-flask full of whiskey. "No; no supper, Smith, thank you; have not yet digested my dinner; just a biscuit and a taste of the cratur! That's right, Crowe, hand the glasses. Bless me, Crowe, how fast you look. I declare you grow quite handsome. There, taste that, Smith."

"Excellent! and as soft as milk."

It may have been very mild, but certainly the appearance of the gentlemen's eyes would not have led you to imagine that milk was the beverage they had been quaffing. Of course the manager was not long before he made inquiries concerning his lost prima-donna, and great was the interest he evinced in the story they related to him. But when the name of Beauchamp was pronounced, he

started, turned suddenly thoughtful, and listened with still greater attention.

"Crowe," he said at last, "have you seen this Lady Beauchamp?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will accompany you when you go on your errand. I have rather a fancy to see her, and shall watch as she steps into her carriage, without interfering, of course, with you and the old fool. So she is shamming piety, is she? Humph! I think I see my way through this business, but what a double distilled ass Sir John Beauchamp must be!"

Punctually at the appointed hour Rossi and Crowe walked to Hampton Street, where they separated. The carriage—a very gaudy concern, quite new—drove up to the door, the footman handed in some prayer-books, and as he loudly shouted to the coachman, "Salem Chapel!" Rossi passed, as if accidentally, and had a good view of the lady within. Meanwhile Crowe came as directed, and concealed himself in the shadow of the portico, where he was almost instantly joined by a man from within the house.

"All right, sir?"

"Yes, thank you for coming so punctually. We will take a cab at the corner of the street."

But as they were crossing to the stand the baronet's own carriage came wheeling swiftly back with his wife within. The old man stood as if paralysed. The wheel struck him and he fell heavily to the ground. Crowe and Rossi helped him up; he was sensible, but unable to move.

"I much fear my leg is broken," he muttered, groaning with pain.

Rossi lifted up his body, Crowe gently took the legs, and they carried him back to his own house. There was clearly no other course to take. Through the hall they passed (for the door was open and the carriage still waiting), followed by the astonished footman. They laid his master on the first sofa they met with, and ordered the servant to run quickly for the family surgeon. He disappeared, and Lady Beauchamp, who had merely returned for her purse, entered the room. She looked with little emotion at her injured husband, but when she caught sight of Crowe kneeling beside him her face changed fearfully; her eyes dilated; her lips quivered; her colour fled; it was not surprise only—not fear, but a host of conflicting passions which held her mute; trembling, unable to withdraw her eyes from Crowe, who, poor fellow, shrank from her gaze and hid his face in both hands. Rossi, who watched acutely the whole group, saw that Sir John's attention was arrested to the singular expression of his wife's face, and walked up to the statue-like form and laid his hand firmly on her arm. She turned to him and gave a piercing shriek.

"I have recently, madam," he said coolly, "been in the company of a gentleman who was looking for you, and who will be delighted to hear you are so comfortably located. I mean your husband."

"Sir, you must be mistaken," exclaimed Sir John, somewhat fiercely, "that lady is my wife."

"That she cannot be, Sir John. I tell you I

was only yesterday with her husband; his name is Henry Fisher, alias Baron Ormoff, alias Count Des Prés; and I myself had the honour of giving away this lady to him in the Church of St. Sulpice in Paris some eighteen years ago, she being then the famous actress, Sophy Vernon. She cannot be your wife, consequently, and will not, I know, deny the truth of my statement, of which abundant proofs exist, as she well knows, including her most respectable spouse in person."

"But why does she stare so at him?" asked the old man after a long pause, glancing at Crowe.

"Poor fellow," replied the manager in a low tone, "he is her son; she sold him to me years ago; he had a sweet voice, and I made something of him till he lost it. He is an honest fellow, is Crowe; she has been a brute to him as to every one else. Ah, sir, you are not her only dupe!"

The doctor's brougham now drove up to the door, a little confusion ensued, in the midst of which Lady Beauchamp, who had remained perfectly silent, disappeared. At his own request Rossi and Crowe helped to move the patient to his bed, and waited till the broken limb was set; but before the doctor had re-entered his brougham, Lady Beauchamp had driven off quietly and unquestioned in her own carriage to the nearest railway-station, carrying with her all the jewels and loose cash on which she could lay her hands. When the old man was subsequently informed of this, he only uttered a deep groan; it may have been grief—it may have been disappointment; it sounded very like a sigh of relief! Ah! what a life he had led since he picked up, at a foreign watering-place, that apparent mirror of virtue and propriety. Poor weak old creature! his property, his actions, his very soul had passed into her hands, and she had acted her part, the most important of all her rôles, with a perfection equalled only by the completeness of her depravity. She had joined a religious sect, and confined herself to the society of a few of its ministers, because she hoped amongst them to escape detection, and yet to command a certain amount of worship and admiration which was necessary to her happiness, but she looked eagerly forward to a day when she should be set at liberty to fly with her ill-gotten, yet hardy-earned, gain to a climate and habits more congenial to her tastes. The sudden appearance of her son and the well-known Rossi was a blow she had never anticipated.

As for poor Crowe, he was so accustomed to that peculiar form of misery, that his shame at this new discovery of his mother's infamy was soon overpowered by the delight of being sent to bring Mrs. Neville and her children to the bed-side of her father. It was a mission requiring delicacy and tenderness, and all felt none would acquit himself more satisfactorily than Crowe, whose gentle heart supplied the place of tact, talent, quickness—in short of everything in which he was deficient. His heart throbbed with pleasure as he knocked at the door. She herself opened it; her sweet, peculiar smile lighting up her face and his, as she welcomed him kindly. She led him in and resumed her work, and as Crowe remained silent awhile, she forgot, as she often did, his presence, and began singing a canzonet of Haydn's, as she diligently plied her needle. Crowe's eyes filled with tears,

her voice always thrilled him so! She saw it, and changed her strain to something lively.

"Yes," he said, "you may choose a cheerful strain this day. You have had many griefs, Mrs. Neville; but they are drawing to a close; can you bear happiness as you have borne sorrow?"

"Alas! it was the happiness of success which made me so ill; but I think I can bear anything you may have in store for me;" and she smiled, expecting to hear of a new pupil, or something equally exciting.

Crowe hesitated as to his next step, when a new idea struck him.

"I want to take you to your happiness," he said; "half an hour's ride will bring you to a great joy."

She looked towards the children in the little back-garden.

"Martha will take care of them."

Still she smiled incredulously.

"But I have so much work to do, and a pupil in the afternoon."

Crowe was roused into consigning the pupil in question to so fearful a doom, that Mrs. Neville seemed startled into the belief that something must have happened.

"Pray don't refuse me," he urged.

"You are so kind, Crowe, that I cannot; but it is rather a wild-goose scheme, is it not?"

"Rely upon me, Mrs. Neville; dear me, am I not sober enough? It may be extraordinary; but it is plain, substantial reality."

And so they went together. Mrs. Neville in silent wonder; Crowe in equally silent exultation. But her perplexity increased as he led her into Sir John's house, and up the stairs into the bed-room. The curtains were drawn, she could hardly see the figure in the bed, but there was no doubt as to the voice which spoke:

"My child! my Agnes! can you forgive me for not forgiving you? Come back home to me, never leave me more! I have so longed for you!"

There was no reply, save by sobs and kisses, and soft-hearted Crowe could stand it no longer: he hastened away to fetch the children.

Henceforward, no fears for them. Mrs. Neville herself recovered gradually her former health, now the pressure of cares and anxiety was removed from her mind, but the remembrance of her ONE NIGHT ON THE STAGE influenced her whole life, as many an artist, worn out, or unfortunate, or desti-

tute can testify. And the poor, neglected Crowe found at last a genial, happy home, where still his ears were indulged with the beautiful singing of the "prima donna" of the house.



As for Smith, the fickle public, after pampering him for years, came to the conclusion that the genius was a humbug! He made a vain struggle to keep up his long-admitted claim, and then the great composer washed, shaved, and settled down into a respectable though somewhat misanthropical music-master.

Rossi will, I have no doubt, appear before the public next season, as he has done on so many previous occasions, but never

since has he made such a hit as on that one night of *Maude Percy's* debut.

ANA.

PITT'S DEATH-BED.—Pitt died at his house on Putney Heath, near the spot where Canning and Castlereagh fought their duel, and in a very neglected state, none of his family or friends being with him at the time. One, who was sincerely attached to him, hearing of his illness, rode from London to see him. Arriving at his house he rang the bell at the entrance-gate, but no one came. Dismounting, he made his way to the hall-door, and repeatedly rang the bell, which no one answered. He then entered the house, wandered from room to room, till at last he discovered Pitt on a bed—dead, and entirely neglected. It is supposed, that such was his poverty, he had not been able to pay the wages of his servants, and that they had absconded, taking with them what they could. E. J.

SKELETON STRATA.—The skeletons in our crowded London graveyards lie in layers which are quite historical in their significance, and which would be often startling if the circumstances of their juxta-position could be made known. A cutting from an old London newspaper (title and date uncertain), and which exists in the well-known repertory of Mr. Green of Covent Garden, contains an example of skeleton contact which is unusually curious, if reliable. It is there stated that Dr. Sacheverell is buried in St. Andrew's, Holborn, and that the notorious Mother Needham of Hogarth is lying above him, and above her again is interred Booth the actor,—a strange stratification of famous or notorious clay. S. L.

CONFESSIONS OF A TOADSTOOL EATER.



differ in different places; toadstools are everywhere the same. Even in this country some people are occasionally disordered by eating the genuine mushroom. Cobbett was once; and, of course, ever afterwards abused mushrooms as unfit to be eaten by anybody. Mushrooms, however, like many good creatures, are liable to unjust censure. Anybody might well expect to be half-poisoned in consequence of eating them stale, in a state of decomposition, and swarming with insects.]

The fact that sundry native funguses, which lament in the familiar name of toadstools, are eatable, is one which I have personally verified. In making my own organisation the test of their properties, I have laid myself open to be told that I have shown a proper self-appreciation, inasmuch as the experiment has been tried on a body which, according to a celebrated axiom, is the kind of one most eligible for that purpose. My *corpus vile*, however, has not become *vilius* for the tentative use to which it has been thus applied. I have found all the alleged esculent fungi that I have eaten, and I have eaten considerable quantities of as many as I have been able to find, really esculent, and some of them excellent. None of them has ever disagreed with me in the least, except one called the *Agaricus personatus*, a fungus with a brownish purple cap and violet gills, which comes up about the end of October and the beginning of November. On two occasions, after breakfasting on this toadstool, I was afflicted with a stomach-ache, but I have eaten it many times without any such result. The truth is, that on both occasions, when it disagreed with me, I had had it cooked in a peculiar way, and it was not thoroughly done. The effects which it produced might have been equally caused by a piece of under-done pork or a half-boiled potato.

What could induce me to take to fungus-eating? Curiosity, and a certain fascination, exerted by the sort of magical physiognomy characteristic of these strange productions. This singularity of their aspect is generally felt. Their

grotesque and fanciful forms and colours, and the marvellous rapidity with which they spring, have reflected a supernatural glimmer, so to speak, on their origin, and caused them to be imagined as the work of those airy spirits

whose sport

Is to make midnight mushrooms;

and the circles of seared turf, or dark-green grass, which are the favourite haunts of many of their various kinds, are actually, in common language, called fairy rings. Everywhere they have been associated in popular mythology with elves and hobgoblins. The Dutch call them "Duyvel's broot." I wanted to know whether the devil's victuals were as good as I had heard they were; and the weird, uncanny exterior of those vegetable marvels suggested that they might be found to be endowed with a choice mysticism of flavour. Such had always struck me as characterising the taste of the common mushroom, to which I expected to find theirs analogous. I had heard of a treatise, written by the late Dr. Badham, on the "Esculent Funguses of England," and had often entertained the thought of getting it. This occurred to me one day in passing Highley's shop in Fleet Street; but not knowing the price of the work, and unwilling to invest any large amount of capital in pleasing a whim, I walked on. In returning along the other side of the street, a few minutes afterwards, I saw the very volume at a bookstall. The price was half-a-guinea,—a hobby might be worth that. I accordingly disbursed so much—or so little—and

Badham, in the pursuit of gastronomical mycology, became my guide, philosopher, and friend. I can confidently recommend him to others who may be inclined to pursue the same path of investigation, which will conduct them through pleasant places, if they delight in woods and lanes.

If a second edition of this book has been published, some gross but obvious errors of typography and arrangement will, no doubt, have been corrected. It is pleasant reading—the sprightly work of a botanist and a scholar.

As yet I have been unable to test the merits of all the fungi enumerated by Badham as esculent. Of those which I have tasted, some, certainly, do deserve his commendations; but, I think, not all. In the first place, I have not found one of them preferable in flavour to the common mushroom, except the *Agaricus prunulus*, and perhaps the *Agaricus nebularis*. The first of these resembles, but surpasses, the ordinary mushroom, and has also a peculiar, and very delicate smack of its own, which is a little like its smell, and that may be compared to the perfume of clematis, or of bitter almonds, though I confess I have heard it likened to the scent of yellow soap. It is generally a white, cream-coloured, or whity-brown fungus, sometimes, on being plucked, turning in some places faintly yellow, with a cap often lobed, very fleshy, thick, and when young, firm. The gills are at first colourless, as the cap expands they become slightly flesh-coloured, then assume a neutral tint, and lastly turn black. The stalk is very thick in proportion to the cap, and generally bulges much at the base. Badham says that this fungus appears only in the spring. He concluded this from observations which were perhaps too local. I have never found the *prunulus* before nearly the middle of June, and have met with some specimens as late as November. Like other fungi, it requires for the antecedents of its appearance, some amount of rain, particularly thundershowers, followed by moist temperate weather. It is very good broiled; but the best way of cooking it is to bake it, with a little butter, pepper, and salt, in an oven, on a plate, under a basin. A great quantity of gravy comes out of it, mingled, in the case of a good specimen, with osmazome, which tastes very much like the similar brown exudation on the skin of a roast leg of mutton. An epicure with no particular weakness for funguses would accept the *prunulus* as a remarkably flavorful common mushroom; from which, however, it differs not only in conformation, and the other sensible properties, above-mentioned, but also in the capability of being dried, and of keeping in that state; whereas the common mushroom is deliquescent, and rots in two or three days. Cut into pieces, and allowed to dry, the *prunulus* may be kept for a year and more, for the purpose of being put into hashes and stews, which it choicely flavours.

The *prunulus* grows in parks and woods, sometimes near the foot of a tree, sometimes in the open, often in rings, generally in company, now and then solitary. In common with many other funguses, it comes up year after year in the same places. Those who have learned to love it, and

to look for it, will often be exasperated by finding the finest specimens knocked to pieces by the boys who have picked it for a mushroom, and destroyed it on supposing themselves to have discovered it to be a toadstool.

The *Agaricus nebularis* is a fungus which appears about the middle of October, generally in fairy rings, sometimes alone. It is at first nearly white, both cap and gills, but soon, especially in dry weather, the cap becomes brown, and the gills turn rather brownish. The latter are slightly decurrent; that is, instead of extending horizontally under the cap from circumference to centre, they run a little way down the stem in concave lines, delineating a form like that of a bell-mouthed wine-glass, only broader and shallower in proportion. This is a very excellent fungus: it has, in addition to the mushroom flavour, a certain piquancy, and it also contains much osmazome, so that its flesh, of all the funguses that I know, possesses most their common characteristic of resembling meat. Broiling is the best way of cooking this toadstool; the process which develops its savour in the highest degree. When fresh gathered, on being cut or broken, it exhales an odour which has been compared to that of curd-cheese. Hence it is termed, in some places, the "New Cheese" mushroom. I suppose the *Agaricus nebularis* is identical with what the people in the North of England, meaning the same thing with botanists, call the Fog Mushroom. It does certainly come up in foggy weather, if that is what is intended by the word *nebularis*. Badham gives this toadstool the character of being pre-eminently light of digestion. I can indorse this testimony. Here may be mentioned the fact that several other kinds of toadstools have been found by me not only not to produce any dyspeptic symptoms, but actually to create, after having been eaten, a positive sense of comfort and wellbeing in the interior, like that which fortunate persons experience now and then when they have partaken of the results of very excellent cookery. Some French dishes are examples under the latter head; and British prejudice may suggest that the probable nature of their ingredients renders it no wonder that any sensations consequent on indulgence in them, should exactly resemble those to which I have compared their effects on the digestive system.

A very delicate and dainty toadstool is the *Boletus edulis*; a toadstool which would generally be called a regular one—emphatically a toadstool—a fungus not like a mushroom at all as to appearance, except in having a cap and a stalk. Instead of gills under the cap, it is furnished with tubes arranged perpendicularly, not horizontally, and standing close together, so as to present a surface consisting of their united orifices, which are at first closed, and, when the cap has just expanded, give its under part the appearance of being filled with drab-coloured cement, clay, or wax. Afterwards they open, and then the cap, beneath, looks like a mass of sponge, in colour and porosity very similar to the section of a piece of gingerbread. The outside of the cap varies from light, dark brown, or bronze, to bay or nearly black, or to a mixture of these tints. The stalk, when very

young, is white, soon turning to reddish brown, and is remarkable for being marked about the upper part with a minute net, or lattice-work, of darker lines. Under trees, in oak and other woods, is the habitation of this fungus, where it may be found in summer and autumn. I have gathered it as early as the middle of June. The *Boletus edulis* grows, in size, from the dimensions of a small tea-saucer to those of a large cheese-plate. It is a soft fat fungus, with beautifully white flesh, and, when baked or broiled, eats much like an omelette, with a slight taste of mushroom. It relishes all the better if dressed with fine herbs. Whether it would equally succeed as a substitute for a sweet omelette I cannot say, not having as yet tried it with currant-jelly or raspberry-jam.

About the latter end of September and the first half of October appears the *Agaricus procerus*, a fungus of no mean quality. It is, as its name implies, tall, often standing upwards of a foot in height, though dwarf specimens are also to be met with. The cap, from four to seven inches across, is shaggy on the outside, brownish white, or otherwise partridge coloured, sprinkled with scales of blackish scurf. In the centre there is a black rounded knob, very much like the black nose of a little dog. The stem (which is unfit to eat) is of a woody texture, figured with blackish markings, arranged similarly to those of a snake. The whole fungus bears a striking resemblance to a parasol or umbrella—a similitude increased by a broad membranous ring surrounding its upper part. The gills are nearly white, with a slight tinge of flesh colour. The flesh is quite white, of a light and springy texture. Simply cooked in an oven, this fungus has a sweetish somewhat mealy taste, with scarcely any mushroom flavour. It ought to be seasoned with a little garlic; and, with this addition, makes a good stew, which a blind man might take for tripe of unusual delicacy, uncommonly well cleansed. After cooking, the gills remain white; yet, if sprinkled with salt, in a few days they turn black, and the *Agaricus procerus* thus treated affords, though in comparatively small quantity, an excellent ketchup, which differs only from that of the common mushroom in being finer. The *Agaricus procerus* is fond of parks and commons, particularly flourishing in close proximity to furze-bushes and dead fern.

After rain, during autumn, the *Agaricus fusipes* comes up at some little distance from the roots of oaks. It is of middling size. The cap of this fungus is brown, often partially marked with blotches, which look like lamp-black or the film of soot that forms on the bars of a grate. The stalk is small, rather contorted; the gills are at first brownish white, and then of a rich dark bistre almost black. The taste of this fungus is much like that of the common mushroom.

The same may be said of the flavour of the *Agaricus atramentarius* and *Agaricus comatus*, two allied funguses found in fields, gardens, and waste places, in summer and autumn. The *atramentarius* (so called because it will serve to make ink) often grows in clumps or clusters on the stumps of trees. It is a greyish conical fungus with slate-coloured gills, and a smooth, straight,

whitish stem, about four inches high. Its closed cap is about as big as an egg. The *comatus* is all white, and of an oval form before it expands, softer than the *atramentarius*, and covered with a delicate moist scurf. When this fungus expands its margin becomes ragged, and divided, as it were, into locks, whence its name. The gills then turn black. These toadstools deliquesce rapidly, and, though good enough to eat, are best for ketchup. None but young specimens are fit for either purpose.

After rain, from July till late in the autumn, the *Agaricus heterophyllus* appears in woods and under trees. It is from three to five inches in diameter across the cap. This is a livid-looking toadstool, generally of the colour of an Orleans plum; yellow in some instances, in others lilac, sky-blue, or green. Its gills are white. Its stalk, externally, has the colour and appearance of spermaceti, and inside is of a sort of pithy texture. Badham praises this fungus too highly, unless some peculiar method of cookery which I am not aware of can render it worth cooking. It yields, however, a rich and savoury gravy, and a ketchup which, on cooling after having been boiled, deposits a quantity of jelly.

Champignon is a name commonly given to the small button mushroom. It is, however, a denomination properly belonging to the *Agaricus oreades*; a little buff fungus which, during all the summer and most of the autumn, after wet weather succeeded by sun, abounds in fields and meadows, and on strips of grass by the road-side. Fairy-rings are often thickly studded with it, which circumstance may have procured for it its classical name. The cap is conical, rather leathery; the gills are of a lighter tint than the cap; the stem is very tough and fibrous. This is an agreeable fungus, tasting a little like a mushroom, and having, like the *prunulus*, the advantage of keeping when dried, and in that state serving to flavour hashes and stews. It is impossible for any one who is well acquainted with this fungus to mistake it, but very possible for anybody else to mistake it for two rather similar toadstools which are deleterious.

Of the *Agaricus personatus* I can say nothing worse than that, if underdone, it will, as aforesaid, give its consumer a stomach-ache. It is hardly worth further description than what I have already given. This toadstool tastes a little like veal, and might make a tolerable accompaniment to a bit of bacon. That is the best I can say of it.

The *Cantharellus cibarius* is a small orange-yellow fungus with decurrent gills; it grows in the same season with the *procerus*, in the short grass and among the moss on commons and about woods. It has a faint smell of apricots. It makes a good fry, much like whitebait, and also does well in a stew.

Most wanderers amid forests have remarked an excrescence which looks like a mass of liver springing out of living oak trees. This is the *Fistulina hepatica*. When first formed, it resembles a tongue protruding from the tree; except that its colour at first is of a light yellowish red. In this state its upper surface is studded

with small papillæ, which heighten its tongue-like appearance. When torn, it turns red inside; its flesh assuming the look of beetroot, and emitting a smell like that of wine. Its taste is slightly acid. When old, it becomes dark brown, or nearly black. It appears throughout the summer. Cut into slices and fried, it tastes like very mild liver, with somewhat of the mushroom flavour, and a tartness like that imparted by a squeeze of lemon. Used for the same purposes as the truffle, it would probably be found preferable to that fungus.

Two of the puff-balls are very good to eat. Every schoolboy is familiar with these fungi, which he knows by the name of "snuff-boxes," but which the refinement of classical botany calls by the more dainty denomination *Lycoperdon*; the *Lycoperdon plumbeum* and the *Lycoperdon bovista*. The principal differences between them are that the latter is much the larger, is pear-shaped, fixed to the ground by a short stem, and covered on the outside with soft tender patches of membrane. The *Lycoperdon plumbeum* is generally smoother, though sometimes covered with



minute, light brown, bran-like scales. Its most usual colour is white; the hue also of the *bovista*. Both are full inside of a firm white pulp; which, if they are left to dry, turns into a light, impalpable powder: the "snuff" of the schoolboys. The fumes of this, when burnt, are said to exert on animals anæsthetic effects equal to those of chloroform. These puff-balls are alike in taste. They are best cut in slices, as the French cut potatoes, and fried with the yolk of egg. Their flavour then very nearly resembles that of sweetbread.

I have tasted one more of the British esculent fungi; the *Polyporus frondosus*, a greyish-brown, branching mass of fungus, growing at the base of the oak and other trees. When broiled, it

has much of the flavour of the genuine mushroom, the *Agaricus campestris*, or, to venture on a liberty of botanical nomenclature, the *Agaricus bonâ fide*. The first specimen I met with occurred in a hedge at the root of a hazel-nut tree, in a lane in Hampshire. Some little clowns with eyes and mouths wide open, watched my companion and myself whilst we were removing it, and, as we walked off with it, one of them hallooed after us:—

"That there be twooad's myeeat!"

On another occasion, as we were gathering some specimens of the *Agaricus heterophyllus* in a copse, we received a like caution from a passing countryman of the same county:—

"They be rank pison!" he informed us in a loud voice, from a distance.

The connection between these productions and the reptiles with which they are nominally associated is quite imaginary. I have never yet seen a toad either seated on a toadstool, or crouching under one. No doubt toadstools have derived that name from peculiarities of conformation and colour, which give them an aspect of toadiness. Fat, bloated, mottled, many of them may seem the vegetable analogues of the toad. That reptile being accounted "ugly and venomous," their similarity to it in look has procured for them a corresponding character. But whereas the "precious jewel" which the toad has been credited with wearing in his head, is nothing more than a brilliant eye—"all my eye," as the toad might be excused for saying—sundry toadstools possess the really valuable property of serving for nutriment, as witness the undersigned. Instead of being only fit to be ingredients in a hell-broth, they are exceedingly good things to enter into the composition of a hash.

Are there any general rules by which wholesome toadstools can be distinguished from such as are poisonous? One only that can in any measure be relied on,—a pleasant taste is a pretty safe criterion of their wholesomeness. The converse of this, however, does not hold quite good: some eatable sorts are rather hot to the palate when uncooked. The proof of the toadstool is in the eating—cautiously tried; small quantities only being at first ventured on, and heat in the throat, or any other unpleasant sensation in that, or the continuous thoroughfare, being taken as a warning. Add to this, that the experiment should not be hazarded at all till the fungus in question has been carefully identified by reference to minute descriptions and accurate plates. By these precautions the explorer will be enabled to walk safely on the enchanted ground which engenders toadstools, and to banquet on its produce with impunity and satisfaction. P. L.

HOW TO LEARN TO SWIM.

THE few remarks lately made in this publication on Swimming as a desirable art and exercise for women, have occasioned inquiries as to how women can learn to swim. What means exist, it is asked, for enabling girls to use their limbs in the water?

In such a case as this the supply of a want must follow, and not precede, the demand. When parents show a desire that their daughters should swim, instructors and means will turn up; just as a dancing-school is sure to be instituted in any rising town, when the need of one has been talked of for a little while. First, then, let parents and daughters make known their opinion and wish on the subject; and there will soon be as many swimming-schools in England as there are in France.

In the "Englishwoman's Journal" of August; 1858, p. 413, there is an account of the opening of a metropolitan swimming-bath for ladies in the Marylebone Road, where instruction is said to be given "by an efficient female teacher." It seems to me that when we have got "an efficient female

teacher," we have got all we want for the basis of a system of any extent. There are multitudes of young women on the look out for means of honest subsistence. Why should not the teacher at the *St. Marylebone Public Baths* instruct ten, or twelve, or twenty strong and willing girls to swim, in order to teach others to swim? The fathers and mothers in any town or village who wish their children to learn should inquire at these baths; and, if there is as yet no supply, should cause a proper young person to be instructed.

Wherever there are good and spacious baths for women there seem to be some women who can swim. At Liverpool, where the baths are admirable, there are several ladies who are perfectly at home in the water. If each of these ladies would instruct some promising girl or girls from the schools in their art, in order to make it their occupation, no doubt the next generation of women in Liverpool would be swimmers in much greater proportion than the present. Let other towns and any country neighbourhood where there is good water, provide baths of sufficient size—either by mooring bathing-houses in the streams, or by making shallow docks on shore, and teachers will presently offer. If not, it would be no great expense for the combined parentage of a neighbourhood to bring over a swimming mistress from France. There are probably several at the bathing places along the coast; and there are certainly plenty at Paris, if one may judge by the accomplishment of Frenchwomen in the art.

What prevents fathers teaching their own children in infancy? The earliest time is the best for learning an art which is never difficult. In most countries in the world—actually over the greater part of the inhabited globe—the children swim as soon as they walk, if not earlier. In Egypt, and throughout all Mongolian countries, and among the indigenous races of America, and throughout the negro lands of Africa, and in Polynesia, the human being is amphibious. There children of both sexes can spend the whole day in the water, and explore it at pleasure. Any Nile voyager who has passed the first cataract can tell how it is among the Berber infants, and indeed along the whole course of the Nile. English children would do the thing just as well if they were put in the way of it. Their mothers are the proper persons to put them in the way of it: and, as the mothers are at present unqualified, the fathers should undertake it. In another generation or two they would be saved the trouble, we may hope, by the mothers being then better qualified. Meantime, it will gratify, and perhaps surprise any parent to see how immediately a little child takes to the art, which really seems like nature to it, if begun sufficiently early.

Wherever public baths are established, it is no doubt practicable to make an arrangement, either to open the swimming-bath on certain fixed days to women, or for giving women a bath to themselves. The whole thing rests with women, or with parents of families. Whenever there is a real demand there will be no want of areas containing five feet of water. The generation which has multiplied baths and washhouses and drinking-fountains, can enable children to swim.

Now that I am referring to former papers of mine, I will communicate a warning I have received in consequence of a statement in one of them. In treating of the dairy department, in my account of my "Farm of Two Acres," I spoke of zinc milk-coolers as approved—not by myself, for I have never tried them, but by those who have. In consequence of a hint I soon after received, I have made inquiries, which satisfy me

that zinc is condemned by competent chemical authorities as pernicious, in contact with milk. A lactate of zinc is formed which is by no means one of the desirable products of the dairy. I render this explanation in hope that it may stop in time any experimenter who may possibly contemplate the use of zinc milk-coolers from my mention of the material, on the authority of others.
HARRIET MARTINEAU.

SHOREWARD.

Oh, my spirit is on the wing,
Skimming o'er
These breakers hoar;
Bright the flashing spray-drops spring;
Hoarse the plunging waves along our keelson roar.

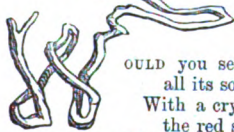
Friendly storm-fiend, whistle loud!
Shrill and sharp
Æolian harp;
Straining sheet and twanging shroud,
At your stormy music let the craven carp!



For mine eyes behold the shore
Where she dwells
That far excels
All rich ocean's pearly store,
Casketed in ocean's countless pearly shells.

Ho! I see it! Hail—all hail!
O'er the foam
My loved one's home.
Darling, dost thou watch my sail?
Doth no quick-fluttering pulse declare to thee—I come?
G. J. CAYLEY.

BRADMERE POOL.



COULD you see the summer dawn in
 all its soft and magic beauty,
 With a crystal sky above you, and
 the red sun flashing low ;
 Where the wych-elm flings her tresses
 loose to lave them in the waters,
 And the trunks of mighty beeches stand like
 pillars all a-glow ?
 Would you see the summer noon in all its glory and
 its splendour,



With a golden sun above you, and another far below ;
 Where cloudlets float like lilies on the lake's unbroken
 surface,
 And the boughs are harps for breezes, softly singing as
 they go ?



Would you see the summer even gather round her in
 departing
 Her embroidered robe of purple, fringed with crimson
 and with gold ;

While through columned woodland palace reigns a dusk
of silent sadness,
And the low winds chase the tear-drops from the
hazel's misty fold !

Or if the witching night may weave, of moonlight and
of shadow,
Spells to bind you where the fairies trace their
circlets green and cool ;
Though the dawn and noon and evening there are clad
in matchless beauty,
Choose the night to hear a legend on the brink of
Bradmere Pool.

By the rushing flood of Teign, amidst the Druid oaks
of Gidleigh,
Once a maiden and her lover wander'd sadly side by
side ;
And though he came of gentle blood, he sought a
peasant's daughter,
With the truth of noble natures, for his loved and
honour'd bride.

"It may not be, beloved !"—and her fair cheek glow'd
with blushes—
"For I would not so disgrace you and your lineage
pure and high :
How should I, a peasant maiden, bear the mighty name
of Cary,
Or with shy and rustic manners meet your lady-
mother's eye ?"

"'Tis the dear and noble heart that clothes the out-
ward state with honour,"
Frankly spoke the earnest suitor, all unknowing
what he said :
"As the moon invests with beauty every cloud that
hangs around her,
So the soul bestows its radiance on what else were
cold and dead."

Grieving sorely thus to pain him, yet unbroken in her
firmness,
Grieving sorely thus to lose him, yet she would not
do him wrong,—
Would not shame him with his kinsmen, or embroil
him with his mother :
So, with slow sad steps, she parted, and with weep-
ing low and long.

But he, kneeling down before her, with his eyes up-
raised to Heaven
(And the river hush'd its murmur with the breezes
and the bough) :
"If you will not be a lady, Amy, I will be a peasant,
And the God who made you great I call to witness to
my vow.

"What ! shall social fictions part us ? We have souls
form'd for each other !
I will doff my courtly garments, I will labour in the
mine ;
Lands and lordships, name and honours, I will yield
them to my brother,
And the wages of my labour, noble woman, shall be
thine."

Even now but half-assenting : time might change him :
could she trust him ?
Would not thoughts too oft regretful turn to Stantor's
hall of pride ?
Yet she vow'd that if his love lived till the Tors
bloom'd rich in purple,
To the next year's golden harvest, she would be the
miner's bride.

II.

'Twas a glorious morn of summer, and the miner's
wife rose early,
And prepared her husband's meal, and took her baby
on her breast ;
And a little bright-hair'd boy was bounding lightly on
before her,
As she walk'd to cheer her William in his morning
hour of rest.

All the dewy flowers were opening, and the air was
fill'd with music,
And a joy lay on the landscape such as brighter noon
denies ;
Very glorious shone the morning on the Tors all golden-
created,
Rising grandly from earth's shadows to be crown'd
amidst the skies.

They are threading greenest alleys, they have pass'd
the marshy hollow,
Bright with crimson tufts of sunden and Saint John's
worts' ruddy gold ;
Pass'd the mighty Druid cromlech that the three grey
British Sisters
Raised by hellish arts of sorcery in the mythic days
of old.

The green elms gently waving, and the oaks of brighter
foliage,
And the willows and the beeches and the poplar's
silver shine :
The miner's wife, fair Amy, saw them bending towards
the valley
Where her true and loving husband wrought all
night within the mine.

Then the bright-hair'd boy bounds forward in the green
and shady alley,
And the wife's heart bounds before him as he shouts
his father's name :
Why so wan and wild, yet tearless, speeds the little
child returning,
While a strange pale light is gleaming through the
archway whence he came ?

Amy pauses not to question, but she threads the ver-
dant archway.
Does the Art accus'd linger in the flowery vale of
Teign ?
Or have pixies borne her sleeping to their realms of
magic beauty,
Far beyond the bowers of dreamland, to behold that
wondrous scene ?

For the green elms scarcely waving, and the oaks of
brighter foliage,
And the willows and the beeches and the poplar's
silver shine,—
They are bending o'er a bright lake, and its pure
translucent waters
Fill the forest-girdled valley that contain'd the
ancient mine.

From the deep mine's deepest caverns, like a gleaming
serpent rising,
Wound the icy spring through corridor and chamber
far below,
Victor ever in the darkness o'er the life that throbb'd
within them,
Till it spread its lucent mirror to the morning's
purple glow.

O the voice of lamentation ! how it wrestled with the
music

Of the wild bee's placid murmur, of the breeze and
of the wave,—
Cries of mothers for their offspring, and of wives for
those still dearer,
And of children calling fathers from the crystal of
their grave.



And the crazed yet harmless Amy wander'd hither
every morning,
Through the driving snows of winter and the summer
green and cool,—
Talk'd in fancy to her William till the holy angels
call'd her :
And this short but tragic legend is the tale of Brad-
mere Pool. LOUISA STEWART.

THE COOK OR THE DOCTOR:

It is always with a shock of surprise and pain that we read, in the Registrar's Reports, and in the accounts of Coroners' Inquests, of death from starvation. Everybody says the same thing on every occasion of the kind ;—that there must have been great fault somewhere, because the law of the land provides subsistence for every person in it. Let it be granted that deaths from destitution of the necessaries of life are gratuitous : this is but a small part of the mortality from hunger. The number of persons who die annually from being underfed is very great. The victims themselves are often unaware of the fact : and so are their neighbours generally. Whatever disease last lays its grasp upon them,—invited by their low condition of body,—is called the cause of their death ; but if the truth were fully understood, we should see in the register, instead of columns of entries of low fevers, tubercular diseases, and fatal affections of the viscera, one comprehensive term,—deficient nutriment.

If this kind and degree of mortality were owing to national poverty, or to social arrangements which condemn large classes to destitution, this would not be the place for any remarks on the

subject. It would be a political topic of extreme gravity, which ought to occupy the full attention of Queen, Lords, Commons, and the political press : but it is far otherwise. There never was a time when work and means of subsistence were so generally diffused in the United Kingdom, as in the middle of the nineteenth century. There is every reason to believe that there is food enough in the country to keep up the health and strength of every person in it : and it is only the deficiency of our knowledge and skill in regard to food which causes a large number of men, women, and children to be underfed in the midst of abundance.

It is a rare thing to find the head of a household in any rank of life well informed as to the right kind and degree of nourishment for any one person. Hence there is such a thing as a family being underfed in the midst of wealth. This happens where the quantity which goes down the throat is considered to be the same thing as so much nutriment. The same mistake is to be expected in the labourer's home ; and it is found there, with the aggravation that the food which is eaten, whether more or less nourishing at best, is in great part spoiled by bad cookery. If it was thoroughly well known throughout the country how much nourishment every body ought to have, what articles of food yield that nourishment best, and how they may be best prepared, there need be no underfeeding, from the palace to the labourer's cottage. It is only within a short time that this has been fully understood. The knowledge is now being applied to improve the diet and the health of our soldiers : and we must hope that the benefit will extend to all other classes.

The main principle of the matter is simply this.

A large proportion of the food we eat is mere water and material which does not nourish. What is nourishment ? What is the precise meaning of it ?

There are two kinds of nourishment in good and sufficient food ; but they are not quite of equal necessity ; they are of very different proportions ; and the smaller amount (by weight), is the most indispensable. This smaller element is absolutely necessary to life, as it goes to repair that waste of the substance of the body which never stops. When this waste is not supplied by food containing this element, the parts perish very soon. A person starved to death on a desert island lives only a few days. I am acquainted with one who lived thirty days under these circumstances : but he was the only survivor of his party ; he was barely breathing when assistance came ; and his case is considered almost unparalleled.

He and his comrades had been set ashore in a mutiny. He made the Freemasons' sign to the leading mutineer, and the man returned in thirty days, landed with a kettle of hot brandy-and-water in his hand, and found my friend senseless under a bush, with the bodies of his comrades lying about him. His appearance was extraordinary ever afterwards, as if every fibre in his face was vibrating without ceasing ; but he recovered to be a world's wonder, for having lived thirty days through the waste of his frame, without its having been repaired more or less. Four days of absolute fasting is, I believe, usually con-

sidered fatal. The element which repairs this waste is called the nitrogenous substance of food; the other is called the carboniferous. There ought to be three times as much of the latter as of the former to keep one in full health; but a person may do without it for a short time without fatal consequences, because the nitrogenous portion supplies its place to a small extent.

The carboniferous element supports the respiration, keeps up the action of the frame by which the nitrogenous portion is carried where it is wanted, causing the circulation and the renewal of the blood, and the power of each part of the body to do its work. The two together make our food.

The first question, therefore, in choosing our food is, what articles of diet contain most of these two elements, with the least mixture of what is useless; and the next consideration is, how best to ensure the due proportion of three parts of one to one of the other. To understand and apply these two pieces of knowledge is the fundamental business of cookery.

Though this is the scientific basis of cookery, it by no means follows that every wife who goes to house-keeping, and every girl who takes a place as cook is expected to study the scientific part of the matter herself. Learned men have done it for her. They have told us what articles of food contain most of what we want, under the best conditions for use; and the treatment of the subject has now reached the practical point which suits the purposes of every-day life. Lists of good dinners have been made out, not only for hospitals, but for soldiers in barracks and in camp, from which we may learn what mode of eating is most healthful for active people.

The useful articles of diet are numerous, and the commonest we have. As to the quantity required, the prize-fighter, who requires most, has thirty-six ounces per day, besides the innutritious portion which everybody swallows at every meal. For women, twenty ounces may suffice, though a larger allowance is better. Healthy working-men ought to have from twenty-five to thirty ounces.

The greatest amount of nourishment of both kinds is contained in flour, meat, potatoes and peas; milk, cheese, rice, and other grains, and sugar; while tea, coffee, and cocoa are of great value in their way. Such are the materials; but they may be so treated in the cooking as to waste what is most valuable, and preserve what is of the least consequence. It is possible to manage the making of a stew, so as to wash away the best qualities of the meat, and leave the vegetables hard, and drain away the thickening, causing a predominant taste of smoke and salt. When Miss Nightingale and her assistants undertook to cook in the Eastern Hospitals, they made a pint of thick arrowroot from one ounce of the powder, while in the general kitchen it took two ounces to make a pint of thin arrowroot. It was the proper boiling of the water that made the difference here. Again, two ounces of rice were saved on every four puddings when the nurses made the puddings. Such incidents show that it is not enough to have the best materials for nourish-

ment; they must be husbanded in the preparation. It seems probable that, by sensible conduct all around, everybody might command enough of the best material for food; and it is certain that a very small proportion of the wives of Englishmen know how to do justice to the food they buy.

As a matter of fact, what do the working-classes of this country eat and drink? Different methods prevail in different districts, no doubt, and in different ranks of labourers; and, of course, one wife will differ from another in household management, according to her training and her ability; but still, a few specimens will throw some light on the reasons why so many persons die every year from being underfed.

In some rural districts the diet in the cottages is just that of the Irish before the famine; a diet which the Irish peasant still prefers, and which is sufficient, if he is not stinted in quantity. "What, potatoes!" some reader may contemptuously exclaim. Yes; but not potatoes alone. The secret of potato-diet is having milk with it, that the one article may make up for the deficiency in the other. In winter, when milk is not to be had, the practice is to melt salt lard in water, for sauce; or to have a red herring (one for a whole family) as a relish: and then the food does not suffice. This is one mode. Another is, living on bread and tea, with occasional lard, or butter, or cheese. The tea is hot for breakfast, but cold at dinner, which is eaten in the field. Cold tea at dinner-time,—without sugar, or without milk; and sometimes without either! Bread from the baker's, most likely, with a trifle of something to take off the dryness. On Sundays and holidays there may be a morsel of bacon; but no fresh meat. This is another way. Elsewhere, the wife makes the bread; but not in goodly loaves, but in the form of "bread-cakes:"—hot buttered cakes at breakfast;—the same cold at dinner; and hot buttered cakes for supper. This is for three days or so after the wages are paid; and for the rest of the week there is hunger—unless debt is permitted at the shop.

In none of these ways could the dinner come to less than a penny a head: and it must usually amount to a good deal more. Now, there are wives who can set a good dinner before their households for a penny a head; and for half as much again can provide a considerable variety in the course of the week. The penny dinner on record happened to be a beef dumpling, as some people call it, while others know it by the name of pottie. The family consisted of six; and the dish cost sixpence, affording enough for everybody. The sticking-piece of beef was the meat-part,—costing threepence. Onions, seasoning, and the flour and lard for the crust made up the rest. No pieces of beef are to be had so cheap now; but there are plenty of good materials to be had by those who know how to look for them:—ox-cheek, the sticking-piece of each sort of meat; a sheep's head and pluck; and the bits and odds and ends seen in the butcher's shop by housewives who go early enough to secure such things. The most valuable dish in a household that I know of, where there is nothing to spare, is a stew, which

costs 1s. 3d., and affords a good meal to six hard-working persons, leaving some over: viz., two pounds of beef (the sticking-piece), one quart of groats, a pint of peas, and seasoning. Surely these dinners are better than bread, even if there is butter or cheese with it.

Cheese is, however, excellent food. It is all nourishment, and no waste. Butter is good too: but they are not meat, and can never supply the place of it. Yet, amidst all our improvements, it does not appear that the consumption of meat bears an increasing proportion to the population. The strangest thing is that we do not make more use of fish than we do. In the Catholic days of this country, everybody ate fish; and there seems to have been enough for everybody. But within this century, when our fisheries were languid, and fishing was a precarious vocation, many tons of fine fish have been habitually buried in the sands whenever "the take" was larger than common. There was no demand for more than a small quantity. The railways have since opened up the markets of the interior, so that in the very heart of the island fine fresh herrings may be had in the season at a shilling a score: yet the demand falls very far short of what might be expected of a people whose labouring classes rarely taste meat. It seems probable that the obstacle is the inability of the women to cook. Fish is a luxury when intelligently cooked; but it is easy to spoil it in the dressing. Fish which is overdone has lost its nutritive quality: but when one does meet with a woman who understands when to buy mackerel, herrings, whittings, and skate, and how to treat them when bought, one sees that varied and excellent meals may be had at no greater cost than mere dry bread.

This brings us again to the point of how different households live.

Leaving the rural districts for a moment, let us look into a street of one of the towns where fine fresh herrings may be had in season at a shilling a score. In one small house in a court, where the family work together at a trade, the women pay five shillings and sixpence each for board and lodging and the warmth of the fire, candles being extra. They get their pay on Saturday night, and pay down their week's money on Monday morning, when the mother gets two pecks of flour, which make eight loaves, or what is equivalent to them; and tea for the week; and meat—liver and bacon, or cheap pieces to make stews and pies of; and a little lard and sugar. The bread is made at home, and baked at the baker's for a halfpenny a loaf. On Sundays there is always a piece of meat, baked, with potatoes in the dish, and a pudding. There is never any milk seen in the house, nor butter, rarely any cheese, and, oddly enough, no rice. The family keep fowls, as they live in a yard. In a street it does not answer, as the chickens get stolen or run over; but in a court they can be kept in the heart of a town. But not an egg, much less a chicken, do the family ever eat, though an egg beat up would serve them as a substitute for milk in their tea. Eggs bring a penny or twopence a-piece; and they are too valuable to be indulged in at home. However strange this seems in regard to a commodity so easily produced, it is

the reason assigned by many a family for abstaining from so excellent an article of food.

While these good people, who pay their way, and are a superior family in their station, are having breakfast and tea of bread without butter and tea without milk, and a dinner at twopence or threepence a-head, a neighbour proceeds somewhat differently. The husband is a workman in a factory, the wife keeps one of the thousand huckster's-shops in the town, and their mode of living is like that of thousands of their class. They have hot rolls and ham for breakfast; salmon and peas, or a spring goose, or a Christmas turkey at dinner; and buttered muffins and beef-steak at tea. Sometimes they have prime beef-steak three times in one day. They, with their double resources, may keep it up for a time; but many of the shop-customers cannot. If you ask where all those piles of hot rolls and muffins that you see can possibly go to, you find that the largest baskets come out empty from the narrow crowded streets where the workmen's families live. They begin the week with stuffing themselves with greasy hot bread, at a cost which would supply dinners of meat and vegetables; and before the week is out they have no bread. Look into the huckster's shop, and you will see a workman's wife, or the man himself, buying a pound of ham, out of the very heart of the joint, for a shilling, and tea enough for a single cup for himself and his wife, and a pinch of sugar. Day after day scores of people may be seen buying quarter and half-quarter ounces of tea, morning and afternoon, paying on each occasion for the shopkeeper's time, and for paper and string. They pay also for the sins of debtors. The huckster pays himself in his prices for bad debts, long credit, and an infinity of paper and string, odd minutes, and waste in weighing and measuring; and these heavy fines, as we may call them, are levied upon customers who, if they knew how to buy and dress their food, might have as good a table for the same money as health and enjoyment could require. Instead of this constant comfort, they make waste which they do not enjoy, aware that a time of hunger cannot be far off. They are often underfed, never thoroughly well fed, and always in danger from every wandering sickness. The huckster gets into difficulties in the same way, and almost forgets the sight of beef-steak and salmon.

As these hucksters sell everything, they have customers for an article which is also sold all along the streets, as often as children pass to and from school and work, namely, "goodies" or "sweets," or, what sensible people call "sweet trash." The amount of bad toffy, comfits, and tarts consumed by the children of the working-classes, and of the very poor, is beyond the belief of all who have not attended to the fact. It is enough to say that in hundreds of families, where meat is seldom or never seen on the table, the mothers are in the constant habit of giving the children halfpence for "goodies" to an amount which would supply each child with half a pound of good mutton per week.

One method, and perhaps the best, of reconciling these vagaries, and establishing a steady practice of good diet, would be to make good

plain cooks of the women. This would be the best method of economy; but it is also a question how more material may be obtained. If we were all as wise as we might be, there would be meat, and other prime articles of food, within reach of every laborious man in the kingdom. It is painful to write of the inferior parts of the ox as the food of the labourer, while the sirloin and the rump-steak are for the squire and the farmer. In the primary articles of food it might seem that men of all ranks should be on an equality. But what can one do and say? The truth is, practically, that the labourer rarely sees good meat, or any meat but bacon, on his table. I believe and trust that there will ere long be more meat produced; and if, at the same time, a wise economy could be introduced into all classes, by which no meat would be wasted, and no one would eat too much of it, and everyone could understand how to obtain and use it, we might hope to see the leg of mutton, and loin of pork, and goodly piece of boiling-beef, on the ploughman's and the mason's table, as regularly as in the houses of their employers.

Meantime, what can be done?

It is well known in certain rural districts that the labourer's expenditure usually exceeds his avowed income: and that it is impossible to preserve the health and strength of cottage families on such means as they nominally have. Something is due to chance earnings or gifts: but the main part of the mystery is solved when we look at the game-preserves. Half a century ago, when the labourers actually could not live,—when bread was not only dear, but intolerable in quality, the offence of sheep-stealing was prevalent beyond example. In the parishes where wages are 8s. per week, there is much poaching; and so there will be while men are required to live on such a pittance. Now, if the improvement in farming admitted of an advance of wages to 12s., or 14s. or 16s. a week (rates paid now where the farming is good), the man and the boys would be worth the increase, in mere strength and spirit; and, instead of stealing the squire's wild birds, the family might and would keep fowls of their own. Instead of getting hares and rabbits on the sly, they would keep a pig, be sure of prime bacon, and exchange the rest for beef and mutton. Till we see this change taking place in the very poorest districts, how may the interval be best bridged over? How may the greatest number be preserved from that condition of imperfect feeding which prepares thousands of our neighbours for being victims of every assault of disease?

It is essential to good nourishment that there should be some variety in food. Not only must there be both the classes of elements above spoken of, which are found together in the main articles of food, but the articles themselves must be varied. Bread includes various good elements; and so does milk; and so do potatoes: yet nobody could long remain in health on a diet of bread alone, or of potatoes without milk or other animal product. Thus, it is wretched management to buy bread, and nothing but bread, and feed the whole family upon it, because bread is the best single article of food. The aim should be to have both animal and vegetable food at every

dinner. It must be remembered that animal food does not mean meat only. It includes fish, cheese, butter, milk, and eggs. This point might be carried, if the labouring class understood the importance of it, and knew better how to manage their affairs.

They might be assisted in many ways, and from two points of view especially; and without insulting them by the offer of alms, or of any further aid than neighbours ought always to be glad to afford and accept. They might be helped first to the food itself; and next, to the due preparation of it.

It is not an unusual thing for ladies, in town and country, to buy calico, prints, and flannel, wholesale, in order to furnish schools and cottages with clothing, good and cheap. Why the same thing is not done with articles of food is strange. Ladies who have a little time to spare could do a prodigious amount of good in a rural parish (or in towns also), by procuring rice and coffee by the cwt., as imported; and barrels of Irish beef, and of Ohio pork; and quarter chests of tea; and carrots by the load, when the smaller roots would serve for the pig and the cows, while the best would come very cheap for the cottagers.

In Russian villages there is often a pair of scales under a shed for general use. It is intended primarily to weigh the wool and yarn of the spinners; but what a blessing it would be for many an English hamlet, where the people are at the mercy of the shop scales, and where they now buy mere pinches or handfuls of what they want! A pair of scales and a coffee-roaster for general use, with arrivals of rice at two pence farthing a pound, when it is fourpence or fivepence at the shop, and coffee at a shilling, reduced to ten-pence by a due mixture with chicory, and prime pork at fourpence, and beef at fivepence, and Indian meal at some wonderfully low figure,—would change the aspect of many dinner-tables in the parish. The cheapest food, nutritious and really palatable, at present known, is believed to be one on which the operatives of a manufacturing town were mainly fed in a bad winter by a benevolent employer, whose object was to embrace the greatest number within his means of relief. A mixture of Indian meal and rice, boiled for many hours, with condiments, made an excellent daily meal for hundreds of men, at (if I remember right), three-farthings a head. In ordinary times, the main object is not to discover the cheapest food, but the cheapest *good* food, in sufficient variety; and the difference between the lazy slice of bread, served out to the whole family, to be eaten anyhow and anywhere, and the hot meal, properly served at table, need not be insisted on here, or anywhere. Wholesale prices tend powerfully to the establishment of the dinner-table in cottage-life.

But what is to become of the village shopkeeper? some will ask. The village shopkeeper, or the city huckster, loses more by long credits and bad debts in an unthrifty neighbourhood than he can by three or four articles of his stock being otherwise supplied to his poorest customers. Where there is a general shop, the prosperity of the villagers is the best thing for the shopkeeper on the whole.

Finally, there is the preparation of the food. If

existing housewives cannot teach their daughters, somebody else must. And why not? In certain factories in large towns, a room or two, and plenty of water, is granted by the employer, to enable the women to learn, in the evenings, to cook and to sew, as well as to read and write. Wherever the education (not the mere teaching to read and write) of girls of the labouring class is undertaken, there should be instruction in the ordinary arts of life. Why are not our National Schools in the country like that of Sandbach in Cheshire, where the girls cook for the sick, and thereby learn the economy of the table? By a report of that school published in the "Times" a year ago, it appears that upwards of two thousand meat dinners, well-cooked, hot, and savoury, were supplied in the year 1857, besides puddings, broths, arrow-root, and vegetables, at a cost of less than 70*l.*, including a Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum pudding to a large party of old folks. The money was supplied mainly from the Offertory: the girls of the parish were qualified for service, and, what is of more consequence, to be good wives; and the surgeons of the parish found a wonderful power of recovery in their patients.

As the vicar says:—"While a return to a generous diet after sickness, in the case of those who have been habituated to it, naturally renews the strength, with the poor, unaccustomed to animal food, the improvement is so marked as to be almost like life from the dead."

Here is a hint as to lessening the unnecessary mortality of the kingdom,—a kind of mortality which, we fear, hardly enters into the recognised 100,000 of the Registrar's Reports. If the administration of animal food, in a wholesome and agreeable form, is like life from the dead, how long shall any of the homes of England be without it? There will be good meals in every house when there is a good cook there. If we cannot put good dinners upon all tables, we may proceed a long way towards putting a cook into every home in England. Let us have a kitchen attached to every girls' school, and schools for cookery in every town, and the nation will be nearer than it has ever been yet to being well fed, which is the same thing as saying that the children will grow up well, the men and women will wear well, and the aged will go down to their graves in comfort. This will not be disputed by doctor or nurse, gentle or simple: and if it be true, almost everybody may save and fortify life by teaching, or getting taught to one or more future wife, mistress, or maid, the simple, pleasant, and inestimable art of spreading the household table.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE SWINEHERD PAINTER.

ONE autumn day, about two or three and thirty years ago, a travelling carriage was slowly ascending a steep and sandy hill on the high road, about ten miles from Antwerp. It was one of those days of alternate cloud and sunshine, when the landscape shows to the greatest advantage; great shadows of clouds driven by the fresh, pleasant west wind, rested here and there upon woods and valleys, making their shades deeper, while

capricious gleams of light gilded upland fields, from whence the corn was not yet carried, or played on the foam of the water-wheel, and brought out in full relief the peaked red gables of the miller's house, backed by fruit-trees heavily laden.

The owner of the carriage seemed to enjoy this beautiful scene and weather, for he alighted from his carriage at the foot of the hill; and slowly as the horses climbed up its sandy ascent, his progress was still slower, for he turned round every three yards to note the different changes in the scene as the driving clouds cast fresh shadows, or the objects of the landscape assumed fresh combinations as he advanced; so that the carriage was almost out of sight by the time he came up to a boy, who, leaning against a rail, was drawing figures in the sand with so much attention and interest, that he did not perceive the stranger's approach.

"What are you doing, my little man?" said the gentleman.

The boy looked up, and without answering, ran to him and tried to pull him backwards by the tails of his coat. "Oh, you are walking over St. Peter," he cried, in such a tone of tragic despair, that the gentleman laughed and retreated a few steps.

"What do you mean?"

"Why my beautiful head that I have been all the morning drawing," said the boy, endeavouring to efface the footmarks in the loose sand which covered the spot where they stood; "it was so exactly like!"

"Like what?"

"The image of St. Peter in the church. I have done it a great many times, but never got it so like before, and I meant to have drawn the whole figure, with the keys and all, but the sand is so trampled now, I shall not be able to do it. I had just left it for a moment, to draw that carriage that passed just now; the postilion had such a comical face, and the valet, perched up behind, looked so hungry and cross, and never once turned round to look at the view, though there is nothing half so pretty between this and Antwerp."

While he spoke the stranger was examining a drawing traced on the sand with the point of a stick, of his own carriage and servants, and although, from the nature of the implements used, roughly done, yet a spirited likeness of the somewhat remarkable features of the men had been produced, while the attitude of the horses labouring to draw the heavy vehicle up the hill, was very well done. He made no observation, however, but simply asked the child if he had ever been at Antwerp.

"Yes, once." Then folding his hands with an expression of reverential admiration, he added, "And in the great church there I saw Rubens's pictures!"

"Ah, indeed; and what did you think of them?"

"Oh, sir, if I could only see them always, I should be happy. I dream of them almost every night, and I try to draw bits of them on the sand, but I can do so little," he went on, with a sigh.

"Would you not like to have pencil and paper to draw with?" said the gentleman.

"Oh, yes," said the child. "I have them on Sunday. The good curf gave me some, and after mass I draw all day long. I am so happy then, without any pigs to look after."

"It seems to me that you have that pleasure now," said the other, "for I see none anywhere."

"Those stupid, tiresome beasts, they are always running away;" and, brandishing his stick, he rushed into the little grove near, and was soon heard shouting, gesticulating, screaming to his pigs; but it was some time before he could bring them all back; and in the meanwhile the stranger stood examining the scratches in the sand.

We may as well mention here who this gentleman was who took so much interest in the little swineherd's sketches, and inform our readers that he was a prince of one of the noblest families in Poland. More fortunate than the greater part of his countrymen, the father of Prince Ponasky had sold his great estates in Poland before its dismemberment by its powerful neighbours, and had settled in France, in whose rich and luxurious capital he could freely indulge his taste for the refined and beautiful. His son had grown up a perfect enthusiast of Art—one of those men one finds often in the higher circles, who, without any positive genius for the art they devote themselves to, have yet the greatest passion for everything connected with it. There are some patrons of art who take a kindly interest in those who minister to their pleasures; and one of the noblest of these was Prince Ponasky; his purse, his time, his sympathy, were ever at the service of the struggling artist; to have genius was a sure passport to his favour; and many, now famous, bless the kind hand that helped, and the wise head that counselled their inexperienced youth.

When the boy returned hot and breathless from his chase, the Prince was still contemplating the sand drawings.

"My friend," he said, "there is a great fault here. You have made the off-wheel about three times larger than the near one."

"Yes," said the boy, "that puzzles me. All my drawings of carts and carriages look wrong, and I cannot tell why. Both the wheels are really the same size, and yet if I make both the same length, one looks larger than the other."

"I will tell you," said the Prince. And taking the stick from the child's hand, he explained to him some of the first principles of perspective. The quick, intelligent eyes of his auditor followed eagerly every word and movement, and at the conclusion he clapped his hands with joy, and exclaiming, "I see now how to draw the wheels," he moved to an untrodden bit of sand, and drew the carriage with the most perfect correctness.

The Prince was delighted with his quick comprehension, and asked the boy to show him some of his Sunday sketches on paper.

"Well," he replied, "I have not got any here, but if you will come to-morrow I shall be here. This is the best bit of ground for drawing on for three miles round, and the view is so beautiful down there."

"But, my little friend, to-morrow I shall be many leagues from here, on my road to Paris."

"Then if you will stay here and take care of the pigs, I will go and fetch them for you."

"Thank you," replied the other, drily; "I think the best plan would be for you to tell me where your mother lives, and then I could go and look at your drawings there. I don't exactly see where the pigs are at this moment."

"Oh!" said the little swineherd, with a gesture of despair, "I never can draw for two minutes together in peace. I must go after them again."

"Tell me your mother's name first."

"Kaysar, sir—la Mère Kaysar. She lives in the first cottage after the church. You see the tower there above the trees."

"And your name is—"

"Heinrich; I am the youngest but two, and there are ten of us altogether."

"Well, adieu my little friend, perhaps we may meet again soon—don't forget what I have taught you."

"O! there is no danger of that, sir. I shall practise it as soon as ever those horrible pigs give me a moment's rest."

Prince Panasky pursued his way to the top of the hill, where his carriage was waiting for him. He got in, and told the postilion to leave the high-road, proceed to the little village on the left, and stop at the cottage next the church.

The valet had been duly explaining to the postilion whilst they waited, that his master was an eccentric foreigner, crazed on the subject of artists and paintings. So the Prince was obeyed without more astonishment than was conveyed by an expressive shrug of the postilion's shoulders to the valet, and replied to by him with a significant shake of the head.

At the door of la Mère Kaysar the carriage stopped and the Prince entered. The good woman, who was washing, was filled with astonishment and terror at seeing so grand an equipage stop at her door. She thought some misfortune must have happened, and immediately began to think of her sons. Her relief was great when she found that this fine gentleman had only come to look at Heinrich's useless scraps of paper.

"You shall see them, and welcome, sir," she said; "I wish you could persuade Heinrich to turn his hand to something useful—no one will employ him for anything but pig-keeping, and even for that his master begins to say he is too lazy."

The Prince smiled to himself as he thought of the uncontrolled liberty the pigs seemed to enjoy under Heinrich's care—but said nothing, and began to examine the drawings. They were sketches of every imaginable object that came under his notice: his mother, brothers, and sisters were represented in all kinds of attitudes; the old water-mill; the picturesque church porch, with groups passing in to hear mass; his companions; his dog; even his special tormentors, the pigs, had their place in this gallery of art, where the backs of the drawings had other sketches upon them—paper being far too valuable a commodity to serve only once. There were, of course, innumerable faults; but with them all a breadth and freedom, a quickness in catching likenesses, and power of giving its distinctive character to everything he attempted, that to the Prince's experienced eye evinced a very

high degree of talent. Even genius—who knew?—might be lurking there! What should he do? Should he leave this embryo artist to sink down into the sordid life of the boors around him, or should he take him with him and give him the training his powers seemed to demand? He pondered long and profoundly, at length he said:—

“I think your son has a decided talent, my good woman. Should you like him to be brought up as an artist?”

“Ah, sir, that is what a painting gentleman who came out from Antwerp in the spring said; but we are too poor to think of that. Heinrich must get his living as he can. Here are some of the drawings the gentleman showed him how to do, all in colours, much prettier than those black scratches, but he has no paints now.”

The Prince turned over the water-colour drawings the good mother reached down from the shelf where they lay between a jar of onions and a round cheese, and decided at once what he would do. Heinrich should accompany him immediately to Paris, and he would take the care of his future destiny upon himself. In a few words he explained his plan to la Mère Kaysar, who wept, half with joy that her son should have such advantages offered to him, half with grief at the idea of parting with him. But she refused to decide either way, till Heinrich himself had been spoken to on the subject—for he had good sense enough, when he could be got to think about anything besides his scribbling.

A neighbour's son was induced by the bribe of a few sous to take Heinrich's place as swineherd for an hour, while he came to hear the result of the consultation upon his destiny. His bright blue eyes sparkled, and he showed all his white teeth in a grin of enthusiastic delight when the Prince offered to take him to Paris—clothe, feed, watch over him, and, above all, have him educated as a painter.

“O, sir,” he said, “will you be really so good? Shall I indeed learn to draw? O, I am so happy, so happy! Get me my Sunday clothes, mother,—let me get ready at once!”

“You are very glad to go then, Heinrich, and leave your poor old mother?” said la Mère Kaysar, putting her apron to her eyes.

“I forgot I must leave you,” said the boy, his honest heart swelling at the prospect of abandoning his home, which had not before entered into his calculations. “I couldn't stand never seeing you or Susette,” he went on, bursting into tears as he spoke. “Thank you kindly, sir, for your offer, but I must not leave my mother.”

The Prince explained that he had no wish to separate them wholly, gave the mother his card, and recommended her to confer with her friends, while he himself put up at an inn in the neighbourhood.

The result of the deliberation between la Mère Kaysar and the good curé, whom she consulted in the matter, was that Heinrich's not very extensive wardrobe was packed up in a cotton handkerchief, and he and his mother came at the time appointed to the Three Crowns, where the Prince was reposing after such a dinner as a way-side inn

could furnish. They gratefully accepted his noble offer, and he renewed his promises of a pension to the mother, and of watchful care for the son; and they set off that evening on their journey to Paris.

Arrived there, the little rustic was suitably dressed, and then, through the Prince's influence, permission was gained for him to study at the Academy. As he was so young he only spent a part of the day there; the rest was passed at a school, that his general education might be advanced. He slept at the Prince's house, whose heart he completely won by his amiable disposition, good sense, and the quickness with which he gained the address and manners of those about him. In the summer he returned to his village for a few weeks; his mother was delighted to see him so strong and tall, and exactly like a great gentleman, as she said; but she could not see any improvement in his drawing; his studies from the antique, heads with every kind of expression, and legs and arms in all imaginable attitudes, only reminded her of an hospital,—they were not half so pretty as the drawings he used to make of Susette and the baby, or the groups round the village well.

He visited her every year, till he went to Italy and other countries for the purpose of studying his art. Long ere he returned, he could earn money enough to make her an allowance, which caused her to pass for a rich woman in her village.

When he revisited Paris, and his generous protector, a very high place was offered him in the Academy; but he would not accept it without first consulting the Prince, and to him he expressed a wish to return to Belgium.

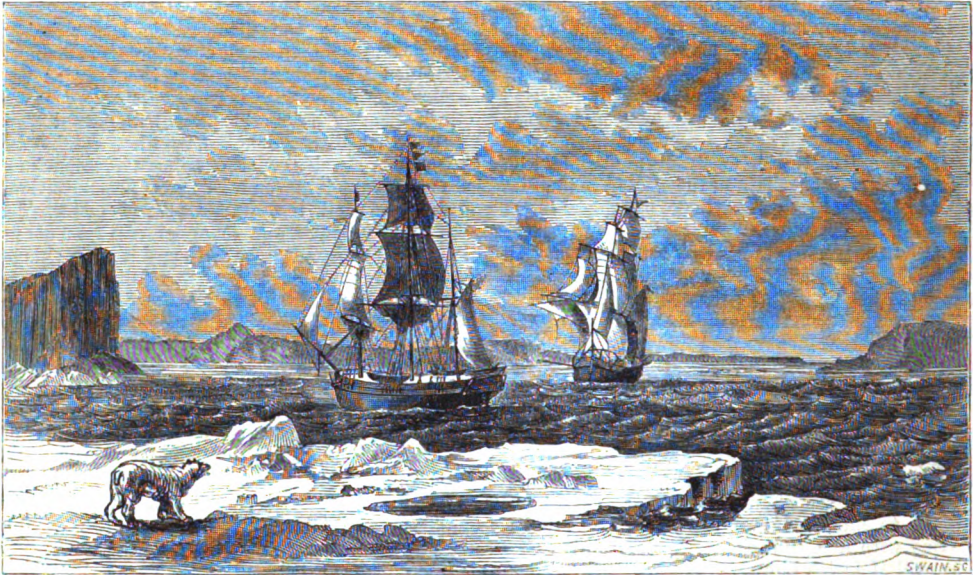
“Do not think me ungrateful,” he said; “I will agree to any plan you propose; you have been as a father to me, and I will render you always the willing obedience of a child. But I must tell you frankly, I should like to dedicate what talent God has given me to my country, to be ranked among the Flemish painters. But I put myself in your hands.”

The Prince admired the patriotic feelings of the young man, and gave a willing assent to his return. He settled in Antwerp, and became the head of the Academy there. His distinguished manners, handsome figure, and courteous address, soon gained him the entrée into the best circles. No one could ever have imagined that the graceful, polished gentleman, who took his place so easily and naturally among the highest in the land, had ever been a poor peasant boy. Not that he sought to conceal his origin; far from it, he was very fond of relating the story of his early poverty and his patron's munificence; but his was one of those natures to whom refinement is natural; his artist mind assimilated to itself as its proper aliment all that was graceful and beautiful. He married a lady of good family, who brought her husband, not only a considerable fortune, but the more valuable gifts of a noble mind and amiable temper.

Heinrich Kaysar *lives* happy and respected; and with our hearty wishes that so he may long remain, we will close this true story of the SWINEHERD PAINTER OF ANTWERP. E. ACTON.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

BY CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN, R.N.



Stopped by the Ice. (See page 341.)

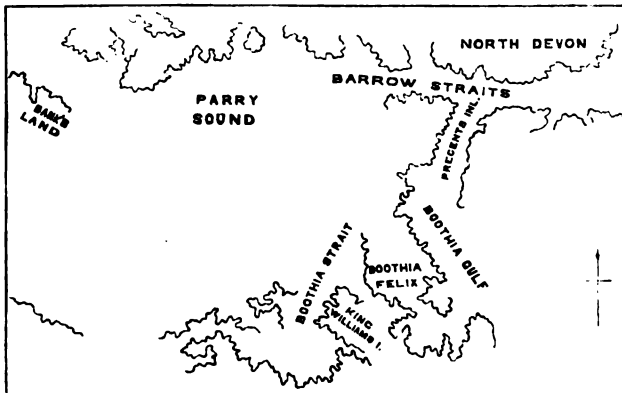
“THERE is yet one thing left undone, whereby a great mind may become notable,” wrote worthy Master Purchas—that one deed was the discovery of a north-west passage to the Indies. Many long years afterwards, the words of the good Dean of St. Paul’s sounded like a trumpet-call to his countrymen, and many an aspiring spirit essayed to do that deed whereby bright honour and immortality were to be won. The veil which hid from human ken the mysteries of the Arctic zone was not to be rent by one bold stroke; it was to be the test of British perseverance, patience, and hardihood. The frozen north would only reveal its wonders slowly and unwillingly to the brave men who devoted themselves to the task.

The dread realms of frost and silence were only to be penetrated by the labours of two generations of seamen and travellers. The consummation of the discovery of the north-west passage was to be obtained but by the self-sacrifice of a hundred heroes.

From 1815 to 1833 England sent forth her sons to the north in repeated expeditions by sea and

land. The earnestness of many eminent public men, members of the Royal Society—such as Sir John Barrow and Sir Francis Beaufort—kept general interest directed to those regions, in which Frobisher, Baffin, Davis, and Fox had so nobly ventured. There were no falterers; every call for volunteers was nobly responded to by officers of the Royal Navy; and John Franklin,

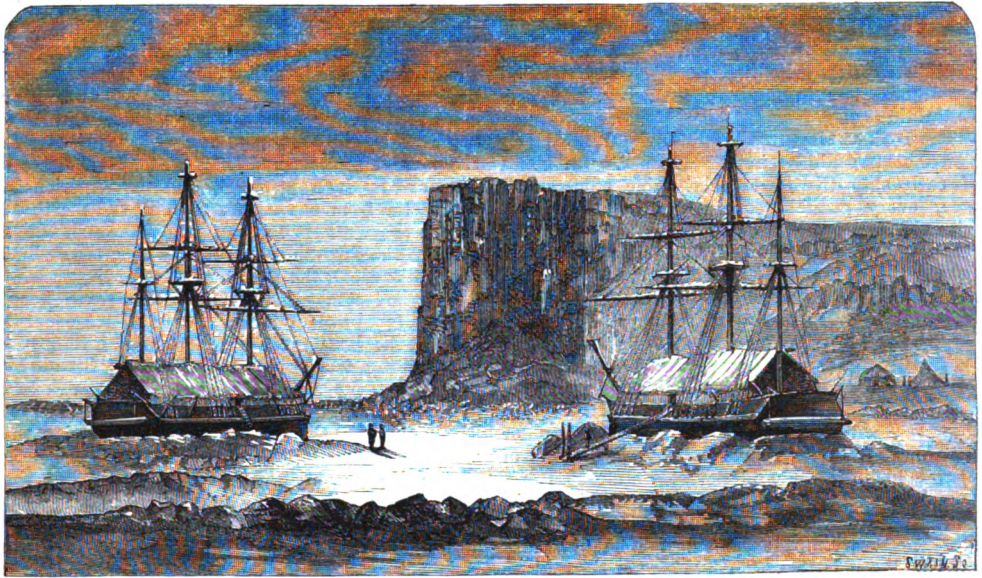
Richardson, John and James Ross, Parry, Back, and King, with much devotion, toil, and suffering, forced open the portals beyond which the Elizabethan school of discoverers had not been able to penetrate, and added much to our knowledge of the geography and physical condition of the Arctic zone between Greenland and



Behring's Straits. Fifteen years of labour had failed, however, to solve the question as to the actual existence of a water communication between the Pacific and Atlantic. Repeated disappointment had damped public zeal. Just at this juncture, between 1838 and 1843, the success of Captain Sir James Ross in an expedition to the Antarctic Pole with H.M.S. Erebus and Terror, as well

as the completion of the northern coast-line of America by the Hudson Bay Company's servants, Dease and Simpson, caused the attention of the nation to again revert to its old channel—the

North-west Passage. Anno Domini 1844 found England with a surplus revenue, a vast body of naval officers begging for employment, and eager for any opportunity of winning honours and distinction;



Franklin's first Winter Quarters, Beechey Island. (See page 342.)

and the Erebus and Terror, safe and sound from the perils of Antarctic seas, riding at anchor off Woolwich. All was most propitious for carrying out the darling object of the then venerable Secretary of the Admiralty. A mind like that of Sir John Barrow's, richly stored with the records of his country's glories in the exploration of every quarter of the globe, was keenly alive to the importance of keeping her still in the vanguard of geographical discovery; and it must be remembered that he had lived in a century when men, in spite of a long and terrible war, were almost yearly excited by the world-wide fame of the discoveries of Anson, Cooke, Flinders, and Mungo Park. Was it not natural, therefore, that he, and such as he, should desire to add to those triumphs the achievement of the greatest problem man ever undertook to solve.

The chart of the Arctic regions was in the unsatisfactory condition shown in the chart on the opposite page.

How simple an undertaking it appeared to connect the water in which Parry had sailed to Melville Island, in 1819, with Dease and Simpson's easternmost position off the coast of America in 1838.

The summer of 1844 saw many an eager face poring over that Arctic chart. Whisperings were heard that Sir John Barrow, Beaufort, Parry, Sabine, Ross, and Franklin himself, had expressed strong opinions in favour of another effort. The Royal Society, through its president, the Marquis of Northampton, was known to have urged the resumption of Arctic exploration upon the Government and Admiralty. Many an enthusiastic officer strove hard by zeal and interest

to insure being one of those selected for the glorious work. Then it was that Fitzjames, and such men as Graham Gore, Fairholme, Hodgson, and Des Vœux, succeeded in enrolling themselves on the list of the chosen few who were next year to sail for the far north-west. We see them now, as they told us so, and with glistening eye prophesied their own success. Gallant hearts! they now sleep amidst the scenes of their sore trial, but triumphant discovery.

It was at one time intended that Fitzjames (whose genius and energy marked him as no ordinary officer) should command the expedition; but just at this time Sir John Franklin was heard to say that he considered the post to be his birth-right as the senior Arctic explorer in England. He had recently returned from his post as Governor of Van Diemen's Land: his sensitive and generous spirit chafed under the unmerited treatment he had experienced from the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, and sick of civil employment, he naturally turned again to his profession, as a better field for the ability and devotion he had wasted on a thankless office. Sanguine of success, forgetful of past suffering, he claimed his right to command the latest, as he had led the earliest, of modern Arctic expeditions.

Directly it was known that he would go if asked, the Admiralty were of course only too glad to avail themselves of the experience of Franklin; but Lord Haddington, then First Lord, with that kindness which ever distinguished him, suggested that Franklin might well rest at home on his laurels. "I might find a good excuse for not letting you go, Sir John," said the peer, "in the

tall-tale record which informs me that you are sixty years of age." "No, no, my lord," was Franklin's rejoinder, "I am only *fifty-nine!*" Before such earnestness all scruples yielded—the offer was officially made and accepted—to Sir John Franklin was confided the Arctic Expedition, consisting of H.M.S. Erebus, in which he hoisted his pendant, and H.M.S. Terror, commanded by Captain Crozier, who had recently accompanied Sir James Ross in his wonderful voyage to the Antarctic seas.

The 18th of May, 1845, found the Erebus and Terror at Greenhithe in the Thames. On board of each ship there were sixty-nine officers and men, every possible corner was carefully filled with stores and provisions—enough, they said, for three years; and, for the first time in Arctic annals, these discovery vessels had auxiliary screws and engines of twenty-horse power each. Hope rode high in every breast, and the cry of Hurrah! for Behring's Straits! succeeded their last hearty cheer as the gallant ships weighed on the morrow for Baffin's Bay.

A month they sailed across the Atlantic before they reached their first halting-place, Disco, or the Whale Fish Islands, on the west coast of Greenland, in latitude 69° north. Thither a store-ship had accompanied them from England, in order that the expedition might be completed with every necessary up to the latest moment before entering the polar ice. That voyage of thirty days had served to make the officers and men thoroughly acquainted with their chief, and with each other. Of him the warm-hearted Fitzjames writes: "That Sir John was delightful; that all had become very fond of him, and that he appeared remarkable for energetic decision in an emergency. The officers were remarkable for good feeling, good humour, and great talents; whilst the men were fine hearty sailors, mostly from the northern sea-ports." Love already it is apparent, as much as duty, bound together the gallant souls on board the Erebus and Terror.

Away from Disco they sped with all haste; the Bay of Baffin is fairly entered, and their long and arduous labours commence with an Arctic tempest so severe that their brother seamen of the store-ship, hastening homeward, think with anxiety of the deep-laden Erebus and Terror. He who is strong to save guides the gallant barks, however, past the dangers of an iron-bound coast, and amongst the huge, ghost-like ice-bergs which glimmer through the storm. We see them, in better weather, urging under all sail their strong but clumsy ships, before a favourable gale, along that coast of Greenland, every headland of which has its record of human trial and noble endurance. There the lofty headland of Sanderson-his-Hope (of a North-west Passage) rears its crest of black granite, rich with crimson lichen, and crowned with snow. Norseman and Dane and Englishman have alike sailed under its stupendous cliffs, or sought shelter in quaint Uppernavik which nestles at its feet. The Erebus and Terror may not delay. Greenland has no charms for men whose leader already talks sanguinely of the yet far distant Mackenzie and Copper-mine rivers.

The flocs and broad masses of the Middle-ice

now rise upon their sight; the northern horizon gleams with reflected light from the frozen surface of the sea; the south wind fails; the ships sail from the black mists and fog-laden atmosphere common to open water in the Arctic regions, into the bright skies, smooth lanes, and mirror-like pools generally found amongst the pack during the summer season. The ice is streaming southward; the eager novices in either ship look forward with delight to the first onset with the foe they have come to do battle with. Wiser heads know that mother-wit will do more than dashing gallantry in the conflict with packed ice; the sails are taken in so as to reduce the speed, and the experienced ice-master from the crow's nest at the masthead selects the weakest looking point through which to force the ships into a lane of water, that winds snake-like along the landward edge of the pack.

"So-ho! steady—steer her with a small helm, my lad!" bawls out, in strong North-country dialect, the honest old ice-pilot, who has grown grey killing whales in Greenland. "Stand by to brail up the after-sails, if you please, sir; and to pack all the canvass upon her directly we break through the pack-edge," he urges to the officer of the watch. The churning and growling of the ice now strikes upon the ear, and at the same moment the Erebus and Terror take it manfully. There is a shock: for a second the pieces of ice hold their ground, but they yield to the weight of the ships: one mass tilts up, and slips over another, another sinks under the bows, and is heard scraping along the bottom of the ship: the road is opening. "Hard up with the helm," shouts the ice-master, and at the same time the sail is set forward to urge the ship faster through the pack; the speed accelerates, and in a few minutes they are fairly in the ice. We need not follow them in their daily labour. Ice is now on every hand: open water scarce. The crews often drag the ships for hours with ropes along the edge of the land floe that is still fast to the face of the glacier which curves round Melville Bay. Now we see them perfectly beset, the vessels secured to the lowest icebergs that can be found: they studiously avoid those lofty masses which, with spires, and domes, and steeples, resemble huge cathedrals of crystal,—for they know that such icebergs are prone to turn over, or break up suddenly, and would infallibly crush any ship that might be near them.

For a while the discovery ships meet the whaling-vessels of Aberdeen and Hull, striving, like themselves, to get through the loose ice into the waters of Pond's Bay. On July 26th they part company from the last of them, and pursue their solitary course alone. Again they pass from the northern edge of the pack into open water,—if such may be called an open sea, where icebergs are strewn plentifully. The course is now shaped for Lancaster Sound. August has set in; the sun, which has hitherto wheeled round the heavens without setting, again commences to dip below the horizon; its absence and already declining power is marked by the nightly formation of thin, glass-like ice, known as bay-ice. The south wind freshens; the Erebus and Terror press on, staggering in a heavy sea, all the more

remarkable that a hundred miles of ice have just been passed through behind them. The great entrance of Lancaster his Sound breaks out of the clouds to the westward. Capes Warrender and Hay frown grimly over the angry sea, backed by lofty mountain ranges, whose dark precipices, streaked with snow, look as if they were formed of steel and inlaid with silver.

"On, on! to the westward!" is the cry. Why need to stop and erect cairns, and deposit records of their progress. Do they not intend to pass into the Pacific next year? Have not they ordered their letters to be directed to Petropaulskoi and the Sandwich Isles? Why lose one precious hour at the threshold of their labour?

The ice is again seen: it extends along the southern side of Barrow's Straits, and is streaming out into Baffin's Bay; the ships haul in for the coast of North Devon. The scene changes considerably from what our explorers have seen in Greenland. No glaciers stretch from the interior, and launch their long, projecting tongues into the sea: no icy cliffs reflect there the colours of the emerald and turquoise: Arctic vegetation, wretched as it is, does not gladden the eyesight in even the most favoured spots. They have passed from a region of primary rock into one of magnesian limestone. Greenland is paradise, in an Arctic point of view, to the land they have now reached: it is desolation's abiding place; yet not deficient in the picturesque. The tall and escarped cliffs are cut by action of frost and thaws into buttresses and abutments, which, combined with broken castellated summits, give a Gothic-like aspect to the shores of North Devon. Valleys and plains are passed, all of one uniform dull colour; they consist simply of barren limestone. The barrenness of the land is, however, somewhat compensated for by the plentiful abundance of animal life upon the water. The seal, the whale, and the walrus abound; whilst wild fowl in large flocks feed in the calm spots under beetling cliffs or in shallow lakes, which can be looked down upon from the mast-head.

It is not far to the entrance of Wellington Channel: they reach Beechey Island, and mark the value of the bay within it as a wintering-place, and its central position with respect to the channels leading towards Cape Walker, Melville Island or Regent's Inlet. Ice again impedes their progress. Their first instructions from the Admiralty were to try to the south-west from Cape Walker. They cannot now advance in that direction, for it is a hopeless block of heavy flocs; but Wellington Channel is open, and smiles and sparkles in blue and sunlit waves, as if luring them to the north-west. Why not try a north-about passage round the Parry Islands? urges Fitzjames. Franklin agrees with him that anything is better than delay, and at any rate they determine to explore it, and ascertain whither it led. Away they press northward, until what we know as Grinnel Land rises a-head, and they have to turn more to the west. From Wellington Channel they pass between Baillie Hamilton Island and the striking cliffs of Cape Majendie.

Eager eyes are straining from the mast-head; is it a mere bay, or is it a strait they are sailing

through? "Water, water!—large water!" replies the ice-master from his eyry to the anxious queries of the veteran leader. Away, away they press—every studding sail aloft and aloft—the old ships never went so fast before—no, not on that great day in their history when they were the first to sail along the Victoria continent of the Southern Pole. From 74⁴° to 77° north latitude they pushed up this noble strait, but not, as they hoped, to reach an open or navigable sea, but to find as we found in 1852—a wide expanse of water perfectly choked up with ice, extending from the head of Wellington Channel far to the westward for hundreds of miles. Baffled but not beaten, the prows of the stout ships are again turned southward, and aided by a greater share of success than has fallen to the lot of those who have come after Sir John Franklin in those same quarters, the gallant Erebus and Terror sailed down a channel which is thus proved to exist between Cornwallis and Bathurst Islands and entered Barrow's Straits at a point nearly due north of Cape Walker, in which direction Franklin was now constrained to alone look for a route whereby to reach the sea off the coast of North America.

It was well known that this southern course was that of his predilection; founded on his judgment and experience. There are many in England who can recollect him pointing on his chart to the western entrance of Simpson's Strait and the adjoining coast of North America, and saying:—

"If I can but get down there my work is done; thence it's all plain sailing to the westward."

Franklin might well say this, since he and Richardson had explored nearly all that coast of Arctic America towards Behring's Straits.

The fortnight, however, which had been spent in Wellington Channel, was the short period of navigation common to the ice-choked seas within Lancaster Sound. September and an Arctic autumn broke upon them. Who that has ever navigated those seas can ever forget the excitement and danger of the autumn struggle with ice, snow-storm, and lee-shores. We see those lonely barks in the heart of a region which appears only to have been intended to test man's hardihood, and to show him that, after all, he is but a poor weak creature. Channels surround them in all directions, down and up which, let the wind blow from any quarter, an avalanche of broken floes and ugly packed ice rolls down, and threatens to engulf all that impedes its way, checked alone by the isles which strew Barrow's Straits and serve, like the teeth of a harrow, to rip up and destroy the vast floes which are launched against them. Around each island, as well as along the adjacent coasts, and especially at projecting capes and headlands, mountains of floe-pieces are piled mass on top of mass, as if the frozen sea would invade the frozen land. The Erebus and Terror, under the skilful hands of their noble ships' companies, flit to and fro; seek shelter first under one point, and then another. Franklin, Fitzjames, and Crozier, are battling to get into Peel Channel, between Capes Walker and Bunny. The nights are getting rapidly longer, the temperature often falls fifteen degrees below freezing point, the

pools of water on the great ice-fields as well as on the land are again firmly frozen over. The wild fowl and their offspring are seen hastening south; the plumage of the ptarmigan and willow grouse are already plentifully sprinkled with white; the mountain-tops and ravines are already loaded with snow, which will not melt away for twelve long months. Enough has been done to satisfy the leaders that a further advance this season will be impossible. Winter quarters

(To be continued.)

must be sought; there is none nearer that they know of than Beechey Island; the "Erebus" and "Terror" bear away for it. Fortune favours them, they are not caught in the fatal grip of the winter-pack, and drifted out into the Atlantic, as many subsequent voyagers have been. Their haven is reached, and with hearty cheers the ships are warped into Erebus and Terror Bay, and arrangements rapidly made to meet the coming winter of 1845-46.

GOLDSTREAM.



LARGE party is assembled to celebrate the feast of St. Partridge at Ravelstoke Hall, an old country house about two miles distant from the north-west coast of Devon. The various branches of English society are very fairly represented by its component parts. There are two peers, three members of the lower house, some Guardsmen, some undergraduates, a clergyman, and a lieutenant in the navy. But our hero is not a representative man: yet he belongs to a class which, called into existence by the accumulated wealth of the nineteenth century, is ever on the increase.

Frederick Tyrawley resembles Sir Charles Coldstream, inasmuch as he has been everywhere and done everything; but he is by no means used up, and can still take an

interest in whatever his hand finds to do. Nor is his everything everybody else's everything. It is not bounded by Jerusalem and the pyramids.

Mr. Tyrawley has fought in more than one state of South America, and has wandered for more than two years from isle to isle of the Pacific. A mysterious reputation hovers round him. He is supposed to have done many things, but no one is very clear what they are; and it is not likely that much information on the point will be obtained from him, for he seldom talks much, and never speaks of himself. His present mission appears to be to kill partridges, play cricket, and dress himself. Not that it must be supposed that he has ever been in the habit of wearing less clothing than the custom of the country in which he may have been located required; but only that at the

present time he devoted much attention to buff waistcoats and gauze neck-ties, braided coats, and curled mustachios.

Such as he is, however, he is an object of interest to the feminine portion of the party at Ravelstoke Hall; for he is rich and handsome, as well as mysterious, and he cannot be more than two-and-thirty. And the ladies at Ravelstoke outnumber the men: for although it is still rare for the fair sex to participate actively in the saturnalia of the partridge-god, they will always be found hovering in considerable numbers on the outskirts of the feast: and the varieties of the British lady are fairly represented.

There are some mammas with daughters to marry, and there are some daughters with a mamma to prevent marrying again, which is, perhaps, the most difficult thing of the two, as she has an income in her own right. There are blondes and brunettes, and pretty, brown-haired, brown-eyed girls who hover between the two orders, and combine the most dangerous characteristics of both, who can wear both blue and pink, and who look prettier in the one colour than they do in the other; but who always command your suffrage in favour of that which they are wearing when you look at them.

And there is Constance Baynton with grey eyes and black hair. And the nicest critic of feminine appearance might be defied to state what she had worn, half an hour after he left her; for no one can ever look at anything except her face.

Yet Constance is three-and-twenty, and still unmarried. Alas, what cowards men are! The fact is that Constance is very clever; but as Mrs. Mellish (the widow) says, "not clever enough to hide it."

Is she a little vexed at her present condition? Certainly she does not exhibit any tendency to carry out Mrs. Mellish's suggestion, if it has ever been repeated to her. The young men are more afraid of her than ever; and certainly she does say very sharp things, sometimes. Especially she is severe upon idlers, the butterflies of fashionable existence. She appears to consider that she has a special mission to arouse them; but they do not appear to like being lectured. With the young ladies she is a great favourite, for she is very affectionate; and though so beautiful and distinguished, she has proved herself to be not so dangerous a rival as might have been expected. Indeed, it has happened, more than once, that male admiration, rebounding from the hard surface of her manner, has found more yielding metal in the bosoms of her particular friends. Besides, she is always ready to lead the van in the general attack upon the male sex, when the ladies retire to the drawing-room.

Not that she ever says anything behind their backs she would not be ready to repeat to their faces; but in that course probably she would not meet with such general support.

In Mr. Tyrawley she affected to disbelieve. She stated as her opinion to her intimate friends, that she did not believe he ever had done, or ever would do anything worth doing; but that he plumed himself on a cheap reputation, which, as all were ignorant of its foundation, no one could possibly impugn.

There is reason to believe that in this instance Miss Constance was not as conscientious as usual; but that she really entertained a higher opinion of the gentleman than she chose to confess. He certainly was not afraid of her, and had even dared to contradict her favourite theory of the general worthlessness of English gentlemen of the nineteenth century. It was one wet morning when she had been reading Scott to three or four of her particular friends,—and it must be confessed that she read remarkably well,—that she began to lament the decline of chivalry. Tyrawley was sitting half in and half out of range. Perhaps she talked a little at him. At any rate he chose to accept the challenge.

"I cannot agree with you, Miss Baynton," he said. "It is true we no longer wear ladies' gloves in our helmets, nor do we compel harmless individuals, who possibly may have sweethearts of their own, to admit the superiority of our lady love at the point of the lance; but of all that was good in chivalry, of courage, truth, honour, enterprise, self-sacrifice, you will find as much in the nineteenth century as in the twelfth."

He brightened up as he spoke, and it was quite evident that he believed what he said, a circumstance which always gives an advantage to a disputant.

More than one pair of bright eyes smiled approval, and Miss Constance saw a probability of a defection from her ranks. She changed her tactics.

"You are too moderate in your claims for your contemporaries, Mr. Tyrawley. If I remember right, modesty has always been considered a qualification of a true knight."

"I am not ashamed to speak the truth," he replied; "your theory would have been more tenable before the days of the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny; but the men who lit their cigars in the trenches of the Redan, and who carried the gate of Delhi, may bear comparison with Bayard, or Cœur de Lion."

"Oh! I do not allude to our soldiers," said she, "of course, I know they are brave; but,"—and here she hesitated a moment, till possibly piqued because her usual success had not attended her in the passage of arms, she concluded,—"but to our idle gentlemen, who seem to have no heart for anything."

Tyrawley smiled. "Possibly you may judge too much by the outside," he said. "I am inclined to fancy that some of those whom you are pleased to call idle gentlemen would be found to have heart enough for anything that honour, or duty, or even chivalry, could find for them to do."

"I hope you are right," said Miss Constance, with a slightly perceptible curl of her upper lip, which implied that she did not think so.

Tyrawley bowed, and the conversation terminated a few minutes afterwards; when he had left the room, the conversation of the young ladies was interrupted by Master George Baynton, aged fourteen, who suddenly attacked his sister.

"I think you are wrong, you know, when you call Tyrawley a humbug."

"My dear," said Constance, with a start, "I never said anything so ru—"

"Well, you implied it, you know, in your girl's

words, and I think you make a mistake; for he can shoot like one o'clock, never misses a thing, and I hear he can ride no end. He was rather out of practice in his cricket when he came down; but he is improving every day. You should have seen the hit he made yesterday—right up to the cedars."

"Do you think there is nothing else for a man to do, but ride, and shoot, and play cricket?"

"Oh! that's all very well; but you should hear what Merton, our second master says; and a great brick he is, too. 'Whatever you do, do it as well as you can, whether it's cricket or verses.' And I believe if Tyrawley had to fight, he'd go in and win, and no mistake."

"Ah!" said Constance, with a sigh, "he has evidently—what is it you boys call it?—tipped you. Isn't it?"

Indignant at this insult, George walked off to find his friend, and have a lesson in billiards.

The day lingered on, after the usual fashion of wet days in September in full country houses. There was a little dancing after dinner; but all retired early in hopes of a finer day on the morrow.

Tyrawley had some letters to write, so that it was past two before he thought of going to bed. He always slept with his window open, and as he threw up the sash, a fierce gust of wind blew out his candles, and blew down the looking-glass.

"Pleasant, by Jove!" he soliloquised. "I wonder whether it's smashed—unlucky to break a looking-glass—I'm hanged if I know where the matches are; never mind; I can find my way to bed in the dark. What a night," as a flash of lightning illumined the room for a moment, and he bent out of the window. "The wind must be about nor-nor-west. Cheerful for anything coming up to Bristol from the southward. I wonder what a storm is like on this coast. I have a great mind to go and see. I shall never be able to get that hall-door open without waking them up; what a nuisance! Stay, capital idea! I'll go by the window."

Before starting upon his expedition, he changed the remains of his evening dress (for he had been writing in his dressing-gown) for a flannel shirt and trousers, whilst a short pea-jacket and glazed hat completed his array. His room was on the first floor, and he had intended to drop from the window-sill; but the branch of an elm came so near, he found that unnecessary, as springing to it he was on the ground, like a cat, in an instant. He soon found his way across country "like a bird," to the edge of the cliff. The sea for miles seemed one sheet of foam.

But a flash of lightning discovered a group of figures about a quarter of a mile distant; and he distinguished shouts in the intervals of the storm.

He was soon amongst them, and he found that all eyes were turned on a vessel which had struck on a rock within two hundred yards of the cliff. It was evident that she would go to pieces under their very eyes.

"Is there no way of opening communication with her," he asked of an old coast-guard man.

"Why ye see, sir, we have sent to Bilford for Manby's rockets; but she must break up before they come."

"How far is it to Bilford?"

"Better than seven mile, your honour."

"If we could get a rope to them, we might save the crew."

"Every one of them, your honour; but it ain't possible."

"I think a man might swim out."

"The first wave would dash him to pieces against the cliff."

"What depth of water below?"

"The cliff goes down like a wall, forty fathom, at least."

"The deeper the better. What distance to the water?"

"A good fifty feet."

"Well, I have dived off the main yard of the Chesapeake. Now listen to me. Have you got some light, strong rope?"

"As much as you like."

"Well, take a double coil round my chest, and do you take care to pay it out fast enough as I draw upon it."

"You won't draw much after the first plunge; it will be the same thing as suicide, every bit."

"Well, we shall see. There's no time to be lost: lend me a knife."

And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots, and pea-jacket, then with the knife he cut off its sleeves and passed the rope through them, that it might chafe him less.

The eyes of the old boatman brightened. There was evidently a method in his madness. "You are a very good swimmer, I suppose, sir?"

"I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva a few times."

"I never knew a white man that could do that."

Tyrawley smiled. "But whatever you do," he said, "mind and let me have plenty of rope. Now out of the way, my friends, and let me have a clear start."

He walked slowly to the edge of the cliff, looked over to see how much the rock shelved outwards; then returned, looked to see that there was plenty of rope for him to carry out, then took a short run, and leaped as if from the spring-board of a plunging-bath. He touched the water full five-and-twenty feet from the edge of the cliff. Down into its dark depth he went, like a plummet, but soon to rise again. As he reached the surface he saw the crest of a mighty wave a few yards in front of him—the wave that he had been told was to dash him lifeless against the cliff. But now his old experience of the Pacific stands him in good stead. For two moments he draws breath, then, ere it reaches him, he dives below its centre. The water dashes against the cliff, but the swimmer rises far beyond it. A faint cheer rises from the shore as they feel him draw upon the rope. The waves follow in succession, and he dives again and again, rising like an otter to take breath, making very steadily onward, though more below the water than above it.

We must now turn to the ship. The waves have made a clean breach over her bows. The crew are crowded upon the stern. They hold on to the bulwarks, and await the end, for no boat

can live in such a sea. Suddenly she is hailed from the waters. "Ship a-hoy!" shouts a loud clear voice, which makes itself heard above the storm. "Throw me a rope or a buoy!" The life-buoy was still hanging in its accustomed place by the mainmast. The captain almost mechanically takes it down, and with well-directed aim throws it within a yard or two of the swimmer. In a moment it is under his arms, and in half a minute he is on board.

"Come on board, sir," he says to the captain, pulling one of his wet curls professionally. The captain appeared to be regarding him as a visitor from the lower world; so, turning to the crew, he lifted up the rope he had brought from the shore. Then for the first time the object of his mission flashed upon their minds, and a desperate cheer broke forth from all hands, instantly re-echoed from the shore. Then a strong cable is attached to the small rope and drawn on board—then a second—and the communication is complete. But no time is to be lost, for the stern shows signs of breaking-up, and there is a lady passenger. Whilst the captain is planning a sort of chair in which she might be moved, Tyrawley lifts her up on his left arm, steadies himself with his right by the upper rope, and walks along the lower as if he had been a dancer. He is the first on shore, for no sailor would leave till the lady was safe. But they soon follow, and in five minutes the ship is clear—five minutes more, and no trace of her is left.

Ravelstoke Hall has been aroused by the news of the wreck, and Mr. Ravelstoke has just arrived with brandy and blankets. Him Tyrawley avoids; and, thinking he can be of no further use, he betakes himself across the country once more, and by the aid of the friendly elm regains his chamber without observation.

The lady, whom Tyrawley had deposited in a cottage, with a strong recommendation that she should go to sleep immediately, was soon carried off in triumph by Mr. Ravelstoke to the Hall, and welcomed by Lady Grace at half-past three in the morning. There were very few of the guests who slept undisturbed that night. The unusual noise in the house aroused everybody, and many excursions were made in unfinished costume to endeavour to ascertain what was going on. The excitement culminated when the miscellaneous assemblage who had conducted the captain and some of the crew to the Hall, after being well-supplied with ale and stronger liquids, conceived that it would be the correct thing to give three cheers at the hour of half-past five.

It was then that Lord Todmulton, an Irish peer, labouring under an erroneous impression that the house was attacked, was discovered on the landing-place, in array consisting principally of a short dressing-gown, flannel-waistcoat, and a fowling-piece.

Breakfast that morning was a desultory meal. People finished, and talked about the wreck, and began again. It seemed quite impossible to obtain anything like an accurate account of what had taken place. At last the captain appeared, and though almost overwhelmed by the multiplicity of questions, nevertheless between the intervals of

broiled ham and coffee, he managed to elucidate matters a little.

Then came the question, Who was it who swam out to the vessel. Tyrawley had only been at Ravelstoke a few days, and was a stranger in the neighbourhood. None of the servants had reached the coast till it was all over, so there had been no one to recognise him.

"I scarcely saw him," said the captain, "but he was a dark tallish man, with a great deal of beard."

"Was he a gentleman?" asked Miss Constance Baynton, who had been taking a deep interest in the whole affair.

"Well, d'ye see, Miss, I can't exactly say, for he hadn't much on; but, if he isn't, he'd make a good one, that I'll go bail for. He's the coolest hand I ever saw. Stay, now I think of it, I shouldn't wonder if he was a naval man, for he pulled his fore-lock, half-laughing-like, and said, 'Come on board, sir,' to me, when we pulled him up."

"Perhaps it was Rutherford," said Mr. Ravelstoke, naming the lieutenant in the navy, "he is tall and dark."

"And he has been letting his moustache grow since he came on shore," observed a young lady.

"Where is he?"

But Mr. Rutherford was gone down to the cliff to inspect the scene of the disaster.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said the butler, "it could not have been any gentleman stopping in the house, for the door was fastened till the people came down to tell you of the wreck."

At this moment—half-past ten, A.M.—Mr. Tyrawley walked into the breakfast-room. He was got up, if possible, more elaborately than usual.

"Now, here's a gentleman, captain, Mr. Tyrawley, who has been all over the world, and met with some strange adventures. I'll be bound he never saw anything to equal the affair of last night."

"You'd a nearish thing of it, captain?" inquired Tyrawley, speaking very slowly. His manner and appearance quite disarmed any suspicion the captain might have had of his identity.

"Five minutes more, sir, and Davy Jones's locker would have held us all. Begging your pardon, Miss," apologising to Constance.

The captain had already repeated the story a reasonable number of times, and was anxious to finish his breakfast. So Miss Constance gave it all for the benefit of Mr. Tyrawley, dressed in her own glowing periods.

Tyrawley made no observation upon her recital, but took a third egg.

"Well, Mr. Tyrawley," said she at last, "what do you think of the man who swam out to the wreck?"

"Why, I think, Miss Baynton,—I think," said he hesitating, "that he must have got very wet. And I sincerely hope he won't catch cold."

There was a general laugh at this, in which the captain joined; but it is to be feared that Miss Constance stamped her pretty little foot under the table.

Tyrawley turned, and began to talk to Miss Mellish, who was sitting on his right.

As he was speaking the door on his left opened, and Lady Grace Ravelstoke entered with the lady passenger. The lady heard him speak, and there are some voices which a woman never forgets, and the dangerous journey over the rope had not passed in silence.

She laid her hand upon his arm, and said, "Oh, sir, how can I thank you?"

Tyrawley rose as in duty bound, saying, "Do not speak of it, I did not know when I came off, that I was to have the pleasure of assisting you."

But the astonishment of the captain was beautiful to behold.

"Why you don't mean to say— Well, I never;—dash my wig—well I'm— Here, shake hands, sir, will you." And he stretched across the table a brawny hand, not much smaller than a shoulder of mutton.

The grip with which Tyrawley met his, seemed to do a great deal more to convince him of his identity, than the lady's recognition of their preserver.

The day was as wet as the preceding. Half-an-hour after breakfast, Mr. Tyrawley lounged into the back drawing-room. There sat Miss Constance Baynton, and, by the singular coincidence which favours lovers or historians, she sat alone.

Now Constance had made up her mind that she was bound to apologise to Mr. Tyrawley for her rude speeches of yesterday; she had also decided that she would compliment him on his gallant conduct.

She had, in fact, arranged a neat, quiet, cold, formal, appropriate form of words in which she would give her views expression. And how do you think she delivered them? She got up, said, "O Mr. Tyrawley!" and burst into tears.

If a proud woman's pride is a shield to thee, O man, as well as to her, against the arrows of love, remember, that if ever she throws it away—after she has compelled you to acknowledge its value—you are both left utterly defenceless.

Frederick Tyrawley capitulated at once. They are to be married this month. And if Mr. Tyrawley does not, at some future time, achieve a reputation which no mystery shall cloud, it will not be Mrs. Tyrawley's fault. HERBERT VAUGHAN.

HANDS AND MACHINES.

AN EPISODE IN PROGRESS.

To be an Englishman in the full sense of the term is a thing to be proud of. To have grown on the same soil that has produced an Alfred, a Shakspeare, Milton, Hampden, Sydney, and others of our long line of worthies, is to be in some sort their foster-brother. And to be of the kin of Watt and Crompton, and Hargreaves, and the half Celt, half Saxon race, born mechanics, along the course of Blackstone Edge, who nursed up Lancashire to its eminence, and clothed the whole world in cotton—albeit an exotic and not an indigenous trade—to claim the men of strong Northumberland and skilful Cornwall, and canny Yorkshire, as our brethren—and the noble army of railway-makers and improvers who—as the

Free Masons of old went forth into all lands to build churches—go forth into all lands to lay down the iron cords that bind nations together, and so win the world from the wilderness;—all this stirs the blood in vein and artery, and impels us to cry out:

There be no men like Englishmen,
Such working men as they be.

"England expects that every man this day will do his duty," said Nelson, and stern duty proved to be a stronger thing than dazzling glory,—it was gold versus gilding.

Hard has ever been the struggle of those men, who bent on physical progress have disturbed the even course of the Actual in their search after the To-come. No popular shouts greet them, till external success has stamped them with its vulgar fiat. Capital in employment is all against them, and capital in speculation is chary. It is not often that originality and capital get together at the outset,—not common for a Watt to meet with a Boulton; only the originality that is united to perseverance, hoping always against hope, can ensure success.

Few remember the struggle of steam to supplant horses on the highways. Many remember the struggle to supplant highways by railways, for the struggle was crowned by success, and men of all classes abandoned old pursuits for new. The iron wheel on the rail was substituted for the wooden-wheels on the gravel and macadam, and it was even thought that springs might be dispensed with, till the matter was put to the proof. All things were topsy-turvy, and fabulous prices were paid for some of the earlier railway-stock, but curiously enough the distribution of rewards gave as result the highest praises in proportion to the commonness of the work. The men who made the earthworks accumulated fortunes, those who made the locomotives barely got "salt to their porridge." The reason is plain; business acuteness on a large scale is more accumulative than mechanical skill or genius.

The cost of manual labour, and that skilled labour of the highest kind, in working iron, very easily led the way to the use of machine-tools, while the softer material, wood, was left to the skill of the workman. And thus, long after the construction of locomotive-engines on railways was rendered tolerably automatic, wagons and carriages of all kinds still remained a mere handicraft. The circumstances which led to a change were peculiar.

An inventor, that is, a man of strong perceptive faculties, united with mechanical instincts, whom we will agree to call John Smith, obtained a patent for certain improvements in transit, applicable to ordinary highways. An influential director of a railway, struck with its importance, called on John Smith and requested him to adapt it to railways. After considerable expense and time, this was done, and the success of the principle demonstrated, though the perfect adaptation was impracticable without the co-operation of the holders' of stock. Every principle of trade competition forbade this, and therefore, as a next move, John Smith became a builder himself, aiming at

being a builder in the full sense of the term. In common parlance carriage-builders were at that time analogous to watchmakers; they compiled carriages just as watchmakers compile watches. They bought wheels and axles, and springs, and iron-work, and made wooden frames to which to apply them. Thus joinery, painting, and upholstery comprised the whole of their art. They were guiltless of steam-engines or labour-saving processes. The sawpit, the axe, the hand-saw, the plane, and the auger, were united to manipulate masses of timber requiring three to four men to lift them. Under the system of road-carriages, one man and at most one mate executed a piece of work, but a railway-carriage required several men, one of them, the leader, being the artist to settle the measurements, the others mere handcraftsmen.

So John Smith, instead of being a mere contributor of a part of a carriage, became in addition a carriage compiler also. But he very soon found that to do this profitably it must be done on a large scale. He therefore boldly built a factory in which steam and all like known appliances were got together. A commercial foreman to deal with prime costs and estimates, and a mechanical foreman to overlook construction, were engaged by John Smith upon the intelligible principle that while paying them a living salary, that salary should increase in a certain proportion with the amount of profits. And so once more to work.

Things did not go smoothly. On one occasion a complaint was made that some twenty carriages that should all have been of exact length varied from two to three inches. The workmen were appealed to, and denied the fact. They were directed to measure them themselves, and it then came out that each working by his own two-foot rule, and the rules differing from each other in length, some too short and some too long, the increase or diminution multiplied several times over became something considerable. Moreover, the cost of labour was so great, as to leave no profit.

So John Smith called unto him his henchmen or foremen, Goodwin Gamelye and Bowie Chanter, to hold council together, and John Smith opened the debate.

"Now, my good fellows, first of all, we can't carry on business without profit, and the sum of wages is so large, that no profit is left."

"I can't make the wages less," said Gamelye, "the men are paid no more than in other factories; and as it is, they don't earn more than enough to keep themselves and families."

"Quite right, so far," said the master. "If we can't afford to keep well-paid men we must give up business. But how do other people manage?"

"Why, sir, by means you won't use. They get larger prices really by getting leave to depart from the specifications; the competition is not a fair one, for the execution of the work goes by favour."

"Do they put less work in?"

"Less work and worse work, and worse material."

"Well, Gamelye, but we don't mean to compete in that mode. Can't we manage to pay better wages than other people, and get the pick

of the workmen? Have more piecemen and less daymen."

"I don't like the system!" put in Chanter.

"Your reasons," said the master.

"Why, we make a bargain with a pieceman to do a piece of work for a price, because the pieceman can draw chalk lines on a black board, and knows how to put the work together, and then he employs five or six other hands at day wages, which hands can't draw, and so, *nolus bolus*, they must play second fiddle."

"What wages do the daymen get?"

"Whatever the pieceman likes to give them," replied Gamelye.

"And so we get the men who will work for least money under the pieceman," said the master.

"Exactly."

"Well, then, as sure as my name is John Smith, we'll have no more of that. Every man and boy shall have his own money paid into his own hands every Saturday afternoon, and by that means we will settle good living wages, and have all cheerful faces about us."

"But," said Chanter, "are we to find day-men for the piecemen?"

"No; let them find their own men, but we will pay them, and the piecemen will take their work with the understanding that we pay their daymen and deduct the wages from their account."

"Won't do, sir!" said Chanter; "they'll bargain with those they take on, to give them back a part of their pay."

"That we can't help; but we can encourage the daymen to tell, and discharge any pieceman whom we find out, and keep a sharp look-out. More than that, we will let any dayman become a pieceman who shows the capacity. Whoever comes in at the gates shall rise from errand-boy to be a pieceman or draughtsman according to his natural aptitude. And now what next, Chanter?"

"Why the chaps pretend to find their own tools, but, having been long out of work, they are pawned, so when a fellow wants to bore a hole he runs off a hundred yards to borrow an auger from another man, and before he has finished boring the hole the man comes for it. So half the time is lost in running about. And so with chisels and hammers and other things. They seldom have more than two or three planes and a saw."

"Well, Chanter, suppose we were to find our own augers and chisels and hammers, and lend them to the men instead of their lending them to the pawnbroker; how would that do?"

"Well, sir, that would do very well, if we keep back some wages to pay for breakages and loss. And there would be another advantage. The hole would be bored to the right size, instead of using a three-quarter inch auger for a seven-eighth inch hole."

This system was consequently put in practice with decided advantage. At the end of a few weeks John Smith again entered into council with Chanter.

"I think we had better put the chisels, augers, and saws in charge of the steam-engine."

"How so, sir?"

"Use machinery for wood as we do for iron."

"The men will all turn out, if we do, on strike."

"I think not, if we manage rightly."

"But there is no machinery made for the purpose."

"Well, then, we must make it for ourselves."

"But if we do, other people will imitate it, and we should be no better off than before."

"But suppose the other people do it first, where shall we be?"

"Very true, sir. But it is so large a thing to do."

"And is not the iron machinery a large thing?"

"Well, so it is, sir. But how shall we begin, the pieces of timber are so heavy?"

"Not heavier than iron. Suppose we begin with boring a hole at yonder drill. Only, as the cutting of wood requires a quicker speed than cutting iron, you must multiply with a larger shaft wheel and a smaller pulley."

The drill was altered, and holes were bored—varying from six inches to a quarter of an inch—through great thicknesses of timber. The next thing was to put the timber on a wheel-frame on a small rail, so that it could be moved in any direction. By means of a pattern or template every separate hole was marked on the timber and applied beneath the drill.

While this operation was performed, Chanter was sent to look at the operations at a neighbouring factory for planing and grooving flooring-boards for builders. He came back with the full conviction that henceforward wood must be worked wholly by machinery. Only hard wood required very different machinery from soft wood.

One after another, machines were constructed for the various operations of sawing, planing, grooving, cutting mortices and tenons, and boring holes. One difficulty after another was surmounted, trial after trial made till the whole was complete. It was settled that the machines should be worked by men and boys paid by the day, inasmuch as the interest of the pieceman being to get through the work, the dayman would be kept up to the mark. All seemed to go well, when one morning Chanter, with his face red with passion, entered the private office of John Smith.

"Here's a pretty set-to, sir; these scamps of workmen say they won't use the machinery."

"Why not?"

"They say it's of no use to them, and they shall turn out rather than take to it."

"Well, Chanter, I can't force them to use it. Can you?"

Chanter was very savage. He was always just to the workmen, and was indignant at what seemed to him their injustice.

"Well, sir, what shall we do?"

"Why, Chanter, as the men say they won't use the machinery, and you can't force them, and I don't intend to try to force them, you must even give them the work out for hand-make at the usual prices."

"But the machinery, sir! after all this expense and trouble."

"Well, it won't want to eat, will it, Chanter? won't have a Saturday night?"

"Well no, sir. That's true."

"Very well, oil it, and take no further notice."

The work was given out, and a few days after, John Smith, who had carefully watched the laborious processes of handicrafting in sawing, and hewing, and planing, and boring the heavy timbers, caused it to be made known that the men might, if they chose, save their labour by using the machinery, without any other charge than the time of the daymen who worked it at a mere fraction of cost to them. John Smith professed himself satisfied with the saving of material, and left them to their own devices.

In a very short time the men brought piece after piece to the machines, the axe, and the augur, and the saw were gradually abandoned, and mere drudgery became distasteful. One morning Chanter came in to the master.

"Well, sir, these scamps have set the machines at work at everything they can do, and the piecemen will have a balance of forty pounds a-piece to take above their draw at the end of the job. I'll pay them off for it at the next lot of work. We shall get it so cheap, that all the trade will come to us."

"Won't do, Chanter!" said John Smith. "You are like a great boy. I remember when I was a boy, and went fishing. So sure as I snapped at my hook too quick, I lost my fish."

"Well, sir, you don't mean to let them go on having the machines for nothing!"

"I don't mean to have a turn-out of these men urged on by other men!"

So the next work was given out on the same terms as though no machinery existed. This time the men devised more jobs for the machines than had originally been planned. Their profits were greater than ever. This time John Smith called Chanter to him.

"Let all the wood machinery be pulled down, and packed up, next week."

Chanter stared. "Pull down the machinery!"

"Yes! Did not the men say it was of no use?"

The news went forth that the machinery was to be pulled down. The piecemen were agast at the prospect of losing profits, and the daymen, who had learned to avoid drudgery, were in ill plight. In a day or two a deputation came in to make an application to John Smith against the removal of the machinery.

"Why, my men, how is this? You were going to turn out because I put up the machinery, and now you seem disposed to turn out because I take it down. You are hard to deal with. Did you not say at the outset it was of no use?"

"Why, so we did," faltered out one of the men; "but we find it is of some use."

"Oh, it is, is it? Well, then, you must settle with the foreman of how much use it is."

"Can't we settle it with you, sir?"

"No; I have other matters to attend to. The foreman is to settle between you and me on what terms you can work. He is an honest man, and if you be honest men, you will own that your motive in turning out against the machinery was the fear of having your wages lowered, and you now find that you have had them unfairly increased. My object in getting the machines is

to obtain work by moderate price while paying good wages and lessening your drudgery. But it is not just that you should put into your pockets the earning of machines that you have neither devised nor paid for. If you think you will be better off in this factory with machines than in other factories without machines, I trust we shall go on together for many years."

Away they went to work, and competition soon settled the matter—the piecemen bringing down the prices to the fair level by competition with each other. They knew that workmen of many classes were competent to their work when aided by machinery, and that by the machinery their condition had been made one of greater comfort: there was never afterwards any talk of turning out. In fact, they got spoiled for mere laborious handicraft, and were unfitted for other factories where the ordinary hand-labour was used.

Once, some trade delegates came to interfere with the hours of labour, and they were simply told to take away with them all the men who were dissatisfied, and who could be replaced from outsiders. They did not gain a single recruit. Every man and boy in the factory knew that their advancement depended only on their skill. A gardener or a farm labourer entering at the gate might become a cinder-sifter, or an engineer, fitter, or viceman, according to his capacity. He who preferred wood to iron, or *vice versa*, according to his aptitude, could take to the one or the other.

The usual results took place. Other factories imitated the machinery by degrees, and John Smith had ever after the satisfaction of hearing that men duly trained in his factory were mostly at a premium in other factories. The type had been set which still exists and multiplies. The earliest wood machinery in England was that of Sir Samuel Bentham, known as Brunell's block machinery at Portsmouth, Mr. Brunell having been the active agent in the erection, but it did not get beyond the sphere of marine work.

How little was done in wood machinery is proved by the fact, that so short a time has elapsed since the introduction of gun-stock machinery from the United States, where the value of skilled labour long ago forced machines into use. Some of the earliest wood machines in Woolwich Arsenal, now one of our Government wonders, were devised and constructed in the factory of John Smith, when artillery wheels first ceased to be a handicraft and became a process of machinery.

The facility of obtaining hand labour in England has much impeded the progress of machinery, which is destined finally to remove from us all painful drudgery. The workmen's strikes will force on machinery, and the time will come when drudgery will be no more. The inanimate powers of nature will furnish all the labour, and human beings will only be needed for the supervision. It will be a glorious time for our nation when the minds and bodies of our people shall be equally developed by mental and physical gymnastics, and there shall be no brawny arms upon thin legs, and other monstrous and unequal developments.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

OUR TAME HEDGEHOG.

It is surprising, even amongst persons pretending to some fair amount of educated intelligence, how gross is the general ignorance of natural history, extending even to the animals of our households and our domesticated pets.

For some years the subject of this article has become important among the first, whether it becomes the last depends mostly on the knowledge to be obtained of the animal's instincts, and its capability of being tamed, for which few give it credit.

From some cause, which is not in the province of this paper to explain, London houses are infested with beetles and cockroaches, generally mice and rats, and not unfrequently spiders in abundance. Now, all your beetle-traps, rat-traps, mouse ditto, poisons, or infallible insect powders, are as nothing compared to the services of a hedgehog, who will clear the kitchens and cellars in a very short space of time.

Londoners have become aware of the serviceable nature of this creature, but when, in answer to some complaint of a neighbour or acquaintance about being tormented with black beetles, we have generally met with the reply, "But we never can get one to live; they always die in a month."

At first this used to perplex us greatly, and when in our turn we also began to suffer under this beetle grievance, the experience of our neighbours deterred us from trying our own remedy. At length the enemy grew so bold, and increased so greatly in force, that one day in pure desperation we determined to provide a hedgehog, and bought one accordingly in Leadenhall Market.

When we got him home we christened him Peter, and gave him a mansion beneath a disused kitchen copper, with plenty of hay, a large supply of water, and a good supper of bread and milk, which we had always been told was amply sufficient to satisfy the creature's appetite.

We soon discovered why our acquaintance could not keep their hedgehogs alive. Belonging to the order *carnivora*, these animals when in a domestic state rarely have any meat given them. Many persons, indeed, have a fixed idea that the vermin they destroy is enough to sustain life, or they vaguely attribute to the hedgehog the fabled chameleon ability of living on air.

One of our family, L—, who has a passion for every creature belonging to animal nature, undertook to tame Peter, and ascertain his habits, tastes, and likings. Of course she fed him, that is the first key to animal affection. He soon came to recognise the hand on which he depended for daily food. He makes but one meal per diem, and that about nine o'clock, p.m.; and if the hour goes by without his food being placed, he utters a peculiar noise resembling a groan, sneezes frequently, with the force and fervency of a cat, and testifies much uneasiness. He requires meat pretty frequently, and is very partial to a bone with a good deal on it. He unrolls himself at the touch of L—, and places his bristles down, so that she can stroke him; he will even play occasionally, stretching out his paws—so like a

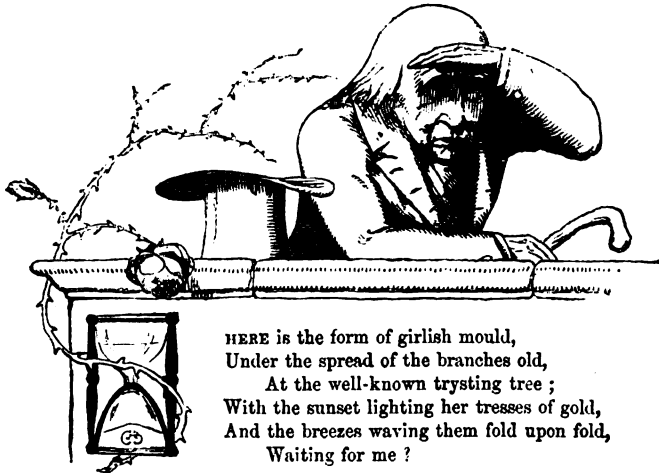
monkey's—and will sometimes lick the hand of his feeder. Though it is not to be denied he has his tempers, and is sometimes surly, and consequently very prickly. He was extremely light when he first came into our possession, but after a course of good feeding he became quite fat, and spread considerably in his proportions. In a fortnight he had cleared away every beetle on the premises, though previously we had without effect tried every known antidote to destroy these pests; cucumber parings which they devoured, and which did *not* kill them—as we had been assured they would—pans of beer, with little ladders to give them access to the liquor, which they drank and ran away again; the toppers, instead of, as we fondly hoped, drowning themselves in the strong drink. Peter knocked them all off, and wanted more, judging from the noise he made every night after dark, resembling a cat walking about in walnut-shells. Indeed, Peter at first alarmed us considerably by knocking about the saucepans and kitchen utensils with a force, which once or twice convinced us that housebreakers were on a visit. He made these noises, we found, in researches after rats and mice, with which, in its free state, the hedgehog satisfies its carnivorous instincts. It is, indeed, more valuable in the destruction of rats than either cat or dog. Descending one morning early into the kitchen inhabited by Peter, we were horrified on seeing the floor soiled with large spots of blood, and marks of claw-like feet in the same sanguine colour. We examined the cat, who was suspected of being secretly an enemy to Peter, but *Puss* was perfectly serene and unwounded. Then the hedgehog was dragged out of his hole, and, to

our dismay, we found the poor creature's eyes were closed, one of them being apparently torn out. The carcase of a rat, half-devoured, being discovered, we came to the conclusion that the creatures had been engaged in mortal combat, in which poor Peter had lost his beautiful eyes,—eyes of dark-blue, which though not over bright were nice intelligent eyes. We were sorry to think that, for the rest of his days, he must grope in the dark; but, in a month's time, Peter had perfectly recovered his eye-sight, even the orb where only a vacuum could be seen.

Peter has become a household pet, but truth demands we should not conceal his faults. He is by no means cleanly in his habits; he is untidy in his eating; and is positively addicted to thieving. In winter he never appears to be warm enough, but goes about foraging for bed-clothes—stealing all the stray towels, house-flannels, and pieces of cloth or carpet which fall in his way. These are faults intolerable in the sight of tidy housewives; but somehow Peter has grown to be a necessary evil, for he keeps the house free from vermin, and therefore is quite worth the trouble he gives. It is said that this animal is invulnerable to any poison, and that he can feed with impunity on the most venomous creatures. That he is capable of being tamed, and susceptible of attachment, the writer can vouch for. At the same time, it is suggested to every one who keeps or intends to keep a hedgehog, that he is like a good many human beings, he prefers good eating and drinking to starvation, and that his existence is prolonged or shortened according to the sufficiency of his diet.

A. J.

THE SONG OF THE SURVIVOR.



HERE is the form of girlish mould,
Under the spread of the branches old,
At the well-known trysting tree;
With the sunset lighting her tresses of gold,
And the breezes waving them fold upon fold,
Waiting for me?

Where is the sweet voice with cadence deep
Of one that singeth our babe to sleep,
And often turns to see
How the stars through the lattice begin to peep,
And watches the lazy dial creep,
Waiting for me?

Long since those locks are laid i'the clay,
Long since that voice hath past away,
On earth no more to be;
But still in the spirit-world afar
She is the dearest of those that are
Waiting for me.

C.

CROSSBONES' FATHER.



WHENEVER a new fellow came to MacLaren's, he was sure to be pumped pretty dry without loss of time, as regarded his name, his father's occupation, and the number and appearance of his sisters. Other points were discussed more at leisure.

MacLaren's, you must know, was situated in a village a few miles out of Liverpool; there were nearly sixty fellows there, so you may be sure several of them had made up their minds to go to sea as soon as ever they left school: and as two or three of these slept in my bedroom—the "juniors" room—that will account for what took place there after old Wiggy took away the candle every night. Old Wiggy was the French master, and if you could have seen his head—well, never mind.

Among the other impositions on parents which were set forth in MacLaren's prospectus, none of which were ever kept to, except perhaps the "experienced dentist," who used to come every half, and take out all the best double teeth in the fellows' heads; amongst these, I say, it was stated that "a library of well-selected books is provided for the use of the young gentlemen." Now I appeal to any one who went there, if there ever was a greater crammer than this. What does well selected mean, I should like to know? Are "Principles of Geology," or "Life of Rev. Benjamin Bubb," or "General Gazetteer," or "Treatise on Conic Sections," well selected? I suppose

next they'll call the Latin Grammar and Arithmetic a well-selected library of books. To be sure, there were two or three odd volumes of the "Waverley Novels," but as they were all the middles of the tales, of course that took a good deal from the interest of reading them. The only two really good books in the lot were "Curiosities of Nature and Art," and "Lives of Buccaneers and Pirates." These two were always in the hands of some of the "juniors," and were read out in the bedroom so often, that at last we could have done almost as well without the books as with them. (Whoever read them had to sit on the floor in one corner with the candle partly under a bed for fear of surprises.) The "Pirates" was, of course, the greater favourite of the two, and Calomel I do really think knew it all off from one end to the other; and was always persuading fellows to walk the plank by means of a bolster off the beds on to the floor; and building caves with the bedclothes. He got tired of that after he was pulled out of his cave one night by MacLaren, and walked into with a slipper. The fellows were sorry for old Calomel, of course, but it was great fun for them, and they couldn't help larking him a good deal about the idea of a pirate being had out of his cave and slipped. Well, this brings me to what I was going to say. One night, in the middle of a half, after we had gone to bed, MacLaren came into our room with a candle and a new fellow. He told us the new fellow's name was Hartley; waited till he undressed, watched him into bed with little Binns, next bed to Calomel, wished us good-night, told us to go to sleep, and left us. Go to sleep, O yes, I dare say! The minute the sitting-room door was heard to slam upon MacLaren, you may fancy, if you can, the volley of questions directed at Binns's bed.

The new chap was very talkative: said he had been living with his aunt in Yorkshire for years, but that she having suddenly got married, he had been sent home to Liverpool, and thence to Mac's. Had both brothers and sisters, but having been so little at home didn't know much about them. He asked if Mac was very strict; and when we said "we believed him; wasn't he, just?" he said he was afraid it wouldn't suit him, for that he had been used to his own fling in Yorkshire: and then went on to that extent about guns, horses, and dogs, that Calomel at last asked him, rather drily, if he had nothing left to show for all this? He replied that he had a watch which his aunt had given him.

"Oh," says Calomel, "a watch is nothing: my father has two, a chronometer and a repeater."

"And mine," retorted the new chap, "has three."

In short, it became a regular bragging match between the two; and if the new fellow told as many lies as to our certain knowledge Calomel did, why he was a pretty good hand at it, that's all. In spite of all Dobbs could say though, the new chap always trumped his best cards: when Dobbs mentioned a pony at home (which we knew he hadn't got), Hartley was down on him with

his aunt's stables, and when Calomel spoke of a pistol which he possessed, the other declared that Dobbs should only have seen the rabbit-shooting in Yorkshire, and moreover stated that there were hanging up in his father's house in Liverpool two guns, four pistols, and a sword, of which he intended to avail himself during the next holidays.

"By the bye," said Calomel, rather sneeringly, (and we all at once remembered that the question hadn't been asked before, but it was out of all rule, you see, a fellow coming in in the dark): "what *is* your father?"

"My father?" said the new chap very quietly, "Oh, he's a pirate."

"A what?" shouted Calomel, jumping straight upright in bed, and so loud, that the other had only time to repeat in the same matter-of-fact way "A pirate," before we heard old Mac come out of the sitting-room, and along the passage to our door. Down went Dobbs in such a hurry, that we heard *his* head go with a great bang against the bed's; so that he couldn't help giving a loud "Oh!" though the rest of us were breathing very hard, to make believe we were asleep.

Mac called out that if he heard any more noise, he would do what should keep us awake for some time, and then went off.

More would very likely have been said then, so great was the sensation caused by the new fellow's declaration, but as we didn't hear Mac's sitting-room door shut again, we couldn't tell but that he was somewhere listening.

Not that there was anything of the sneak in Mac; only he liked to catch fellows at it. Very different to old Wiggy, whose real name was Girard, and who was hated by everybody for coaxing (or cogling as we used to call it) till he got something against the fellows, and then making their knuckles black and blue with a big door key. There was no time to say much next morning, for every one always lay in bed as long as he dared after the first bell rang, and had only time to jump into his clothes, and get down to prayers before the second bell stopped. Calomel just asked once during dressing, so as to prevent any mistake, "What did you say your father was, last night, you sir?" But the reply was just given in the same cool way, "A pirate." Calomel said no more.

After breakfast, however, a lot of us got together in the play-ground, and talked the matter over. The existence of pirates was beyond question: there was no reason to doubt that they possessed sons like other people, and perhaps left their businesses to them; but we were not aware of any recorded case in which such sons had been sent to a "classical and commercial academy," as Mac's was called in the prospectus. We couldn't help allowing, however, that the new fellow's manner was favourable and convincing. We argued, too, that if this gentleman were really a pirate, it would account for the possession not only of the three watches, which were doubtless acquired in the exercise of his profession, but also of the guns, pistols, and sword, which would be to him in that case the merest necessities of existence. In short, most of us inclined to the belief, that the new fellow's story was true; though a few, headed by

Calomel, urged that we had only his word for it, and that we knew nothing of him. But then Calomel was jealous, and no wonder: he had been the chief authority on such points for so long, that he wasn't likely to relish giving in, as he would have to do, of course, to a fellow with such advantages of birth.

However, we agreed to ask Hartley more about it, and by way of beginning, we proposed that he should show us the watch his aunt had given him. He pulled it out at once: it was an old silver one, very nearly round, so that it made a great swelling upon his chest, as he wore it in his waistcoat pocket. It had a great effect on the fellows; it was just such a watch as might have been buried in an iron chest for ever so long, and though it didn't come from his father, but from his aunt, that was nothing; it was in the family. It clinched his story, and we christened him "Crossbones" on the spot. As for the watch, that always was called "Oliver Cromwell," it was so old and solid.

You may be sure we asked Crossbones a good many questions about his father, but at first he didn't seem to think much about the matter; and it was only after a week or two's listening to the bedroom readings that he began to let out by degrees, and gave us at different times a good many particulars: how that his father's vessel was a regular clipper, carried one hundred guns, had a crew of eighty men (many of them blacks), and was called the Blue Blazer; the guns he thought, when pressed on the point, were from one hundred and eighty to two hundred pounders. He stated, moreover, that the meals both of officers and crew were always served on gold plates and dishes, which were mere drugs on board by reason of their abundance; and that the only beverage ever touched was rum with gunpowder in it—all which his father had told him in moments of confidence.

This beat books into fits; and even Calomel felt that he must give in, which he did, and became a great chum of Crossbones. Between them they established a society, of which every member was to swear solemnly not to let out anything; which he couldn't have done if he wished, as there was nothing to let out. However, we all tied up the ends of our fingers with twine in the bedroom one night, and having pricked them with a quill pen, let them bleed into a gill cup, over which we then took the oath on a prayer-book. The chief rule was, that no member should speak to another member about the society's affairs, without first putting his right forefinger to the side of his nose, and saying, "Blood?" If all right, the other member put *his* finger to *his* nose, and said, "Thunder!" then they both whistled, and then it *was* all right. Of course everybody knew the other members, but it was necessary to be very particular—societies always are. Crossbones and Calomel were first and second officers, and at first everybody was doing nothing but whistling and bleeding and thundering; but after a time it got tiresome, having nothing more to say when you found you were at liberty to speak. Besides, the fellows got into a way of laughing so that they couldn't

whistle, and in a short time the society pretty well died out.

Then we took to digging caves, but after one fell in upon little Binns, and as nearly smothered him as a toucher, why that didn't prosper; so we had to fall back upon listening to Crossbones—and some wonderful things he told us. I don't

know whether it was from what he heard, or out of his own head, that one of the fellows, who was very clever that way, drew and coloured a representation of Crossbones' father, whiskered and moustached, in a green jacket edged with fur, red tights, big buff boots, and a brass helmet, with a drawn sword in one hand, and a black banner



with a skull upon it in the other. On a cannon close by hung a large blue cloak, supposed to be the means of hiding Crossbones' father's professional dress from the public when he came ashore to visit Crossbones and the rest of the family.

When this picture was shown to Crossbones he shook his head, as much as to say his father was not unlike it, but more so: so the lights were touched up a bit, and so many daggers and pistols hung about the figure, that you would have wondered there was room for them.

Well, during the midsummer holidays, as most of our set went out of town, none of us happened to see Crossbones; and when we got back to school, we found to our astonishment that he always fought shy of our favourite subject when it was brought up, took no interest in the bedroom stories, and gave up the presidency of the society, thereby settling it altogether. None of us could make out what had come over him (though the idea was started at one time that his father had been caught and hanged), and he lost a good deal of popularity: and I do believe none of us would have cared to see him in the holidays, but that on the last night of the half he redeemed

his character nobly, by volunteering to put eight-and-seventy cockchafers in old Wiggy's bed. Wiggy had quarrelled with Mac, and was leaving; and when next morning he came stamping with rage into the schoolroom, and called out to Mac, "Sare, dey have put ensects een my bed!" we all felt that Crossbones was indeed still our friend, and we made it up to meet him the first Thursday after we got home.

When we met on that day—Crossbones, Calomel, I, and two other fellows—the first question was what we should do? We all voted for going straight down to the river, but Crossbones proposed bathing in an old claypit he knew of, where two people had been nearly drowned, and which was supposed to be forty feet deep in places. Of course that was very tempting, but we thought it too cold for bathing; and at last we settled that it was to be the docks, where, however, Crossbones seemed very unwilling to go. We asked him if his father was at home; but he said, No; he was in the West Indies, or some of those places, or else we might have gone on board his vessel.

On we went, however, and just as we got in sight of the river, a voice called out, "Well, Ned,

whither bound, my lad?" and a man caught hold of Crossbones by the shoulder. Crossbones went as red as fire, and didn't know which way to look, but he said, very sheepishly, "Oh, nowhere particular," and was in a great hurry to be off. But the stranger was evidently not in a hurry, and turning to us, he said, "Servant, young gentlemen; schoolmates of Ned's, I expect: I'm his father." How we all stared at him and each other, you may fancy. Here was a man with a red face, dressed in blue pilot cloth, calling himself Crossbones' father. No daggers, nor pistols, nor banners, nor boots, nor red legs, nor brass helmets. There was the smell of rum about him, it is true, so strong that I was obliged to pull out my pocket-handkerchief and pretend to blow my nose, as he talked to us, but not a sign of the gunpowder.

Still we all felt, as appeared afterwards on comparing notes, that these things might admit of explanation, and that matters might turn out better than they looked; so when Crossbones' father said to him, "Ned, mayhap these young gents would like to have a look at the little craft," we jumped at the proposal, and eagerly followed him down to the pier. We couldn't talk, we were in such a state of expectation, and so not one word was said until Crossbones' father led the way on board a small sloop, rather larger than an ordinary fishing smack, with a big number 15 on the sail, and which I supposed must be a kind of captain's boat to the Blue Blazer. But no sooner were we well on board, than Calomel gave a long whistle, and then caught me such a slap on the back as nearly choked me: "It isn't a pirate, but a pilot," says he. And so it was. Crossbones' father was very kind to us; gave us biscuit and rum (which made us very ill afterwards), and did all he could to amuse us: but nothing could change the horrid fact of his being a quiet, respectable, seafaring man.

Crossbones wouldn't go ashore with us; he told me afterwards that he couldn't have stood our chaff: but I was so sorry for him, that, before I left, I said to him, "Crossbones, what made you tell us those confounded yarns?"

"Well," he said, "when I first went to Mac's I'd been so long in the middle of Yorkshire, that I didn't know the difference between a pilot and a pirate, and I thought my father *was* one. And when I heard from the book about pirates, I made up what I thought sounded best."

"But about the three watches, and the guns and pistols, Crossbones?"

"Well, then," said Crossbones, irritably, "what did Calomel brag in that way for? I wasn't going to be beaten by him."

Next half, Crossbones, from one cause or another, had about twenty fights with different fellows, and pirates went a good deal out of fashion.

C. P. WILLIAM.

YOUNG FRANCE.

THE study of modern France is not only an interesting, but a useful study for us in these British islands. There is hardly a mistake we might have made that France has not made for us; hardly an error in social, political, or moral

science that she has not plunged into neck-deep, so that by watching her we may know what to avoid. The faults and shortcomings of France are more directly applicable to us than we think, but are, unluckily for Frenchmen, less evident to themselves than is easily conceivable. Setting aside the question of religion (which is too grave not to be treated by itself alone), there are in almost all the other questions that bear upon a man's moral and social condition, differences between an Englishman and a Frenchman that it cannot be uninteresting for us to study.

But before undertaking to examine the French of modern France, it should be premised that France is the only European country where two diametrically opposite types are to be found of the same race. The animal classed by science as dating from "before" or "after" the Flood, is scarcely of more radically different structure than is the Frenchman who dates from before or after the Revolution of '89-'93, which is his *Deluge*. He is, up to 1780, a totally antagonistic creature to what he becomes after 1790; and what will sound strange to English "liberal" ears, he is far less unlike a "true Briton" in his former than in his latter stage.

Agriculture, education, health, marriage, respect for or disdain of individual freedom,—all these are points curious to examine in a comparison instituted between the two races and between the natives of the same country at different periods. Now, with education, for instance, let us take an English boy and a French one, and a French boy before and after the Revolution.

It has been propounded that donkeys and post-boys never die, but only pass into some "other and better" state by a mysterious process of transition no mortal was ever witness to. An ingenious American author has paralleled this assertion by the declaration that no French "boy" ever existed. Any one who has long inhabited France will instantaneously agree with him. When the small biped which in other lands is called a baby (and really *is* one) is put into short-clothes, in France, a little old man the more is added to the community, but of a "boy" there is absolutely no trace. We will take him in the higher ranks:

A nursery-maid neither leaves him *nor* plays with him, but only watches lest he play too much! and mounts a lynx-like guard upon the purity of the poor little fellow's vestments. A rent or stain upon his ridiculously costly frock is a fault over which French mothers lament, so that the boys who ought, in the course of time and nature, to be one day men, pass from babyhood to boyhood, with undeveloped muscles, strong nervous sensibilities, and fine unspoiled clothes! They have not "played" too much! Heaven help them! Nor do they ever do so; for this is one of the French mother's greatest pre-occupations, and when, the nursery-maid being set aside, the "mamma" comes into play, the leading-strings that were of softer texture for the toddling infant, are only of ruder material for the boy—there is the only difference—but from the leading-strings he is not to escape; never will escape, if the ideal of French education could be attained.

"*Submission*, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French

word!" cries Sir William Lucy, in Shakspeare's "Henry VI." And truly so it is, and there lies perhaps the one great distinction between the English boy and the French one. The French boy is the higher prized the more subservient he is; whereas, put Eton and "subserviency" together if you can! Think how "submission" and no "play" would suit those rollicking youths who are everywhere destined to be foremost when England is to be served, and who get their real value perhaps more even from the "play" than from the "work;" fancy an Etonian kept from boating or cricket by his mother's sermons!

This may require a few words of explanation; it is supposed—too lightly perhaps—that because France has such a large standing army, and that French soldiers do incontestably fight so well, it is an easy thing to recruit men for the trade of war, and that it suffices to stamp on the ground to make soldiers rise out of it. This is erroneous. The conscription is submitted to, but hated; and with a system of voluntary recruiting, it is much to be doubted whether France could maintain any army at all. But this is not our immediate point: what we say is, that in France no man fights who is not a soldier, and with whom fighting is not a trade. The conscription, which forces men of the lower ranks into the army; their inconceivable laziness which accommodates them to garrison life in time of peace; and their natural subserviency, which bends them to the will of their chiefs at all times—these are some of the causes which help to make good soldiers of the French, but none of these characteristics make good citizens—stout-hearted men. Here is the secret of their subserviveness to tyranny. Have the army for you, and you may govern France. Emerson has said: "Englishmen are manly rather than warlike." The saying may be reversed, and it would be true to say of the French that they are "warlike" rather than "manly."

And the system works through life. To be the "first boy" in a school in contemporary France, is to be the most obedient and respectful; and to be a "model young man," when school is lived through and laid aside, is to be in all things submissive to the elders of the family, and not a little guided by the influence of the family confessor. But this is a state of perfection to which, it must be admitted, few young Frenchmen, however well educated, attain. What remains to them is the capacity for subserviency, but it is not always to what is so worthy of respect as the "heads of a family" that their obedience is tendered.

Now, in the lower ranks what happens? The wretched baby, swathed and sewn up physically during the first two years, emerges from this oppression to find itself as morally mummied up as is its more aristocratical companion of whom we have just spoken. There is no "play," either, for this poor little atom, whose earliest infliction is not to be clean, but to be useful. So soon as the French peasant-boy can walk and talk he becomes the employé of his parents, neither more nor less than does the clerk in some government office, furnishing so many hours a day of work. His first lesson is to do something and gain something, and for any display of superfluous energy,

implying perchance that he might some day be something, he is sorely taken to task.

The writer of these pages remembers, one fine summer morning, having talked to a farmer's wife, in the central provinces of France, and questioned her about her children, the youngest of whom held by his mother's apron, and listened with a fearfully acute ear for a brat of four years old to what was being said. The children of a neighbouring château were being led out to walk in a field close by, and were permitted by their guardian *bonnes* to indulge in the recreation of skipping. Upon the question being (mischievously!) put to the infant peasant of "whether *he*, too, should not like to be skipping with the rest?" he threw an extraordinary expression of sharpness into his eyes, and replied, "What would you give me for it?" (literally,—"*Qu' est ce que vous me donneriez pour cela?*")

The notion of enjoyment for enjoyment's sake—the notion of any act committed otherwise than for the consideration of what was to be gained by it—had not yet taken a definite place in the brains of this baby of four years old.

Well, now, this was not always the condition of French children. On the contrary, French history will furnish you in the century and a-half that precedes the so-called Great Revolution, with countless cases of boys who were as reckless, as irreverent, as gay, as imprudent, as "up to a row," or to any wickedness in the world, as any Etonian since the time of the foundation of Eton by Henry VI.; real "boys," who snap their fingers at the experience of others, rush headlong into adventure, and, if they do not bravely die for some noble cause, may battle with circumstances till they become great men.

The aristocracy of France betrayed itself and the country: but into the details of all its backslidings it is not our purpose to enter; suffice it to say, there was a time when, like England, France had "younger sons"—when men with ancient names were forced to do something for themselves and for the country; when unmarried girls were comparatively free; when colonies were there, asking for colonisers; and when marriage was not, as now, based upon the inevitable sale of the man, in order that the equality of the fortune may be restored. The armies of Condé and Turenne were full of boys, lads of fourteen and fifteen, who were neither canting little Jesuits, nor puny would-be exquisites, nor infidels either, like the products of the Revolution—but who fleshed their maiden swords gallantly, died like Christian gentlemen, and would not have told a lie for all the world, but whose chief virtue was far from being their capacity of obedience. Many of them had run away from home to join the standards of the King or of "Monsieur le Prince," as it might be. The great and undeniable fact is, that there were boys in France before the Revolution of '89, and that it would puzzle any one to discover a genuine boy there now.

We will prove by-and-by that there were girls, too, in France, some hundred and fifty years ago; and that might seem a much more hazardous assertion to persons familiar with the present immured condition of French young ladies of

"good society." And at the bottom of all this lies the one master circumstance of the mode of transmission of property. The existence of the eldest son, and future representative and head of the family—let not our countrywomen forget it!—makes the love-match necessarily the basis on which the social edifice is raised. Subvert this, and you must come to the *money-marriage*—the so-called *mariage de convenance*; and when you have come to that, you have come to all that is otherwise than as it should be in modern French society. We will show this by example.

A father of a family has four sons, or two sons and two daughters, and is possessed of 2000*l.* sterling a year. He brings up his children in what abroad is termed great luxury. He has a handsome apartment in Paris, and what he styles a *château* down in some province, and his wife and his children have any number of fine dresses, and ride in comfortable carriages, go to operas and plays, and pass for very fine people altogether. One fine day the old gentleman dies, and then comes what is called the "division" of everything he possessed. The house in the country is sold (mostly in very small parcels to forty or fifty proprietors); the horses and carriages are sold; the pictures, plate, furniture, wine—all is sold; and the very clothes the dead man last wore are disposed of *for whatever they will fetch*; * the produce being shared to the minutest fraction among the survivors, who for the time cease to be sons and daughters, in order to become literally only "heirs."

All law expenses (which are very heavy) being discharged, each member of the family will begin by having about 450*l.* a year to spend. At the outset, the sons will think this a goodly sum, and they will begin by going on as they used to do when they had to partake of four times that amount. Nine times out of ten they commit some absurdity in the way of speculation, which reduces their income considerably, and then a "money-match" has to be resorted to to set all square again; or else they prudently begin by looking out for the money-match, and proceed according to the rule recognised in France, that "a husband is worth at least three times the fortune he brings." In either case, whether preventively or curatively, the "money-match" is made, and two separate fortunes are united with comparatively little attention to the tastes, habits, or affections of the two individuals possessing them.

With the daughters, supposing them to be still unmarried when they succeed to their fortunes, the "matching" process is also instantly brought into play, and the ingenuity of every female relative is forthwith exercised to obtain the best price for the orphans, and drive the hardest bargain with the future bridegrooms. Whatever obstacle may intervene (and never was a marriage in France which it was not sought by every imaginable means to prevent), these money-matches always

* There can be no means of exaggerating the avidity that is set forth on these sad occasions in France; and sons who have been the most submissive during a parent's life will, at his death, haggle like Jews with their brethren over every threadbare raiment that may be left. They will have the value of everything up to the last penny.

are somehow or other concluded—how to end, a glance at French literature or the French stage will quickly show.

But it cannot be otherwise. Marriages must be so concluded in France, because the unlimited subdivision of property makes it impossible that there should be a man who perpetuates "the family," who is rich enough to buy his wife and *not sell himself*, and whose exceptional condition *forces* his younger brothers to exert themselves, and be in turn thriving men, who, having made money, can afford to marry the women they love, and have chosen for their wives.

It is a recognised fact, to which we have alluded, that there are no girls in France. Why should there be? Where wives are chosen for their more or less of wealth, why should they trouble themselves to be attractive before marriage? They are so only after marriage, which they call freedom. To be married is, in France, to be free. Where money-matches are the basis on which the social edifice is raised, there can be no equivalent to what we are accustomed to in the shape of an English girl—a self-acting, sentient, responsible member of society, who chooses and is chosen, and who gives her hand only when her heart has preceded the gift.

It has become so proverbial that French girls are absolute nobodies, and only grow into somebodies after they are married women, that it will, at first, be scarcely believed that a century and a half ago French girls were more independent, more self-reliant, than any English girl could be now. The "fastest" young lady ever heard of in our isles would be distanced by the young ladies of the seventeenth century in France, and all the Di Vernons and Kate Coventrys in Great Britain are boarding-school misses compared to the Marie de Hauteforts and the Jacqueline de Meurdracs of the days of the Fronde. Look at the Grande Mademoiselle who took the Bastille and besieged Orleans, and (leaving her aside, for she was, as a princess, exceptional) look at her fair aides-de-camp. We will, in order to convey a correct notion to our reader's mind of what a French *girl* could be under the Regency of Anne of Austria, sketch out the life of Mademoiselle de Meurdrac, and show how what was in those days called a *femme vaillante* astonished no one, and was, as we have said, far beyond anything that we imagine to ourselves as "fast."

In 1612, a gentleman and his wife, in the province of Brie, close to Paris, lived in their *château* with their only child, Jacqueline. Monsieur and Madame de Meurdrac were by no means surprised that as the young lady grew up all she took to were masculine amusements. She tamed all the horses she could lay hands on, went out shooting with all the guns she could find, turned her neighbours' daughters into bitter ridicule because they were "effeminate," and was so adroit with her rapier that no cavalier within thirty miles cared to cross foils with her. Mademoiselle Jacqueline was a most "accomplished" young person, handsome withal, and on all hands admitted to be the most desirable daughter-in-law that any proper gentlewoman with a son could possibly find.

We should only like to see what a "proper gentlewoman" in the "good society" of France in the present day would say to Mademoiselle Jacqueline de Meurdrac!

Well, this youthful heroine resolved to live and die unmarried, and a brave cavalier of the name of La Guette, whose estate was not far from her father's, swore to himself a solemn oath that he would confer his name upon no woman born. Somehow or other, the two met and—changed their minds. Jacqueline was eighteen, M. de la Guette eight-and-twenty, and he decided he would have no wife save Mademoiselle de Meurdrac, and she that she would have no husband save M. de la Guette. This being settled (which in those days surprised no one any more than the rest), Madame de Meurdrac was applied to, and gave her consent, and then came M. de Meurdrac to be spoken with. But it so happened that Etna and Vesuvius are not more volcanic than were M. de Meurdrac and M. de la Guette. The meeting took place one morning at breakfast.

"Monsieur," said insinuatingly the young cavalier, "I have so much land, so many farms, and such and such sums in good shining crowns—I want to marry."

"Then," replied the future father-in-law, with a smile, "you must address yourself to the young lady you admire, or to her father."

"You are he," cried the suitor impatiently.

But the old gentleman took it all the wrong way.

"You no doubt fancy," he exclaimed, "that because you are rich you can marry my daughter, but that is what I will not hear of—my daughter is not to be bought."

La Guette lost his breath and his pains in declaring Jacqueline was resolved to be his wife. Old Meurdrac's wrong-headedness would not be influenced; high words ensued; after high words came noisy deeds; crack went the plates at the walls, bang went the bottles on the floor; and when Jacqueline rushed in to quiet the irate couple, she found both in the act of drawing their swords. The girl instinctively seized a pistol, and the three glared angrily at each other, hesitating who should begin the fray. Madame de Meurdrac, at the head of all her servants, broke into the room, and by force of numbers the combatants were disarmed, and the fiery *demande en mariage* of Mademoiselle Jacqueline was brought to a rather violent close.

Nevertheless, Jacqueline de Meurdrac had resolved she would marry M. de la Guette, and none other; and so in the end marry him she did; and with him she went campaigning, having on one occasion served the Prince de Condé as aide-de-camp; and having accompanied him into the thick of the fire in an action on the banks of the Dordogne, during which his Royal Highness amused himself with more than once shouting:

"Come, gentlemen, make way for Madame de la Guette!"

Our purpose, however, is not to write Jacqueline de Meurdrac's biography, or that of any other French lady of note, but merely to show how different French manners and customs were amongst our neighbours to what they have now become. It is

praise to say of an English girl that she is "spirited;" it is so difficult to apply the term to modern French girls, that not very long since the eldest son of a very illustrious house in France, dutifully asking his mother whether it was "a proper thing for ladies to ride on horseback?" (1) received the following answer:

"It is a thing to be tolerated in certain cases—for instance, where health requires—but never to be encouraged!"

Compare a state of society where these words contain a truth, with that which is pre-supposed by the good repute of a woman like Madame de la Guette; who, when she was presented to Queen Anne of Austria, after one of her warlike actions, received the compliments of the whole court on "her courage and brave bearing."

The great question of education—what it makes of girls and boys, and men and women—is one that touches every country, and it has proved itself latterly to be one most nearly touching us. Let us reflect on what the daughters, sisters, wives of Englishmen have shown themselves to be in India. Let us count upon what the sons of such women will one day be, and glory in the thought that it is still a praise to say of an English girl that she is "high-spirited."

This applies, too, in the same degree to the manly education of our boys; witness India, where no Englishman asked to be "defended" or "fought for," as Frenchmen invariably do on all occasions of trouble or revolt. We *defended ourselves*; and that we were able to do so—civilians equally with soldiers, women almost equally with men—depends upon our system of education, which is itself in turn dependent upon our social and political institutions, and upon our time-honoured manners and customs, far more than we are apt to think; and do not let us be unmindful of the saying of the Duke of Wellington upon the Eton play-ground: that it was "here we won the battle of Waterloo!" If we needed a further proof of the superiority of our public-school education over that of France, we should find it in the impression produced by it upon one of the most distinguished and perhaps the most unprejudiced of Frenchmen of our day—upon M. de Montalembert. In his volume upon "The Future of England," if the writer's own countrymen find set down what they most may envy, we find noted what we should most be proud of. We are forced into recognising as benefits to be precious preserved, many things we had so long enjoyed that, unconscious of their immense value, we had accepted them as matters of course.

Let us, above all, hold to that wilful, generous, headstrong, bold, healthy, joyous animal—the true English "boy"—the boy "who bullied Keate," as "Eöthen" somewhere says, but who rescues India; let him be a "boy," not a *lesser man*, as he is in France; and, above all, let him "play" too much, which no created being ever does in that country.

The muscular development and animal health of the French people is never on a level with our own, which disables them from supporting reverses or a protracted struggle with the patience and energy which we display.

A book which was published last winter in Paris, and which created a sensation wherever the French tongue was spoken,—a book purporting to treat of marriage, and of the care and attention a husband ought to show to his wife, was a very curious proof in point of what is the present degenerate condition of the French female in all ranks. In his chapter on the "Health of Young Women" you find rules laid down by M. Michelet which, to our English ideas, would almost alone suffice to reduce any woman to the lowest state of physical weakness. She is to be kept as quiet as possible, to eat little meat, and drink no wine; to take hardly any exercise; very moderately to improve her mind by reading, or any other rational employment; never to hear of cold bathing; and if ever she should guess at such follies as fine racing gallops over breezy downs on the back of a generous horse, to rank them among the mad and improper freaks which only those eccentric creatures *les Anglaises* ever indulge in! M. Michelet's "Model Wife" is simply *infirm* in body and soul. Yet, let it be remarked, she is the beau ideal of the contemporary Frenchwoman; and, whatever else may have been said of M. Michelet's book in the way of blame, no critic in all France ever suggested that his *female type* was not "adorable," or that his manner of bringing her up or caring for her was not one worthy of universal imitation.

Let the English reader ask himself what the *sons* of such a mother as M. Michelet's "Model Wife" would be likely to be.

We disclaim all desire to "preach," or unnecessarily to run down our neighbours, and all wish to "prove" any pet theory. We have merely thought a few moments might not be wasted in obtaining a nearer insight into certain details of social life in France. No one can say we shall *never* be brought into collision with the French nation, or that it can *never* be of any importance to us to know what is the *relative worth* of the two races, and in what particular points we should be likely in a serious struggle to show ourselves superior to them. Besides, whatever is *really true* is really instructive. It may, therefore, not be uninteresting to compare our country men and women with the people of France, and the French men and women of this day with those of a hundred and fifty years since. A very few facts will suffice to demonstrate that the British race has gone on modifying and improving itself, whilst still remaining at bottom what it was under glorious Queen Bess; and, on the other hand, it is as easy to show that the French race is *not* the same as it was under Henri IV. or under the Fronde. It is not "modified;" it is radically changed. Is it "improved?" This is a question we will not take upon ourselves to answer, but leave to individual appreciation, only begging our readers to meditate upon the following few words:

England has slowly *adapted* all her old institutions to the exigences of modern times, and has overthrown scarcely one; France has *overthrown* every institution she possessed. How have the two systems acted upon the two races? Which is the freer? which the more powerful? which the happier of the two?

A. D.

PRAWN CURRY.

I HAVE a weakness for prawns. For seven years I lived in a barbarous colony where they had no prawns. I shall not name that colony, because I have no desire to deter people of taste from going there; but for seven years I saw nothing like a prawn except some wretched potted shrimps embalmed in grease and red pepper. Homeward bound some months ago in a mail steamer, we ran into Galle harbour for coals. Now Galle is famed throughout the East for the most rapturous preparation of prawns, the most ecstatic aliment conceivable. To taste prawn curry at Ceylon makes one additionally grateful to Vasco de Gama for having found his way round the Cape. I had heard much on the voyage about these curried prawns and about the green cocoa-nut and artful concomitants used in preparing them, and the various accounts worked upon my fevered imagination till my brain was filled with prawns capering about like the lively monsters in a magnified drop of stagnant water.

"Any coals?" said the captain; "any news?" asked the passengers; "any prawns?" whispered I, in a voice husky with emotion, for I trembled for the answer.

"Plenty prawns," was the reply, and down the ship's side I went into a sort of long washing-tub, kept from capsizing by a floating counterpoise about three yards off. My conductor was a Cingalese commissionaire of pale gingerbread complexion, who was attired in a very small quantity of white calico and a tortoiseshell comb. We fought our way through mendicants, jewel-peddlers with their Birmingham rubbish tenderly bedded in white wool, and a bristling array of paper umbrellas thrust forward for purchase at sixpence each. Through this ordeal I passed scatheless, all but a few shillings, for which I obtained an umbrella, two or three fans, a gold ring with rubies like red currants, an ebony walking-stick, and half a dozen pine-apples. We found an hotel, a stately Portuguese mansion of the olden time, through the door of which you might have driven a waggon of hay. The proprietor was smoking in a Manilla cane chair, with a boy and a feather brush behind to intimidate the flies; and when he understood that I had come several thousand miles to taste prawn curry, there was a glow of interest in his yellow countenance that was quite gratifying. Arrangements were soon made. In four hours all that gastro-nomic science could accomplish would await my approval. A cheerful drive about the neighbourhood was suggested as a suitable preliminary. The regular handbook sort of thing to do at Galle is a drive to the cinnamon-gardens, where you cut odiferous walking-sticks, fill your pockets with the fragrant bark, and come out quite spicy. There was also a very ancient Buddhist temple, with a huge strongly-gilt heathen deity sitting cross-legged on the altar, like a canonized tailor; and a Buddhist clergyman who chewed betel-nut and kept up a smothering supply of incense, and was very grateful for a two-anna piece and half a cigar. That golden tailor was at least ten feet high as he sat, and he had eyes disproportion-

tionately large and disagreeably expressive, that seemed to roll about without keeping time, and to squint and leer through the murky vapour most abominably.

The cool shelter of the inn was grateful enough after the sweltering heat of the mid-day sun, so I put on a fresh suit of grass-cloth, dipped my head in Cologne-water, and composed my mind for dinner. The huge, stone-walled apartment in which my repast was prepared, had an earthy odour from the tiled floor, and a smell of coconut oil that must have been something like the atmosphere of Ali Baba's oil-jars. I was the only dinner guest, and as I sat in the vast solitude, listening to footsteps echoing far and faint—what with the earthy smell and some burning jostick with its incense fumes curling slowly into the shadows of the lofty timber roof, I felt it was like dining in a cathedral.

A sort of grand servitor of the house in a specially fine cotton garment and an extra big tortoiseshell comb arranged the table in a style that only needed some orange blossoms and tin foil to look like a small wedding; and when I took my preliminary sip of sherry I felt it almost incumbent to make a little pleasant speech to myself, and return thanks in a proper soliloquy. The prawns were sublime. I seem to forget the accessories of sauce and vegetable. Dr. Johnson once said of a lady that she had been so well dressed that he could not recollect what she had on, and my prawns were just as well dressed as that lady. Half an hour was spent in a dreamy enjoyment of a dry curry and Amontillado, my white attendant quietly looking on like a benign spectre. Talking would have spoiled the thing. I pointed to a slender-stemmed wine-glass of the substance of a soap bubble, and waved my hand with a gesture of confidence, as Captain Cook might have done to a Polynesian savage. The tortoiseshell comb bent gracefully as divining my desires, and moved away as gently as a tortoiseshell cat. The wine was rich as ever ripened on a volcano. With delicately deferential but quietly decisive manner the spectre removed the debris of the first course. Green cocoa-nut curry was the next item in the programme. The first spoonful threw me into a paroxysm of astonishment and delight. My bosom throbbed, and I think a tear fell into my fourth plate. A little slow music at this juncture would perhaps have tranquillised the system. A melodious gurgling alone broke the silence.

Sparkling St. Peray of 1811, the year of the great comet. Candied pine-apple, jack fruit, maraschino, mango jam, cigars, and coffee, are all that I can clearly recollect afterwards, except that my ghostly guardian extended my legs on the telescope chair, undid my necktie, and sprinkled me with rose-water.

Perhaps it was the monotonous swinging of the punkah as it waved above my head like a dusty banner in a windy cathedral, or the angry droning of the mosquitos who could make no impression on my seasoned epidermis; but, at any rate, I found myself getting strangely drowsy, and everything growing misty and changing its aspect, just like a shilling's worth of dissolving views, only without the music and bad grammar. And gradually a most portentous tightness came upon me, and I felt an inclination to curl like toasted bacon. I struggled to rise, but felt a sense of general compression as though I were in a suit of plate armour a size too small, with an odd tendency to curvature. I was in a state of collapse, in fact, my nose and toes approximating, and at last was perfectly doubled up, in which condition I tapped my forehead pensively with my big toe, and thought about it. And then the appalling truth opened on me—I was become a prawn!—a scaly monster with a florid complexion and a head fit for nothing. And methought I was seized by two Cingalese policemen in tortoiseshell hats, and carried before a great golden cross-legged magistrate, and I felt myself in the focus of his huge round eyes as though I had been fixed for a stereoscope.

"What's this?" said the gilt-gingerbread-looking fellow on the bench.

"Over-fed himself, please your worship," said a sneaking, cotton-wrapped constable, as he referred to the charge, written with Indian ink on a talipot leaf.

"Fined a three months' indigestion and costs," was the severe sentence.

"Please, your worship," I appealed, looking at his cruciform extremities through my upper eye-lashes, "three months' indigestion will bring no end of distress around my domestic hearth—I mean my American cooking-stove."

"Mere stomach-ache repentance," said the obdurate brute. "Call the next case."

I gave a howl, and woke. Next morning I sent for Mr. Toodle's pills—one of the "family boxes that contain four." This was five months ago: I am now out of danger.

AUSTRAL.



BLACK MONDAY.



I.

Tempus fugit, alas! Our best pleasures are blended
With sorrow that pierces the heart like a stab:
Black Monday has come, my vacation is ended,
I've paid my hotel-bill and sent for a cab.

II.

It seems but a week, but 'tis three, I remember,
Since first I arrived at this gem of the sea.
O, *Cras animarum*! Town fogs of November!
O, first day of Term!—must I leave it for thee!

III.

A stranger I came with my hard-reading cousin,
And own that I found it remarkably slow.
But now, when I know pleasant folks by the dozen,
Who like me, and seek me—why, off I must go.

IV.

O, drive me not down by the beach, gentle cabby,
Lest, coming from bathing, I see Laura Marz,
And think of the pic-nic we had near the abbey,—
Our silent return 'neath the light of the stars.

V.

Avoid Prospect Terrace, you stupid old gander
(I was free to drop in there each ev'ning to tea),
For one of the Drew girls sits in the verandah,—
The one I hoped some day would breakfast with me.

VI.

Must we pass by the Band? Hark! what melody
flowing!
O, brute, what no blind to shut out from my gaze
Those false eyes of Clara? She *knew* I was going,
And still she can smile there with Moon of the
Greys.

VII.

Goodbye, Jack and Charley, and all of your party,
You've plenty of coin, and no clients to mind;
Gay fellows too, all of you, honest and hearty,
But, almost, I hate you for staying behind.

VIII.

Ah, Ellen, thou swiftest in light gallopade,
You've plenty of partners, I know, at command,
And so need not strike my name out of your card
The moment you see me thus quitting the strand.

IX.

The Station at last. Ha! No time for reflection.
Now, porter—this luggage. See, cabby, your fare.
First-class, please, to London. Sir, any objection
To smoking? No! Care, then, I'll blow into air!

A. F.



THE LAST VOYAGE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

BY CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN, R.N. (PART II.)



Burial of Sir John Franklin. (See page 366)

UNDER the friendly shelter of Beechey Island, Franklin and his followers reposed from their arduous labours of 1845, and looked forward confidently to the success which must now attend their efforts in the following year. And had they not reason to be confident? Did they not know that, in their remarkable voyage up Wellington Channel and down the new Strait, west of Cornwallis Island, they had explored *three hundred miles* of previously unknown channels leading to the north-west? Could they not point to Cape Walker, and say, "Assuredly it will be an easy task next season to push our ships over the *two hundred and fifty miles* of water which must intervene between Cape Walker and King William's Land." Of course they thought thus. And that their hopes were fulfilled, though they lived not to wear their honours, we know, alas! too well. The Polar winter came in upon them like a giant—it ever does so. No alternate frost and thaw, sunshine and gloom, there delays the advent of the winter. Within the frigid zone each season steps upon sea and earth to the appointed day, with all its distinctive characteristics strongly marked. In one night winter strikes nature with its mailed hand, and silence, coldness, death, reign supreme. The soil and springs are frozen adamant: the streamlet no

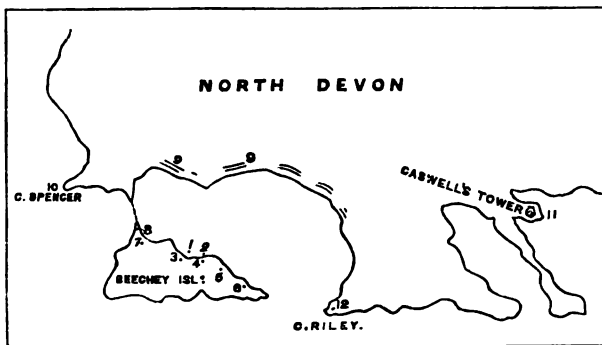
longer trickles from beneath the snow-choked ravines: the plains, slopes, and terraces of this land of barrenness are clad in winter livery of dazzling white: the adjacent seas and fiords can hardly be distinguished from the land, owing to the uniformity of colour. A shroud of snow envelopes the stricken region, except where sharp and clear against the hard blue sky stand out the gaunt mountain precipices of North Devon and the dark and frowning cliffs of Beechey Island—cliffs too steep for even snow-flake to hang upon. There they stand, huge ebon giants, brooding over the land of famine and suffering spread beneath their feet!

Day after day, in rapidly diminishing arcs, the sun at noon approaches the southern edge of the horizon. It is the first week of November, and I see before me a goodly array of officers and men issue from the ship, and proceed to scale the heights of the neighbouring island: they go to bid the bright sun good-bye until February, 1846. At noon, the upper edge of the orb gleams like a beacon-fire for a few minutes over the snow-enveloped shores of North Somerset—and it is gone—leaving them to three months of twilight and darkness. Offering up a silent, fervent prayer for themselves, who were standing there to see that sunset, and for their dear friends in the ice-beset

barks at their feet, that they might all be spared to welcome back the life-imparting planet, we see these pilgrims to the God of light turn and descend into the darkness and gloom now hanging over the bay of the Erebus and Terror.

The tale of energetic battle with cold privation and festering monotony has been often told: why repeat that the officers and men under Franklin in their first winter within the frozen zone, as nobly bore the one and cheerfully combatted the other? The ruins and traces left behind them all attest it. The observatory, with its double embankment of earth and stones, its neat finish, and the lavish expenditure of labour in pavement and pathway: the shooting gallery under the cliff, the seats formed of stones, the remains of pleasant picnics in empty bottles and meat-tins strewn about: the elaborate cairn upon the north point of Beechey—a pyramid eight feet high, and at least six feet long on each side of the base—constructed of old meat-tins filled with gravel: all tell the same tale of manful anxiety for physical employment to distract the mind from suffering and solitude. On board the ships we picture to ourselves the Arctic school and theatre: the scholar and dramatist exerting themselves to kill monotony and amuse or instruct their comrades. There are not wanting traces at Cape Riley to show how earnestly the naturalists Goodsir and Stanley laboured to collect specimens: now was their time to arrange and note upon their labours. There is more than one site still visible of tents in which the magnetical observations were obtained: now was the time to record and compare such observations. And, in addition to the charming novelty of a first winter in the frozen sea, the officers in so scientific an expedition had abundance of employment, in noting the various phenomena which were daily and hourly occurring around them.

But at length darkness and winter pass away, sunlight and spring return; pale faces again recover their natural rosy tint. Only three of the original party of one hundred and thirty-eight souls have succumbed; * the rest, though thinner, are now inured and hardened to all the changes of the Arctic climate, and exhibit no lack of energy or strength. As soon as the temperature will admit of it, parties are despatched from the ships in various directions with sledges and tents: some have scientific objects in view; others are directed to try and procure game for their sickly comrades, or to eke out the store of provisions, now reduced to a two years' stock: and, sad it is to record it, nearly all their preserved meats were those of the miscreant Goldner. Exploratory parties were likewise not wanting; and those who came on their footsteps in after years saw the signs of their lost comrades' zeal and industry on every side. From Caswell's Tower, which looks towards Lancaster Sound, to Point Innis up Wellington Channel, the marks of camping places and the trails of their sledges were frequent. It was sad to remark, from the form of their cooking places, and the deep ruts left by their sledges over the edge of the terraces which abound in the neighbourhood of Beechey Island, how little Franklin's people were impressed with the importance of rendering their travelling equipment light and portable, both as a means of exploration whilst their ships were imprisoned, and to enable them to escape if their ships were destroyed. The anxiety for their fate, expressed by many in Captain Austin's expedition, when remarking upon the fearful expenditure of labour which must have been entailed on Franklin's men in dragging about such sledges as they had evidently had with them, has only been too truly verified. The longest journey made by sledge parties from the Erebus and Terror at Beechey Island, so far



TRACES LEFT AT FRANKLIN'S FIRST WINTER-QUARTERS IN 1845-6.

- 1, 2. Ships.
3. Store.
4. Graves and Forge.
5. Washing Place.
6. Shooting Gallery.
7. Garden.
8. Cairn.
9. Sledge Marks.
10. Shooting Gallery.
11. Cairns.
12. Shooting Gallery.

as we know, does not exceed *twenty* miles; whereas *three and four hundred miles* outward has been recently done by our later Arctic explorers. Franklin's experience of travelling in the Hudson's Bay Territory was evidently at fault in the rugged and desert region in which he was now sojourning; and he had no M^cClintock at his side to show him how, by mechanical skill and careful attention to weights and equipment, sledges might be constructed on which men might carry boats,

tents, clothing, food, and fuel, and travel with impunity from February to August, and explore, as he himself has done in that time, nearly fourteen hundred miles of ground or frozen sea.

* All the traces alluded to in these articles, as well as those delineated in the accompanying plate, were discovered at and about Beechey Island, in 1850-51, by the expeditions under Captain H. Austin, C. B., Captain Penny, and Captain de Haven. The tombstones recorded the deaths of two seamen, on January 1st and January 4th, 1846, and that of a marine, who died on April 3rd of the same year.

However, no anxieties then pressed on the minds of those gallant men ; " large water " was all they thought of ; give them that, and Behring's Straits in their ships was still their destination.

The sun has ceased to set, night is as the day, the snow has long melted off land and floe, the detached parties have all returned to their ships, yards are crossed, rigging set up, sails bent, the graves of their shipmates are neatly paved round, shells from the bay are prettily arranged over the sailor's last home by some old messmate. Franklin, with that Christian earnestness which ever formed so charming a trait in his character, selects, at the request of his men, epitaphs which appeal to the hearts of all, and perhaps no finer picture could be conceived than that firm and veteran leader leading his beloved crews on to the perilous execution of their worldly duty, yet calmly pointing to that text of Holy Writ in which the prophet warrior of old reminded his people of their God, " Choose ye this day, whom ye will serve."

The garden on Beechey Island refuses to yield any vegetables from the seeds so carefully sown in it ; but the officers have brought and transplanted within its border every tuft of saxifrage and pretty anemone and poppy which can be found. The pale pink of the one and delicate straw colour of the other form the only pleasing relief from the monotonous colouring of the barren land. Sportsmen return and declare the game to be too wild for farther sport ; but cheer all by saying that the deer and hare have changed their coats from white to russet colour ; the ptarmigan's brood have taken wing, the wild duck has long since led her callow young to the open lakes, or off to " holes of water " which are rapidly increasing under cliffs and projecting headlands—all the signs denote that the disruption of the frozen surface of the sea is at hand.

The day of release arrives : in the morning a *black* sky has been seen over the eastern portion of Barrow's Straits, that together with a low barometer indicates a S.E. breeze. The cracks which radiate over the floes in every direction gradually widen, then close again, and form " heavy nips," in which the fearful pressure occasions a dull grinding noise. Presently the look-out man on Beechey Island throws out the signal. The floes are in motion ! A loud hurrah welcomes the joyful signal—a race for the point to see the destruction of the ice. It moves indeed. A mighty agency is at work ; the floe heaves and cracks, now presses fearfully in one direction, and then in another ; occasionally the awful pressure acting horizontally upon a huge floe-piece makes it, though ten feet thick, curve up in a dome-like shape. A dull moaning is heard as if the very ice cried mercy, and then, with a sharp report, the mass is shivered into fragments, hurled up one on top of the other. Water rapidly shows in all directions, and within twenty-four hours there is quite as much sea seen as there was of ice yesterday. Yet the ice-fields in bays and inlets are still fast ; this is the land-floe, and in that of Beechey Island the ships are still fast locked ; but anticipating such would be the case, all the spring long men have been carefully sprinkling ashes, sand, and gravel over the ice in a straight line from the Erebus and

Terror to the entrance of the bay. The increased action of the sun upon these foreign substances has occasioned a rapid decay of the floe beneath them, and it only needs a little labour to extricate the expedition.

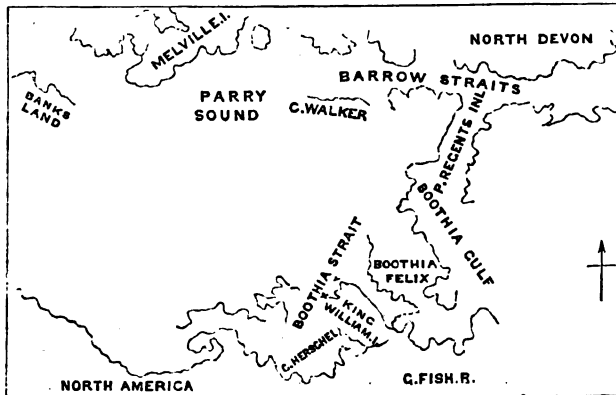
" Hands cut out ships ! " pipes the cheery boat-swain. A hundred strong hands and a dozen ice-saws are soon at work, whilst loud song and merriment awaken the long silent echoes of Beechey Island. The water is reached, the sail is made, the ships cast to the westward, and again they speed towards Cape Walker.

If we open a chart of the Arctic Regions,* it will be observed that *westward* and *northward* of the Parry Islands there is a wide sea whose limits are as yet unknown, and the ice which incumbers it has never yet been traversed by ship or sledge. All those navigators, Collinson and M'Clure in their ships, and M'Clintock and Meham with their sledges, who have with much difficulty and danger skirted along the southern and eastern edge of this truly frozen sea, mention, in terms of wonderment, the stupendous thickness and massive proportions of the vast floes with which it is closely packed. It was between this truly polar ice and the steep cliffs of Banks's Land that Sir Robert M'Clure fairly fought his way in the memorable voyage of the Investigator. It was in the narrow and tortuous lane of water left between the low beach line of North America and the wall of ice formed by the grounded masses of this fearful pack that the gallant Collinson carried, in 1852 and 1853, the Enterprise by way of Behring's Straits to and from the farther shores of Victoria Land ; and it was in the far north-west of the Parry group that M'Clintock and Meham, with their sledges in 1853 gazed, as Parry had done five-and-thirty years before, with astonishment on that pack-ice to which all they had seen in the seas between Prince Patrick's Land and the Atlantic was a mere bagatelle. It is not that the cold is here more intense, or that the climate is more rigorous, but this accumulation of ponderous ice arises simply from the want of any large direct communication between that portion of the Polar Sea and the warm waters of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. Behring's Strait is the only vent in a south-westerly direction, and that strait is so shallow that this polar ice (which has been found to draw as much as sixty and eighty feet of water, and to have hummocks upon it of a hundred feet in height), generally grounds in it, until thawed away by the action of the Pacific gulf stream ; and, on the other hand, towards the Atlantic Ocean, the channels, as it will be observed, are most tortuous and much barred with islands. The grand law of nature by which the ice of our Northern Pole is ever flowing towards the torrid zone, holds good, however, within the area to which we are alluding ; and in spite of all obstacles, and although the accumulation of ice every winter exceeds the discharge and destruction, still the action is even southerly, as in the seas of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. The slow march of this ice-stream is, however, far more like that of the ice from some

* Mr. Arrowsmith, of 40ho Square, has published an excellent and cheap general map, on a small scale, which will be found very correct.

huge parent glacier than of anything else, for lanes of water, or clear spaces of sea, are seldom if ever seen amongst it; indeed, so compact, so

impenetrable is its character, that as yet no navigator has ever succeeded in crossing any of the ice-streams from this sea of desolation.



One of these impenetrable ice-streams flows down between Melville and Banks's Land, and impinging with fearful force upon the exposed western shores of Prince of Wales's Land and the islands across Barrow's Straits, curves down what we hope will be called M'Clintock Channel, until it is fairly blocked up in the narrows about King William's Land. Here the southern edge of the ice-stream comes in contact with the warm waters flowing northward from the rivers of the continent of America, and undergoes a constant and rapid disintegration, the rear of the ice-stream ever pressing forward, yet constantly melted away,* as it reaches the limit which Providence has set upon it.

As Franklin sailed to the west from Beechey Island, he fell upon the edge of this ice-stream in about the longitude of Cape Walker; then to the west of it, and of Lowther, Young, and Hamilton Islands, he observed the floes being broken up, and rapidly disintegrated by meeting the warm waters of Barrow's Straits; but within and amongst that pack there could have been no hope of a passage, whilst on the other hand the ridges of pressed-up shingle and off-lying shoals round the land west of Cape Walker threatened destruction to the Erebus and Terror if they attempted that route; whereas, as far as they could look southward between Capes Walker and Bunny, there stretched away a fair and promising channel leading direct to the American continent, and with ice in it of no very aged appearance. Who that has stood as they did on Cape Walker can doubt which route Franklin preferred under such circumstances?

The middle of August, and a fortnight of navigation are before them. A lead! a lead! and large water! away to the south, calls the ice-master from the crow's nest, and from under the friendly shelter of Cape Walker the Expedition bears away, and they progress a-pace down what we know as Peel's Channel. On the eastern hand rise the steep black cliffs of North Somerset, cut here and there with deep cleft and snow-filled

ravine; along the base a ridge of ice is piled up; full forty feet high, it gleams in white and blue against the granite cliff, and is reflected in the calm waters of an Arctic summer's day—how still, how calm, how sublimely grand—but the experienced seaman is not beguiled by the deceptive beauty of such a scene, but thinks of the dark and stormy nights when, and that before many short days are past, the north-west hurricane will again launch against those cliffs, the ice-fields of Melville Strait. On the western hand, the sandstone cliffs, and the sheltered coves of Prince of Wales's Land, have donned their brightest looks, and siren-like, lure the discoverer, by many an unexplored bay and fiord, to delay awhile and visit them. It may not be; the Erebus and Terror press on, for is not Cape Herschel of King William's Land and the American continent ahead—are they not fast nearing it? Once there, will they not have discovered the long-sought passage? Will they not have done that "one thing whereby great minds may become notable." Two degrees of latitude are passed over; the passage contracts; for awhile it looks as if they were in a cul-de-sac; islands locked in with one another, excite some anxiety for a channel. The two ships are close to each other, the eager officers and men crowd gunwale and tops. Hepburn Island bars the way: they round it. Hurrah, hurrah! the path opens before them, the lands on either hand recede, as sea, an open sea, is before them. They dip their ensigns, and cheer each other in friendly congratulation: joy, joy! another one hundred miles, and King William's Island will rise in view. The prize is now within their grasp, whatever be the cost.

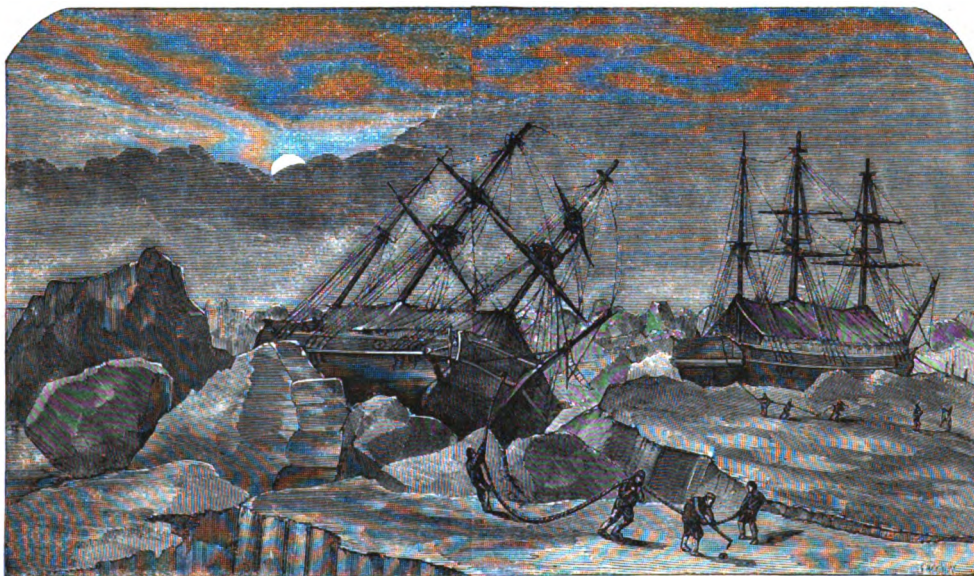
The sailor's prayer for open water is, however, only granted in a limited sense, for directly the coast of Prince of Wales's Island is lost to view, and that they are no longer shielded by land to the west, the great ice-stream from Melville Island again falls upon it. The Erebus and Terror pass a channel leading into Regent's Inlet, our Bellot Channel; they advance down the edge of that ice-stream as far as latitude 71°. The only passage to

* Taking the drift of the lost Erebus and Terror from September, 1846, to April, 1848, as our guide, this ice-stream moves at about the rate of a mile and-a-half in a month.

the coast of America that Franklin knows of, is now nearly south-west of his position, it leads between King William's and Victoria Land. For, alas! in his chart King William's Land [see opposite] was represented to be connected with Boothia by a deep bay, called Poet's Bay. It is true that to the south-west the hopeless looking ice-stream bars his way, and that to the south-east the road looks clear and promising; but then, did not his chart say that there was no channel east of King William's Land, by which to reach the American shore? There was no alternative, they must enter the pack or ice-stream, and go with it to the south-west.

Had they not already passed over two-hundred

out of the three-hundred miles between Cape Walker and Cape Herschel? Were they the men to flinch from a struggle for the remaining hundred miles? That struggle commenced as the winter closed in, and just as King William's Land was in sight, the Erebus and Terror became beset, and eventually fixed for the winter of 1846-7, in latitude $70^{\circ} 5''$ north, and longitude $98^{\circ} 23'$ west, about twelve miles due north, of Cape Felix. More dangerous and unpromising winter-quarters could hardly have fallen to their lot, but they were helpless in that ice-stream. Sixteen years previously Sir James Ross had stood upon Cape Felix. He travelled on foot in the early spring of 1830, from Victoria Harbour in the Gulf of



In the Ice-stream off Cape Felix.

Boothia, and explored the northern coast of King William's Land, and standing on the 29th of May, on this very Cape Felix, remarked with astonishment the fearful nature of the oceanic ice, which was pressed upon the shores; and he mentions that in some places the pressure had driven the floes inland, half a mile beyond the highest tide-mark! Such the terrible winter-quarters of those lone barks and their gallant crews; and if that season of monotony and hardship was trying to them in Beechey Island, where they could in some measure change the scene by travelling in one direction or the other, how infinitely more so it must have been with nothing round them, but ice-hummock and floe-piece, with the ships constantly subjected to pressure and ice-nip, and the crews often threatened during the depth of winter with the probability of having their ships swallowed up in an arctic-tempest, when the ice-fields would rear, and crush themselves one against the other under the influence of the awful pressure from the north-west.

The God of storms, who thus lashed the wintry north with his might, shielded however those

brave men; and now, inured to the dangers of icy seas, they slept and laboured not less pleasantly because the floes were rocking their wooden homes; and consoled themselves, that they were only then ninety miles from Cape Herschel, and that even a sledge party could reach it next spring (1847), before the navigation would be open.

Thus their second winter passes. King William's Land shows out here and there from its winter livery; for evaporation serves to denude those barren lands of snow, long before any thaw takes place. May comes in, the unsetting sun in dazzling splendour pours its flood of perpetual light over the broken, shattered blocks of ice, while from the great ice-stream, drops of water form on the black sides of the weather-beaten ships, and icicles hang pendant from the edge of hummocks; yet it is still intensely cold in the shade. Lieutenant Graham Gore, and Mr. F. Des Vaux, mate, both of the Erebus, are about to leave the ships for the land; they have six men with them. Why do all grasp them so fervently by the hand? Why do even the sick come up to give them a parting cheer? Surely they went

forth to bring back the assurance that the expedition was really in the direct channel leading to those waters traversed in former years by Franklin; and to tell them all that they really were the discoverers of the long-sought passage. One footprint was left by Gore and Des Vaux, in a cairn beyond Cape Victory on the west coast of King William's Land; it tells us that "on May 24th, 1847, all were well on board the ships, and that Sir John Franklin still commanded." Graham Gore probably traversed the short distance between his cairn, and that on Cape Herschel in a week; and we can fancy him and the enthusiastic Des Vaux, casting one glance upon the long-sought shores of America, and hastening back to share their delight with those imprisoned in the ships.

Alas! why do their shipmates meet the flushed travellers with sorrow imprinted on pale countenances? Why, as they cheer at the glad tidings they bring, does the tear suffuse the eye of these rough and hardy men? Their chief lies on his death-bed; a long career of honour and of worth is drawing to its close. The shout of victory, which cheered the last hour of Nelson and of Wolfe, rang not less heartily round the bed of the gallant Franklin, and lit up that kind eye with its last gleam of triumph. Like them, his last thought must have been of his country's glory, and the welfare of those whom he well knew must now hope in vain for his return.

A toll for the brave—the drooping ensigns of England trail only half-mast; officers and men with sad faces walk lightly as if they feared to disturb the mortal remains of him they love so much. The solemn peal of the ship's bell reverberates amongst the masses of solid ice; a group of affectionate followers stand round a huge chaasm amongst the ice-stream, and Fitzjames, who had sworn only to part from him in death, reads the service for the dead over the grave of Franklin.

Oh! mourn him not, seamen and brother Englishmen! unless ye can point to a more honourable end or a nobler grave. Like another Moses, he fell when his work was accomplished, with the long object of his life in view. The discoverer of the North-west Passage had his Pisgah, and so long as his countrymen shall hold dear disinterested devotion and gallant perseverance in a good cause, so long shall they point to the career and fate of Admiral Sir John Franklin.

* * * * *

The autumn comes. It is not without anxiety that Crozier and Fitzjames contemplate the prospect before them; but they keep those feelings to themselves. The Pacific is far off; the safe retreat of their men up the Great Fish River, or Coppermine, is fraught with peril, unless their countrymen at home have established depôts of provisions at their embouchures; and worse still their provisions fail next year, and scurvy is already showing itself amongst the crews. At last the ice-stream moves—it swings to and fro—the vessels are thrown into one position of danger and then another. Days elapse—ah! they count the hours before winter will assuredly come back; and how they pray for water—water to float the ships in;

only one narrow lane through this hard-hearted pack—one narrow lane for ninety miles, and they are saved! but, if not * * * * * Thy will be done!

The ice-stream moves south; the men fear to remark to each other how slowly; the march of a glacier down the Alpine pass is almost as rapid. Yet it does move south, and they look to heaven and thank their God. Ten miles, twenty miles, are passed over, still beset; not a foot of open water in sight, yet still they drift to the south. Thirty miles are now accomplished; they have only sixty miles of ice between them and the sea, off the American coast—nay, less; for only let them get round that west extreme of King William's, which is seen projecting into the ice-stream, and they are saved!

September, 1847, has come in; the new ice is forming fast; the drift of the ice-stream diminishes,—can it have stopped? Mercy! mercy! It sways to and fro;—gaunt, scurvy-stricken men watch the daily movement with bated breath; the ships have ceased to drift; they are now fifteen miles north of Cape Victory. God, in His mercy, shield those gallant crews! The dread winter of 1847-48 closes around these forlorn and now desperate men;—disease and scurvy, want and cold, now indeed press them heavily. Brave men are suffering; we will not look upon their sore trial.

The sun of 1848 rises again upon the imprisoned expedition, and never did it look down on a nobler, yet sadder sight. Nine officers and twelve men have perished during the past season of trial; the survivors, one hundred and four in number, are assembled round their leaders—Crozier and Fitzjames—a wan, half-starved crew. Poor souls, they are going to escape for their lives by ascending the Great Fish River. Fitzjames, still vigorous, conceals his fears of ever saving so many in the hunger-stricken region they have to traverse. As the constant friend and companion of Franklin, he knows but too well from the fearful experiences of his lamented chief, what toil, hardship and want await them before a country capable of supporting life can be reached. All that long last winter has he pored over the graphic and touching tale of Franklin's overland journeys in Arctic America, and culled but small hope; yet he knows there is no time for despondency; the men look to their officers for hope and confidence at such a juncture, and shall he be wanting at such a crisis? No, assuredly not; and he strives hard, by kind and cheering words—to impart new courage to many a drooping heart. The fresh preserved provisions on board the ships have failed; salted meat is simply poison to the scurvy-stricken men; they must quit the ships or die, and if they must die, is it not better that they should do so making a last gallant struggle for life? and, at any rate, they can leave their bleaching skeletons as a monument upon Cape Herschel, of having successfully done their duty.

Yes, of course it is. They pile up their sledges with all description of gear, for as yet they know not how much their strength has diminished. Each ship's company brings a large whale-boat

which has been carefully fitted upon a sledge; in them the sick and disabled are tenderly packed; each man carries a great quantity of clothing—care is taken to have plenty of guns, powder, and shot, for they can drag at the utmost but forty days' provision with them, and at the expiration of that time they hope to be in a country where their guns will feed them. Every trinket and piece of silver in the ships is carefully divided amongst the men; they hope to conciliate the natives with these baubles, or to procure food, and so far as fore-sight could afford the party every hope of safety, all has been done; but one fatal error occurred,—the question of weight to be dragged, with diminished physical power, has never been taken into consideration; or, if considered, no proper remedy applied.

On the 22nd of April, 1848, these gallant men fell into the drag-ropes of their sledges and boats; the colours were hoisted on their dear old ships, three hearty cheers were given for the stout craft that had borne them so nobly through many perils, and without a blush at deserting Her Majesty's ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, Captains Crozier and Fitzjames lead the road to the nearest point of land, named Cape Victory.* Poor souls, they were three days traversing the intervening distance of fifteen miles, and the sad conviction was already pressing upon them, that they had over-estimated their physical strength and powers of endurance. Around the large cairn erected upon Point Victory the shivering diseased men cast away everything that could be spared; indeed perhaps much that, at that inclement season, they still needed to shield their half-starved frames from the biting blast. Pickaxes, shovels, rope, blocks, clothing, stores of all sorts, except provisions, sextants, quadrants, oars, and even a medicine-case, expressly fitted up for the journey, were here thrown away. Unrolling the record left here in the previous year by the good and gallant Gore, Captain Fitzjames proceeded to write round its margin those few, alas! too few; but graphic words, which tell us all we shall ever know of this last sad page in their touching history. The ink had to be thawed by fire, and benumbed must the hand have been that wrote those words; yet the writing is that of the same firm, self-reliant, light-hearted man who, three short years previously had been noted at Greenhithe as the life of the expedition.

In spite of frostbites and fatigue, the party presses on. They *must* keep marching southward towards the mainland where they hope to find deer and salmon, for upon their sledges they have only got forty days' provision, and that store will be expended by the 7th of June, at latest.†

* So called by Captain Sir James Ross in his exploration of 1830. It was the farthest point reached on King William's Land by that indefatigable Arctic traveller.

† Franklin's expedition had no pemican, the most portable and nutritious of food; but even had they had some, it is well known by the experience of Arctic travellers that forty days is the maximum quantity of food, in addition to other weights, that the best equipped party could have dragged on their sledges, and as the Great Fish River was known not to open before August, it must have been dire necessity alone that induced Crozier and Fitzjames to quit their ships at so early a period of the year that nearly six weeks must have intervened between the expenditure of the provision upon their sledges and the disruption of the ice upon the Great Fish River.

How are they to live after that? is a sad thought which flashes across the mind of many. They sigh, but will not impart their anxieties to each other. Seamen-like, the light joke and merry laugh still flashes from mouth to mouth, and seems for the while to lighten the poor heart of its load of misery.

Poor lost ones! we mark them day by day, growing weaker under the fearful toil of dragging such ponderous sledges and boats, as well as their disabled comrades, through the deep snow, and over rugged ice; we hear the cheering appeal of the gallant officers to the despairing ones, the kind applause heartily bestowed to the self-sacrificing and the brave. Bodily endurance has its limits, devotion to one's brother man its bounds, and half-way between Cape Victory where they landed, and Cape Herschel, it becomes apparent that if any are to be saved there must be a division of the party, and that the weak and disabled must stay behind, or return to the ships. One of the large boats is here turned with her bow northward, some stay here, the rest push on. Of those who thus remained, or tried to return, all we know is, that in long years afterwards, two skeletons were found in that boat, and that the wandering Esquimaux found on board one ship, the bones of another "large man with long teeth," as they described him. On the fate of the rest of the sick and weak, and they must have formed a large proportion of the original party of 106 souls that landed on Cape Victory, we need not dwell.

The rest push on, they have tried to cheer their shipmates with the hope that they will yet return to save them—vain hope! Yet we see them with bending bodies, and with the sweat-drops freezing upon their pallid faces, straining every nerve to save sweet life—they pass from sight into the snow-storm, which the warm south wind kindly sends to shroud the worn-out ones, who gently lie down to die; and they died so peacefully, so calmly, with the mind sweetly wandering back to the homes and friends of their childhood; the long-remembered prayer upon their lips, and their last fleeting thoughts of some long-treasured love for one they would some day meet in Heaven. The cairn on Cape Herschel was reached, no one had been there since "Deare and Simpson" in 1839, except themselves. Here the last record was placed of their success and sad position, and then this forlorn hope of desperate men pushed on towards the Great Fish River; and, if we needed any proof of Franklin's Expedition having been the "first to discover the North-west passage," or of the utter extremity to which this retreating party was reduced, we need but point to the bleaching skeleton which lies a few miles southward of Cape Herschel; that silent witness has been accorded us, and he still lies as he fell, on his face, with his head towards his home. His comrades had neither turned, nor buried him. But why pursue the subject farther? why attempt to lift the veil with which the All Merciful has been pleased to shut out from mortal ken, the last sad hour of brave men battling with famine and disease.

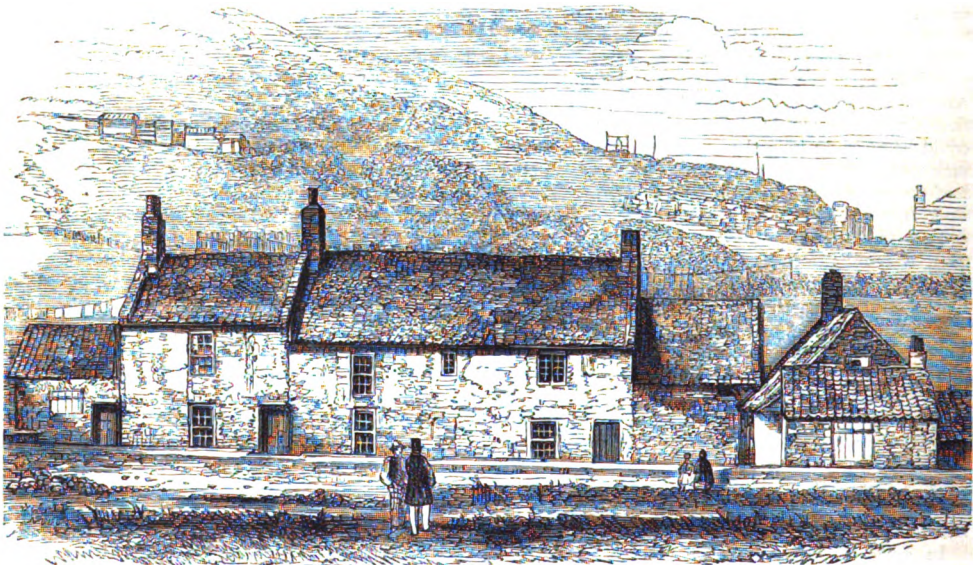
All we know farther of this "forlorn hope" is that Dr. Rae, from Esquimaux report, states that about

forty white men were seen early one spring, dragging a boat and sledges south upon, or near, King William's Land. The men were thin, and supposed to be getting short of provisions; the party was led by a stout middle-aged man. Later in the season, after the arrival of the wild fowl (May), but before the ice broke up, the bodies of thirty persons, and some graves, were discovered on the continent, and five other corpses on an island; some of these bodies were in a tent, others under the boat which had been turned over to afford shelter. Of those corpses seen on the island, one was supposed to be a chief; he had a telescope over his shoulders, and a double-barrelled gun beneath him. The native description of the locality where this sad scene was discovered agreed exactly with Montreal Island and Point Ogle, at the entrance of the Great Fish River; and knowing what we now do of the position of the ships, the date of abandonment, and taking all circumstances into consideration, it is now vain to sup-

pose that any survivors exist of the crews of the Erebus and Terror; nor is it likely that records of their voyage will now be found, as we may be assured that no Christian officers or men, would for one moment think of dragging logs, books, or journals with them when they were obliged to abandon their dying comrades on King William's Land: and, indeed, when it is remembered that they neither *cached* journals or books of any description at Cape Victory, or the deserted boat, it is not probable that any were ever taken out of the vessels at a juncture when the sole object must have been to save life—and life only.

We shall soon learn, from the publication of Captain M'Clintock's journals, how a woman's devoted love, and a generous nation's sympathy, at last cleared up the mystery which once hung over the voyage of her Majesty's ships Erebus and Terror, and secured to Franklin and his followers the honour for which they died—that of being the *First Discoverers of the North-West Passage*.

ROBERT STEPHENSON.



Birth-place of Robert Stephenson.

BEFORE these pages will be in the hands of our readers a grave in Westminster Abbey will have opened and closed over the remains of Robert Stephenson. He too is gone—so soon after Brunel, that we conceive of the Angel of Death, our fancy playing with his terrors, as commissioned to remove the *Chiefs* of the engineering world. Both were the eminent sons of illustrious fathers, who died, like those sons, at no long interval from each other. But it was the lot of Robert Stephenson to stand as it were in the shadow of a parent greater than himself in some respects: greater in the bound he made from lowliness to fame by a single conception and by herculean energy, but not greater in the largeness of his

heart or understanding, or more deservedly honoured and beloved by the world.

Robert Stephenson was a great man, if we try him by his works and look only to the material tests of his professional eminence. If George Stephenson was the parent of the locomotive engine, Robert may be justly styled the parent of the railway system as it exists among us. He was the engineer of the London and Birmingham (now London and North-Western) railway, the first long line that was opened between the metropolis and the distant provinces: and, if the name of Brunel will be for ever associated with that of the Great Western on land, and the Great Eastern on the waters, the name of Robert

Stephenson will live as long in connection with the great Tubular Bridge and the other mighty works of which he was the chief designer and constructor.

Robert Stephenson first saw the light in the village of Willington, at a cottage which his father occupied after his marriage with Miss Fanny Henderson—a marriage contracted on the strength of his first appointment as “breaksman” to the engine employed for lifting the ballast brought by the return collier ships to Newcastle. Here Robert was born on the 17th of November, 1803. As the cottage looked out upon a tram-way, the eyes of the child were naturally familiarised from infancy with sights and scenes most nearly connected with his future profession. At this time, George Stephenson’s means were small, as indeed may be guessed from the fact, that nearly ten years later he thought himself a happy man when he succeeded in obtaining a post as engineer to a colliery with a salary of 100*l.* a year. Notwithstanding these slender resources, the liberal-minded father found means to give his son such an education as could be obtained in a provincial town, to which the energy and industry of the son superadded such of the rudiments of mechanics and engineering science as he could pick up in the long winter evenings, in the library of the Literary and Philosophical Institute at Newcastle. Mr. Smiles tells us how keenly the father felt as he grew up the want of a solid education, and how perseveringly he laboured, after reaching the years of manhood, to make up for lost school-time during his leisure moments, and how he resolved that, poor as he was, his son should not suffer, in like manner, by the want of early instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, to which he added mechanics as a fourth desideratum. The rudimentary and experimental knowledge which Robert picked up in his father’s workshop, came in naturally to the aid of the theoretic teaching of books, and supplemented his science by practical capacity. As an early proof of the latter, we may mention that there still stands over the door of the cottage at Killingworth, then occupied by George Stephenson, a sun-dial, the production of the hands of the son, at the age of thirteen, a work to which the elder Stephenson looked back with an honest pride to his dying day.

It is now just forty years ago since Robert was taken from school and taught to feel the truth of the old saying of Persius, *Magister artis venter*. In 1818 or 1819, we find him apprenticed as an under-viewer to a coal mine in the neighbourhood of the place in which he had spent his childhood. Having devoted a year or two to making himself practically acquainted with the machinery and working of a colliery, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he spent a session in attending the courses of lectures on chemistry, natural philosophy, and geology. How far he may have profited by this opportunity of increasing his scientific knowledge, we have the means of ascertaining, for he brought home a prize for mathematics, much to the delight of his father. He knew the value of opportunities, and he had the great secret of success—the art of availing himself of them. His mind was too

eminently practical to forego any study or pursuit which was calculated, even in its remotest bearings, to help him on in the great struggle of life: and happy, indeed, are they who can look back with regret upon so few opportunities missed, so few court cards thrown away out of their hands, as Robert Stephenson.

Having spent a year or two as an apprentice in his father’s manufactory of locomotives at Newcastle (even at that time a school, if not of thought, yet of action), and two or three more years in South America, whither he was sent to examine and report upon the gold and silver mines of Columbia, he returned to England at the close of 1827. He found the public mind greatly excited upon the railway question. “Can locomotives be successfully and profitably employed for passenger traffic?” was still a moot point, of which his father sustained the affirmative, alone against a host. It was almost a repetition of *Athanasius contra mundum*, when George Stephenson fought the battle of the *Locomotive*—of the Rail and Wheel—or as he himself termed them, “Man and Wife.” Mr. Smiles tells us how he struggled for their conjunction in the committee-room of the House of Commons, and when men deemed him all but a maniac for persevering in his theory, how bravely and tenaciously he persisted till he had succeeded. Joining forces with Mr. Joseph Locke, the eminent engineer, the son not only wrote the ablest pamphlets on the subject in debate, but he greatly aided his father in the construction of the Rocket—the celebrated prize locomotive—whose powers as displayed at Liverpool at once settled the question at issue: just as the trial trip of the Great Eastern has settled, we presume, the much-debated point as to whether so large a ship can possibly be manageable in a heavy sea.

One of those best qualified to speak to his contributions to the development of the locomotive-engine informs us that, from about five years from his return from America, Robert Stephenson’s attention was chiefly directed to its improvement. “None but those who accompanied him during the period in his incessant experiments can form an idea of the amazing metamorphosis which the machine underwent in it. The most elementary principles of the application of heat; of the mode of calculating the strength of cylindrical and other boilers; of the strength of rivetting and of staying flat portions of the boilers, were then far from being understood, and each step in the improvement of the engine had to be confirmed by the most careful experiments before the brilliant results of the Rocket and Planet engines (the latter being the type of the existing modern locomotive) could be arrived at.”

Stephenson’s time was not, however, so fully taken up during the above interval as to preclude attention to his other civil engineering business, and he executed within it the Leicester and Swannington, Whitby and Pickering, Canterbury and Whitstable, and Newton and Warrington Railways, while he also erected an extensive manufactory for locomotives at Newton, in Lancashire, in partnership with the Messrs. Tayleur. About the middle of the above period

also, the first surveys and estimates for the London and Birmingham Railway were framed, leading eventually to the obtaining of the act. Then followed the execution of that line, and here Robert Stephenson had an opportunity of showing his great talent for management of works on a large scale. This was the first railway of any magnitude executed under the contract system; perfect sets of plans and specifications (which have since served as a type for nearly all the subsequent lines) were prepared,—no small matter for a series of works extending over 112 miles, involving tunnels and other works of a then unprecedented magnitude.

Many other railways in England and abroad were executed by him in rapid succession: the Midland, Blackwall, Northern and Eastern, Norfolk, Chester and Holyhead, together with numerous branch-lines, were executed in this country by him; and amongst railways abroad may be enumerated as works either executed by him or recommended in his capacity of a consulting engineer, the system of lines in Belgium, Italy, Norway and Egypt, and in France, Holland, Denmark, India, Canada, and New Zealand.

To these works of course must be added the enormous amount of work he went through in giving Parliamentary evidence, and in reports and arbitrations. The assistance afforded by him to the Sewage Board, when matters had come to a dead lock, will not soon be forgotten.

The bridges erected by him (although some of them contained in the previously enumerated railways) must not be passed over without special comment. Time was, and will be well remembered by every engineer, when in case of a railway having to be carried over openings exceeding thirty or forty feet wide, special plans had to be prepared and consultations held upon the subject; but now (such is the confidence acquired through the experience of Stephenson in the use of wrought-iron), that a bridge of three or four times the span is regarded as an ordinary work. This is the practical result brought about by the construction of the Conway and Britannia tubular bridges and by the high level bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle.

These works, so great in themselves, and without the power of constructing which some of our main lines of railway would not have existed, have—like difficult lessons learnt in other mental walks—yielded an abundant harvest in the facility they have given the engineer of mastering ordinary difficulties. Nor should mention be omitted here of the bridge of the enormous length of nearly two miles across the St. Lawrence, built under the direction of Stephenson, and about to be opened, it is expected, by the end of next month. The unprecedented difficulties attending the construction of the piers of this bridge in the deep and rapid waters of the river, added to the depth to which it was necessary to sink their foundations below its bed, and the short portion of the year during which the engineering operations could be carried forward, render this work undoubtedly one of the most remarkable in the world.*

* Those who care to examine more closely into the matter, will find a full account of most of his more important works

The last work to which Stephenson gave much personal attention, and in which he felt a very great interest, was the restoration and almost renewal of the superstructure of the noted bridge at Sunderland over the River Wear. The works were completed and opened to the public, without accident, in the month of July last.

On the completion of the tubular bridge across the Menai Straits, and again on the opening of his splendid bridge across the Tyne, Robert Stephenson was offered the honour of knighthood, which—like his father before him—he respectfully declined. For our own parts we think that many a baronetcy has been earned more cheaply; but even the honour of the “blood-red-hand” if added to his escutcheon on the part of her Majesty, as a reward of such signal services in the development of the resources of the nation over which she rules, could scarcely have added anything to the dignity of the man. Still, assuming honours and titles to be regulated by a scale, it would seem an obvious question in the rule of three, if the ducal coronet did not misbecome the brows of the author of our canal system,* what title and what grade in the peerage would have been the fitting reward of the peaceful triumphs of George and Robert Stephenson? Coupled with his professional qualifications, there is no doubt that the quality which tended chiefly to the very elevated opinion of his worth entertained by his contemporaries, was his manly and straightforward probity. He was the very antipodes of a mere advocate or partisan, and whether the matter before him was some important parliamentary evidence on a railway bill—some contest wherein he acted the part of an arbitrator—or some misunderstanding between any of his friends—his opinions and decisions always convinced the parties concerned of the amount of thought bestowed upon the matter, and of the fairness of his arguments.

In respect of any undertaking to which he was himself invited, he was, like his father, distinguished by the pains he took to assure himself of its eligibility and soundness in a commercial sense; and he invariably brought the weight of his knowledge and position to bear in deterring others from expenditure which he considered unnecessary.

In his direction of public works he adopted an admirable management; admitting, almost at a glance, of his forming a precise idea of the state of all and every work under his charge. One of his chief characteristics consisted in the judgment with which he selected those he intended to take part under him, and in the power he possessed, not only of preserving harmony amongst them, but of creating in their hearts a warm friendship towards himself capable of supporting them and him amidst any difficulties. Amongst them his visits to the scene of their labours were always hailed, not more for the solution of

in the way of bridge-making, in an able article on Iron Bridges, contributed by Mr. Stephenson himself to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

* It is worth while to remark, that at the beginning of the present century the Duke of Bridgewater was almost the only person who foresaw the future importance of the railway system, if fully developed. As he chuckled over the huge income which he drew from his canal-shares, he is reported to have cried out one day, in the spirit of prophecy: “Confound these tram-ways, there’s mischief in ’em!”

any difficulties which might have arisen, than for the friendly and intellectual intercourse to which they gave rise, from which none were excluded, from the highest to the lowest.

Like all truly great minds, and we may add, like his father before him, he of whom we write was eminently unselfish and free from professional jealousy. He aided, most freely and most cheerfully, his fellow-labourers in the great human cause of taming the elements and of reducing nature to obedience to the ways and wills of mankind. To mention no other instance, the public at large are well aware that the aid rendered to him by his friend Brunel in the construction of the Menai tubular bridge was gratefully repaid by counsel and advice in the launching out of the Great Eastern.

We will not weary our readers by recording here the long list of learned societies that counted Robert Stephenson among their members: it will be sufficient to say that the Great Exhibition of 1851, the London Sanitary and Sewerage Commission, the Institute of Civil Engineers, and the Royal Society, all reaped in their turn the benefits of his clear head, his sound professional knowledge, and his willing and zealous co-operation.

As our readers are aware, he represented the sea-port of Whitby in the Conservative interest for the last ten or twelve years of his life. As a member of "the House," he did not take any active part in questions of a purely political character; and he was of too large a mind and too liberal a nature to allow himself to be shackled by the ties of party. He was no orator, nor did he pretend to what he was not; but upon such subjects as were fairly within his ken and his grasp, he spoke with a sound sense and shrewdness, and with an honest integrity, which always secured for him a respectful attention in that most fastidious of all audiences—St. Stephen's. Upon the much debated questions of the Suez Canal Scheme, the Thames Embankment, Metropolitan Drainage, the Purification of the Serpentine, and the Construction of Metropolitan Railways, there was no one to whom "the ear of the house" was more readily accorded.

If there and elsewhere he will be heard no more, and the loss of his counsels may be esteemed a national loss in the deepest sense, there is yet another sense in which he will be regretted more widely than most men who have had equal opportunities of intercourse with society. Here he was simply charming and fascinating in the highest degree, from his natural goodness of heart and the genial zest with which he relished life himself and participated its enjoyment with others. He was generous and even princely in his expenditure—not upon himself but on his friends—and his love of the English pastime of yachting amounted almost to a passion. On board the "Titania," or at his house in Gloucester Square, his frequent and numerous guests found his splendid resources at all times converted to their gratification with a grace of hospitality which, although sedulous, was never oppressive. There was nothing of the patron in his manner, or of the Olympic condescension which is sometimes affected by much lesser men. A friend (and how many friends he had!) was at

once his equal and treated with republican freedom, yet with the most high-bred courtesy and happy considerateness. We may doubt whether any of the celebrated reception-houses of our aristocracy ever afforded more delightful gatherings than those with which Stephenson's expansive tastes surrounded him in his home. Men of science, letters, art, great travellers, engineers, young and old of both sexes, and of varied accomplishments, gave to his reunions a completeness the more striking that it seemed never to be anxiously aimed at. Surrounded by his choice collection of modern works of art, or explaining his philosophical apparatus, or battling some scientific thesis, or exchanging some sprightly banter in a social circle, the image of Robert Stephenson will rise up before his friends as a pillar bearing the record of some of their happiest hours. What a favourite he was with all, especially with women and young persons! No one who enjoyed his intimacy can forget the easy and familiar manner in which he was accustomed to enlarge on interesting but abstruse points of natural philosophy; but to ladies, and the young especially, he made a point of explaining everything with more than usual care and definiteness, never quitting the subject until he was satisfied that he had been perfectly understood. Nor was his natural benevolence exemplified in the social sphere only. Accessible almost to a fault, he never turned a deaf ear to the applications for counsel and assistance so constantly poured in upon him. Nor was his kindness to his fellow men more remarkable than his strong detestation of cruelty to animals. Those who knew him well will remember with pleasure this trait of true gentleness. It mattered not to him what was the occasion, or what the apparent reason for haste, but he never would suffer the horses in any of the vehicles under his control to be ill-used. As readily he could waive his private gratification for the public good; as for example, when it was desired to ascertain some facts of a scientific nature with regard to Teneriffe, he at once put his yacht and crew at the disposal of the parties to whom the mission was confided, and refused all reimbursement of his liberal expenditure. His payment of half the debt of 6000*l.*, which weighed like an incubus on an Institution at Newcastle, is generally known; but his private charities were as boundless as his nature was generous, and as quietly performed as that nature was unostentatious.

Such, then, was Robert Stephenson, *totus teres atque rotundus*, as complete a character in the multifarious relations of life as probably any man has met or will meet in the course of his experience. Not unlike, or rather exceedingly like, his father in some respects, especially in the easy unimposing manner in which he went about his life's work, he was hardly to be accounted his father's inferior, except perhaps in the heroic quality of combativeness. Father and son, independently of each other, and both in conjunction, have left grand and beneficent results to posterity, and both recal to us Monckton Milnes's men of old, who

Went about their gravest tasks
Like noble boys at play.

This choice quality of unconscious characters, a genuine boyishness, was the peculiarity of both Stephensons in a remarkable degree. Even up to his last trip to Norway, Robert Stephenson was just such "a noble boy at play,"—a boy till the last fell grip of disease laid him low, and we were



ROBERT STEPHENSON.

(From a Photograph by Maull and Polyblank.)

startled to learn that a great man was gone from us, one who had rendered immense services to his countrymen, and whose ashes have been fitly laid in the national mausoleum. Ω

IN MEMORIAM.

ISAMBARD K. BRUNEL,
DIED
SEPTEMBER 15TH,

ROBERT STEPHENSON,
DIED
OCTOBER 12TH,
1859.

TOGETHER dead! while living, separate
To outward seeming; treading each a path
Self-chosen, onward, upward, to an end:
A common end, though crossing footsteps mark
The steep hill-side whose summit is their goal.
Men call this rivalry,—word all too mean
Utter'd of those whom earth and sea combine
To own victorious,—victors over *them*.

* * * * *
Gone from us now, as sets the summer sun,
Leaving behind the fruits of glorious day.
Hush every jarring mem'ry of the past;
Accept the judgment of the double grave—
"These two for science travail'd, toil'd, and won—
Apart in labours, join'd in death and fame."

G. R. TAYLOR.

HOW I BECAME A HERO. By G. P.

PART I. THE JOURNEY.



EVERY one was gone or going to the sea-side, or to the north of Devon, or to the Malvern Hills; that is, every one not already gone, or determined to go, to the Rhine or to Germany, or to the last seat of war. There were people having money in their pockets who were determined to sniff the Thames no longer than they were absolutely obliged; others again who, having suffered, were taking flight, seeking safety in change of air, and in change of scene, forgetfulness.

Others again—were they many or few? I cannot tell—just went “for a little change.” I am of that last number. I present myself as a hero with but little of a taste for wandering—contented with my own country; not worn-out by debates and committees; not even sick of the Thames. Simply a lover of change, and of change requiring only a little, and that little only once a year. Do you say, “What a hero!” and look scornful? Have you settled that I am not a hero at all? Let me remind you that some men have heroism thrust upon them, without any apparent predestination in their physiognomies.

Let me tell you, for your encouragement, how,

not being, as you rightly observe, the least bit of a hero when I started, I became one during my “little change,” and hope to remain a hero for the rest of life.

I went from a great city to the sea-side. I went with a portmanteau, a carpet-bag, a hat-box, and an umbrella, all of them in white-canvas cases. I went a long day’s journey by rail. I stopped at the Beachly Station, and there was directed into an omnibus which, after an hour’s tiresome jolting, brought me to the Beachly Hotel. Myself, my portmanteau, carpet-bag, hat-case, and umbrella, with the addition of three newspapers, a shilling railway-book, and a Bradshaw, collected on the journey, were then deposited in a fly, and at half-past six o’clock on a summer evening I was suddenly brought up at No. 7, Bellevue Terrace, where I was expected.

But my journey had not been without incidents. The carriage in which I had set out was at that time vacant of all persons and things except myself and my belongings. Where it first stopped a change occurred. A man who looked of no particular age, but probably numbering years between

twenty-five and fifty, got into the carriage with the air of one who did not see me. He put his bag within an inch of my legs, and when I moved took no notice of the fact; he arranged himself and several small parcels with so perfect an appearance of being alone, that I had suddenly a disagreeable sense of being invisible, and I found myself choking a cough lest I should disturb my companion. He spoke to the porters, and inquired the hour of arrival at Newport. It was comforting to learn from this that I should not have my unconscious companion all the way to Beachly. I had not recovered from the peculiar sensations excited by this person when another station was reached.

As we slackened our pace I saw a lady on the platform, whose sudden animation as our carriage passed her was evidently a recognition of my companion. But his countenance exhibited no emotion, not until this lady spoke, and said: "O, Leslie!" did he appear to be aware of his being known.

"Terese!" he answered, with a slightly foreign accent, and opening the door was in an instant at her side. She was accompanied by an elderly woman whom I took for her servant. This person proceeded to place a shawl on the seat opposite to my companion, and in another moment Terese got in. The step was of an impossible height.

"Will you take my hand?" I said. She thanked me, and got in with my help.

Her "thank you" was gentle; her smile—though it was more given to the seat of the carriage than to me—was extraordinarily sweet; and her "Now, Leslie," made me feel that the so-called was an insolent fellow, though my reason for so sudden a verdict would not be very easy to give. In an instant we were off, and in another instant I had begun to feel myself again invisible; and with such force did the sensation cling to me, that I felt the discomfort increasingly. I was annoyed, unhappy, and I became nervous. I wondered if I should get to the end of the journey alive; was I losing my personal identity? Another and another station. We stopped ten minutes for refreshment. The elderly woman came to the door. A cup of coffee in her hand.

"Have some coffee, Leslie?"

"Yes, Terese."

"Nugent! another."

The woman brought another. I jumped out of the carriage, drank a glass of sherry in some soda-water. To get in I had to come to their side of the carriage. The man held his empty coffee-cup towards me as if I had been one of the waiters. An impulse—of generous kindness I hope—made me take it. Terese blushed, not rosy but deep-red—red, like a damask rose. A strong emotion of anger took hold of me. It all passed in a moment. But astonishment at his insolence—at his calm indifference, though he was gazing with a smile on her agitated form; and my perception and inexpressible admiration of her great beauty, as she raised towards me the face that a very thick veil had shaded till now, all in that moment mingled with my anger—my anger which so suddenly vanished—fled for ever—leaving only admiration behind, as she said: "Forgive us, sir; my husband is blind!"

"What have I done?" asked Leslie, emotionless no longer.

I jumped into the carriage, and we were off again. A cry from the platform—a woman helplessly running, with her arms stretched out towards us.

"Nugent is left behind!" cried the lady. As the woman said afterwards, somehow she did not think the train would start till she had taken master's coffee cup. The blind man was distressed.

"You will have so much trouble at Newport, Terese; such quantities of luggage. I know where it all is: but I am so vexed."

The woman made light of it. "O I shall get on capitally. Don't mind. You must stay in the waiting-room. I will manage it all."

"I was so glad to see you," he said; "and now I wish you had not come."

She turned to me pleasantly: "I was to have met Mr. Barrington at Newport, where we are to leave the railway: we are staying with friends in that neighbourhood. But I thought the journey would be so long for him alone, that I could not resist my wish to meet him; so Nugent and I started early, and we met as you saw."

"I have to stay half an hour at Newport," I answered; "I hope you will let me be of service to you."

She had told me their name. I had my carpet-bag, with my full direction in easily read letters on the white canvas cover, on the seat before me. She read it as I ceased speaking.

"Reginald Deane!" My father had a friend of that name, a man of large property; he was fond of literature and antiquities. He lived a great part of his life in Germany. There my father lived. I was born in Germany; Leslie, too, was born there—at Heidelberg."

There was such music in her voice, such sweetness in her upturned face, I was sorry that the husband of this beautiful young woman could not see what I saw. I wondered if he could guess at her great loveliness—if he had any correct idea of a mingled gentleness and majesty that seemed to me to distinguish her from all other beauties of her age and sex that I had ever had the luck to look upon. She ceased speaking, and I said:

"That Reginald Deane was my uncle. His property was divided by seven when he died, and one such portion came to me."

The blind man spoke: "My wife's father's name was Leslie; I was called after him: we are cousins. We had been engaged to be married almost from childhood. Was she not good to keep her word? Two years before our marriage I went to the West Indies, and by my own folly had a sun-stroke there. I always think that my blindness grew out of that. I was very ill for a year and a half, suffering from painful variations of sight. Then I woke one morning, and knew I was awake, yet all was dark! She married me, nevertheless."

Scream went the whistle—"Newport, Newport. Change for Beachly." Here we were then. The blind Mr. Barrington collected all his parcels, jumped out, helped his wife, and said, "Where is Mr. Deane?"

"Now, what can I do?"

"Well, you ask if Sir Frederick Worth's carriage is here. They send for the luggage, too. This is very kind of you."

Sir Frederick's carriage, and Sir Frederick's drag for the luggage—servants who knew their work, and magnificent horses who knew their masters—a first-rate turn-out it was. I did Nugent's work like a man, not any better, I am afraid; for Mrs. Barrington, on her husband's arm, gave many sweet-voiced directions: "O not under that trunk, please." "Will you tell the men to put those light boxes on the top?" And, "Make the men put all those light things in the carriage and not in the drag:" and so on.

"This card has our direction when in London on it," said Mr. Barrington; "I hope we shall see you again." Like all blind people, he talked of seeing.

The carriage drove up. Mrs. Barrington got in: "Now, Leslie!"—once more those sweet-voiced words.

"But where are you going, now?" addressing me.

"I am going to Beachly."

"Do you live there?"

"No. I go—I go—for a little change," I answered, smiling at the idle reason. She smiled, too. What a radiance was that smile!

"We shall be there ourselves in a fortnight, I hope. We have taken a house—*Beaumont*. I never was there: but you will find us out."

"Pray do—don't forget!" said Mr. Barrington.

I stood with my hat up—they drove away—I walked back to the platform. How hot, hard, and white everything looked! I took refuge in a room: it would not do. Beer and porter; cakes and sweetmeats—they always made me ill. Once more among the porters, a sort of wooden sofa, all bars and blisters, was a luxury. I sat in the shade: I did not know how the time passed. The blind man and his beautiful wife filled my thoughts. A train came up—a woman, half out of the window, caught sight of me. Her face lighted up; she cried, "O, sir!"

I jumped forward: "All right: you get out here."

"And the luggage, sir?"

You see, I had suddenly become a friend of the family. I pulled Mrs. Nugent out, told her to get a fly, and was promptly obeyed. The half-hour was over; and seeing an empty carriage in the train to Beachly, I got in, made myself up in a corner, with an obstinate determination to think no more, and slumber, if possible, and I slept accordingly; and arrived at my lodgings safely, as I have said.

"You have been expecting me?" was my first speech to my landlady, as she preceded me up-stairs.

"Yes, sir. Your sister, sir—she said she was your sister—a lady of the name of Porter, took these apartments last week, and said you would be here to-day. This is your drawing-room, sir. Small room inside again, you perceive: very useful a second room, however small. Bed-room and dressing-room up-stairs. Do you travel alone, sir?"

"*I am alone,*" was the reply, that came in rather a peremptory manner, I suppose, for the good woman stepped back, and begged my pardon. I knew she thought of a wife and several smaller angels, but I could not help it.

I heard the luggage going up-stairs. I said I would have tea immediately, and I threw myself into an easy chair, thinking over the day. The room was such as all goes-to-the-sea-side know well. Pictures on the wall, inclining to gloom and somnolence. "Scenery pictures," as my hostess said, adding, "my brother-in-law's"—Of course you know them now. I gazed on them helplessly. When tea came my dreamy fit was over. So, leaving the tea to cool itself, I got down to the beach, which was spread for a tempting two miles below me. I walked from end to end, and back again, swinging along as if I was doing a match on a turnpike road. When I turned towards the house, three caps disappeared from as many windows. I knew that they had called me "the odd gentleman." I resumed the interrupted tea, and contemplated my outer man in the looking-glass. Look over my shoulder, fair reader. You see me—a man of forty, not gray yet, neither wrinkled nor fat: in excellent health. Something about the shoulders speaks of the noble science. "A Westminster boy still," was my own verdict. Very young ladies might have called me middle-aged: sensible mammas would be sure to pronounce me an excellent match; so steady—such a good friend for Fred, and to themselves quite a blessing.

These observations are not out of place, for I—hitherto supposed to be a confirmed bachelor—stood at that glass, and took into consideration—*Matrimony*. Why in the world had I never married? Had I asked my sister, who lived comfortably in the country about sixteen miles off, she would have answered fluently: "I am sure I don't know, Reginald, but it is perfectly certain that you will never marry now." I heard her answer as if she had been there. I heard a soft echo of another voice, "Now, Leslie!" "Now, now," I repeated the words, and applied them differently. But where was the lady, and who? I did not know a living woman to whom I could have offered myself. Once, twenty years ago, I had supposed myself heart-broken; and perhaps something *did* happen, as I had never been in love since. But I knew that I never saw Lady Martingale without blessing Fate and my stars, and that I felt a friendship for my lord, which made me grateful for his mere existence. Why, then, had I never married! "A wrong form of the question," I murmured to myself, sitting down to my tea with a relish. "Why *don't* I marry? I wonder if she has a sister!"

"Where is Beaumont?" said I, when the next morning my exquisite dish of fish was brought in by the landlady.

"Beaumont," she repeated, as if the name was unfamiliar. "Beaumont, now—I seem to know the name—dear me, sir, Beaumont!"

"Find out," I said. "It is a house taken by Mr. Leslie Barrington."

"O, now I know—I Leg your pardon, sir. You see this is it. There was an old, strange,

tumble-down kind of a court, in one of the best situations of the town. It was inhabited by workmen; they had carpenters' shops and such like there. A builder took a lease of these premises two years ago, with an understanding that he was to build a certain number of cottagers' houses on some waste land, and build in this court some houses fit for gentlemen's residences or good lodging-houses. The first house is finished, and called Beaumont. He is very lucky to let it so well. The works around are stopped; but there is such a confusion of rubbish and materials at the back, where the other three sides of the court stood, that none but a blind gentleman would have taken Beaumont. The sitting-room windows look on it. But Sir Frederick Worth took it. And as the sea-air comes straight upon the houses, and the rooms are handsome, and there is a carriage-drive to the other side of the house, and no thoroughfare, which he seemed to think a great deal of, he took the house for three months, when the family will have to go out, and the works will begin again. If, sir, you go through our garden above the house, and get over the stile, you will see Beaumont across the down on your right. You can then walk straight to it. You are sure to find some one about. It is not three minutes' walk from our garden fence."

Before two hours had passed, I had gone all over Beaumont. It was just as the woman had said. Beams, rafters, old flooring, and roof-timber piled up, or still standing, looked perilous to my uninstructed eyes in the great yard behind. The windows that looked over this bewilderment of fallen houses, had beyond them as glorious a sea-view as the eye could rest on: and the salt breeze came scented across the heath and wild thyme of the down between. A decent woman showed me the house. It did nicely for the blind gentleman, she thought. It was the healthiest place, and would be the prettiest in all Beachly. And so my first day was wandered away till about four o'clock. I had not been in my lodgings more than half-an-hour, when I heard such a music of voices—a chirruping like the first efforts of young birds at song—and low sweet laughs that made me smile. The door opened, and a child, all sash and flounce, and hat and feathers, stood rosy and speaking:

"I am Ellen Worth! If you please, Georgy, and nurse, and I, are come to say that Mrs. Barrington and mamma are at Beaumont, and they are coming here, and are you at-home, Mr. Deane?"

Upon which the little spokeswoman stepped aside, rather out of breath, and Georgy, looking very shy, and nurse curtsying, appeared, in the back-ground. But few words were said, before Ellen, who had taken her place at the open window, cried out: "Here they are," and once more I was in the beautiful presence of the blind man's wife.

Lady Worth was an elegant woman, about ten years older than Mrs. Barrington, who was not more, I thought, than five-and-twenty. I had been opening a box sent by my sister for my examination. There were things in this box which had got into her possession accidentally, and which belonged to me. I had sent her, on our dear

father's death, about a year before, a trunk which at first had appeared to contain only clothea, old lace, old music, and needle-work belonging to my mother. On her taking these things out she had found a box, tied up and labelled, thus—"Given to me by my dear friend, Gerard Leslie—signed, Reginald Deane." My father had written under this—"My brother, before his death, gave me this box, and told me what the contents were. I asked what I should do with it. He answered: 'Give it to my nephew, your son, when he is forty, if you like.' I intend to adhere to this suggestion—signed, NICOLAS DEANE."

I had received this box from my sister that morning, and just before little Ellen Worth entered the room I had opened it. The very top thing was a miniature. Folded in soft leather and satin, it had been lying there since the death of my father's eldest brother, a rich bachelor, of whose inheritance my share had been about a thousand a year; nearly double that from my father had made me in the eyes of many a rich man. I had begun to think of this since breakfast, really, as I had never thought of it before. Why did I not marry? was still the question at my heart. I held the red case in its wrappings with a little thrilling sense of what it was—a miniature—of whom? Man or woman? If such a moment, reader, has ever come to you, you, too, will have felt the same. I had opened the case, glanced at the exquisitely painted figure, and put it down—threw it aside suddenly—and was all in a gasp of surprise, when the chirping voices ushered in the little lady at the door. I shut the case, and threw a newspaper over it.

"Here they are!" said the child, and in another moment I was welcoming my guests, and asking after Mr. Barrington.

The children were wild about the beach and the sea. Their mother standing by them left Mrs. Barrington for a moment by my side. I opened the miniature and gave it to her.

"Do you know who that is?"

"Do you?" she asked with a smile, wondering and beautiful.

"No."

As she gazed smiling, and pushing her rich hair aside—for she had taken off her hat—the picture seemed to gaze on her; and whether Mrs. Barrington grew more like the picture, or the ivory like a mirror reflected her, it appeared to my puzzled senses difficult to decide. It was a marvellous picture of her, just as she stood at that moment in her glorious beauty: so like—so superhumanly like, it seemed to me, that watching for her answer, I had begun to consider whether I had any right to keep so perfect a likeness of another man's wife.

"It is my mother," she said. "She was a Miss Barrington—Leslie's aunt—an heiress. My father, Colonel Leslie, outlived her several years. They are both dead now. Mr. Deane, I know how you got this."

She looked towards Lady Worth and spoke to her.

"Margaret, the children would see the bay best from that inner-room!"

Her friend understood her, and we were left alone.

"It is strange that we should have met by chance," she said, speaking rapidly. "I can tell you what you might never have known had we not met. Your uncle loved my mother, Mr. Deane. They never met after she was married. But at her funeral—she is buried abroad—a stranger stood by the grave weeping. That stranger was Mr. Deane. He had not expected to see my father there. But he was there; and, taking the stranger by the arm, my father spoke to him. From that hour they became dear friends: the man who had loved, and been loved—oh, so fondly!—and he who had loved and never been loved again. This picture is a copy of one I have. My father had it taken some time during the first year of his married life. It was copied for your uncle with my father's leave. Your uncle was with my father on his death-bed. It is a strange tale, Mr. Deane! But it is time to go now. We shall be here next Thursday."

We shook hands, and civil speeches were made to me by Lady Worth.

As Lady Worth turned round to see after her children, I offered my hand again to Mrs. Barrington, and said, as she took it with a frank smile:

"Mrs. Barrington, have you a sister?"

One keen, quick look from those eyes, usually so soft and gay, followed by a glance of intense amusement, vexed me—vexed me through and through like a sharp irritating pain. Instantly her face changed—she had read my countenance. She never took her eyes from mine, but looked at me sweetly, fearlessly; and, with a wondering, almost questioning kindness in her voice, said:

"No!"

When they had been gone five minutes, that past was like a dream.

(To be continued.)

ANA.

SCOTCH TO THE BACK-BONE.—The terrace behind Fife House, Whitehall, which looks upon the Thames, is made entirely of gravel brought up by sea from Banffshire; the old Earl of Fife, when he was made a British peer some century ago, having vowed that if he was forced to live in London half the year, at all events he would always walk on Scottish soil.

A WORD ABOUT HUNGERFORD MARKET.—Our readers probably know that Hungerford Market derives its name, in some way or other, from a member of the Hungerford family. They may not, however, be aware that Sir Edward Hungerford, the worthy knight who built and endowed Hungerford Market, lived in three centuries, having been born in 1596, and having died in 1711, at the great age of 115 years. As the market stands upon the site of the old town-house of the family, we are at liberty to imagine that the Thames smelt purer and ran with a more silvery and salubrious stream in the days of good old Sir Edward than in the present age. The ancient and noble family of Hungerford at one time held very large possessions in Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, the principal seat and residence being at Farley Castle, Wilts, not far from Bath.

CORNWALLIS AND PITT ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The opinion of Cornwallis on the Duke of Wellington is expressed in a letter to Sir John Shore (Cornwallis Correspondence), so early as June 10th, 1796. "Dear Sir,—I beg leave to introduce to you Colonel Wesley, who is lieutenant-colonel of my regiment. He is a sensible man, and a good officer; and will, I have no doubt, conduct himself in a manner to merit your approbation." The Marquis Wellesley, in a letter addressed to the late John Wilson Croker, and which was privately printed, details an account of his last interview with Pitt, then dying at Putney Hill, in which Pitt said of his brother Arthur, "I never met any military officer with whom it was so satisfactory to converse. He states every difficulty before he undertakes any service, but none after he has undertaken it." The Marquis, coming away from Pitt's death-bed, met Colonel Shawe in the Park, and told him, in addition to the statements in this letter, that Pitt congratulated himself on now having found a General to pit against Napoleon Bonaparte.

AN AMERICAN APPLE FROLIC.

THE stranger in New England is surprised not only by the gravity of its people, and the dissociation of women from such amusements as they have, but also by the absence of those festivals which are so common in other lands. This singularity deserves analysis; for which purpose it will be necessary to recur to the national antecedents. The Church of Rome arranges her calendar so as to associate devotional feeling with the change of seasons—the hope of seed-time, joy of harvest, beauty of summer, repose of winter—profiting by their spiritual symbolisation, whereof man has an instinctive, though vague, apprehension, as is manifested in Polytheistic religions. These festivals, wisely retained by England after the Reformation, were distasteful to the Puritan fathers of New England, from their pagan origin, as enjoined by prelatical authority, and because, according to their austere conception, mirth was unseemly and displeasing to heaven! Hence these semi-ancestors interdicted the festivals of their ancestral land, as heathenish and papistical; and consequently, between the influence of a dark Manichean creed and legislative enactments, cheerfulness was dissociated from religion and the daily life of men; imaginative delights were termed "carnal," and a gloom settled on the land. Now, as nature cannot be violently repressed in her legitimate action without positive injury, these innocent recreations being interdicted, the New Englander found in less praiseworthy pursuits gratification for his desire of emotion. The later Evangel of Poor Richard, whereof the philosopher Franklin was the apostle, being enunciated, the pursuit of gain was consecrated as the prime object of life to an immortal being, and the sordid maxims of a penurious huxter were engrafted on the public policy of a great nation.

This exterminated many of the noblest impulses, and the imaginative love of beauty, branded as ungodly by the Puritans, was now regarded as unprofitable in a pecuniary light, and recreations were condemned wholesale as entailing loss of time. The

consequences of this system on the mode of thought and daily life may more easily be conceived than expressed. When the axe first rings in an American forest, its ravages are indiscriminate; no tree is spared to the lamenting Dryads as an element of beauty; the log cottage stands bare and unsightly without a tree to shelter it, without aught to bring its nakedness into harmony with the scene: trees are not so profitable as corn, and the apprehension of beauty, from lack of culture, has gradually withered from the American mind. Never is the cottage embowered in wealth of jessamine, honeysuckle, or roses, as in other lands—not even in New England; the American is nomadic, without local attachments, and without leisure; beauty, though all very well as an adjunct, to which he does not object, never urges him to exertion; if a flower appear in his garden, it is one that, like the purple potato blossom, has sordid profit and homely utility at its root. In like manner, unless they can be combined with profit, he eschews the innocent festivities that sweeten life, or enjoys laboriously. In the south, where vegetation is stimulated by light and heat into luxuriant growth and loveliness, the negro animal, oblivious of bondage, and living only in the present, is radiant with sensuous joy at all times; his enforced labour is cheered by carolling, the strains of the banjo recreate his indolence under the orange trees, or throw him into the rhythm of the dance. But the more reflective peasant of the north concentrates his thought too earnestly on his pursuits to give way to joyousness; his sensuous impulses are more under control. Yet there are certain popular merrymakings that might escape the observation of a stranger, and these take place during the desolation of winter. When the out-door labours of the year have closed, when he has garnered in the produce of his thrifty care, the New Englander finds leisure for unbending in a sedate characteristic fashion of his own,—but there is method in his madness, and calculation in his smile,—as though he sought to *utilize* his emotions!

Many rustic duties incident to winter, furnish opportunities for the combination of business and pleasure, which would engage a household many days, did it not, by associating others to its labour, dispose of it in one. Each family in turn throws its house open to the neighbours, invoking the assistance of the youth of the vicinity on some special day, with one eye to business and another to amusement; and doubtless these characteristic meetings aid to diffuse kindness of feeling. The ostensible object is pleasure, though work is the invariable accompaniment, and the fatigues of the session are terminated by a feast. They are looked forward to with extreme delight by all; for here the harmless village scandals are discussed, acquaintances made, courtships initiated. The noble English girl does not look to her presentation at court with more eager trepidation, than does the village maiden of New England to her introduction to the rustic youth convened on one of these solemn occasions; and beneath homely manners may frequently be discerned a pleasing undercurrent of romance. The names of these Saturnalia vary with

their pretexs. At a "Husking," the enveloping spathe is stripped from the maize ere it is issued as fodder for cattle, or preparatory to its despatch to the mill, whence it will return as meal. At an "Apple Frolic," the apples or peaches that year yielded by the orchard are pared, cut, and strung for drying, constituting in that form an important element of American diet, as pastry, &c., and of export to other lands. Let us be spectators of one of the last *ab ovo ad malum*, from the germinal invitation to the apple-paring and the supper.

The Village of Harmony hears with approbation that Abijah Sprague will be glad to see his young friends at Cedar Creek on a certain afternoon: the pretext, apples; the object, fun; of course they will dance, for the old man plays the violin *right smart*. Miss S. is widely known for her culinary skill, which each anticipates with naïve pleasure the opportunity of testing personally; and being kindly and hospitable, no stinginess is to be apprehended in her arrangements. The appointed day arrives. To the delight of all, the snow has ended in a sharp frost that will render the sleighing excellent. The guests convening from many miles round of course have to travel in sleighs, a word that will conjure up to many vague recollections of the Arctic regions, and indistinct apprehension of the vehicle so named. As there are diverse orders of wheeled carriages, so are there likewise of sleighs. That of him clothed in purple and fine linen is a glittering spring carriage, glass windowed, lined with costly furs, drawn by blood horses; that of the rustic is the body of a common open waggon, lifted from its wheels and placed on iron-shod runners, whereto a pair of the plough horses are attached. Between the costly aristocratic vehicle skimming along Broadway and the country conveyance are all imaginable varieties; the mode of transit on skates is common to all, and to prevent accidents from the noiselessness of their motion, the horses are always bedizened with bells to give due warning to other wayfarers of their fleet approach.

That wherein we are about to hasten to the revel awaits us at the door, once and again to be a waggon devoted to drudgery, now a triumphal car for beauty. Raised only a couple of inches from the snow, a capsize cannot be dangerous; it will accommodate six, eight, nay more persons, for in this cold season the damsels will not object to the additional warmth resulting from close stowage; and then the situation has its charm, whereon silence is discreet. Thick buffalo robes dressed by painted Indians amid the Rocky Mountains, and bearskins, trophies of our own prowess in New England forests, are thickly piled above more homely straw. The horses, decorated with gay ribbons, paw the ground impatiently, anticipating the panting rapture of swift motion, and toss their heads that they may be gladdened by the tinkling of their bells. So from the house issue the damsels in somewhat cumbersome attire, in warm calashea, whence flash such eyes—ah me! it is dangerous to look too earnestly on them; let us rather with tender solicitude aid in ensconcing them amid the furs, like gems in a casket, covering them up so that nought remains visible but their fair faces peeping out from their warm covert.

Frequent are the admonitions of the careful elders clustered in the porch, designed to moderate the boisterousness of "us youth" accompanying; many the injunctions to the rustic Phaeton to restrain his ardor and be heedful of their tender darlings; hearty the responsive vows of that daring youth as he takes his seat, attired somewhat like Crusoe in shaggy coat, a foxskin cap with brush gracefully pendent over his left ear, and crimson leggings. He seizes the whip, uselessly symbolical of his functions, for at a slight agitation of the reins the horses bound suddenly forward amid the pretty alarm of the maidens, and fond farewells to the old folks, as though they were bound to the Pole. The anxious parents watch us as we whirl from the yard into outer space, avoiding with nice dexterity collision on the one hand with the Scylla of the haystacks, or on the other a lapse into the slippery Charybdis of the pond. As we vanish from the dim eyes murmuring broken blessings on the happy travellers, they retreat to the snug repose of their elbow-chairs beside the blazing fire, recalling pensively the joys of their own youth, or relapsing into the vague reverie of old age, that is rather a dreamy consciousness of well-being than any determinate thought.

Away we speed with our chorus of sweet voices down the leafless village avenue, the urchins pausing in their sports to shout encouragingly after us. The horses emulatively put forth their strength, shaking melodious tinklings like dewdrops from their arched necks, their hoofs eliciting no sound from the surface over which they seem to fly unimpeded by their burden, so smoothly does it glide upon its polished iron keel. The village has fled as rapidly as on the stage is the transition from city to wilderness, being replaced by an open region heaving in long undulations like a frozen foamy ocean, bearing at intervals upon its expanse the floating wrecks of rugged oaks with black distorted branches. The wind is keen and pure, stimulating the sense, bringing a crimson glow of health into the soft cheeks of the damsels, and perchance slightly touching the tips of their saucy little noses, giving them a charming bacchanalian air. The sky is pale and cloudless, and the sun, though his rays be devoid of warmth, invests everything with cheerful radiance; each thorn bush glitters with diamonds, and the snowy plain coruscates with iris light. Anon we dive into a lonely hollow—once the haunt of birds—where a little stream used to prattle amid the wild cherry trees, now silent and sad. The horse-hoofs ring sharply on the ice, scattering around crystal fragments that echo on the ear in falling like clods upon the coffin of a beloved one; but another summer will gleam on either—an awakening from the trance of death. As we strain up the opposed ascent we come unexpectedly upon a belated racoon that has strayed unwisely from his hollow tree in quest of provant. Alarmed at the encounter, he takes to fearful flight, pursued by derisive cheers. Despite his snug fur and comfortable portliness of girth, whereof he now first apprehends certain inconveniences, he exhibits marvellous agility in his effort to avoid our society: his bushy tail streams in the air like a flag of defiance as he hastens across the open country, not with a run, but

an interlinked series of convulsive springs. Needless terror—we have neither leisure nor inclination to pursue. Now we crash through a forest, shaking the glittering icicles and scarlet berries from the thickets; startling the partridges that are pruning their feathers in the sunny openings, or the rabbits issued from their lairs to browse on the tender moss sheltered by the snow. They start, not so much from fear as from surprise and discomposure; they seem to know that no murderous weapon is in our joyous host, for they only move a little out of our path and turn to gaze at us: we of the sterner sex for once sympathise in the gentle feelings with which the girls regard the harmless creatures, and forget our instinct of slaughter.

Thus we proceed, finding unwonted interest in common things, now in a dark ravine, now on a hilly crest, according to the undulations of the ground, appearing and disappearing alternately, like a skiff tossed upon heaving ocean billows, till, after a transit of eight miles, we reach our destination, a number of sleighs in the yard showing that the assemblage is large, and a cheerful crowd being assembled out of doors to greet us, warned of our approach by the ringing sleigh-bells. Relieving the damsels from their enthrallment, we yield them to the embraces of the fair waiters in the porch.

Ah me! what prodigality of endearments do they lavish on each other, tantalising maliciously us envious bystanders! Then flutteringly they take flight, like a flock of doves, into some secret haunt hidden from profane eyes, about which we can only vaguely speculate, leaving us to unhappiness and care for our gallant horses, who seem to have truly enjoyed themselves, for their eyes sparkle, and their nostrils are distended, not having turned a hair. This duty accomplished, we enter the kitchen, the common hall, in company, to pay our respects to the good dame, whose fair, buxom face glows with smiles, though a "trace of anxiety may also be discerned, for she is on hospitable care intent."

We do not seat ourselves, but cluster round the great fire, where lies a Christmas log that will burn a week, crackling loudly a cheerful welcome to us. And a very pleasant sensation is ours, for though not cold, it is an agreeable contrast to the outer atmosphere, and there is somewhat pleasing in all contrasts for a time. It flashes on the crockery and *batterie de cuisine* that glitters like silver on its shelves against the dark wainscot, reflecting its light fitfully, and penetrates even amid the shadows lurking in the rafters heavy with unctuous fitches. The kitchen of a farmhouse is the room habitually used by the family; the parlour is rather for show and state occasions, and has a prim aspect, producing a feeling of constraint opposed to the ease and comfort inspired by the familiar aspect of the other, as a man is more at ease in his every day garments than in his Sunday coat and stiff cravat. The kitchen generally occupies an entire end of the dwelling with its adjacent dairy, laundry, and store-room.

Here assembled, we visitors of the ruder sex exchange talk on rural matters, the late harvest, the weather, and cattle, with an occasional gibe about some nascent love affair, trying to seem

cheerful and careless as may be, though sometimes glancing furtively at the door in expectation of the re-appearance of the maidens, to meet whom in fact we chiefly came. At last subdued, silvery laughter is heard at the door—it opens, and they blushing, shyly enter, divested of their disfiguring travelling garb, and arrayed in neat stuff or cotton dresses, coming up in prim puritan fashion to their snowy throats, round which even are coyly wreathed silken kerchiefs. Their hair, hidden by no envious caps, is arranged in glossy folds uniting together in a Grecian knot, while in their faces is discernible a struggle between maiden bashfulness and timid pleasure. The American girl, from the spirituality and delicacy of her features, and the fragility of her form, has always an air of great refinement, but unhappily she is not long-lived. After some hesitating compliments not displeasably received, some shy stolen glances and timid words interchanged between secret lovers, the nominal business for which we assembled is entered on. The young men, vieing in evincing their athletic strength before such bright eyes, bear in at a signal from the adjoining store-room great baskets of apples—Hesperian treasures that would have aroused our passionate admiration and desire in boyhood, and that might have been safely gratified without any subsequent retributive anguish or sad reflections consequent on unwise deglutition of immature enjoyments. These are various in flavour and aspect—pale sea green—rich crimson—streaked red—amber—golden—similar to that the Trojan boy gave to the Queen of Love, whom we would surely imitate in presenting it to these fair women, her daughters, rather than to any other goddesses. The furniture having previously been all removed so as to leave the floor clear, it is now covered with the baskets of fruit brought in. On their appearance, each maiden, from a supply displayed upon a side-table, takes a goodly needle and a ball of cotton yarn, symbols appropriate to her sex and indicative of her share in the coming operations: each youth produces a clasp knife—long, keen, and glittering. An accidental spectator might infer that these were the apples of discord—that he had chanced upon a passage of arms—the opening of a fray, wherein these stalwart rustics were about to contend for the smiles of those fair girls; and so truly they are, though in a more favourable fashion, as is evidenced by the pleasant countenances of the actors. Distinct groups are at once formed, a prodigious basket the nucleus of each, the sexes being pretty equally distributed according to their individual preferences, save when some rustic coquette has unfairly monopolised the attention of several lads, idlers perchance, fancy free, or fickle ones wiled from those legitimately entitled to their attendance. Such an arrangement being likely to interfere with business, since there would be more flirting than apple-paring, Miss Sprague discourtenances it by playful taunts, or direct injunction on the unfaithful to return to their forlorn damsels, who are silently remonstrating with sad entreating eyes.

Acknowledged lovers select remote corners, or are delicately inducted therein, where they may indulge in those sweet words that never weary.

Seats there are none; but the floor is fair enough to eat from; and what attitude can better display the grace of a girl than a seat thereon, especially if she have pretty feet and ankles, as New England girls mostly have? And it may be ascertained directly who has not, by the discretion with which she withdraws hers from observation, so diverse from the skill evinced by others in the arrangement of their perforce drapery so as to show their beauty. To work: a lad seizes an apple, and, in the twinkling of an eye, passes it to another, divested of its radiant skin. This one cuts it into longitudinal slips, so that the pips drop out. These sections a girl threads as they fall, successively, in garlands containing the substance of from twenty to thirty apples. When the basket is exhausted, as has been ascertained by hands searching among the exuviae, and exchanging perchance a furtive pressure, the rinds are ejected, and the strung proceeds placed in their stead. Those glowing fruit have disappeared, and there remain these strung fragments that in a few days will have shrivelled up into the semblance of leather; all the external beauty is destined to feed hogs! How similar to the metamorphosis of life, when the heart, losing all its freshness, degenerates into a tough muscular contrivance for the mechanical action necessary to money-making existence; when the radiance has faded that was its spiritual effluence and life, rejected as worthless, fit only for dreamers. Were it not perchance better that the apple should be eaten in all its beauty and aroma, than survive to such tasteless utilities! Those whom the gods love die young. Is not the American partiality for dried apples speculatively characteristic?

To return to our apples. Much emulation prevails among the different groups in the rapid completion of their task. Successively the transformed results are borne into the storeroom to be replaced by fresh apples until the whole are completed. The lads vie in exhibiting their dexterity with their knives before the damsels, who, nimble as are their fingers in threading the dissected fruit, are yet nimbler with their tongues in enlivening their attendants by that railery between jest and earnest, that attracts, while bewildering as to its precise intent, of which the elucidation is vainly sought in the laughing eyes. Great is the hilarity, and the greater that the elders are not present to discourage it. We ourselves have got into a quiet corner with a fair-haired beauty, who has been tormenting us for months. Her assent to the present fruit partnership has given us certain hopes; and we have been so earnestly gazing into the depths of her blue eyes, that we have neglected other duties; and when the rest have done a fabulous amount of work, we are found to be yet in our first basket, surrounded by the laughing rout, and overwhelmed by sarcastic offers of assistance; whereat we should wax wroth, were not comfort derivable from the conscious blush of the blue-eyed enslaver. How many baskets of goodly fruit we have transformed into profitable ruin would need an arithmetician to calculate; old Abijah Sprague rubs his hands cheerily, and the buxom hostess is busy superintending the re-introduction of the banished

tables. Candles have long been lighted superfluously, for the blaze of the fire has thrown sufficient light on our proceedings, leaving those convenient shadows that favoured an accidental clasp of hands, nay, even of a stolen kiss perchance. The tables reinstated, preparations are made to recruit our weariness. Fat Jedediah Holmes, the seat of whose soul must be his diaphragm, who had peeped into the larder, informed us early in the evening, in an unctuous whisper, of the various good things he had seen there, in meditation on which doubtless he has been engaged hitherto; his little eyes now twinkle with gladness as he sees the rustic delicacies arranged upon the festive board: cold roast pig—not a blossom, but a matured flower in all its swinish beauty and fragrance—flanked by roast turkeys, ham, grouse; baked beans, apple sauce, Indian bread, apple pies, delicate cakes of various kinds filling up the intervals. Cider sparkles in portly jugs, with coffee for those who prefer it. Abijah acts as croupier to Miss Sprague, who invites the young folks to seat themselves on the long benches on either hand. Some tact is needed to seat the damsels as they would wish, without requiring them to state their preferences more openly than befits a maidenly reserve. We are placed next to those bewildering blue eyes, that are, however, provokingly directed to her plate—dear angel, what an excellent appetite she has!—but she is not singular; exercise, the cold weather, and a good conscience renders us all valiant trenchermen and women: our friend Jedediah's eyes fairly start from his head in consequence of his exertions; he is never gallant at meal times—he is too busy. Fearing that he is unwell, from the distress he manifests toward the close of the symposium, we sympathisingly suggest a glass of water. "You darned fool," he gasps, thankfully, "if I had room left for water, do you suppose I would not have eaten more pig?" What could be replied to such an argument?

At length, appetite being appeased, the guests rise, the tables again emigrate, and old Abijah produces that celebrated violin, at the sound of which everybody becomes harmoniously convulsed. Everybody dances with everybody, and they do not seem at all lethargic after their late trencher-work. We ourselves dance a little to the inspiring rhythms of the "Arkansas Tra-



MAUDE CLARE.

THE fields were white with lily-buds,
White gleamed the lilled beck';
Each mated pigeon plumed the pomp
Of his metallic neck.

veller" with the blue-eyed charmer. But joys must have an end. We go out to the stables, for it is eleven o'clock, and harness up our teams; the damsels vanish to their secret retreat, shortly to reappear equipped for travel. Fresh kissing (among the ladies), hands shaken, farewells said, expressions of delight in having spent so pleasant an evening. The hospitable hostess makes her appearance with a prodigious jug, whence she presents the parting guest with a glass of some rich ambrosia, termed egg-nogg, designed, as she says in a motherly way, as a preventive to the cold night-air.

We enter our respective sleighs, departing in various directions. Again our gallant steeds breast the keen air, dashing homeward over the white plain beneath the glittering stars. Another sleigh going in the same direction, naturally a race ensues. The girls, dear creatures! becoming excited, urge on our too willing charioteer, the consequence of which is, that in the earnestness of the struggle, he runs us against a stump emergent from the snow, and with a sudden jar we are thrown out on the ground. But such an occurrence is devoid of danger, the snow yields to our weight, being soft as a feather bed. Arising thence laughingly, and shaking their ruffled plumage to free it from any adhering crystals, the damsels permit us to replace them, rather enjoying the occurrence than otherwise. The night is musical with their ringing laughter and soft voices, and Phaeton beguiles the road by waking the astonished "night owl with a catch." Towards the close of the journey, however, they mostly relapse into musing silence—for even joy wearies—whence they are aroused only by the reappearance of the old familiar scenes. At length we descry the light in the happy home where love is waking; the watch-dog rushes out at the clangour of the approaching bells to welcome us with exultant look. We reach the door, the revellers enter, the horses retreat to their warm bed, a murmur of glad voices arises, with questionings and replies, succeeded by a temporary silence; then the voice of prayer and praise ascends for the safe family reunion; the house-

hold separate to their respective dormitories; lights flit from room to room, but shortly are extinguished, and the house slumbers in darkness beneath the watchful stars, haunted perchance by dreams of the past gladness of the Apple-frolic.

FRANCIS MORTON.

She follow'd his bride into the church,
With a lofty step and mien:
His bride was like a village maid,
Maude Clare was like a queen.

The minstrels made loud marriage din ;
 Each guest sat in his place,
 To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
 To do the wedding grace ;

To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
 To sing, and laugh, and jest :
 One only neither ate nor drank,
 Nor clapp'd her hands, nor bless'd.

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,
 With smiles, almost with tears,
 "May Nell and you but live as true
 As we have done for years ;

"Your father, thirty years ago,
 Had just your tale to tell ;
 But he was not so pale as you,
 Nor I so pale as Nell."



My lord was pale with inward strife,
 And Nell was pale with pride ;
 My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
 Or ever he kiss'd the bride.

No eyes were fix'd upon the bride,
 Or on the bridegroom more,
 All eyes were fix'd on grand Maude Clare,
 While she look'd straight before.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,
 Have brought my gift," she said—
 To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
 To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain
 You wore about your neck,
 That day we waded ancle-deep
 For lilies in the beck :

"Here's my half of the faded leaves
 We pluck'd from budding bough,
 With feet amongst the lily-leaves,—
 The lilies are budding now."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,
 He falter'd in his place :
 "Lady," he said,— "Maude Clare," he said,
 "Maude Clare,"—and hid his face.

She turn'd to Nell : "My Lady Nell,
 I have a gift for you,
 Tho', were it fruit, the bloom were gone,
 Or, were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,
 Mine of a paltry love :
 Take it, or leave it, as you will,
 I wash my hands thereof."

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take,
 And what you spurn I'll wear,
 For he's my lord for better and worse,
 And him I love, Maude Clare.

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,
 More wise, and much more fair ;
 I'll love him till he loves me best—
 Me best of all, Maude Clare !"

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

BY CAPTAIN SHERRARD OSBORN, R.N.



The "Fox" in Harbour. (See page 355.)

IN 1848 the public alarm at the long-continued absence of Franklin's Expedition occasioned the search to be commenced. Those who were sent knew no more than Franklin did on leaving England of the geography of the vast region between Lancaster Sound and Behring's Strait; and in all that area, many tens of thousands of square miles, we had to seek two atoms—two ships. The labour was long and disheartening; for, with the exception of the discovery in 1850 of Franklin's winter quarters of 1845-46, under Beechey Island, no clue to their whereabouts was found until near the fall of 1854. That discovery at Beechey Island merely assured us that he was within the area above alluded to, and that his expedition had not perished, as some supposed, in Baffin's Bay. During those six years, however, the entire geography of the regions of Arctic America was made known; and, with the exception of a small portion around King William's Land, every coast, creek, and harbour thoroughly searched. A comparison of the two charts we have given, will best prove how much of this area was thus laid open; and it should be remembered, that these explorations were nearly all made by our seamen and officers on foot, dragging sledges, on which were piled tents, provision, fuel for cooking, and raiment. This sledging was brought to perfection by Captain M'Clintock. He made one foot journey in those regions with Sir James Ross in 1848 with the equipment then known to Arctic navigators, and such as Franklin probably had, and was struck with its imperfections, and the total impossibility of making long journeys with *matériel* so clumsy, and entailing so much unnecessary labour

upon the seamen. His suggestions were subsequently eagerly adopted, and in some cases improved upon by others; the consequence was, that whereas in 1848 we found our sledge-parties able to remain away from the frozen-in ships only forty days to explore two hundred miles of coast, those of Captain Horatio Austin's expedition were away for eighty days, and went over eight hundred miles of ground. And in Sir Edward Belcher's expedition the journeys extended over a hundred and odd days, and distances were accomplished of nearly 1400 miles!

In spite of these improvements, the labour and hardship entailed upon our seamen by these sledge-journeys remained extremely severe; and none but those who have witnessed it can conceive the constant suffering it entailed upon our men, or the unflagging zeal and earnestness with which they underwent it year after year, in the hope of discovering their lost countrymen. There were two points to be ascertained by the officers conducting the search in order to insure the utmost possible amount of work being done each season: the one was the maximum weight a strong man could drag through deep snow and over heavy ice for a consecutive number of days; the other was, to what temperature we could safely expose them, and upon how small a quantity of food.

The results obtained were curious. The maximum weight was ascertained to be 220 lb. per man; and of that weight 3 lb. per diem was consumed by each man for food and fuel—viz., 1 lb. of bread, and 1 lb. of meat, while the other pound comprised his spirits, tea, cocoa, sugar, tobacco,

and *fuel for cooking*. Upon this estimate it was found that, for a hundred days' journey, they could march ten miles per diem, and endure a temperature with impunity of fifty or sixty degrees below the freezing-point of water. These facts we offer for the information of military authorities; and they should remember, that our men dragged their tents with them, and that the country traversed was one vast desert, affording only water, though that had to be thawed from snow, out of the daily modicum of fuel.

All this labour, however—all this generous expenditure of the legislature of England on behalf of her people, who entered deeply and earnestly into the sad question, What has become of Franklin?—brought back no information of his fate: and still further to test the perseverance which forms the best trait of our national character, the fall of 1854 witnessed the abandonment in icy seas of a noble expedition of four ships. It was indeed a catastrophe, though neither an officer nor a man was lost. The "I told you so" rang through the land of those who had long since got rid of the question by tumbling ice-bergs over on top of the Erebus and Terror; and those who felt convinced that the mystery would yet be unravelled, sighed, and knew not where to look for support. The skill and hardihood of the officers—the devotion and zeal of our sailors, and the accomplishment of the north-west passage by Captain Sir Robert M'Clure—were accepted by the public as some consolation for the wounded maritime pride of Britain in the inconclusive allied war with Russia, though it was decided that no further search should be made on the part of the Government.

Hardly had men declared the solution of the fate of the lost expedition a hopeless task, when in October, 1854, from the shores of Prince Regent's Inlet, appeared a traveller, Dr. Rae, bringing the conclusive information, which we mentioned in the end of our last number, of the starvation of a forlorn hope of forty men and officers from the Erebus and Terror, at the mouth of the Great Fish River. The Esquimaux from whom he obtained his intelligence, told him that the two ships had been beset, or wrecked, off the coast of King William's Land.

The lost expedition was thus reported to be in the centre of the square of unsearched ground, before alluded to. It would have been far more easily accessible to our various expeditions, whether by way of Barrow, or Behring's Strait, than many of the more remote regions explored by them; but, by a strange fatality, all our travellers turned back short of the goal, because they found no cairn, no trace, no record to induce them to push on towards it. However, that there the lost ships were, no one who knew anything of the matter could then doubt; and of course the natural conclusion under such circumstances was, that some one of the Arctic ships in our dockyards would have been immediately sent to close the search in a satisfactory manner, even though all hope of saving life might be at an end. The Admiralty and Government thought otherwise; all public endeavours ceased; and, as is too often

the case in Britain, private enterprise was left to crown the column which the devotion of a public profession had served to erect. At this juncture, the widow of Franklin stepped forth to carry out what the admirals in Whitehall and statesmen in Downing Street declared to be an impossibility. This energetic, self-reliant woman, seconded by a few staunch friends, pre-eminent amongst whom stood Sir Roderick Murchison, proceeded for the third time to try to carry out by private means what ignorance, rather than ill-will, prevented the Admiralty from executing, for, after the death of Barrow, and Beaufort, and the retirement of Admiral Hamilton, the only person left at the Board who understood the question was Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, and he stood alone in voting for a final Government expedition. Lady Franklin's plan was to send a single vessel down from Prince Regent's Inlet, or Cape Walker, towards King William's Land. Twice already had she been foiled in this identical scheme; though on the last occasion the discovery of Bellot's Strait, leading direct to King William's Land, paved the way for her final effort.

An appeal to the public for pecuniary aid met with but partial success, and Lady Franklin had to sacrifice all her available property and live humbly in lodgings to enable her to meet the necessary expenses attendant on the purchase of a fine screw schooner yacht, the Fox, and her equipment for arctic service. Many able officers of the naval and mercantile marine came generously forward and volunteered their gratuitous services. Amongst the first was Captain George H. Richards; but hardly had his offer been accepted, when the Admiralty appointed him to the Plumper for a survey of Vancouver's Land. His place was almost immediately filled by Captain Leopold M'Clintock, whose high reputation during years of continuous service in those frozen seas rendered his acquisition an omen of perfect success.

Various circumstances combined to retard the departure of the gallant little Fox, and it was not until July, 1857, that she and her noble company put forth from Aberdeen. Round Captain M'Clintock stood twenty-five gallant men, including three officers and an interpreter. Allen Young, a generous captain of whom the merchant service have good reason to be proud, went as sailing-master, and not only gave his services gratuitously, but threw 500*l.* into the general fund for expenses. Lieutenant Hobson, of the Navy, served as chief officer, and Dr. Walker of Belfast, a young and rising medical man, went also to seek honour where so many of his gallant countrymen had already won it. Petersen, the Dane, who had spent half his life within the arctic zone, quitted Copenhagen at an hour's notice to aid Captain M'Clintock as Esquimaux interpreter; and amongst the men were many gallant fellows who had for years laboured under Her Majesty's pendant in the frozen north.

The Fox before long reached the edge of that vast belt of broken-up ice which all the summer stretches across the upper portion of Baffin's Bay, and is known under the general term of middle-ice. M'Clintock was late, the season unfavourable, his vessel a small one, yet he fought a gallant fight to

make his way to Lancaster Sound. Repulsed in one quarter, we see him doubling back to another, the tiny Fox struggling with a sea of ice-fields and icebergs—stout hearts and strong hands carrying her and her company through many a hair-breadth escape. The middle-ice, however, is too strong for them. In an unlucky hour they are imprisoned, ice surrounds them, water even in holes becomes daily less, winter sweeps down from her dreary home, and all that vast sea of broken ice becomes frozen together. They are beset for the winter, and must go with the ice wherever it pleases. Twenty-five men in a tiny craft drifting throughout that long dark winter, in the midst of a slow-marching pack, which ever rolls from the Pole to the Equator, was a strange and solemn spectacle. The calm and modest endurance of their six months' trial, as told by the gallant leader, is a thing to make one proud that such as they are our countrymen.

Late in April, 1858, the Fox may again be seen; she has approached the open sea; a furious storm arises, sending huge rollers under the ice, which heaves and rears on all sides. A battle for life commences between the stout yacht and the charging floes. Under sail and steam, she works out against all obstacles, and, thanks to a taper bow, escapes the destruction which would infallibly have overtaken a vessel of bluffer build. The sea is sighted, and eventually entered; all on board the Fox are well, all in good spirits, one of the company has alone perished by an accident. Fortune ever smiles upon the resolute, and the middle-ice no longer barred the road to Lancaster Sound; by the end of July the Fox had reached its entrance. The hardy whaling-men of Aberdeen and Hull, who had just returned to their fishing-ground from home, cheered the little craft on with many a hearty "God speed ye!" and shared with those on board the Fox their luxuries of frozen fresh beef and vegetables. Beyond the haunts of whale fishermen, and beyond those even of the still hardier Esquimaux, the Fox must press on. Beechey Island is reached, and from the dépôt of provisions left there by government expeditions, the now diminished stock of the schooner is replenished, and, favoured by an extraordinarily open season, Captain M'Clintock was able to reach Cape Walker and pass down Peel Strait towards King William's Land until brought up, on August 17th, by fixed ice, at a point twenty-five miles within its entrance. Baffled, but not disheartened, Captain M'Clintock bethought himself of the route suggested by Lady Franklin, by way of Prince Regent's Inlet and Bellot Strait, and with that decision which, combined with sound judgment, forms the most valuable qualification of an Arctic navigator, he immediately retraced his steps, and by the 20th, or three days later, was at the eastern entrance of Bellot Strait, watching for a chance to push through it into the western sea around King William's Land.

The scene in that strait was enough to daunt men less accustomed to such dangers. On either hand precipitous walls of granite, topped by mountains ever covered with snow, whilst to and fro, in the space between them, the ice was grinding and churning with great violence under

the influence of a fierce tide. Like a terrier at a rat-hole, the staunch Fox waited for an opportunity to run the gauntlet through this strait. This perseverance was partially rewarded, for on the 6th September they were able to reach its western entrance, though again to be brought up by a belt of fixed ice which stretched across the path, and was held together by a group of islands named after Sir Roderick Murchison. The winter of 1858-59 now set in, and, much to the chagrin of those on board the Fox, all hope of reaching the western sea had to be abandoned, although separated from them only by an ice-field six miles wide. An unusually cold and stormy winter had now to be endured by men debilitated by a previous winter in the packed ice of Baffin's Bay; and the resources of Boothia Felix yielded them in fresh food only eight reindeer, two bears, and eighteen seals. Against these privations, however, there was a feeling of perfect confidence that the returning spring would enable them to march to King William's Land, and solve the mystery.

On February 17th, Captain M'Clintock and Captain Young left the Fox to establish advanced depôts of provision for the summer sledge parties, a necessary measure which Lieutenant Hobson had been nearly lost in attempting to accomplish in the previous autumn. M'Clintock went south towards the Magnetic Pole, and Young westerly for Prince of Wales's Land. On the 15th March they both returned to the Fox, somewhat cut up by the intense cold and privation, but the cheers which rang through the little craft told that a clue had indeed been obtained to the fate of the Erebus and Terror. M'Clintock had met forty-five Esquimaux, and during a sojourn of four days amongst them had learnt that "several years ago a ship was crushed by the ice off the north shore of King William's Land; that her people landed and went away to the Great Fish River, where they died." These natives had a quantity of wood from a boat left by the "starving white men" on the Great River. The impatience of all on board the Fox to start with their sledges to the westward may be easily understood. The Esquimaux mentioning only one ship as having been sunk, gave rise to the hope that the other vessel would be found, and obliged Captain M'Clintock to detach a party under Captain Young towards Prince of Wales's Land, whilst he and Lieutenant Hudson went south for King William's Land and the Fish River.

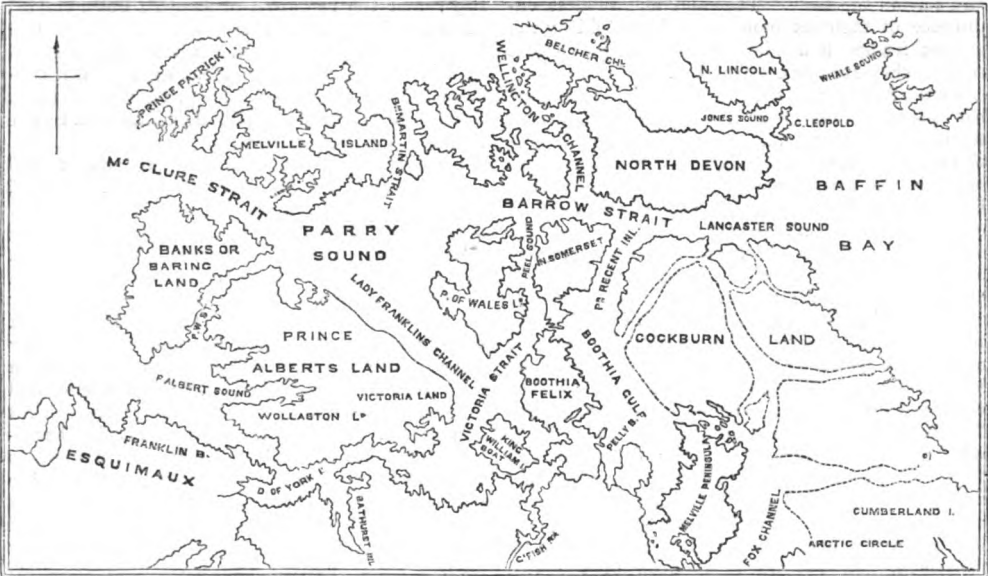
On the 2nd of April the three officers left the ship with a man-sledge and a dog-sledge to each. Of Captain Young we may say that he made a most successful and lengthy journey, connecting the unexplored coast-lines of all the land to the northward and westward, and correcting its position, but without finding a single cairn or record left by Franklin. Captain M'Clintock and Hobson went together as far as the Magnetic Pole, and, before parting company, gathered from some natives that the second vessel, hitherto unaccounted for, had been drifted on shore by the ice in the fall of the same year that the other ship was crushed. Captain M'Clintock undertook to go down the east-side of King William's Land direct

to the Fish River, and taking up the clue which Mr. Anderson's journey to Montreal Island, in 1855, afforded him,—follow it whither it led. Hobson had to cross to the North Cape of King William's Land, and push down the west coast as far as possible.

Captain M'Clintock, when half-way down the east coast of King William's Island, met a party of Esquimaux who had been, in 1857, at the wreck spoken of by their countrymen. Their route to her had been across King William's Land, and they readily bartered away all the articles taken out of her. An intelligent old woman said it was in the fall of the year that the ship was forced on shore ; that the starving white men had fallen

on their way to the Great River, and that their bodies were found by her countrymen in the following winter. She told that, on board the wrecked ship, there was one dead white man,—“a tall man with long teeth and large bones.” There had been “at one time many books on board of her, as well as other things ; but all had been taken away or destroyed when she was last at the wreck.”

The destruction of one ship and the wreck of the other, appeared, so far as M'Clintock could ascertain, to have occurred subsequently to their abandonment. No Esquimaux that were met had ever before seen a living white man ; and, although great thieves, they appeared to be in nowise



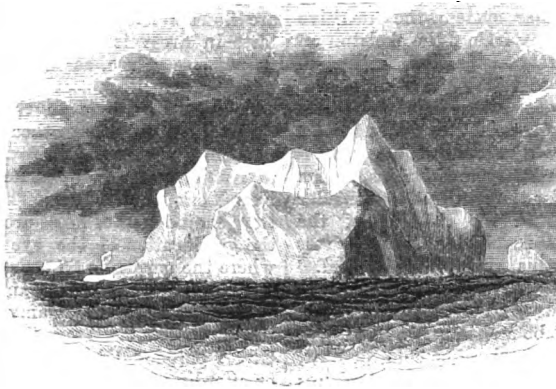
alarmed at Captain M'Clintock or his men. From this party the gallant captain pushed on for Montreal Island ; but he found nothing more there than Anderson had reported, and in a careful sweep of the shores about Point Ogle and Barrow Island he was equally unsuccessful.

Returning to King William's Land he now struck along the south-western shores in the hope of discovering the wreck spoken of by the natives at Cape Norton. She must, however, have been swept away by the ice, in 1858, or sunk, for no signs of her could be discovered. The Esquimaux had evidently carried off every trace left by the retreating party between Cape Herschel and Montreal Island, except the skeleton of one man ten miles south of Cape Herschel, and the remains of a plundered cairn on the Cape itself. The skeleton lay exactly as the famished seaman had fallen, with his head towards the Great Fish River, and his face to the ground ; and those who fancy that Fitzjames or Crozier would still have dragged log-books and journals to that river, must explain away the charge of common humanity which such an hypothesis involves, when they appear not to have had time to turn over, much less to bury, their perishing

comrades. Beyond the western extremity of King William's Land, the Esquimaux appeared not to have travelled, and from thence to Cape Felix the beach was strewn with the wreck of that disastrous retreat of Franklin's people, of which we endeavoured in an earlier number to convey some idea. Lieutenant Hobson had of course forestalled Captain M'Clintock in the discoveries made here, but what with the search made by that officer both on his outward and homeward march, as well as that subsequently carried out by Captain M'Clintock over the same ground, there cannot be much reason to suppose that any undiscovered documents exist ; and all who know anything of those regions will agree with Captain M'Clintock in believing that all hope is now at an end of finding any one living of the unfortunate crews of the Erebus and Terror. With respect to the existence of abundance of animal life on King William's Land, the fact that only forty natives in all were found living on that island by Captain M'Clintock ought to be pretty conclusive ; the Esquimaux would take care to be in any such Arctic paradise ; and furthermore, had game been plentiful anywhere within a hundred miles of

the Erebus and Terror, it is not likely that those poor fellows would have quitted their ships in a season so rigorous, and so long before the Great Fish River would be open for navigation. We should be the last to say this, if there were a shadow of foundation for farther hope, either to save life or to obtain such records as would throw more light on the labours and zeal of those noble ships' companies.

As those men fell



in their last sad struggle to reach home, their prayer must have been that their countrymen might learn how nobly they accomplished the task they had voluntarily undertaken. That prayer has been granted. As long as Britain exists, or our language is spoken, so long will be remembered and related the glorious fate of the crews of the Erebus and Terror, and how nobly they died in the execution of their duty to their Queen and country.

DRESS AND ITS VICTIMS.

THERE are a good many people who cannot possibly believe that dress can have any share in the deaths of the 100,000 persons who go needlessly to the grave every year in our happy England, where there are more means of comfort for everybody than in any other country in Europe.

How can people be killed by dress, now-a-days? they ask. We must be thinking of the old times when the ladies laced so tight that "salts and strong waters" seem to have been called for to some fainting fair one, as often as numbers were collected together, whether at church, or at Ranelagh, or the theatres. Or perhaps we are thinking of the accidents that have happened during particular fashions of dress, as the burning of the Marchioness of Salisbury, from her high cap nodding over the candle; or the deaths of the Ladies Bridgeman last year, from the skirts of one of them catching fire at the grate; or the number of inquests held during the fashion of gigot-sleeves, when a lady could scarcely dine in company, or play the piano at home, without peril of death by fire.

Perhaps it may be the heavy, towering head-dresses of the last century we may be thinking of, bringing in a crowd of bad symptoms, headaches, congestions, fits, palsies, with the fearful remedies of bleeding and reducing, which we read of in medical books, and in gossiping literature, like Horace Walpole's correspondence. Or we may even be thinking of the barbaric fashion of painting the face, neck, and hands, at one time carried on to the excess of enamelling the skin. That was not at so very remote a time; for I have heard from the lips of witnesses what it was like; and a friend of mine, yet living, can tell what she saw at a concert where a lady sat before her with a pair of broad shoulders which looked like tawny marble,—as smooth, as shining, and as little like anything human. These shoulders were once enamelled, and may have looked white in their day; but no life-long pains to renew their whiteness would

serve after a certain lapse of time; and there they were, hopeless, tawny, and the quality of the skin destroyed. The poisonings by means of cosmetics we read of in the history of past centuries, may have been sometimes intentional; but there was plenty of unconscious poisoning besides.

We do not, however, mean any of these things when we speak of dress, in connection with preventible mortality.

Perhaps I may be supposed to be referring to the notoriously afflicted and short-lived classes of milliners and slop-workers who are worn out and killed off in the cause of dress. No; I am not now going to bring forward their case, because it comes under a different head. At this moment I am not thinking of either the political economy or the general morality of the dress-question, or I should bring up the group of suicides who have perished, some from hopeless poverty, some from intolerable degradation, and some from the embarrassment of gambling debts incurred for the sake of dress.

If the secrets of the city were known, we might hear of more tragedies than the theatres show, from the spread of gambling among women, and especially among servant-girls and shop-women, who have been carried beyond bounds by the extravagant fashion of the day. But I am not speaking of suicides, nor of the victims of the needle, whose case is too grave to be treated lightly, and whose day of deliverance, too, is at hand, if the sewing-machine is the reality it appears—and not a phantom—cheating the hopes of thousands. We may possibly look into that another time. Meanwhile our business is with the injurious and sometimes murderous effect of dress which we see worn every day.

It will not seem so wonderful that the familiar clothing of our neighbours and ourselves may be of such importance when we remember the explanations of physicians—that dress may, and usually does, affect the condition and action of almost

every department of the human frame ;—the brain and nervous system, the lungs, the stomach, and other organs of the trunk ; the eyes, the skin, the muscles, the glandular system, the nutritive system, and even the bony frame, the skeleton on which all hangs. If dress can meddle mischievously with the action, or affect the condition of all these, it can be no marvel that it is responsible for a good many of the hundred thousand needless deaths which are happening around us this year.

Putting aside the ordinary associations, as far as we can, and trying for the moment to consider what is to be desired in the clothing of the human body,—what is requisite to make dress good and beautiful,—let us see what is essential.

Dress should be a covering to all the parts of the body which need warmth or coolness, as the case may be. It should be a shelter from the evils of the atmosphere, whether these be cold, or heat, or wet, or damp, or glare. This is the first requisite ; for such shelter is the main purpose of clothing. In our own country the dress should easily admit of the necessary changes in degrees of warmth demanded by our changeable climate.

Dress should bear a close relation to the human form. No other principle can be permanent ; no other can be durably sanctioned by sense and taste, because no other has reality in it. We may fancy that we admire the old Greek and Roman robes which look dignified in Julius Cæsar on the stage, and in statues, and in our own imaginations of classical times ; but we could not get through our daily business in such a costume ; nor should we admire the appearance of our acquaintance in it. In fact, the wearers themselves were always tucking up or putting away their troublesome wrappers when they had anything to do, and the busy people of society appeared in their workshops and fields in garments which left their limbs free, and their whole body fit for action. On the whole, in a general way, with particular variations according to taste, the dress should follow the outline of the body. Any great deviation from this principle involves inconvenience on the one hand and deformity on the other.

Where it follows the outline of the frame it should fit accurately enough to fulfil its intention, but so easily as not to embarrass action. It should neither compress the internal structure nor impede the external movement. An easy fit, in short, is the requisite. It is a part of this easy fit that the weight of the clothes should be properly hung and distributed.

After the peace of 1815 it was said that we gained two things from the French—gloves that would fit, and the shoulder-piece. It would make the difference of some lives out of the great number thrown away, if we made due use of the shoulder-piece, now. By the shoulder-piece, the weight of the garment is spread on the part best fitted to bear it, instead of being hung from the neck, as it was before we knew better, or from the hips or the waist (in the case of women's dress) as now, when we ought to know better.

Next ; dress ought to be agreeable to wear : and this includes something more than warmth and a good fit. It should be light, and subject to as few dangers and inconveniences as possible.

These conditions being observed, it follows of course that the costume will be modest, and that it will be graceful. Grace and beauty are flowers from the root of utility. The worst taste in dress is where things are put on for no purpose or use, as in the earrings, nose-rings, bangles and necklaces of savage (or civilised) wearers, the feathers on the head, and flaunting strips of gay colour, whether of wampum or ribbon, and the fringes and furbelows that one sees—now in Nubia, and now by Lake Huron, and now in New York or London. The best taste is where the genuine uses of dress are not lost sight of, and the gratification of the eye grows out of them ; where the garments fit accurately and easily, and the colours are agreeable, and the texture good and handsome, and the ornaments justified by some actual benefit, such as marking outlines, as the Greek borders did, or beautifying the fastenings, or affording a relief to the limits and edges.

These seem to be the main conditions agreed upon as essential to a good mode of dress. It would appear to be a greater sin and absurdity in us than in our ancestors to dress injuriously and offensively, because the observance of these conditions is so much easier to us than to them. It is astonishing to us to discover, by thinking about it, how costly dress was to the gentry of the kingdom in the reigns of our Edwards and Henrys, and even under the last of the Charleses and Jameses. The proportion of middle and upper class incomes spent in dress must have been something far beyond what prudent people in our day would dream of. We must suppose that garments were made to last very long. With the labouring-classes we know it was so, before the days of cotton, and when linen was only for the great. In the rural cottages and artisans' dwellings throughout the land, men, women and children wore woollen garments, the history of which would not be agreeable to our readers, accustomed as we are in these days to think of clothes as meant to be changed every day and night, and often washed or otherwise cleaned.

The variety, the cheapness, the manageableness of clothes in our day, compared with any former time, ought to render us obedient in an unequalled degree to the main conditions of good dress. Instead of this, we see trains of funerals every year carrying to the grave the victims of folly and ignorance in dress.

How is it with regard to protection from heat, cold, damp, and glare ?

The Englishman's dress seems to be, on the whole, as little exceptionable as any that can be pointed out. We are not thinking of our soldiers, dressed in tight woollen garments, stocks, and heavy head-gear in all climates and seasons alike. The mortality from that tremendous cruelty and folly is a separate item to be urged against the military authorities. Non-military Englishmen wear a costume which may be rendered warmer or cooler without losing its characteristics ; which indicates the form, may fit it easily, at the wearer's pleasure ; leaves the limbs free, and need press injuriously nowhere. Some years ago, we must have denounced the cravat, or stock, as dangerous ; but the throat, with its great blood-

vessels, and its importance as connecting the whole body with the brain, is now subject to so little pressure that we have only to hope that the relaxation will go on till there is none at all. Twenty years ago, people said, you might know a philanthropist in America by his turn-down collar, as an evangelical lady was supposed to be known in England by a poke-bonnet; but the turn-down collars, with a mere black ribbon or light scrap of coloured silk, long ago won their way far beyond the ranks of the professional friends of mankind. Those who have the sense and courage to wear the natural "comforter," which gives warmth without pressure—the beard—improve their chances for a sound throat, a clear head, and a long life. The hat is now, apparently, the only irrational part of the Englishman's dress; and so many strange devices are upon trial as a substitute for it, that we may safely leave it to the wearers to select some head-covering which shall defend the eyes and brain, be light and easy to carry, and admit air freely.

A new danger, however, has arisen with the invention of waterproof clothing. My readers may have found themselves tortured, or have seen some friend in agony, with an unaccountable tooth-ache or face-ache, coming on at the counting-house or office, day after day, and may have traced it to wearing goloshes, which people wear now as if they were meant to serve instead of shoes, whereas they are fit only for passing from place to place in wet weather. Take off the goloshes or (which is nearly the same thing) the patent-leather shoes of the children in a school or a family, and you will find their stockings all damp. Keep on your waterproof cloak at a lecture, and you will find everything you wear moist and steaming before you go out into the air again. This wear of impervious clothing, otherwise than in walking in the rain, is the cause of much ailment in these early times of the use of gutta-percha. Men who wear pervious clothing at all times, except when in the rain, have really little to do in the way of dress reform.

It is much otherwise with women. Their clothing does not protect them from cold, heat, damp, or glare. Some few uncover the chest and arms under trying circumstances of heat and draught: but they are few; and they must have heard all that can be said to them in the way of warning. The great body of Englishwomen—those of the middle and lower classes—have usually some sort of covering from the throat to the hands and feet, but it is too seldom judicious in degree or quality. The modern linsey petticoats are excellent as far as they go; but it is certain that the working-women of our country are too thoroughly weaned from the woollen clothing of their ancestors. At present, too, no woman who adopts the fashion of the hoop in any form is properly guarded against the climate. Any medical man in good practice can tell of the spread of rheumatism since women ceased to wear their clothing about their limbs, and stuck it off with frames and hoops, admitting damp and draught, with as little rationality as if they tried to make an umbrella serve the purpose of a bonnet.

Then, observe the head and the feet. The eyes are unsheltered from sun and wind, and the most important region of the head is exposed by the bonnets which Englishwomen are so weak as to wear in imitation of the French. Again, the doctors have their painful tale to tell of neuralgic pains in the face and head, which abound beyond all prior experience, of complaints in the eyes, and all the consequences that might be anticipated from the practice of lodging the bonnet on the nape of the neck, and leaving all the fore part of the skull exposed. Why the bonnet is worn at all is the mystery. A veil, white or black, would be considered an absurdity as a substitute for the bonnet in a climate like ours; but it would be actually more serviceable than the handful of flimsy decorations now usurping the place of the useful, cheap, and pretty straw bonnet, which suits all ages in its large variety. There are the hats, to be sure, which young ladies wear so becomingly. They are hardly simple enough in form for a permanence, but they are substantially unexceptionable for youthful wearers. Their advantages unfortunately tempt elderly ladies to put them on; but the class of mistaken wearers of hats is not a very large one, and we may let them pass. In praising the hat, however, I am thinking of the sort that has a brim. The new and brimless invention is nearly as bad as the bonnet for use, while more fantastic. A chimney-pot hat with a tall upright plume may possibly suit a volunteer rifle corps or a regiment of Amazons rehearsing for the opera, but it is not very English in taste.

The fearful spread of throat and chest diseases is ascribed, by those who should know best, mainly to the modern notion of muffing up the throat in furs and other heating substances. Before the boa came in, we heard little of any one of the tribe of throat diseases which we now meet at every turn. Some ladies carry a boa all through the summer, and many tie up their throats with a silk handkerchief whenever they go abroad, in all seasons; suffering their retribution in hoarsenesses, bronchitis, sorethroat, and other ailments never endured by those who cultivate more hardy habits, and reserve such wraps for very special occasions. People who use cold water in some form of bath every day of the year, and who give their faces and throats to the bracing air, under the safeguard of vigorous personal exercise, forget what colds and coughs are.

As for the other point—the feet—it is to be feared that some are still sent to the grave by thin shoes. The danger of gutta-percha and patent-leather shoes has been referred to. The Balmoral boots of the day would be admirable but for the military heels. Those heels throw the foot into an unnatural posture, by which a great strain is produced. If my readers happen to be acquainted with a respectable chiropodist, let them inquire the recent news of bunions—that severest of small maladies. They will learn that there has been an unheard-of increase and aggravation of bunions since the high-heeled boots came in. The danger of falls is also considerable: and those who have a dread of a long tumble down the

stairs, had better put on their boots on the ground-floor.

If we consider the female dress of 1859 under any of the remaining conditions, what can we say of it? Does the costume, as a whole, follow the outline of the form? Does it fit accurately and easily? Is the weight made to hang from the shoulders? Are the garments of to-day convenient and agreeable in use? Is the mode modest and graceful? So far from it, that all these conditions are conspicuously violated by those who think they dress well. Here and there we may meet a sensible woman, or a girl who has no money to spend in new clothes, whose appearance is pleasing—in a straw-bonnet that covers the head, in a neat gown which hangs gracefully and easily from the natural waist, and which does not sweep up the dirt: but the spectacle is now rare; for bad taste in the higher classes spreads very rapidly downwards, corrupting the morals as it goes.

The modern dress perverts the form very disagreeably. The evil still begins with the stays, in too many instances, though there is less tight-lacing than formerly. It is a pity that women do not know how little they gain by false pretences in regard to figure and complexion. Our grandmothers would not have worn paint if they had been aware that it is useless after forty to attempt to seem younger—the texture of the skin revealing at a glance the fact which paint and dyed hair cannot conceal; except perhaps in the parks, or across a theatre. In the same way, the round waist produced by tight-lacing is always distinguishable in a moment from the easy oval form of the genuine small waist. Compare the two extremes, and you will see it at once. Compare the figure of the Graces or Raffaella, or the Venus de Medici, with the smallest and most praised waist in a factory, and observe the difference. Before the glass, the owner of the latter sees the smallness in front, and fancies it beautiful; but it is disgusting to others. It is as stiff as the stem of a tree, and spoils the form and movement more than the armour of ancient knights ever did; and we know what is going on within. The ribs are pressed out of their places, down upon the soft organs within, or overlapping one another: the heart is compressed, so that the circulation is irregular: the stomach and liver are compressed, so that they cannot act properly: and then parts which cannot be squeezed are thrust out of their places, and grave ailments are the consequence. At the very best, the complexion loses more than the figure can be supposed to gain. It is painful to see what is endured by some young women in shops and factories, as elsewhere. They cannot stoop for two minutes over their work without gasping and being blue, or red, or white in the face. They cannot go up-stairs without stopping to take breath every few steps. Their arms are half-numb, and their hands red or chilblained; and they must walk as if they were all-of-a-piece, without the benefit and grace of joints in the spine and limbs. A lady had the curiosity to feel what made a girl whom she knew so like a wooden figure, and found a complete palisade extending round the body. On her remonstrating, the girl pleaded that she had "only six-and-twenty whalebones!"

Any visitor of a range of factories will be sure to find that girls are dropping in fainting-fits, here and there, however pure the air and proper the temperature; and here and there may be seen a vexed and disgusted proprietor, seeking the warehouse-woman, or some matron, to whom he gives a pair of large scissors, with directions to cut open the stays of some silly woman who had fainted. Occasional inquests afford a direct warning of the fatal effects which may follow the practice of tight-lacing; but slow and painful disease is much more common; and the register exhibits, not the stays, but the malady created by the stays as the cause of death. That such cases are common, any physician who practises among the working-classes will testify.

Do the petticoats of our time serve as anything but a mask to the human form—a perversion of human proportions? A woman on a sofa looks like a child popping up from a haycock. A girl in the dance looks like the Dutch tumbler that was a favourite toy in my infancy. The fit is so the reverse of accurate as to be like a silly hoax—a masquerade without wit: while, at the same time, it is not an easy fit. The prodigious weight of the modern petticoat, and the difficulty of getting it all into the waistband, creates a necessity for compressing and loading the waist in a way most injurious to health. Under a rational method of dress the waist should suffer neither weight nor pressure—nothing more than the girdle which brings the garment into form and folds. As to the convenience of the hooped skirts, only ask the women themselves, who are always in danger from fire, or wind, or water, or carriage-wheels, or rails, or pails, or nails, or, in short, everything they encounter. Ask the husbands, fathers, or brothers, and hear how they like being cut with the steel frame when they enter a gate with a lady, or being driven into a corner of the pew at church, or to the outside of the coach, for want of room. As for the children—how many have been swept off pathways, or foot-bridges, or steamboat decks by the pitiless crinoline, or hoops of some unconscious walking balloon! More children have been killed, however, by the extension of the absurd petticoat fashion to them. For many months past, it has been a rare thing to see a child under the tunic age duly clothed. The petticoats are merely for show; and the actual clothing, from the waist downwards, is nothing more than thin cotton drawers and socks, leaving a bare space between. For older boys there is a great improvement in dress—the tunic and loose trousers being preferable in every way to the stiff mannish tailed coat and tight trousers of half a century ago. But the younger children are at present scarcely clothed at all, below the arms; and the blue legs of childhood are a painful sight, whether in a beggar boy or a citizen's son. Even in such a climate as Sierra Leone there is something forlorn in thinking of the lady's maid in a great house wearing (and possessing) nothing more in the way of clothing than a muslin gown and a blue bead-necklace (on an ebony throat, of course), but in winters like ours to see children's legs covered with nothing better than thin cotton (thin, because the ornamentation is the vanity), is

in fact reading the sentence of death of many victims. Let it be remembered, too, that the neuralgic, rheumatic and heart diseases thus brought on are of a hereditary character. The wearer of crinoline and invisible bonnets, in incurring such diseases herself, renders her future children liable to them; and the children now bitten by the wintry winds, if they live to be parents, may see their offspring suffer from the ignorance and vanity of their own mothers. It is universally observed that certain diseases are becoming more common every year—neuralgia and heart disease, as well as the throat ailments of which we hear so much. It would be a great benefit if we could learn how much of the form and the increase of maladies is ascribable to our modes of dress.

What is to be done? Will anything ever be done? or is feminine wilfulness and slavishness to fashion to kill off hundreds and thousands of the race, as at present? There are whole societies in America who do not see the necessity for such mischief, and who hope to put an end to it—in their own country at least. The Dress-Reform Association of the United States was instituted some years since by women who refused the inconvenience of Paris fashions in American homesteads: and they have been aided, not only by physicians, but by other men, on the ground of the right of women to wear what suits their occupations and their taste, without molestation. The dress which was long ago agreed upon, after careful consideration—the so-called Bloomer costume (not as we see it in caricature, but in its near resemblance to the most rational English fashion of recent times)—is extensively worn, not only in rural districts, but in many towns. It seems to fulfil the various conditions of rational, modest, and graceful dress better than any other as yet devised for temperate climates; and if so, it will spread, in spite of all opposition.

What opposition it met with here is not forgotten, at home or abroad, and never will be forgotten. Some of our highest philosophers and best-bred gentlemen were more indignant and ashamed than perhaps anybody else. They said that we constantly saw Englishmen angry and scornful because of the indignities cast by Mussulman bigotry on the dress of Europeans in Damascus and Jerusalem; but here were Englishmen doing the same thing, without equal excuse, when Englishwomen proposed to adapt their dress to their health, convenience, and notions of grace. The aggressors triumphed. They induced outcast women to adopt the dress, and stamped it with disrepute before it had a chance of a trial. It was an unmanly act; and if those who were concerned in it have since suffered from the extravagance of wife and daughters, or from sickness and death in their households which might have been averted by a sensible method of clothing old and young, they have had their retribution. Some of our newspapers are rebuking others for meddling with the women's choice of fashions—quoting the rebuke sustained by the old "Spectator" on account of that line of criticism: but it is an affair which concerns both sexes and all ages. What hinders a simple obedience to common-sense in the matter?

It is only for the women of those classes who really have business in life to refuse to encumber themselves with tight, or heavy, or long, or unserviceable dress, and to adhere to any mode which suits them; and then, whatever the idle and fanciful may choose to do, the useless mortality will be mainly stopped, and the general health prevented from sinking lower. It may be confidently avowed that in this way only can women win back some of the respect which they have forfeited by the culpable absurdity of their dress within the last few seasons. From the duchess to the maid-servant, the slaves of French taste have lost position; and it will require a permanent establishment of some leading points of the sense and morality of dress to restore their full dignity to the matronage and maidenhood of England.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE YAKS IN FRANCE.

WHEN the household goods of Warren Hastings were sold at Daylesford, there was found a painting from nature of a Yak, which had formerly lived in the pretty little park which surrounds the house. This greatly puzzled the squires, who thought the animal a bad beast, without points, and with nothing whatever to recommend it but its marvellous coat.

Our neighbours in France have taken a very different view of the qualities of the yak, and have been vigorously engaged, since 1854, in acclimatising this singular race of cattle in the Basses Alpes, in Dauphiné, in Auvergne, and at Paris.

So little was known there about the yak in 1848, that M. Isidore Geoffroy St.-Hilaire, in his report on the domestication and naturalisation of useful animals, scarcely ventured to think of the possibility of bringing it to Europe. Very soon after he wrote, however, a female yak was sent via Calcutta, to the late Lord Derby, and she was still alive at the sale of the Knowsley collection, after his death, in 1851. There was lively bidding for the yak; she was knocked down to a dealer at a hundred guineas, and very soon resold for two; scarcely was the bargain struck when an American party—whom the astute purchaser number two had descried looming in the distance—came up, and offered three! Too late! Purchaser number one had been walked round even at two hundred. No money would tempt number two, and the poor yak, in a few weeks, died in a caravan in consequence of his obstinacy.

Although the Worcestershire squires did not appreciate the qualities of the yak, it is a first-rate animal in point of usefulness, and in the elevated plateau of its native Thibet answers better than Short-horn or Long-horn, Ayrshire or Alderney. The yak yields milk and makes a superior roast; the yak supplies good material for cloth and shawls in its woolly undercoat; the yak is a beast of burden, and drags the plough; the yak is at need a charger—Dr. Hooker was captured by a division of yak-mounted troopers on the borders of Sikkim. The yak is at once the camel, the horse, and the sheep of the Thibetan; his spoils become the insignia of honour in some countries, and the

universal fly-flapper in the great houses of the Lower Himalaya, in China, and in India itself.

A wild race still exists; it is so large that there is a saying in the mountains that the liver of a wild yak is a load for the tame. Certain it is, that the skins brought home by Colonel Charlton, one of which is in the Crystal Palace, bespeak a noble animal, not of the gigantic stature of the Gour and Gayal, of the Arnee, or the Cape Buffalo, but a fine sporting-looking beast, with every indication of pace and power. Even the domestic animal, when free in the mountain pas-

tures of Jura, is full of fire, his eye flashing, his head high in the air, his tail thrown forward over his back or carried aloft like a standard with the long silky hair depending; galloping with high horse-like action; and, when excited by rivalry, charging his antagonist with the velocity of an avalanche.

The native region of the yak is the northern side of the Himalaya, from Ladak, through Thibet, to northern China; on the south-side of the range he does not come lower than 10,000 feet, and has been seen as high up as 16,000, where the



pasture is necessarily of the scantiest. His hardy nature suffices itself with the fare of a goat. The wild yak is of a beautiful dark ruddy brown, passing into black; the long silky fringe which ornaments his flank almost touching the ground, reminds one of the Musk-ox, his congener in the Arctic circle.

The yak was known to the ancients. Ælian speaks of him, calls him *Poëphagus*: Marco Polo knew him in 1275: and then there is a long interval of silence until we come to Pallas and Gmelin in the last century.

And what is a yak? The woodcut explains his outward form to a certain extent. You will observe that he is a species of cattle, not an artificial breed, but a well-defined species; domesticated indeed, but derived from the existing wild animal which is still hunted on the northern slopes of the Himalaya. *Poëphagus grunniens*, the Grunting Ox, because his voice is the voice of a

hog—a peculiarity which the domestic race have preserved to perfection. He delights in many names, he is called the Sarlyk, the Svora Goy, and the Chauri Gun, as well as Yak, and the cross-bred offspring of yak and zebu is called the Dzo. Mr. Brian Hodgson, who from his long residence in Nepal had unparalleled opportunities of collecting information about the natural history of the mountains, asserts that the yak inhabits all the loftiest plateaux of High Asia, between the Altai and the Himalaya, the Beelut Jag, and the Peling Mountains.

The form of the yak is horse-like in the contour of the withers and back, which, combined with the short and well-compacted loins, adapt him in a singular manner for the saddle. The setting on of his tail is peculiarly equine, and when in moderate action he carries it with the gay and jaunty air of an Arab courser. Great depth of chest, short muscular legs, well-knit thighs,

large hocks, and sturdy carcass, indicate a beast of great power; and his performances in the collar, and under a pack-saddle, amply confirm the expectations created by this conformation.

The Russians are known to have carried the yak to Siberia, and even to Moscow; and that fact may have influenced M. de Montigny, the French Consul at Shanghai, to make the attempt which proved so successful, and has secured this curious species to France. With an energy which does him infinite credit, he caused a herd of domesticated yaks to be brought across China from Thibet, kept them at Shanghai for four years, as a preliminary change of climate, and finding that they not only bore it perfectly well, but bred abundantly, he set sail with them on his return to France in 1853. They were attended by some very intelligent Chinese, who had had the management of them from the beginning. The animals bore the inconveniences of ship-life extremely well. They put into the Azores after shipwreck, were detained there for some months, and finally were brought away in a ship which was specially dispatched for that service by the Minister of Marine.

The vicissitudes of temperature through which they passed had no prejudicial effect on them, and the herd numbered twelve when they landed in France in April, 1854. They were of two varieties, horned and polled, as will be seen from the table given by M. Duvernoy in his Report in the Bulletin de la Société d'Acclimatation. These animals were distributed in three lots, one remaining at the Garden of Plants, where, with their Chinese keepers, they created immense interest, another being sent to the property of the Count de Morny, in the Allier, and the third being given to the Société d'Acclimatation.

Subdivisions were afterwards made with the sagacious view of giving the animals every advantage of variety of soil and air: and we find uniform accounts of their doing well in the Basses Alpes, in the Doubs, the Jura, in Dauphiné, under the care of the Société d'Acclimatation of Grenoble, under M. Cuenot de Malecote, and M. Jobez, and latterly in Cantal under the care of M. Richard.

In all these positions they have thriven, have bred, and have developed respectable fleeces, if we may so call the mixture of hair and wool which constitutes their coat.

In August, 1855, M. Jobez made a shearing, with the following results:—

Bull.....	hair,	686	grms....	wool,	2	kilogrms.
Cow.....	"	625	"	"	625	grammes.
Young bull, 10	} "	568	"	"	625	"
months.....						

The coat of the young animals immediately after birth, is fine and curly, and closely resembles that of the famous lambs of Astracan.

The woolly product of the yak is excessively fine, and furnishes part of the material for the renowned shawls of Cashmir; and the long, silky hairs are employed by the Thibetans in the manufacture of a thick water-proof cloth, which is applied, among other purposes, to their tent covering. The experiments which have been made in France by MM. Labrosse, Sace, and other commercial houses, corroborate the reports of its excellence which have reached us from Asia.

The diameter of the long hair is too considerable to admit of its being employed in fine fabrics, but there is no doubt that when a sufficient quantity can be obtained, it will be largely used in furniture-stuffs, and carpets.

The milk of the yak cows has been submitted to analysis by M. Doyer. The quantity given to him was 85 centilitres drawn on the morning of April 22, 1854, and 47 centilitres on the evening of the same day.

The morning milk was white, and had a density of 1·0371;

The evening milk was pale-yellow, and had a density of 1·0320.

The morning milk gave 3·10 per cent. of butter;

The evening milk gave 3·60 " " "

The morning milk gave 3·50 " " of casein;

The evening milk gave 3·80 " " "

Of other matter there were about 2·60 of albumen, which appears to be a very large and characteristic proportion. The composition closely approaches that of the milk of our domestic cattle, and still more closely that of the goat.

The domestic yak varies in colour, black and white being the most common. There are also grey, pure black, and pure white. The latter are the most valued, because the clip fetches a higher price in consequence of its suiting the dyer, especially in China, where it easily receives a brilliant scarlet or blue colour, and is converted to all manner of ornamental purposes.

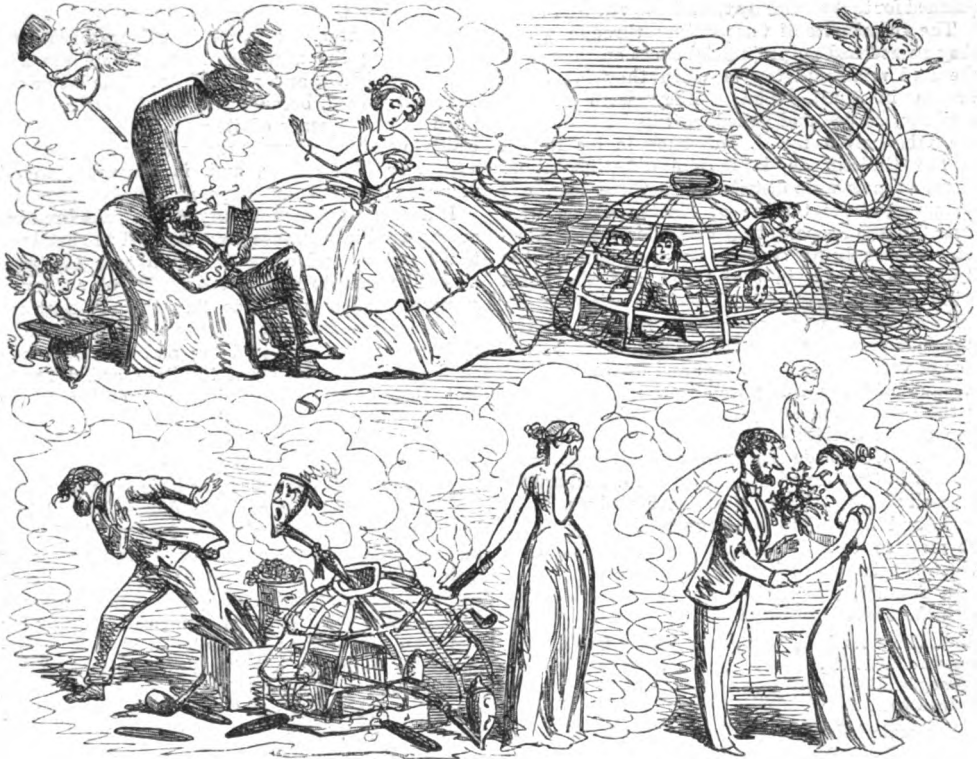
It does not appear that any of the yaks bred in, or imported into France have reached the hands of the butcher, and consequently a yak Chateaubriand has still to receive the verdict of a jury of gourmets. But where to find them? Alas for the grande cuisine of France! The grandes maisons are reduced to two; and so the grande cuisine will soon be but a tradition and a name. Not that good cooking does not still exist in France, and ever must while civilisation and intelligence have their home in Paris; but the grande cuisine, the splendid golden age of cooking, when the chef in a grande maison had his army of aides, and the matériel for a single dinner looked like the preparation for a siege—when whole beeves and many hams were concentrated into sauces for a single course—when coveys of birds were converted into a spoonful of quintessence—when a poultry yard was decimated to furnish the noix for a vol-au-vent—when Francatelli's modest proposition to begin for a little dinner with 120 lbs. of beef and veal, would have been despised as a mesquinerie of the vilest niggardliness—that golden age is gone. Six or seven of the ancient professors still linger in well-earned ease, but they cook not; and in the best restaurant of Paris we have the last living disciple of the famous school which was established to feed the princely table of Tallyrand; and these are all who are left of that classic era. They probably would think that a Norman ox, or a Short-horn, or a Devon, or a Belgian, would give a better fillet than a yak; and being satisfied with the existing state of beef, would advise letting well alone. But travellers tell us that the yak fed fat on short aromatic mountain pastures affords a marvellous meat; and arguing

from the analogy of mountain mutton, we are inclined to believe them. At all events, like the Welsh sheep, the yak lives and thrives at altitudes and on pastures which will support nothing else but goats; and if the yak will live, and breed, and flourish out of the Himalaya, its acclimatisation in Europe will be a real blessing to all the mountain districts, and probably even to the moorlands, where larger breeds do nothing. In fact, the yak may become the poor man's best friend, and the efforts which have been made in France ought to stimulate us, who possess far better means of obtaining them, to import a sufficient number to try a similar and simultaneous experiment in Wales, Cumberland, and Scotland. Lord Breadalbane has had a herd of American Bisons for years at Taymouth, and we believe has succeeded in crossing these wild children of the prairie with Ayr-

shire and other domestic races. In his kingly domain there is ample space and verge enough for this other bovine species from the heart of Asia, and the same good management would have the same good results. It is not likely that the clay land of the Regent's Park would suit them for any lengthened period; but when the Zoological Society make their next importation of Indian pheasants, they ought to take measures for combining an arrangement for the importation of four or five pairs of yaks. Well exhibited in a large paddock, the yaks would make a far more attractive object than they have ever been in Paris, where, in the small inclosure they inhabit, it is impossible for them to display either the pace or action in which they luxuriate with *M. de Morny* in Auvergne, at Cantal, and at Barcelonette.

W. W. M.

“SIX OF THE ONE, AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.”



“Now, dearest Fred,” she softly said,
 “You must abandon smoking;
 It spoils your looks—and then your breath,—
 Indeed it's most provoking.
 Did God decree that man should be
 A chimney flue regarded?
 Then, darling Fred, let it be said,
 Tobacco you've discarded.”

“Haw, well, my dear,” said Fred, “I fear
 That will not be so easy;

But, like a man, I'll try a plan,
 And do the best to please ye.
 Did God intend that woman's mind
 Such wond'rous things should brew, love,
 As Bustles, Bloomers, Crinolines,
 Or Hoops-de-dooden-do, love?

“But really, if”—whif, whif, whif, whif,—
 “And mind you, I'm not joking,—
 If you abandon Crinoline,
 By Jove! I—I'll give up smoking.” J. ROZ.

A NIGHT WITH THE BOOBIES.

A WEST INDIAN SKETCH.



REDONDA is a small island, about mid-channel between Montserrat and Nevis, and in appearance is very much like a haycock, except that its summit is quite green. In fact, though called an island, it is nothing more than an uninhabited rock, about three miles in circumference; and is chiefly remarkable from its being the breeding-place of numberless sea-birds, of the pelican species, which, from their extreme stupidity, are called Boobies.

In the month of March, 1857, the brig *Lion* was at anchor in Plymouth roads, Montserrat, waiting for cargo; but the season having been backward, no cargo had yet arrived. We had done all that we could to pass away the time, and find work for the hands. We had "stripped ship," mended every bit of canvas that could be mended, and refitted everything that could be refitted; and now there was nothing left to occupy the men's time but the sailors' busy idleness—picking oakum and knotting yarns.

It was early morning, and the decks had been washed and holystoned, and everything cleaned and polished. The men were amusing themselves by washing and shaving, scrubbing trousers, patching old dunnage, and such like; while I, weary of turning out and turning in, without any more definite object in view than getting through the day, was lazily lolling on the bulwarks, looking

up at the soaring peaks of the mountains which the clouds now enveloped, and now disclosed, giving full scope to the imagination to indulge in visions of grandeur, which would hardly have been realised had the whole been presented to the view.

The prospect before me was in the highest degree interesting, if not positively magnificent. There was the grey town of Plymouth sleeping, as it were, on the margin of the sea; such a lovely sea, too, as in the temperate latitudes is rarely seen, holding the island like a gem in its pure bosom, and mirroring there the vessels at anchor, the moving boats, and the varied shore. Farther on was the high cliff, the old fort jutting out from its side, and the towering hills of the Souffrien in the distance. From the town, upwards, was one gentle acclivity, covered with beautifully cultivated estates, and the most lovely verdure. A succession of small valleys, covered with cane patches and pasture, intermingled with slight elevations, upon which here and there the planters' mountain pen could be distinguished; nestling beneath which could be seen clusters of neat-looking huts, the negroes' villages forming the foreground of the picture; while the original beauty of the landscape was enhanced and diversified by the various hues of the crops just approaching maturity. The bright and gorgeous colours that light up a West Indian landscape have no parallel in the temperate

zone, and language is poor, too poor to describe them. Fancy the bright yellow tint of the ripening canes, contrasting with the deep green of the Indian corn, which at this season is just beginning to spear, and this again varied by the luxuriant Guinea grass, groves of small trees, and clumps of waving cocoa-nut trees; the prospect being terminated by the lofty mountains, covered with an immense forest, the outlines of which melted into the distant peaks, and these again were lost in the clouds.

I was awakened from my reverie by "eight bells" being struck, and the hands going to breakfast. The trees faded away, the mountains vanished! and in their stead behold rising before me those marine luxuries, soft bread—*tack* we call it—and new milk.

"What on earth shall we do to get through the day?" I exclaimed, as I was seated at the breakfast table.

"Can't tell," replied my friend Carey, who was deep in the mysteries of corned beef and chilies.

"It's a fine morning for a sail, sir. Shall I tell them to get the long-boat under weigh?" said the boy who was waiting at breakfast.

As the sea-breeze had just set in, and as anything was a change after the monotony of nothing to do and nowhere to go, I said "Yes." The boy then suggested Redonda. I fancied that there must be a very splendid view from the summit of the rock; and as I wanted, also, to know something of the habits of the innumerable sea-birds that inhabited it, I ordered some provisions to be put into the boat, and with three men, and Tom, the apprentice, we started for Booby Island.

After the eternal sameness of a life on board a ship at anchor, there was something inspiring in the very motion of the boat, and the rushing of the transparent water past us, as she plunged through it, scattering the foam from her bows as we sped onward.

We bowled along for about half an hour, and I enjoyed it vastly. A light feathery cloud partially obscured the sun, and caused the temperature to be less oppressive than is usual in these latitudes; while the breeze from the Atlantic blew fresh and cool as on a May morning in England. I seemed to have left all the languor and listlessness of the tropics behind me, and, for the time, felt the strength, the spirits, and the elasticity of youth return to me.

We were now fast approaching Redonda, above which was to be seen a cloud of boobies, whitening the sky with their numbers, and filling the air with their wailing cries.

Boobies, as I have before observed, are so called from their remarkable stupidity. They seem to have no sense, not even the instinct of self-preservation, for they will suffer themselves to be killed without moving a peg, and they will see their next neighbours knocked on the head without any sign of fear, or any attempt to preserve themselves from a similar fate. They fly, or rather wheel about in the air, with their necks extended, and their wings almost motionless. Naturalists tell us that they have the power, by means of inflation, of rising without moving their

wings; and to all appearance this is the case. Their cry is something between that of a goose and a raven, and is of a peculiarly wailing, melancholy description; and this, with the solitude of the rocks and rugged nature of the scenery that presented itself to my view as we approached the island, seemed to impress me with a sad sort of presentiment. I could not get rid of this feeling; and, though I thought at the time it was exceedingly foolish, yet I am willing to confess that afterwards I had reason to think differently.

The view of Redonda from the windward side was magnificent; but at the same time it was the magnificence of desolation, of chaos. At the base large masses of rock, piled one on the other in the grandest disorder, jutted out from the main island, against which the long swell of the Atlantic beats with tremendous violence, and, then thundering against the cliff, sent the spray clean over it.

We sailed round the island, and then lay to leeward of the rock, seeking for a place to land in safety. I should think no one previous to our ascent had ever taken the trouble to reach the summit of this rock, for, to all appearance, there was no path whereby we could ascend; the cliff seemed to me to be nothing but an abrupt precipice perfectly inaccessible to man. However, sailors are not the sort of fellows to be disheartened by difficulties or dangers, and so after a more careful survey I found a place where I thought we could ascend; but how to land without injury to the boat was the next thing that puzzled me. The swell from seaward rose and fell in long undulating masses, and as they swept back, disclosed a quantity of sunken rocks, which threatened instant destruction to the boat if she touched on them.

I anchored clear of the rocks, and then sent a hand on shore with a line; and by hauling on this, and at the same time veering out cable, we were enabled to get the boat alongside a ledge of rocks; but even then our landing was attended with considerable danger. The swell coming round from both sides of the island met just at the point chosen for our debarkation, and rushing along the side of the cliff took the boat on its calm but treacherous bosom, and would have dashed her into pieces against the rocky cliff if we had not held on at these moments by the cable. As it was we had to watch our opportunity, and jump on shore in a smooth; but even then it required care and judgment, for if we had jumped on a receding wave we should have certainly missed our footing and been violently dashed against the rocks by the next recurrent wave. It required us to jump with the rising of the sea while our body had an upward motion, and as soon as we landed we had to scramble up to the next ledge to prevent our being carried back again by the underdraught of the following sea. It may be imagined from this that none but sailors would have succeeded in effecting a landing; and after we had landed, it occurred to me that it was not safe to leave the boat without some one to take care of her, and I ordered the boy back into her. I shall never forget the poor lad's countenance when he was told he was not to go with us; and if I could consistently with our safety have left the boat untenanted, I would have taken him.

As it was, however, although evidently much chagrined, his sense of duty would not let him show it, and he jumped into the boat with alacrity. Slacking off the spring, and hauling on the cable, the boat was once more got into deep water.

And now came the ascent. If any one can imagine a nearly precipitous cliff with no other means of preserving ourselves from falling among the rocks than an occasional ledge on which we could rest, after having, cat-like, dragged ourselves up to them by sheer muscular strength, he will be able to form some idea of the dangers we had to encounter in our zig-zag ascent.

By the time we reached the top we were all quite exhausted, and sat down to get breath. What a view lay before us! The spot where we sat was the easternmost headland, a sort of promontory jutting out into the sea, and before us was the mighty ocean—its blue interminable vista glittering in the sunbeams—roughened by a stiff tropical breeze; while the swell from the offing came tumbling in towards us in long blue undulations, which, breaking against the rocks with the greatest impetuosity, cast their spray within a few feet of us, and caused a noise as though subterranean thunder, pent up in the bowels of the earth, was seeking to burst its bonds; but, stay, the voice of the mighty ocean thundering upon a rocky coast must be heard, seen, nay, felt, to be understood—it cannot be adequately described.

Turning from this to the naked, storm-scathed, and sun-baked island, my old feeling of despondency returned to me. I never saw anything so barren and naked, the short stunted grass only making its barrenness more noticeable. How my heart rose within me as on again turning I saw the bright array of beautiful islands which lay dotted before me: Montserrat, with its grassy slopes descending to the edge of the sea, looking like an emerald in the midst of the blue waves, the white beach fringed with magnificent palms, whose feathery plumage falling from their tall stems could just be discovered with the naked eye; Nevis rising pyramidically from the sea, its summit just piercing the white cloud that everlastingly rests there; St. Kitt's rising behind it, with its Mountain of Misery towering above everything; Antigua, ramparted by its magnificent cliff, standing midway between; and far away in the distance Guadeloupe, with its broad, irregular eminences looming indistinctly like a great continent.

It was a beautiful scene, the sky above us was such a heavenly blue, while the deep green of the sea was thickly speckled with the white crests of the waves, and the tiny sails of the droggers, which skimmed along in the offing, ever and anon disappearing behind one of the islands, only to appear again on the other side, and then fade away in the distance.

What a contrast was the island itself to this! I cannot imagine a more naked or desolate spot in the world, and the melancholy feeling I experienced when I first saw it, now took firm hold of me. I seemed weighed down by some impending calamity, and though I tried, I could not shake it off.

The only thing really noticeable on the island

itself was the immense quantity of young boobies. They were crowded so thick on the ground, that in some places we could not pass without kicking or treading on them. They did not evince the slightest fear; they stuck their bills into our legs pretty freely, but move they would not. They were all covered with a beautiful soft white down, and I felt a great inclination to take back a couple with us; but the little wretches pecked us so, that I was obliged to give up the idea.

As there was nothing on the island but boobies, I may as well give a description of them. Boobies, then, are in size somewhat larger than a gull, and are of the same species as the pelican. They are to be met with in great abundance on the solitary rocks and keys in the West Indies. It would be difficult to describe their plumage, as it varies so much that a description of one individual bird would only mislead. However, I may say that they have generally a whitish body, with wing-feathers marked, in various manners, with black and brown; the bill is black and yellow, and their legs, which are short, are also yellow.

There being nothing more to be seen on the island, I gave the word to return. As soon, however, as we got within hail of our landing-place, we were startled by a loud hallooing from the boat. Our consternation can be well imagined, when, on reaching the edge of the cliff, we saw that the boat had broken adrift, and was momentarily in danger of being dashed to pieces among the rocks. It appeared that the cable, coming in contact with the sharp points of the rocks, had chafed through, and the boat, as it swung by its fastening on the shore, was in a very perilous position. Every swell that lifted her sent her surging up among the rocks; and now, as the water receded, we could hear her bump on them; her planks rending, and her timber cracking, as she settled down. It was evidently all up with her, and all we could do now was to save our provisions, and get the boy Tom on shore.

Disencumbering ourselves of our clothes, we all as if by instinct plunged in, and swam to the wreck. The swell was sweeping it in nearer to the cliff every moment, and the poor boy on board seemed paralysed with fear, and incapable of doing anything. It was no easy thing to approach the boat, as the sunken rocks were numerous, and a blow from one of them as we sank into the trough of the sea would have put an end to our earthly troubles. However, watching our opportunity, we got within a short distance of the wreck, when a huge swell, larger than any I had yet seen, swept in, and carrying us all within a few feet of the cliff, burst over the boat and launched the poor lad into the abyss of waters. For some seconds we could not see anything of him, and I thought he was lost—dashed violently against the rocks, and sunk to rise no more. At last, with feelings of joy, we saw him struggling manfully with the raging waters. But now a new peril assailed him—the current which ran by the island was carrying him out to sea, and his destruction seemed inevitable. The current ran so strong, that the stoutest swimmers could not make head against it, and we were all petrified.

The poor boy, seeing himself carried away like a cork, called out in the most heart-rending tones for help. I never heard anything so agonising as that cry for help, and we could render none.

Hitherto we had done nothing to aid him, though he was struggling with all his strength against the impetuous tide; but now one of the men, with a noble disregard of self, which I glory to say is the great characteristic of British seamen, dashed boldly after him. The poor boy, though nearly exhausted, no sooner saw him, than hope gave him new strength, and he breasted the tide more vigorously than ever. Swimming with the current soon brought the man within hail of him, and they then turned, and swam across the tide, and to our great astonishment we now saw them taken by an eddy of the current and carried back towards us as swiftly as they were before carried away from us. Now aiding and now encouraging him, the man brought the gallant boy nearer and nearer to the landing-place. Several times they were whirled round and carried almost to the edge of the current, but the Almighty, who cares for the meanest of his creatures, preserved them from this danger, and the poor boy was landed in safety, but he fainted as soon as he was hauled up on to the landing-place.

Fortunately we had some rum left in our bottle, and I soon restored the youngster to his senses by pouring down his throat a good quantity of the cheering spirit. He was a tall lad of his age, and handsome withal, although slightly madd. I could not help noticing his figure as he lay almost in an unconscious state. He had no shoes or stockings on, and his very wide trowsers, which in fact was all the covering he had on, he having thrown off his jacket and shirt when the boat broke adrift, showed a finely-shaped leg, full of sinew and muscle; while his sun-burnt face contrasted finely with his broad chest and beautifully moulded neck and shoulders. His forehead was high, and his form, though muscular, had all the plumpness of a woman.

Having served out a good caulker of old rum, we next proceeded to look after the boat. It was now about half-past four, and I could see that the tide was falling fast, and that in a short time the boat would be high and dry. The swell too was subsiding, the breeze having decreased as evening approached, and we had every prospect of saving our provisions, as well as getting the masts and sails to make a tent. At length the tide had so far ebbed that we could reach the boat. I found her bilged, and nearly full of water, and that she was firmly imbedded between two rocks. It was therefore no use thinking of making her serviceable. Happily for us, she had been got ready for a drogging expedition, and was well supplied with necessaries. Besides a quantity of provisions, which for the most part were dry, we found a couple of tarpaulins and a lot of old sails, a quantity of coals, and a cooking-stove and iron pot. My first care was to get all these safe on the top; and we then with a small crow-bar, which we found in her bows, and a stout shovel, broke up the boat, and took her materials up to our perch among the boobies. I do not think we lost anything, for the boy's jacket and shirt were

found hanging to one of the rocks, the shirt actually dried ready to put on. It is a very easy thing to say we got all these things up; but it may be imagined that if we found it difficult to ascend in the morning when we had nothing to encumber us, we found it much more so now. But give sailors a line, a spar, and a block, and they will soon rig themselves a purchase by means of which they could overcome greater difficulties than we had to surmount.

Having got our stores together, we went to work to make ourselves a tent. The day was waning fast, and it would not do to be very particular, so we dug a hole and stuck the main-mast on end, with the halyards rove; and then lashing the fore and main lugs together, and making the halyards fast in mid-ships, we pegged the foot down to the ground, and then hauled the halyard taut; and behold, we had a first-rate tent, though open at both ends. This was soon obviated by making one of the spare sails fast to one end; and covering the ground with the tarpaulins, and then laying down the old sails, we had a house that was not to be sneezed at.

While we had been thus engaged, the boy Tom, now perfectly recovered from his sousing, had got a fire under weigh, and had made some coffee; salt junk and hard biscuits were also placed before us, and we commenced operations with great zeal and determination. The biscuits vanished by dozens, and the huge mahogany-like junks of beef disappeared as if they had been the tenderest chickens. I am sure that none of us ever made a better or more comfortable meal, and when we wound up with a stiffish glass of grog and a pipe I felt quite exhilarated.

It would have been an interesting sight to have seen us seated on the top of this barren rock surrounded by the débris of our boat, and environed by boobies in all stages of maturity. The old ones were quietly nesting on their eggs, but the young ones were squabbling wofully because some one had intruded on their premises. The fact was, that we had dislodged a great number to erect our tent, and there was a perfect skirmish for places.

I make no doubt the old ones were greatly surprised at having their domains invaded in such an unceremonious fashion, for they kept flying over our heads, passing and repassing, and looking at us in a most impertinent manner; now sailing past us in a smooth, noiseless flight, coming so near that the motion of the eye and every feather could be seen, the bird being all the time motionless, except a slight inclination of the head when opposite you. Then, as some new-comers arrived from seaward, the whole fraternity would rise in a cloud, and kick up such a row as would have frightened all the old women in Christendom into fits if they could have heard it.

And now the sun reached the horizon, and its purple glory spread like a carpet over both sea and land; even the scanty grass which grew on the island, tinged with its rich colouring, looked like a velvet mantle, clothing its barren carcass with beauty. All nature seemed hushed. A bank of clouds hung away to the southward, their

edges gilded by the declining sun, towering upward and spanning, as it were, the highest arch of the blue empyrean; while the whole mass, like a gloomy canopy, crept slowly on and on, till suddenly the western horizon assumed a dusky purple hue, the sun set, and darkness was upon us.

In the darkness—which to us was more intense from its suddenness—the fire glanced bright and red, and as we sat by it we looked doubtless more like a band of pirates than a company of honest men. Hitherto we had borne all our misfortunes with the greatest equanimity; but now our comfort was threatened by a swarm of sandflies and mosquitoes entering our tent and attacking us with great fury. All we could do we could not protect ourselves from these blood-sucking rascals. If any one, not a subject of their attack, could have seen us he would have grinned rarely at our insane attempts to rid ourselves of these pigmy enemies. Our blood had been heated and the perspiration still clung to our skin; consequently the bite of these wretches was doubly poisonous, and in half-an-hour our own mothers could not have recognised us. It was thwack! whack! every second; but as to killing them it was out of the question, and our only resource was to smoke them out—which, happily, answered our expectations.

And now the clouds, driven by the usual current of the trade-winds, gradually rose like a curtain, and the blue vault of heaven was disclosed to us, spangled with innumerable stars. Slowly, as though the liquid splendour of the moon would dazzle our vision, the dark curtain lifted, and the pale crystal light of her beams sparkling on the waters made a bright track on the now tranquil sea. The extreme clearness of the heavens, the soft serenity of the air, the buzzing of innumerable insects, and the delightful sensation produced by a pipe of fragrant tobacco, contributed in a great degree to tranquillise my feelings, which had been sadly disturbed by the mosquitoes.

I could not get up resolution to turn in, the night was so transcendently beautiful; the whole of the heavenly bodies shone out with a peculiar radiance, and the planets hung like globes of liquid fire, gem-like, in the firmament. The moonbeams, too, were so bright that I almost think, had I possessed a book, I could have read it by her light.

Sleep to me being apparently out of the question, I lighted another pipe, and covering myself with my dread-nought coat I lay down to enjoy the coolness of the evening breeze which had just set in. I tried several times to compose myself to sleep, but the fellows snored so I could not accomplish it. At last, I suppose I did; but I had such strange fancies, or rather dreams, that it was worse than no sleep at all. At one time I fancied the whole island had been swept away by the current, and I was in the greatest trepidation lest it should topple over, and we should all be drowned in our sleep. Then I was tossing about among the breakers, and whirling in eddies, and fancied I saw huge black bodies coming towards me, and that I was struggling to avoid contact with them; at another time I heard some one as distinctly as possible hailing me, and I awoke with so violent a start that I nearly broke my head.

I felt as though my mind had been wandering, but I could not rouse myself sufficiently to get rid of these fancies.

I must have been asleep some hours when I awoke—or rather thought so—and was surprised to see a man of lofty stature standing in the opening of the tent. I started and cried:—

“Hillo! who are you, my friend?”

But the fellow did not answer; he only held up his finger as if to enjoin silence.

At this moment I felt convinced I heard the most piercing shrieks for help, and, rising, I attempted to push past the fellow, but he was gone, and the next instant I had missed my footing, and was falling from the top of the cliff. The moment I touched the water I shouted loudly for help. A rough hand was placed on my shoulder, and a voice called out:—

“Hillo, sir! hillo! what's the matter?”

I rubbed my eyes and looked about me.

“Confound the nightmare!” quoth I, and turned over and went to sleep again.

It was early morning when I really did awake, for the boobies made such a noise that I could not sleep any longer. When I arose I was startled by the extraordinary appearance of the morning. During the night a cloud or sort of luminous fog had settled on the top of the island, and the effect of this was, that while over-head and on the island all was in shadow, at the base of the cliff and out at sea the sun shone brightly. As the sun got power the thick white mantle seemed to be suddenly rent in twain, and the clear blue heavens and the sparkling waters were disclosed to our view.

As soon as we had finished our breakfast I set to work and erected a flag-staff, and hoisted the ensign, union down, in the hope of attracting some of the coasters as they passed.

The day was hot—blazing hot; not a cloud was to be seen; the ocean was like one vast polished mirror wherein the sun's burning rays were reflected, giving back bright, blinding flashes which dazzled the eyes and made the head swim. A sort of misty blue haze hung over the shadowy islands, whose outline seemed almost blended with the sky. There was no horizon, for the sky and the sea were so much alike you could not tell the one from the other.

In vain I looked towards Montserrat in the hope of succour from the brig. Several times I fancied I could hear the noise of oars moving regularly in the row-locks, and jumped up, hoping to see a boat in the offing; but, though we saw several white specks lying lazily under the lee of the island, nothing came within sight of our signal.

About noon everything was still—deadly still—even the very boobies were still, and their clamour had entirely ceased. The usual sea-breeze had not set in, and the vertical sun poured its rays with such an intensity on the island that it seemed to send up a thin smoke from the extreme violence of the heat. Mid-day had long passed, and no sign of any assistance. Our water was getting short. I did not, however, feel uneasy on that point, as I felt sure from the first that there was some to be found on the island; and so it turned

out; for, on sending out two hands to search for it, they soon returned with intelligence that they had found a large pond of fresh water within a quarter of a mile of the tent.

It must not be imagined that because the course of events had prevented me from dwelling on our anything but enviable condition, that it had not been a subject of great uneasiness to me. During the whole of that day—and it appeared awfully long—we had been on the look-out for assistance from the brig. I had kept my glass almost constantly to my eye in the hope of seeing some one out in search of us. At last, towards afternoon, I saw a dark speck which rounded the western extremity of Montserrat, and for some time I thought it was coming towards us. It eventually turned out to be a boat. I was on tip-toe of excitement, and we tried all sorts of devices to make the colours fly, so as to attract their attention. At last they got so near that I could make out that it was the brig's pinnace, and that she was constantly cruising about in search of us, and we shouted with all our might; but it was a most ridiculous thing, for the boat was at least five miles from us, and therefore we were only shouting to the winds.

It is not easy for me to express the joy we experienced as the boat seemed to near us; but it will be still less easy to depict our consternation when we saw her suddenly bear up and return to Montserrat. Gradually she vanished from our sight, and the feeling we experienced as we saw her disappear was dreadful. Not that we were in any danger of starvation, or any of those extreme miseries which shipwrecked mariners often are exposed to, for we had plenty of water, and we could always make a meal of boobies, though their flesh is rather tough and fishy, or, following the tactics of the frigate-bird, make them disgorge

as soon as they land, and thereby get a good meal of fish. But it was the suspense and inconvenience. In short, no one who had not been placed in a similar situation could have any idea of the fretful inquietude I experienced when I saw what, to us, appeared our last chance vanishing from our view.

The shades of evening again closed around us;



not a craft of any description had passed the island during the day. When night came, and no assistance was to be expected, a thought struck me which I instantly acted on. Collecting all the débris of the boat, I set fire to it in the hope that it might attract attention and bring us succour. The wood being well-seasoned and saturated with pitch and tar blazed up into such a huge volume of flame that I felt sure it could not only be seen at Montserrat, but also at Guadaloupe. The higher the flames rose, the higher rose our spirits, and I only wondered none of us had thought of this device before. I walked about on the brow of the cliff in the greatest perturbation of mind, listening for any sound that would indicate succour; but none came,

and we all sat down to our frugal suppers with feelings of great despondency.

Just as we were thinking of turning in for the night, and as the last expiring embers of the fire were slowly dying out, we heard—or rather thought we heard—a shout; at first faint, as it were the booming of the sea, but which momentarily became louder and nearer. And then, to our joy and satisfaction, there suddenly shot up a bright blue flame, in the glare of which we could perceive two boats coming to our rescue. Any one who has seen a blue light burnt at sea can imagine the unearthly appearance which objects have when seen in its blue spectral flare. Simultaneously, as if it had been one man, we sent forth such a shout of welcome as made the vaults of heaven

resound with its echo. And very soon after the hail of "Lions, ahoy!" greeted us.

To descend from our exalted position, without the aid of daylight, was no easy matter. Indeed, the descent was at any time worse than the ascent, for one false step would have been instant death; but this to us, under the circumstances, was not a subject of a moment's consideration, therefore striking our tent, and taking with us all that we thought useful, and having made ourselves a guy fast to the top to steady our bodies, we began the descent. I was the last to go down, and found the line of the greatest aid.

A sailor always feels safe if he has a rope in his hand, no matter how small it may be; it was so with me, and perhaps it was this very confidence that caused me to trust too much to the line. I had got nearly half way down, just about where the cliff commenced to tumble home, when I set my foot on a projection of rock, which being suddenly detached, I came down several feet by the run; and when I recovered my hold, I found myself hanging in mid-air full fifty feet from the base. The line by which I hung suspended was but a small one, and not well calculated to sustain my weight. My best, and perhaps only chance, was to swing myself on to a ledge which lay some three fathoms from me. To do this, however, it was necessary to get a foot-hold to give myself an impetus, and get a turn of the rope round my hand to prevent it slipping.

During this time the party below became aware that something was wrong, and lit up another blue-light. The grey rock looked livid with its sickly glare, and I could see distinctly my danger. Below me were large masses of broken rock on which I must in all probability be dashed to pieces, if I fell. I was just preparing myself for a final effort to reach some place of safety, when a new danger menaced me. As I was putting my foot against the rock to give my body a lateral motion, I felt a sort of vibration in the rope, which told me that the sharp projections of the rock were cutting the line in two, and that one strand, if not two had parted above. A film came across my eyes, and all the actions of my life, long forgotten, flashed across my mind, and then I felt I was descending into an unfathomable depth, and all was blank and dark.

How long I remained in an unconscious state I cannot tell; but, when I came to myself, I was lying on a broad luxurious bed, set at the farther end of a large sleeping apartment, and near to the

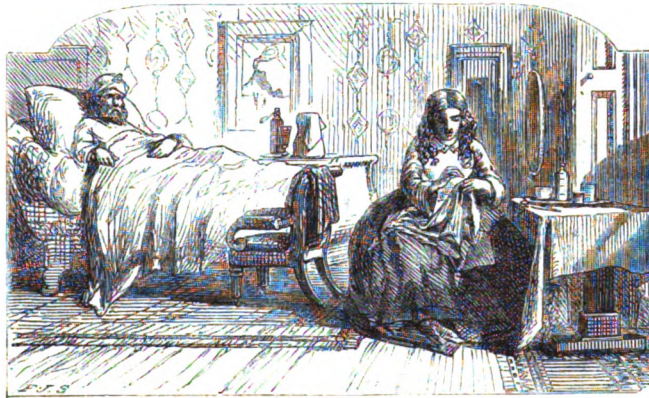
window, at the other end of the room, was seated a young girl of exquisite mould and feature. She was sitting with her face bent down, and her rich hair hung in a cluster from her finely shaped head. Her face was pale and her forehead high; and as she sat motionless, with one hand placed gracefully forward, I could see that she had a beautifully rounded arm, and her skin was as clear as alabaster. I gazed for some seconds on this apparently delusive scene, for to me it was too lovely to be real; and it was not until I could see the heaving of her bosom that I could bring myself to think her a being of this world.

I tried to raise myself, but in doing so I found that my left arm was powerless; and, falling back, I asked, faintly, where I was.

The sound of my voice startled her, and rising hastily, she came to the bed-side, and holding up her finger, said, in a low voice which thrilled through my whole body: "Hush! the doctor

says you are not to speak; but, as you are now awake, I will send for him." And she left the room for a few seconds. When she returned she gave me a tumbler of cool refreshing drink.

I shall never forget the exquisite sensation which crept over me



as that beautiful girl moved noiselessly about the room, bathing my temples and adjusting my pillows. I thought she must be an angel sent specially for my comfort, and I was afraid if I moved or spoke that the vision would be rudely dispelled.

A peculiar languor overspread my whole frame; a deliciously cool feeling, as though cold water was issuing from a fountain in my heart and permeating through all my veins. And then how sweetly came the softened light through the partly closed windows, beyond which could be seen the cool, green, umbrageous trees, whose branches were waving gently in the morning breeze; and then the gentle moaning of that breeze among their branches, and the lulling buzz of insects, with occasionally the merry voices of negroes; all had a delightful effect on my shattered nerves.

But, during all this time, I felt particularly hungry, and I wished the angel would give me something to eat; but I refrained from asking for it, for I should have been ashamed to have asked an angel for anything so grossly material, knowing, as I did, that angels subsisted entirely on love. Now, although I felt that love was a most exquisite thing; and that, having such a charming object on which I could concentrate

mine, life without it would have been a chaos, or blank; yet the idea of roast-beef and mutton, soft tack and fresh butter, cold lamb and salad, and such like material substances, would, spite of the spiritual essence which seemed to have entered into my organisation since the angelic vision first presented itself to me—would, I say, obtrude itself into my mind. And to make a clean breast of it, I must confess that the idea of living on love appeared to me to be the most contemptible one that ever issued from the brain of a human creature; and such was my craving for food, that I would have given every mortal thing I possessed—angelic vision and all—for a cut off a roast leg of mutton.

At last the little Scotch doctor from Plymouth entered the room, and the angelic vision took him on one side, and they whispered together. I knew that the fellow was married, and I thought it was very bad taste of him to be whispering to a young and innocent girl in that fashion, when he had got a wife and three children at home. Just at this moment a very handsome woman, about forty, entered the room; she was rather tall and finely formed, and from the striking likeness between them was evidently the mother of the angelic vision.

The little doctor came to the bed-side, and felt my pulse.

"Pray, doctor," I began—

"All in good time, my dear sir. No questions now; you shall know all about it when your head is better."

"My head! Zounds, what's the matter with my head?" I said, as I raised my hand to it, and found it tied up like a Christmas pudding. I was about to utter an exclamation, when the angel, with a roguish smile on her countenance, placed over my mouth, the smallest, softest, whitest hand that I ever saw, or wish to see.

"Not another word, my dear sir. Give him his medicine, Nancy," the doctor said, turning to a mulatto woman who was busying herself in the back ground, "and call me if he appears worse."

"But, doctor! I'm hungry!" I cried. "I want something to eat!"

"A capital sign, my dear sir, but you must not excite yourself;" then turning to Nancy, he said, "you can give him some strong gruel, with a little sherry, and keep him as quiet as you can."

"All right, massa; me quite mum, no answer question;" and the old wretch grinned hugely.

And now they all left the room, except Nancy, and I was alone,—yes, alone, for in my eyes Nancy Potts stood for nobody. Nancy Potts! Fancy Nancy Potts, with a face as sallow as a guinea, instead of the angelic vision! What a revulsion of feeling I experienced, as that beautiful girl, with a sunny smile and a parting glance, which to my mind seemed to say, "I'll come again soon," vanished from my view. But after all, I began to feel a sort of veneration for Nancy Potts, for she brought me some excellent gruel; and so, having swallowed that and my medicine, I fell into a balmy sleep.

I dreamt that I was descending into cool caverns, and underground vaults; and had a variety of delicious sensations: and, finally, I dreamt that I was on the top of a high mountain,

with the angelic vision by my side, and a refreshing breeze blowing in my face, and that I was in the greatest distress because we had nothing to eat. In the midst of my distress I was awake by Nancy Potts pushing her black eyes, yellow face, and white teeth through the curtains, with—

"How you do dis maa-n-ing, massa? O, my la-ad, how pale you look! Gee! gee! gee! What a white little buckra it is! But I brought you some brokefast, massa; leetle coffee, and bread and butter, and toast—you like it, massa?"

"O! ha! yes!" I exclaimed, opening my eyes and attempting to rise, "that's your sort, Nancy;" but I had rather miscalculated my strength, and I found that the shortest way was to take the longest time, and not be in a hurry. However, I soon got myself in trim, and fell-to cheerily. The breakfast was ample, and I soon consumed the whole lot; and what was more, could have managed the allowance, had it been doubled.

"Massa much better dis maaning, I tink?" said Nancy, as I finished my breakfast.

"Yes," I replied, pushing away the tray, "I think after that there cannot be much the matter with me;" but nevertheless I was as weak as an infant, for the exertion of eating threw me into so violent a perspiration, that I nearly fainted. However, I did not care much for that, for, although weak, I had no feverish symptoms.

Of course I was anxious to know where I was, and how I got there; and above all, if the truth must be told, I wanted to know something about the beautiful girl who had been so kind to me on the previous day.

"Nancy," said I, in a persuasive tone, "would you kindly tell me how I came here?"

"Massa musn't bodder hissself with talking. Massa Wilson presently tell all about it."

"But, Nancy!" I said, finding I must come to the point at once, "who was the young lady who was here yesterday?"

"Dat's my young misseee."

Now I could have guessed as much, and I therefore tried again, but it was no use; everything I asked her was answered by her singing a nigger song, and talking to some inanimate object, thus—

"What's the young lady's name, Nancy?" asked I.

No answer, but a sort of trumpet solo from Nancy, thus—

"Toot-tee—toot-tee—toot-tee—ta-a dee.—Drat de needle! What for you go and broke yourself for? Oh me, boog-ee—laa-lee!" takes a fresh needle, and begins to thread it.

"What's your young mistress's name?" I asked again, but the only reply I got was—

"What shall I do wid me good old da-a-dy? Oh me, boog-ee—laa-lee. Chee-chee. What for you tumble you self down for, you massa collar? Sit in de corner, yam potatee. Oh me, boog-ee—laa-lee. Boog-ee, boog-ee, boog-ee—laa-lee."

"Confound your boog-ee—laa-lee," said I; "can't you answer my question?"

"If massa no like de song, I no sing him."

Finding I could do nothing with her, I turned round and fell asleep; but it was a sort of cat-a-sleep—one eye open—for a light footstep aroused me, and I listened.

"How is he this morning, Nancy?" asked a soft voice.

"Good deal better, Miss, de Laad be prase! He eat all him brokefast, and den him asked such a lot ob questions; but I no answer him."

"What did he say?"

"He wanted to know who de beautiful young lady was dat tended him so sweetly."

"Hush!" cried the soft voice, "perhaps he is awake."

"No, him snore just now."

That was a flat lie. I never snored: but I confess I breathed rather harder than usual, and shut my eyes, as I felt that she was gazing on me. But the rest of the conversation being carried on in a whisper, I thought it was no use feigning sleep any longer, and so I said, in a languid tone,

"Nancy, have I been asleep?"

"Ees, massa sleep nicely, long time."

Just then the doctor came in, and, after sundry questions, he pronounced me in a fair way of recovery. I fancied I saw the angel's eyes brighten at the news, but it might have been fancy: at any rate, the idea was consolatory, and I treasured it accordingly.

But why linger over this part of my narrative? Softly! I was in love; and those who have experienced the beautiful dreams and the strange inquietude of that all-absorbing passion, can understand how the memory clings to those scenes, and how the mind wanders back to them, cherishing in the most sacred region of the heart the words and the actions of the beloved object. Phoo! what am I talking about? Love! what is love, hey? Well, it's something very funny and delightful—something that sets the blood coursing through the veins at the bare thought of the time when that sacred flame was first kindled in the bosom.

I was not long in discovering the how, the why, and the wherefore of the whole affair. It appeared that I had, thanks to the lateral motion of my body, descended almost clear of the rocks; and the first intimation those in the boat had of my disaster was hearing me plunge into the sea. I was picked up and conveyed to Old Roads Estate, it being the nearest habitation I could be conveyed to; and there, thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Semper and her daughter, I had been carefully attended through a most serious fever. I recovered slowly, in fact I think I lingered longer than was absolutely necessary. I liked the tender, soothing care which was bestowed upon me as an invalid. I was never tired of being in the society of this beautiful young creature, whose very soul seemed to well up kindly feeling and poetry of thought; and who listened with wrapped attention to my marvellous yarns, chiding me in the gentlest tones when they were too strong for even her credulous ear. It was to me a season of the deepest enjoyment, and I dreaded to break the spell.

Walking in the cool of the evening, I somehow told her of my love. How I did it, or what I said, I have no very distinct notion. What I do know is, that, after a few tears of joy, and some very delicious kisses, it was all right.

Some one who has just looked over my shoulder

says it is not fair to tell tales, and therefore I, as in duty bound, desist without further comment. But I will say, and she cannot deny it, that we have no reason to regret, in spite of my broken head and arm, my visit to Redonda, the Isle of Boobies.

T. E. SOUTHER.

THE SWIMMING-SCHOOL FOR WOMEN AT PARIS.

As many parents are wishing to know how girls can be taught the use of their limbs in the water, it may be interesting to them to hear how the art is taught at Paris.

The water is that of the Seine. This is the least agreeable circumstance in the case, as the water of the Seine is quite as unfragrant in the summer months as that of the Thames. Whether it is purified on entering the baths, I do not know. Let us hope it is. The bath is moored in the river, and the space occupied by water is 120 feet in length; a course long enough to afford room for all the exercises connected with swimming. A wooden platform, three or four feet under water, reaches to about the middle of the width of the bath; and this is for the use of children, and mere bathers who do not swim. The other half is of a considerable depth in the middle, admitting of practice in genuine diving.

The dress is excellent for the purpose. It is made of a light woollen fabric, which does not absorb much water. The trousers are loose, and fastened at the ankles. The upper dress, also loose, extends to the knee, and is belted round the waist, and closed at the neck. It is just as decent a dress as English ladies used to wear when Bath was called "The Bath," and when wigged gentlemen and powdered ladies used to wade about in full trim, and chat in the water. The first step in the process of teaching is to make the pupil understand how to keep on the surface, and how to sink to the bottom. Most people know that to spread out the limbs is to float, and to double one's self up is to sink; but it is not everybody who knows that the quickest way of going to the bottom is to raise the arms above the head. This is precisely what women do when they fall out of a boat, or find themselves overboard in a shipwreck. Up go their arms in their terror; and down they go to the bottom like a shot. This is the action used by divers, who want to reach their point by the shortest way.

From the ceiling of the Paris bath hangs a rope, which travels along on a sort of crane. Where this rope touches the water, a broad belt is attached to it. This belt is fastened easily about the pupil's waist, supporting her in the water, and leaving her at liberty to learn the action of the limbs in swimming. She is made perfect in these, and must then try her powers without support. To render her safe and preclude fear, the instructor (who is a master and not a mistress), walks along the edge, just before her, holding a pole within her reach, which she can grasp in an instant, if fatigued, or alarmed. It does not follow that we must have swimming-masters in England. The art is taught all along the rivers of Germany, and invariably by women in the women's baths. In

that case, the dress is less elaborate, and there is more freedom and simplicity in the practice.

It is a remarkable sight when the master is followed by ten or twenty pupils, his pole reminding one of the magnet which brings swans or fishes to the bread in a basin of water, in the old-fashioned toy which astonishes children. The second pupil has a hand on the shoulder of the first, and swims with the other three limbs; the third on the shoulder of the second; and so on—looking like a shoal of mermaids. When so thoroughly at ease as to amuse themselves for a long time in the water, the ladies sometimes grow hungry; and then is seen another remarkable sight—not quite so pretty. They rush from the bath to a confectioner's shop which opens upon it, and may be seen presently swimming with one hand, and

with the other eating their lunch, completely at ease.

After learning the art in fresh water, it is mighty easy to swim in the sea, from the density of the water, and scarcely possible to sink. A woman who knows how to float is safe for many hours in the sea, as far as keeping on the surface is concerned. Among breakers or sharks, or in extreme cold, the peril is not of drowning simply. The simple peril of drowning might be reduced to something very small, if everybody could swim.

These particulars of the Paris school may afford some guidance as to how to set about getting women and children taught what they all ought to know; and in the hope that something may arise out of them, I offer them to the readers of ONCE A WEEK. V.



FAIRY MAY.

I.

COME hither, little Fairy May,
My bride if you will be,
I'll give you silks and satins bright
Most beautiful to see;
I'll bring you to my castle hall,
'Mid lords and ladies gay :"
"No thank you, sir, I'd rather not,"
Quoth little Fairy May!

II.

Says mother, "He's a proper youth ;
Say yes, girl, there's a dearie :"
"Say no, Miss Pride !" her father cried,
"I'd only like to hear ye !"
But still, for all that they could do,
And all that they could say,
"No thank you, sir ; I'd rather not,"
Quoth little Fairy May !

III.

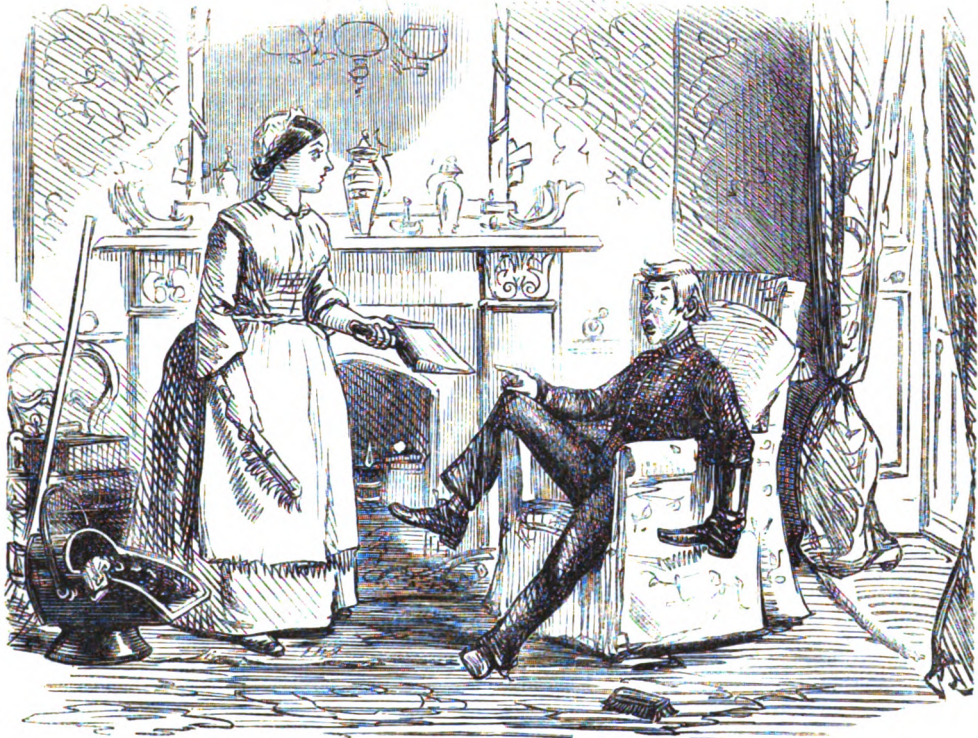
"Come Fairy May, your words unsay,
You silly little goosie !
You know within your heart of hearts,
You wouldn't like to lose me :
You'll never see me here again,
If once I go away :"
"Well, sir ! and much I care for that !"
Quoth little Fairy May.

IV.

"Lose such a prize !" her father cries,
"Say yes—or else I'll make ye !"
Her mother scolds— "A wilful chit !
I've half a mind to shake ye !"
But still for all that they could do,
And all that they could say,
"No thank you, sir, I'd rather not,"
Quoth little Fairy May. C. W. GOODHART.



OUR PAGE.



Skeggs intimates to Mary that he "ain't going to slave as he had bin."

I DECLINE to name the income on which Emma Maria and I married, lest the statement should have a tendency to re-open in these pages or elsewhere a certain discussion which attracted a good deal of attention some little time ago. It is sufficient for my purpose to declare, that its amount was such as to render us desirous of so arranging our prospective household affairs, as to avoid all expense not absolutely necessary for comfort and propriety of appearance. With reference to such arrangements our mutual friends and relatives favoured us with a good deal of advice; and as there was considerable difference in the opinions expressed, rendering it impossible for us, with the best intentions in the world, to follow everyone's counsel, I need scarcely say that we managed to offend, more or less, about nine in every ten of those who were good enough to "take an interest in our welfare."

There was one point, however, on which a remarkable unanimity of opinion appeared to subsist: that point was "servants." It was demonstrated that we couldn't get along at all with only one, and, further, that we couldn't possibly afford to keep two. This would at first sight appear rather a dilemma; not so, however. Two servants "proper" being clearly proved unattainable, the alternative was as clearly proved to be one, and "a page." We were informed that an average

female servant, at average wages, cost from thirty-five to forty pounds a-year; but that a page—buttressed and ornamental to open the door and wait at table, unbuttoned and useful to clean knives and shoes, and so forth—was an article almost costless, and quite priceless, to young housekeepers.

I must affirm, that I did not see the advantages of the proposed functionary in quite so strong a light as some of our advisers, and that it was more in deference to the opinions of others, the parents and guardians of my youth, than of my own free will, that I was induced to try the experiment. And oh! if I had had the smallest idea of what I was preparing for myself and Emma Maria, I would have quarreled with every relative I possessed in the world, rather than have taken the course I did. If the recital of a few of my miserable experiences (a very few, for a volume of this periodical might be filled without exhausting the subject) be the means of preventing any young couple from treading the same dreary path, I shall be amply rewarded. Oh, my young friends, if you would be happy, remain pageless!

Well, having settled upon keeping a page, the next question was how to procure one: and here an aunt of Emma Maria's (from whom she had expectations, never, alas! fulfilled) stepped forward. This old lady took an interest in an orphan asylum, the pupils of which being put out to

service, were bound to their employers for a term of years; and it was represented to me, that, in addition to suiting my own purpose, I should be assisting a deserving charity by taking a boy from the establishment. Accordingly, the week before we were married, Emma Maria and I, accompanied by her aunt, went to inspect the school. Sundry boys were called forward, and put through their facings, as it were, before us. Among these was one of the most ungainly youths I ever remember to have seen. His bones stuck out all over him in great lumps; his head was of the most peculiar shape, all angles where ordinary heads have curves; and there was that in his face which made me whisper to Emma Maria, in my droll way, that I was sure an admirably interesting melo-dramatic story might be written, suggested by his appearance, entitled, "Skeggs; or the Fatal Orphan." As he came from his seat towards us, he took the most absurd and exaggerated pains to tread on the tips of his toes, so as to avoid noise; a mode of progression which ended in his overbalancing, falling heavily against a desk, and eventually rolling up to Emma Maria's little boots, much to her alarm, though she couldn't help laughing when he had picked himself up, at his rueful expression, and the ape-like way in which he rubbed himself.

When we adjourned to the superintendent's room, I was asked if I should like to select a boy. I modestly said that as I knew nothing about any of the youths, I should much prefer leaving it to the superintendent to send me one whom he could thoroughly recommend. He said he would think the matter over, and promised that we should find a boy at our house on our return from our wedding tour, which Emma Maria's aunt, who I am bound to say took a more leading part in the arrangement than I altogether approved of, had told him was at hand.

At that epoch, when we drove up to our door, behind the friends who were in the hall waiting to receive us, my eye discerned a well-remembered hideous face, and I involuntarily exclaimed, in tones of horror, "Skeggs!" I thought Emma Maria would have fainted.

However, there was Skeggs, sure enough, resplendent in bright buttons (I had made arrangements about the clothing question), and on the mantelpiece was a note from the superintendent, stating that Skeggs' name was Bernard Wilkins, and that in his (the superintendent's) opinion, he was the very boy for us.

Emma Maria was rather mollified by this note; she said Bernard was a nice name, and would sound so well. I had misgivings, but I only shook my head; after all, they were but misgivings; I knew nothing about the lad, and could hardly send him back because of his looks. Besides, we were to have him a month on trial before binding him for three years. I may state, too, that the resources of sartorial science had considerably diminished the angularity of his appearance.

During his month of probation, Skeggs so conducted himself as to cause me many pangs of self-reproach for my first judgment of him. He was respectful and attentive, perhaps a shade too demonstratively so: though this may be an after-

thought, begotten of subsequent events. The knives and boots were resplendent, the door was "answered" without undue delay; and the maid-servant's report was in addition so favourable, that, on a certain day, I, the superintendent of the asylum, and Skeggs, set our hands and seals respectively to a document whereby I bound myself to provide Skeggs with food, shelter, and raiment for three years—which was about the worst quarter of an hour's work I ever did.

Very shortly after this the perfidious hypocrite threw off the mask, openly stating to Mary, the maid-servant, "that we had him for three years, and that he wasn't going to slave as he had bin." He became idle, saucy, and gluttonous to a degree I should have before thought incredible; he was always eating, notwithstanding which it came to my knowledge that he had complained to a neighbour's servant that we—that is, Emma Maria and I—were "a rubbishing, starving lot; and that he could hardly get enough to keep body and soul together;" and that he had likewise given to the world sundry other statements, which, though ingeniously and diabolically falsified, were yet sufficiently based upon circumstances of actual occurrence to convince me that he had acquired habits of persevering and judicious eaves-dropping. He speedily became the bane of my life; never did I leave the house in the morning, without some unpleasant reminder of his presence there; never did I return in the evening, but to hear the voice of lamentation and complaint respecting his behaviour. Unblacked were now the boots, unpolished the cutlery, unheeded the knocker and the bell; nay one day he absolutely declined to wait upon Emma Maria at dinner, (I dined at a chop-house near my place of business), and was so violent that, on my return at night, I found her in tears.

I couldn't believe that any sane person would behave as Skeggs had done without some cause, fancied or real, and demanded particulars.

"He just said he wouldn't."

"But, my dear," I asked, "didn't you reason with him on such preposterous conduct?"

Yes. Emma Maria had reasoned with him.

"And what did he do then?"

"He da-da-danced at me;" with sobbing.

I admitted the difficulty of refuting this argument, and descended to the kitchen. But I could do no good with him, and I found that the notion that "we had him" for so long a time, had taken entire possession of him.

So, on the morrow, I presented myself before the superintendent of the asylum, and laid before him my complaint. I found him a different man from what he had been at our last interview—cold, not to say uncivil.

"It was very strange; Wilkins had always shown himself a remarkably good boy; if I doubted this, I could see his character duly certified in the books of the institution."

I declined this solace, not seeing its exact bearing on my case, and being already aware from experience that Skeggs was a finished hypocrite. Shall I confess that I only kept my temper with difficulty, seeing as I did in the superintendent's manner, an evident expression of opinion that I

had no business to have a boy from the institution behaving badly in my house.

All that I could get by way of proposed remedy was a suggestion that one of the ladies' committee should call at my house, talk to Wilkins, and give him good advice to keep him from future evil. I hadn't the liveliest faith in this moral prophylactic, but, in an evil hour, I consented to its administration. How much the remedy transcended the disease, it is beyond my feeble power to tell.

The committee lady came and talked to our page, and talked and came, and talked again. She was never out of the house; she was there sometimes as early as nine, A.M., and on one occasion she left the door at a quarter before eleven, P.M. Whatever Bernard was doing, she came and demanded him to be talked to. She routed Emma Maria, who hinted to her that her presence was occasionally inconvenient, and when I ventured to second the hint, she wouldn't take it. She possessed us, and I used to go about my daily affairs thinking of how she was even then closeted with Wilkins in our dining-room, and composing imaginary forms of address to her, of which the beginning used to hover between, "Madam, I must really request that you will be good enough," and, "Fiend, in the shape of lady, avant!" I don't think I should ever have had the nerve to turn her out, had that course not been forced upon me.

One evening, goaded to frenzy by Skeggs' behaviour, I confess I was so far transported with rage as to give him a box on the ears. This he reported to his lady-friend, and next day I had a visit from her and the superintendent, who took me to task roundly for what he was pleased to call my brutal conduct to an orphan lad, and informed me that if I again laid hands upon him, they would appeal to the law for his protection. Likewise that he could now understand how Wilkins was a boy so different to his former self, supposing my complaints of him to be well grounded. To all this the committee-lady acted as chorus, throwing in remarks and suggestions at intervals in aggravation of my offence. I restrained myself so far as to ask whether they wouldn't take him back again, or even exchange him for another boy; but no, it seemed that as I had made my bed so I must lie. With an exhortation to that treatment of the lad, which would draw out his good qualities (the delivery of which nearly caused me to kick him into the street), the superintendent departed accompanied by the lady. I gave strict orders that on no pretext should either of them be ever again suffered to enter the house.

It may be well supposed how this occurrence acted upon Skeggs. He, of course, learnt the result of the interview between the superintendent and myself—(I'll swear I saw the committee-lady lurking in the street one morning)—and shaped his course accordingly. But deliverance was at hand. One evening I was returning home and some fortunate wind having blown a brick down our bed-room chimney the night before, I bethought me that I would go up the back street, and look whether any outward damage was discernible. It was just dusk, and I hastened up the street, doubting whether the fading light

would serve my purpose, when I suddenly became aware of an old and very ill-favoured woman at our yard-door, in earnest conversation with some one within. Before I could reach the spot, a bundle was transferred to her, and she straightway departed. I went round to the front, was admitted by Emma Maria who was at the window looking out for me, and called Mary, the maid-servant. Mary was out. "At last, Skeggs," thought I, "I have thee," and I regret to say that I felt something very like triumph at the idea.

I summoned him up-stairs, and imperiously demanded what woman he had just been talking to? Of course the first impulse of the ingenuous boy was bold, barefaced falsehood.

"He hadn't been talking to any woman."

I convinced him gently that this line was useless; and then, "Oh, yes; there was a woman!" as though it had quite escaped his memory. "Well, it was—yes, it was his aunt."

"Oh! and what had he given her?"

"Nothing."

It required the threat of a policeman before Skeggs admitted, as he ultimately did, that a few articles of household linen had been considerably bestowed by him upon this relative.

I may as well state here what we afterwards found out; that "a few" very inadequately described the number and variety of articles which had disappeared; evidently during some time.

Next day, I had the pleasure of visiting the school, and informing my friend the superintendent that if he didn't at once ease me of Skeggs, I should be under the necessity of bringing the matter before a magistrate, who would not only deal with the said Skeggs, but would cancel the indenture which had bound him to me. I was sorry, after all, for the superintendent,—he seemed so cast down and really grieved at the affair: but I was firm; and, to prevent the scandal, and consequent detriment to the institution, he consented to quash the indenture. He much wished me to try another boy, but to this proposal I hastily replied, "Heaven forbid!" and left the place, which I have never since entered.

Our next venture was not a bad boy like Skeggs, but he had his faults. He too was gluttonous; this, however, I find to be a peculiarity of the genus page; but it was unpleasant that this youth by gross feeding used to bring out boils upon his face to such an extent that he was often unable to wait at table. Not that this was an unmixed subject of vexation, especially when we had friends at our social board; for Edward used occasionally to take an obtrusive interest in the conversation, and alarm people by breaking out into hoarse chuckles, much behind time, at passing jokes; and cover Emma Maria and myself with confusion, either by losing himself in the contemplation of current events, or by dropping the plates and dishes. The fact is, he was only one remove from an idiot. Skeggs' suit of clothes was altered for him, and it appeared that he must have had some undeveloped views on the bullion question as connected with the shiny buttons thereof; for, having removed three of them from the most prominent part of his chest, with a view, I sup-

pose, to some experiments on their nature and properties, he appeared at dinner one Sunday with two common brass flat trouser buttons and one pin, distinctly visible, in lieu of them. Notwithstanding this, there was as much placidity and self-complaisance in his face, as though his appearance presented no grounds for cavil or complaint; and his manner altogether was that of one conscious of being in all respects a perfectly appointed page. This was trying: but it was more so to see him, when mildly questioned as to the cause of this absence of buttons, suddenly pass from absurd equanimity to idiotic despair, giving vent to the most frightful howl imaginable, and protesting that he "thought they were silver," as if that was a good and sufficient excuse. He hadn't sense to perceive that it was an aggravation of the offence. Well, I looked over this, had him re-buttoned, and retained him in my service. What was the consequence? One morning, in accordance with a previous arrangement with my tailor, I told Edward that a person would call for some new clothes,—sent home to me in an unsatisfactory state,—which he was to deliver on such application. When I returned home, I found that the clothes were indeed gone, but whither, no one knew. It appeared that during the forenoon Edward, on opening the door, found there a man, and, idiotically jumping to a conclusion, at once said, "Oh, you're from the tailor, I suppose, for those clothes of master's?" To which the stranger—evidently a man capable of improving opportunity—promptly replied in the affirmative, and at once bore off the habiliments, as also an overcoat voluntarily added by our page. When the tailor's boy—the real Simon Pure—arrived, Edward broke wildly in upon Emma Maria with a voluntary confession, the substance of which I have related. The top-coat he said he thought wanted mending, and it might as well go. This little freak cost me twelve pounds odd, and the services of Edward.

I have left myself no space to describe in detail the misdeeds of subsequent pages, and can only name three briefly: James, who in conjunction with Emma Maria's brother, aged fourteen, and in the course of some experimental philosophy involving the use of gunpowder, set himself on fire; and had it not been for the presence of mind and body of Mary the servant, a female of great dimensions and weight, who at once knocked him down and sat upon him, he would doubtless have set the kitchen on fire also. As it was, he came from beneath Mary bald and buttonless, his clothes being utterly ruined.



Then there was Henry. Well do I remember returning one summer evening at about half-past eight, from a friend's house, and seeing our "pretty page looking out afar,"—that is, perhaps fifty yards from our door,—at a single combat between two of the youth of the neighbourhood. It was Mary's "day out," and Henry had been left in charge of the house. The neglected door had fortunately or unfortunately slammed-to, and I thus found myself shut out from my hearthstone and my household gods. After attracting the delinquent's attention to this state of things, I had to beg temporary accommodation for Emma Maria at a neighbour's, whilst I sought a glazier. I thought myself fortunate in finding one in a neighbouring street, on his way home; and amid the jeers of the multitude, I had to superintend this individual whilst he cut out a pane of glass from the parlor window. Having thus gained access to the house, he opened the front door; but I regret to say that on the way he managed to possess himself of Emma Maria's gold watch, which was always hung from a stand on the mantelpiece, and that I have not had the pleasure of seeing him since.

After this youth's ignominious dismissal, came a string of pages, principally characterised by general incapacity; among them, however, stand prominently forward in my remembrance, John, who was subject to fits, poor fellow,—not his fault certainly, but to some extent our misfortune.

It will be seen, when I mention our "page," that I use the word as a noun of multitude, signifying many.

Talk of thirty-five pounds a year as the cost of a servant! I am convinced that I am within the mark, when I declare that the average annual expense of our page, or series of pages, was not one farthing under fifty pounds, taking into consideration the almost constant renewal of clothing requisite, and the damage and loss consequent upon stupidity and evil doing.

When I at length became convinced that the saving to be effected by the employment of these boys was a myth, I registered a vow,—that is, I told Emma Maria—that I would no more of them, to her great delight.

We got another respectable female servant—not easy to get, my friends tell me; but we were fortunate, as we were perhaps unfortunate in our selection of boys;—at all events, never have I had occasion to repent of the resolution which I formed of abolishing and doing away with the office of "our page."

C. P. WILLIAM.

ENGLISH WAR-SHIPS AND THEIR USES. By W. B. A.

"O'er the wild gannet's bath came the Norse Coursers."

And to a goodly land they came, bearing the seed of the Norse gods, to take root in the ocean-bounded soil of freedom, where the salt from the veins of the Viking remains to this day undiluted in the veins of their descendants. Ocean-born, they "go down to the sea in ships," not along a river current, to catch a startled glance and so return, but to sport in its waters, which are their gain, their glory, their delight; the merchant's highway, the sailor's battle-field, the sick man's renovating bath, and the racecourse of the wealthy chiefs and leaders, whose revenues vie in producing the swiftest keels and the safest sea boats. Once upon a time a rival amongst their western kindred came hither with a craft fashioned like those of pirates in the eastern seas, with stiff flat sails, and a spoon-shaped bottom, and by a trick out-maneuvred our Fairy Queen and won the prize. But it was a trick—a vessel without space to hold a crew between her ribs, a fair-weather craft without a hold; a craft to which her crew might cling like the parasites outside a whale, but in which they could not be said to live. And so after being a nine months' wonder, and startling some few yacht-owners from their self-possession, causing them to sell their yachts for little or nothing to sharp purveyors of foreign fruit, this far-famed "America" came to "wear a broom" in vain, and now lies somewhere "along shore" in dirt and rags, no one caring to become her possessor. The coasts of the Narrow Sea are not an arena for toy craft, for fair-weather birds. He who would fain skirt them in all weathers needs a craft that may laugh the tempest to scorn, while watch and watch can take alternate ease in dry berths.

The "wooden walls of Old England" were very different things from those wooden walls which the oracle advised the people of Athens to adopt—the oar-impelled galley—the sea-ram of old, with its brazen horns or beak to transfix its opponent galley, involving no small amount of skilful manœuvring and with very inadequate power. Our "wooden walls" have done good service in their time; but wood is a material adapted only for vessels of a comparatively small size. Beyond a certain limit the bolts and fastenings crush the grain, and draw out. It becomes necessary to bind the parts together with straps and plates of iron, and in each case it is better to make the entire casing of iron, and to use the wood only as a packing. Wooden ships, ere steam propelled them, required to be carefully guarded against fire. To put steam furnaces into a wooden vessel is a clear tempting of Providence. The internal fires dry the whole of the timber to the condition of tinder. Once on fire, there is no chance of extinguishing it. Upon the same principle that locomotive and steam engines are prohibited from being used in public when in a dangerous condition, steam engines ought to be prohibited from use in wooden vessels altogether, unless the wood be used simply as a packing, and chemically treated so as to render it unburnable.

For war-ships one of the chief qualities required is speed. Other things being equal, the fastest vessel will be the most powerful, being able to attack her opponents at pleasure and to retreat at pleasure, and, moreover, to strike the weakest part of her opponent. And, other things being equal, the largest vessel will be the fastest if moved by internal power. Using the wind as a moving power, the speed will vary with the class of vessel. The large vessel will move fastest in a heavy gale, the small vessel will have the advantage in light winds. For mercantile purposes a sailing vessel is best, leaving the whole of the hold for stowage, in regions where the wind blows for months together in a given direction. For certain purposes an auxiliary screw of small power is useful, as, for instance, to help a vessel over the calms of the Line. But for war-vessels, except in districts where fuel is not procurable, sails—unless mere lower sails—are best dispensed with, and steam, or any power which may ultimately dispense with steam, had better be exclusively used. If shot strike the masts and sails of a war-vessel, her power of locomotion is impeded, and she will lie at her antagonist's mercy. In war-vessels sails are useful for travelling purposes to save fuel, but internal propulsion is best for fighting.

In point of speed, the largest ships will have the greatest advantage in rough weather, for a very obvious reason. The small vessel partakes of every motion of the waves, and works up and down hill, impeded by every fresh movement. The large vessel makes a straight course: she preserves an even keel at her line of floatation, and the waves oscillate past her without disturbing her. With a proportionate size, the largest waves of the ocean are no more to the larger vessel than the ripple on the water of a pond is to the child's sailing boat.

Iron ships, like most maritime improvements, originated in the merchant service. In their typical form they are of very ancient date. About the year 1800 iron barges existed on the Paddington canal, much in the form of very long square tanks, and a little boy walking with a cynical sectarian Scottish guardian was severely reproved for likening them to Elisha's miracle of causing iron to swim.

Some of the earliest sea-going vessels of iron were built on the Clyde, and if not very like a whale, they were certainly very like kettles intended to boil a whale in. In fact, the earliest vessels were made by boiler-makers, and all that they appeared to aim at was to make vessels that would keep out water with the greatest possible amount of displacement in the most convenient form for riveting together without regard to movement. They were mere shells without ribs or framing; and though very safe as regarded mere water-pressure, utterly without strength if they struck an obstacle. They were cheaper than wooden vessels, and carried more bulk and weight in proportion to their displacement. About a foot in thickness was added to the cubic capacity of the hold over sides and bottom. Of the unseaworthiness of this kind of craft an example was given in the Tayleur, which

on her first voyage struck a rock on the Irish coast, and went down instantaneously in deep water with every soul on board. Again, the possibility of making them sufficiently strong was demonstrated in the case of the Great Britain, which lay for four months on the rocks at Dundrum Bay, exposed to the whole thrash of the Atlantic, and was got off a serviceable vessel at last.

Wooden vessels are constructed of a framing of timbers, which in war-ships are put together solid, and covered with a skin of planking inside and out. It was long before economy of cost would permit the idea that an inner framing was essential to give form and strength to an outer iron skin, imitating thus the ancient coracle formed of a leathern skin on a wicker basket, not without form, but with a very bad form, and void. Precisely of such structure is the Esquimaux canoe, built, like our Thames' wherries, in the best form for skimming the water.

Even when it had been decided that ribs were essential to iron skins, it was still considered necessary to retain the old practice of making the deck beams of wood, and the decks of fir planks caulked, decks which in dry weather required to be treated like the sides and bottom—kept wet to prevent them from leaking. The phrase "washing decks" meant, in truth, wetting decks to keep them from chinking open. The cleanliness grew incidentally from the necessity of the after "swabbing," and, gradually, fastidious masters' mates took to spending their own money in lemons to whiten them, till the phrase "as clean as a ship's decks" became a sea proverb.

At length a move was made in the Great Eastern. A ribbed framework of iron was covered with an iron outer skin and an iron inner skin, and the whole was divided into water-tight compartments, fore and aft and athwartships, so that if one or more compartments filled, the others would float her. The practice of water-tight compartments obtained early in iron vessels. The Nemesis steamer, sent out to India by the East India Company, after beating the Admiralty in a long paper warfare—*Steam versus Wind*—was built of iron, in compartments; and, practically, she decided the first Chinese war in our favour, though, one day, a rock or a Chinese shot—random, of course—struck her exactly at the partition of the two hinder compartments, and she would have sunk, but that the forward partition kept her floating. Our Scotch friends in the Clyde built some peculiar vessels, very flat-bottomed, with the intention of getting direct from Glasgow to Liverpool over the river shallows; these were divided by water-tight compartments, but they had great alacrity in going to leeward, not being provided with lee boards like our coasters and the Dutch craft. One of them took to the rocks on the Isle of Man, lying in their lee-way, and great exultation was exhibited by the rival owners of wooden craft at the failure of the new-fangled device. But in truth it was only a proof in favour of the scheme; for the canny owners of the iron craft, finding she would stow more cargo with a clear run in the hold, took

out the water-tight compartments, and so ensured her sinking.

In addition to her double sides and bottom, the Great Eastern has another improvement. For the first time the decks also are of iron, and therefore for the first time an incombustible ship is attained. Shylock's phrase, "ships are but boards," no longer holds good. It is true that the compartments may be filled with combustibles and set on fire, or they may be blown up with gunpowder, but any one compartment may be drowned without risk, to put out a fire; and it is not an impossible thing so to stow the gunpowder that the minimum of damage may be inflicted by explosion, and the vessel remain a seaworthy craft notwithstanding.

The Admiralty built a number of iron steamers, imitating, as is always done, the experience of the merchant service. It then occurred to try their shot-proof capacity. Cast-iron shot splintered in going through their sides, and some of the projectiles drove in two square yards of plating at a blow, precisely as the Irish rock stove in the sides of the Tayleur. The plates broke away entire along the lines of rivets.

This leads us to the question of riveting—a very imperfect process. In round numbers, the strength of a vessel at the rivets is only two-thirds that of the solid portion, even when the riveting is carefully and honestly performed. But a large portion of the riveting is simply hand-labour, and the labour of many hands. The operation of punching holes does not always bring them opposite to each other, and a second operation, called "drifting," takes place, skewing the rivet from one hole to another. In some cases the bad workman who has caused the defect covers up his bad workmanship with a leaden rivet. The most careful supervision cannot always guard against this.

Let us begin at the beginning, and find out what we want step by step. First, the ship should be such as cannot be sunk by collision. The bottom should be of the strongest possible structure. The fire-box of a locomotive engine furnishes an example of this. Two skins, some four inches apart, are connected by stay-bolts four inches from each other, and the pressure of steam, twenty tons to the square foot, between them, has no power to rend them asunder. If the pressure, instead of being internal were external, and the hollow space were filled up with solid matter between, the strength of resistance would be increased many fold.

Again, if a surface of iron plates, riveted together and extended on an open frame, be struck with a shot, a large mass will be driven in. But if the whole volume of the plates be lined with a solid mass of timber, of sufficient thickness, the shot will simply punch a hole in the iron plates.

If, therefore, we construct the bottom of the vessel, and part of the rising sides, of two skins, say four feet apart, with parallel surfaces, stayed with strong stays four feet apart, and then fill the inclosed space with hot bitumen mingled with blocks of wood or with stone ballast, the bitumen when cold would be a tough substance,

and the whole would form a solid body that, if it struck a rock, might have a hole punched through its outer skin, but scarcely through the inner skin, which would dinge upwards. If the rock broke through both, then the compartment system would limit the damage to a small portion of the vessel. With hot bitumen run in between the two skins, no mischief could take place by rust. The whole floor might, for greater security, be composed of three skins, making up a thickness of six feet.

But this supposes the ordinary process of riveting the plates together. If the plates could all be welded together in one piece instead of riveted, the same strength would be obtained with two-thirds the thickness of metal, or with the same thickness of metal one-third more strength would be attained. Could this be done, a vessel might be constructed with the entire shell, deck and all, in a single piece of malleable iron, as entire as the skin of a whale.

But this has not yet been done. No; and there was once a time when no iron vessel at all had been built. One thing is certain—iron has been welded together in larger or smaller pieces, more or less perfectly, from a very distant date.

What, then, is welding?

Heating the surfaces of two or more pieces of iron to a pasty or just melting condition, and bringing them into close contact, free from all scale or dirt, in which case the two or more pieces become one.

Scale is produced by atmospheric air impinging upon hot iron, and no union can take place while scale exists between the surfaces. But without atmospheric contact scale does not form. If a polished watch-spring be bedded in powdered charcoal, covered over in a crucible, and kept red-hot for a week without atmospheric contact, and then be suffered to cool gradually, it will come out without loss of polish. Every one knows that in the burning of an ordinary tallow-candle carbon is formed in the shape of what is called the snuff, and that this snuff goes on increasing in bulk till it rises above the bladder of flame which encloses it. If the candle be considerably inclined out of the vertical position, the carbon is protruded beyond the wick, atmospheric contact is induced, and the carbon is burnt away.

If flame can be made to impinge on iron surfaces, so as to shut out the atmosphere, scale will not be formed; the flame consumes the oxygen of the atmosphere, and prevents it from approaching the iron.

In ordinary welding the iron is put into a furnace, or into a smith's forge. It is rare that more or less scaling does not take place. The smith tries to prevent it by throwing sand on to the iron, which melts into glass, and so shuts out the atmosphere. In these cases the coal with sulphur and other impurities is brought into contact with the metal. What is wanted is, not the coal, but the hydrogen and carbon producing flame and heat by impact. It is therefore worth inquiring whether this cannot be done in a better mode and with better management. There does not seem to be much difficulty. The oxyhydrogen

blowpipe gives us the most intense heat we know of. If therefore a reservoir of hydrogen gas under pressure be made to communicate with a pipe and nozzle, and atmospheric air under pressure be used in a similar mode, and fire be applied, where the two unite, the result is a welding heat. If instead of a single nozzle, a combination of nozzles, or pipes with a continuous row of holes, be used, a flame of any length may be produced. This flame might be made to impinge on the joints of iron planks the whole length of a ship's side, in such a manner as not to burn away the sharp edges of the plates, but to cover the surface so as to prevent scale, and produce a welding heat through the whole length, and thus simple pressure would effect a welded joint. The metal would become homogeneous. If this can be done (and there seems no reason against it), we shall attain strength and durability hitherto unaccomplished.

The next question is that of propulsion—the power to propel, and also the instrument to propel with. Steam is at present our best power, but it has its disadvantages. The power is not generated at the moment of action. It needs a reservoir, and the reservoir may burst. Magnetism differs from this, if we could only use magnetism. Then steam needs fresh and pure water, not easily to be had on the ocean. Again: steam needs fuel, which is very bulky and takes up space, and is moreover explosive, under certain circumstances, as well as the steam it helps to create; but withal steam is the best power we know of at present, and we must work with it till we get a better. We call the engine a steam-engine, but it is in reality a heat-engine; the water gives out power in proportion to the heat it absorbs, and all power appears to resolve itself ultimately into heat. Whether it be the power of steam, or magnetism, or electricity, or wind or water, or the power of animal muscles—whether elastic power or the power of gravity—all seems to resolve itself into the question of heat.

Many disputes have arisen as to whether circular movement or rectilinear movement is best for the prime mover; but thus far opinion seems to be in favour of the latter; and the next question is as to the instrument. The paddle, the screw, and the pump are up to this time the efficient means. Steam-moved oars have been tried, but with inefficient results. The paddle is out of the question for war-ships, even supposing it more efficient for speed than the screw. The best made paddles should enter the water at one corner, but so as to make no blow, and in that case they would approximate to the action of the screw; but the side of the vessel would be a very awkward position for the screw. It is proved that the best screws are those that enter the water gradually, with rounded corners.

The first propulsion by pump was tried by Dr. Franklin, who got astride of a wooden ship's-pump in a pond, and found that by working the handle he could move himself along. The last trial was by a centrifugal pump, similar to that shown at the Great Exhibition, pulling the water in at the fore end of the vessel and discharging it on each side abaft. A single pump was used, and it was found that by delivering the water at a

nozzle on each side, with a moveable mouth, the vessel could be made to move forward or backward, or to turn round, at pleasure. It is yet a disputed point how much more power is lost by the pump than by the screw; but when we remember how many years we have been by slow processes getting the screw to its present condition of utility, there is little doubt that further experiments will give important results with the pump. The same screw that we apply at the stern of a vessel wherewith to propel, serves equally well to raise water when applied as a pump, if the sides be inclosed to form a bucket.

One thing is certain, the stern screw is much more out of the way than the side paddles or screws, and the pump in the bottom is still more out of the way than the stern screw. There is nothing to get foul in the case of the pump, and in a war-ship even something of speed might be sacrificed for such an important object.

While we use explosive boilers, it is worth while to consider how to minimise the danger if an explosion does take place. The usual course of explosion is upwards, like gunpowder; and therefore if the boiler be confined within firm wrought-iron walls, there need be no communication to the boiler space save by the furnace and ash-pan doors; and in such case the stokers might be kept comparatively cool by constant currents of air passing over and around them, in contradistinction to the present very common practice of nearly roasting them alive. Apart from the cruelty to the men, this is no trifling matter in point of safety to crew and passengers. No man can do his work well and thoroughly while his bodily sensations are those of pain and discomfort, and even inspection cannot be well performed with unwilling workmen. We have no right, as we are not despots, to roast people alive in a stoke-hole, and shall infallibly get punished for it, by their doing what they ought not to do, and leaving undone that which they ought to do. Examination of valves and all other matters can be provided for, without having the heated boiler in close contact with the stokers. A war-ship depending wholly on the management of her steam, would be in great peril if the condition of her boilers were such as to drive the men away at intervals to get fresh air, as we so commonly see in our river passenger-steamers.

Supposing the walls of the boiler space to be carried up a sufficient height above the deck like a square chimney, and roofed over only sufficiently strong to keep out wind and water, the probable result of an explosion would be similar to that of a gun placed vertically. It would blow the steam and all fractured portions upwards, with little mischief and without permeating horizontally, and scalding the men; and the boiler could be arranged so as to make the upper portion the weakest part, thus determining the fracture to the line of safety, if burst by over pressure. It is obvious that in the construction of boilers the same principle ought to obtain as in the construction of the vessels, viz., to get rid of rivets, and to substitute solid welding, even if the question involved a change of form in the boilers, so arrang-

ing them as to make all parts capable of being welded.

In all vessels there is one line of floatation or displacement which involves the least amount of retardation through the water. In the ordinary arrangement of vessels this varies in proportion to the consumption of provisions and water by those on board. In steam-vessels, the item of coal-consumption makes a much more serious difference. In the Great Eastern this difficulty is met by pumping sea or other water into the various compartments to replace the weight consumed. From the time that iron tanks were used instead of water-casks this plan has been resorted to, but in steam-vessels, with fixed pumps and pipes, and with steam to do the work, the old plan of ballasting by shingle or gravel may be dispensed with. Water ballast is the most convenient arrangement, and, placed in close cells so that it cannot shift, it is the safest of any kind, for common ballast may shift by the rolling of a vessel. Moreover, no other ballast than water can be procured at sea to supply the daily waste.

(To be continued.)

HOW I BECAME A HERO. By G. P.

PART II. THE CHANGE.

THURSDAY came, and I stood at the entrance-gate to bid my new friends welcome to Beaumont. At the first sound of my voice Leslie Barrington uttered my name; and "How kind!"—"How pleasant to be welcomed by a friend!"—Mrs. Barrington laying great stress on the last word—followed immediately. While the trunks were being taken from the carriages, Leslie said:

"Walk me round, Terese."

"This way, then," she said.

She then, as people do with the blind, walked round the green in front, describing it to him, always using the word that sounded to me so sadly:

"See, see, dear Lealie, there on the right is the gate by which we entered—a handsome-looking iron gate; there is a low wall on each side of this gate with iron railings on the top. It joins the house, see, on one side of the gate, and it is met at the other angle by a high wall—the high wall opposite to us. How pretty it looks!—a vine, a Virginia creeper, and such a climbing rose! A high wall, just like the opposite one, on our left, too. I wonder why that side is bare of trees and plants! Close to the house there is a narrow doorway, a doorway in the wall—let us go through it."

I opened the door, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, such a sight! Leslie, this is what you are supposed to know nothing about. There is a gable standing: how melancholy those exposed walls look, with their green and brown paper! The timbers in the roof are pretty, forming lines and triangles."

We walked through the large square at the back of the house, which had been made tolerably free of rubbish for the convenience of the tenants, and we stood on the open down, with the skylark singing above us and busy insect life all around. Mr. Barrington enjoyed it greatly.

"You will grow stronger here," she said, nestling closer to his side, and clasping his arm.

She looked up at him, and he looked at the fair evening sky with a face of worship. She watched him: her eyes dwelling on his face, all her strong woman's love in that smiling contemplation. It was evident that they were all things to each other. Would he have been made happier by the sight of her marvellous beauty? I thought not. He *felt* it—lived in it; had the vision of it for ever present to that mysterious interior sense which still he called *seeing*.

I walked home thoughtful. They were standing on the short sweet turf when I last looked back. He was stooping towards her now, she still looking up to him. I recollect the fondness of the face that freely poured forth its love upon his blindness, and felt that this woman had taught me much.

The week passed. My sister had spent several days with me, bringing my nephews, two frolicsome, handsome schoolboys. She and Mrs. Barrington had talked over many things. Our friendship had grown rapidly. We had shown her many of my uncle's letters, in which he had talked to our father of her mother. We had together destroyed what other eyes were not to see. Lealie Barrington was always present at these meetings, and we had learnt to love him. There was a peculiar elevation about his thoughts, and a singular tenderness in all his feelings. It was impossible not to rejoice in his wife's devotion to him, neither could we think her beauty thrown away.

It was at the close of the second week that I returned from a visit to my sister. When I reached my lodgings my landlady told me that Mr. and Mrs. Barrington had called in the afternoon to ask if I was at home, as they wished me to dine with them. She said they had looked quite disappointed on being told that I was not expected until late. Pleased with this little attention I determined to call on them early the following morning, and so went to bed.

I was waked from a sound sleep by a horrible noise—sound of loud voices and wailings and violent blows at my door. The first words that came to me with a full consciousness of their meaning were, "Fire! fire! O, sir, the blind gentleman!—fire! fire!" Afterwards, on looking back as calmly as I could through the events as they had followed each other, I could never tell how I got to the house—with whom, or by what way. But I was there, in that front between the enclosing walls, and I can see myself now standing—just come I suppose—standing where the Virginia creeper clung to the masonry, and hung its luxuriant green above my head.

I can see now, as I think of it, masses of flame and smoke issuing with a strange sound from the windows of the lower part of the house. I do not know how long it took me to be in the throng that half filled the hall. But I know that I was foremost among them, crying, "Mr. Barrington in the blue chamber to the right—a hundred pounds to the man who brings out Mr. Barrington!" Alas! the clumsy attempts to assist them

that had been made before I got to the spot had only increased their danger. The case was already desperate. The heated atmosphere forced people back—again and again I was thrust with that close mass of persons back from the house to the green in front.

Again all memory fails; but I know that I was at the back of the house, and in it. I never thought of Terese. Her husband—perhaps because I had learnt how truly he was her life, how utterly he was its all-absorbing joy—her husband was in my thoughts: it was her husband that I was going to save. I was up the staircase, the sea-breeze coming across that open land fed the flames, but sent them forward towards the front that I had left. I got into the passage, opened a red baize door, and saw Leslie standing, pale as a statue, by himself. At that moment the floor split just beyond where he stood with the sound of an explosion. I seized him. He knew me. The flames burst up—he knew that too. He was praying aloud. "Thy gift, O God!" I heard him say, his sightless eyes fixed as upon something far away. "Thy gift—Thy best, greatest, purest gift—token of immeasurable bounty—mark of immutable love—" He was speaking of Terese. I lifted him from the ground, got him on my back, and turned round—turned round to see the staircase I had come up in a cloud of smoke, striped by bright flashes of flame.

There was but one thing to be done. Death was by us, and must be fled from. Death was before us, but with speed, courage, a rapid foot, and a strong will, the resolution was scarcely formed before it was acted on, the danger was breasted—I rushed down upon my foe. It was not more than a minute's work, but the flames licked our faces, and took the skin off at each stroke; we were both of us on fire, but both safe, welcomed by hundreds of extended arms.

That square at the back of the house was full of men all looking to one point, all breathless with one fear. I saw that some great emotion swayed them. As if impelled by a common instinct they parted down the centre of the space; that dense body of living men seemed to dissolve away till, rapidly, almost a clearance was made in the immediate neighbourhood of the house. I saw this, and I heard a voice, "She was at the window a moment ago." Then I perceived that every eye was turned upward among the watchers, and that some one idea animated a busy knot of men, to give space to whose operations the crowd had receded to the open down, and fenced round the scene as with a dark wall of life.

I knew no more about Lealie Barrington: I was among those men in an instant. No one told me—words were not wanted—everything, as if by magnetism, was instantaneously comprehended. No one told me, but I knew that the only way to get Terese from the burning house was to raise supports high enough to enable a way to be made from the upstanding gable of the ruined house to the window where, time after time, she appeared. It was already impossible to reach her from below. Beneath her was a gulf of flame. The fire-escapes had only just come, and only now had the engines been got into efficient

work. They played away round the window where, enveloped in a blanket, she had last shown herself. Had the fire-escapes and ladders been three-quarters of an hour sooner, she might have been got out with comparative ease; now, no one could approach the lower part of the house. How she still was safe was wonderful. And the only chance left was to build a bridge across the angle

to where she was, and bring her along it. Still the fire-engines played on the wall—still she appeared and disappeared. She had never spoken a word, never given a single cry for help. We all knew why,—how, to spare her husband, she had borne herself thus heroically. She lost nothing by this great forbearance. The supports rose, the bridge-way was half across. It was not



very far, yet it was a height and a way that not six men in that multitude could venture to tread with any hope of success. Suddenly flames burst forth from the ends of the house nearest to the bridge-way. It must be done quickly now. Old casements had been used by the builder at the back of the house, and through one she was now leaning, clinging to the centre mullion for support. A youth—the steadiest head and quickest hand among the workmen—had succeeded in so nearly reaching her, as to thrust before him on the plank a light ladder with a rope fastened to the end. She comprehended in an instant, broke the glass out of the casement that did not open, pulled the ladder into the open window, tied it to the

mullion; and, thrusting herself through the opening, she stood on the window-sill, reaching forward for help. Who could walk that plank and ladder and lead her on? Boldly, steadily, the youth moved forward. As she stepped on the ladder he faltered; another step and it swayed; he recovered his balance, lost it again, and fell—fell towards the house. A sudden rush was made towards him, and he was safe, but with a broken arm. Still she never uttered a sound, but I saw her clinging to the middle mullion, looking down among the crowd; and I knew for whom she looked. In an instant another man was on that plank; but he was too anxious—too quick: he dropt before he had gone half the way. And

now there was a pause. I was among the rafters of the ruined house, and near the place from which the bridge-way started. I knew I could not do it. The misery of my weakness! would no one else attempt it?

I looked down—I saw, believe me, reader, it is true, as truly as you see these words—I saw among the blocks of wood and litter of bricks and beams, sheltered by the same roof that sheltered me, and surrounded by a strange white shimmering light, a woman, clad in a greyish-coloured robe—it might have been her burial-dress, so it looked to me—like a statue, pale and immovable, yet with dark waving locks, in large masses, on her shoulders. But the sea-breeze never moved a hair of its long length; and, but that it was darker than Mrs. Barrington's, being nearly black, and the whole figure taller, I might have mistaken them. Now I had never believed in ghosts, I had never thought much about them; but no doubt of that form being her mother's ever crossed my mind. It was her—taller, sadder, in a strange pale light of unearthly whiteness—standing as a sculptor might make an angel stand, with her eyes fixed on the figure who was holding by the mullion, and gazing among the crowd below. I say, I never doubted that the grave had given up its dead, and that He to whom all things were possible had for some great purpose sent her there. So I spoke under this strong sense of the supernatural which kept all fear away. I said, "For the love of God, what is to be done?" And I had the answer, how I cannot tell you, for I do not remember any voice; but in another moment I was standing below. I looked toward the place where the apparition had been, and it was not there. I went on quickly, for I had to do its bidding.

The clergyman of Beachly, and other good men, had taken charge of Mr. Barrington. They were telling him what was doing, not truly, but with such omissions as made it easy for him to hope and even feel secure of his wife's safety. I stood before them.

"Mr. Barrington," I said, "you are wanted. The bridge-way to your wife is so high, and always so much, that two men have fallen in trying to reach her. She is standing on the sill of the bed-room window opposite the drawing-room. It is the only way of getting her out."

There was no need for more. He had got up, and had said "Lead me on."

Horror was painted on every face. They brought hope on mine. We advanced to where she could see. She stretched forth her arms. I said, "She sees and welcomes you." He replied, "Thank God."

He was soon up to the gable, and stood still.

"You must remember," I said, "that the way is safe, though it does sway. It is of planks on to within ten feet of her—though a ladder reaches from the plank to her. That is a difficult place. And take care when you reach her—the narrowness, the double weight."

"Keep close together!" called a man from the crowd.

Leslie Barrington waved his hand towards the voice, and stepped with a cautious foot upon the

plank. He took three or four steps very slowly, then walked on bravely, getting slower again as he reached the place of greatest vibration. What a silence reigned below. Only the rushing of the water, the cracking of timbers and hoarse whisper of the flames. Then came her voice so calm and sweet, and tenderly low.

"My husband—my darling—I am coming to you!"

She stepped on the trembling ladder, held up her hands once as she nearly lost her balance, and where the ladder and the plank met—just where poles from below made steady the ends of each—they stood together; she had gone across those bars like a bird. She stood not trusting herself to look on anything but his sightless eyes. The silence below was unbroken; women dropped upon their knees; many prayed in their hearts, as I did. To our unutterable surprise, in stooping he lifted her in his arms, and leaned her on his shoulder across his breast. He turned round and walked back to where, on a temporary sort of flooring, I stood, and gently touching his arm as I had learnt to do, I guided him to the plank, where he set her down in safety.

The gazing world below made amends for silence then. How they cheered! They woke the seagulls from their nest, and the rocks and cavernous cliffs echoed the cheer. Amidst it all I saw them into a carriage, and found that the clergyman had arranged for them to go into a house close to his own, where they could be quiet in lodgings for a time.

"Anybody else can come into our house," he said, "the carriage and horses, and men-servants are gone to the doctor's. He waits for him at 5, Cliff Terrace."

So I ran by the carriage and helped them out; saw Nugent at the door of the new residence; shook hands with Dr. Bennet; told Terese I should come in the morning, and went home to thank God, and get some refreshment as I might.

The next day, and many days following, I went to see them. In a week's time they had recovered from the effects of their danger and fright. They gave God thanks publicly, and distributed a large sum of money among those who helped them.

Terese could talk of it now. And I had often thought that I would tell her of the apparition. But so solemn was the remembrance that I could not, for some weeks, get strength enough to speak of it.

At last, just before the day fixed for my departure, when I was sitting with her alone in the drawing-room of their lodgings, I began to tell her. At first she heard me, with a strange half-frightened face; but, as I went on, she looked intensely interested, now and then asking me a question in her sweet voice, and regarding me with a gentleness which had something sisterly in it.

I ceased speaking, and she answered me—answered with a question put with a downcast face, and the least possible smile trembling on her lips.

"Why have you never married?"

I was vexed.

I said, suddenly: "Perhaps because I have never seen a woman I could love."

"Yes, you have!" she answered quickly.

And if the spirit of mischief ever dwelt in woman, and looked out of woman's eyes, it looked out of those that now most unscrupulously sought my somewhat agitated face, "Yes, you have!" She rose, opened a door that led into another room, and said, "Ethel!"

There came forth a lady, younger, taller, darker-haired, and as beautiful as Terese.

"Ethel Barrington. Mr. Deane, my husband's sister. She is younger than I am—(don't stare at me, Ethel)—but very like—very like my beautiful mother, and your picture of her; is she not? Of course we thought you knew everything. But Ethel had come to us, the night of the fire, from Sir Frederick Worth's. She and the servants

had all time to be helped out somehow. I could not leave Leslie. He went to a room to secure papers; there you found him, and you know the rest. Ethel was fetched again the next morning by Lady Worth. It was Ethel who told you that Leslie could tread that terrible plank. She only returned to us yesterday. Do you understand it now?"

I did understand it. I understood, too, the bright exulting glance that *would* follow me and find me out, and tell me again and again, without the trouble of words, till I was shame-faced and cowardly, and struck with tremor and chicken-heartedness, that I had—yes, *I had*, and that *I knew I had* seen the woman I could marry, and that Ethel Barrington was she. And so I became a hero!—a hero? Do you doubt it; question it? Fair doubter, cease. I am Ethel Barrington's hero. I am hers.

THE SPRIG OF LAVENDER.



I.

is a faded sprig of Lavender, in nowise worth the keeping,
Yet I prize it above other things, though valueless it be;
For she's far off that gave it me, where clouds are calmly sleeping
All summer through, above the hills so very dear to me.

II.

The little hand that gave it, with the tiny fairy fingers,
With touches imperceptible has stolen all my heart;
Oh! frankly does she offer it, and oftentimes it lingers
Right lovingly within my own, where'er we meet or part.

III.

Yes, she is fair and gentle, and her voice is low and tender
As the whisper of a summer wind, or distant streams at play;
And may good angels guard her well, and sunniest moments send her,
Will ever be my prayer for her, when I am far away.

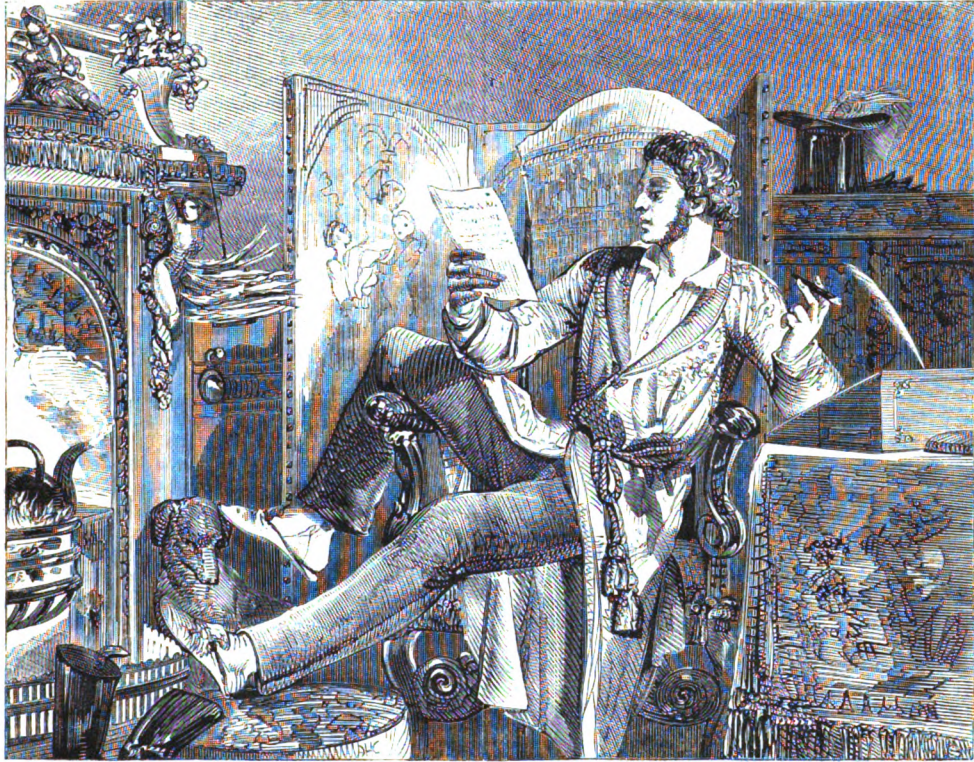
IV.

And thoughts of her bring thoughts of home, and all I've left behind me;
And then my thoughts go wandering in the mansions of the Past,
And little is the Lavender then needed to remind me
How happy hours, like summer flowers, must fade and perish fast.

V.

And yet I keep the Lavender, and when again I meet her,
I'll show her how I've kept it, and she'll turn away her head;
And blushing, say I'm foolish; but can anything be sweeter
Than to see the blushes rising o'er her cheek so rosy-red?
MEMOR.

HOW AN ADVERTISEMENT GOT A WIFE.



"TOBACCO is the tomb of love," writes a modern novelist of high standing; but, with every respect for his authority, I beg to say it was quite the contrary in my case.

Twenty-one years ago, I was sitting by my fireside, totting up innumerable pages of my bachelor's housekeeping-book, taking exercise in arithmetic on long columns of "petty cash"—comprising items for carrots and Bath-bricks, metal tacks and mutton chops—until, tired and wearied, I arrived at the sum total, and jerked the book on the mantelpiece. Nearly at the same time I placed my hand in the pocket of my dressing-gown, drew out a leather case, and lit a principle. Well, having lit the principle, I placed my feet on the fender and sighed, exhausted by my long job of domestic accounts. I was then in business—'twas a small wholesale business then, 'tis a large one now—yet one morning's totting of carrots and Bath-bricks, of metal tacks and mutton chops, would tire me a thousand times more than twenty-four hours of honest ledger-work. I sighed, not from love, but from labour; for, to tell you the truth, I had never been in love. Is this to go on for ever? thought I, as I took my third whiff, and looked dreamily through the thin smoke as it ascended between me and a large print of the capture of Gibraltar which hung over the chimney-piece. Am I to spend my prime in totting up parsnips, and computing carrots, and comptrolling

washing-bills? I sighed again, and in the act, off flew the button of my neck-band, as though some superior power had seasonably sent the accident to remind me of my helplessness.

The button settled the business; though, as it slipped down inside my shirt, and passed with its mother-o'-pearl coldness over my heart, it for a moment threatened to chill my matrimonial resolution. I pitied my own lonely state, and pity, we know, is akin to love. But how was the matter to be accomplished? Most men at my age would already have adjusted their inclination to some object; so that having made up their mind and counted the cost, little more would have remained to be done than to decide upon the day, and lay hold upon the licence. This, however, was not the case with me. I had been too much occupied, too idle, or too indolent to devote the time or make the effort to "form an attachment." It was through no disinclination or difficulty to be pleased; for had any young lady of moderately agreeable powers taken the trouble, she might have married me long ere then. I should even have been grateful to her for taking the trouble off my hands; but I was too bashful to adopt the initiative.

I was a bashful man. This weakness came from the same cause as my Uncle Toby's—namely, a want of acquaintance with female society, which want arose from another cause in my case—namely, too close an application to business.

Accordingly I thought of an advertisement; yet with no practical design of doing business, but, as I persuaded myself, for a joke. So I scratched with a pencil on the back of a letter, the following:—

WANTED A WIFE.—None but principals need apply. The advertiser does not require cash, but only a companion. He is six-and-twenty, and, tired of single, he thinks he can settle down to married, life. As men go, he believes he has a moderate share of temper, and want of time is his only reason for having recourse to the newspapers. He has enough means for himself and a second party, and is willing to treat at once. He is quite aware that a great many attempts to convert his honest intentions into an extravagant joke will be made, but he warns all rash intruders. If he finds a man hardy enough to make sport of his affections, he will thrash him—if a woman, he will forgive her. He has a heart for the sincere, a horsehip for the impertinent. In either case, all applications will be promptly attended to, if addressed to P. P., to the office of this paper.

I felt proud of my composition, and puffed away my principle with a vague glee and anticipation of something coming out of it. I had no very great idea that anything but fun would result; and I certainly had not the slightest notion of involving myself in a personal collision with any one. Still the presentiment that it was not destined to be all a barren joke, pressed upon me. On Saturday the advertisement appeared, and I heard its style canvassed by all my friends, and it was jokingly suggested by more than one, that I was the domestically destitute individual who put it forth.

On Monday morning I sent a boy to the newspaper office for P. P.'s letters. I expected he might be followed by some curious and inquisitive persons; so I told him on his way back to call at a bachelor neighbour's of mine for a book. The trick told. The lad was followed by some persons who never lost sight of him until they ran him to my friend's, and then they went back and announced that he was the advertiser. I thus discharged in full one or two practical jokes which my neighbour had played upon me. The answers were of the usual character—several seeking to elicit my name, and still more suggesting places of meeting, where I was to exhibit myself with a flower in my button-hole and a white handkerchief in my hand. One only looked like business. It was from a lady, who proposed an interview in a neighbouring city, about forty miles north. She said there was something so frank and straightforward in my advertisement, that she was convinced it was real, and she could rely upon my keeping her name secret, if after we met nothing came of the meeting. She would, therefore, see me at the —, at —, on a certain day, and if mutual approbation did not follow the interview, why there was no harm done.

Most people would have put down this as a trap to give me a journey for nothing. I did not. A presentiment impelled me to accept and keep the engagement.

This was in the old coaching days, when a man had time to make an acquaintance in forty miles, not as now, when you are at your journey's end before you have looked round your company in a

railway carriage. There were but two insides—myself and a pleasant, talkative, honest-faced elderly gentleman. Shy and timid in female society, I was yet esteemed animated and agreeable enough amongst my own sex. We had no trouble, therefore, in making ourselves agreeable to one another; so much so, that as the coach approached G—, and the old gentleman learned that I meant to stop there that night, he asked me to waive ceremony and have a cup of tea with him after I had dined at my hotel. My "fair engagement" was not till next day, and, as I liked the old gentleman, I accepted his offer.

After my pint of sherry, I brushed my hair and went in search of my coach companion and my promised cup of tea. I had no difficulty in finding him out, for he was a man of substance and some importance in the place. I was shown into the drawing-room. My old friend received me heartily, and introduced me to his wife and five daughters. "All spinsters, sir," said he; "young ladies whom an indiscriminating world seems disposed to leave upon my hands."

"If we don't sell, papa," said the eldest, who with her sisters seemed to reflect her father's fun, "it is not for want of puffing, for all your introductions are advertisements."

At the mention of this last word, I felt a little discomposed, and almost regretted my engagement for the next day, when that very night, perhaps, my providential opportunity had arrived.

I need not trouble my readers with all our sayings and doings during tea; suffice it to say that I found them a very pleasant, friendly family, and was surprised to find I forgot all my shyness and timidity, encouraged by their good-tempered ease and conversation. They did not inquire whether I was married or single, for where there were five young unmated daughters, the question might seem invidious. I, however, in the freedom of the moment, volunteered the information of my bachelorhood; I thought I had no sooner communicated the fact than the girls passed round a glance of arch intelligence from one to the other. I cannot tell you how odd I felt at the moment. My sensations were between pleasure and confusion, as a suspicion crossed my mind, and helped, I felt, to colour my cheek. Presently, however, the eldest, with an assumed indifference which cost her an effort, asked where I was staying.

"At the — hotel," I answered with some embarrassment.

It was with difficulty they restrained a laugh; they bit their lips, and I had no longer a suspicion—I was certain. So, after having some music, when I rose to depart I mustered courage, as I bid them good bye, to say aside to the eldest:

"Shall P. P. consider this the interview?"

A blush of conscious guilt, I should rather say innocence, told me I had sent my random arrow to the right quarter; so I pressed the matter no further at that moment, but I did her hand.

I remained in at my hotel next day, until an hour after the appointed time, but no one made their appearance. "Then," thought I, brushing my hair and adjusting my cravat, "since the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain;" so I walked across to my old

friends. The young ladies were all in. The eldest was engaged with some embroidery at the window. I had therefore an opportunity, as I leant over the frame, to whisper :

“S. S. is not punctual.”

The crimson in her face and neck was now so deep, that a sceptic himself would no longer doubt. I need say no more ; that evening in her father's garden, she confessed that she and her sisters had conspired to bring me up to G— on a fool's errand, never meaning, of course, to keep the engagement.

“Then,” said I, “since you designed to take me in, you must consent to make me happy !”

“And what did she say, papa ?” asks my second daughter, who is now looking over my shoulder as I write.

“Why, you little goose, she promised to be your mamma, and she has kept her word.”

M. R. J.

HOME OR HOSPITAL.

AMONG the whole range of human enterprises, there is scarcely perhaps a pleasanter one for ordinary people than building a house. Building a house to live in, or to put some friend into, I mean ; for there is nothing particularly interesting in the speculator's business of erecting houses by the dozen, or the row, or the block, without knowing who will inhabit them.

There is all the difference in the world between the two methods. I need not describe the dreary spectacle of the rows of unfinished or empty houses in and near London—places where the damp is spreading through for want of the warmth of life within ; where vagabonds get in for shelter, knowing that nobody is likely to come there but people like themselves ; and where all the cats, rats, and mice of the neighbourhood can make as much racket as they please. The police may look in occasionally in pursuit of thieves, or at the request of some timid resident in the nearest house ; but nobody has really any business there, and certainly nobody any pleasure. There is no gratification in such house-building as this.

The case is no better in those manufacturing towns where it was the rage, at one time, to speculate in dwellings for a rapidly-increasing operative population. It was enough to sink anybody's heart to see the builders' men at work upon a dozen or a score of cottages in a block. The main object seemed to be to save land, bricks, and money. The dwellings were all alike, standing back to back, so that one wall, without an inch of opening, formed the back-wall of the whole lot. Only the end houses could ever have openings on the side, and each of them on only one side. The others had a door and two or more windows in front ; and that was all the ventilation provided. Living there was being shut up in a box like a baby-house, with only a bit of the front moveable. Only one chimney to each ; windows not made to open, or with perhaps one small pane turning on a hinge ; and no fire-place in any bed-room : such was the provision made for the breathing of a whole family. The families

themselves were too little aware that it is a poisonous practice to live even in large and lofty rooms which have not openings for the perpetual renewal of the air. They did not understand that their wretched feelings in sleep, and on waking, were owing to their having breathed poisonous air during the night ; and so the tenants made no objection to the cottages on that score.

They were more aware of the injury done them by the absence of a proper foundation for the houses. The walls were scarcely inserted in the clay soil, which was left just as it was, undrained, untouched, with the brick-floors slightly rammed down into it, or a wooden flooring merely laid upon it. The damp which crept up the walls and kept the bricks wet, or the boards rotten, was a palpable evil enough ; and the tenants lamented it ; but they did not see, nor their landlord either, how anything could be done ; and there the place rotted, and the people in it. The houses were built to last only a few years, and to be going to pieces during the whole interval ; but the people decayed so much faster, that there was a long series of funerals from the doors before the roofs fell in and the walls crumbled down.

That was a long time ago. The subject happily is better understood now. From rickety dwellings run up to serve a single generation, let us turn to houses which will last a thousand years.

By houses which will last a thousand years, I do not mean any great baronial castle, or even the most substantial manor-house that any ancestor of our generation ever erected. I am thinking of the dwellings, for gentle and simple, which are built every year in those districts of the country in which stone is the material. In the mountainous parts of the kingdom, very few ruins of human dwellings are seen ; and such as there are would be sound and substantial houses again if they were roofed and fitted up. The walls are two or three feet thick, and there seems to be no reason why they should not stand for ever, if the foundation is good. The principle of building is the same for the most part in regard to the handsomest and the humblest abodes ; and the pleasure, I suppose, is much the same, both in kind and degree, of seeing the future dwelling rising from the ground, and assuming the appearance which it is to have for generations to come. In districts where the land is level, the soil clay, and the houses of brick, the highest policy of building is to emulate, as nearly as possible, the advantages and virtues of the stone regions ; and the towns and villages of our mountain districts ought therefore to be models of the art of healthy living in respect of habitation.

In such places there is usually an express aim in building a house, large or small. It is built, not for the chance of letting or selling, but for some particular inhabitant, or class of inhabitant. There is probably a scarcity of dwellings, and the new one is meant to accommodate somebody who is waiting, or any one of a dozen families who are known to be wretchedly crowded. In such a case, the first stage is of hope and fear about getting ground to build on. This is a sore point in many rural districts, and a very expensive part of the business in the towns. It is a painful

thing to see, in many a glorious valley and in many an old-fashioned country parish, that ground can always be had for building mansions, but never for cottages. A great lady, perhaps, who owns half a parish or a whole one, permits no house to be built except on the site of a former one, however populous the neighbourhood may be growing. A tradesman who has a chance to build a house on a lot among others, makes haste to buy up the other lots, or to plant out any cottages which he cannot suppress. Nobody will sell land for building, for fear of the frown of the squire or the parson. But by patient watching land is obtained, sooner or later; the tiresome and expensive forms of conveyance are all gone through, and the building may begin.

The first marking out of the plan of the dwelling on the sod is charming. Children and inexperienced persons cannot understand it, so small do the divisions look. It is like a doll's house, they say; and the only way to convince them that the thing is true, is to put half-a-dozen persons on the plot meant for the sitting-room, and show them there is room to turn about.

When the final study of the outline is gone through, to make sure that there is no fatal mistake, no crying inconvenience or blemish; and when the first sod is turned by some valued hand, there is an end for a time to the prettiness of the business. The foundations make a great mess. Ere long, however, the walls begin to rise; and one stage seems to have been reached when the spaces for the windows appear. Not many builders of family houses are so indifferent as Mr. Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," who was too indolent to leave his book, and decide on the distances between the windows of his dining-room when the workmen were waiting. He ordered that the walls should be built up without regard to windows, and he would have them cut out afterwards. He never roused himself to the task: the room was unused, except as a lumber room, and was never entered without a light. People less eccentric take pleasure in standing at the window-places and looking abroad, to fancy how the view will appear under all changes. When the roof-tree is laid on, it is a real festival. The workmen have a bottle of wine; and the wish for many happy years under that roof-tree goes merrily round. Perhaps there are pleasanter moments still to come, during the work. From some hill-top, or from the other side of the valley, there may be an unexpected sight of smoke rising from the chimney. The workmen are melting their glue over some shavings in what is to be the fireplace; and the blue curl or pillar of smoke looks as homelike and hospitable as if there were really a fireside. Perhaps the evening sun gleams upon the windows, seen from afar, but only just put in, in fear of rain in the night. These things are pleasant; and so it is to stand at the edge of the abyss where the floor is to be,—or to step from beam to beam, trying to conceive of the room warmed and lighted, and shut in for the winter evening,—all cleanliness and comfort: and so it is to climb the ladder before the staircase is up, to study the view from the chamber windows, and satisfy one's self once more as to the height and

size of the rooms. As for the finish of all, when the house is habitable, and taxpaying day is past, and you have seen in the twilight the bedsteads coming down the hill, and have stirred up the fire, and set the kettle to boil while the beds are made up, and mustered chairs enough round the family tea-table, and lighted the lamp, and drawn down the blinds, and locked the door, and sat down to rest in your new house, and then go to bed, watching the light of the embers on ceiling and walls (for there must be a fire in the bedrooms at first) till you drop asleep, the experience is one of the most agreeable that a person of domestic tastes can enjoy.

This kind of pleasure is common, as I have said, to gentle and simple. At each stage that I have described the dwelling may be a mansion or a cottage. And it is true throughout, that the essentials of a wholesome and agreeable abode are the same through all ranks of habitations. They are plain; they are easily attainable; they are universal: and yet it is a miserable truth that tens of thousands of persons in our country are killed every year by the imperfections of the dwellings in which they live. It would be easy to show the way in which this chronic murder goes on; but we need not afflict ourselves with the thought of damp, closeness, dirt, and the disgust and disease which arise from these, if the purpose is answered as well by studying the conditions of wholesome habitation.

These universal conditions are sufficiently obvious. They are included under four heads:—SOIL, AIR, LIGHT, and WATER. The sovereign and the ploughman have an equal interest in these particulars of their dwelling; and if all is right under these four heads, the terms of human life lie pretty fairly and equally divided before the one and the other. They will be more equal in the possession of health and domestic comfort than they can be superior and inferior in other circumstances of outward fortune.

First comes SOIL. It is a grave disadvantage to have to live upon clay. Rock, slaty soil, and gravel are good; and clay is bad. The worst effects may be palliated by extreme care in drainage; but nothing can altogether compensate for a soil which will not let water run through it and away. Every order of house, built on any kind of soil, and especially on clay, ought to be hollow and well ventilated under the living rooms. If there are cellars, those cellars ought to be as airy as any room in the house. In the case of humble dwellings which have no cellars (but I never could see why they should not), there should be a space of at least two feet left under the floor; and a ventilator back and front to each space should be inserted in the walls,—to stand open except when heavy rain or floods may render it necessary to close them. This secures the floor from damp, and from exhalations from below.

It is some years now since the conviction began to spread that the outer walls of houses ought to be double or hollow. In the regions of rough stone dwellings this was, I believe, always the practice. The oldest mountain cottages seem to be like the newest in having walls two or more feet thick—the outer and inner courses of stones

being laid with mortar, and the space between filled in with rubble. This is the way to have dry walls; and, when once warmed through, a dwelling impervious to cold, as far as the walls are concerned. The work must of course be good. The case is just that of an American log-house. If the filling-in between the logs is properly done, no dwelling is so warm in winter and so cool in summer: but if crevices are left, there is nothing to be said for the comfort. In the same way, I know some cottages on a hill-side which are as comfortable as any mansion in the county, while within a few yards are others in which the surgeons cannot carry their patients through an illness, on account of the bitter cold from the ill-compacted walls.

Where the soil is rocky the roofing is of slate; and much of the flooring also. In such districts the kitchens, cellars, yards, and back passages are floored with slates: and no material can be better for dryness and cleanliness, though a bit of carpet is needed in winter evenings.

A house thus built, whether palace or cottage, is secure from damp, provided the walls have not been saturated with wet in the course of erection; that every loose slate on the roof is immediately replaced; and that the spouts are watched and kept in good order.

In some parts of the country thatch still exists, and is even renewed when cottages, farm-houses, and barns need a new roof. Elsewhere, tiles are the materials. Tiles, formed to carry off rain to the spouts, and well laid, are unexceptionable. Thatch has every fault that roofing can have. It rots with the wet, and admits it to the ceilings: it harbours vermin, and it is liable to fire. Any one who has seen how, in certain Dorsetshire cottages, the family huddle in the corners to escape the droppings of stinking thatch, needs no convincing of the superiority of any other kind of roofing.

As for the next condition—**AIR**—the main point is to have a constant circulation of it throughout the dwelling, without draughts on the person. The circulation should therefore be underfoot and overhead. The underfoot provision has been noticed. As for the other, the case has no difficulty in it; and no expense is involved which need place the poorest tenant at a disadvantage.

There must be a door and windows back and front. There must be a back-door, if any neatness is to be preserved in the front; for the washing and other domestic business should be done in the rear; the stairs should have some opening to the outer air; and if there are three bedrooms (and no family house ought to have less), one at least must be at the back. There is therefore a free course for the air through the house.

Next, each separate room should have an equally free circulation. Sash windows, which open at the top as well as the bottom, are better than lattices; for you can always open them more or less without letting in rain; which you cannot do with lattices. Moreover, lattices, when not perfectly new, let in wind at every pane: so that the candle flares and wastes, and you sit in a draught; whereas the inch or two open at top of a sash window gives you plenty of air overhead

at pleasure. In every room there should be a fireplace—for ventilation at all times, and in readiness for days of sickness. Every room should also have a slit over the door, or an opening high up into the chimney, or both. There will thus be a perpetual flow of good air into the room, and of spoiled air into the chimney, without any sensation of cold to those sitting below, who will feel that glow of health which cannot be matched by any heat obtained by stifling means.

Under the head of Air comes the consideration of drains: of those drains which carry away the sewage. Not a foot of such drains should pass under any part of the house. The arrangements should be so planned, that everything noisome should be kept outside, and at once carried away. In the humblest cottage there should be a bit of roof behind,—a lean-to, or a roofed morsel of yard where the dish-washing should go on, and the cabbage-water be poured away into the drain. If there is to be health, there must be no muck-heap—no spilling of evil-smelling things upon the ground; and, if possible, no cesspool. Sooner or later, the soil about cesspools becomes foul, and mischief arises. Some natural slope must carry away all refuse to a safe distance: or an artificial one, with proper channels, must be created.

It is of great importance that some place should be provided for drying the household clothes. In the country, where land is not of such unconscionable value as in some towns, it is really no appreciable sacrifice to the proprietor to afford with the cottage a slip of ground in which potatoes may grow below, and shirts, and petticoats, and blankets dry in mid-air. In towns there will soon, we may hope, be wash-houses and drying-closets for all housewives who can bring their twopences,—the small insurance against bad washing, damp, and illness at home. It would terrify us to know how many persons of all ages have sickened and died from the atmosphere of rooms where half-cleansed clothing has been hung up to dry, day and night, in the midst of the family. The drying-room in towns, and the garden in the open country, ought to preclude such mischief in future.

This consideration of space comes under the head of Air, in regard to all dwellings. It is difficult to understand why the rooms of houses in rural districts are ever made too small, though the reasons for that evil in towns where every foot of space is an expensive commodity, are clear enough. It makes a difference of so little money in building a cottage, whether the enclosed area is three or four feet longer and broader or not, or whether the rooms are six feet or eight feet high, that there ought to be no hesitation, when it is once understood that the due supply and renewal of air depend on that addition to the space.

While considering the supply and quality of the Air in a habitation, we naturally think more of the town than the country. It is true that a labourer's cottage may be infested with bad smells, if slops and refuse are thrown down near the house, and if the windows are not opened, and the bed-rooms have no chimney, and the place is in bad repair; but still the town seems to be the natural place for closeness and foul air. It is so; but we must not think only

or chiefly of blind alleys and streets of low lodging-houses, if we are studying the causes of our undue mortality. There are great houses almost as unhealthy in part as any lodging-house in London. Very high rents are paid for dwellings where three or four reception-rooms make a great show, and are, in reality, very comfortable, luxurious, and wholesome,—with their windows down to the ground, and their large fire-places and lofty ceilings. But how is it with the rest of the house? There is perhaps one pretty good bed-room on the first-floor for guests. On the second-floor the space is cut up into little chambers where the four-post bed occupies half the room, and you may almost touch the ceiling. Above are attics where you touch the ceiling in putting on your coat or your gown, and where ladies who spend the day in the capital rooms below are frozen at night in winter, and cannot sleep in summer for heat, just under the tiles. As for the servants (at least the men-servants) they sleep underground amongst the blackbeetles,—it being a great curse to them that the beetles are the liveliest when human beings want to sleep. I am told that there is scarcely a basement-story in London clear of them: and I know of some which are so infested that it is shocking to think of servants ever being expected or desired to sleep in their neighbourhood. If there is occasion to take down the front of the kitchen fire-place, there are the blackbeetles, making an embossed surface, shining and uniform, from their being packed as close as they can stand. When the lights are extinguished, out they come, from every crack, crevice and join, and over-run everything, and the faces of the sleepers among the rest. The world in general believes that they might be got rid of: and the world in general will have a higher opinion of footmen and other servants when they refuse to sleep in any underground place.

By far the greater part of the disease that exists in the world, and especially the great class of epidemics, by which more persons die than from all other causes together, is the direct consequence of a want of good air. The subject is much too vast for this place; and I have only just touched upon the means by which the vital element may be duly provided in private dwellings.

Where there is plenty of air it may be thought that there will be abundance of LIGHT; but this does not necessarily follow. There are well-aired houses which have a bad aspect. I have one in my mind's eye now, where there is abundant ventilation; but where the health of a large family has certainly been injured, for a whole generation, by the absence of sunshine. The only rooms in the house which admit sunshine are precisely the two which least want it—the kitchen and the laundry. Enough is known now of the special diseases which attack persons who live in dark and sunless places, to show the duty of considering aspect in building the humblest cottage in the kingdom. Its windows must be turned to the sun, (south-west, or south-east, if due south is inconvenient), at any cost of other considerations. If there are housewives so short-sighted as to complain of the fading of furniture, let them be shown that the cost of new curtains and carpet, or druggery, is paid over and over again by the saving in

doctors' bills and physic. There is something more than the simple warmth which blesses us in the sun's rays. They have a vital influence which we may not yet fully understand, but which scientific men have ceased to doubt of; while darkness creates cretinism, and a whole train of diseases, some entirely special. A medium condition, one of an abode open to the daylight, but deprived of sunshine, produces the modified effect—of a depressed condition of health, liable to attacks of grave disease from slight apparent causes. We have no window-tax now; and it is a sin to build any kind of new abode without providing for the sun shining well into it.

The remaining consideration is WATER, on which it cannot be necessary to say much. Yet I have seen model cottages, built with generous care and pains, where the respectable tenants could not stay because of the difficulty about water in summer, and at any possible moment. It was a part of the country where water did not abound; and wells were expensive from the great depth required: so the labouring class were dependent on the precarious brook and the ditches. The brook occasionally shrank into a series of muddy pools of warm water, or dried up entirely; and the ditches were no better. The difficulty of washing the children and the clothes, together with the daily cookery, was so great, that the tenants surrendered all the unusual advantages for the sake of the one great requisite, without which the children could not be kept healthy, nor the men sober. I have seen in mountain districts, where water was gushing from every upland, and every place was a slope in one direction or another, whole villages living in dirt and bad smells, and the women toiling up the hills with tubs and cans, to bring water, which was consumed more grudgingly than beer, from the labour that it cost to get it. I have seen the sacrifice at which girls have been employed to bring water from some distant pump; the headaches, the sore eyes, and the loss of time and increase of gossiping propensities; and I have seen the effect of the simple operation of searching for water close at hand, and opening a well at the rear of a row of houses which might as well have had that comfort all along. The water-supply, then, is one of the first considerations in taking or building a house.

These main conditions apply to all kinds of houses; and there is, indeed, little to be said about the differences between stone and brick houses, or large and small ones, or rich and lowly ones. Brick houses are now built with hollow walls, and ought always to be so built henceforth. The invention of hollow bricks is a truly beneficent one; and the effect will appear, whether it is marked or not, in the reduction of the Registrar's list of annual deaths.

The practical question remains,—How our ever-growing population is to be better lodged? The crowding is dreadful, in every town and village, and in almost every cottage; and the perpetual destruction of dwellings where room is wanted for improvement, seems to intensify the mischief. On the other hand, Model Lodging-houses are on the increase in great cities; and in rural districts the condition of the labourer is certainly rising,

because his value is greater, and more freely acknowledged. Such men as the Duke of Bedford having begun the reform of labourers' dwellings, the improvement is likely to spread; and when the profitableness of enabling peasants to live near their work, in health and comfort, is once discovered, the welfare and convenience of the peasant are likely to meet with due consideration. In towns, it is only necessary for Model Lodging-houses to be ascertained to be a good investment for money. If they really are so, as seems to be the case, they will take care of themselves, and their tenants will appreciate their privileges. Meantime, if the real cost of providing good dwellings for working-men's families were better understood, there would surely be a more adequate supply of them. The estimates differ, of course, in different parts; but it may be said that there are few places in England where a substantial cottage of four rooms may not be built for £60. Built in pairs, each costs rather less; and for £120 for the pair, further conveniences can be afforded. If well built, there will be scarcely any repairs wanted,—at least in the regions of stone buildings; and five per cent. on the outlay might cover the ordinary interest of money and the repairs. Or say, for such a cottage, a rent of £3 10s. or £4, to include the ground it stands on;—it would be willingly and thankfully paid in any part of England where the labourer was worth hiring; and it is, in fact, a lower rent than is paid in most of our agricultural counties. Will not young gentlemen and ladies who have plenty of time, and a few hundreds to spare, and not enough to do, give themselves the amusement and pleasure of building some cottages, in the best known way, where they are urgently wanted? After all is said of the badness of cottage property as an investment, I am as thoroughly convinced as ever that, when well managed, it is an expenditure and trouble which will never be repented of in later days when the issues of life's enterprises come to be gravely reckoned up. It is something to have lost no money; it is more to be aware that hard-working people have had a wholesome and agreeable resting-place in their home: but what is it to know that some young creatures, who would otherwise have made a row of hillocks in the churchyard, are getting on at school, or taking pride in "going forth to their work and to their labour until the evening?"

On the question of Building Societies I cannot now enter. It is emphatically true of that question, that there is much to be said on both sides. I happen to have seen the favourable side: but I have heard a good deal of the other. As long as it is true that, in the long run, men pay rent to twice or three times the amount that would build them a house of their own, it seems rational and desirable that they should combine their resources for the obtaining of dwellings as a family property: and many have prospered in the attempt. But the ordinary dangers of ill-considered assurance hang about such societies; and so do speculators, who make a profit of the simple members. At the moment, I can only say that the sickness and death rate of our great

nation will be prodigiously lowered whenever any considerable portion of the working-classes shall be living in abodes which are their own property; and that the surest and speediest way to that issue is doubtless by means of the economy of association; but association for that particular object is at present particularly unsafe, except in some very favourable instances. The aim is an admirable one for the working-man; and in the case of well-regulated associations for erecting Metropolitan Lodging-houses, the danger is little or nothing: but in provincial towns and rural districts, a prudent man will inquire well, and make himself sure about the parties and the management (including the bases of calculation), before he puts his savings into the funds of a Building Society. Having found reason to make that investment, and got a house of his own over his head, free from debt, and with no more rent to pay, he may look round on his healthy children with all imaginable satisfaction.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE HORNED SNAKE.

ONE morning whilst stationed at B—, I was taking my cup of tea and cheroot at the "coffee shop," i. e., the verandah of Bachelor's Hall, a bungalow in which dwelt four jolly young fellows, and where most of the young officers congregated after their morning ride, or parade, to take their "chota hazree," or small breakfast, the larger meal being generally three or four hours later.

After gossiping for some time about the chances of promotion, or of active service, of the merits of our respective Arabs, and of the girls last from England, a young Scotch assistant-surgeon who had lately joined the regiment, turning to Sinclair, a lieutenant of some seven or eight years' standing, said in a broad accent:

"Seenclair, you're a bit dabbler in natural heestory, though ye ha'not my skeel in it, what d'ye think o' my deescoovery of a new species of snake, wi' horns on its head?"

"Stuff," returned Sinclair, "you are always making some boast or other, and you are conceited enough to take any credit to yourself."

"Weel, that's unco' unpooleete, and I dinna thank ye for it; but what I state's a fack, for I deesteenckly saw the beast this morn's morn with my ain eyes."

"And why did you not try to kill it?"

"So I did; but the sleepy reptel got into a hole before ye could coont sax; but my sais saw it too, speer at him about it."

The man was called accordingly, but was not forthcoming at that time, having gone to the bazaar for grain for his master's horse, so the subject dropped for the present.

The doctor's chum, a young ensign, afterwards informed us that he, the doctor, on returning home, prepared the scroll of a letter addressed to the secretary of some Naturalists' Society in Scotland, in which he announced, in grandiloquent language, his discovery of a new species of snake with horns growing out of its head, leaving the technical details to be filled up after he had caught and examined a specimen. This letter he showed to

his chum, with much bragging about the fame he should get, that the snake would be called "Serpens Macgillivry," after him, &c.

The next morning, the same party being assembled at the coffee-shop, the subject was again referred to, and the doctor's *sais* for.

On the man appearing and making many *salams* to the *sahib*, he was questioned by his master, who would not lose the opportunity of showing off his proficiency in the language, of which, however, he really knew very little.

"Hussun Khan, yesterday morning did you not see a snake with things" (turning to us), "What's the Hindustani for horns?" as nobody would enlighten him, he went on, using pantomime, and putting up a finger at each side of his head, "things like these on his head?"

"Yes, protector of the poor, I saw it."

"There," said the excited naturalist to us, "I told ye so. Who's right noo? If I can only get a specimen, my fortune's made." Then, turning to the *sais*, he said in bad Hindustani, "I'll give you five rupees for a live snake like that, and one rupee for a dead one: go and dig at the hole where we saw it go in."

On this the man said something which his master evidently did not understand, but which caused most of those present to burst into roars of laughter. At last, Sinclair, when he was composed enough to speak, interpreted the *sais*' reply, which was: "Why does the *sahib* want that particular snake? He would have swallowed the frog, *legs and all*, soon after we saw him, and become like any other snake."

Doctor Macgillivry blushed to the roots of his red hair, and rushed away to his house, where his chum saw him tearing up and scattering to the winds the letter that was to announce to the world this great discovery. He then set to work and wrote an application for an exchange to another regiment, to which in due time he departed. His reputation as a naturalist followed him, however, and he was long badgered about "the snake with horns." G. P. S.

NEEDLEMAKING.

It is often asked, Where do all the pins go? and it may be as pertinently inquired, Where do all the needles come from? The little machine that is put in action to make the greater part of the clothes of the world, and to minister to the vanity of womenfolk, surely must have some birth-place worth noting, and a pilgrimage into Worcester-shire the other day led us to its discovery. We are but too apt to associate with iron and steel workers, grimy and soot-clogged towns, blasted neighbouring country, and pale and stunted artisans. The manufacture of needles, however, entails no such disagreeables. Redditch, the grand armoury of the female weapon, is as pretty a little village as need be met with, and were it not for the presence of a tall red chimney, and the hiss of a grind-stone as you pass a water-wheel, now and then, you may well imagine yourself in a Kentish village. Incited by curiosity, we asked permission to see the workshops of one of the largest manufacturers, which was most courteously

granted, and an attendant ushered us into a little door, where a stalwart Vulcan presided over a fierce furnace, the walls of his apartment being hung round with coils of wire of all weights and sizes.

"Here," said our cicerone, "the needle makes its first start into existence, and as he spoke, the workman reached down a huge coil of wire, measured about three inches, and snapped off with a pair of shears, at one jerk, sixty small wires, each one forming of course the segment of a large circle or coil. To straighten this raw material of the future needles is his next care and this he does in a very ingenious manner. The bundles of wires as they are cut off, are put within two iron rings of about four inches diameter, and placed sufficiently apart to allow the whole length of the wires to rest between them; when the two rings are nearly full, the whole is placed in the furnace and heated to a dull red heat. And now the future needle receives its first instruction. The workman with an iron rod rapidly works the wires within the two rings, one upon another, and this process of mutual attrition rapidly straightens them out, just as little boys warped and bent from the mother's knee, get set up true again, by the bullying and hard knocks of a public school. The straightened wires, are now handed over to the grinder to give them their points. We must take a little excursion out of the town to witness this process, inasmuch as it is performed by water-power. As we walked across the meadows, knee-deep in grass, and listened to the drip, drip, of the merry mill-wheel, and saw the stream meandering in silver at our feet, it was difficult to believe that we were seeking a factory, rather than the haunts of speckled trout. Still more difficult was it to believe that the little cottage, whose tallest rose peeped in at the casement, was nothing more than a workshop full of busy artisans; and more difficult than all to persuade ourselves that in this apparent dwelling-place of health, a manufacture was being carried on which not long since was the most deadly in existence. We have all heard of the fork-grinders of Sheffield, whose average term of life is twenty-nine years. Well, the occupation of a needle-grinder, a few years since, was no less deadly. The grinding process is carried on with a dry stone, and of old the artisan as he leaned over his work received into his lungs the jagged particles of steel and the stone dust given off in the process, and as a consequence, they speedily became disorganised, and his early death ensued. The expedient of covering over their grind-stones and driving out the dust by means of a revolving fan, was adopted only a few years ago; so little are men inclined to move out of the old accustomed ways even to save their lives; nay, their lives have to be saved, even against their will; as even now, if not closely watched, they would disconnect the fans, and thus deliberately renew the old danger: indeed some of them look upon the danger as so much capital with which they think that the masters have no right to interfere, exclaiming with the Sheffield fork-grinders, that the trade is "so overfull already," that these fans will "prevent them getting a living." However, the higher

intelligence of the masters, we trust, will prevent any relapse into former ways; and the deadly nature of needle-grinding is now only a thing of the past. The workmen we saw were certainly rosy, robust-looking men.

To return to our needle wires, however; it will be observed, that the workman grinds *both* ends to a sharp point, for a reason which the next process makes evident. They are now taken back to the factory, and enter the stamping-shop, where girls with inconceivable rapidity place each wire beneath a die, and stamp exactly in the middle thereof two eyes and two channels or gutters, as they are termed. It is clear that the wire is to produce Siamese-twin needles, for another batch of little girls are now seen actively punching out the eyes that were before only indicated by the stamping process. The eyes stamped, another batch of urchins catch them up and spit them, in other words, pass fine wires between the two rows of eyes; a manoeuvre preparatory to separating the Siamese into separate needles; the bur is now filed off, and the rough form of the needle is complete. Having been licked into form, its temper has next to be hardened. Fire again is called on to do its part, and the needles, in trays' full, are once more heated to a dull red, and then suddenly quenched in oil. This process makes them so brittle, that they fly at the slightest attempt to bend them. Like fiery little boys, they want taking down a little, which is done by placing them on a hot plate, and turning them about with two little tools, shaped like small hatchets. This is very nice work indeed, and the change that is going on in the needle mass is marked by the change of colour, the deep blue gradually growing pale, and a straw colour, by faint shades, taking its place; at a particular moment the true temper is established, and then the heat is withdrawn. Having been thus tried by fire, earth (or stone), and water, some of the needles have perhaps got a little out of the straight line, and this is rectified by women, who take them up one by one, and with wonderful delicacy of finger discover its faulty parts, and with one tap of a hammer on a small anvil restore it to its right shape. The education of the needle in all its essentials may now be said to be complete. It is fully formed, tempered, and trained, and is about to leave school to receive that further polish which is to make it serviceable in the world.

And just as in the world the awkward youth is subjected to severe antagonistic influences, which together mould him into the smooth and pleasant man, so the needle, in like manner, suffers a wholesome trituration. The process is droll enough. Fourteen pounds' weight of needles, amounting to many thousands, are placed side by side in a hempen cloth, to which are added a certain modicum of soft soap and sweet oil. So far this promises to be an "oily gammon" sort of process; but the addition of a due amount of emery powder soon dissipates any such anticipation. The mass is then wrapped up into a kind of roly-poly pudding; and when several puddings have been prepared, they are all slipped into a machine exactly like a mangle, the roly-polies serving as the rollers thereof; and now the whole machine is set in motion by the water-wheel. Backwards

and forwards, to and fro, grind and sweat the roly-polies with their layers of needle jam, for eight hours of eight mortal days, at the end of which time they are released from their terrible mauling, evidently all the brighter, smoother, and pleasanter for the infliction. The oil of battle still clings to them however; and in order to get rid of it, the needles are thoroughly washed in soap-suds in a copper pan, swinging upon a pivot, and then dried in sawdust.

They are now all at sixes and sevens, and have to be "evened" or placed in a parallel direction.

This is accomplished by shaking them in little trays. Heads and points still lie together, and in order to put them all in the same direction, the "ragger" is employed. The little girl who performs this office places a rag or dolly upon the forefinger of her right hand, and with the left presses the needles against it; the points stick into the soft cotton, and are thus easily withdrawn and laid in the contrary direction. Little children "rag" with inconceivable rapidity, and with equal speed the process of sorting, according to lengths, is performed, the human hand appreciating even the sixteenth of an inch in length, and separating the different sizes with a kind of instinct with which the reasoning power seems to have nothing to do. The needles are now separated into parcels, and such is their uniformity that, like sovereigns, weighing takes the place of counting—one thousand needles in one scale exactly balancing one thousand in another. The needles, being now placed in companies, are in future manoeuvred together. That is, the heads of each company are simultaneously subjected to heat in order to soften them for the double purpose of giving a blue to the gutters, which is considered an ornament, and of counter-sinking the eyes, in order that they may not cut the cotton. The final processes of grinding the heads and points, and polishing is now performed by skilled workmen. The needles, in companies of seventy each, are subjected to a small grindstone, the workmen slowly revolving the whole number, so that they are ground in a mass, as it were, and the polishing being accomplished in a like manner, on a similar wheel smeared with crocus. The original batch of wire, of fourteen pounds weight, gives material for 43,100 needles; and after having undergone every process, it is found that they number, on the average, 46,700—so that the loss by breakage has only been 1400; even with this comparatively small waste, however, the accumulation of imperfect needles in course of time is immense. We saw heaps of many tons weight in the premises of one of the large manufacturers. It is roughly calculated that upwards of ten tons of wire are weekly employed in the manufacture of needles in Redditch and the adjoining villages. If we multiply this by 52 we get the enormous weight of 520 tons of needles turned out annually from this neighbourhood alone. This mass representing a number of needles, which we feel unequal to calculate, goes to keep company, we suppose, with the pins, the mysterious manner of whose final disappearance has never yet been properly accounted for.

A. W.

FOOTSTEPS OF DAY.



I.

I saw the maiden morn go forth, and her
steps were soft and still,
To load her golden pitcher at the sun-fount
on the hill ;
And as she bow'd her meekly down, the
bridegroom of the day
Stole by, and with his fiery breath kiss'd
Night's dew-tears away.

II.

I saw the maiden yet again, but her looks
were proud and high,
And scarce earth's bossy shield could bear
the fire-darts of the sky ;
And the bridegroom lay beside her, his
giant limbs outspread,
Far in their noontide slumber, on his
azure-banner'd bed.

III.

I saw the maiden yet again, but her feet
were hurrying on,
As 'twere some hooded pilgrim, ere yet his
journey's done ;
Quench'd was the sunlight of her eye, and
the dews hung on her breast,
While evening flung her purple scarf
athwart the shadow'd west.

IV.

I saw the maiden once again, and as she
pass'd in flight,
The moon with many a sister star came
dancing into sight ;
And sadly soft on spirit wings, as the
vision roll'd away,
Fell down the night's dark curtain on the
chambers of the day !

ALSAGER HAY HILL.

BENJAMIN HARRIS AND HIS WIFE PATIENCE. By H. K.

CHAPTER I. THE MERCERS' GARDENS.

SOMEWHERE about the close of the reign of King Charles the Second, on a fine night in summer, there was a pretty sprinkling of company in the Mercers' Gardens. London had been baptised with fire, and was fast rising in more extensive proportions; the bricks of which the new city was built being notably good, and likely to resist such another calamity. The crop of wild mustard which had flaunted on the blackened ruins was almost trodden under foot in new streets and lanes, but the pest-field beyond the Oxford road, with its hedges, still grew green and flowery, undisturbed by mattock and pick-axe for centuries. St. Paul's was rising in noble proportions, Monmouth House and Southampton House gladdened simple folks' eyes with their princely



splendour—but Clarence House in its rural isolation to the north of Piccadilly, reflecting the disgrace of its founder, was the subject of a quip, and maliciously named Dunkirk House, though the staunch soldier, Albemarle, now owned it, and entertained there, in duchess's state, the Savoy blacksmith's daughter, fierce Nan Clarges.

Again, in Craven House, once possessed by kind Sir Robert Drury, Lord Craven had dwelt lately, next door to his royal mistress, Elizabeth of Bohemia, the Queen of Hearts; and some said the mayor's son, in his prosperity, maintained the king's daughter in her dependence out of his own generous exchequer.

Among other delights London then boasted various traders' pleasure-grounds, or pleasancess, real gardens at Drury Lane and Spring Gardens, the Grocers' Gardens and the Mercers' Gardens, though the splendid Mercers' church had perished for ever.

Down the shady walks, among the mulberry-trees and the lilacs, passed the groups,—the men in the cloth doublet replacing the velvet of the courtier, the plain collar, the sober hose; the women, though less manageable in their fashions, wearing different shades of the kerchief, folded *ca-lêche*, or Welsh hat, the petticoat wanting the train, the tight sleeve with the cuff and prim-looking white tippet with its embroidered or lace border. Sometimes finer birds intruded on the scene—a lace cravat, a scented wig, and an insolent eye; or the sweeping skirt, the uncovered neck and the flowing hair of some wanton, young, widowed Countess of Drogheda in search of a handsome, gallant, profligate Wycherley, condemned, by the emptiness of his purse, to consort

with the staid inhabitants of the city.

It seemed that pleasure was not the only object in view among the walkers. There were grave talkers and serious faces, and occasionally the air of greeting by appointment; and those business-like traits as could have been told by an individual well acquainted with the scene, were principally shown by members of the Stationers' Company, whose fortunes were then specially precarious, unless they happened to be of the same way of thinking as burly Sir Roger L'Estrange, in his malignant, savage papers in the "Observer." "The Protestant Intelligence," "The Current Intelligence," and "The Domestic Intelligence," had been arrested to give place to "The London Gazette" and its interpreter, the "Observer."

One of the complainants and protestors with the Whig's green bunch of ribbons at his breast, was a young, comely man, though his air was

unconsciously severe, and his broad brow was cumbered with much thought and care. He inclined decidedly to join in the discussions of his elderly confederates—worthy Master Guy, who was so economic that he ate his dinner from a pot-house upon a newspaper on his counter, and yet so munificent that he endowed the two great hospitals; a strong man loving all liberty, and at the same time, most tenderly charitable, who formed a broad contrast to another bookseller—crafty Jacob Tonson—who “aggravated” the nose of Dryden’s Æneas to suit Tonson’s King William, and whom the poet brought to order and branded indelibly :

With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair.

The young man did not care to be waylaid, and drawn aside by the juvenile promenaders, and he went at last absently and unwillingly along with a company which contained matrons and maids, one of whose members called upon him to help to form an escort; for it was not altogether safe for a flock of women, unless well guarded, to traverse these cool alleys in the twilight. The leader of these enterprising fair ones was an acquaintance of this austere young Harris, actually in the trade herself,—none less than Mrs. Lucy Soule, both a printer and stationer, on her father’s old foundation, and marvel of marvels in that age of illiterate and frivolous women, in addition, a good ‘compositor.’ Being able to display such transcendent talents, there was no great objection to Mistress Lucy’s being affected, and as she was a woman—and a very delicate woman, too—her conceit took a languishing, die-away form. But as Mrs. Lucy refused many offers, not from love of power, but ‘that her aged mother might have the chief command in her house,’ Mrs. Lucy unquestionably deserved to be cited as a good soul,—a pious, affectionate soul to whom, as rumour whispered, dark, blunt Thomas Guy had inclined, only his shyness matched with his magnanimity, and what might have been the brave, honest man’s bliss, was but his secret sadness. Yet, mourn not for him, because such sadness must have had its sweetness also.

Mrs. Lucy, in her blue roquelay, with her cambric hood, meeting and forming part of her tippet, like a very dainty sister of charity’s cap and collar, and infinitely becoming to her soft features and sunny complexion, albeit they were past their prime, would have had Harris walk by her side and listen to her.

“Sir, this is a most heavenly night. The evening-star doth come out finely. I confess I affect the evening-star, notwithstanding I ne’er listened to a lover’s vow; in truth, I never did, sir, when I could help it; but I don’t object to my friends calling me Stella—a most divine name, though I don’t pretend to be divine, only I’m prodigiously fond of the first star, as some chatterers will tell you.” But when she found that he was restless, and did not care to press her on her tastes, and hold gallant, witty converse on her widely-blown cruelty, like a mild, innocent, foolish woman as she was, she just winced for a moment, and then forgave the slight—never dreamt of revenge, unless

that when she looked around and planned to promote another man to her right-hand, she transferred Harris, by a recommendation which he could not scorn, to walk with and have a care of one of the prettiest of her maidens to whom Mrs. Lucy liked to act as a youthful mother; for Mrs. Lucy was too fortunate a woman—too much envied in her substance and state—to feel ashamed of her forty summers.

This revenge most young men would have considered a slight punishment.

The damsel was Mistress Patience Chiswell, one of the daughters of Mr. Chiswell, the carver and gilder, in Lombard Street. Master Harris really did not know very well how to begin to amuse Mrs. Patience, though he was by no means stupid; so, in place of unfolding his parts in paying her the compliments of the day, and courting her smiles, he kept glancing aside at her as she tripped by his side, and by dint of noticing her much more than he would have otherwise done, or than he had found time and inclination to do to other young women, he began to wonder, Puritan as he was, what deep feelings filled the heart, or high principles swayed the spirit of this bright, fragile piece of humanity.

Mrs. Patience was very young, fresh and fearless, and a little loquacious withal, as is the way with empty little heads and hearts. Not that Patience was singularly ignorant, shallow, or careless; but she was one of the many green olive branches round a very busy man’s table, where the elders were well meaning, but commonplace and easy, and the young were very thoughtless and a little selfish, and at the same time as guileless in their faults and follies as lads and lasses can be in this evil world.

Mrs. Patience looked quite as well as Mrs. Lucy, and yet with a difference; Harris found that out. The child had no peculiar advantage either, that his inexperienced eye could detect, except the loveliest, liveliest bow of a rosy mouth, and a pair of the most strangely sensible grey eyes. Mrs. Patience wore the same modest apparel of a merchant’s daughter, the disencumbered feet, the tucked throat, the head-dress for a covering: but, granting Mrs. Patience’s crimson and white colours and her patterns were perfectly decorous, she sported a fan, which Master Harris deemed frivolous, and she prattled, which was a far more hopeless and heinous evil. She told him of the difficulty she had found in crossing the Strand and Snow Hill after the last rain, and she asked him if he ever went a junketting to gather the roses for which Holborn was still renowned, though sure they were only to be got in private gardens now. London would soon be too confined for young folks who must have play, and plain folks who had no fine grounds of their own: and then she wandered to the Mall and the king’s ducks, and her father’s maggot, who would not suffer them to go there on account of the wild courtiers, but for her part she was not affrighted. What could they say to her? They would but take of their hats and laugh, and challenge her, and she would curtsy and run away, and if they gave chase, she was fleet of foot and would soon escape them.

Master Harris bent his eyes on the ground, and asked his judgment, was this little lass so giddy or so unprepared for offences, or was she bold? In verity it mattered not: she could in neither case comprehend his anxiety lest the prohibitions on their sales and the penalties on their licence should crush all free opinion, and quench the expression of that pure and mighty intellect which he wotted of, working in darkness and surrounding corruption, or stifle the ripe experience of yonder humble, but passionate dreamer lying in Bedford gaol. Only Master Evelyn and Master Walton, of all good men who wrote, and would neither be blasphemous nor ribald, nor false to the rights of the people, were held in any esteem by a lewd and persecuting court.

Of a sudden, as the staid young vendor of knowledge mused, the sorrows and sins of the time reached nearer home, inasmuch as on a portion of the company of which he constituted a fraction, approaching the gate in order to return to their houses when the bells gave them warning, they were met by a sudden outcry in the streets, — a loud and riotous uproar which it was scarcely possible for quiet women to face, and which even composed, courageous men might have been excused for shrinking from at that particular date. All who heard the tumult stood still, — excited, incensed, appalled. Mrs. Lucy shook dolorously, and no longer admired the divine beauty of the evening-star, but she called her young companions round her and generously strove, while helpless herself, save for her few peaceful but strong, stern men, to impress them with a sense of her protection; but Patience Chiswell gripped Harris's arm and shrieked outright.

"It is the Scourers," she groaned through her chattering teeth, "and they spare neither man, woman, nor child in their frolics. The good Lord have mercy on us!"

Harris had some difficulty in convincing her what his cool judgment and better view enabled him to decide, that the band streaming past the entrance without attempting to invade the precincts was not one of those dissolute troops of squires and noblemen who once or twice a-week at least beat and bruised members of the resisting middle class, overcoming them by sheer force of numbers (for did not the train-bands of London defeat and rout these young gentlemen's fathers in the open field when yon grinning head that had rotted off the bridge, held the brains and the will of a man?) and frightening honest women into fits by their fierce, unholy caresses.

"You should not have boasted of your confidence before it had been tried, Mrs. Patience," said Harris, reproving her, bluntly but gently, for the shuddering girl touched his manhood.

Patience hung her head. "I meant to defy them in broad day, and plenty of people by, and they only after their morning draughts. Indeed I could not choose but be mightily afraid when the Scourers are abroad in the dusk, and the greater part of the world safe under their own roofs."

"Nay, I have no objection to your horror within bounds. I love not that women should be rash and forward," observed Harris, without delaying to ascertain whether or no he had a right

to offer an opinion. "I can decipher from where I stand that the whole brawl is about a woman, — a wretched orange-woman, whom Dr. Bates, or Dugdale, or Turberville, may suspect of dealings with the Pope and the French and the devil, and whom they thus hound along the kennel to prison and to judgment:" and young Harris, though he might have been thankful on his politics' account, looked gloomy and oppressed.

Patience Chiswell, taking comfort for her own safety, honour, and happiness, glanced up in his face to be still more fully reassured, and had her sympathies immediately drawn away in a new channel.

"Will no one save her?" she whispered. "She may not be guilty. She may not be so bad as she seemeth. I doubt me she is a light creature, by reason of her pursuing such a trade; yet she may have poor, honest friends, who care for her. Alas! the miserable wench to be ducked, to be branded, to be hung! Dear, good sir, for the sake of God, whom I am certain you fear, because Mrs. Lucy told us you were a dutiful fellow as ever lived, in the name of other women who are not undone, wilt thou not speak a word in this sinner's cause?"

In proportion as Harris hated and waged war with sin, he had a soft, tender heart, and he was powerfully affected by this instance of a foolish young girl's trembling, spontaneous, earnest mercy, the more so that he could not act upon it, as she would have demanded of him, at a risk she little guessed. He was forced to explain to her that he could not abandon her, no light creature, but a modest inexperienced girl, to traverse the disturbed streets, in order that he might carry aid to any other person, whatever their strait; that his single voice and arm would avail nothing against the authorities with whom a mean orange-woman, after Stafford and Plunkett, was nothing. Since he saw the culprit pinioned by some of the town's servants and the mayor's own men, she would certainly have law in her sentence, and what more could she ask, unless she were so unreasonable as to expect justice? Mistress Patience was only half satisfied, and cried a little, so shaken had her nerves been, behind her kerchief and her decried fan, so that Master Harris had to repeat all his arguments more and more earnestly and civilly, like a man of benevolence as he was, while he got her with the rest conveyed as far as Mrs. Lucy Soule's.

Mrs. Lucy's old mother was regaling herself upon her favourite slice of the larded capon, and drinking her humming ale (sack was not for tradesmen's wives and widows), and conning the scold she would give her simple, heedless Lucy for keeping her awake till the bat's flight. And Mrs. Lucy would listen to those fond, querulous, maundering tones more sweetly than to any lover's brusque speeches, and lay down her comely head in her peaked nightcap, and sleep like a child on the same pillow with that hoary crown of glory which she cherished so reverently.

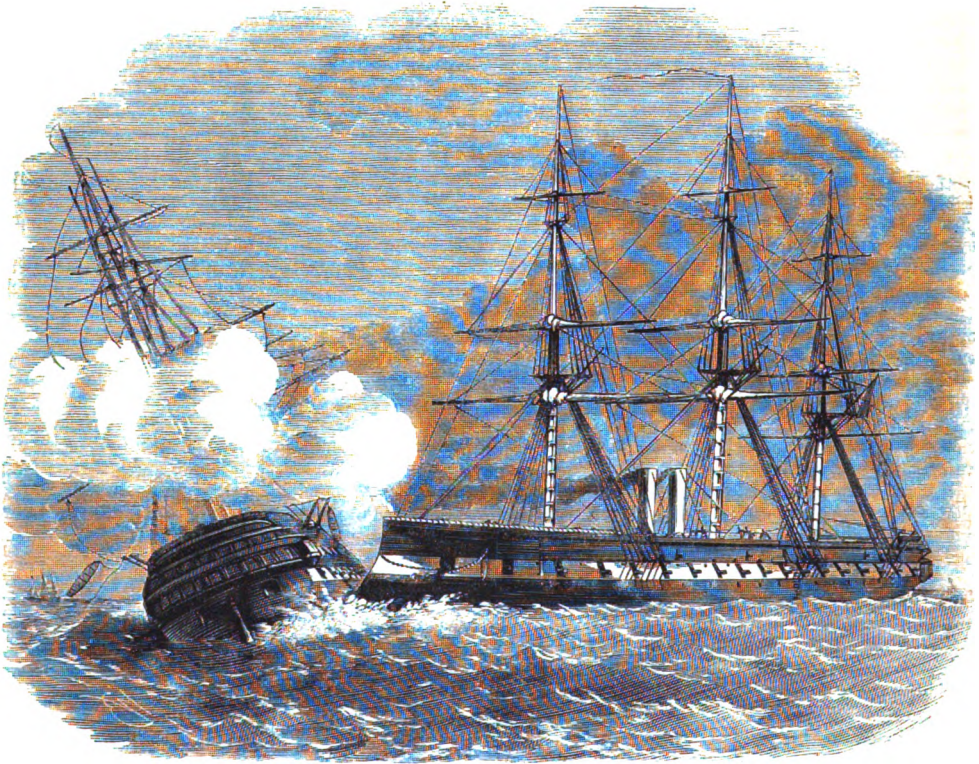
Long before, Benjamin Harris, of Gracechurch Street carried his point of putting agitated Patience Chiswell into a hackney-chair, and walking most considerably and good humouredly by the bearers as far as her father's door in Lombard

Street, returning slowly to his flat above his shop—as all London tradesmen, yea, and many merchants, dwelt in his generation—still haunted between times by the green shady Mercers' Gardens, and youthful, sweet, quick Patience Chiswell, first beseeching him to save herself, and then to rescue another. It must have made an enormous difference to the self-collected young Whig

to be so sued; for he could not deny the subsequent fact—though it disconcerted him greatly to admit it, even to himself, and he endeavoured strenuously to cheat his conscience and blink the new sensation—that the image of the carver and gilder's frank, transparent, light-hearted little daughter, grown all of a sudden distressed and pitiful, would make his calm, serious heart beat.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH WAR-SHIPS AND THEIR USES. By W. B. A.



The Steam-Ram.

WITH regard to the external form of the hull of a vessel, it must vary according to the purposes for which it is designed. If required to carry much cargo, it must be deep and square and wall-sided. If a sailing vessel, it must perform have a broader beam than a steamer, to compensate for the leverage of the wind tending to overturn a very narrow vessel. If a steamer intended for war-purposes, there must be space for lodging the crew and for working the guns, unless intended chiefly for speed, in which case the longer the vessel in proportion to width, the faster she may be propelled through the water with a given power. And inasmuch as water naturally runs in rounded sections, the hollow section for the vessel's bottom is the form of least friction against the water. Eight breadths to a length, with hollow lines like those of a

bayonet, would give good cleavage of the water; but unless it be very smooth water, the midship section must change to a flat or rounded bottom, or the vessel would be apt to capsize. The question of size is very important, as great size—other things being equal—gives increased speed and greater space for men and machinery, both for working and fighting.

There has existed a notion that wooden ships could not hold out against stone walls. One reason for this was, that the stone walls carried the heaviest batteries; yet Nelson at Copenhagen did not hesitate to pit his ships against them, and came off victorious. There is one undoubted advantage the ships possess. They can discharge their projectiles and move away, preventing the fortress-gunner, from getting their range. But latterly the size of ships' guns has been doubled, and fort guns also;

and wood cannot resist the strokes. So attempts are now being made to put the wooden ships in armour. This has been attributed to the French Emperor, but Admiral Sartorius claims it. The germ of this may be found in the old galleys, where the shields of the warriors were suspended round the bulwarks to impede the enemy's shot. Armour for men and armour for horses was abandoned when gun-bullets became too destructive for the greatest weight that could be carried by animal power.

But ships may be armoured to resist, by strength and by distance, the heaviest shot now existing, though possibly not the shot that may yet be made. It is a contest between power of destruction and power of resistance. Around the steam-ram now constructing, plates are to be fixed four inches and a-half in thickness, and behind them are to be built large masses of hard timber supporting the plates, which are to be bolted to it. But there is a defect here,—the plates are not of large size, and there are many joints. The probability is, that the bolts would be broken and the plates would fall off. Moreover, the plates are scarcely heavy or thick enough for resistance. It is probable that the quality of the iron will not be of the best, and will be much granulated in forging.

The report of late experiments states that the plates on English armoured vessels indented with the first sixty-eight pound shot at two hundred yards' distance, and with two more shots shattered and fell into fragments. The fallacy in the statement lies in assuming that the plates were of wrought iron. They may have been bought as wrought iron, and the buyers may thereby have been sold, but wrought iron in the true sense they could not have been. They were either cast-iron skinned over—in trade phrase, "cinder covered with a crackling," or they were wrought-iron cold swinged to a granular condition. We must first estee our metal before we try to armour a war-craft of magnitude.

It is precisely in this that the Bessemer iron alluded to in the article on Projectiles, will be found serviceable. I may say the Bessemer steel may be cast to any size by pouring together the contents of many crucibles, and plates of eight or twelve inches in thickness may be passed through the rolls. These plates may be welded together by the process before described, by a gas and atmospheric air apparatus, and an absolutely solid side produced, which might be lined behind with any thickness of timber. It is merely a question of cost.

Friar Bacon once imagined the walling of England about with brass. It would have been an admirable resource to Birmingham for some generations; but a process of this kind would be literally walling England about with iron, and the iron walls of modern England would not shame the "wooden walls" of the past.

In the application of this armour, the size of the vessel and amount of displacement become most important. The enormous weight has a tendency to make the vessel top-heavy, and to set her rocking. But weight matters little where the size is great. And these iron walls should be made to

slope inwards at an angle of 45 degrees, in which case it would be difficult to strike a plate direct with a shot. It would glance off, and the sloping inward would remove overhanging weight.

But it will be said, such vessels may be attacked by torpedos from below, and a hole bored in the bottom, sinking them with all on board. In the first place, it would be difficult to fix a torpedo to an iron vessel; and if practicable so to do, the bottom might be made of plates as thick as the upper armour.

Such a vessel certainly should have nothing to do with sails when in action. Masts similar to those of the old galleys to carry lights, and serving as derricks to lift weights by steam cranes, and also to serve as outlooks, might be provided with sails for slow movement, in order to economise fuel. The lights at the mast-head or funnel may be conveniently furnished by gas made in a vessel that is incombustible.

The armament of such a vessel would be ponderous guns, few but massive; but unquestionably the destroying power of greatest moment would be in the momentum of the vessel herself. In the construction of her underwater beaks the welding process which joins heavy masses of metal together would be employed to advantage, such masses as the bronze artificers of the Greeks or Romans could not achieve. And either end should be alike, striking both ways, like the Malay, with double kris projecting from each hand and each elbow, steering by the propellers or side rudders, and not by end rudders, which would be in the way. Iron bulwarks athwart-ships would protect the men on her decks, while in silence she sped on her errand of destruction; at one blow vessel after vessel of the foeman going down below her forefoot, as weeds before the ploughshare of the husbandman.

Our woodcut represents the proposed Government Ram in the act of striking an opponent. Before she is rigged, we trust that common sense will lead to the substitution of shorter masts, their heels pivotted on deck, and schooner-rig, the back-stays to the masts being so arranged as to allow them to move forward with the shock without coming by the board and then regain their position, with elastic provision both ways to moderate the force of the shocks.

A gun at either end, of twelve inch bore, forty feet in length or more, weighing about fifty tons, would carry an elongated shot or shell of half a ton in weight a distance of five miles. Lateral battery guns of less size, with balls instead of trunnions fitting into sockets in the vessel's side, would form a battery from which unseen and unapproachable gunners would pour forth destruction.

In the letters of Lord Collingwood, who watched the French coasts during the threatened invasion of another Bonaparte, is to be found the grief expressed at long and tedious separation from his family. If a channel fleet composed of such vessels is to watch the Channel in all weathers, every resource of art should be adopted to lessen the tedium of life, and reduce the drudgery of the crew, while providing for every comfort. Of course all labour, save that of directing labour, would be transferred to steam power, and all the comforts to be found in a first-class hotel would

be provided. Lighting, drainage, and ventilation could be carried on as ashore, and sailors would no longer be fed on salted provisions to the injury of their health. The resources of modern art can provide against this. The only motive for salting meat in the sailor fashion, called by the names of "junk," "old horse," and so on, is to prevent it from putrefying. It might be tanned to produce this effect, and possibly without rendering it much more indigestible. What is really needed, is to dry the meat. Putrefaction will not take place without the conjunction of three conditions—moisture, low heat, and stillness. What part heat plays we know by the late condition of the river Thames, a condition now applying to most tidal and some non-tidal rivers, where population thickens on their banks. In fact, the three conditions have been present, and putrefaction has taken place. Hot sun and wind will abstract moisture, and putrefaction does not take place then. In Southern America, people without our pretensions to civilisation understand this, and when they kill a food animal which is not intended for immediate consumption, they cut the flesh into thin strips or flakes, and hang it on lines in the hot sun, when it gradually takes the consistence of glue, and will no longer putrify, unless soaked in water. In course of time it may become mity, like cheese, but does not cease to be edible nourishing food. The Spanish name is *charqui*, probably a corruption from the French *chair-cuit*, and thence by English sailors transformed, Anglo-Saxon fashion, into *Jerked Beef*. The Boucaniers of the Tortugas whose occupation as an honest industry—ere the Spaniards molested them, and forced them into practice as freebooters (*filibusteros*)—was killing and drying hogs and other cattle, were literally bacon-makers, Chaircutters, and from them no doubt the custom spread to the Spanish main.

But not everywhere on the Spanish main can the drying process be carried on naturally. In the hot, moist regions, the favourite soil of liver complaints, *charqui* cannot be made. Even in the Pampas of La Plata, the coast of which the Spaniards christened by the style and title of Good Airs, *charqui* proper is not made, though the abundance of cattle induces a bastard substitute. In Chili and Peru, and on the table-lands of the Andes, when the stars at night seem pendent from strings, so that you seem to look round them in the pellucid atmosphere, there is the land of indigenous *charqui*, where moisture flies away before the drying winds, where a mule lost in a snow-drift comes forth in the spring a grinning statue of leather, couchant, disembowelled, and with his eyes picked out by the condors, but with his hide impregnable, gradually getting to look like an old and worn leathern trunk after a hard campaign.

Now what is done by nature, can be done by art. For the sun and wind can be substituted the modern desiccating processes, in which air, warm or cold, medicated or otherwise, can be forced through moist substances, and thus flesh-meat may be dried at pleasure, without undergoing any process mischievous to digestion. Yet more, with steam-power at command on board, meat-safes may be so fitted, that dry cold air might

be passing through them continuously, worked by the air-pumps, and fresh meat might thus be kept any length of time, of which processes we have an indication in the meat hung at the mast-heads of vessels when departing on a voyage. Passages by steamers are now so rapid, that provisions last fresh, and these processes are disregarded. But for the mariners of our water fortresses, with all means and appliances at their ruler's disposal, almost without extra cost, this simple process should not be neglected. Flesh-meat, in the present condition of sailordom, is the staff of efficiency; and we ought not to waste fifty to seventy-five per cent., in processes diminishing its nutritious properties.

Vegetable preparations are now so common that the old processes of curing scurvy by sauer-kraut, by oranges and lemons, and so on, may fairly be abandoned in favour of the better food that will not suffer scurvy to commence. The marble and conglomerate-looking blocks which the Crimean war first popularised, give out all the original qualities of the vegetables from which they are made, and the cook can have at sea all the essentials of his art as on land.

In such a craft the bathing of the men would not need the dipping a foresail overboard. Currents of water could be kept constantly pumped through, and if we get to water propulsion, a running stream of salt water would be accessible to all on board; and the sleeping space might easily be a gentle air-current, cooled in summer and warmed in winter. The great steam engine, the heart of the whole machine, would furnish the pulsile force, driving health through all its arteries, and making every single man the equal of two men by increased energy.

The intelligent man, viewed merely as a weapon of offence and defence, is worth six ignorant men; and we could afford therefore to expend on him the cost of three, and thus have double the efficiency at half the price. All employers of skilled workmen understand this: and surely a first-class seaman should be a skilled workman, who, risking life by sudden ending rather than by long process, should be highly prized and carefully nurtured. There is no reason why every good seaman should not be a good mechanic. All good seamen are so in the processes of sailing-vessels, and, in a steam fortress afloat, mechanical operations would be a relief from ennui. Turning and fitting would be an amusement, which "polishing shot" is not. The steam seaman, properly trained, should be as competent to all the processes of the engine and propellers as is the sailor to his propellers of sailcloth and cordage. In the class of vessel before described, he would be better protected, have a better chance of becoming a veteran, and, up to a certain point, would increase in value with his years. Such men, properly paid, would have no tendency to desert their ship, any more than a highly-paid workman has a tendency to desert his workshop. The very best men would volunteer for such a service, in which most of, and more in some respects than all, the comforts and conveniences of a house on shore, might be obtained. Permanent work is always a strong inducement to the best men to work for moderate

wages. In a large vessel, libraries, gymnastics and games of many kinds should be procurable; music instead of screeches might be obtained by steam appliances; and even the cultivation of certain kinds of flowers and plants might go on. Dr. Johnson, who probably had no Danish blood in his veins, defined a ship to be "a prison with a chance of being drowned." The chance of drowning may be, by proper structure, nearly extinguished, and an attractive home in which people voluntarily stay can scarcely be called a prison. All human beings are born with some natural aptitude at which they work with a will. These aptitudes vary: but we have a very large number amongst us instinctive seamen, whom not even bad food, worse lodging, incessant drudgery, systematic tyranny, and ill-usage of all kinds, have deterred from the pursuit of their vocation. With this class of men, the naval war service—or, a better term, the naval police service—would become the most popular of all kinds of work.

"Steam has bridged the ocean" is becoming a hackneyed phrase; and therefore certain persons take it as a corollary that the road to England is now open to French or other invasion. Railways facilitate the passage and concentration of troops; and therefore troops may be concentrated within twenty-four hours on the French coast, and steam will bring them over to the English coast instantaneously. Moreover, the French have Cherbourg; vessels of war, steam and others, more numerous than our own, and have the command of the narrow sea—the Manche. Steam, say certain French logicians, will enable us to use soldiers for naval purposes; steam will lay our regiments of—horse-marines—alongside British men-of-war, and they will be captured by boarding with that French commodity—*elan*.

The French are admirable reasoners; they demonstrate to a fixity, but they frequently lack one thing in their logic—to take in *all* the data. Other things being equal, it is a generally acknowledged fact that the Gallie Cock is by no means a likely bird on salt water; in short, by no means a match for the Norse Gannet. The Gannet would, in contest on his native element, unquestionably drown the Cock. Chanticleer would go down with a gurgling in his throat, extinguishing his would-be note of victory, and he would be buried in the deep amidst electric cables and all the mysterious matter that has accumulated from the earliest ages when the Phœnician keels first furrowed the narrow seas. It is quite true that there was a time when from Normandy sailed a force that established itself in England; but that force was not Celtic but Norse—kinsmen of our own ancestry—of very little sense of justice, but strong men withal; and so England absorbed them, and grew out of them a Richard as well as a John: and so has she gone on absorbing, from time to time, the best blood of all the Continent, whenever men of more than ordinary intelligence were driven from their hearths by despotic power jealous of their moral force.

This question of steam cuts two ways. The French may now cross the Channel, and invade England—if they can. And if they did, and succeeded, farewell the hopes of the world for

awhile, and re-enter the dark ages. If this thing were possible, backed by hordes of Europe's savages, the remnants of our race would again cross the sea in ships and people that magnificent land to be found on the northern shores of the Pacific, North Oregon, where law and order, and not despotism, is building up a new empire in a different sense from European empires.

But steam cuts two ways. The elder Bonaparte could not cross to invade England, because he had no steam. But neither could England enter the harbours of France to take away or destroy in mass all his means of transport, simply because she had no steam. With steam, our sea-dogs would not have lain off French ports to watch their game, and make prey of solitary stragglers from time to time. They would have swooped down in mass, and made assurance doubly sure, as they did at Copenhagen, so soon as they knew that the Danish fleet was virtually made over to the French emperor.

We are a peaceable people; we want no war; and, according to our lights, we essay to do that justice to all the world that we would the world should do unto us. We want to work and trade, and make progress in all those things that reclaim the world from the wilderness. Providence for wise purposes has created the Celtic race. They represent the elastic power of the universe, without which all would fall into gravity, stagnation, inaction. Elasticity held down by gravity becomes a working power, and thus Celt and Saxon and other cognate races constitute Englishmen. Take away the gravitating power, and the elastic force eternally bubbles up in waste without constituting a power, or becomes from time to time destructive for want of being set to regular work. It goes into *elan*:

Valour, like light straw in flame,
A fierce but fading fire.

France, like Ireland, being too Celtic, has a tendency to make war in the absence of other excitement. From the Celt comes poetry, painting, music, sculpture—most of those things which give a sensuous charm to life; and if he cannot expend his energy on these things, he "dies for want of a bating," runs after *la gloire*, or wants, as they say in Kentucky, "kivering up in salt to prevent him spiling for want of a fight." The Celtic nature follows after chieftains, not after institutions, and a despot thus finds in a Celtic army a ready instrument for oppressive purposes.

It is a conventional fashion to speak with great respect of the French Emperor as the soul of chivalry, the soldier of liberty, and so on. Perhaps! If a man has universally spoken truth, people have no right to disbelieve him: but the French Emperor has more than once said one thing and done another. He professes to have gone to Italy to drive out the oppressive Austrians and restore Italy to freedom. His opponents say that he means to keep Italy for himself, directly or indirectly, now the war is over. Setting aside the chivalry as not yet proven, we can understand that this act may finally sheath the knives of the Carbonari against his person; and any how, if he

rules directly or indirectly in Italy, he will know how to have prefects in every town, who will keep a black-list of patriots as carefully as did the police of the King of Naples, Garibaldi inclusive, and with the season may come the law carrying them to Cayenne or elsewhere.

But what has this to do with England? Simply that some fine morning Malta may be attempted, the Dalmatic coasts appropriated, and Russian ships cruise on the Black Sea to Constantinople. If it were a possible thing to take the empire of the seas, the ocean police of the world, out of our hands, it is very doubtful if it would be wielded with so strong a sense of justice; and therefore must we plant our ocean fortresses in the Channel or elsewhere. It is certain that the French empire is seeking to colonise. Otaheite, the Papuan Islands, Cochin China, M. Lessep's trial to appropriate Egyptian territory without will of the owners, Mr. Belly on the Isthmus of Panama, are all feelers put forth; and we dare say that Bonapartist agents from time to time sound the feelings of French Canadians—nay, even Pondicherry and Chandernagore represent "a cause." All this may be nothing. The French alliance may be as firm with England as with Russia, and as full of faith; but as our venerable old councillor, Lord Lyndhurst, so well expressed it, England must not depend upon the forbearance of any power on earth. By her own right arm must she be protected. From Prince Joinville to the French colonels, Frenchmen have commonly speculated on the possibility of invading England, and so we are to have English guard-ships in the English Channel as a corresponding speculation.

We speculate on no invasion of France; we would fain be at peace with the French nation; but if the French army will not allow the French Emperor to be at peace with us, and a surprise is to be plotted, we may have the right to ask questions upon suspicious appearances. We should not coolly behold all preparing. Any powerful nation devoting all, and more, than its surplus means to materials for aggression, and, if not actually aggressing, keeping all its neighbours around wasting their means in providing against expected aggression, is as much a nuisance as a parish infested with thieves who prey on neighbouring parishes, and whose rulers will neither put down the thieves themselves nor permit their neighbours to enter their boundaries to do it. Such a state of things can only end in a general union of the surrounding parishes; and such is the case with nations. It has once been the case with France, and may be again; and it might be with the result of making the Rhone, instead of the Rhine, a boundary, and giving to Germany sea-ports in the Mediterranean.

And so we are to patrol the English Channel with armoured water-rams carrying monster guns, which French regiments in French fast steamers are to board and carry. But these same rams are, by means of their steam-power, competent to a new mode of defence against boarding. They can use air-guns, worked incessantly by the engine and throwing streams of shot, and they can throw streams of hot water at the same time; and all this operated by intelligent men from

behind impregnable iron barricades, and not mere pikes and cutlasses behind boarding nettings and hammocks. The *elan* of the foemen might gain the decks, but none would leave them alive. Zouave and Turco, or other savage men, may be imported into the service of our foes, ready to swarm like tigers on our defences, but not even tigers can resist hot water. No, no! our steam-rams can only be competed with by similar vessels in water duels—tournaments in which skill must win—skill combined with capital. And whose capital can match ours in such a contest? We are indigenous iron-workers, with the best workmen and the healthiest workshops of the known world, and we get coal cheaper than any other. We supply belligerents with the sinews of war in this item, and if we cease to supply them coal will rise heavily. We make for others iron war-steamers, because we can furnish them cheaper than others; and we may stop the supply when it suits us.

And as regards detriment to our commerce by steam privateers, we have not much to fear on this head. Steam is useful only to civilised people. If salt water were fuel, to be manufactured on board, it might do for rovers, but away from rivers or ports where coal could be procured, steamers would be as little efficient as rowing galleys.

The conclusion arrived at is, that henceforth in iron walls, and not in wooden walls, are we to find the floating fortresses of our national defences, and that they must be officered and crewed by a race of intelligent men, highly paid and highly prized; that their condition as to comforts must be as nearly as possible assimilated to that of equal men on shore; that one blow from a craft of this kind, under steam, with a small crew, will be more efficient than one hundred tons of iron hurled from guns by a numerous crew, and that the men who work her may be practically defended from injury far more efficiently than the gunners of stone forts on shore; and that these craft must exist in such numbers as to command the ocean against all the world whenever need occurs, those who command it never infringing the rules of justice—having a giant's strength, but never using it like a giant. The world has not yet come to the condition of universal justice; but the English nation is powerful enough to uphold this justice, and, recent wars notwithstanding, the nations of Europe are gradually arriving at the same conviction. It will be well for the dynastic families if they perceive the possibility of preserving their fortunes by converting their military aims at conquest into commercial aims—the mischiefs of mankind into the benefits of mankind. In proportion as this shall be done, so will armies and fleets cease to exist save as a land and water police. Meanwhile, let our motto be—

Our iron walls! our iron walls!
Where'er the voice of Freedom calls,
By margin of each sea or ocean,
Mind and body claiming motion!
Stirring cottages and halls
In rising uplands, sloping falls,
Commerce clamouring for its freedom
Throughout Europe's feudal Edom!

MY FRIEND THE DOCTOR.



to float upon the waters, and a flag to brave the battle and the breeze.

My friend the doctor is one of a very extensive class or genus; but to study him to perfection we must see him established on board of some small collier brig, or little trading schooner, whose voyages seldom extend further than the Mediterranean or the Brazils. It is here where his genius and skill are put to the utmost stretch, the culinary means at his command being limited to salt beef to-day, salt pork to-morrow; pease-pudding, pea-soup, lobscouse, and, at dreary intervals, a sea pie. Now and then a hapless shark or a shoal of bonnettas afford him an opportunity of rivalling a Soyer in his dishes, and the liver of a porpoise causes him to be elevated as high as the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" in the estimation of captain, mates, and crew—so dainty and savoury to the poor hungry sailors is the mess he produces. The doctor's mainstay at sea is the dark, dampish pantry, or storeroom; a box about ten feet square beneath the

My friend the doctor is a negro by birth, Englishman by education, and nautical—strictly nautical—by inclination. Leave him ashore for more than a month at a spell, and the doctor would run to seed like an overgrown cucumber, or wither like a caterpillar-blighted cabbage. Only let him skim up the side of a vessel again, be she large or small, steamer or sailor, and he revives immediately. Climate or exposure have no influence upon his iron constitution, and he lives always under the happy conviction that without his valuable services the captain and crew and passengers, to any amount, must inevitably perish. Yet my friend the doctor possesses no diploma—no licence to practise medicine or surgery; no knowledge of physic or drugs (thanks to his good constitution), excepting that Epsom salts are exceedingly abominable of flavour, and apt in the course of an hour or two to produce spasmodic cramps where the doctor would sooner stow away a pint or so of pea-soup. And my friend the doctor is—the ship's cook!

The origin of this appellation it is hard to discover, nor do I presume that by a perusal of James's "Naval History" any one would be a bit the wiser: perhaps it is because he is a general benefactor. In India they call the sea-breeze the doctor, and gasp and look out for its approach with all the anxiety that a suffering patient evinces for the arrival of some skilful physician. The cook has been the doctor with sailors beyond even the memory of that gifted individual, the oldest nautical inhabitant, and doctor he will remain so long as England has a plank cabin or cuddy, and to dive into which gloomy recess he has to furnish himself with a glimmering horn lantern, and remove a hatch just under the cabin dining-table. Herein, in casks, in boxes, in bags, piled up and screwed together as only sailors can stow them, are invaluable treasures, items without which the doctor would feel like a stranded camel in an African desert. Butter and onions, currants and raisins, treacle and sugar; potatoes, flour, spice, split peas, and, curiously intermingled with them, paint kegs, tallow candles, blocks, odds and ends of ropes, a slush bucket, herrings, and a bale of salt fish. This region is sacred to the doctor and the second mate. The latter descends once a week to serve out the crew's weekly allowance of groceries—the doctor daily, in search of indispensable culinary articles. And what with the horrible stench and the legions of rats scampering in all directions, his visits are usually as brief as he can possibly contrive to make them. The doctor's only assistant is "Jimmy Ducks," the hapless

orphan cabin-boy, who is so perpetually occupied with one thing or another, from lighting the caboose fire at four o'clock in the morning to washing out the skipper's socks at eleven P.M., that he can only find time to lave himself once a week (when the doctor kindly assists in scouring him), and generally makes the caboose his dormitory for the few hours mercifully allowed him to rest his weary and oftentimes very sore limbs.

My friend the doctor, when he finds himself fairly afloat and out of sight of land, settles down comfortably into every-day life; his sleeping apartment is the best bunk in the "fo'castle," and close under the hatchway, so as to permit of his enjoying respiration freely. The floor of the fo'castle constitutes his drawing-room, and his large deal box answers for a settee or sofa, or anything that a fertile imagination may convert it into, upon which, of a stormy or rainy night, he will loll, with a very short, very black pipe in his mouth, and spin yarns to the watch below; till some sudden gust or danger, and the summons of all hands on deck, leaves him to the rats and cockroaches, and solitary cogitations (the doctor being exempted from sailors' duty, especially at night), which opportunity he skillfully improves by unlocking and diving into the mysterious recesses of his chest, producing a dark-looking, well-protected phial, which evidently contains something that comforts him in solitude and danger, and must possess all the virtues of the widow's cruise of oil, that, despite often applications, was perpetually full. By the way, amongst other treasures under the doctor's charge, are the spirits and bottled-beer on board, besides sundry pickles and sauces, and hermetically sealed meats and vegetables, all which are jealously detained under lock and key in the side-lockers of the captain's state-room (a miserable handbox, six feet by two), and only brought to light on very remarkable and state occasions.

To investigate the contents of the doctor's chest would prove an afternoon's entertainment to every soul on board; for, of a truth, they are varied. From the gay gilt-buttoned tail-coat, down to the pomatum-pot and the really useful housewife, everything has been bought and carefully packed by the doctor's absent wife, who enjoys the privilege of drawing his half-pay and rents a second pair back in the salubrious neighbourhood of Ratcliffe. The doctor consequently looks upon the disturbing of this chest as little short of sacrilege. Every soul on board, from the captain to the cabin-boy, entertains a secret veneration for the doctor's "missus," who has been represented by the doating husband as a paragon of virtue and a "scholar" to boot, and who happens to be, at the very time these encomiums are uttered some thousand miles away at sea, enjoying herself prodigiously with the "double shuffle" at the "Jolly Sailor," and imbibing such liquid comfort as that establishment can provide. But the doctor is happily innocent of disparaging impressions, and though under a dusky husk, his affectionate heart paints his Susan's portrait as the climax of virtue and goodness.

My friend the doctor's reception-room, audience-hall, dining and sitting-room, are all concen-

trated in the caboose, which, in stormy weather, is not unfrequently exposed to the risk of being pitched overboard, doctor and all. In it he can never stand upright; in it he can only sit with his knees up to his eyebrows; in it, however, with the door closed to windward, he manages, with the help of a good fire, an iron saucepan, a kettle, and an oven, to prove a perfect magician. If there is one thing more than another in which he excels, it is the manufacturing of that, by sailors, dearly-loved dish—"duff" or "dough"—without which British tars would go to rack and ruin, and which, being usually as solid and heavy as a leaden bullet, might give a rhinoceros an indigestion, but is satisfying and a mere trifle to the English sailor. Here, in this caboose, the doctor receives deputations, who, pannakin in hand, suggest that a little hot water would greatly facilitate the weekly operation of eradicating bristles, constitutionally of a wild boarish nature. Here, when the watch below are indulging in a forenoon siesta, and the watch on deck are up aloft scraping and tarring, and pitching and painting, the doctor receives in state the bare-armed, straw-hatted second mate, who possesses an appetite awful even for a sailor; and despite the heat of the weather and the fury of the furnace—despite the fact that the perspiration pours down both their faces in torrents, they get up an extemporaneous lunch of thin-sliced pork fried with onions, assisted by hard ship-biscuit, and washed down with rum-and-water that would stupify any other mortals upon the face of the earth, excepting those who are undergoing the fierce ordeal of a hot sun and a hotter furnace, with much manual labour to boot. Here also, with condescension, the doctor receives the humble appeals of the wretched cabin-boy, whose face and arms are covered with slush and soot, and who, having been suddenly summoned from scraping and greasing the fore-top gallant mast—a pleasant little occupation which the mate has allotted him, because he neglected to "give them fowls their meat in proper time this morning"—has been summarily cuffed and buffeted by the skipper for daring to present himself in his august state-room without being *au grand parfait* as regards toilet.

Even for him the good old doctor has balmy words and a lump of cold duff with treacle; and having been initiated in the science before, strongly recommends the ill-used cabin-boy to return to the innocent and useful calling of clay-pipe making so soon as his poor feet touch British soil again. Hence also, at stated periods, this great purveyor to the necessities and comforts of the floating community issues the daily rations of coffee, tea, meat, potatoes, pease-pudding, duff, &c.; and, seated upon the ledge of the caboose-door, with a knife-board across his knees to answer for a table, the doctor condescendingly partakes of every meal, mingling freely in the conversation and jest of his brother sailors who are squatted on the deck all around, receiving their encomiums, and like them, ever and anon cracking a biscuit with his elbow, which has defied every other applicable force.

The doctor's life on board is rather a monotonous one. His costume is occasionally varied by

the state of the weather, and includes a rough tarpaulin coat, in which he invests himself on very rainy or cold wintry days. Otherwise the Guernsey frock, red flannel nightcap, and dubious trousers—originally brown canvass, but now a composition of tar, smoke, and soot—constitute his daily habiliments. Having no watch to keep at night, he is an early riser; and a huge bucket of salt water, soap, and a scrubbing brush make his polished skin shine like ebony. Breakfast is no important tax upon his abilities, except perhaps as regards the cabin, and here it is sometimes a perplexing mental question as to whether salt pork or salt beef fried with a liberal supply of onions, and perhaps seasoned with a little curry powder, would prove most savoury for the cabin gourmands.

After breakfast the serious duties of the doctor commence. He has then to visit the harness cask (as the salt provision casks are called, and by the way rather suspiciously savouring, as *harness* does, of salt horse), and pick and choose suitable joints for the cabin and fo'castle. The soaking of this meat, the peeling of potatoes and onions, preparation of duff or pease-pudding, occasional lending a hand to "haul upon the bowline, the maintop bowline,"—sabbath executions of poultry or pork, interspersed with some score or two of pipes during the forenoon, and friendly admonitions to the poor cabin-boy as he washes up the plates and dishes—these constitute the every-day life of my excellent friend the doctor when at sea. The exceptions are high days and holidays, when potted meat and bottled fruit are brought into play, and when all the energy and skill of the doctor are taxed in the construction of savoury meat pies, pudding, and pastry. The afternoon and evening, weather permitting, he usually devotes to literature and anecdote, and great is the enthusiasm with which the other sailors receive his often-repeated story of how in such and such a year, at some small town in the West Indies—Cook being then a mere hop o' my thumb—he and a lot of others contrived to entice and entrap a whole battalion of turkeys and a fleet of geese by means of skilfully baited fish-hooks; and so, putting manfully to sea, dragged these unwilling victims over the waves and into the ship's caboose, much to the astonishment and terror of the natives, who conceived their poultry labouring under the same influence as the wretched swine of the Gergesenes.

But to see my friend the doctor in the height of his glory and enthusiasm, you must behold him freshly arrived, after a lengthened sea-voyage, at some foreign port, with a score or two of bum-boats flying round the vessel. Who dares interfere with his behests then? From the captain downwards everybody confides in his skill and taste, both as regards bargaining and as to the articles of consumption to be purchased. With his ivory teeth gleaming satisfaction out of their ebony frame, my friend the doctor struts the deck barefooted, and still crowned with the greasy red night-cap, an object of veneration to the butchers, the bakers, the poulterers, the dealers in fruit and vegetables, &c., that are plying alongside. Strictly he scrutinises each article—positive is the price he

fixes. Gradually the caboose assumes the appearance of a green-grocer's, with a poulterer's and a butcher's hard by; whilst the long-boat has been converted into a fruit-shop. The skipper and half the crew have gone ashore, the mates and the remainder are busy investigating baskets of oranges, bananas, lemons, &c. By some winked-at contrivance, "strong waters" have been smuggled on board, and whilst speculating upon the astounding results that his caboose will produce about dinner-time—the soup and the boiled fish, and the baked mutton, puddings, pies, tarts, &c.—my friend the doctor squats down like a black thrush amidst a profusion of foliage; and labouring under the influence of heat, the black cutty-pipe, and perhaps something else, nods complacently to the gentle rise and fall of the anchored schooner, until savoury odours recall him once more to a sense of the arduous duties that a nautical doctor has to perform. F. A. N.

ANA.

LONGEVITY AMONG THE PEERAGE.—It is not a little singular that of the score or so of peers who have died since the commencement of the year, there are sixteen whose united ages amount to no less than 1229 years, giving an average of 76 years and a-half to each. The list of noble Lords is as follows:—The Earl of Aylesford (aged 72); Lord Northwick (81); the Earl of Ripon (76); the Marquis of Bristol (89); the Earl of Devon (81); the Bishop of Bangor (86); the Duke of Leeds (60); the Earl of Moray (63); the Earl of Tankerville (83); Earl Cathcart (76); the Earl of Harborough (62); the Earl of Minto (76); Viscount St. Vincent (92); the Earl of Jersey (86); the Earl of Westmorland (75); and Earl Waldegrave (71).

YOUNG NIMROD'S FIRST LOVE.

JULY.

A SUMMER noon is brightening

Upon a joyous scene
Of Beauty mid the chestnut glades,
And youth upon the green.

One mingles with the festive throng
Of girlhood bright and free,
And scarce may tell who bears the bell
Of that sweet coterie.

But when the light-wing'd hours have fled,
The happy fêtes are done,
Of forms that seem'd restless then,
His memories seek but one.

One of them all most loveable,
One of them all most fair,
With the blue of heaven in her eye,
Its sunshine in her hair.

He battles with the dream of her,
He fears to dream too much:
But a soft hand-pressure comes again
And thrills him at the touch;

Till in his wild ideal
A cottage home is seen
(He the proud monarch of the spot,
And she its graceful queen):

A paradise where roses climb
With music in their leaves ;
A bower of bliss, all clematis,
With swallow-haunted eaves :

Till all the ties, that held so fast
The celibate erstwhiles,
Are broken by the witchery
Of unforgotten smiles.

No after-breakfast stables—
No weed at evening hours—
But tender nuptial tête-à-têtes,
And walks among the flowers.

Oh ! Love, young, wayward, wilful Love,
So blindly busy there,
What wonder manhood waxes weak
With maidenhood so fair ?



NOVEMBER.

Perish the wild idéal !
Perish soft thoughts like these !
Let squireen's stalwart spirit
Scorn lover's Capuan ease !

November's skies are clouded dun,
November's dead leaves fall ;
The hound is chafing on the lawn,
The hunter in the stall.

The lovesick youth is splendent in
A coat of spotless pink ;
The lovesick youth has ceased to dream,
And just begun to think.

And duties, that before were dim,
Assert themselves right clear :
" Shall rivals win the pride of place
While I am mooning here ?

" The scent will linger on the turf,
The streaming pack's full cry
Will make the laggart's pulse leap flame,
The coward's heart beat high.

" Stout foxes of the hillside,
And did I dare to place
In contrast with my love for you
That pretty baby-face ?

" And dared I rank a maiden's heart
Your noble chace above ?
And barter you for dalliant dreams
And thoughts of cottage-love ?

" Married—and lost—and done for—
And stranger hands to guide
Old Brownlock thro' the bullfinch,
Young Gaylad o'er the tide :—

" Away ! the first wide brook may wash
The madness from my brain ;
The first fence tear the fetter loose,
And leave me free again.

" Thus, thus I vault upon my steed,
Thus, thus I break the spell :
My love, I fill my flask to thee ;
My beautiful, farewell !"

RALPH A. BENSON.

WHERE? THERE AND THEREAFTER!

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.



CHAPTER I. WHERE?

AN omnibus is passing along a road in the neighbourhood of London.

"Potmus Street, Jack!"

Jack pulls up his horses at the place indicated, and a tall, active-looking old gentleman, with a profusion of grey hair and a pair of remarkably bright blue eyes, steps into the road and turns quickly into Hippopotamus Street. He is evidently on the look-out for something or somebody, for as he goes along he keeps turning his eyes alternately to the shop windows on either side of the way. He reaches the end of the street, seemingly without attaining the object of his search. He wheels round, and retraces his steps. Presently he comes to a dead stop before a fishmonger's shop. Its proprietress, the widow Robinson, a corpulent and cantankerous-looking person, is engaged in sprinkling fresh water upon her stale soles, to the manifest improvement of their appearance in

general, and of the orange spots on their backs in particular.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to inform me where Miss Smith the milliner resides?" asks the stranger, in a conciliatory tone which not more than one woman in a thousand could have resisted.

"Drat the fish!" exclaims the one in a thousand, giving a savage push to an unfortunate half-dead-and-alive lobster which had contrived to jerk itself a little out of its assigned position.

The stranger repeats the question. Then, and only then, does the saver of soles turn round and survey the questioner. She gives a sudden start. What can be the matter with the woman? At last she finds what the neighbours say she is rarely in want of—her tongue.

"You're inquirin' arter Smith the dressmaker?"

"Please."

"I'm told there's a party o' that name a livin'

hereabouts, but I can't inform you where. *Better ask the pleaceman!*"

This in the gruffest of tones, and the last words accompanied by a glance of peculiar meaning.

The stranger looks round, but sees not the official referred to. He smiles and walks on. Mrs. Robinson soliloquises bitterly:—

"He's here for no good, that there man. I wonder where's that blessed pleaceman?"

With unusual interest in the movements of that functionary, she keeps her eyes at the same time rivetted on the door of the pastrycook's shop through which the stranger has just disappeared.

Let us peep after him. At the moment of his entry, blooming Mary Pattypan happens to be engaged in ascertaining the weight of a loaf for a customer. She hastily flings a piece of bread into the scale as a make-weight, then slips the loaf into the woman's basket and the money into the till, and, in the twinkling of an eye, having wiped her hands in her tasteful little apron, and pushed back her hair, she turns towards the stranger with a pleasant smile upon her rosy lips.

He inquires after the milliner.

"Four doors further up at the other side. Where you see the great sycamore tree!"

Just as Miss Mary arrives at the word "tree," something about the stranger's face seems particularly to attract her notice. Her voice quavers, and her colour becomes perceptibly heightened; she looks downwards, bites her lip, and seems to have no little difficulty in preventing her smile from broadening into the preliminaries of a laugh. The old gentleman looks sharply at her.

"Why that's a stationer's shop," he rejoins, "I passed it not two minutes ago."

"Ah, but Miss Smith has lately given up the millinery, and gone into the news line!"

"Oh, indeed! I thank you. Good day!"

And the bright-eyed old gentleman raises his hat, and the fair pastrycook performs an elaborate salute, which would have done credit to one of her Majesty's Maids of Honour. She does not lift her eyes, however, until his back is turned, and then positively they are dancing in tears, and she is attempting to smother a hearty laugh with a dazzlingly white cambric pocket-handkerchief.

CHAPTER II. THERE.

Crossing the little street with the big Greek name, the old gentleman walks on a few paces, and then, passing under the fine old sycamore tree, with its dark drapery of ivy, enters the stationer's shop. And bright eyes are upon him, I can tell you. Pretty Miss Pattypan, ignoring the existence of a small boy who has just crept from the door to the counter, is looking anxiously over the way.

There's the widow Robinson, too, has altogether forgotten her soles, and stands a fixture at the door of the Piscatorial Repository. What's that? Can it be possible? Why there's the venerable stranger chatting and laughing across the counter with the demure little milliner. Worse still remains behind! The lady and gentleman leave the shop to take care of itself, and entering the little parlour beyond, are lost to sight!

"Dear me, how very funny!" ejaculates Miss Pattypan.

"I wish that pleaceman 'd come by," cries the fishwife. "The street isn't safe till that man's in the station-house. And as for that dress-maker—" The fishwife was at a loss for terms of abuse, and could only perspire in her helpless perplexity.

CHAPTER III. THEREAFTER.

EVEN while the words I have just recorded are falling from the lips of the pretty pastrycook and the unlovely fishwife, our friend the old gentleman is creeping noiselessly up the stairs of the milliner's house. On reaching the first landing-place, he turns at the right hand side, towards a door which happens to be slightly ajar. Through the aperture this inquisitive old fellow instantaneously casts those bright blue eyes of his. He *keeps* them in that position! Well, there certainly is some excuse for that lingering gaze! Let us peep into the room! At a small circular table, near the fire-place, sits a young lady in deep mourning, and with a face such as few persons could look on without interest. Her age might be two or three and twenty. Her figure is slight and graceful, and she has a very prettily shaped head, adorned with the richest, darkest brown hair you ever saw. Her features are charmingly regular, but her face is quite colourless. Her eyes you cannot see, for they are intently fixed on some needle-work upon which her fingers are busily employed.

All at once she heaves a deep sigh, and lets the work fall from her hands.

The old gentleman, who has now drawn quite close to the door, seems strangely affected by these movements.

"Egad, I believe it's crying I am," whimpers the sentimental old goose, wiping off a tear with the back of his hand.

Then she raises her fair head, and you see a pair of large loving brown eyes, surpassingly beautiful in shape and colour, but with the mournfullest expression imaginable.

There is a portfolio on the table, and the young creature turns it over as though she were looking for some particular page. She pauses. She has found what she sought for, as you may guess by that sweet sad smile. The old gentleman is wonderfully excited by all this.

"The darling little soul, how I do long to eat her up!" murmurs the horrid old cannibal.

By this time he has got very nervous indeed, and is unconsciously fiddling with the door-handle, which happens to be a flexible one. Suddenly he gives it a violent jerk, and he has now no option but either to advance, or to sneak off. He taps at the door.

"Come in!" from the gentlest, sweetest voice in the universe.

The old gentleman advances and bows. The young lady rises, with a graceful inclination of the head.

"I beg pardon for intruding, madam, but—"

This in a very hoarse voice; in such marked contrast, indeed, to the speaker's tones either at the pastrycook's or the fishmonger's, that one is tempted into believing that he has suddenly caught a very bad cold.

"Pray don't mention it, sir," says a soft kind

voice. "Pray, don't mention it, sir," repeat two sweet brown eyes belonging to the owner of that pleasant voice.

The person thus addressed responds to the lady's gentle words in tones still hoarser than before.

"In excuse, madam, let me state that—I'm the bear—bearer of a mes—message from—"

Oh, dear, what can the matter be? Surely the young lady's bewitched! What a change in the expression of that beautiful face! Falcon never shot forth a more piercing glance than is now emitted from those soft, dove-like eyes. She steps hurriedly forward. The old gentleman rushes to meet her. She utters a little cry.

"Harry!"

"Georgy!"

The next moment his arms are wound tightly round her. He presses her warmly to his bosom. Their lips meet, and the touch is assuredly not an uncertain one. Then she looks at him through eyes blinded with happy tears. He fondly passes his hand over her rich brown hair, and kisses her eyes and forehead several times. For some minutes scarce a word is spoken. At length Georgy, wiping the tears from her eyes, looks again into the old gentleman's face. With a silvery laugh she starts from his arms, and taking him by the hand, leads him before the mirror. What a picture! A whisker, large, bushy, and of the badger's hue, has all but fallen from the visitor's right jaw, and a very notable grey wig, of dimensions almost gigantic, has slipped quite to one side, while a profusion of bright brown hair, with an invincible tendency to curl, has resumed its rightful position. Another second, and off goes the wig, yea, flies to the other end of the room, and young Harry Albright's himself again, and the reader knows the cause of the pastrycook's merriment and the fishwife's suspicions.

While the lovers are putting and answering questions, now talking sadly of the dead, now discussing little plans for the future—at this crisis it is my duty to explain matters.

Harry Albright and Georgina Sinclair had been attached to each other from babyhood. Harry, when a mere infant, had lost both his parents, and become altogether dependent on a wealthy but penurious old uncle. Georgina's father, a lieutenant in the navy, had died when she was but a little girl, leaving his widow and child unprovided for, save by the pittance doled out by a generous Government to the relics of deceased officers. Mrs. Sinclair, who had been acquainted in early life with Harry's father, took a deep interest in the poor boy's fate. As he grew up, he manifested such sterling qualities that he quite wound himself round her heart; and had he been her own son she could scarcely have loved him better. She regarded with an approving eye and a thankful spirit the tender affection which subsisted between her daughter and Harry; and the course of these young people's true love would in all likelihood have run on with the most delightful smoothness, had it not been for that terrible *res angusta domi*—the rock upon which so many fond hearts have been wrecked. Harry at an early age had been placed by his uncle in an attorney's office, with a plain intimation from that rela-

tive that nothing further was to be expected at his hands. On attaining the age of eighteen, the poor fellow found himself in the receipt of a splendid salary of fifteen shillings per week, with the magnificent prospect before him of being able, after ten more years of toil and moil, to earn double that very fine income hebdomadally. Strange to relate, Harry began to get very discontented with his present position and probable future. He looked about him in all directions, and at last determined on taking a bold step. Just then news had reached Europe of the discovery of the new El Dorado; and one sunny morning our hero kissed the tears out of Georgina's eyes, received the poor widow's blessing, and shouldering his knapsack set off sturdily for the Gold Fields of the Far West. Amongst the young man's brightest anticipations, was the prospect of soon being able to surround with substantial comforts that generous old friend who had been more than a mother to him. Alas! he was destined never more to behold that kind old face! Mrs. Sinclair died suddenly a few months after his departure from England. At first Harry fared but indifferently in his mining operations; but he corresponded regularly with Georgina, and always wrote cheerfully as to what the future had in store for them both; insisting on the absolute certainty of his ultimately scraping together enough to make them comfortable all their days. While writing in this fashion, the poor fellow was half-starving himself in order that he might forward occasional remittances to his wife elect, who, since her mother's death, had been mainly dependent for a livelihood on small sums obtained for executing jobs in fancy work, and for giving lessons in French and music. Towards the close of the second year, however, Harry lighted upon a large vein of the precious metal, and by a few months of hard labour secured a competence for life. The work completed, he sailed for England. Now, young Albright was one of those good kind souls who delight above all things in giving people pleasant surprises, and had not written to let Georgy know that he was coming back.

Some little time before he quitted the gold regions, his beloved, having been promised some pupils in the neighbourhood of Hippopotamus Street, had shifted her quarters thither, and written to let her lover know. But by the day her letter had traversed the ocean, Harry was half-way home. On reaching London, and inquiring for Georgina at her old lodgings, he was directed to the little milliner's. The number of the house they had forgotten. A sudden thought now struck Harry, and, repairing to Bow Street, he promptly arrayed himself in a grey wig, grey whiskers, and other disguises. On ferreting out Miss Smith, he revealed to her the little plot he had concocted; and the kind little soul, entering cordially into the working out thereof, pushed under the wig the bright stray curls which had already bewildered "Potmus" Street, and gently opening the parlour door, silently motioned the conquering hero up-stairs. [I think that I have now with the most painstaking minuteness cleared up every scrap of mystery—completely disentangled every thread.]

Let me state, in conclusion, that the young pair—a few incidents in whose history I have been doing my poor best to put on paper—were married within a month of the events I have recorded. Furthermore, that the union was a most felicitous one. And, lastly, that I, who have the honour and happiness to be numbered amongst their friends, have again and again enjoyed a hearty laugh with Mr. Albright and his admirable wife over the details of the great and terrible “wiggling” administered by him to the petticoated denizens of Hippopotamus Street on the afternoon of the ever-memorable third of May, eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

S. LANGLEY.

“ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY.”

THE watching for invasion must have been a blind and stumbling process in Queen Elizabeth's days, when news was slower in travelling than even the great clumsy ships of the Armada were in sailing. To keep horses saddled, and men ready to ride in an instant, on the arrival of news, was the only resource for communicating between the coast and London. Fifty-six years ago, our fathers congratulated themselves on the advance of civilisation, which rendered it so much more easy for them to encounter an invasion. Like Queen Elizabeth's scouts, those of George III. kept watch on the cliffs, and gave notice of every sail to people below by signals: but there was the telegraph besides, that great invention which men pointed out to their children as the last possible achievement of human faculty, in the way of sending messages. Some people, yet living, remember the sensation of awe with which as children they looked out towards the coast-stations in the early morning, to see whether the telegraph was at work; and how mysterious seemed the rising and falling, and stretching out of its arms against the yellow evening sky. Then there was the looking-out at night—every night, the last thing before going to bed—towards the beacon, which was to be fired to give the alarm of the approach of the enemy. However many there might be who dreaded the kindling of that blaze, there were not a few who longed for it. In the summer of 1803, the first chill of dread at the image of brutal foreign soldiers rushing upon our as yet unviolated soil, was pretty well over, and the high spirit of the nation was fairly roused. The desire to arm, if not the arming, was as universal as in Queen Elizabeth's time; and drill was going on everywhere. The universities were sending forth companies of student volunteers in a state of fine discipline. The lawyers of the Inns were not quite so flexible in body and ideas; but they did their best, and did not mind being quizzed when one ran a bayonet through another's coat, or three or four tripped one another up, and fell in a heap. One gentleman, probably of an absent habit of mind, attempted to discharge a musket which had six cartridges in it. He was lost to the defence of his country; for his piece blew him up, and knocked down everybody near. Some who were not gainly enough for this kind of

volunteering did their part in another fashion. Do any of my readers remember the “Declaration of the Merchants and Bankers of London,” issued at that time, and now known to have been written by Sir James Mackintosh? Those who have read it will never forget it: those who are too young to have heard much about those times had better turn to the “Annual Register,” and study it. If our fathers were a nation of shopkeepers, these representatives of trade showed that the shop had not spoiled them for citizens, any more than it had spoiled the train-bands of London in Cromwell's time, when apprentices and small tradesmen fought for law and liberty of conscience, as well as any gallant cavalier could fight for King and High Church. The merchants and bankers did more than utter noble sentiments. The Common Council of London raised and equipped eight hundred men; and every citizen spared his clerks and shopmen twice a day for drill. The subscribers to Lloyd's instituted a fund for the care of the wounded, and the reward of acts of special bravery. The King, and his sons, and his ministers, and a great attendance of peers held reviews in the parks; and the Queen and princesses looked on. New taxes were zealously paid; and all sorts of funds raised for all conceivable modes of defending the country. The citizens felt themselves as great and devoted as their fathers ever were when looking out for the prodigious Armada; and in the make of their weapons, and all the useful arts concerned, they considered themselves immeasurably superior.

Yet there were circumstances hidden under this show of national gallantry which make us pity the condition of our fathers, as much as we admire their spirit. It was actually a daily practice for police spies to haunt the public-houses throughout the country, to ascertain whether “the people” were in favour of the invaders, or merely indisposed to defend their country, or worthy to be relied upon. We may hope the government was duly ashamed when the report was that “the spirit of the country was good.” Again; when the enlightened metropolis was thinking and acting as one man, it took a long time to dissolve the jealousies and absurd suspicions which infested society in the provinces. There could hardly have been more distrust of the Catholics on the approach of the Armada, than there was of dissenters and liberals in the towns along the coast when the French were expected in 1803. In the manufacturing towns, where Flemings and French Huguenots once settled with their industry, the insolence and absurdity of their purely English fellow-citizens were immortalised in many a joke, and many a caricature of the time. The member of the Dutch or French church would come home to dinner, laughing or irritated, as it might be, at the treatment he had met with during the morning. If his children are alive now they will remember his account of the behaviour of mayor, or alderman, or clerical magistrate to him; the significant hint that it would be rash to attempt to burn the cathedral; the refusal to let him bear arms as a volunteer; the permission to prepare the waggons for carrying the women and children away into the interior, as an office in which he

could hardly turn traitor. This was no fancy, no delusion of sore feeling. In Dorsetshire the Protestant magistracy searched every cellar and cupboard of a convent, to seize arms and ammunition suspected to be hidden there; and also something else—the person of “a brother of Bonaparte.” It must have been a remarkable scene, when the justices came up from the cellar, and were met by the Lady Superior with the rebuke they deserved. She reminded them that if she and the sisters were Catholics, they were also Englishwomen. Ah! the times are changed since then. We know nothing now of spies in public-houses; and the speeches of the Pope’s pitying adorers in Ireland lead to no reports of foreign princes or priests being hidden in convents. No man is questioned about his church when he wishes to enter a volunteer rifle-corps; and the one thing that every man is most sure of about all his neighbours is that they will each resist to the death the landing of an invader. The temper of the present day is as much in advance of the former one as the arts of life. For the man and horse in waiting, we have the railway. For the telegraph and its slow spelling with its clumsy arms, we have the electric wire and its lightning speech.

There was something fine, pathetic, and yet comic in the way of going to work to make soldiers, in town and country. In the towns there were companies of artisans, differing from each other as much as Falstaff’s recruits. Broad-chested carpenters and masons, with a rolling walk; dapper shopmen with a toe and heel step; wizened little weavers, with spindle shanks and bent shoulders, and bilious complexions, and bony fingers, shuffling along—these in procession in the middle of the street, with drum and fife, playing a march on going out to drill; and on returning, the universal strain, exulted in by all towns and counties of two syllables (or that could make three fit in),

Jove, the god of thunder,
Mars, the god of war;
Neptune with his trident,
Apollo in his car:—
All the gods celestial
Descend from their spheres,
To view with admiration
The Harwich volunteers.

Or the Kentish volunteers, or the Bristol, or Lincoln, or any other. It was noble to see the eagerness of all kinds of men to learn the discipline, and the use of arms, for the defence of their homes. It was pathetic to see the horror of the press-gang when sailors were wanted; and to witness the heroism with which mothers and maidens sent forth their sons and their lovers, either into the militia, knowing it was for the line, or directly into the line. It was comic to see the audacity with which men who scarcely knew one end of the musket from the other, dared Boney to come and try what Britons were made of. It was both pathetic and comic to overhear children confiding to each other what they would do whenever Bonaparte came. There was a universal resolution to bar his entrance into every house; or to blow him up from the cellar, or knock him down from the stairs, if

he got in; be he man or something worse; and few were quite sure what he was, in those days of many rumours, few newspapers, and scanty movement from place to place.

We should remember that the great reliance at that, as in all former days, was on the navy. There was no question of the superiority of our navy, while the Peninsular war had not shown what our soldiers could do. It was clumsy work, the exercising of the volunteers, with muskets which at best, and in actual warfare, made scores of misses to one hit. The Martello towers along the south coast, which were said to be sure to fall in as soon as their guns were fired, were early discredited in comparison with our wooden walls.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep:
Her march is o’er the ocean waves,
Her home is on the deep.

This was the general feeling; and when the citizens armed and drilled, it was as an insurance against the consequences of some signal calamity to the fleet.

But we must not forget, amidst the vivid images of that time, what has happened since. The French never came: and when their defeat and exhaustion secured peace for some time to come, soldiering of all kinds fell into disrepute in England. Peace did not at once bring plenty; the returned soldiers were thrown back upon society, when there was not work and wages enough for the civilians; and they and their profession became unpopular. By the time that manufactures and trade began to expand, through an improvement in our policy, we had receded somewhat too far from the soldiering practices of the beginning of the century.

Let us not forget the gait and bearing of the middle-classes during the years of reaction from commercial distress, and before the re-awakening of that martial spirit which nestles in the heart of every true Briton. It is not many years since we saw children almost forgetting how to play, unless at public schools; and none dreaming of playing at soldiers. Our middle-aged men did not know the use of their limbs, unless they were university athletes, or country gentlemen. Of the young men, how few could row, or play cricket, or follow the hounds, or even ride or swim at all! They used to shuffle or strut along the street pavement, and creep up a coachbox, and climb painfully over a stile. They could hardly mount the stairs three at a time in case of a fire, or run up a ladder, or leap a ditch, or knock down a thief to save their lives. It was all want of practice. Nobody then thought any more of England being really invaded, than of a comet burning up the globe; and just at the same time, there was a great spread of pedantry about intellectual recreations, and literary accomplishments. Thus, when the Prince de Joinville published his views about an invasion of England, we were just in the state to disrelish the idea to the very utmost.

It was a wretched sensation, it must be owned. There was no cowardice about it. Nobody for a moment doubted anybody’s love of country, and the courage which springs from that love: but

there seemed to be no means of making it available. Giving money to increase the army would not do. We did not know what the army was worth; and we had no great belief in it, after seeing what the common run of officers thought of their profession during a quarter of a century of peace. And what could the citizens do? They could not acquire muscular limbs and expanded lungs, and a trained eye all in a moment. There was no central rendezvous of the national force of mind and body. Each man's good will and courage would go for nothing, in the absence of organisation. Considerations like these, far more than the condition of Ireland at that time, or squabbles with America, or anything else, sent a cold shudder through many brave hearts at the thought of a French invasion.

What changes may we note since then?

The revival of the military spirit among us perhaps strikes us most. It began with the existing imperial régime of France. It was a confused business—the reinstatement of the arts of defence after they had been so nearly lost. The young men showed the strongest reluctance to bestir themselves at first—to the shame and surprise of elders who remembered what their own martial youth had been. It was mere inexperience, and obedience to custom, as we see now. They talked of waste of time and expense, and the breaking up of regular and peaceful habits; and their sisters talked of danger and dissipation, while father and mother mentally held up hands and eyes. There was, however, the great order of public schoolmen,—the sporting-men and country-gentlemen, who keep up traditions of bodily exercises and the good fellowship which belongs to them. Under the lead of these adepts we became, as a nation, more apt in the use of our limbs and senses, and better aware of the privilege of being Englishmen, before the alarm passed away.

Then came the Russian war, giving us just the education we wanted, and were beginning to crave. We learned the quality of the British soldier, which we had often talked about, but had not been able to feel, in the absence of actual observation. We became a military nation again; and we now know better how to secure our remaining so, as far as our national safety requires it. We suffered such anguish under the discovery of the bad administration of military and naval affairs, that we are more in the way of a good administration of our forces than we have ever been before. This is one great and good result of the war. Another is the utter shaming and silencing of persons who recognise no higher stake than "blood and treasure." Some time since, when it was proved that any procedure caused "a waste of blood and treasure," the argument stopped, as completed. The roused spirit of the nation now (admitting that there may be arguments as to the fact of "waste") considers that there are things for which "blood and treasure" may be wisely expended.

We have gone on rising in views and in spirit till now, when perhaps our national mood is as satisfactory as it has been at any time in history. Our navy is improving in all dimensions and directions; our army is growing healthful, busy, respectable, contented, and ambitious, even

while still troubled with scamps who enter to desert, and with a certain portion of officers who cannot be turned into men of business in a hurry. A few months more of such vigorous reform as is now going on in the army, and that force will be superior to anything we expected to have—or to need to have—again. But the strongest interest at the moment is the civilian force—the national force—which is hourly preparing to abide the critical events which all Europe believes to be impending.

The interest is only too strong; for there is the doubt hanging upon it whether the spirit of the men, and the mastery of the arms will spread fast enough to keep pace with the need we may have of them. The volunteer movement of 1859 is not exactly a new sport,—a wholesome exercise to be taken leisurely in a season of peace; and the interest of it grows more solemn with the lapse of every precious week of the few or many which may be allowed us for making our island-home secure.

Looking at the bright side of the movement, there is much that is animating. It is pleasant to be awakened in the autumn mornings by the reveille, the sweet and thrilling bugle tones sounding through the last of one's dreams. A young friend, the bugler of the volunteer rifle corps, comes to rouse the men of the household for their six o'clock drill, and every child in the family begins trumpeting the reveille for the day. This and marching will fill up all intervals of business to day, as yesterday and the day before.

The spirit goes down to the very humblest. The poor school-child begs to be excused coming home for dinner-hour. The bugle sounds at that hour, and the boys like to march to it in the churchyard, and to go through their exercise. The professors of our universities, the wealthiest of our merchants, the humanest of our clergy, are as earnest as they. As there is due cause for the earnestness, the enthusiasm is so much pure blessing. It is not a mere mode, turning men into children in their eagerness about a transient interest: it is a true enthusiasm, turning children into men, and men into patriots. This is shown by the fine spirit in which our middle and lower class young men offer what they have to give. They have no false shame about asking for arms or uniform, if they cannot afford to buy them. They offer themselves—aware that they are of greater value than rifles and military dress.

In high places the change in half a century is as great as in low. Before, there was always a hanging back of the government, which chafed the people, and puzzled all observers. The truth was, the governments of former days feared to arm the people. It seems scarcely credible now, when the making of rifles and the preparation of cannon are going on night and day, without being able to overtake the demand of the one for the volunteer rifle-corps, and of the other for the volunteer artillery on the coast. As fast as the arms are ready, they are furnished to all volunteers who subscribe to the necessary conditions agreed upon: and then, in a great municipal hall or on an archery-ground, and on moors here and market-places there, the indigenous soldiery of England go gaily but steadily through their training.

The pleasant part is chiefly to come,—that of

becoming marksmen ; and the preparatory drill is gone through cheerfully, in the conviction which every sensible man entertains, that there can be no true soldiering without discipline, whatever men may be as marksmen.

The spirit is cordial, as far as it goes, and unanimous wherever roused. The interest is in the solemn question how far such preparation corresponds with the need, if it is needed at all. It sets the heart glowing to see thousands of citizens fitting themselves for a stern new duty,—diligent in drill, and dexterous with the rifle ; but we cannot do without millions of indigenous soldiers, or without all known methods of defence. If we need any, we shall need all. If we saw the whole adult population hastening on its military education, the exhilaration might be of a deeper tone than our fathers used in their volunteering, but perhaps it could not be too grave for the occasion. The more serious it is, the stronger is the certainty that it will continue to be exhilaration, under all circumstances, secure from degenerating into mere alarm.

Our nation will have acquired a kind of new life when millions of us feel, for the first time, that our right arms can keep our heads ; and that the men of any district can guard the homes, and the women and children of that district. Instead of the dreary fluctuating apprehension about certain very distinct horrors which we used to feel when we were threatened from abroad, we shall be conscious of a growing clearness about what to expect and what to do, and fear will ooze away just as courage does from a perplexed and blinded man. We shall not be wild enough to suppose that any raw force can withstand a practical army, be the cause as holy as it may ; but we may expect, as volunteers, to set free our regular troops for the measured warfare, to guard every point that an enemy can attack, and to punish all intruders on our sacred soil.

The great point will be achieved in the rousing of the citizens. English determination and pugnacity will do the rest. We are already safer than we have been hitherto, and every day of activity will add to our security. The Glasgow volunteers were the first to wait upon the Queen. The Edinburgh volunteers lined her road to Holyrood. Thus we have something to show in the autumn of 1859. The guardians of London and its commerce and treasures are in training : and they ought to be an army in themselves, if the foe should ever come within sight of our great city. The strains of military music and the reverberation of arms can be propagated over the land very rapidly ; and British hearts beat high and steadily when the ear catches the echo of either. Englishwomen can and do help. Some have money to impart ; all have sympathy. Our Queens are not the only brave women in England. There are millions who would “think it foul shame,” as Queen Elizabeth did at Tilbury Fort, that an enemy should gain an advantage over us because we prefer peace to war.

It will not be the women's fault if any invader is invited by our unreadiness, or allowed to return by our want of handiness in disposing of him. We do, and always shall, prefer peace to war ; we do,

and always shall, desire to be friends with the French especially. But if we are compelled to meet old friends as enemies, we must do it in an effectual way. We do, in our hearts, believe and know that our country and national life are better worth defending than any others in the world ; and our defence must therefore be the best in the world. Ships or men, whenever and whatever comes to assail our rights, liberties, and homes, *must never go back*. The time is come for every Englishman to seek his post as a citizen-soldier, and make himself fit to maintain it, in peace or war, or suspense between the two.

INGLEBY SCOTT.

AN INCIDENT OF DARTMOOR.

THE parish of Lydford in Devonshire, is said to be the largest parish in England : its extent ought to be measured in square miles instead of acres, for nearly the whole of the great Forest of Dartmoor is included within its boundaries.

Dartmoor is no longer, if it ever were, a forest, in the ordinary meaning of the term, for there is scarcely a tree upon it ; but it is a splendid waste, where a man may walk twenty miles on end, and see nothing but granite rocks, and heather, and mountain-streams, and bogs, save where from some hill-side the bare stone walls of some moorland farm, the dark, sharp outlines of which lie stretched like a map before him on the other side of the valley, or a group of white-washed houses near a bridge, give some signs of human habitation. The pale green fields and patches of turnips look ten times more desolate, struggling as they are for existence with swamp and rock, than the primeval moor beyond, which partakes of a certain grandeur clothed in nature's own rich colours.

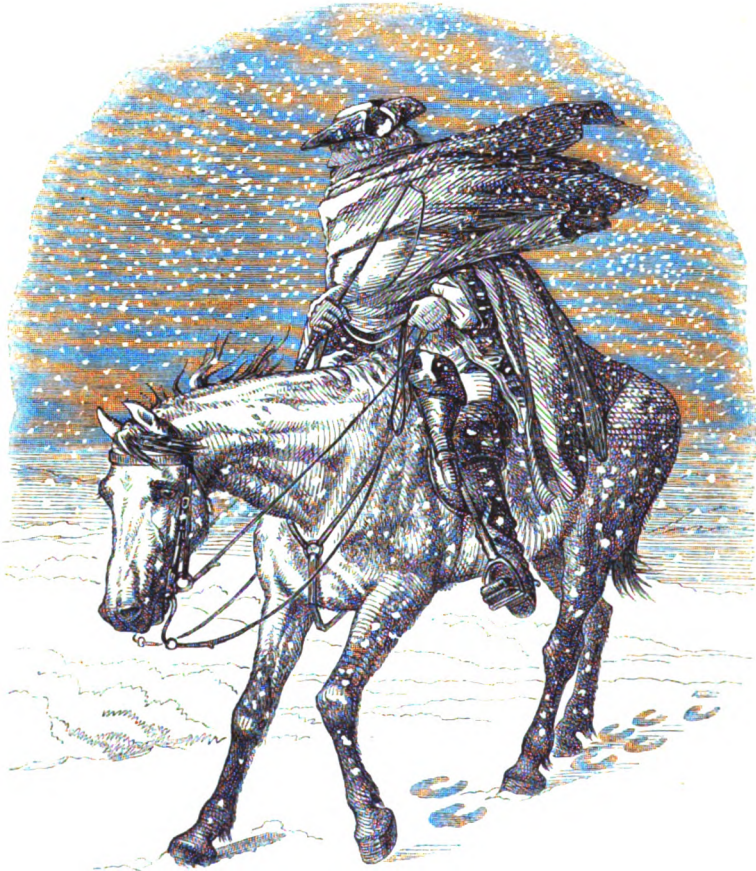
But if Dartmoor is wild now, a hundred and thirty years ago it was wilder, and in that enormous parish some difficulty occurred in reaching the parish church. In the present day there is an orthodox church at Princetown (the convict establishment), and dissenting chapels have arisen in lonely places ; and these places of worship have graveyards in which the moor-men can bury their dead ; but a hundred and thirty years ago every funeral had to go to Lydford church, ten, fifteen, twenty miles over hill and valley, rock and mire. The curious old “Leech-path” by which they took their weary journey is still in existence, and may be seen winding its melancholy way through the wildest morasses on the moor. Bog on every side, you can turn neither to the right nor left, but on the Leech-path there is firm footing. This was the Church-walk of the old moor-men before roads were known, and along it, on the shoulders of their neighbours, or the back of mountain pony, were the ancestors of the present race borne to their last home in Lydford churchyard.

In the early part of the last century one Syddall of Exeter was called on important business to Tavistock. The distance by road was sixty miles at least, but not more than thirty across the moor ; Syddall was a bold man, and moreover pressed for time, so he determined to ride across the moor. It was winter, and snow had fallen, and still lay

thinly on the ground in the cultivated country, but our traveller was not prepared for the quantity he found when he arrived at the borders of the moor. However, he was not dismayed; the track lay well defined before him, for it had been already trodden since the snow fell; so, calculating upon crossing the moor before dark set in, he rode on. But his difficulties began to increase with the wildness of the country, what with the roughness of the path and the snow, he found he could go at little better than a walking pace, and the afternoon of a January day found him about the centre of Dartmoor, with nothing but snow on every side, a leaden

sky above him, black and threatening towards the south-east, and a chill wind blowing, that froze his very blood. Presently, even while he was deliberating about proceeding, the snow began to fall thickly, and to drift furiously across his path. He foresaw that the track behind him would become obliterated, and that there was nothing for it but to push on to where some granite walls, looking black against the snow, in the valley beneath him, proclaimed the vicinity of a farm-house; with some little difficulty he traced his way to the house before dark, and there found shelter.

The inmates consisted of three young farmers,



their sister, and two labourers; our traveller was introduced to a decent bed-room in which a great turf-fire was blazing, and you may be sure he congratulated himself inwardly with fervid thankfulness upon having fallen upon such hospitable quarters, instead of perishing in the snow as many a man had done in those wild parts. He found his host and hostess civil and obliging people, and after sharing their supper with them at the kitchen table, was not sorry to get to bed.

Having arrived in his own room, however, he found it so warm and comfortable that he began to undress in a very leisurely manner, and at the

same time to glance curiously at the room and its furniture; the latter was simple enough—an enormous oak-chest, and old cabinet of drawers, and two dilapidated chairs. Syddall began lazily to speculate about these things—where they came from? how they came there? how old they were? The great box especially puzzled him; he could not divine its use, but with some vague idea that it held the family-linen, he dismissed it from his mind, as he thought, for ever.

Whether it was the cider he drank at supper, or what, I know not; but certain it was that Syddall could not sleep; he was restless and feverish, and

if he did snatch a doze he suddenly jumped up again with some vague haunting idea on his mind he could not shake off even for the first few minutes of wakefulness. Finding sleep did not suit him he determined to lie awake; by-and-by the flickering of the fire-light upon the old furniture recalled his attention to that—that box! What on earth could be in it? Then he recalled stories of travellers murdered in lonely places on nights like this, and stowed away in chests, till his hair stood on end. Then dismissing these foolish fancies from his mind, he bent his thoughts resolutely on his sweetheart, but in vain! That box haunted him, and opened it must be, "just to relieve his mind." Getting up cautiously, therefore, he proceeded to light his candle and approach the chest; he found it fastened only by an ordinary clasp; he lifted the heavy lid quietly, and what sight met his eyes?

Horror! The dead body of a man!

Whether Syddall's blood curdled in his veins or not, I am unable to say; but as this phenomenon almost invariably occurs on like occasions, I should think it must then. However that may be, there is no doubt that Syddall was in a tremendous fright, the immediate prospect of being murdered is calculated to appal any man; after a minute of stupefaction, being, as I have said, a bold man, he began to act, and having ascertained by a glance that there was no egress by the window, he rushed to the door, but alas! there was only a common latch! So placing the two chairs and the fender against it, he sat down upon the end of the bed, and gave himself up for lost. That being the case, he forthwith began deliberately to dress himself, and prepared to meet his doom, determined with the assistance of the poker (fool, and drivelling idiot! had he not left his pistols below with the saddle), to sell his life as dearly as possible.

The house, however, continued noiseless—not a mouse stirred, but there sat Syddall till morning broke, and a weary, fearful watch he had of it. When it was light enough he looked out of window, and surveyed the dreary prospect, now one mass of snow, white and unbroken in all directions. Presently, he saw all the men (looking, it must be confessed, strangely unlike murderers) leave the premises, and overheard them say that they were going to look for lost cattle on the moors, and might not be back till nightfall.

Now was Syddall's time! He let them get to a safe distance and then summoned the girl. Putting his back against the door to prevent escape, he at once told her that he knew her crime, that denial and dissimulation were vain, and he besought her to endeavour to escape the fate that must follow such a deed by a full confession.

"What is it then? what do y' mean?"

Syddall was not the man to be baulked or turned aside from his purpose by feigned innocence. He pointed to the box, and was about to speak, when a light seemed to break upon the maiden, and a smile hovered on her mouth. She replied, however, with perfect gravity:

"'Tis naught but Vather salted in," she said; "a died last week, and us couldn't car' un to Lydvur in the snaw, so us salted 'un in."

JOHN F. COLLIER.

THE LORD OF NANN AND THE FAIRY.

(FROM THE BRETON.)

[The "Korrigan" of Breton superstition is found both in Scotland and in Ireland. "Korr" means dwarf, and "gan" or "goen" is interpreted by M. de Villemarque "genius" or "spirit." The "Korrigan" is nearly identical with the "elf" of Scandinavian mythology, and Danish ballads may be found in which the "elf" plays exactly the same part to a belated hunter as the Korrigan to the Lord of Nann in the following ballad. As in other cases, I have been careful to follow the metre and divisions into stanzas of the original. The latter is important, as the triplet always indicates considerable antiquity in Cambrian and Armorican rhymed compositions. The old Celtic bardism especially affected "triads," or division into threes.]

THE Lord of Nann and his fair bride,
Were young when wedlock's knot was tied—
Were young when death did them divide.

But yesterday that lady fair
Two babes as white as snow did bear;
A man-child and a girl they were.

"Now, say what is thy heart's desire,
For making me a man-child's sire?
'Tis thine, whate'er thou may'st require.—

"What food soe'er thee lists to take,
Meat of the woodcock from the lake,
Meat of the wild deer from the brake."

"Oh, the meat of the deer is dainty food!
To eat thereof would do me good,
But I grudge to send thee to the wood."

The Lord of Nann, when this he heard,
Hath gripp'd his oak spear with never a word;
His bonny black horse he hath leap'd upon,
And forth to the greenwood he hath gone.

By the skirts of the wood as he did go,
He was 'ware of a hind as white as snow;

Oh, fast she ran, and fast he rode,
That the earth it shook where his horse-hoofs trode.

Oh, fast he rode, and fast she ran,
That the sweat to drop from his brow began—
That the sweat on his horse's flanks stood white;
So he rode and rode till the fall o' the night.

When he came to a stream that fed a lawn,
Hard by the grot of a Corrigaun.

The grass grew thick by the streamlet's brink,
And he lighted down off his horse to drink.

The Corrigaun sat by the fountain fair,
A combing her long and yellow hair.

A combing her hair with a comb of gold,
(Not poor, I trow, are those maidens' cold).

"Now who's the bold wight that dares come here
To trouble my fairy fountain clear?

"Either thou straight shalt wed with me,
Or pine for four long years and three;
Or dead in three days' space shalt be."

"I will not wed with thee, I ween,
For wedded man a year I've been;

"Nor yet for seven years will I pine,
Nor die in three days for spell of thine;

"For spell of thine I will not die,
But when it pleaseth God on high.

"But here, and now, I'd leave my life,
Ere take a Corrigaun to wife."

“Oh mother, mother! for love of me,
Now make my bed, and speedily,
For I am sick as a man may be.

“Oh, never the tale to my ladye tell;
Three days and ye'll hear my passing-bell;
The Corrigaun hath cast her spell.”

Three days they pass'd, three days were sped,
To her mother-in-law the ladye said:

“Now tell me, madam, now tell me, pray,
Wherefore the death-bells toll to-day?”

“Why chaunt the priests in the street below,
All clad in their vestments white as snow?”

“A strange poor man, who harbour'd here,
He died last night, my daughter dear.”

“But tell me, madam, my lord, your son—
My husband—whither is he gone?”



“But to the town, my child, he's gone;
And at your side he'll be back anon.”

“What gown for my churching wer't best to wear,—
My gown of grain, or of watchet fair?”

“The fashion of late, my child, hath grown,
That women for churching black should don.”

As through the churchyard porch she stept,
She saw the grave where her husband slept.

“Who of our blood is lately dead,
That our ground is new raked and spread?”

“The truth I may no more forbear,
My son—your own poor lord—lies there!”

She threw herself on her knees amain,
And from her knees ne'er rose again.

That night they laid her, dead and cold,
Beside her lord, beneath the mould;
When, lo!—a marvel to behold!—

Next morn from the grave two oak-trees fair,
Shot lusty boughs high up in air;

And in their boughs—oh, wondrous sight!—
Two happy doves, all snowy white—

That sang, as ever the morn did rise,
And then flew up—into the skies!

TOM TAYLOR.

BENJAMIN HARRIS AND HIS WIFE PATIENCE. By H. K.

CHAPTER II. CHEPE.

To those who have experience in human nature, it will not be a marvel to learn that within a twelvemonth from the evening recorded in the last chapter, Benjamin Harris, the young protesting printer, wedded the spinster, Patience Chiswell, and that, notwithstanding she had no present portion beyond her wedding-clothes, one of Master Guy's bibles, a copy of pious songs from Mistress Lucy, a caudle-cup from her godmother, and a fine cornice of oak-leaves, grapes, fauns, and satyrs from Master Chiswell's own skilled, painstaking hand, "almost too fine a piece of furniture for this wilderness world," Harris declared; but he smiled, and was ready to admire also when he saw his Patience's young matron face looking up with wonder and delight at the luscious clusters and the goat-eared heads.

To those who have been happy in reading the pages of pure and high hearts, neither will it seem strange to be told that, as Harris expressed it, Patience having been accommodating enough to take a lively fancy and a trustful liking to his grim visage, this Patience, woman-like, rapidly imbibed the young printer's lofty sentiments, became the most devoted of his disciples, and echoed his psalm of life, only diversified by her delicate womanly chords and subtle variations. Patience's candid affectionate heart, unsophisticated in its errors and vanities, was the good ground, and in it, as privileged to represent his master, Benjamin Harris dropped the good seed which was to bring forth an hundredfold. Master Chiswell took no part with the aggrieved Non-conformists, he was a Court servant, and a State and Church man, employed under noble patronage



along with Stone, and Le Sœur, and Fenella, and was so just, so timid and time-serving, as to be delivered up against his better nature to any of Sir Roger's bluster. But Master Chiswell "was not to say rich," and he had many daughters at his elbow, and really the national councils were still so precarious as to render a stout, faithful husband of any colour which might turn up not a cast-away.

Nor was it a contradiction in this case that Harris, rigid in duty, stern towards himself, proved notably indulgent to Patience, to the verge of uxoriousness, even perversely protecting and petting her, almost vexing her by obstinately refusing to allow her to share his troubles, and insisting upon taking upon himself all the toil, all the risk, all the weariness. You see

Harris was deeply conscious that his lot was likely to be clouded; he was aware, to a certain extent, of the tinge of gloom in his own temper, and the harshness which injuries had sealed, and double sealed, on his sect. He did not try to check these tendencies as far as he himself was concerned, but he was, with some excuse, perhaps, morbidly anxious to spare Patience—once he understood and valued her, and could not resist making her his own. The young, healthy, spirited, genial tempered, unbroken wife, was a bright being indeed to the struggling, saddened husband—the new sunshine of his existence, whose warmth, radiance, and gladness should be preserved at all hazards, except that of sin. There was cowardice bound up with Harris's love and temporising with his proselytism.

So Harris fell into an error; was nervously, sedulously attentive to his wife's comfort and pleasure, treated her to no "wholesome neglect,"

guarded her from all rough but invigorating shocks, denied her reasonable work, fatigue, and disappointment; put very considerable force upon his natural disposition and education to procure for her flowers, cates, and even a subdued kind of finery, and to bear her company in entertainments at Master Chiswell's, Mrs. Lucy's, and other relatives and friends and neighbours, most of them totally distasteful to him, and all more or less burdensome, taken as a task, and fulfilled without a chance of exemption.

In all this Harris showed himself what he was, a noble and self-denying heart with a remarkable aptitude for getting rid of narrow prejudices and acerbities, when they came in collision with the charities and tenderesses of his daily life; but he did not display much worldly wisdom, or a Petruccio's bold, shrewd blitheness in compassing and confounding female weaknesses.

Patience, like every child of Adam similarly situated, was ungrateful for his folly, refused to be governed by this half and half system, could not be gay, because Harris ordained it, secretly resisted the artificial atmosphere provided for her, and hankered in her inmost soul after that of which he had first given her a taste, self-abnegation, endurance, effort; she grew pensive, formal, restless, without being permitted to betray her state of mind; took refuge in the solemn mysteries which float about all recently awakened souls, and can be grasped at any moment; and, oh! grievous mystery in itself, loving her husband and loved by him, was breaking from all near communion or true partnership with him.

Now, this would not have happened had Patience been older, wiser, and more apparently on her husband's level; but while there was substantial equality between them, it was far down below the husband's studious thoughtfulness, and the wife's book ignorance and girlish buoyance; and once she was seized with an admiration of his excellence, she conceived an awe of him which his elaborate forbearance and somewhat painful fondness was building up, mountains high, to a degree that would crush him one day with its unfamiliarity and its slavishness. There can be no perfection of regard, or liberty of affection without mutual sincerity and confidence, and mutual blame as well as mutual praise, and mutual vexation as well as triumph—no, not while we are here below.

Thus the first year of the Harrises' married life was not the blended jubilee and fast which it might have been. It was at first monotonous sunshine, and then, inconsistent as it sounds, a tinge of frost crept into that persistent tranquillity, and Benjamin Harris had occasional cruel visions that for all his efforts and all his pains, he was not enough for his chief earthly treasure; and she was no longer the same unquestioning, unexact, sympathetic mistress he had courted and wedded. Foolish man! that could not be. Why not have the substitute? But he would not, not he! permit her to help him in the business, in the catalogues, the manuscripts, the ledger, like John Dunton's useful, estimable Elizabeth, notwithstanding Patience was as neat-handed, as intelligent, as industrious, and quite as solicitous for her husband's interest, and she, too, would have been

a priceless assistant. Patience's eyes filled with tears of envy—poor, energetic, earnest woman—when she saw what others were permitted to accomplish, what she might never attempt, where she would never signalise herself, so as to be more worthy of him. She would have so liked to help him in the duties he had taught her, to go halves in the dangers, for it was no trifle to propagate their faith under these fines and imprisonments, Rumsey and West witnesses, and Jeffrey judgments. But he would not even tell her when he was implicated with the commissioners, and forbade her to read the scurrilous personal abuse of the "Observer," which sometimes fired even him, though he had jestingly dubbed his ordinary indifference the true *Patience* in contradistinction to her im-*Patience* of slander and wrong to the cause. Why, he would not even venture her with household work, and cramped himself, poor as he was, and always poorer, that he might not stint her in domestic service, or deny her any former custom.

First drawn out, and then set aside, Patience in despair, took to reading rabidly violent reformers, latter-day prophets, and high-flown Mrs. Rowes (there were extraordinary mental appetites and diseases developed by these occasions), hurried on to become wilful, opinionative and hovering on dangerous delusions; and, from long absence of opposition, resented doggedly when Benjamin Harris would have at last firmly, with alarm and reprehension, forced her back from these dark, rugged paths. This dreaming woman commencing to frown in bitterness, was scarcely the little lass, humble in her flippancy, of the Mercers' Gardens, Benjamin Harris's old delight.

The summer sun was again shining on this heady, fermenting, unstable London, where men had once protested against a Star Chamber, and were now submitting to be ruled without the shadow of a parliament by a feather-headed, not brainless, but heartless king. Russell and Sydney had not yet died for love of the law and league with traitors; it was still many months before that fit which glazed the merry, roving eye for ever, ere James's sullen stupidity and conscientious wrong-doing could effect the vital change which only dire obstinacy and strong belief in a delusion can perfect and perpetrate. But hardship to spare was riding rough-handed in the kingdom; wild, old soldiers of Cromwell's, weary of inactivity, weak, failing tradesmen, basest rogues, had but to swear roundly to convict honest men of licence and libel, if not of treason. Sentences quoted by hearsay from a sermon, were enough to condemn a preacher. A simple report that a Scottish gentleman had stirred on the wrong side in the affair of Bothwell Brig, was an apology for the Boot; and truly the Duke of York in the Edinburgh Parliament House "was born under no pardoning planet," and Judge Jeffreys on a London bench did not fail him. Good reason that Essex, once "cast" and laid in the Tower, gave way to one of his deep fits of the spleen; that good Leighton died mourning the depravity alike of his king, his country, and his church; that a plantation in Carolina was eagerly talked of by both English and Scottish Nonconformists.

Patience Harris sat in the window of her sitting-room, with her hymns and her songs unpractised, her embroidery faded and entangled; her copies of sweet, cool, wholesome Izaak Walton, and John Evelyn, and Samuel Daniel, and George Herbert, ay, and even some of the best verses of Master Waller and Master Dryden, which Benjamin had loved to read to her and have her read to him, neglected for the curses of some maddened man; irking herself, harrowing herself with miseries, which she could neither fathom nor relieve, as she would drink wormwood-water for her health in place of succory-water for her solace—there was Patience, dark and abstracted as Benjamin Harris least liked to see her, as it pricked him to the heart to find her.

Patience had seen little of her husband for the last few days: he was unusually engrossed with business, and had been obliged to depart on a little journey without informing her of its import, although he had come in and embraced her affectionately in his riding-coat, with a blush on his cheek and a stammer on his tongue. Afterwards he had sent her a little note dated from his coffee-house, urging her, in place of living lonesome, to pay a visit to Mistress Lucy Soule, who was prepared to receive her and amuse her with the last new prints and women's recipes; because her worthy father with whom she was aware he was so unhappy as to have a dryness, was not at present, as far as he had sounded him, disposed to accept his daughter's company for a week or so, with the entire contentment and thankfulness which he regarded as the due of his honoured wife, to whom he was forced to bid a brief but reluctant farewell.

Patience was not greatly enlightened or charmed by this communication of her husband, clearly as it indicated his concern for her. It was an annoyance, a provocation. In the first place, she would have much rather been trusted to keep house in Gracechurch Street; in the second, she would have preferred feeling an intruder on her own family circle to rendering herself a dependent on Mrs. Lucy's notice. In the last there was already sprouting between the elder and younger ladies one of those civil perennial grudges which the wisest husbands will obliviously overlook. It was all very well for Mrs. Lucy to patronise her young acquaintance, Patience Chiswell, and Patience liked the sweet tempered, affected great lady immensely; but Mrs. Benjamin Harris judged Mrs. Lucy too self-satisfied, learned, and affable, and did not admire her trade connection with Benjamin, who had no consultations or arguments for his wife, only admiration and courtship.

Still do not credit that Patience was very sulky or actually rebellious: she obeyed the injudicious mandate, entering her hackney chair and forwarding her bundles and boxes the moment a messenger arrived for her. Mrs. Lucy deputed a journeyman to pass her onwards, because she could not come and carry her off herself by reason of her dear old mother having had some spasms on hearing of the difficulties of a friend. But wherefore Mrs. Lucy despatched a chair when she knew that Patience hated it, in spite of that old progress from the Mercers' Gardens, and greatly preferred a walk through the streets, unless to imply a doubt of her

prudence, or to despise her inclinations, Patience could not conceive.

Patience bore as long as she was able the aggravation of Mrs. Lucy's pointed, tolerably fantastic attentions, and her mother's dotting way of staring at her, and shaking her head, and being told over and over again, "Please, madam, it is young Mrs. Benjamin Harris, who knows nothing of older folks' cares and pains, and whom dear Mr. Harris has entrusted to us to be looked after and kept cheerful." While the Soules had her all to themselves, and saw no other private company.

At last, something impelled Patience to be naughty and independent; and getting up early one morning, she stole a march upon Mrs. Lucy—who was a little of a slug-a-bed—ere she betook herself to her gay back shop (front shops were the public libraries), and her dainty desk. Patience broke her fast with a porringer of sops, left a message that she had gone abroad to see her own people, and would be back before nightfall, and started all alone for Lombard Street.

Really Patience was so perverse, that she felt excited and elated by the rare sense of solitude, and the flavour of adventure and danger as she walked away in her hat and mantle, without the mask, which the court ladies adopted largely for no creditable purpose, if all tales were true, but with the old decent muffler, in remembrance of her husband's scruples, drawn over her round chin and up to the arched mouth, which ought never to have been drawn hard and still. There seemed already many people abroad, and they were hurrying to Chepe, as Patience could catch, to witness some aggravated instance of exposure and contumely by command of the lords or magistrates of the city. But Patience was so far her old self for the moment, that instead of pondering the severity of these usages and the shameless venality of the one in question, and racking her head and heart hopelessly in abasing herself for the unrighteousness in power, she was more tempted to buy from the buxom country girl, calling the "Cherry, cherry, ripe" of Herrick, or the brown water-cress boy, who might have made up his dark green bunches by a flowing stream, peaceful as the Lea, with a lord of the manor attached as Cotton, and a lady well chosen as the sister of Bishop Ken.

Patience entered Lombard Street in good spirits, passed rapidly through her father's shop, with its sculptured models, like the figure-heads of ships, its huge carved testers and waved canopies, and entered suddenly into the Chiswells' back parlour, threading its heavy oak-chairs and treading lightly its tessellated floor in the style of the master of the house, and dispensing with a foot-cloth.

Patience's sisters were in the kitchen helping to cook the mid-day dinner, or putting the sleeping-rooms in order, or even painting some of the simpler screens which her father furnished; her brothers were at school, or in the working booths, or abroad attending to orders, but her father and mother sat here at leisure engaged in close conversation. They both stopped and stared, Patience fancied because she had not been home recently, or in relation to an ill-judged interference which Chiswell had taken upon him to make in Harris's concerns—his dealings with the Dissenters, his

unbending ways to Churchmen and courtiers. However, Patience took the silence and amazement at her appearance rather ill now, and the blood had rushed to her cheeks when, to her consternation and bewilderment, her mother commenced to cry and wring her hands, and disorder her caul and ruff and stiff skirts; and little round-eyed Master Chiswell arose so abruptly, that he burst half the trusses of his points, which he had just tied awry, and addressed her in the most perturbed, incoherent, aggrieved fashion:—

“Daughter Harris, you may bear me witness I did not press an alliance with this fellow Harris, it was your own free choice, and I think, having made it, it is your duty to abide by the same, not implicating your poor friends and connections, and causing detriment and destruction to the innocent. Howsoever, I will protect you from bodily injury,” he added, in the tone of a man put upon and compelled to be public-spirited, “that is, if I can manage it, and if need be; for your wrong-headed good man did aver that he would shelter you from all blame, and that you should incur no harm. For that matter, though it be a sore disgrace, and like enough to stick to him, and ruin his business, and even to imperil my credit—fool that he was, not to do all to avoid it!—there are no orders given for mutilation, and he may have hope, which he scarce deserves, to reach his own house again in safety this very night.”

“Oh, Patience, Patience, my girl! to remember you might have wedded the wood-merchant adown in Surrey, and been respected and exalted. And I declare how well you did look in your pea-green open gown, with your love-knots and your top-knot, before that villain rendered you grave and thin with his homilies and his treason,” reflected Mrs. Chiswell.

“I do not understand you,” answered Patience. “Master Harris hath done no ill (that I should even him to ill!) that I wot of. It is certain I would have wedded none but he. He is but gone from home on business, if that be the accident at which your words aim.”

“Oh, the misguided child! the infatuated, misguided child!” cried both shallow persons, who were sometimes cunning, sometimes impulsive, but whose instinct it was to effervesce with whatever information they contained. “Do you not know?”—“Have you not heard?” (Talking each other down in their eagerness to divulge the count which affected her peace.) “Benjamin Harris has been arraigned before the justices for a libel on the Test Act, published within his premises.” (He had but received the officers in the shop, when he stepped up and took leave of her in a common way.) “He had the audacity to tell the bench that, though he had not put one objectionable word in type, he expected nothing in his favour, because Pilkington, the Lord Mayor, was fined so heavily for no other reason than that he refused to congratulate the Duke, and Ward was accused of perjury merely because he could not call to mind the form of words in which Pilkington declined the ceremony. Then Harris and his cousin Janeways were sentenced to the Fleet, where it would be a miracle if they did not contract the gaol-fever, and poison a whole city ward

when they came out. Where was their regard for the public in that? And, to-day, they were to stand in pillory in Chepe for four mortal hours, to the shame of all who had anything to do with them; and it was cause enough to daughter Harris to have been seen in Lombard Street that morning for Master Chiswell himself to be suspected, seized, and set in the stocks, when the family business and court interest—grossly damaged already—would go to sticks and staves, and they would all perish.”

“And your poor dear sisters unmatched, Patience,” represented her mother, piteously and reproachfully. “Sirs! how their fortunes may be wrecked by such association at this time.”

“Better unsuited and dashed in their hopes, though they have to work their fingers to the bone, than buckled to enthusiasts and fanatics!” roared Chiswell, virulently.

Patience had stood dumb, becoming very white and very cold, but with her grey eyes lightening and clearing. When she began to speak, she had to answer them on various allegations.

“No shame to any one, father! Benjamin Harris is not framed of the stuff which creates infamy. No fear of you, father. No one will dream that Benjamin Harris hath borrowed your countenance. Nay, now, you will forgive me if I am rude. I will not stop to injure my sisters, mother—particularly when Benjamin calls me elsewhere.” And she moved to depart.

The old couple urged Patience for an explanation of her views. They meant to keep her in the end, since, in her unheard-of, foolish ignorance, by walking abroad and calling upon them, she had already exposed herself and compromised her father and mother. They were not hard and cruel, this court carver and gilder and his wife, only comprehensibly worldly and selfish, and caring much more, as in nature bound, for the well-being of their home-birds than for their flown and expatriated nursing. When they did let Patience go, it was in the agitation of a trying day, in their distress at their supposed share in the crime and its shameful results; on her assurance that she would travel straight where Harris might wish her to take refuge, and in their conviction that she was in her right reason, and even in possession of a composed spirit which would not only enable her to dispose of herself as was fitting, but would induce her to assert her independence and prove too much for them if they endeavoured to coerce her against her will.

“It was cruel in him,” said Patience, as she traversed the streets again with all the speed she could summon at her imperious bidding; “it was cruel in him ever to conceal his pains, and suffer me to grow peevish, but now that he has done me this wrong I will conquer him.”

She went the direct road to Chepe, pushing her way among the mob—always increasing, and always more fired with expectation and perilous excitement—until there in the thoroughfare rose the stage pressed against by the van of the rabble, and enchorised by a roar of senseless approbation. There rose the framework, and there, seated in arm-chairs, with their necks fastened in the iron collars, sat Harris and Janeways (in their

respectable suits unsoiled by the squalor of the gaol they had quitted, their plain bands giving them the air of divines, their high-crowned hats, their belts with the scabbards of their rapiers worn to defend them from bullies and cut-throats hired by his Grace of Monmouth—he who wore the purple on the death of a foreign prince—to slit the nose of so humble a rascal as a prayer) to be gazed at, hooted, pelted with filth and rough enough missiles, till their persecutors were weary; and above the whole the simple, beautiful, grand, blue summer sky contrasting with the jumble of buildings and people, the tumult, the noise, the dust of the outrageous scene below. There, with those dark, serene, sagacious faces, whose power we study in many a brown picture, their trimmed but ample beards, their hair divided in the middle, and allowed only to fall back in a wave from the broad brows, the brave men sat undaunted in their penance—fools gaped at them, thoughtless, licentious men mocked at them, enemies reviled them, but their firmness did not falter.

Roundheads, Fifth-monarchy men, sour-faced hypocrites, psalm-singing knaves, bitter Whigs—they dubbed them freely. Lazy Dorset, who was only animated when drunk, and the jester Sedley, whose unnatural vileness had nearly raised a riot in these streets one night of late, and whose sense of family honour was the sole ray of light that lingered round a far-fallen star, with other distinguished gentlemen in their white silk hose, their perukes, and their pouncet-boxes, stayed their morning's course, grinned, swore, betted, flipped showers of groats, bird-shot, snuff, and bits of sweet biscuit (with which, after his Majesty's example, they coaxed, tormented, and satiated the little spaniels at their heels) in the direction of those stubborn prisoners, stimulating another appetite of the not over-fed or disinterested mob, few of them Andrew Marvells, and rendered confusion worse confounded.

"Give us back our may-poles! Leave alone our merry footings on the grass, unless you want to rouse us until you swing at Tyburn!"

"What! do you think we'll resign our fiddles and routs, our honest round oaths for your caunting, snivelling prayers?"

"Better not burn your drawn-down mouths with our Christmas plum-porridge!" jeeringly, vociferated the lusty, carnal mob.

"What! my men," remonstrated Harris, bending down to them, and speaking in his clear, distinct voice, melodious in its gravity, "we wanted to give you bread from heaven."

"Shut his mouth; gag him, lop him; the whining, lying, Praise-the-Lord or Praise-the-Devil!" burst in scarlet, foaming fury from a large, swollen, towering figure on the outskirts.

That was the famous Tory-editor, Sir Roger, notorious for his shrewdness, his unscrupulousness, his want of scholarship and style, and his indecent triumph over his brow-beaten foes. Dorset and Sedley, and their trains, turn and aim their sneers and their flouts at their unphilosophical, unmagnanimous, hot, coarse friend; but the main body of the assembly do not swerve from the rogues in pillory, but deride them, insult them, cast contempt upon them, till these resolved brains begin

to reel, and these stout hearts to sicken at the utter baseness of their humiliation.

"Let me in; I know one of the prisoners. I pray you suffer me to pass forward," said Patience, in her modest, middle-class apparel, with her young, open, feeling, refined gentlewoman's face; and she spoke on till she was hoarse, never giving way to exhaustion, though nearly carried off her feet, or to keen sorrow and burning indignation at that spectacle. Yet, as they say the sight of the dead, recalls vividly the time and circumstances when the departed was first met, blotting out, as it were the daily associations, and the infinite changes of intervening years, so the chance of beholding Benjamin Harris, all unknown to him, thus elevated into a public gazing-stock, with the same June air around them, brought back to her mind in one flash, not her kind, careful husband, but the comely, strong young printer, to whom Mrs. Lucy introduced her long ago in the Mercers' Gardens, who looked so often at her as they walked on the soft turf, through the bowery trees, in the balmy evening air, and who to satisfy his conscience or her imagined horrors, would walk all the way through the streets by her chair, until he bowed over her hand at her father's door in Lombard Street.

Happily for Patience, with the half-careless good-humour, which, thank heaven, is wont to temper the brutality of all but inflamed and possessed crowds, the apprentices, linkmen, small tradesmen, curious or sorry women, as well as the more substantial and honourable representatives of the community, after venting sundry scurrilous jests on the persistence with which the women stuck to the conventicles, and the Puritans, were inclined to admit her claims, and hustled her on to the very front of the platform. Still Harris, who was somewhat of an absent man at best, and who was relieving himself by looking up into the cloudless air, did not observe her, and his presence intervened between Patience and the scope of Janeways' vision.

"I pray you, sir, suffer me to mount beside the prisoners; put me up with them; I am one of them," declared Patience, to the officer.

Now these officers, who were some of them relics of the Protector's servants, had no great stomach for such a duty as they were in the act of performing. They could not help respecting the manly, orderly, upright charges that fell to their lot, and with whom they might have come in contact before in very different relative positions. They would occasionally presume to be lenient in their offices—witness the captain of the prison in Bedford's licensing John Bunyan to stand with his blind daughter in his hand in the court or street selling laces to the passers-by, for the support of his destitute family. Patience's request was out of order, and, at the same time, a moderately kindly man, of a little more than official principle, saw a respectable, delicate young woman in a sad strait, liable to be trodden under foot, or perhaps, in her present grief to be spirited away and misused by the reckless and abandoned.

"It was not mooted by the magistrates, howsoever, there is no statute against it," and so gruffly in his perplexity, but far from barbarously,

the officer assisted Patience to ascend the scaffolding to a station behind her husband's chair, confronting the concourse.

Then Harris discovered her—the young girl, his much cherished wife, standing by his side in the disgrace of the pillory.

"Good Lord!" he cried, driven from his moderation of speech, "how came you here, Patience? Why did Mrs. Lucy permit you to stray? Oh! Lord, this is indeed anguish."

But she looked him in the face, only panting with her toil, and, while a bright red colour swept over the paleness of her fatigue, uttered something that sounded like a sigh of relief, and said, with a little echo of exultation, "I have found you out, Benjamin."

He stared in wonder and doubt.

"It will kill you. Oh! how can I save you?"

Patience reasoned with him.

"Hush, Benjamin, do not be faithless. I thank God I found you out."

Then Benjamin Harris understood his wife, and was comforted for his trial, and blessed her with a mighty blessing.

Sir Roger named the woman by a foul epithet, and demanded that she should be expelled from her post, and there were signs of contention among the by-standers. Harris's lips quivered.

"She is my wife," he said, appealingly. "Brethren, you have accused me of other thefts. Answer me this question: Have I taken from you one of your wives?"

"No, master, you are guiltless there," admitted a straightforward voice, whose owner was not very widely removed from rightcousness. "Whatever scurvy tricks you've played us, we own you yield that game to the debauched cavaliers."

"No credit to you, your own is good enough," another growled out—an irrestrainable compliment.

Harris heard it, and a smile that showed sweet, glimmered over the care on his face. From that moment no farther opposition was attempted to Patience's intrusion; and it was observable, that though railing was still vented, it was now delivered only by the sheerly senseless and abusive railers; and all flights of gross and offensive material were either fearfully intermitted or cautiously directed wide of the pair.

Crude and coarse as the mass of the spectators were, they began to be conscious of an element they had not calculated upon in their show, and which it was very doubtful whether the King's or the Duke's theatre could have afforded them in equal vividness and purity: the man in his prime, and the slight woman held up on an eminence before them, witnesses to the constancy of their opinions and the strength and sacredness of the tie which bound them.

Sir Roger, with a curse, strode away to some fresh oppression; the courtiers became silent in contemplation, yawned, and prepared to go in search of a lighter diversion, but, with their marvellous versatility, one or two of these professed reprobates, ere they departed, lifted their hats without a jest to the loyalty on that scaffold.

"They have confiscated our goods, too, dear Patience, beyond what I can ever hope to

retrieve," Harris informed her, wiling away the tedious ordeal by passing discourse, "and I have thoughts of sailing to the Americas, where a man may pursue his calling in peace, and peradventure in prosperity. I was minded to leave you in England till I was settled; but look not on me so wistfully, I will carry you with me now, though we should lie on the deck or in the forest, and build our hut with our own hands, for I have found you out:" and Patience raised her head, as if he had clothed her with honour.

No, reader, this heroism was not without parallel, when Russell kissed his children about to be fatherless without breaking down, and his fond, faithful wife took her last embrace, keeping back every tear, and silencing every sob, that she might not disturb his equanimity.

As the time wore past, the declining sun shot a beam through the houses, which dazzled Harris's eyes; he could not shift his position, and being in a degree spent in body and mind, and exhausted with previous confinement and abstinence, he could not resist wincing and looking faint as he encountered this last drop in his cup.

Patience undid her muffler, advanced a step, and flung it skilfully across the balustrade, so as to succeed in screening her husband's face. The officer interposed; he durst not see the least interference with the framework of the blessed pillory, no, not with a rib or spar of its skeleton; but his resistance was greeted with such a hum of dissent and murmur of anger, that he relinquished his purpose, and did not detach the kerchief.

Nay, when the prisoners were at length released from their so-called ignominy, and formally set at liberty, with a command to shut their presses, as the apostles were bidden close their mouths, and Harris was detected, with his wife under his arm, hieing home as fast as his cramps would admit to Gracechurch Street, actually a brief cheer greeted their tingling ears, so irrational as well as uncouth was the old burden they had borne.

(To be continued.)

WILD ASSES.

BY THE LATE D. W. MITCHELL.

WE are so accustomed in this equestrian land to regard the ass, the ill-used, persecuted ass, with contempt and disdain, that an untravelled Englishman can hardly bring himself to believe that such noble beasts exist as are sent from Goza at a hundred guineas a-piece to far Virginia, where mules of great stature are invaluable.

The asses of Goza are generally of a deep dark brown, varying to black. In Spain we have a race of splendid animals of every shade of grey to creamy white, which last extend along the African coast to Egypt and Syria, where they are the Mollahs' favourite hack. In Norfolk there are a few of these white asses, as well as pied, all probably of Spanish origin, like the troop which were formerly at Stowe. Naturalists tell us that the domestic ass is descended from an animal which still roams in Abyssinia, 'clept the *Onager*, of which M. Delaporte, the French Consul at Cairo some time ago sent a specimen to the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris. He looks marvellously like an ordinary ass, notwithstanding, and has none of the

gallant bearing of the hemiones, not even of the hemippes, which inhabit the same stable.

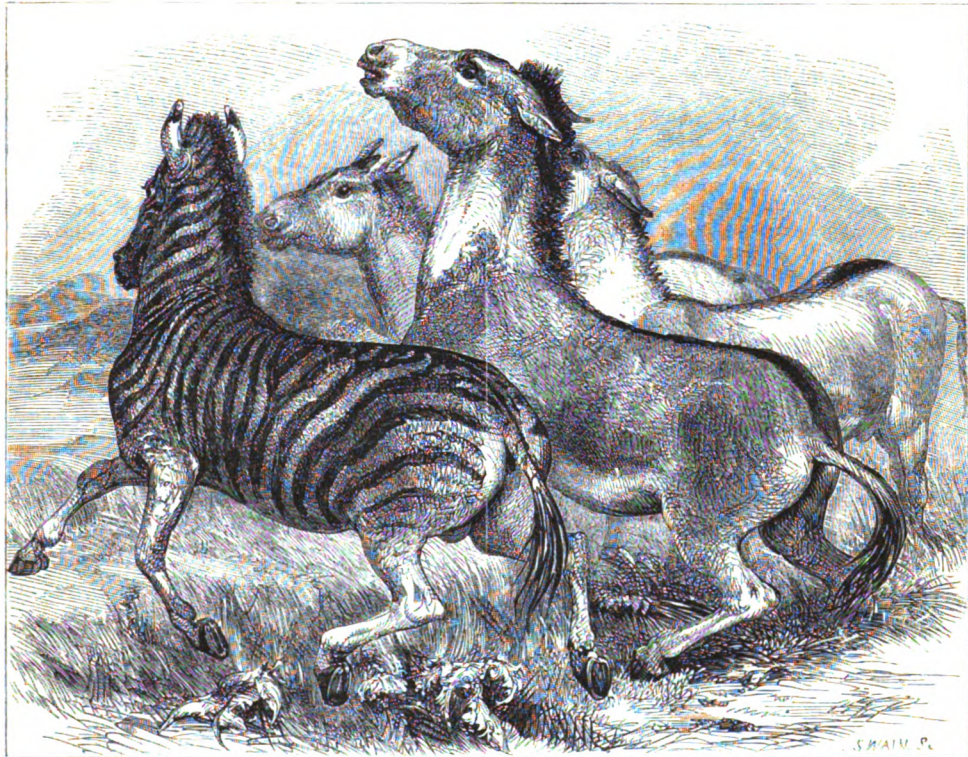
The hemione, gentle reader, otherwise the dsigghetai, is the wild ass of Western India: the hemippe is the wild ass of Mesopotamia and Syria. We have both Hemione and Hemippe in the Zoological Gardens, and the Gour to boot,—the wild ass of Persia. There is another wild ass in Asia, the Kiang, which inhabits the plateau of Thibet, and perhaps other parts of Central Asia. Colonel Hamilton Smith saw in London, many years ago, a wild ass from the Sikkim Frontier of China, which rejoiced in the name of “the Yo-to-tze,”

and was probably a kiang. If not, the yo-to-tze comes into our catalogue as *Asinus equuleus* or *A. hipparyus*, for he gave it a couple of names.

Add to these the Quagga, the Dauw, and the Zebra, in South and West Africa, with possibly a new species in the East, on the banks of the White Nile, and you have the whole of the asinine family in review.

The qualities of speed, courage, and endurance which the wild asses possess are astonishing. Their beauty is only second to that of the horse, and in comparative strength they excel him immeasurably.

When we look at them it is a marvel how the ass



The ZEBRA, the GOUR, and the KIANG: the latter is the principal figure in the centre, partly covering two figures of the Gour.

can have become a by-word and reproach. “Come along, old horse,” is by no means an offensive expression in the Kentuckian parlance, but the slightest comparison to *asinus*, *asne*, *âne*, A. S. S., or any other form of the despised name, is equally a *casus belli* in all countries.

The seven-year-old zebra bit harder and kicked harder, and was more difficult to hold, than any horse Mr. Rarey ever handled. It took three hours and a-half to reduce him to first submission. Now, this particular zebra is a small zebra, who had been in confinement all his life, and may be said to have never fairly stretched his legs until he was put through his paces in the little theatre in Kinnerton Street.

His entrée was wonderful. Although he was delivered to Rarey, *ἰππόδαμος*, in a box, it was

considered prudent by that admirable artist to take up a leg before he came out of it. The bit of heart of oak was put in his mouth as a preliminary to the leg business, and he made a sortie from the box like a lion rushing into the circus. He had three ropes to his head-stall, and three sturdy aides to guide him, and so accompanied, or rather with these three weights hung on to him, he was transplanted from his *débarcadère* to the theatre. As soon as he was landed there, and confronted with his calm antagonist, the ropes were cast off, and he stood astonished in the midst. The struggle had perhaps taken the edge off his vivacity; it was the first time since his colthood that he had been seriously contrarié (except in getting him into the box that same morning), and so he contemplated the Tamer with a look of suspicion

yet of defiance, and stood perfectly still. As soon, however, as he felt the gentle hand, which communicated the will of Rarey, communicated through one of the ropes stealthily taken up,—the conflict began. The grooms who had taken up their position in the doorway shot out in double-quick time and closed it. In the first round, shrill screams and most puissant kicks, of which a deeply engraved inscription on the wooden barrier still testifies the force, bespoke the perturbation of his mind. Gradually he began to feel that resistance was useless, and in a little while the other fore-leg was taken from under him, and he was on his knees. The gallant beast resisted even then, and it took some time to get him comfortably down on his side. Then he pretended to be done for, and lay as quiet as a lamb; after a pause, and much clever manipulation, the zebra seemed to have succumbed entirely, and a certain amount of freedom was allowed to him. He bore it very temperately, so much so that *ἰπρόδαμος* was himself deceived, and ascended cautiously upon the ribs of his prostrate pupil. Too much, too much,—one vigorous contortion, and Rarey fell athwart his foe, who kicked as equine never kicked before; kicked without drawing up his leg, and in this writhing fight the situation of the Tamer became critical in the extreme; but with presence of mind truly astonishing, and with sang-froid beyond all praise, he grasped the dangerous leg by the pastern, when within an inch or two of his own cerebrum, and threw himself clear of its reach. A masterly escape from an error he seldom commits—over confidence in his own powers.

After this everything had to be recommenced, and at the end of three hours and a-half, and then only, it seemed suddenly to occur to zebra *ferox* that resistance was hopeless; he was not beaten, though sorely pressed; neither his courage nor his power were exhausted, for his last struggle was as ferocious as the first, and he still evidently had the physical means of continuing the contest if he had chosen. However, he thought it prudent to give up. Within a quarter of an hour from that conclusion, his legs were free, and he followed his conqueror with much apparent docility round the theatre, went down again almost at the word of command, and began to eat out of the taming hand. He was left to his reflections in the middle of the theatre, and to continue his breakfast. He went out to his stable, when the Tamer returned to lead him, without a kick, bite, or cry, and took up his abode in a loose box opposite to Cruiser—who was so disgusted at having a Kaffir savage brought into his atmosphere that he refused his food for two days.

When the zebra next made his appearance in the arena he was sufficiently under control to follow his instructor wherever he chose, with splendid walking action; and when put into a trot, came out magnificently. The wonderful loins of these wild asses give them immense power, and the quality of their muscle is naturally harder than that of a thorough-bred horse in the most complete training.

M. Ramon de la Sagra has discovered a tradition of the former existence of an animal called zebro and zebro in the mountains which separate

Galicia from Castille and Leon, and in the Cordilleras to the south of them. It seems that the notices which fell into his hands relate to the tenth and thirteenth centuries; they occur in some manuscript letters of the monk Iray Martin Sarmiento, who lived in the Convent of St. James of Compostello, about a hundred years ago. Zampiro, who wrote in the tenth century, speaks of the *Mons zebbarum*, and the Archbishop of Rodrigo, who wrote in the thirteenth century, quoting the same passage of Zampiro, changes *Mons zebbarum* into *Mons onagrorum*, supposing the animal called zebra to be the onager of the ancients. There are several mountains in Spain which have borne this name, so that, according to Sarmiento, the animal, whatever it was, seems to have been well-known, and widely dispersed from Galicia to Estremadura and Andalusia. This is a curious bit of lost acclimatation; but it is easily credible, as the Arabs might have brought zebras from Western Africa; and if left quiet in the hill country, they would have bred as freely as the horse has bred on the Pampas of South America.

In the last century the Queen of Portugal had a team of eight zebras, which probably came from Angola. M. Correa de Serra, the Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Lisbon, told M. Durcau de la Malle, in 1802, that he had often seen her Majesty about Lisbon with her zebra equipage; and one of the royal stables in Lisbon is still called the stable of the zebras.

The speed of the zebra, the dauw, and the quagga, is well known to every African sportsman. It is difficult to say which is the finest animal: the palm for colour goes perhaps to the zebra, for form to the dauw, and for massive strength to the quagga. The last is particularly docile. The male now in the Zoological Gardens was ridden in Africa before he came into the possession of Sir George Grey; and the female, although never trained, and much teased by the curious public, has never exhibited any vice.

The fourth African species is the Abyssinian wild ass, of which M. Delaporte's specimen still lives in the Jardin des Plantes. A second example was brought down to Cairo in 1858, by a German collector, who had gone up to the White Nile in search of hippopotami and the baleniceps, a gigantic tortoise-cracking stork discovered by M. Mansfield Parkyns. This animal certainly is not the *onager* of the ancients, and much less the *onager* of Pallas and the naturalists of the last century; for it has of late been believed that the wild original of the domestic ass had disappeared entirely. The Abyssinian wild ass in Paris differs principally from the domestic animal in the narrowness of the shoulder cross, and the strong development of the dark bars on the legs, of which we frequently find traces in the other. His head is coarse, his hind quarters fall off, and he is small in size, so that very little, if anything, can be gained by him as an improver.

When we leave the brilliantly-painted hippotigrine asses of Africa, and turn to the fawn-coloured asses of Asia, we approach more closely to the horse in several points.

In speed these are probably superior to the zebras; but some years will certainly elapse before

Africa and Asia can be pitted against each other in a steeple chase. Mr. Layard has recorded the difficulty of riding up to the Mesopotamian animal, which M. Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire has had the merit of discriminating as a perfectly distinct species. He calls it the Hemippe, *Equus hemippus*, from an approach to the horse in its shortened ears and better furnished tail. The little female in the Zoological Gardens was sent home by the late Mr. Burckhardt Barker, during his last journey to Syria, and she is probably the only hemippe which has been seen in England. The hemippe is necessarily the wild ass of Scripture.

The tribesmen of Daghestan hunt the wild ass of Persia by relays, just as Xenophon describes the chase of his day in the Anabasis. The Gour is too clever to be stalked, and far too fast to be ridden up to: and so they drive him. The hunting party sally forth to the plains when the gours are feeding, and post themselves one by one on the flank of the line which the herd are most likely to take on being disturbed, and then they are started. The first horseman gets upon the best terms he can with them, and makes furious running: if he is fortunate enough to give them the right direction, it is taken up by the second man at the nearest point to his station, and so they go at a terrific pace until distress or accident brings the gour within reach of a gun. He is despatched like a driven deer, and they say he makes a famous roast. The Jews were forbidden ass meat, but the loose Mohammedans of Persia make no difficulty about this equine *gibier*. The gour differs scarcely, if at all, from the wild ass of Western India. His range extends from the western limit of the desert which bounds upon the Cutch, through Daghestan to the Mazanderanee shore of the Caspian Sea, and thence he may go eastward we know not how far.

But in Ladak and Thibet we have a perfectly different species, first known probably to Pallas, but rediscovered by Mr. Hodgson, who gives us for it the vernacular name of Kiang, and the scientific Shibboleth of *Equus* or *Asinus polyodon*. This has clear demarcations of form, colour, and dentition. Its colour is a deep rusty chestnut with white underparts, which in the living animal afford a brilliant contrast, especially in its close and glossy summer coat. In winter, from the high elevation at which he lives, the kiang grows a longer covering than any of the wild races; and from his extreme hardness as well as size (for the males stand fourteen hands), he would make a desirable addition to our acclimatable series.

Mr. Thomason, who for many years administered the government of the North-West Provinces of Bengal, once gave a kiang to the Zoological Society. If he had lived, it was his intention to have sent a subsequent supply to begin a breeding-stud. The individual kiang in question came into his hands unexpectedly, having been brought down to the great fair at Almorah by a party of Bhootiahs, who promised to bring more in the following year. The kiang was accompanied by a little Bhootiah pony, for whom he had conceived the most extraordinary attachment. The pony was never out of his sight, and being particularly good-tempered, afforded great facilities for con-

trolling him. It was only necessary to lead the pony, to be sure that the kiang would follow. They were shipped on board an unfortunately small vessel at Calcutta, *en route* for England, and it appears that they bore the inconveniences of life at sea with equanimity, and would in all probability have performed the voyage in perfectly good health had they not encountered so stiff a gale off the Cape of Good Hope that the captain had to lighten his vessel. Finding the kiang and his *fidus Achates* rather more inconvenient than his dead cargo, he began by throwing them overboard. The death of Mr. Thomason put an end to the hope of effecting the more extended importation which he had promised. Major Huy, who contributed largely toward the collection of Indian pheasants in 1857, has now brought with him on his return from India a fine female kiang, which actually figures for the first time in the catalogue of the Zoological Society, and completes their series. This animal was obtained by Major Huy from the Chinese Governor of Rüdôgh, in Little Thibet.

The herd of Indian wild asses in the Jardin des Plantes is immensely valued there, and not without reason. The paterfamilias is a magnificent beast, perfectly docile, clean-limbed, and of the purest colour. If he had been broken to harness, he would have done good work. He is growing old now. His stock are not quite equal to himself, but under more favourable treatment would probably have attained greater size at their age. The mules between the hemione and the common ass are extremely good animals, taking most after the hemione, and may be very usefully employed, if properly handled, in their second and third year. A pair of these mules used to work at the roller in the Zoological Gardens six or seven years ago—rather hard in the mouth, but not intractable, although they were seven years old when first put into shafts. There was a mule between the Indian wild ass and Burchell's zebra at Knowsley, but that presented no improvement on either species, and nothing therefore was gained by the cross. The mules between Burchell's zebra and the common ass are particularly hardy animals, stout, and as fast as ponies of the first class. The Zoological Society's cart was drawn about town, some twenty years ago, by a pair of them, driven tandem fashion—a very good advertisement—and it is only surprising that their perfect conduct did not induce a continued production of this useful cross, which is as desirable as any hybrid can be.

When we consider the small amount and rough quality of keep bestowed on the common ass in proportion to the work he does, the patient endurance of bad treatment which he has undergone from generation to generation, we cannot but wonder that he makes so bad a figure by the side of his petted and cherished rival.

The wild horse is unknown to us: he exists nowhere now at all events, any more than the wild camel; so that we do not know what has been done for him in the way of improvement on the original stock, but we are certain that every aid which skill and money can produce has been given to horse-breeding, and that even now

new efforts are being made to add to his qualities. Had a fractional part of these labours been bestowed on the oppressed and neglected ass, he would not be the miserable dwarf that we too often see. And when we have such elements to deal with as the hemippe, the gour, the kiang, the hemione, and the three zebras, each more brilliantly coloured than the other, why should we not, like the Queen of Portugal, have our zebra teams, or, like the Zoological Society, our zebra tandems? Why should we not have our phaetons à quatre hémiones, and scour the Bois de Boulogne with our hemippes *au grand galop* as the Chaldeans drove them over the Mesopotamian Plain?

Their mouths are a little hard, perhaps, but hand and patience would overcome that difficulty, and after two or three generations of careful breeding they would gradually acquire as an hereditary quality that aptitude for direction so astonishingly developed in the horse—a quality which, though multitudes use him, but few indeed fully understand.

THE DEATH DAY OF AN INFANT IN SPAIN.

"MAY God grant you health to send many children to glory." Such was the salutation given by Juan Perez, the dandy par excellence and the best songster of the village of Chiclana, as he entered, guitar in hand, to take a prominent part in the song and dance, customary on such occasions amongst the lower orders in Spain.

And what was the motive for congratulation? The death of an infant. It was conceived to have been regenerated by baptism, was too young to have known sin, and therefore its soul was believed to be at once admitted to eternal bliss: no Hades, no purgatory for that lamb without blemish. It had left this sad world of passing joys and prolonged sorrows, of fleeting smiles and many tears, of trials, temptations, and struggles, of sickness and pain, and had soared in happy flight to heaven.

No outward garb of mourning is worn in Spain on the demise of a child under seven years of age; but it is only on the death of a *young* infant that the salutation is congratulatory, instead of sympathetic, and the reunion of relatives and friends a joyous one, and not one of condolence.

The room was scrupulously clean; the walls were freshly whitewashed; the brick floor was of a bright red; black painted low chairs with rush-bottom seats were closely ranged in a circle; a charcoal brazier in its wide-rimmed wooden stand (which serves as a footstool) was placed in the centre. In one corner a "velador," or very small but high circular table, used exclusively as a stand for the "velon," a brass lamp of a quaint and very ancient form, jutting out into three light holders from the centre, and fed with a triune wick, the same as those used by the Jews in their synagogues from the time of the Levitical law; as also with them the triangular chandelier, everything being a type of the Trinity—the Three in One—whether prophetic as with the Jews, or in memorial by the primitive Christians. Many of the iron and clay Roman lamps were of the same triune form, though without the pedestal.

This room opened into the kitchen. Copper saucepans, bright as burnished gold, were hung against the wall, and within the large chimney were suspended strings of onions and garlic; and in a netted bag the far-famed sausages, one of the principal ingredients of the "olla," the daily and universal dish. On a wooden table in the middle of the room was a large porous jar full of water, one tray of sweet biscuits and cakes, and another of "panales," a sweetmeat made of white of egg and sugar, which it is customary to take before or whilst drinking water.

There was no light in this room, yet it was bright from that reflected from the other, not by the solitary velon on its tripod stand, but from the blaze of light in the opposite corner.

The parents were poor; but they would, if necessary, have pawned everything they possessed, rather than not have purchased the eight large wax lights, that illumined the image of the Virgin and Child on an improvised altar, and the features of the dead in its little open coffin, placed on trestles: on the corner of each trestle was fixed a candle, and four others on the altar: both were strewed with fresh flowers.

The babe was dressed in its christening clothes, its little hands clasped over its chest, and holding some everlastings and a tiny rude wooden crucifix. The long black eye-lashes rested on its dark pallid cheek, and the ebon curls pressed out from the *toca* (muslin shawl), put over its head and crossed over the breast.

One chair was placed out of the circle at the foot of the wee coffin, and there had sat the young mother until the arrival of the guests, when she placed herself by her husband's side to receive the reiterated salutation, "May God grant you health to send many children of the same age to glory." A short *gracias* ("thank you") was the father's reply, as he puffed his paper cigar. The mother smiled a welcome, but the quivering lip and stifled sigh proved how great was the effort to control her grief.

Juan Perez stood at the door installing himself as master of the ceremonies. He was the best barber, the best singer, and the best dancer in the village, handsome too withal, and a bachelor; and many a rustic beauty's eye beamed with pleasure as she received a passing compliment when he stood at his porch, or a flower for her hair from his little garden. He was now in his element.

"Your eyes are large as my desires, dark as my despair," he half whispered to one.

"Your breath is like orange-flowers distilled through pearls and rubies," he said to a girl whose coral lips and white teeth deserved the simile, as she smiled on saluting him.

"I trust your skirt is sufficiently short to show that taper ankle and well-formed *pantorilla* when you dance the first fandango with me."

A happy nod of acquiescence, as the first to dance with the village favourite, was the reply.

For each, as she passed the porch, he had an appropriate compliment, and his speaking eyes acquiesced in the admiration he expressed.

Almost every woman brought in her hand a bunch of flowers, which she strewed over the babe as she

passed the coffin, until it was embedded in their bright colours, forming a startling contrast to the dark hue death was spreading over that little face. The room was full, and the wild song commenced; each singing a verse in rotation to the inspiring accompaniment of the guitar and the shout of "Bien cantao Morena!" "Bien! salero!" "Viva la gracia!" &c., issued from the men as a witty or loving verse struck their fancy. Soon, however, the castanets were adjusted, and Juanito sprang from his seat. A fandango was called for, and he claimed his promised partner.

No one who has not witnessed it can conceive the mad enthusiasm of the lower orders in Spain for their national music and dances. They are the language of love in all its phases. The verses which commenced in rotation became a chorus; every one keeping time by clapping their hands, if they had no castanets; until Juanito and Pepa sat down breathless with their exertions, amidst a round of applause.

"Bolas, Sequidillas, and Zapateados" followed, when Dolores (or the "Arab-eyed," as she was generally named), was called upon to dance the "Vito." She was about eighteen years of age, rather short in stature, but might have served as a model to a sculptor, so round and beautifully moulded was every limb; and so elastic her step, that she scarcely seemed to rest her diminutive foot on the ground as she walked. She stood up, and took from Juanito his hat and neckerchief; the first she put on her head, the second round her throat, and threw herself into all kinds of beautiful and graceful attitudes, sometimes using the hat as a tambourine, the neckerchief as a wreath, her large dark eyes full of fire, or disdain; now soft as a summer breeze, full of tenderness and love, now wooingly advancing, now coquettishly retreating, until at last, of the hat she made a shield, and the neckerchief she twisted up as a sword, and feigned to kill Juanito. Alas! no feigning for him; his heart and soul lay prostrate at her feet, but she loved another. Her affections were fixed on the sailor boy she had known from her infancy, and to whom she was betrothed. Deafening was the burst of enthusiasm when the "Vito" was finished.

"Blessed be the God who formed anything so divine. We adore him in adoring you."

"Well may the sun say as you look up, 'Fly, for you, you burn me,' and hide behind a cloud."

"The houris Mahomet promises to the faithful can't be compared to you, glory of my soul."

"The land the Blessed Virgin favours must bring forth divine flowers."

Such were some of the exclamations that could be heard amidst the din of voices. The only silent one was Juanito. Where was his ready wit? Deep feeling had paralysed it, but his dark eye dilated as he gazed on her; his cheek was pale—his lips tightly compressed, to keep back the longing, hopeless sigh that burned in his heart. He clenched his hands, and turned quickly to the adjoining room and gulped a large tumbler of cold water. The rest followed and partook of the frugal refreshments above described.

* * * * *

But what sound broke on their ears, at a momentary pause in their merry-making?

The young mother apostrophising and sobbing over her first-born and lost babe. She had left the merry circle as soon as the song commenced; and, unseen and unheeded, had sat down to pray, with her rosary in her hand, at the foot of the coffin; but when they retired to the next room, and she was alone, the rush of feeling so long pent up burst forth. 'Tis true her darling's soul was in Heaven, but was she not on earth? She saw before her the little form that a few hours ago she had hugged to her heart warm with life, buoyant in health.

With such agony she had brought it into the world; with such love had welcomed it! One passing convulsion seized it whilst nestled in her bosom, and in one short hour she gazed, for the first time, on Death!

Silently they gathered round her, and the eyes which, a few minutes since, sparkled with mirth, were suffused with tears as they bade her good-night and left her.

The men returned the next morning to accompany the babe to its last resting-place.

SOY YO.

TAMISE RIPE.

"—A praty town by Tamise ripe." LELAND.

I.

Of "Tamise ripe" old Leland tells;
I read, and many a thought upswells
Of Nature in her gentlest dress,
Of peaceful homes of happiness,
Deep-meadow'd farms, sheep-sprinkled downs,
Fair bridges with their "praty towns,"
By Tamise ripe.

II.

Stirr'd by the pulse of many oars
That glide between the summer shores,
I love the waters fresh and clear,
And all the changes of the year,
Down to late autumn's ruddy woods,—
The volume of the winter floods,
By Tamise bright.

III.

The waving tresses of the weeds,
The water's ripple in the reeds,
The plunging "lasher," cold and bright,
Making sweet music to the night,
Old spires, and many a lordly grove;—
All these there are, and more to love,
On Tamise ripe.

IV.

Fair Oxford with her crown of towers,
Fair Eton in her happy bowers,
The "reach" by Henley broadly spread,
High Windsor, with her royal dead,
And Richmond's lawns, and Hampton's glades;—
What shore has memories and shades
Like Tamise ripe?

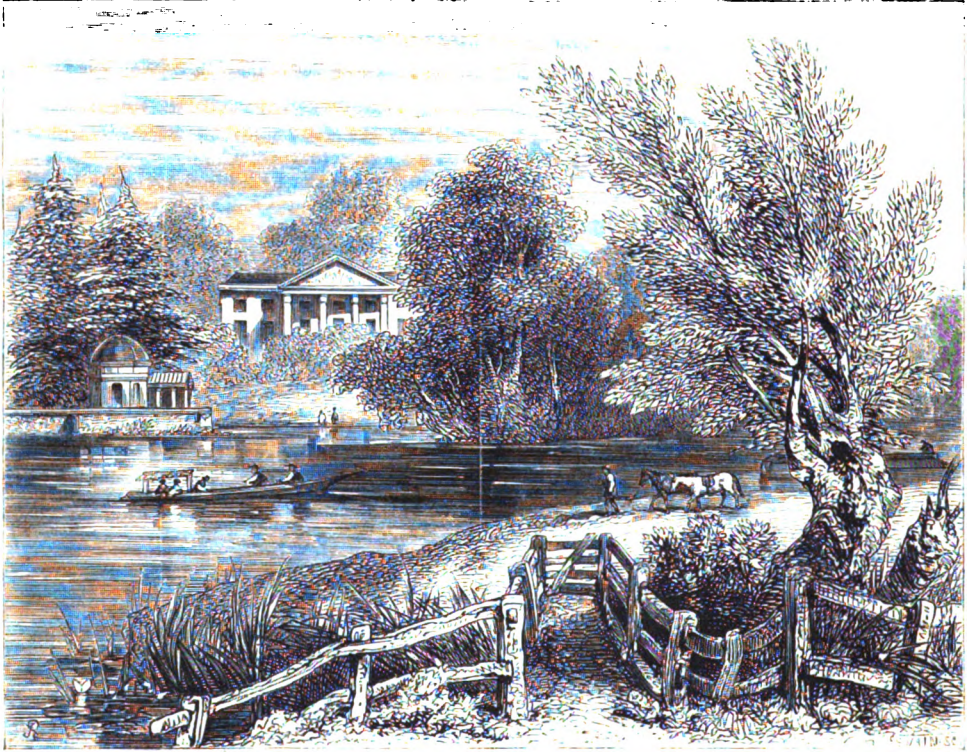
V.

Not vine-crown'd Rhine, nor Danube's flood,
Nor sad Ticino, red with blood;
Not ice-born Rhone, or laughing Seine,
Nor all the golden streams of Spain:—
Far dearer to our English eyes,
And bound with English destinies,
Is Tamise ripe.

VI.

High up on Danesfield's guarded post
Great Alfred turn'd the heathen host ;—
Below, the vaults of Harley sent

A tyrant into banishment ;
And still more sacred was the deed
Done on the isle by Runnymede,
On Tamise ripe.



VII.

And down, where commerce stains the tide,
Lies London in her dusky pride,
Deep in dim wreaths of smoke infur'd,
The wonder of the modern world :
How much to love within the walls
That lie beneath the shade of " Paul's,"
By Tamise ripe !

VIII.

And if, which God in Heaven forfend,
On us an alien foe descend,
The ancient stream has many a son
To fight and win as Alfred won ;
High deeds shall illustrate the shore,
And freedom shall be saved once more
On Tamise ripe. CHOLMELEY A. LEIGH.



SAVERNAKE AND FORTY-FIVE.



when they had ceased to wish to speak well of him, and yet were obliged to speak civilly to him, as would sometimes happen to gentlemen who incurred money obligations which they are unable to meet. He could laugh, and show good white teeth, but his usual smile was a muscular effort which drew his mouth a little way towards his left ear, and did not produce a pleasing effect, especially upon a party who was endeavouring to show excellent reasons why Mr. Savernake should forego proceedings on a certain bill, and got that smile instead of a promise to give time.

But he was not altogether a bad fellow—who is, in these days? Savernake would give a very good dinner, and so far from stinting his excellent wine, nothing delighted him more than to see a guest take a great deal too much. Cheaply purchased by the usurer was the pleasure of being able to say to his guest next time they met, and especially if other persons were present, “How very drunk you were on Tuesday. What a ridiculous figure you cut up-stairs. Laughing-stock of the whole party. O, don’t tell me.” Well, the dinner he would give you would have cost you at an hotel a guinea and a half at least. Put your own price upon the pleasure his elegant speech next day would cause you, and deduct the difference. That, at least, was the arithmetic of a good many men who had their own reasons for not rejecting his invitations, and who, during that period, declared that they got the dinner cheap. Now, out of his clutch, they say that they were very extravagant.

It has been said that John Savernake took pains to impress upon the world the fact that he was a good man. Not a religious man, mind; for he was too self-indulgent to indulge in playing at Somebody Else. He also lacked self-command for the continuous assumption of character. He usually swore a little, and sometimes a great deal, and certainly had not the educative imagination which enables some professedly pious persons to

ORLDLINGS (I am informed) say that if you keep on telling the world a certain thing, the world will believe it at last, and the great art (I am assured) is, never to lose an opportunity of pressing your point upon your intended convert. The world said that Mr. John Savernake was a good man, and I am inclined to think that he obtained this character chiefly from his having pertinaciously, and for several years, declared that he deserved it.

Now, Mr. Savernake did not look like a good man. Nevertheless, he was not ill looking, had a fresh and clean complexion, shaved all kind of hair from his face, kept his upper hair, which was black and rather short, smoothly oiled, and though as a professional gentleman (who “did” bills) he did not think it meet to dress exactly like those who came to him for money, he was always very glossy and Sunday-fied, and his things looked new. He had rather small sharp black eyes, which did not “stand out with fatness,” like the evil Oriental’s, but rather the reverse, the plumpness of his face placing them a little in recess, as in the porcine family. His voice was harsh and coarse, and not particularly under his command, especially when his temper had mastered him. but as a rule, he affected, with his equals, a kind of jeering jollity which those who wished to speak well of him called *bonhommie*. They did not call it so

utter in their wrath the most offensive things without ever becoming profane. And there were two or three other reasons why Mr. Savernake’s goodness could not exactly take the form of religion. But what he asserted to the world that he was, and what when he had had some wine, I am disposed to think he half believed himself to be, was a kindly-hearted, charitable, generous Chap (as he put it), a little impulsive, and perhaps too apt to speak his mind (“might perhaps have been a richer man if I wasn’t”), but at bottom a worthy fellow, whose heart was in the Right Place. O, what a lot of *that* description there are, and what an addition they are to the necessary miseries of this life!

Our friend was very prompt at putting his name down to charities and the like, and his name was often proclaimed by the Worthy Chairman, and inserted in the printed list of Benefactors. He was something less prompt in handing his cheque to the collector, who was lucky if he found Mr. Savernake disengaged, but one has heard of that little peculiarity being exhibited by better men even than John Savernake. John sometimes waxed savage, and took high ground, when teased for his contribution. “I give my example, and my name, and my recommendation to your association. I take an interest in it, and get others to do so, and I think that it is ungrateful and impolitic to bother me about the trumpery

subscription. I shall pay when I choose." And he could thus get another long grace, or perhaps escape paying altogether, until a new collector arose, who knew not Savernake.

But some people judge a man by what he is at home, and assert that until you have seen the state of feeling between him and his family, you know nothing about him. This is, of course, extremely unfair and improper. What right has anybody to penetrate into domestic life, and thence inhospitably gather information to be used elsewhere. Besides, the rule of judging from these internal discoveries is very unjustly applied. One has heard many a man excused for being a brute to, and a swindler of, persons out of doors, by the plea, "Ah, but if you only saw him at home. He is devotedly attached to Mrs. Bruin-Hawk, and as for his children, they make a perfect fool of him. He can't be bad." But (and it was unlucky for Savernake), few people take the other side, and apologise for a man's insulting his wife and snubbing his children, on the ground that he does so much good out of doors and has his name on so many charity lists. He is called a hypocrite. Savernake was sometimes called a hypocrite, but chiefly by incautious wives, who did not know the value of money, or that of keeping well with a man to whom their husbands owed money. There came unhappiness once or twice out of the way in which Savernake treated his family.

He had a wife—a blessing which, like the rain, comes upon the just and the unjust, a proof of its providential origin—a son who was learning the law, with a view to combining it with his father's amiable calling—and a daughter, who was a pretty girl, and as good as she could be in a house where there was little of good thought or acted. Savernake was habitually rather civil to his wife; for, as hath been told, he was a self-indulgent person, and had an instinctive sense that a good deal of extra comfort might be got out of his home with its mistress tolerably well inclined towards him. Really, therefore, Mrs. Savernake was not very much ill-treated. But as there was no real restraint upon her husband's temper, except the pleasant one that has been mentioned, and as he was pretty sure to blaze out into savagery when he got tipsy, and as he was pretty sure to get tipsy when he had company, such part of that company as had heard Mr. John Savernake administering marital chiding to Mrs. John Savernake, came away with the impression that he was a most abominable brute. Before a wife refuses to visit any of her husband's acquaintances, she should be quite sure that she can afford to have that acquaintance offended. Little Mrs. George Chalmers was very wretched when her George was captured at breakfast one morning, at the suit of John Savernake—the rupture between plaintiff and defendant was occasioned by Mrs. George's having, in consequence of her recollection of Mr. Savernake's amiabilities to his wife, refused an invitation to meet some rather distinguished victims for whom the usurer wished to make a pleasant party. However, George ought to have told her of his danger, and so she said, with tears, when she went over to see him in B 14, Surrey, bringing him the produce of her pawned jewels.

As for the son, Andrew, there was little to say about him at the time of our story, except that he was a white-faced, sneaking kind of lad, who always looked as if he thought you were going to throw something at him, and was prepared to dodge the missile. When his father swore at him, he sulked, and sometimes snapped, and even ventured on a little bad language in return. For the rest, he was a dutiful lad, and would sit on a swell's doorstep half the night, to be ready to serve him with a writ when he came home joyous and vinous from the club. He limped slightly from a preternatural kick once received by him from the foot of an Irish gentleman, not then accustomed to the amenities of the law; and who, finding the white-faced youth loitering about the door of his chambers, did, as he remarked, "eliminate the ruffian with some promptitude." Still less is there anything to say about Mr. Andrew Savernake now, inasmuch as he has not nearly half completed a mission on which he has been despatched, at his country's cost, to a distant, and what is playfully called, a penal settlement.

But Flora Savernake was a pretty and good girl, who having good impulses was very naturally led to separate herself as early as she conveniently could from a house where either hollowness or violence was the order of every day. At the time we are going to speak of she was—but stay. I *should* like to tell how she managed it. I am afraid she had been reading some French farce, for there was very little attention paid to her studies. Her mother knew nothing, and her father cared nothing about such matters. But Mr. Savernake found out that she had given very serious encouragement to the attentions of one Charles Heneage, a young newspaper man, who had been invited to the house because he could tell a story and sing a song, and who accepted the invitation to the house, because he liked a good dinner and Flora Savernake. Terrible was the storm that burst upon Miss Flora's curls, and thunderous were the maledictions which the man whose Heart was in the Right Place discharged upon the pretensions of "the beggar that wrote for so much a line, and hadn't a something shilling in the world."

Flora was not frightened at the noise and the oaths—she had heard that sort of thing often before. But when her affectionate father proceeded to say that he would lock her up in a bedroom until next day, when he would take her away into Wales, she began to think that matters were growing serious. I suppose she had strange ideas of the terrors of Wales, and supposed that she should be shut up for life in a strong castle and fed on leeks, which was not an inviting prospect to a young lady of nineteen. So she very properly burst into tears, declared that she had never had the least idea of encouraging Mr. Heneage, except as an amusing companion; and if the next time Charles Heneage came, her papa would only be present, he would see that there was no intention, on her part, of offering him hope. To this Mr. Savernake grimly assented, but insisted that he should be concealed during the interview. He would listen to what passed.

Handsome Heneage came and Mr. Savernake was informed of his arrival, and secreted himself

as appointed. The young couple met, and by a curious coincidence (I am told that a look or a finger will put a lover on his guard) the conversation was extremely guarded and general, until after a pause, the listening father heard his daughter exclaim in a tone of high indignation:

"A letter, Mr. Heneage, and clandestinely delivered to me! No, sir, I shall not take it. Anything that I ought to receive, should be sent through my papa or mamma. Take it back, sir. You will not take it. Then I throw it on the ground, and set my foot upon it."

And Savernake heard a stamp of the little foot. Flora did not know, you see, whether he could see her, or not.

"You had better take up your letter, and go, Mr. Heneage," proceeded the artless girl. "You do not know the pain you have given me."

Mr. Heneage remarked something about sorrow and presumption, took up his letter, and departed; and Miss Savernake received some grumbling approbation from her father, and was, at all events, to be left at liberty for the present.

While he was shaving, which he was very careful about, the next morning, a sudden thought crossed Mr. Savernake's mind, and he cut himself, as the reader may be glad to hear, very severely. It took him some time to abuse his wife, and staunch the blood, and finish dressing; but as soon as those duties were performed, he rushed to Miss



Flora's door, and demanded whether she were dressed. No answer.

Dressed, of course, she was, and looking very pretty—in her hat—by the side of handsome Charles Heneage, in a *coupe* of the Great Western Railway, and at least fifty miles from London. Charles Heneage had written no letter on the preceding day, but that was no reason against Flora's writing one, stating her terrors, and mentioning where she would meet him next morning at five, and flinging it—as she remarked—upon the ground, for him to take up. They are a very happy couple, and Charles is making a large income, and going to be called to the bar.

But frantically enraged as was the man with the Heart in the Right Place, at his daughter getting away and being made happy, the incident

which perhaps he will remember longer is his purchase of the house in which his childhood had been spent. The kindly-hearted, generous, impulsive Chap, with the heart as aforesaid, had quarrelled with his parents at an early age,—had been turned out of their house in town, and sent to be apprenticed in the country; how he broke his indentures, and what subsequent rascalities he performed until he became blessed of Providence—rich and respected—need not be told. We know him as a wealthy man, and he says that he is a good one, and he ought to know.

Mr. Savernake happened to see that the house in which his parents, long since dead, had resided, was for sale. There it was in the advertisement, Number 45, Atherton Street, Russell Square, W. C. And there mingled with a

sort of liking to possess the house where he had been a child, a decided feeling that it was a respectable and also touching and refreshing thing to do. And finding that the house was in good condition, he bought it, and sent in upholsterers and furnishers, and in due course the mansion was all elegance and splendour, as becometh a house in such a region. Mr. Savernake and his wife moved into the new abode; and, as early as possible, he gave a great ostentatious dinner to more people than could well sit down. It was the house-warming.

The dinner went off with *éclat*, and everything was admired; and at the proper time the proper friend of the family rose to say the proper thing about congratulations to their kind host and hostess, and long might they live to enjoy the beautiful house in which, for the first time, they had dispensed their general hospitality.

Mr. Savernake rose in full swagger. He was not a man of many words, but his Heart was in the Right Place. (*That it is.*) He was very thankful to them all for coming—he could not give them such splendid repasts as they enjoyed at home—(*Oh!*) but they had a hearty welcome, and he hoped that he should often and often see them again with their legs under his mahogany. (*Applause.*) Allusion had been made by his kind friend to the house. It had been called beautiful. It was well enough; and he didn't say that he wasn't well lodged. But that was not the thing. Why he loved the house—why it was dear to him, from kitchen to roof, was that it had been the home of his boyhood. Yes, 45, Atherton Street, had been his childhood's home. He knew every room, he might say every board in every floor, and every knot in every board. In this house a good father's counsels had often been given him; in this sacred house—in a spot he had visited—he was not ashamed to tell them—just before they came, a dear mother's tears had flowed over him. (*Sensation.*) The very number of the house had been blessed to him; 45 had been a lucky number many a time and oft. He was once more at home—he felt that every wall and rafter seemed to honour and love him, and—and—his Heart was in the Right Place. And God bless them all.

He sat down amid great enthusiasm; but what is life?

At the last moment, and to fill a vacant chair, he had asked in an old gentleman of large proportions, but larger self-esteem, he having filled divers parochial offices in the district in which they stood. The old gentleman was offended at being thus asked, but came and eat his dinner, and this was the return he made.

When the applause had subsided, and the words "interesting," and "touching" and "manly," were buzzing about, as usual, the old gentleman—his name was Hepper—rose, and begged silence. His imposing appearance, and white hair, prejudiced everybody in his favour, and all looked out for a new sensation. They got one.

"Nobody," said Mr. Hepper, in the most distinct voice, while servants at the open door listened, as well as the guests,—“nobody can feel more than I do the beauty of what has fallen from our worthy host. To come back to the home of

our childhood a rich and good man is the noblest event of life. (*Great applause.*) I wish I had known our worthy host a little earlier. (“Make up for it,” from Mr. Savernake.) I should like to have known him when he was buying this house. (*Attention.*) Because—and as I was at the time the collector of rates for the street, I knew all about it—exactly six years ago, all the houses in the street were new numbered, and this, which is now 45, was, when our host was a boy, 57. I dare say he was never in this house till he bought it. However, the sentiment is the same, and does him the highest honour.”

A good man struggling with a misfortune is a sight dear to the gods. As Mr. Savernake always stated that he was a good man, anyhow, there must have been much enjoyment that night upon Olympus. There was very little in 45, Atherton Street. SHIRLEY BROOKS.

AUTUMN EVEN-SONG.

THE long cloud edged with streaming gray,
Soars from the west;
The red leaf mounts with it away,
Showing the nest
A blot among the branches bare:
There is a cry of outcasts in the air.
Swift little breezes, darting chill,
Pant down the lake;
A crow flies from the yellow hill,
And in its wake
A baffled line of labouring rooks:
A purple bow the shadowless river looks.
Pale on the panes of the old hall
Gleams the lone space
Between the sunset and the squall;
And on its face
Mournfully glimmers to the last:
Great oaks grow mighty minstrels in the blast.
Pale the rain-rutted roadways shine
In the green light
Behind the cedar and the pine:
Come, thundering night!
Blacken broad earth with boards of storm:
For me yon valley-cottage beckons warm.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE FIRST PLAY-HOUSE.

WE must go back two hundred and eighty odd years. It is not easy to understand what London was then; but we must endeavour to get a rough notion of it into our heads, in order to be able to follow the particulars of this Story of the First Play-House.

Let us start from the Postern Gate which stands at the north-western corner of the Tower moat, looking out obliquely upon a wild tenter-ground, in one angle of which stands the Minorities Cross. Remember, we are now in the year 1575, and that very few years have elapsed since the Queen, who at this time occupies the throne, was a prisoner in these royal dungeons. In the interval, as great changes have taken place in the streets of London, as in the art of portrait-painting, which her Majesty has brought into fashion. Before the Queen's time we had no such wonderful hands and

eyes on canvas or ivory, as those of Hilliard, which Donne, the poet, extols to the skies; and the building of houses has kept pace with the multiplication and improvement of portraits,—the vanity of the people, whose love of display has greatly increased within the last dozen years, being, doubtless, at the bottom of both.

From the Postern Gate we may make the whole round of the city on foot easily within an hour and a half, giving us plenty of time to look about us; for the circuit of the city walls is less than three miles. Our track lies straight to the north as far as Aldgate, which is the first entrance to the city on this side; and, being without the walls, we may regale our eyes with the pleasant sight of fields and gardens as we go along, for there is scarcely a solitary gable or chimney visible upon the whole line. Turning off in a north-westerly direction, we follow the Great Wall, which in many places is nine feet thick, past Bedlam Gate, and All Hallows in the Wall, and Moorgate, until we come to Cripple Gate, so called because of the hospital for cripples, which the benevolence of the public formerly established here. The suburb of Houndsditch lies on our right as far as Bedlam Gate, exactly opposite to which the purlieu called Bishop's Gate, and still more distant Shoreditch, indicated by straggling houses a long way off on each side, run, due north, into the open country. Not a house is to be seen between this spot and the remote village of St. Giles's, on the extreme north-west. Archery fields, bleaching grounds and commons, intervene as far as the eye can reach; and three or four windmills, dropped here and there on the verge of the horizon, fill up the landscape, which is airy enough, but rather flat and unprofitable. Still keeping close to the city wall, we descend to the north as far as Noble Street, from whence, turning westward, we pass the Gray Friars, and, again descending south, we find ourselves at New Gate. This gate, on the west of the city, is exactly opposite to Aldgate, on the east. Their names suggest a clue to their history. The building of the Great Wall began, we may presume, with that part which abuts on the Postern Gate, from which spot the Tower flanks the city down to the river. If this supposition be correct, Aldgate was the first gate built, which will account for its name of Ald, Eld, or Old Gate; while the comparative lateness of the opposite structure is plainly recorded in its name of New Gate. The Wall continues in the same line to Lud Gate, from whence it again runs westward, till it is stopped by the Fleet river, upon the margin of which it finally shapes its course to the Thames, where it is terminated by a small fort.

We have now tracked the entire city round. It is hardly necessary to say that to the west of the Fleet river population is scant and capricious. There is a place called Fleet Street, but it has very few houses, and the few it has are uncomfortably scattered about, presenting the sort of aspect a new colonial settlement may be supposed to exhibit when the building lots are beginning to be taken up, with long intervals between them. From Fleet Street and the Strand, where the buildings are more commodious, fields and gardens

stretch up to Holborn; and the adventurous horseman, who does not fear to trust himself in lonely places, may penetrate far beyond to the two great provincial roads, known as the Way to Uxbridge, and the Way to Reading, and destined, hereafter, to become populous thoroughfares under some such titles as Oxford Street and Piccadilly. But we have nothing to do with these outlying districts: our business takes us within the city walls, which enclose the whole of the living hive called London, in this year of grace 1575.

The figure of the city is that of an irregular arch, springing on the east from the Tower, and on the west from the embouchure of the Fleet river, at that point otherwise known as Blackfriars. This is the capital of Good Queen Bess, very thickly inhabited in many places, especially towards the water-side, and somewhat thinly as we approach the inland boundaries, which have been marked out with a view to afford room for the city to grow and spread. The vital statistics show a rapid advance of late. New streets have risen up in different quarters, and it is evident from the numbers of stalls which are beginning to infest the pavement, the increasing intrusion upon the footway of great sign-boards, with their iron scroll-work, and their preposterous gilding and painting, that the traffic of London is incalculably more active than it was in Henry the Eighth's time, notwithstanding the magnificence of his Majesty's pageants, abroad and at home. The contrast between the interior and the exterior of the city is as good as a homily upon the progress of man. Outside the walls all is as silent as a churchyard. The air is so still, that you may hear a stray bird chirping in the grass, or catch the idle note of a carman's whistle, for which the Queen is said to have a special liking. There is hardly a stir, except in the archery fields or upon London Bridge. But London Bridge may be fairly considered a part of London itself. It is the only bridge over the river, and the only avenue to London from the south; and it is built over with houses pierced throughout for a causeway, which is often so marvellously crowded with waggons and cars, that the pedestrians are put to ingenious and dangerous straits to get out of the way. Within the walls, the hum and strife and bustle are loud. Yet this is tranquillity itself, in comparison with what one may imagine this great city will become, if it go forward at the same rate of increase during the next three hundred years. We have as yet little din of horses' hoofs, or carriage wheels; no great clatter of wharves or factories; and our machinery is so trifling that it can scarcely be said to reach the public ear. It is terrible to look into the future, with the multiplication table in one's thoughts.

Numbers and wealth bring luxury and fantastical living. Queen Elizabeth is fond of finery, and is reported to have some thousands of brave dresses in her wardrobe. The prints of her Majesty's gracious person, which are sold profusely in the shops and stalls, and which are doubtless genuine, none being permitted to be vended without her Majesty's sanction,—represent her labouring under a burden of jewels sufficient to weigh down an ox. Her subjects are loyal, and they

desire to imitate her noble example. No lady at court can be much costlier than a citizen's wife when she goes out in state, her hair puckered up with wires and sown with gold, a rich silk gown slashed with open sleeves, gorgeous silk stockings, a cut lawn apron, velvet shoes with high heels, a sparkling feather-fan, and a puff farthingale, in which she swirls through the streets as if she were inflated with air. This is the natural consequence of the splendour of the court. What is done in Westminster, will presently be emulated in Cheap and Dowgate; and it will go hard, too, with the wife of the vintner or the scrivener, if she do not make as grand a figure, to look upon from a distance at least, as the wife of any lord or knight of the shire amongst them.

Love of finery is inseparable from love of display; and love of display seeks gratification in public places and the haunts of pleasure. And this brings me at once to the stage-plays, interludes, and other dramatic entertainments which have been much encouraged in this reign. The favour with which they have been received may be easily explained. The country is rich, and can afford such luxuries, and the age is smitten with a passion for adventure and discovery which takes singular delight in the representation of heroic actions and surprising incidents. But it is necessary to observe that this encouragement has come entirely from the people. Authority has all along set its face against Plays and Interludes as decoys for the idle and thoughtless, and centres of vice and profligacy. Queen Mary was so anxious to repress the evil of these representations—especially when they betrayed any tendency to promote the Reformation—that she prohibited them within the city, except between the feast of All Saints and Shrovetide, and even then no play was allowed to be presented except such as had previously received the sanction of the Ordinary of the parish, who was to look after its theology. On one occasion a licentious play was about to be acted at the Boar's Head in Aldgate, when her Majesty sent an express messenger to the Lord Mayor, commanding him to seize the players forthwith and put them into prison, and to forward their play-book to the palace that her Majesty might see whether it contained any mischief. The players were afterwards released, but from that day to this the play-book has never been heard of.

Queen Elizabeth, and the worshipful council of the city, have improved upon these processes. Imprisonment was found to be quite useless. There was a vitality in the players that no dungeon could reduce. They came out of gate-houses and compters as brisk and lively as ever. If you put them down in one part of the town, they were sure to rise up again in another. If you chased them out of the Swan, you might confidently expect them to re-appear in the Lamb or the Mitre. In vain they were fined and confined, suspended from their occupation altogether at intervals, and the crowds they collected, when they were allowed to play, put to the rout and dispersed upon the slightest indication of tumult. Under such circumstances, the Lord Mayor came to the conclusion that the only thing he could do with the vagrants was to cast them out of the city

by a solemn edict, as in the old times devils were cast out by exorcisms. Such an edict was accordingly drawn up, and duly published; and from this time, A. D. 1575, the players were interdicted from practising their calling within the limits of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, or, in other words, so far as their profession of the stage was concerned they were outlawed from the city.

And now follows the Story of the founding of the First Play-house.

Heretofore the players had performed in inn-yards, or large empty rooms when they could get them, or sometimes in churchyards by permission of the clergy, for which permission they paid a swingeing fee. Their pursuit was notoriously precarious, both as to opportunity and profits. No man was a player only, for no man could live by playing alone, so oppressive were the restrictions as to time, place, and matter. We shall now see, moving onward out of this year 1575, what revenges came round for the poor players in the whirligig of time, through the operation of the edict of banishment.

Amongst the outlaws was one James Burbadge, who, fortunately for himself and for us, was by trade a carpenter. To this respectable occupation he added that of an occasional stage-player, picking up some slender gratuities in that way when opportunity served. In what line he acted, or how he acted, are questions to which no answers can now be obtained. But it may be presumed that he held some rank amongst his fellows, as the Earl of Leicester placed him at the head of his little company of actors, for whose performances his lordship obtained a patent—the first ever granted in England—under the Great Seal in 1574. The Revels at Kenilworth were to take place in the following July, and Burbadge, while the high festival lasted, would, no doubt, be at the top of his glory; but when that gorgeous assembly broke up, and the guests departed, and the castle relapsed into silence, and the players were dismissed with their largess, where was he to wander for a subsistence? Dismal thoughts set in upon his brain as he mapped out the dreary future. The city was closed upon him. Stage-playing yielded a thin living before; but it had now reached starvation point. James, too, was a married man, and he had already two sons, Cuthbert and Richard, with a reasonable prospect of a growing family; for his wife Ellen, the daughter of Mr. Brayne, of London, had so fine a constitution that, under favourable circumstances, it was not easy to contemplate a limit to their domestic felicity. What was to be done? Independently of the necessity of getting a living by some means, James Burbadge was not insensible to the fact that his father-in-law, Mr. Brayne, of London, was a man of substance, and would naturally expect him to maintain his daughter in as much comfort as she had passed out of from under the paternal roof. These considerations put the worldly wit of poor Motley to a severe test. It was a fine thing to be sure to be one of the Earl of Leicester's servants, under a royal patent; but what of that? The patent licensed him and his fellows to play interludes, and so forth; but of what avail was it, when they could not play them in London? The open gal-

leries of the Belle Sauvage were always dancing before his eyes, and he could not get out of his head the chamber at Whitehall, where two years before he played in the presence of the Queen.

James Burbadge had the love of the stage at heart, dim, and crude, and undeveloped as it was. He was proud, of course, of being an actor; much prouder than he was of being a carpenter. But in this argument with himself, he did not forget that he was both. Having once struck upon that chord, he was carried away into a new train of ruminations. By the association of ideas he was led to the consideration of how he could make his two trades help each other. The relations between them were not very palpable at first; but a sudden light broke in upon him, and he saw, as if it were revealed in a luminous picture before him, how the player might exalt the carpenter, and the carpenter contribute to the glory of the player. He went direct into London, for he lived a little way out of the jurisdiction, and straight to the house of Mr. Brayne, his father-in-law.

The light that broke in upon him was this. James Burbadge resided in the suburb of Shoreditch, in an irregular quarter sometimes called Holywell, sometimes Holywell Street, in the parish of St. Leonard's. Close in his neighbourhood there lived one Giles Allen, who was the possessor of certain tenements in Shoreditch, besides property at Hasleigh, in Essex; and who, being of no occupation, but living at ease upon his means, was entitled to write "gentleman" after his name. This Giles Allen had certain houses and empty ground to let upon lease in this street, which at that time might be more properly described as an open road, for there were few buildings in it, and they had great spaces between them. Allen had altogether three houses, one of them known as the Hill House, which was let off in flats to three or four industrious families, and a great barn, with appurtenances, also occupied by tenants, and a wide space of gardens and idle ground beside. The annual rent for the whole of this, to be taken on lease, was 14*l*. While casting about for a shelter for himself and his fellows, James Burbadge bethought him of this property of his neighbour, Goodman Giles Allen, but could see no way to turn it to account, until he called to mind the craft to which he had been apprenticed in his youth. A carpenter assuredly was not a builder; but then there was Nonsuch House on London Bridge, which had not a single nail, or scrap of iron of any kind in it, nor a brick, nor a stone, nor a particle of cement, being built entirely of timber, and clamped so skilfully with the same material, that not a breath of air, or drop of rain could find entrance anywhere. That was no bricklayer's work. It was a joiner's house from the floor to the roof. Now this was the errand that took James Burbadge in hot haste to the house of his father-in-law.

Brayne was a shrewd man, and saw an opening for doing a little business which might be as beneficial to himself as to the players, without giving a thought to posterity, upon whom he was about to confer a greater benefit than upon either. The matter was speedily concluded. Goodman Allen's property was taken by James Burbadge

for a term of twenty-one years, Burbadge stipulating that it should be lawful for him within the first ten years to take down any of the buildings for the purpose of erecting in their room a theatre, or place for performing stage-plays; and Allen agreeing, on the other hand, that if such theatre was erected, Burbadge should be thereby entitled to a renewal of his lease. In order to enable Burbadge to carry out this design, Brayne advanced him the sum of 600*l*., the repayment of which was secured by the assignment of a moiety of the theatre and other new buildings.

James Burbadge set about his undertaking with energy. Never had he in his life so much cause to exult in his knowledge of carpentry. The pile ran up rapidly day by day, and you may be sure that Lord Leicester's servants watched its progress with glowing anticipations of the applause they were to win within its wooden walls. At length the last board was struck, the last ladder was removed, and a flag was run up on a pole on the summit to announce that the anxious work was finished. Crowds are collected below round the base of the building. As the flag springs aloft, huzzas rend the air, and the general enthusiasm finds a still more triumphant expression in a burst, or roar, of trumpets, recorders, and cornets, the future orchestra of the theatre, that may be heard at Bedlam Gate.

This was the founding of THE FIRST PLAY-HOUSE.

It was called "The Theatre," no further distinction being necessary, as it was the only building of the kind in existence. But not many months elapsed before its success absorbed its monopoly. Burbadge found the speculation so profitable that, rather than let strangers come in to set up a rivalry against him in his own district, he resolved to be his own opposition; and, accordingly, still in conjunction with his wealthy father-in-law, he built a second play-house, very near at hand, which he called "The Curtain," some say because it was decorated with a curtain, others because it was built on the site of a house called the Curtain, and some again because there had formerly been a curtain wall on some fortifications there.

"The Curtain" was more commodious than its predecessor, and divided with "The Theatre" the honour of becoming the Nursery for the future stage. Here our earliest dramatists impeded their wings. Here Marlowe made his first appearance as actor and poet; and, if a ribald scandal-monger is to be credited, broke his leg on the stage while he was playing some licentious part, which, Heaven help us! made it look like a judgment. Here, too, Ben Jonson obtained his first employment as writer and vamped of plays, and, some say, as actor also, on coming back from the wars, when, destitute of friends and employment, he turned his face to Shoreditch, and took to the vagrant stage for a living. In some connection, also, with one of these houses, is a melancholy incident of which just enough is known to show that it was not all mock tragedy with the players. Amongst them there was one Gabriel Spenser, an obscure actor, but yet held in

sufficient esteem to be called Gabriel by his fellows, according to their familiar and hearty custom. What intercourse he had with Ben Jonson, who was a stout and high-tempered man, or how offence grew up between them, nobody knows. But Ben and Gabriel fell out, and there was nothing left for it but to settle their difference at the point of the sword. Gabriel, probably, was a bad swordsman, and he must have known, for it was quite notorious, that Ben was a man of fierce courage, and a master of fence. Perhaps it was from a consciousness of his own inferiority that, when they went out to fight in Hoxton Fields, Gabriel, who, strange to say, was the challenger, armed himself with a weapon ten inches longer than Ben's. Now Ben had been a soldier, and had fought an honourable single combat with an enemy in the presence of two armies, and had carried off the spoils; and this base conduct of Gabriel fairly maddened him. But he took a bloody reckoning for it in that sanguinary duel; for, in spite of the undue length of his opponent's sword, he slew him on the ground. Gabriel was buried in the churchyard of St. Leonard's, where many notabilities of the early stage sleep, and a curt note in the parish register records simply that he was killed.

Almost simultaneously with the building of "The Curtain," or immediately after, and all within the circuit of a few months, the enterprising Burbadge, with a clearer and more practical view of what lay before him than he had when he originally ventured upon "The Theatre," undertook a third play-house on the outskirts of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction. This was in the liberties of the Blackfriars, on the verge of the Fleet river, a situation which, although just outside the dominions of the Lord Mayor, was one of the most thronged quarters of the town. Strenuous efforts were made to prevent him from establishing himself in this rich neighbourhood. The rooms he had obtained possession of adjoined the house of the Lord Chamberlain, who, with the Lord Hunsdon, the Lady Elizabeth Russell, and other distinguished inhabitants of the precinct, petitioned the Privy Council to stop him in his proceedings, setting forth the evil consequences that would ensue from the establishment of a play-house, especially as it was so near the church that it would disturb the minister and congregation in time of divine service. The petition failed, as did likewise a subsequent attempt made by the Lord Mayor to put down stage-plays in the Blackfriars, for which his worship was reproved by the Privy Council, and directed not to intermeddle with the Liberties, except in the case of felons, as he had always done. The Blackfriars, destined to become one of the principal play-houses in the metropolis, was accordingly completed without interruption, and opened in 1576. Several other play-houses soon sprang up: the Red Ball and the Fortune in the north of London; and on the southern bank of the river, in Southwark, the Globe, the Rose, the Swan, and two or three more in Newington and elsewhere.

The poor players had their revenge, and a signal revenge it was. Driven out of the city, and put to their wits' end for a subsistence, they built play-houses for themselves—a privilege they never

enjoyed before—and laid the solid foundations of a profession which had previously neither form nor influence. There was, in reality, no stage till the players were expelled by the Lord Mayor. The player was little higher in the social scale than a street vagrant, who begged, or cheated, or juggled from hand to mouth. There was no association, no combined effort, no drama. But from the moment James Burbadge erected the theatre in Shoreditch, the calling of the player began to assume a definite and independent character. Acting grew up into the dignity of an Art, and out of the old chaos of drolls and interludes, and the rest of the wilderness of strange spectacles that used to be represented on Saints' days, and marriage festivals, and the feasts of the Church, there rose up a National Drama.

Shakspeare found nearly all these theatres built when he came to London about 1585 or 1586; and some few years elapse after that before we have any trace of him as actor or dramatist. And during all this interval—fifteen years and upwards—James Burbadge has been living in the same house in Holywell Street, burying and marrying his children, and more increasing upon him, and in the midst of his family cares bringing out a succession of new plays, and looking after the companies of the three theatres, rather a more serious matter than the management of Lord Leicester's troop, which consisted of five persons. The new plays were, for the most part, of a stately and magnificent order, of great breadth and grandeur, presenting humanity chiefly under imperial aspects, or in shapes of epic exaggeration; and the acting, with an ample capacity of pomp for such representations, was becoming insensibly trained for a drama taking in a wider horizon, and a greater variety of life.

Shakspeare found all this machinery ready to his hand when he was admitted into the Blackfriars, where Richard Burbadge, the second son of the founder of the first, and the second, and the third play-house, was already an established actor, taking the parts of all the boy-heroes, and youthful princes, with an earnestness that held out the surest promise of future greatness.

We need not speak of the friendship and intimate relations, lasting all their lives through, that bound the poet and the young actor together. Everybody knows that Richard Burbadge became the Roscius of his age, and that he was the original actor in most of Shakspeare's principal characters; that the poet and the player, who were nearly of an age, died within two years of each other, Shakspeare dying first; and that, in honour of his memory, Burbadge called his next son William. These matters, tempting as they are, belong not to our story of the First Playhouse.

When the proper time arrived for James Burbadge to seek a renewal of his lease, he put his request in legal form before Goodman Giles Allen, stating that he had complied with all the conditions, and, amongst the rest, that he had expended no less than 700*l.* upon "The Theatre." But Allen set up an excuse for declining to fulfil his agreement, and Burbadge had no remedy. By this time he was so much occupied with his ventures elsewhere,

that he left his property in the theatre to the management of his son Cuthbert, who, following the example of his father, became a partner in the building of the Globe on the Bankside; so that, first to last, the Burbadges were closely mixed up with the great age of the drama from its beginning to the very topmost pinnacle of its glory. But still more curious was it that Shakspeare, who did not appear upon the scene until Burbadge, the father, had done all the rough work, and prepared the temples for the high ceremonies of our stage literature, should become mixed up, in the long-run, with the very first playhouse, and should come to play and write under the shadow of its timbers. It happened in this way. Cuthbert Burbadge, finding that he could not obtain a renewal of his lease, in the expectation of which so prodigal an outlay had been incurred, determined not to leave the theatre behind him for the benefit of Goodman Allen; and, accordingly, collecting together some twenty friends, armed with swords, axes, daggers and other weapons and implements, he proceeded to take down the wood-work. Goodman Allen was by no means disposed to yield up the materials (for he professed to hold the playhouse, as a playhouse, in abhorrence) without a struggle; and he gathered his followers together to resist Burbadge and his men. A battle royal ensued. But Cuthbert won the day, and triumphantly transported to the Bankside the whole of the wood that composed the theatre in Shoreditch, and applied it to the enlargement of the Globe, where Shakspeare was writing plays and James Burbadge acting in them.

Thus came to a violent end the First Playhouse, after having run through a successful career of nearly a quarter of a century. The Curtain survived it, but gradually fell into disrepute; the current of popularity, as time advanced, setting in towards Southwark in the summer, and Blackfriars in the winter.

James Burbadge did not live to witness the demolition of "The Theatre." He died before the lease was quite expired, and, like all the Burbadges, for three or four generations after, was buried in the populous churchyard of St. Leonard's, near his merry friend and neighbour, Dick Tarlton, who had taken up a tenement in God's Acre about eight years before. Dick, the prince of jesters, and the most illustrious of our historical clowns, lived, as they all did, in Holywell Street (known in after times as High Street), and was not only an actor of especial merit, but one of the Earl of Leicester's servants. He was in close alliance with the Burbadges, and from him, in all probability, Richard, the actor, derived his name.

The attachment of this first playhouse family to the quarter in which they originally struck root is remarkable. Their growing fortunes never tempted them to wander from their early homestead; and even Cuthbert, whose material interest lay chiefly in the Borough, and Richard, whose celebrity might have excused a flight into more fashionable regions, continued to their deaths to reside in the old street in Shoreditch.

The widow of James Burbadge was no less steadfast than the rest. She outlived her husband

seven years, and followed him to the same churchyard which already contained the ashes of some of her children, and in which the rest of them were afterwards deposited. ROBERT BELL.

THE PALIMPSEST.

Love turn'd quite studious, grave, one day,
And left his play.
He folded close each azure wing,
And ceased to sing:
Casting from groves reverted looks,
Took to his books.

He chose a volume from his store,
And 'gan to pore
Upon a thickly-cover'd page,
Which youth or age
Had writ, and cross'd and so recross'd,
Meaning seem'd lost.

Yet Love still gazed, all open-eyed,
And almost s'gh'd.
But tenderness was soon beguiled,
And so he smiled,
As vagrant Memory, hovering near,
Whisper'd his ear.

"This manuscript," cried Love at last,
"Contains my past:
The tale of passion's following waves,
Which found their graves;
Leaving a wrinkle on the shore,
And nothing more.

"First on the roll Ag'ae's name,—
My virgin flame!
O, how I loved thee! Offering flowers
At matin hours,
When birds fill'd all the sky with mirth,
And joy the earth;

"And should have loved for aye, I ween,
Had it not been
That Dora's eyes, so nun-like, sweet,
My glance d'd meet,
And drew me, at each vesper bell,
To her green cell.

"I could have kneit for ever there,
But Sibyl fair
Rose, like a conquering star, and then
(We are but men)
Led me beside her chariot wheel—
(Dear! what we feel!)

"Over her name I just can trace
Thine, sweetest Grace.
Thine was the advent of the day:
The rest were play.
Ah, why should passion's perfect noon
Sink all so soon!

"Next there comes Zoë; then Lucrece
(I had no peace!)
And here's a name I can't make out,—
Much loved, no doubt;
And here's one I have clean forgot,
Or, 'tis a blot.

"Then Clarice, large-eyed like a fawn"
(Love 'gan to yawn),
"And thy full charms, dear Amoret,
I ne'er forget;
Nor Lettice, frank and debonnaire,
I do declare."

Love kept deciphering his past
Till sleep at last
Drowst him, but show'd him in his dreams

Beauties in streams,
Whose lips still held the kiss he gave
When he was slave ;



And ears that thrill'd to whisper'd praise ;
And cheeks his gaze
Had tinged so ruddy ; all slid on,
And quick were gone,
As snowflakes that the spring earth pelt
Gleam bright and melt.

Murmur'd the lips of that quaint boy,—
“ I scatter joy.
I'm not inconstant, save in name ;
My sacred flame
Burns ever. Circumstance doth move—
Deathless is Love !

BERNL.



BENJAMIN HARRIS AND HIS WIFE PATIENCE. By H. K.

CHAPTER III. THE NEW WORLD, AND BACK AGAIN TO OLD GRACECHURCH STREET FOR GOOD.



BENJAMIN HARRIS and his wife Patience crossed the Atlantic, beyond which Scotch Covenanters and French Huguenots were fain to wander. They reached that America which was still in its vastness virgin soil, but in which town-steads and meeting-houses and governors' mansions were fast rising in many quarters. They tarried at one of those youthful log-built cities, among the pumpkin-beds and bean-fields, and closing around them in the distance the shades of the great forest from which the dusky Indian, with his war-paint and his poisoned arrows, stalked and traded warily with the settlers, and through which John Elliot journeyed to reach the tribes with the sword of the Spirit and the shield of faith. There stood their own miniature gables round the centre chimney and the shingled roof-tree, beneath which they took up their abode, while Benjamin Harris easily established his trade among the intellectual wants of the thoughtful population.

A community of earnest, devout men, so bent upon purity that they contended in their turn to pile the faggots for witch hags, and lash, brand, and hang wretched Quaker men and women, it might have been thought that it would have been congenial to the serious, storm-tossed young couple; but even here there were exceptions.

Benjamin Harris, a Nonconformist's son, reared as it were under penalty, was one of those true men, who, whatever the nature or origin of their defects, are capable of receiving light from every quarter and for all time. It has been seen that the harshness of his youth was mellowing amidst crosses, privations, and persecutions; how much more here, where his life was full, his love, his friend, his godliness, morality, and independence no longer grievously offended. Another motive: Harris had been born a Londoner, and to London in those days, Nature, primitive and fresh from God's hand, as it lingers on the moors and the mountains, was

a clasped book in an unknown tongue. This new world was as much, and even more, the grand, gracious teacher to Benjamin Harris, that it must have been to the single hearts among the company of yeomen, soldiers, merchants, preachers, and brave women who first trod its rock-bound shores; for he was not driven back upon himself and his fellows by its awful loneliness, or distracted by physical hardships and perils. This unweighed power must have helped effectually to combat the counter depths of bigotry and covetousness which the Harrises sounded.

At first the Harrises attracted considerable attention from the magnates of the place; but they were soon suffered to drop into obscurity, save among a few extravagant dreamers, or humble-minded fools, when it was on record that, in spite of all their trials they were so weak, or had been so corrupted, as to prove shy in their experiences and loose in their discipline. Then Benjamin Harris was left to re-print his forbidden English books, his Baxter, Howe, and beloved Milton, with the many charters and missives already in request, to cultivate his garden, and bring in wild plants and wild birds, to ponder and hold converse with his dear wife Patience, the children born to them, and the few congenial spirits who adhered to him—and grew well-to-do, and bland too, and jocose in his works and his amusements before a rival rose to supersede him, by the charm involved in the preservation of fierce denunciations.

"Good wife," owned Harris, one day, after he had been listening long to the chattering and warbling of some feathered favourites. "I must think that God has also ordained singing men and singing women to express mere human sympathies, and instinctive gladness in addition to deliberate thanksgiving, which part no man disputes. I will not assail the class again, though, alas! many wax miserably wanton; just as I have had objections to summing up the arguments against the smoker's weed here, after I once saw how it cooled down Governor Hawley's intemperate heat which might have been the destruction of the whole state."

"Why it seemeth to me, that you have been always merciful, Benjamin, save to yourself and the boys when froward," alleged Patience.

"I would be a craven to spare myself and my own flesh and blood; but the lads understand me, think you not, Patience?"

"I fear they regard you before the minister; even Sam who, you say, is upright, but tempted to doggedness."

"And they regard you, Patience, the most of the three."

Patience plaited the curtain of her matronly hood round a face fuller and fairer than in her youth, though she had been always, in what she would have called her graceless days, a woman of a sweet, good favour, and she smiled sunnily.

"I do not say so, and yet you may give me our sons, Benjamin, our tall, active sons, for you know you have the chief share in the hearts of our foolish daughters."

"Tush, not foolish, Patience, woman; free from care, and, perchance slow of thought yet awhile, though swift of feeling; but modest, and maidenly, and docile, and children of many prayers."

"I know not why it is, Benjamin, but the sons do always in some respect belong most to the mother—the daughters to the father."

"Because the daughters be the pictures of the good wife, and the sons be the marrows of the good man."

Yes, Patience, who had grown grave with her young husband (what he had not bargained for), was wise and happy in adopting his new humour as indefatigably. In truth, the wife and mother promoted to her just dignity regained her lost health and cheer, and was as contented and bright, as she was laborious and untiring.

The news salted by months on shipboard, had long ago reached the Puritans, that another king reigned in England in the room of the vain and forbidding sons of the "Man Charles," that toleration was proclaimed, and the fetters on men's consciences and liberties for ever broken. In the end the Harrises resolved to return to the old business, if possible to the old house in Gracechurch Street, to bear no malice, to restore to the mother country their children, to be received by the unblushing, untroubled Chiswells as honoured kindred, fit to be called to court, or to receive a pension—and to bestow on Mrs. Lucy Soule, to cure her moping, and arrest her flights, and bring her back to the soft, cordial self under her whims, their lads and lasses for the dear, bodily presence of her aged mother in the dust.

These indomitable, buoyant people did it all. They came again in joy where they went out weeping; flourished, Phoenix-like, out of their ashes, because these were the ashes of the righteous; dwelt in London under Anne, when Newton occupied an ordinary house in Leicester Square, and Swift and De Foe were the nameless scribblers; walked with their children in the Mercers' Gardens, and were not frightened or ashamed to show them where the pillory was reared in Chepe; and, depend upon it, Benjamin Harris found space and time for his curious plumed pets, his seeds, his sapling trees in pots, his creepers for porches, balconies, and terraces, besides his collection of battered black-letter volumes, and his ragged MSS; while Patience had her china closet containing, among its valuables, some barbarous quill-work, and a few tufted heads of gorgeous feathers.

Benjamin Harris and his wife were not people of quality, nor did they let loose their principles more than righteousness warranted, so that they were not likely to frequent auctions and masquerades; but Benjamin humoured his young daughters once by tucking them tightly under each arm, and standing in a door way near Burlington House, somewhat sheltered from the crowd of sedans, link-boys, and general spectators, to watch the company pour into one of those fashionable and perilous diversions. As he kept his ground, with his grave, manly face, and his modest but eager pair, a country gentleman by the cut of his square coat, and the full hose tied at the knee, which had gone out as far back as King Charles, eyed Harris carefully, and as if satisfied with the investigation, taking off his three-cornered hat, begged mildly to be allowed to occupy a place near him and his party. The stranger was attended by a young daughter, and he wished that rustic

folks like them might enjoy the gaiety with more comfort and safety, than exposed to the pressure and restlessness of the people.

Benjamin readily assented, and made way for the petitioner, an old man with a very homely, kindly cast of countenance, his beard close shaven, and in place of a periwig his own hair of a silvery whiteness, which no powder could emulate, and "my daughter Dorothy," a buxom, barn-door lass, with such a demure hood, as her mother and grandmother might have worn before her.

The younger members of the little company were soon familiar, and the seniors conversed in a friendly way. The squire, or vicar, as he could only be, commenting on the weather with an earnestness that was scarcely in keeping with the vicinity of Bow-bell, and remarking that it was a rare fine season for the hay crop.

"I perceive your heart is in your rural domain, sir," says Benjamin, with a slight smile.

"Where better?" asks the gentleman simply; "it hath been there this many a year, since it was a sore burdened heart within the precincts of Whitehall. Nay, I do not need to hide it now, I am Oliver Cromwell's son, Master Richard."

Harris started unfeignedly and removed his hat, but Master Richard declined the compliment.

"I receive only neighbourly tokens of good will, and I will be glad to accept such from you or any man—but none else. You see, sir, my father was born Oliver Cromwell, whom the Lord compelled all men to acknowledge; but I was nought save Master Richard—as such I am not ashamed to be greeted down in our shire, where, I trust, it shames no man to greet me, and where I know it would grieve my own folk if I failed them."

But Harris bowed lower to good Master Richard than to Richard Cromwell; and the printer and the Protector's son stood lovingly together and took note of the stream that flowed past them.

Would that a painter's hand could arrest some of these groups and single figures! Sailors and soldiers, nuns and Turks, Italians and Savoyards, Highlandmen and highwaymen, mackrel women and broom-sellers; and where there was no disguise there were still some of the high lace and ribband plaited commodes which Mary brought in from Holland, rising like steeples above the brows of the women, and there were everywhere the grotesquely wide skirts and the tremendous Marlborough wigs making up the men; there were the political patches and the hideous carved ashen walking-sticks, and, to the delight of the unsophisticated lasses, the fans whose manœuvres Mr. Spectator had wickedly arranged into an exercise: "Handle your fans, unfurl your fans, discharge your fans, ground your fans, recover your fans, flutter your fans."

It was a perceptible fact that those who were famous in any way, even for so small a matter as a fair face or a fine figure, did not much affect either mask or mantle, so that the populace might shout at their notorieties. There was Dr. Sacheverell bewigged with the best, with his bold blustering face equally "firm" to the Church of England and his holiness the Pope. There was starred and gartered, exquisitely moulded, evil-eyed Königs-mark, before he shot Mr. Thynne in broad day in

the park—certainly the most direct way in which an heiress was approached through a friend by a villain who wished to plunder her—the brother of that other Königs-mark who slept so darkly under the floor of Princess Sophia's dressing-room over in Hanover. There was a fellow squire of Master Richard's nodding frankly to him, a man of greater mind and bearing, a goodly gentleman as any present in other particulars than velvet coat and lace cravat, with mingled humour and simplicity in his eye, and a union of heat and benevolence in brow, mouth, and chin. Shut your eyes and you can spy him riding as high sheriff, noticing the yeomen and their families at the church door, giving alms to the poor in his great hall, spoiled by the wheedling gipsy, remembering with pride and tenderness the "vain, cruel widow," visiting Westminster Abbey and Vauxhall in this very town sojourn. Among the belles is "the little Whig," with flowing chesnut hair like her mother's and Queen Anne's, and yet more marketable, for she bribes the Tory gentlemen with a sight of these tresses while she entertains them at her toilet. "Dulcinea!" groans Benjamin, and turns his back almost vexed that he had allowed his humble, industrious girls to behold—a syren.

But clear the way for two still more potent women; one in the seat of honour, in the glass-coach, the other with her back to the horses, meditating how their places are to be reversed. There can be no mistake here; the large, brilliant, fierce-eyed dame, blazing with jewels and in scarlet stockings, is one who certainly loved her husband and wept her son; "the wicked woman Marlborough" of the dramatist and architect, Vanbrugh, the dreaded Mrs. Freeman of cowering Mrs. Morland; the pale, quiet, soft, sleek, poor relation, in uncourtly Pinnars, is her assistant and successor, Mrs. Masham.

Benjamin sighs again, though he scarcely guesses how far Sarah and Abigail have played into Louis' hands, have governed—and will govern—mighty England.

At this moment a slight stoppage occurs in the procession. Sarah waves her mitted hand, and calls out furiously to her coachman to get on. The scared Jehu whips out of the way and dashes across the kennel, and Sarah and Abigail bespatter, from head to foot, those representatives of other interests in the realm; the enlightened printer and the contented tiller of the ground—the asserter of the truth, who suffered without dreaming of compensation—and Richard Cromwell, who, with his brother Henry, bore the best testimony to their great father's honesty, inasmuch as standing in his shoes, they had yet no mind to play the parts of Hippias and Hipparchus.

But there was quite another sort of enterprise with which Benjamin Harris and his wife had more concern. After Patience could no longer pretend to a necessity for keeping accounts and revising columns of figures on the example of good methodical painstaking Mrs. Dunton in her grave, years and years ago, and her too vagabond and easy John, not only married to another, but separated from his second spouse, waned into shabbiness and disrepute, and fallen out of sight; or with a happier reference to cordial Mrs. Walton,

without whom patient Izaak had no heart to carry on the business, but wound it up in a prodigious hurry, and strolled off from the half-shop in Fleet Street to his angling, to escape the dreary gap in the old pleasant drudgery and cheerful routine. Now Benjamin Harris and his wife Patience, in the leisure of their age and ripeness of their wit, are conjectured to have had shares, interests and personal tokens, in that petted and prosperous child of the Society of Stationers, the "Ladies' Diary," once mainly under the conduct of a lady as a reward for the services of her deceased husband, Mr. Henry Bleighton, "the most eminent civil engineer of his time," and editor of the said work for upwards of twenty years. Benjamin certainly wrote accounts of the American wolf, partridge and snake, as he had met them in the other world; and Patience, who had inherited a little talent for painting, long allowed to rust, when spurred on by the admiration of her children and grandchildren, after her hands began to tremble, coloured from memory and her husband's directions, those sheets of engravings of foreign plants which adorned one of the Diaries, and were so much admired, that hundreds of young ladies throughout the kingdom copied them, and hung them up framed above their harpsichords.

Is any one grossly ignorant of the first "Ladies' Diaries," and arrogantly contemptuous of their merits? Let them learn that (shall it be said in the face of their title? certainly, in opposition to some of their assertions,) their renown was that of mathematics. They are believed to have exerted "a great and beneficial influence upon the state of mathematical science in this country for nearly a century and a-half." The "Ladies' Diary" was not married to the "Gentlemen's Diary" till 1841.

In this age of new publications, it may be worth while, before leaving old Benjamin Harris and his true dame on the list of contributors, to look back to their title-page and study the intentions which they sought in their unfading energy and noble spirit, in advanced life, to promote and fulfil. Here it stands. "The Lady's Diary, or Woman's Almanack, containing Directions of Love and Marriage, of Cookery, Preserving, Perfumery, Bills of Fare for every Month, and many other things peculiar to the Fair Sex,"—strange that mathematics should have been among them.

The first number consists of "a Preface to the Fair Sex, containing the Happiness of England under the reign of Queen Elizabeth and the present Queen, with an account of the subject of the present and future Almanacks (if any be)." Ah! modest doubt! Then follows "a Copy of Verses in Praise of the Queen, which were actually spoken (with others), at the Maiour's Parlour by one of the Blew Coat Boys (at the last Thanksgiving Day, about the Vigo business), with universal applause." Next, "an Account of the Calendar at large." Then, "the Calendar itself on one side (of each leaf), and on the other side an Account of Bills of Fare for each Month," and, also, "Medicinal and Cookery Receipts, collected from the best Authors." Then succeeds "the Common Notes of the Year, the four Terms, the Times when Marriage comes in and out, the

Eclipses, and all in one page." After this is the second part of the Almanack, which contains the "Praise of Women in general, with directions for Love and Marriage, intermixt with delightful stories," (Oh! for the stories of those "Old Ladies' Diaries," like the tales in Charlotte Brontë's "Ladies' Magazines.") Then ensues "the Marriage Ceremonies of divers Nations, together with several Enigmas, some explained and others omitted to be explained, till next year" (the patience of the ancients!). "All this second part is intermixt with poetry, the best of the kind, to the best of my judgment;" lastly is "a Table of the Births of all the Crowned heads in Europe, with the time when they began to reign, and how long they have reigned." "The Calendar part (I should have noted before) has a great variety of particulars all at length, because few women make reflections, or are able to deduce consequences from premises."

Another communication on the subject, apologises for the absence of the song of "Dear Albana," and intimates "I shall fill one page with a Chronology of famous Women, according to your directions last year. I think to put in Eve, Deborah, and Jael, Queen of Sheba, Delilah, Jephtha's daughter, Esther, Susannah, Judith, the Virgin Mary, Lot's wife out of Sacred story; and Helen, Cleopatra, Roxana, Hero, Lucretia, Penelope, Alceste, Semiramis, Boadicea, Zenobia, Queen Margaret, Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Anne; or as many of them as a page will hold. But for the ages of Susannah, Judith, and of the rest that follow (except the two last Queens), I cannot yet find out." *

A little comforted by the concluding doubt, we hide our diminished heads in contemplating the enterprise of our predecessors, and quit Benjamin Harris and Mistress Harris, their children and grandchildren, commenting on their last editions of this "Ladies' Diary," which the Maids of Honour were so solicited to patronise, because innumerable women throughout the kingdom would adopt their practice, over the dishes of tea which had pushed an inch or two aside the cider and the ale, the sack and the sweet waters, of the days of the Merry Monarch.

WOMAN'S BATTLE-FIELD.

Of the hundred thousand needless deaths which take place annually in our country how many are occasioned by bad or deficient nursing? More by thousands than would be supposed by persons who have not attended particularly to the subject. But the most hasty view will show that the number may be very great.

What is the popular notion of a nurse? And how does it correspond with the haunting conception of 100,000 people yearly dying who have a claim upon us to live? Let us try to imagine that doomed multitude—the ten thousand carried off by small-pox—the little children strangling in croup by scores—the hundreds sinking delirious in hospital erysipelas—the wards full of hospital gangrene—the tens of thousands swept away by fever and cholera, as by a whirlwind. Let us steadily contemplate such a scene as this, and

* Letters of Mr. John Tipper, of Coventry. Edition 1704.

then call to mind all we know about nurses, and consider the proportion which the two classes of sick and nurses seem to bear to each other.

How much good nursing have any of us ever seen? At the mention of good nursing, the heart may spring to the touch of some precious remembrance of exemplary nursing in a quiet home, where nothing was said about it, because it seemed to be a matter of course. Wherever there are mothers and daughters and sisters, there will be more or less good nursing, as far as it can be taught by good sense and affection, in the common maladies which befall individuals. But nursing is an art based upon science: and the resources of instinct, which are often insufficient in individual cases, are as nothing in the conflict with epidemic sickness, or when accidents and unusual diseases occur, or where numbers are down at once. Such a mortality as our Registrar's returns show can be contended with only by a great body of trained nurses, whose vocation shall be recognised and respected by society.

To be, to do, and to talk "like an old nurse," means to be positive, ignorant, superstitious, wrong-headed, meddlesome, gross, and disagreeable, and to speak and act accordingly. The expression arose out of the deficiency of nurses, by which the occupation was delivered over to women who could do nothing else, or who relished the power and luxury enjoyed by the monthly nurse in comfortable houses. The monthly nurse was employed in sick-nursing too, no doubt: but the monthly engagement was the inducement, and that class of women were wilful, ignorant, and luxurious in proportion to their importance and their scarcity. We will not spend our space on the familiar story of the tricks and foibles and disgusting selfishness of the traditional nurse. The image may be found in a multitude of works of fiction, and the reality in most elderly people's recollections of their early life. Let her retire behind the curtain to doze and booze and maunder out her queer notions about diseases and remedies. We have to study newer specimens of the same order of functionaries.

In every town, great or small, we know some widow or spinster who gets her living by nursing among the cottagers or small shopkeepers and artisans. She knows how to manage lying-in cases, in a general way, and she is a good creature in all cases. She is kind when called in the night, and she is willing and ready to sweep the room, and wash the patient, and make the cup of tea or gruel. The greater part of the nursing which is done by hire is done by this sort of woman: and she is immeasurably better than nobody; but she knows nothing of the structure of the human body and its various organs and their uses; she is not enlightened about the importance of air, light, or temperature; she has wild notions about food and medicines and infection and the character of diseases; and it is a great thing if she is able to dress blisters or apply leeches or fomentations skilfully. Formerly it was very difficult to find anybody of a higher quality than this when a hired nurse was wanted in a family; and even now, the grand perplexity of physicians is to answer the demands upon them to supply well-

qualified nurses in any proportion to the patients who require them.

The census returns of 1851 throw some light upon the facts of the proportion of nurses to the sick. Domestic nurses (meaning nursemaids) are a separate class, though the chief part of the tending of children in sickness is done by them. They amount to nearly 40,000, of whom, strange to say, almost half are between five and twenty years of age. We find under this head the little nurse-girl, who may be met in a town alley, sitting on a door-step, rocking a baby to sleep, or carrying it bent double on her arm, while her own shoulder is growing out, or her spine getting twisted with carrying a heavy weight before she has done growing. Convulsions, croup, accidents kill a multitude of infants in such hands, who might live to die of old age if there was anybody to show how to ward off or treat such misfortunes. But, though the attendants of children are called nurse-maids, the last thing that they are taught is anything about nursing.

Going on, then, to the class which claims the title, in virtue of actually professing to nurse, we find that in Great Britain there are, including monthly nurses, above 25,000 women who take charge of the sick professionally. In comparison with the deaths, and infinitely more with the sickness in the kingdom, this number is almost incredibly small. It would seem a mere nothing if we did not remember that a large proportion of them are hospital nurses—each one taking charge of many patients. In fifteen London hospitals there were, last year, 521 nurses of every class. Every large town in the provinces probably has its infirmary or hospital, with a staff of nurses. It has been proposed to fix twenty-five patients as the proper number to be attended to by a single nurse; and this may serve as some sort of a guide in contemplating the extent of the need of more nurses; but we are told by experienced persons that no such rule can be enforced, nor ever could be, if hospitals were much better organised than they have hitherto been. In military hospitals, for instance, in time of peace, the patients are, on an average, very slightly ill in comparison with the inmates of a civil hospital; and it may be easier to attend upon fifty of the regimental patients than five-and-twenty in a city or county infirmary. There must be endless varieties, too, in the fatigue of the office according to the management of the institution. For instance, in one there may be such arrangements as that the nurses are at liberty to spend their whole time among the beds of their patients, while elsewhere the nurse is expected to carry up coals and water, and carry down trays, and fetch and carry and even wash the linen, and go for the medicine, and cook the diets. Supposing, however, that every hospital was well managed, there would still be a sad deficiency of desirable nurses: and when the number of sick throughout the kingdom are considered, the paucity of qualified attendants is really terrible.

The thought is not new. For half a century at least it has been a subject of speculation, through the press, in lectures, and in conversation, why the deficiency remains so great, and how to supply it. Considering the vast number of English-

women who have to work for their bread, and the over-stocking of many departments of female industry, it seems surprising that this, which is so especially women's work, should be done so scantily and so badly. As sanitary inquiries have been pursued further and further, it has been discovered more and more plainly that a vast amount of needless death happens from bad nursing. We are told that in order to reduce the preventible mortality we must (among other things) improve our hospitals; and, in order to improve our hospitals, we must improve our nurses. While many of them are diseased and infirm; while more are intemperate, and not a few loose in conduct and character; and while they are under overwhelming temptations to make a profit of their patients and their place, there can be no effectual check to the needless mortality within the hospitals. One result of such discoveries has been to create the enthusiasm which we have witnessed of late years in the cause of good nursing. Florence Nightingale did not wait for the outburst of an enthusiasm on any hand. For many long years she had been working in silence, under a growing sense of the necessity. She had been learning the art, and putting her knowledge in practice as she advanced, so that when, under the pressure of the war, there was a sudden rush of devotees into the vocation, there was a woman ready to guide the movement, and to lay open the case to the steady good sense of society, precisely when good sense was most in danger of being swamped by the mixture of a romantic egotism with a gush of genuine benevolence. Through her we know something of what it really is to nurse the sick, and of what is wanted to plant good nursing effectually between the sick-bed and the grave.

There is no subject on which it is easier to be romantic than that of nursing. It is natural and fitting that the tender and even picturesque aspect of the office should fix the attention of observers: only, when it comes to reforming the institution, the whole truth must be studied. It is pretty to see a little child nursing poor mamma's foot when poor mamma's head aches; and one feels a respect for young ladies who aspire to undertake the work of a Sister of Charity: but the little child's nursing, though it need not be discouraged, will not cure mamma: and the well-intentioned assistant must go through a severe probation before she may venture to regard herself as a Sister of Charity. The imaginative benevolence and piety which may find their proper training and final use in some other department of action, are usually out of place in the hospital; and it really appears that there is as much trouble with floating saints and virgins on the one hand, as with grovelling mercenaries on the other. As for the minority of able and devoted women who stand between or far above them, they are of a value which can scarcely be matched among women. If we look at them, we shall no more see them gliding about in silk, or floating in muslin, or disguised in a hideous nun's uniform, and lecturing their patients on heavenly things by the hour together, or exchanging spiritual confidences with fevered sufferers, than we shall see them drinking gin behind a bed-curtain, or taking a bribe from a

visitor. Some documents are lying before me, which show what we shall find the best nurses really doing. To observe them in their proper sphere, we must imagine the best managed hospital that we can ever hope to see.

It is not every woman who desires it, or is worthy of it, that can be a professional nurse. She must have a degree of bodily soundness and vigour which is not common; for her work is not only very hard, but it keeps her standing and stooping for many hours of every day. The successful nurse must have ascertained, before she declares herself a candidate, that she can stand and stoop to the required extent without injury. She must have stout limbs and sharp senses. We know well enough what it is to have a nurse who is purblind, or hard of hearing, or insensible to bad tastes and smells.

Next, what is to be the relative position of the candidate? Is she to be mistress or servant, does she suppose? "Servant, of course," she replies. Very true: but has she considered what it is to be a servant in so strict a sense as in a hospital? She must have no ideas and no will of her own about medical treatment. Instant, constant, complete, silent obedience to the physician's orders is her very first duty. Does she suppose this to be at all times easy? Whether entitled by a special education, or prepossessed by ignorance, she can hardly help having notions about the cases under her hands; and it must be difficult at times to yield to a questionable order without a word spoken. Yet there can be no freedom to question an order in a hospital, though there might be an opening for discussion in a private house. Again: there is no choice of hours, or of work, or of methods. All is fixed and settled; and she has only to put herself under the working of the machinery of her office. Every day has its routine—every hour its proper work: what change and recreation can be allowed are out of the house: there can be no controversy, religious or other, with colleagues; and there must be no petting of patients. This is with some the hardest piece of self-denial of all: but duty requires it. The aim is to get the patients well. That is what a hospital is for. In the vast majority of cases of illness, a vegetative mode of life, monotonous, material, calm and quiet, is as essential as it is to the youngest infant; and this is the reason why physicians dread, as they do, the introduction of sentiment and sentimental women into hospitals. The religious care of the patients belongs to the chaplain, or the pastors, who may visit patients from their flock: and, women once admitted to any other functions than ministering, under orders, to the bodily needs of the sufferers, there would soon be an end to the expansion of the profession at all, and to all chance of women having the special hospital-education which it is the great aim at present to obtain for them. It does not follow that the nurse must be mute, hard, and unsympathising. True sympathy shows itself otherwise than by talk and tears. Whatever is done may be done gently and tenderly. Mere vigilance, without words, is often the most acceptable form of sympathy to a sufferer; and two words of pity, or of

cheerfulness, or uttered in the spirit of fortitude, may rouse or charm more than any exhortation.

The nurse has to see a constant succession of patients going out and coming in, so that the scene might well weary out the most elastic imagination and the most patient heart. I have said nothing of the spectacle of ghastly wounds and sores, of the long waiting upon fever, of the moans and cries of anguish, and the dreary weeping of the worn-out sufferers. It is to be assumed that the nurse has ascertained that she can bear these sights and sounds. It is a matter of course that she can; and also that she is free from the prudery which is somewhat in the way of benevolent action wherever it exists, and is wholly incompatible with the nursing office.

Supposing all these conditions to be satisfactorily met, what is the life led by a good nurse?

In the London hospitals there are two classes of female nurses: the Matrons and Sisters constituting the first, and the Nurses (sometimes subdivided into day and night nurses) the other. If ladies choose to enter either class without pay, in any future scheme, there must be no notice taken of the difference; but the unpaid must be subject to precisely the same regulations as the salaried. Neither money nor religious vocation can be allowed to confer privilege while the object is to obtain the largest possible number of respectable, healthy, sensible women of the working-class, in return for a fair maintenance; that is, on the footing which is generally found to be the most steady and workable. At the moment when new sewing machinery is demolishing occupations which had long ceased to afford a maintenance, a new profession is opening to women, through the extension of our sanitary knowledge; and the system must be adapted to the professional members first. The volunteers and amateurs must take their place under it as they can.

It is found that, as paid nurses, widows with children are ineligible. If they do not love their children they are unfit to be nurses; and, if they do, they must be for ever pulled two ways. The cases of speculation and trickery thus arising are numerous, but not at all to be wondered at. The nurses had better be single women, or widows without children. It is part of the romance of the enterprise with some people to introduce penitents to the wards; but this is reprobated by all experienced managers of hospitals. It is all important to respect the corps of each hospital, and to keep up their self-respect. There must be no damaged character amongst them, for the sake of the sound. If there is any of the old leaven left, this is the place and the work to bring it out; and if the reform be complete, the penitent must have too much disquietude, self-distrust, and egotism stirring within to be fit for an office singularly requiring robustness and simplicity of nature and habit. Penitents can find works of mercy always wanting to be done in every track trodden by human feet; they need not come to the public hospital, while there are so many private sick chambers; and it must be plainly said that they cannot be admitted.

Our good nurse must then be a single woman, say of the working-class, and about thirty years of

age; sound in health, and well disposed for her work,—with a calm, cheerful manner, but with a glow within which we should call enthusiasm, while she is not aware that it has, or ought to have, any name. As we are supposing her in a well-organised hospital, she is trained for her office.

The time is at hand, the money is in the bank, and the plan is under discussion, for the training of young women in the art of nursing; so we may look forward to the accomplished fact. She will have learned what the structure of the human frame is, in a general way; where the great organs lie, and how they ought to act. She will have learned how health is affected by food, clothing, cleanliness, exercise, and free ventilation. She will have been taught how to put on a bandage in the various cases required; how to manage leeches and other applications, and how to prepare the commonest sick-diets; and how to act in emergencies,—of bleeding, fainting, convulsions, inflammation, choleraic attacks, &c., till the doctor comes.

Thus fitted for her work, she enters upon it with the full knowledge that hospital-nurses have to undergo a period of discouragement, during which many feel that they must get out of it at any cost. An experienced reader will know what is meant by the *hospital languor* which comes over the nurse, after a time, like a sick dream. It is easily accounted for; and the only object in adverting to it, is to point out that it is a common trial which all nurses have to undergo, and which good nurses get over, by spirit and prudence. She does what is possible to secure an easy mind and a disengaged spirit by availing herself of some one of the safe methods of assurance, within or without the hospital, by which a certain deduction from her pay will secure her the means of retiring before she is quite worn out. She will further make a point of laying by something, so as to have the power of taking a complete holiday, however short, when she needs change of air and rest. There are consultations on foot as to these matters—as to methods of insurance, and of making savings from the wages of nurses, on the one hand, or pensioning them on the other.

The economy must not be too close. A nurse must be well clothed, and thoroughly well fed. If she provides her own food she considers it a duty to sustain her strength by substantial meat dinners, with good beer; and if her meals are provided by the hospital, she steadily demands whatever is necessary to enable her to discharge her fatiguing duties effectually. The hope of those who are consulting about making the most of nurses, is that a plan will become general by which there shall be in every hospital a mess for the nurses, managed by the matron.

The most wasteful of all plans, as to food and time, is for each nurse to buy and cook her own meals, and eat them alone; and it certainly would seem to people generally that sitting down to a joint and pudding would be more cheerful and comfortable than each woman fiddle-fadding at her own bit of dinner. An open, honest, sufficient allowance of good ale or porter is essential if the course of hospitals—intemperance—is to be successfully dealt with. The temptations to spirit-drinking are stronger than can be conceived by

women who sit at home over the easy occupations of ordinary life. On the one hand, the vice is always trying to establish itself; on the other, it is impossible to tolerate it in a hospital; and the thing to be done is to keep watch against it, and to substitute for it generous diet.

Our nurse's clothing must be ample. There can be no shutting out the air, and keeping up the fire in a hospital, where the principle is to have such bedding, clothing, and equable warmth provided as shall allow of free admission of fresh air at all times. The nurse must therefore be so warmly clothed as not to suffer in winter days, or in night-watches, in going about her ward.

These are her personal arrangements; each of them important as involving her health and strength. As for her business, it is a very regular affair, except in as far as her deep interest in her work may introduce diversities. A high authority exhorts the hospital-matron not to worry if a day-nurse is seen sitting up with a bad case when, as the matron would say, she ought to be in bed. As a general thing, however, the nurse should have her eight hours' sleep, as well as two hours a-day for recreation, and two more for meals and her personal business. When the true quality and value of a nurse are understood, she will not be employed to do what others can do as well. Therefore our nurse is not to be seen bringing in water, lighting fires, or scrubbing the floor. She sees that everything is ready at first, and then enters upon her duty to the patients. She helps those who cannot wash themselves, and makes all clean and pure from bed to bed. She serves the first doses of medicine for the day, the list of which hangs up where the doctor and she can easily refer to it. To give the medicine punctually and accurately is of course one of her first duties; and she trusts nobody with it. At breakfast time, the meals are brought to the ward, as the dinners are, ready divided and hot, so that her time is not consumed in dividing—much less in weighing—the food.

The arrival of the doctors is prepared for by her being ready to report on each case, and her having ready any questions she may have to ask. She makes her words as few as possible. She has her own slate or book in which to enter orders or questions: and her manner checks the thoughtless students (supposing them present) when they are noisy or obtrusive, to the discomfort of the patients. By the time the medical rounds are over, and the offices ordered by the doctors are fulfilled, it is time to prepare for dinner. She encourages those who are well enough to rise, and sit at table; and she tries to make a cheerful fireside for as many as can sit up during the afternoon. She altogether prohibits any such illicit indulgence as a pipe in a closet, or pastry or drink brought by visitors; while she encourages cheerful amusement in every way. She has the beds made, the linen changed, the night-lights in order, and everything quiet by the prescribed hour, when she yields her place to the night nurse.

All this may be easy and almost pleasant to the reader; but it is the mere framework of hospital life. The filling-in is the part to study. Among twenty, thirty, or more sufferers, there is no day which

can pass over smoothly and without anxiety. The child that cries aloud for half the day would wear out many a woman's nerves: and then there is the moaning of people in pain, and the restlessness of the feverish, and the raving of the delirious. There are wounds and sores to be attended to; and many disagreeable things to be done; and usually, among so many patients, some on any particular day who seem not to be doing well. The toil is never-ceasing; the anxiety always besetting; the wear and tear in every way very great.

On the other hand, good nursing decides the fate of thousands of persons every year, for recovery or death. In badly managed hospitals there are epidemic periods when erysipelas, hospital-gangrene, cholera, and fever carry off the patients just as if they were living in a blind alley full of bad smells and stagnant filth; but, as a general rule, people who go into hospitals come out convalescent: and if the arts of the hospital were spread over private life, the number of deaths from other causes than old age and vice would be wonderfully reduced. A well-trained body of ten thousand nurses, working during only their years of utmost vigour, would do more to extinguish preventible death than the twenty thousand haphazard town and country nurses, old and young, set down as professional in the census returns. What the actual need is may be judged of by the existence of the Nightingale Fund; by the number of ladies who volunteered to go to the East during the Russian war; by the institutions which are springing up in various parts of the country; and by the tentative conversation of young ladies who meditate devoting themselves to the work. How to meet the need, is the question.

It must always be right to develop all existing capabilities in private life. In every household let little children show what they are made of. One will mount a chair, and stare into your mouth to see a tooth drawn, while another will run out of the house when the dentist comes in. One will faint at the sight of blood, while another likes to bind up a bad cut. Why should not the natural doctor and nurse have a free career? There will always be plenty to run away from it. Let little children be allowed and encouraged to soothe and help the sick. Let them learn to sit quiet, to move about quietly, to stir the fire with a stick, to chafe limbs properly, to make a bed properly, and change linen in the easiest way; to air rooms, to darken windows, and to make and serve sick messes. These things can be learned and practised at an early age; and the process will certainly show what Nature intends as to a supply of nurses.

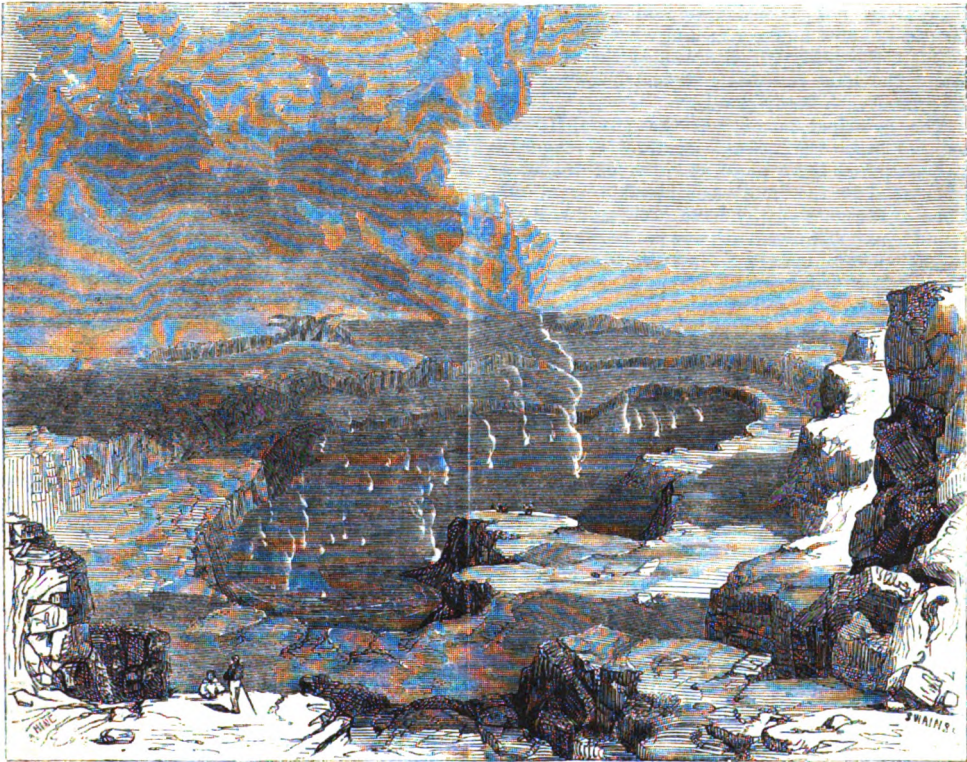
The material thus indicated, what is the instruction to be? At Madras, the orphan daughters of British soldiers are educated at the Military Asylum, where the elder ones who show themselves fit for the service are trained as nurses, and always diligently sought. Married or single, they are always busy. As their fathers battled in the field of warfare, so do they in that of disease; and they are the most effective soldiers in the world. Not only in India, but everywhere, does disease lay low its victims more painfully and more plentifully than any war that ever was waged. We

cannot help sending out our armies occasionally to slaughter and be slaughtered; but we might more than compensate for the mortality of war if we would send out that other redeeming force which contends in the field of disease, and rescues its captives from the threshold of the prison-house. When a nurse died in the East there was great mourning; and it was openly said that the best soldier could have been better spared—the object then being to save soldiers. A good soldier's place may be filled, though at great waste of safety, of feeling, of convenience, and of money; but the place of a good nurse cannot be filled at all. Every existing one is excessively wanted, and cannot be spared from her post. There are women enough in England—working women enough—devoted women enough, if the training

and the encouragement were provided. It is not the fatigue, nor the disagreeableness, nor the anxiety, nor the low and doubtful position of nurses, which keeps us so bare of them while other departments of female industry overflow. It is that no woman who would be a nurse knows where to go and what to do to qualify herself. Open schools to women, and provide a new department in children's schools, and the sick of the next generation will not die by tens of thousands for want of good nursing. Disease will be checked on its first approach, and the mortality of our day will be a theme which will take its place in history and speculation with the Great Plague and the Black Death. The doctors permitting and aiding, the women will achieve this victory.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE RECENT VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS IN HAWAII.



The Crater in Kilauea.

THE group of Hawaiian, or Sandwich, Islands lies like a cluster of emeralds on the gently-heaving bosom of the North Pacific. So central is their situation, that a line having one end fastened in Honolulu, the capital, would with the other sweep in succession the coasts of New Zealand, Eastern Australia, New Guinea, Japan, Manchouria, Kamtschatka, and part of Central America.

To Englishmen these islands possess the great and enduring interest of being the scene of Cap-

tain Cook's death; a fate incontestably shown, by a review of the circumstances, to have been mainly due to the great circumnavigator's own conduct on his last return to Hawaii.

The origin of the islands is jointly volcanic and coralline. From the submerged flanks of the mountains rises the coral-insect's architecture, which, proceeding perpendicularly, emerges from the ocean as a reef, a little distant from the shore, on which the billows love to dash themselves,

fretting the blue deep, and girding each green oasis with a thin zone of silver. Stupendous are the agencies which first uplifted this human home from the deep. If to the 14,000 feet altitude of Mauna Kea be added the unmeasured mass of the mountain below the water-level, downwards to the general bed of the ocean, dim guesses may be hazarded of the entire elevation of a volcanic island, and of the gigantic forces which have built up such chimneys as safety-valves for the pent-up internal fires. Craters, extinct and active, are numerous throughout the islands. In one place a great lake or inland sea has been formed by the filling-up of a vast crater, which had either ceased to be operative, or was extinguished by the rushing in of the ocean. That of the Mountain Haleakala, in Mani, is the largest in the known world; being nine miles in diameter, and about 2000 feet in depth. At the base of the Mani crater some fifteen others are studded about, which, though dwarfed by contact with their gigantic chief, are themselves not inconsiderable hills. All these mouths are now quiescent; and when visited this autumn, the party which ascended the mountain found the huge cup that once had brimmed with fire, filled with fleecy clouds.

The principal member of the group, Hawaii, appears to be the volcanic centre. Earthquakes and eruptions take place at times on the other islands; but the most considerable manifestations of Plutonic energy have been, and still are, found here. Three remarkable peaks rise superior to the mountain-range of Hawaii. Two of them, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, are of nearly equal height—about 14,000 feet. The fires of the former volcano are extinguished, and it is from the sides of the latter that explosions and outpourings of lava principally take place. The mountain is indeed always in labour; and Dante might have gained ideas of penal fires could he have looked down the fearful orifice of Kilauea, a pit situated about 4000 feet up the mountain's side, six miles in circumference, and from 400 to 1000 feet in depth. In the native mythology, this abyss was chosen as the dwelling-place of the terrible goddess Pele. Here, with her attendant demons, she bathed and sported in the sulphurous waves; and here was the scene of Christian courage triumphing over material and supernatural terrors, when the converted chiefs, Kapiolani, in 1825, dared the horrors of the way and the anger of the invaded goddess, and descended the crater, casting from her hands into the liquid lava the sacred berries, as an act of desecration. Since that time many persons have visited the scene, and the writer's brother has also made a descent into the crater.

For nearly three years the volcano has been in a state of more than usual activity. Rivers of burning lava have rolled downwards from the brimming cup. The streams have crept through dark silent forests, withering and burning the hard ko-trees and the fragrant young sapan-wood. They have poured themselves into deep pits, and over perpendicular *palis*, or precipices; past ruined *heiaus*, or idol-temples; have destroyed the native *kulo* grounds, and rendered villages uninhabitable; finally, they have held their downward

way through grassy valleys even to the shore, till, in deadly struggle with the waves, their course has been stayed, but not till the temperature of the sea has been sufficiently raised to destroy great quantities of fish.

On the 23rd of January last, a great eruption commenced on Mauna Loa. The lava took a northerly direction, rounded the side of another mountain, and by the 28th had debouched over the plateau, and run some distance into the sea, destroying in its way a small fishing village. An interruption of the trade-wind took place about the same time, having some occult connection, probably, with the volcanic action. Sight-seers, of course, immediately started for the spot. They were rewarded by a spectacle of indescribable grandeur. The fire rose 250 feet above the mouth of the crater, sometimes taking the form of a cone of flame, at others that of a *jet de feu*, before which all artificial pyrotechnics would have to "pale their ineffectual fires." The descending lava presented a head of fire 200 rods in width, curving over the mountain sides like a blood-red snake, and occasionally leaping sheer down a precipice.

On the 9th of February, a party left the college in Honolulu for the purpose of ascending to the crater. An unfortunate accident occurred to one of the number. In passing through the forest, a young man fell into one of the deep pits which exist there, probably extinct craters, the mouths of which are often concealed by trailing and orchidaceous plants. His fall was heard, and the sufferer was recovered and carried to a place where medical aid could be obtained. His spine, however, had been injured below the neck, and after lingering a few days he died.

On the 15th, Captain Montresor in H.M.'s Ship Calypso, having invited the king and his suite to accompany him, proceeded to Hawaii to observe the phenomena of the eruption. Among the party was the British Consul-General and Commissioner in the Islands, Mr. Toup Nicolas, intelligence of whose untimely death was received by the last mail. On the 19th, they landed at Kaawaloa, or Cook's Bay, and found with surprise that the scene of the great navigator's death was unmarked by any durable monument. A decaying stump of a cocoa-nut tree indicates the exact spot where he fell, and a few stones piled on a hill at a distance seem placed there for their own safety, or to prove an alibi. On returning to Honolulu, Mr. Nicolas set himself to promote the erection of a more fitting and permanent trophy, and was engaged in procuring subscriptions for the purpose when the failure of his health made it necessary for him to leave the islands.

In the account we proceed to give of the volcano the observations made in the Calypso expedition, and those by another exploring party, are combined. Seen from afar at sea and at night, the first view of the eruption had the appearance of a star, with two rays of light depending—a comet, in fact,—hanging two-thirds up the mountain side. The Calypso's party commenced their ascent, and passing through a wood seven miles in breadth, emerged on a plateau about 5000 feet above the sea level, affording a good site for observation.

By day two great and solemnly moving rivers flowed northward and westward from the crater, with subsidiary streams. Their motion was marked by the sudden ignition of trees, which fell in that short and fiery embrace. The appearance at night is thus described: "The immense arena, the intense glare of the flows and fissures, covering the mountain side to the height of some 6000 feet above us, describing horizontal lines and points of molten mineral matter; the sullen glow above the crater and inferior orifices from which the lava issued; the fire and smoke rising from the far-off streams and those nearer at hand, in which latter, every now and then, the burning trees threw up their wreathed flames like the arms of an agonised victim, added to the sort of glimmer and twinkle seen on a frosty night, produced a spectacle of such grandeur, that words before it become powerless. If on some mountain side, the largest fire that ever devastated San Francisco could be reproduced, and four or five hundred domes like that of St. Peter's at Rome, when illuminated, be dotted about on the slopes below, the general effect might be that of a very pretty miniature on ivory of the eruption on Mauna Loa. Every five minutes or so some new chasm or torrent showed itself, comparable at first to the spark of a glow-worm, but suddenly extending like a train of gunpowder."

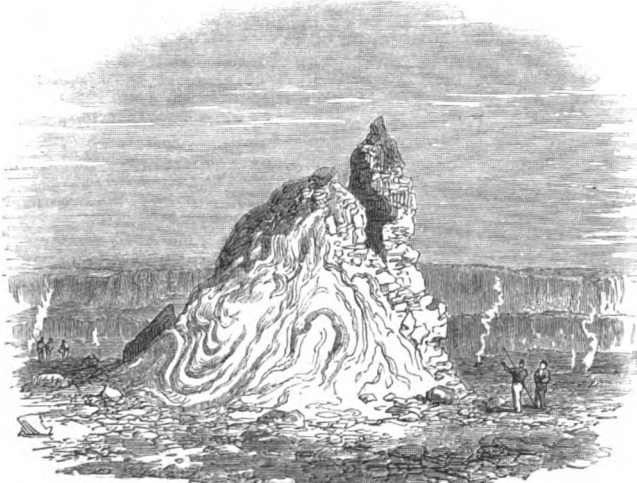
In the more scientific account given by Professor Alexander, he describes the jet when first seen by his party as 300 feet in height; in form and movement exactly like a fountain, and accompanied by immense columns of steam. By day his companions explored the craters. The principal sources of action were two cones, about 150 feet high, composed of pumice and fragments of lava. The suffocating gases which escaped from the red-hot vent-holes of these furnaces rendered it a matter of danger to approach them. At night, they encamped by a fresh lava stream, which served for all cooking purposes. The next morning they followed the central flow from the lower crater, and reached its outlet from its subterranean channel

Its appearance there was that of a pool of blood, a few rods in width, boiling up like a spring, and spouting up thick clotted masses to the height of ten or twenty feet. On the lower side it poured like a cataract of molten metal at white heat down a descent of about fifty feet, with a roar like that of a heavy surf. Keeping to windward,

and protecting their faces with their hats, they approached the brink. The lava appeared almost as fluid as water, and ran with a velocity which the eye could scarcely follow. For several miles the fiery river was a continuous series of rapids and cataracts. They travelled for three or four hours along the edge of the stream. The open part of the canal was from twenty to fifty feet wide; but the stream was really wider, because both its banks were undermined to a considerable distance. Over this part of the flow there were frequent openings, through which they could see the rushing torrent a few feet, sometimes a few inches, beneath their feet. "To describe the scene," says the Professor, "is impossible. For the first time we saw actual waves and actual spray of liquid lava. As its surges rolled back from the enclosing walls of rock, they curled over and broke like combers on the reef. There was, besides, an endless variety in its forms. Now we passed a cascade, then a smooth majestic river, then a series of rapids, tossing their waves like a stormy sea; now rolling into lurid caverns, the roofs of which were hung with red-hot stalactites, and then under arches which it had thrown over itself in sportive triumph." After pursuing the great stream some miles, it reticulated into so many rivulets, forming islands, that it required great caution not to be isolated on the latter. The lava often penetrated caves, and blew them up with loud explosions. Where it debouches into the ocean, it has already filled up the bay, and formed a promontory instead.

Extremes proverbially meet; and the phenomena of glacier progression and lava streams have much in common. Recent investigators of glaciers have examined the curved lines found in the ice, concentric with the axis of the flow. The Hawaiian observers were accounting for curvilinear forms of lava, which it is clear were strict homologues of the glacial ones. The generation of the nests of curved wrinkles could be witnessed; and the theorem which was deduced, only, in regard to ice, was demonstrated in the march of minerals solved by fire.

By the last accounts received from the islands, the volcano was in unabated activity. Numbers of the inhabitants were flocking to the coast to witness the splendid spectacle of the confluence of the lava-stream with the sea. The whole district of North Kona was suffering from drought; the wells being completely dry.



Blowing-Hole in Crater, Kilauea.

MANLEY HOPKINS.

A LOST LOVE.

So fair, and yet so desolate ;
 So wan, and yet so young ;
 Oh, there is grief too deep for tears,
 Too seal'd for tell-tale tongue !
 With a faded floweret in her hand,
 Poor little hand, so white !
 And dim blue eye, from her casement high
 She looks upon the night.

Only a little rosebud —
 Only a simple flower—
 But it blooms no more as it seem'd to bloom
 Through many a lone lone hour.
 As they float from her fever'd touch away,
 The petals wither'd and brown,
 All the hopes she deem'd too bright to be dream'd
 Sink trembling and fluttering down.



It needs no hush of the Present
 To call back the sweet calm Past ;
 The lightest summer murmuring
 May be heard through the wintry blast ;
 And the wind is rough with sob and with scough
 To-night upon gable and tree,
 Till the bare elms wail like spectres pale,
 And the pines like a passionate sea.

But she thinks of a dreamy twilight
 On the garden walk below,
 Of the laurels whispering in their sleep,
 And the white rose in full blow.
 The early moon had sunk away
 Like some pale queen, to die
 In the costly shroud of an opal cloud
 To the June air's tremulous sigh.

All, all too freshly real ;
 The soft subdued eclipse,
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart
 And the thrill of the wedded lips ;

Those tender memories, how they flush
 Pale cheek and brow again,
 Though heart be changed, and lip estranged,
 That swore such loving then !

'Tis but the old, old story
 Sung so often in vain ;
 For man all the freedom of passion,
 For woman the calm and the pain.
 Tell it the soul whose grief is read
 In the poor, pale suffering face,
 It will still cling on to a love that is gone
 With the warmth of its first embrace.

Oh, 'tis well for the careless spirit
 To weave the web of rhyme,
 And prison the idle memories
 That float on the breath of time ;
 But better for many an aching heart,
 If ever it might be so,
 To forget, to forget the light that has set,
 And the dreams of long ago. R. A. B.

THE FOUNDATION OF MY PICTURE-GALLERY.

I AM unfortunate enough to "have a taste" and very little money; indeed I am doubly and trebly unfortunate, for this makes my third "taste." Once upon a time (not in the days of the fairies, but during my first term at college), it was ancient editions of the Greek classics, bound in vellum, clasped in brass, with wonderful and frousty texts, all abbreviations of the most complex kind, and paper of the brownest hue. This "taste" cost me all my "tin," more than all my patience, and, what is worse, nearly all my eyesight. I see, of course, at the present moment, and fully intend to see, but then it is now through the medium of spectacles.

Some years after came "Taste Number Two. I became mad after mezzotints, I raved after prints in general, and grew positively dangerous about line-engravings. I am not a great pedestrian, indeed I prefer sitting, with an occasional lounge on my back, to any other position: but I think during the three years of Taste Number Two's reign, I must have walked at the very least something over eight thousand miles in search of "subjects." I went into new book shops, old book shops, curiosity shops, ladies' wardrobe shops, lumber shops, old furniture shops, frame shops, undertakers' shops, all sorts of shops. The only questions I ever asked anybody, anywhere, at any time, during those three years, were, I firmly believe, "How d'ye do?" and "Have you any old engravings for sale?"

And then, when after a day's march I had secured my spoil, how I used to gloat over it! Up during the night with a great goggle-eyed magnifying glass of gigantic power and proportions, lighting all the candles I could get and a lamp besides; going over each superficial inch



of lines; noting down in sleepy but vigorous characters my opinion of Greatbach's arm fore-shortenings, of Berseff's flesh lines, of Fittler's draperies. And, good Lord! how they used to laugh at me! What names they used to call me and my engravings, and how heartily they used to consign us (my engravings and me) to I shan't say what old gentleman in Chiaroscuro! Well, Taste Number Two was gathered to its fathers in due time, and a new king reigned in its stead.

One Saturday morning in the spring of the present year, fortified by a ticket from Messrs. Smith of Bond Street, "et quelque diable aussi me poussant," I strolled down St. James's and into Bridgewater House, to look at Lord Ellesmere's pictures. I looked and was looked at; for I confess I had on peg-tops of a most aggravated form, and I saw several fat old females (with small hampers on their arms) seated on the noble Earl's benches, examining my left ankle with the right eye, and my right ankle with the left eye, and the Raffaelles and Titians of course with the *other* eye.

I prowled about the princely gallery, thinking of anything, or nothing, of the Countess's lost jewels, of the fat old lady's well-secured small hamper, certainly not of Art high, low, or middle, when a small picture (No. 244 in the catalogue) suddenly caught my eye, attracted me, seized me, bound me, enchained me, and has never let me go since. I am at this present moment, and have been for the last four months, manacled: my gaoler's name is Gerard Dow.

Talk of the Spitzbergs, and the Vicarias, and the Piombi, and the Conciergeries, and the Newgates—I could escape from all of them consecutively,

but from Gerard Dow—! O beware, reader! of No. 244 in the catalogue!

I left Bridgewater House that morning (escorted of course by a double Gerard Dow, before and behind) with a new "taste." I met a friend in the Burlington Arcade, and ravenously inquired if he had, or if he knew of, any specimen of the high Dutch school? My friend piques himself rather on being philosophical and facetious, and he suggested Mynheer Van Dunk, expressing at the same time his entire approval of that venerable Bourgeois's spirited performance in "brandy and water daily." I turned from the man in disgust, and Gerard Dow took me along Oxford Street, on the south, or fishy, side, looking at everything and everybody with an eyeglass that seemed to say, fiercely: "Why the deuce are you not of the high Dutch school?"

I was getting desperate, I felt all over Gerard Dow, and Heaven only knows what would not have happened, had not a very small picture in a very large frame attracted my notice. I rushed into the shop: "Is that of the Dutch school?" Seller couldn't say; might be; didn't know anything at all about it. "What's the price?" Well, the price *was* twenty guineas, and cheap too, but I might have it for eighteen. No; I didn't care about it at that price, but (Gerard Dow was pinching me all over) but if he could state the lowest figure, &c., &c. Well, I might take it for fifteen guineas. I was going to decline this offer also, but Gerard Dow within and without me multiplied himself infinitely, choked me, and—I bought it!

The picture came home, and I was brought with it. Large blue-mouldy stains covered the principal figures. I got on my knees and washed it with—no matter. The stock of silk and saliva I exhausted on that picture might form an item in Mr. Gladstone's revised budget next year. I rubbed, and breathed, and oil'd, and polish'd, like a machine, for two days and two nights without intermission, save for food (consisting of Gerard Dow and a mutton chop). With the early dawn of the third day I perceived on the collar of one of the secondary personages (a female) something like a delicate fret-work of lace. Machinery in motion again;—more rubbing, more oil, more breathing, more silk, more saliva, and the lace-work became clearer and more distinct. A thought—an awful thought—struck me. I rushed to the British Museum reading-room (conveyed by at least a quadruple Gerard Dow) and ransacked the catalogues for works on painting; attendants in obedience to my call came,—all books from the pit of the stomach up to the eyebrows; and I peered into them—those books, from Dr. Waagen's downwards, in hopes of a description of *my* little painting with the big frame. And I and Gerard Dow within me found it, moreover. And then home again; but, oh! with what speed and apprehension. What, if—during my absence—the house had caught fire, and the whole fire-brigade had failed to save my painting? What if my little nephew, with that new box of tools, had removed all doubts and difficulties by planing away the surface? What if, through the influence of the main-drainage works, the walls had fallen in? I breathed freely only on

again beholding my treasure and feeling it all over. And then I rubbed at the lace collar again, and felt my knees giving way, and my whole body assuming a position of religious awe, as the lace-work grew by degrees into—letters of fantastic shape, 'tis true: but still letters—and such letters—good Heavens! a G and an E and an R, and then an A, another R and a D; then a blank (just under the chin), and then a larger D and an O and— Yes it was! I fell back shrieking the name—Gerard Dow!

I have the picture now. I have put it into a small portable joss-house, and I worship it daily, and sometimes nightly. When I have venerated it till my eyes are tired, I put on lemon-kid gloves, shut my eyes, and gently knuckle it behind, so that my ears may drink in the sounds proceeding from the wondrous panel. In a word I have Taste Number Three, and I have laid the foundation of my picture-gallery. S. O. M.

INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY.

FROM MUM BET TO OLD BROWN.

INSTEAD of moralising on the old truth of the small beginnings of great revolutions, the insignificance of the movers of mighty changes, let us look at perhaps the most striking illustration of the fact that modern society presents. The story has not yet got into history; but we may feel sure that it will, as soon as the revolution is complete, if not before.

Just a hundred years ago, when colonial society in America was at that stage so pleasantly described by the late Mrs. Grant of Laggan, in her "Memoirs of an American Lady," the wealthier class of northern citizens lived somewhat more like the planters of the South than they do now. They all held slaves, and talked of the patriarchal character of the institution with more reason than the cotton and sugar producers of a brisk commercial age. They farmed, in a manner; and they took life very easily, and let their negroes take it easily too. There was nowhere the same pressure on the labourers that there has been since our cotton manufacture arose and spread; and in the northern states especially the driving activity of modern American life was not dreamed of. The negroes were rarely over-worked: they had often too little to do; and the great evil of their condition (after the mighty evil inherent in all slavery, of the forfeiture of manhood itself) was, that they were subject to the humours of their owners.

A hundred years ago, then, when Mrs. Grant's relative was leading the remarkable country-life exhibited in the memoir, the gentry of the State of New York were always finding that their negroes increased upon their hands when they had not sufficient employment for them; and, in order not to be eaten out of house and home, they sold or gave away the superfluous children born on their estates. Two young sisters were sold in this way into the State of Massachusetts, being bought by Colonel Ashley of Sheffield, a small country settlement. Their parents had been brought from Africa, and the children had derived no education

from them or from anybody else. They had no notion of reading and writing; but they seem to have had notions as clear as the atmosphere of Africa of whatever they did attend to. This time hundred years Elizabeth was eighteen years old; a strong hearty girl, fond of activity of all sorts, and valuable not only on that account but because of her quietness and silence. As afterwards appeared, her rule of life was "keepin' still and mindin' things." And thus she gave no trouble, made no mischief, and was always up to the occasion. Such was the account which her owners would have given of her a century since; but they were not aware that this quiet girl—Mum Bet, as she was called through life—would be the means of determining the destinies of their great country, after a century or more of its national existence. They did not then suspect that they were about to become a nation; that their government would be a federal republic; that their slaves would be a canker at the core of their republicanism; that the alternative would, in time, be surrendering the liberties of the whites or the slavery of the blacks; and that this alternative was to be decided for them, unconsciously and long in advance, by this black damsel, Mum Bet, whom they did not bestow a thought upon as she waited behind their chairs when they dined with each other. All this was in the future, except the girl and her excellent faculties.

Her use of her faculties may be seen in her behaviour on an occasion which occurred later on in her life, after the country became disturbed by war and the local troubles which attended it. She was nursing, in severe illness, the wife of Judge Sedgwick, in the country—the Judge being at Boston on business. There were nightly apprehensions throughout the State from the visits of the Marauders, as they were called—bands of lawless men, who entered and plundered the houses of country gentlemen by night, on pretence of searching for ammunition and prisoners. Nobody could conjecture when they would come; and the gentlemen were obliged to be in Boston, taking the chance of their homes not being entered in their absence. The valley of the Housatonic depended on Mum Bet for its safety when the heads of families were away. Her common sense was a match for all the powers of evil, in the view of her neighbours; and the administration of the public safety was, by common consent, placed in her hands.

She declared she could have no cowards hanging about her. Anybody that was afraid must be off. She sent children and timid women up into the hills at sunset, to sleep in farm-houses that were secure from attack. She accepted the charge of all the gold watches, rings, and other small valuables which the neighbours wished to preserve. She stowed them all in an iron chest in her garret, and arranged everything for the expected intrusion. The great fear was that the fellows would drink and be riotous; and this was the danger that Mum Bet first addressed herself to. She put all the spirits and wine behind several rows of bottled porter, took out the corks to make the porter flat, and put them in again. She hid away all candles and candle-

sticks but one, and that she determined to carry herself. She loaded the pistols, and fully intended to lead the Marauders to believe that the gentlemen were at home, by the number of shots fired at the intruders. To save Mrs. Sedgwick from intrusion was her object; but when the moment came, Mrs. Sedgwick insisted on the people being admitted without a shot. Mum Bet was to the last degree reluctant; but, as she must open the door, she did it with a fire-shovel in one hand, and with the assurance that neither the Judge was there nor any ammunition or prisoners. They said they would ascertain this for themselves, and would have taken the light. She held it back, and said she would light them wherever they chose to go, but would not part with the candlestick. That was the way to the cellars, and this was the way to the chambers. Which did they prefer?

They chose the cellars first, and, as she had anticipated, rushed upon the "liquor." One broke the neck of a bottle; for which Mum Bet rebuked him, saying she would bring them a corkscrew, if they wished to drink like gentlemen, but that the next who broke a bottle should feel the edge of her shovel. One and another tasted, and made wry faces at the flat porter, saying that gentlemen had odd tastes to like such bitter stuff, and that spirits were infinitely better. The reply to which was, that the sort of gentlemen who lived here did not drink spirits.

The intruders helped themselves to pickled pork out of a barrel which stood at the foot of the cellar-stairs; but they were so stung by Mum Bet's sarcasm about coming for ammunition and prisoners, and taking up with pickled pork, that they threw back their booty into the barrel. Next followed a pretended search of the chambers, where they thrust their bayonets under the beds. It so happened that there was nothing visible which was worth carrying off; and Mum Bet hoped they were going away when they turned up-stairs to the garret. In hers the chest attracted their attention, and some one observed that it looked as if it had something in it. Mum Bet put down the light, and kneeled on the chest, shovel in hand, saying, "This is my chist, and let any man try to touch it, and see what he will get!" A negro woman's chest was not thought worth the venture, and the owner had the satisfaction of lighting the party down to the hall-door. There they were met by an officious young lady, a visitor in the house, who deprived Mum Bet of the glory of sending them away empty-handed. She asked them if they would like to see the stables, which occasioned the loss of one or more horses. Mum Bet was provoked to speech, saying that if she had thought "the pesky fool" would have done such a thing, she would have turned the horses loose in the meadow overnight, knowing that they would come at her call in the morning.

This anecdote—one among many—shows what this woman was made of. The story has been told before: but its significance as an illustration of character, and the further story of what she achieved, appear in a different aspect, under the light of recent events, from that in which her

merits and services were inscribed upon the gravestone which covers her remains in the outcast division of the churchyard of the valley which she protected.

Colonel Ashley's lady was not amiable enough to be trusted with human property. She one day struck at Mum Bet's sister with a heated shovel, which did not hurt the sister because Mum Bet, always ready, caught the blow upon her arm. She carried to her grave this brand of slavery; but it gave liberty to multitudes. She acted as a free person would have done. She left the house, and refused to return. Colonel Ashley appealed to the law for the recovery of his slave. The slave opened to Judge Sedgwick, to his infinite astonishment, her purpose of claiming her liberty under the law. Nothing could seem more absurd to the lawyers: but the illiterate woman was right. In the "Bill o' Rights," she said, there was no distinction made among the people. To be human was enough: and she claimed to be free and equal with everybody else. Mr. Sedgwick undertook her cause, and gained it. It was tried at Great Barrington: and the result was that she was declared free, and entitled to compensation for her services from the age of twenty-one.

This happened in 1772, when she was thirty years old. Her example was followed, with success, by so many slaves that society saw the absurdity of at once maintaining slavery and glorying in their Bill of Rights. They preferred the extension to the contraction of liberty, and soon abolished slavery in the State of Massachusetts.

The wonder was what Mum Bet could know about the "Bill o' Rights." She said it was owing to her "keepin' still and mindin' things." She made it all out by listening to the conversation while waiting at table. She gathered the terms of the declaration, and common sense showed her her interest in them. Thus did emancipation begin by an untaught negro woman "keepin' still and mindin' things."

Her lawyer asked her what he was to do with all the money she was now worth. She desired him to fee the lawyers well, and take care of the rest for her. No inducement could prevail on her to return to Colonel Ashley's. She wanted to escape from the associations of slavery. She lived twenty years with the Sedgwicks, very happily, and married there, and lived to the age of eighty-five, taking care of a host of grandchildren. Her long life was full of good deeds; but the great fact of her having pulled up the first root of slavery is that by which she will be remembered through future generations.

This story is brought to mind just now by the setting in of a new phase in that decline of American slavery which was begun by Mum Bet. She died just before the advent of the most critical period of the fortunes of the great Republic, whose fortunes are, and for a time must be, bound up with the "peculiar institution" which Mum Bet could not tolerate. She died in 1829, when events were ripening for the change which was to come to pass in 1832.

She obtained her freedom, as we have seen, in

1772. The American Declaration of Independence was proclaimed in 1776. One of the provisions of the new law of the infant Republic was, that the slave-trade should cease in 1808; that is, the importation of native Africans: for the trade in slaves between the separate sovereign States of the Union has never been stopped.

During the term of Mum Bet's free life, the condition of her countrymen in the Southern States was growing worse in proportion to the development of European manufactures and American trade. New tracts of territory were bought—as Louisiana and Florida—over which the predial negroes were spread, as fast as they had worn out the soil in the older States. Their owners gained power in the Federal Government by allowing the North fiscal advantages in exchange for such power. It was in this way that the planters got leave to reckon three-fifths of all their slaves (women, children and all) as a part of the constituency which sent them to the legislature at Washington: and it was thus that they obtained the one single provision in the constitution of the Republic which recognised slavery:—that by which the citizens of all States were bound to catch and send back fugitive slaves; or, as they were daintily called, "persons held to labour and service, escaping into another State."

During a course of weary years, the negroes were worked harder, treated less and less like "family retainers," and more and more like farm stock, till, when Lafayette paid a visit to the country in 1825, he remarked with sorrow the debased condition of the negroes, saying that when he was there before, the negroes used to live in the camp with the white soldiers, and bivouac with them on the march, and fight side by side with them in the field: whereas now they had been pressed down into a more injurious slavery, and were hated, according to the old rule, that men hate those whom they have injured.

Then came the long series of insurrections, at last averaging twelve in a year, including the great and small risings in all the slave States. That series closed with the fearful Southampton massacre of 1831—two years after Mum Bet was in her grave. In that rising above seventy whites were slain by negroes. Even then, there were planters who believed themselves safe, unaware that the old "patriarchal" feeling had long been worn out, by the increased sufferings of the "retainers." A kind-hearted gentleman of Virginia told a guest from the North, at the very time of the Southampton rising, that it was a mistake to suppose that there was not a perfect understanding between masters and slaves; and he proposed to put this to the test on the spot. He summoned his confidential negro—his head manager—asked him if he knew what had happened at Southampton, and that the insurgents were coming that way; found he knew all about it; told him that he should depend on him to defend the house and its inmates; and was startled at the countenance and silence of the man. He proceeded:

"If I arm you, you will protect my family?"

"No, massa."

"Do you mean, that if the Southampton negroes come here, you will join them?"

"Yes, massa."

The master was broken-hearted. The earth had yawned under his feet, and swallowed up all his hope and confidence. A new period, however, was opening, though he and all others were unaware of it. The Southampton rising was the last for a quarter of a century: and the one which occurred in 1857 was induced if not imagined by the slave-holders. Their political orators had expatiated in public on the certainty of abolition if Colonel Fremont became President, so as to excite great agitation among the negroes: but it was not a planned insurrection.

In 1832, four men, citizens of Massachusetts, met in a poor garret, and sat with their feet upon a wood-pile, resolving that slavery, the curse of their country, should be abolished: and to work they went, in a peaceable way, to enlighten public opinion. Their opening appeal, in the first number of their newspaper, is a historical document which will move the souls of future generations. Up to that time, nothing had been done in the direction of emancipation, since the northern States had freed their slaves; though one measure had been attempted for expatriating troublesome negroes to Africa. From 1832 onwards, there was a manifest improvement in the material treatment of slaves, from the eyes of the nation and the world being directed upon their condition. In some States there were relaxations in their favour; in others, fresh restrictions on their liberties. But hope had now arisen among them; and the immediate consequence was a truce to insurrection. They believed that more could be done for them by their friends in the free States than they could do for themselves, and they waited—except those who could get away. They brought up their children in the knowledge of the north star, which was to guide them some day to the free land of Canada. More and more escaped every year, till an agency was established—called the Underground Railroad—by which fugitive slaves were succoured and forwarded to Canada. This was not the business of the abolitionist body; because that body contends with the vicious principle of slavery by means of opinion only; but there were always friends along the lines taken by fugitives. From the increase of escapes, and the growth of opinion, arose legislation in Congress. In 1832, it was said by the leading statesmen there that the subject of slavery would never be heard of in Congress. It was all but excluded from the constitution (entirely so in words), and so it would ever be from Congress. Before twenty years had passed, there was never a debate in Congress which did not issue in some discussion of slavery; and then ensued the passage of laws—the Fugitive Slave Law, for one—which are declared unconstitutional by so many of the citizens that there can be no rest while they are enforced. Several States have repudiated them by their own legislation—by personal liberty laws irreconcilable with those of Congress. The impending question is, in fact, whether the obnoxious laws which force the defence of slavery on the whole nation shall be nullified by slavery

ceasing to be a national institution; or whether the free States shall compel the slave States to abolish slavery altogether.

Of late, however, a great change has been working, opening a new prospect to all parties. While the politicians were busy, the friends of free labour were obtaining a better position for the negro in society. There were always free negroes who were rich and educated, and their number has greatly increased. The common schools of Massachusetts are now open to children of all complexions, without distinction. Many churches, railway carriages, and hotels are now open also. The free blacks hold annual conventions, at which they organise their opposition to all schemes for inducing them to leave their country, on any pretence whatever, while there is a slave of their race on its soil.

While these people have been rising, the slave-holders have been sinking in fortunes. Their whole number, according to the census returns, is 350,000, out of the 27,000,000 of the population. Seven-tenths of the white population of the slave States are persons too poor to hold slaves, and for the most part descendants of old families once prosperous. A most singular conflict has begun between these two classes of white residents.

Various incidents, and particularly the publication of a remarkable book,* have aroused the "poor whites"—or "mean whites," as they are locally called—to a sense of their wretched condition: and their first idea was, naturally, that it was hard that the possession of slaves should be monopolised by a very few planters—an exceedingly small aristocracy. Hence the recent cry for the re-opening of the African slave-trade. At the same time, it has been found impossible to obtain in any direction the new soil which is necessary to the maintenance of slavery. In the south-west, not only does a desert without water come up to the frontier line of Texas, but in Texas itself the free labour of Germans and other intelligent cultivators is gaining largely on slave-labour by being more profitable. The attempt to introduce slavery into Kansas has more than failed: it has prepared Missouri for emancipation. All this makes the slaveholders more tenacious than ever of their monopoly; and to preserve it they are actually joining political forces with Northern parties to obtain an anti-slavery President at the next election. They oppose the slave-trade: they give up the idea of new territory; and they desire a President who shall be in favour of confining the institution within its present bounds, as to both space and numbers.

But the frontier States—those which border on the free States—ask what *they* are to do, now that thousands of slaves are escaping from them and through them, and that they are sure of being the sufferers in any conflict between their neighbours on either hand. Some have long been selling away their negroes to the extreme South; some have tried the plan of oppressing the free blacks, and either expatriating or enslaving them, because their very presence prepares men's minds

* Helper's "Impending Crisis of the South."

for seeing negroes freed. But, on the whole, the inhabitants of that line of country are disposed to cast in their lot with the North, whenever the time comes for a final decision of the question.

Such is the state of affairs when Old Brown—Old Ossawatomie, as he is called at home—appears upon the scene. A little time will show whether he may shake hands with Mum Bet over a lapse of ninety years, as a finisher of her work, or whether he has increased the difficulty of it by a grave mistake.

Brown is a "son of the Puritans" (as New England men call themselves), bearing a thorough likeness to his forefathers. He went forth into Kansas, with his train of sons, to fight for the freedom of the soil: and he, and such men as he, achieved it. Always armed, usually in the saddle, stern, calm, silent, except when he had to say burning words, he baffled and defeated the "Border Ruffians" from over the frontier, with the loss of several sons, and to the confirmation of his interior persuasion that he was the destined liberator of American slaves.

He discovered that in Missouri, whence the "Border Ruffians" came, slavery was becoming unpopular; and that the majority of the inhabitants would be glad to begin, at any moment, paying wages to their negroes, and leaving them free to manage their own affairs. He found these citizens fully aware, too, that the value of slaves as capital is only nominal,—their supposed value passing into the land at the moment of the labourer becoming free. Land is valueless in the slave States, when there are no slaves upon it. The Missouri people showed their opinions and wishes by electing anti-slavery representatives. Then Brown began helping away the slaves of the opponents of a change. By his own account, he enabled a great number to reach Canada.

All this while it was well known that in Western Virginia the landowners,—farmers living on high table-land,—had always found slavery injurious, and had for many years petitioned and struggled for some form of emancipation. It was notorious also that the frontier State of Maryland could no longer retain its slaves, who were always running away: and that the Courts were inflicting the most ferocious punishments on seamen and others who were supposed to have favoured the escape of negroes. This ferocity, and various proposed severities towards free negroes, betrayed the sense of insecurity which existed in Maryland.

Harper's Ferry is a singularly beautiful spot, at the entrance of the Alleghanies, where the two great rivers, the Potomac and the Shenandoah, form a junction, and treat the traveller with the last chorus of many waters before he enters upon the retreats of the mountain range. Thither come the farmers of Western Virginia, when they have to enter upon the lower world; and thither come the Maryland and Lower Virginian slaveholders when they want to pass westwards, or to seek a cool temperature in summer. It is just within the Virginian frontier, and precisely where Maryland is narrowest, so that Pennsylvania may be reached in a few hours.

Thither came old Brown, a year or more ago, after having buried his sons, and laid low his enemies in Kansas, and seen the soil safe from the intrusion of slavery, and put the Missouri people in the way of getting rid of what remained of the curse in their territory. It appears that he believed it to be the duty of his life to go wherever he could most effectually repeat this kind of effort. So he went to Harper's Ferry, where, close upon Pennsylvania, where the free blacks are very flourishing, he could operate at once upon Maryland and Virginia. If he had wished to raise a servile war, he would have gone down into the cotton States: but, as he says, he had no desire to kindle such horrors. He wished to free the slaves without bloodshed;—that is, by running them off. For a year he has lived, with two or three coadjutors, at a farm near Harper's Ferry, maturing his schemes, and collecting arms and other resources for holding the ground while the negroes ran. If he had consulted the abolitionists (properly so called), they would have tried to dissuade him; for they have never favoured such methods. But Brown is a man who takes his own course, as men who believe themselves heaven-directed must naturally do.

How far he has been deceived by himself, and how far by others, time will perhaps show. It is certain that he expected the negroes to be more ready to start, and many more whites to be at his command, than he actually found. The negroes there were not field-negroes, nor numerous, and they were afraid to stir. So some say; while others believe that the "stampede" has been a very large one. The great phenomenon in the case is, the intense terror which existed at Washington, eighty miles off, and through the slave States, when twenty-two men took possession of Harper's Ferry on behalf of the negroes.

Wherever there was previous dissatisfaction with the worn-out "peculiar institution," it will surely be completely discredited now, as a cause of such penalties as the citizens of free States never have to pay.

Between the frantic terror in the whole range of slave States, and the astonishment in the North at the disclosure of so feeble a constitution of society; between the fantastic notions in Virginia of the views and conduct of the leading citizens of New York and New England, and the mingled indignation and amusement of New Yorkers and New Englanders at the imputations thrown out against them, there must be either a better understanding, or a decisive breach. Either way, the wild and abortive attempt at Harper's Ferry will probably be the proximate cause of the settlement of the great question of the existence of slavery in a democratic republic. The institution itself may run its chance of existence in the separate States, in competition with the free labour which is entering the field at all points; but, as a national institution, slavery is, in the opinion of all well-judging men, approaching its end.

Old Brown's enterprise has, most unexpectedly, so affected the elections in the North, as to render the chances of an anti-slavery President stronger than they ever were before. If such a choice

should be made, other States may do as Massachusetts did in Mum Bet's time. If every citizen had leave to do what he would with his own,—to pay his negroes wages, instead of giving them food, clothing, and habitation, he would at once save money, find his fortunes rising, and hope again to keep the first place in the cotton-markets of the world. Since it was proved by Government returns, that the value of the entire produce of the slave States,—cotton, tobacco, sugar, and everything else that is grown,—is less than the hay-crop alone of the free States, the planters have been as anxious as so small a minority of the nation might well be. If free-labour were made at once more accessible to them by the fall of the restrictive laws under which they live, the course would be open to them once more, and they would themselves free their labourers as fast as the friends of free government could wish. But this is their own affair. The national share in the institution is that which concerns both sections of the Union.

How stands the greyheaded old man who has precipitated this question?

Old Brown thought only of freeing as many negroes as he could reach: and he attempted it in a wild sort of way, from which anybody whom he had consulted would have augured nothing but failure and destruction. Destruction to his own life will apparently be the result. He is sentenced to death; and will probably become a martyr, idolised by all negroes. But a failure his scheme is not. This is partly owing to his having applied an unexpected test to the security of a slave-holding society, under the circumstances of the time: and more perhaps to the influence of his personal bearing on all witnesses.

At first, he was with difficulty preserved from death at the hands of the citizens, though he lay on the ground wounded. By degrees, one citizen after another became interested in what he said, and inquisitive about what he thought. In a few hours, the great work was done;—he had opened a new world to a whole community. The Governor, Honourable Senators, chief citizens of every class, approached the old yeoman with deference, with gentleness, with overwhelming interest. They ceased to reproach him, and perhaps to pity him; and people out of doors began to think them bewitched. All this was because of the great discovery he had been the occasion of their making.

What was this discovery?

It was that a robust-minded yeoman, a God-fearing man, reared in the primitive course of Bible-study, who was pure from worldly aims, actually believed the personal freedom of men of any race a cause worth living and dying for. Under the coerced press, and the restricted preaching and literature of the slave States, such a notion had never found entrance to the understandings of the citizens, who had fancied all abolitionists to be thieves and cowards. Old Brown's devotedness to his cause, and his indifference to his own fate, at once fascinated every generous-minded man who came near him. His new admirers would have deferred his trial till he could obtain counsel of his own choice, and till

he had somewhat recovered from his wounds:—wounds in the head, which at times impaired his memory: but the frightened community would hear of no delay; and Old Brown was carried on his bed into court.

My readers have probably seen some account of his trial; and have registered in their minds his short speech on receiving his sentence of death. The voice and manner of that speech will no more be forgotten on the spot than the matter and the words.

Before what I write is read in print, his fate for life or death will be known. Nothing short of the enthusiasm of his enemies could afford hope of his life (if indeed we may speak of hope when a childless man, so wretched and bereaved, may be abundantly willing to die): but there is obviously an expectation that the few will try their influence to save him against the rage and terror of the many. It will take a longer time to ascertain what he has really done for the cause to which he devoted himself in so desperate a way. The apprehension that he had done mischief, and set back the date of peace and safety, vanished at once. He has done no harm to the negroes. Probably he has rendered the best service possible to the masters, by bringing them to some understanding with their fellow-citizens of the other section. Time will show the rest.

Thus did Mum Bet introduce the remarkable series of periods which were to effect the emancipation of the negroes of North America;—and thus has Old Brown opened what we call the beginning of the end. Whatever the future fortunes of the Great Republic may be, the space begun and ended by these two original personages will be considered the true crisis of the moral fortunes of the community. I. S.

[While the above is going to press, the American Mail, which has just arrived, informs us, that the excitement in Virginia, arising out of the Harper's Ferry affair, seems only abated for the instant, to revive with augmented energy. On the 17th ult. the most alarming accounts were forwarded from Charlestown to Richmond, to the effect that a movement for the liberation of Brown was hourly anticipated, and that various barns and sheds had been fired by confederates of the incarcerated martyr. This exciting news produced the effect that was to be anticipated. Large bodies of troops were at once placed under arms at Richmond and at Alexandria, with orders to move next morning upon the scene of contemplated hostilities. The panic throughout the State suddenly attained the wildest stage. Indiscriminate arrests were made; the eye of partial justice fixing itself more especially upon the pedlars, who are to be found in every village and upon every road. Several of these were imprisoned; and the pursuit of them appeared to be universal. These incidents are a further disclosure of the importance ascribed to Brown and his attempt by politicians in the United States. While Englishmen, for the most part, look upon it as a desperate and chimerical venture, in the States its political consequences are more fearfully apprehended. ED. O. A. W.]

MOCK AUCTIONS.

PASSING along one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the city the other day, I was attracted by the arrangements made for the sale of a "respectable tradesman's stock." Large placards pasted on the shop-windows announced that Mr. Ichabod had the honour to announce to the nobility and public in general, that he was about to dispose of a valuable stock by order of the proprietors; and long slips of paper shooting diagonally across the whole shop-front, like a flight of rockets, inscribed with "This Day," in large letters, testified to the vehement desire of the proprietor to realise without more delay. The dishevelled state of the goods in the window well seconded these outward appearances. A plated coffee-pot, of rather florid design, with a deep smear of tarnish across its bulging sides; a candlestick, with resplendent glass pendules, ornamented with doubtful ormolu work; and a lady's work-table of papier mâché, varnished to within an inch of its life, and so deposited as to show the full glare of the flagrant rose wreath that ornamented its top; spoke of the rather mixed nature of the stock now in the agonies of dissolution within.

As I entered the shop the bidding was not very active, nor the company large. Indeed, the group of bidders looked almost as lifeless as the figures in a stereoscope, and the lots passed with pantomimic silence. No one looked round, but it was evident my footstep over the threshold gave a gentle electric shock of pleasure to the assembled company. The auctioneer seemed suddenly to find his voice, the bidding grew brisker, and the splendid china tea-service, as if by magic, seemed to become the object of keen contention; the whole company leapt at once into life, as though I were the fairy prince who had suddenly broken into the enchanted palace.

I ventured to ask a tall gentleman, who volunteered to assist me in my biddings, for a catalogue. They were not selling by catalogue that day, he said, as the trade were not there; and I should therefore embrace the opportunity to get bargains. Taking a quiet but comprehensive glance around me, I certainly could neither see any signs, nor smell the proximity, of that lively race which is indigenous to ordinary sale-rooms. There was a tall man, dressed in a brown coat, that hung down to his feet; with a face long and lean, and of a most simple expression. His modest white neck-cloth, neatly folded beneath his old-fashioned waistcoat, and his rather large hands encased in black woollen gloves, gave me the idea that he was the respected deacon of some provincial Zion. As a contrast to this unsophisticated individual, there was a rough man in top boots and corduroys, with a huge comforter tied in a great bunch under his chin; whilst in his hand he held a cudgel, greatly exaggerated about the knots. He might have been a drover. The rest of the company were remarkably noseey and breast-pinny.

"Come, show the gentlemen the matchless Dresden service," said the auctioneer.

Whereat the company instantly seemed to part down the middle, and I found myself raked by the piercing eye of the presiding functionary.

My friend the deacon appeared all of a sudden to take an amazing fancy to that splendid service, for he stretched out a nervous hand to examine a cup, when it slipped through his fingers, and broke upon the floor. My friend apologised for his awkwardness, and begged to be allowed to pay for his mishap; but the auctioneer would not hear of it—it was quite an accident—he was among gentlemen, who would treat him as such.

My heart began to soften; possibly it was a genuine concern after all: I actually made a bid. It had been a bad day, I suppose, in consequence of the "absence of the trade." Be that as it may, the sight of a naked foot-mark did not more astonish Crusoe than did apparently the sound of my voice the assembled company. "One pound ten," I cried.

"Why, you're a making game," said my tall friend. "Why it's a hundred guinea set.—Two pound ten."

"It's only Stafford ware," I retorted.

"Only Stafford, is it?" he remarked, with a faint laugh: "I should say they was Sayvres."

But the auctioneer held me with his "glittering eye."

"Let the gentleman come forward," he said: "they was made for the Grand Dook of Saxe Coburg, only they wasn't finished in time."

"Indeed," said I: "that was a pity."

I suppose there must have been some peculiarity in the tone of my voice, for I instantly perceived that I had incurred the displeasure of the gentlemen around me, and my position was beginning to grow rather unpleasant, as all the noses and breast-pins converged upon me in rather a threatening attitude. The deacon alone looked mildly on.

At that moment I was aware of a fresh footstep on the floor, the same gentle electric shock as before seemed to pervade the bidders and the rather bloated gentleman in the rostrum gave a slightly perceptible start, just as a spider does when a bluebottle blunders into his web. And now I discovered how it was that the company could see so well what was going on behind them; for on the opposite wall hung a looking-glass, and in it I could see an unmistakable country clergyman timidly looking at a "genuine Raphael."

"Jim," said the auctioneer, *sotto voce*, "tip us the old master."

In a moment the "Grand Dook" tea-service was knocked down to a sulky-looking bidder in a blue bird's-eye cravat, and Jim staggered beneath the weight of a remarkably brown Virgin, encased in a resplendent frame.

"The pictures I have the honour to submit to your bidding this morning, gentlemen," commenced the auctioneer, in the most impressive voice, "have been brought to the hammer under the most peculiar—I may say unprecedented—circumstances. The late proprietor—a nobleman—ransacked the stores of foreign collectors, and purchased, regardless of cost, the few, but priceless gems I now have the honour of submitting to your notice. Unfortunately, circumstances have compelled his representatives to realise, without a moment's delay,—in short, they must be sold for what they will fetch. The first lot, gentlemen, is

a genuine Raphael, originally in the collection of Cardinal Ritz. It is a genuine engraved picture," remarked the official, examining some apocryphal memorandum through his gold eye-glass, "termed the Virgin and Twilight, which accounts for the dark and solemn nature of the subject."

The noses and the pins now became violently agitated.

"Ah! that ain't for such as we," said one.

"No," said another, "it's a pity it should be put up when the trade ain't here."

"Come, gentlemen, make your bidding," said the voice from the rostrum, "you must have it at your own price."

"Well, then, just to give it a start," said the gentleman in the blue bird's eye neckerchief, "I'll say 5l."

"What! for this untouched picture," almost shrieked the horror-stricken auctioneer. "More likely 500l."

The noses began to grow excited. They actually seemed bidding "five pun ten," "six pun," "seven pun;" but the clergyman made no sign.

"Gentlemen," said the auctioneer, wiping the sweat of agony from his brow, "I cannot rob my employers in this way. What! only seven pounds for this untouched gem of Italian art! Jim, run round to the executor's, in Doctors' Commons, and ask him if I must throw the pictures away into the dirt in this manner."

Jim obeyed the order; and, calculating the time it would take to go and return, in pipes and goes, quietly stepped into an adjoining tap.

In about five minutes he rushed back. "Mr. — says they must go at any price—they must be closed at once."

"Very well. You hear what he says, gentlemen; it's not my fault—go it shall;" and with a look of horror he held the hammer aloft,—“Going at seven pounds."

"Let me look," gently interposed the clergyman. He looked, wiped the Virgin's face with a wetted handkerchief, and scrutinised the worm-eaten panel, enriched with the seal of the art-loving Cardinal.

"Here's the buyer for the National Gallery coming," remarked the tall man by his side.

"Ah! I thought he wouldn't be far off to-day," said the auctioneer, exultingly.

"Eight pounds!" cried the clergyman.

"Wait a minute," said the auctioneer; "here's a gentleman coming that knows what a good picture is."

"Nine pounds!" shouted the deacon.

"Fifteen pounds!" cried the new comer, scarcely deigning to look at the gem.

"Twenty pounds!" faintly but hastily rejoined the clergyman.

The purchaser for the National Gallery, for some unaccountable reason which Mr. Conyngham should inquire into, would not go further, and the clergyman gained what the nation should have possessed—so said the auctioneer.

"You've been and made your fortune, sir," said the deacon; and so the worthy purchaser seemed to think.

I fancy I can see that dear old black-gaitered pastor, in his snug vicarage, standing, some fine

morning, before his priceless gem, his finger and thumb between the fresh-cut leaves of this week's *Guardian*, pointing out its beauties to a brother of the cloth.

"Snapped it up, sir, for a bagatelle, under the nose of the National Gallery purchaser—a gem from the Pitti Palace—sold under a distress for rent."

What other ancient masters were given away on that day I know not; for, happening to hazard some mild doubt as to the genuineness of the Raphael, the deacon, to my amazement and horror, addressed a few words to my private ear that I never dreamed could have fallen from his simple evangelical lips. I shall not repeat them, but merely content myself by saying, that with Doric strength he intimated that I had better depart, or it would be the worse for me; and, taking the hint, I retired.

Since that occasion, I have passed the establishment several times, and, I regret to say, Mr. Ichabod has not yet accomplished the sale of the whole of the stock, nor has the deacon yet returned to the duties of his local Zion. He still bids with charming simplicity for the china tea-service; nay, it would appear that he is not yet cured of that nervous bashfulness which led him to break the tea-cup, for I saw him repeat his misfortune, with many apologies, only yesterday; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, I also perceived a pile of tea-cups behind the rostrum, which the benevolent proprietor, to all appearances, has provided against his unfortunate casualties. Strange to say, the cattle-dealer has not yet been able to tear himself away from the excitement of the bidding.

At the same time that we must admire the skill with which some figures in these little dramas play their parts, I cannot help thinking that, on one or two points, there is room for improvement, and if Mr. Ichabod is not proud, I will venture to make a suggestion or two. In the first place, why does he not introduce one or two lady bidders—representatives of those stout females, all false-front and catalogues, who cheapen pots and pans at genuine sales? Then, to make it look more like the real thing, there should be a little more chaffing going on—quarrelling with the auctioneer—anything to break up the ghost-like silence of the bidders. I miss, too, our old friend the porter—one of those grimy individuals into whose soul dirty carpet has entered. Surely the genius that dressed the deacon and manages his department, is equal to improvising so necessary a functionary. There is another point which strikes me as entirely neglected. There should be more bustle among the company, more in-coming, and out-going. Why could they not pass out by a back-door and in again at the mart-entrance, thus economising their numbers as they do in grand processions at the theatres? Some arrangement of this sort would give to the scene an out-of-door life which at present is altogether wanting, and the absence of which tends to excite the public suspicion, which might, with great advantage (to the proprietors), be avoided by a little ingenuity.

The next time I pass Mr. Ichabod's establishment I shall see if he is above taking the hints I thus freely throw out.

A. W.

BOUGHT AND SOLD.



Now in old dreary times of the grave minuet
 You might not claim one partner for every set;
 Still less in these charming affectionate days,
 When the dances put lovers so much *à leur aise*;
 So the life of your life you must bear as you may
 To see clasp'd by the biceps of Vivian de Grey.

IMPLE souls, who've implicitly ever believed
 In man the deceiver and maid the deceived;
 That, if hearts once united again become two,
 The broadcloth was false and the muslin was true;
 Be known to the heroes that breathe in my lay,
 Harry Leslie, Esquire, and Sir Vivian de Grey.

I'll tell you the story as told me in town
 Of this tourney in love where the best knight
 went down,

This race where the distanced competitor won,
 And the first past the post was remorselessly
 done;

This main where a bride was the stake of the
 play, [Grey.
 And the players young Leslie and Vivian de

Sir Vivian de Grey was a county M. P.,
 Plain, awkward and cold, but a faultless *parti*,
 And like bees to the bloom soft ambitions will
 throng [long;

Where acres are broad and where rent-rolls are
 So the pets of the season were vying, they say,
 To affect the affections of Vivian de Grey.

Only one of the fairest seem'd loth to be sold
 For the Member's position, the Baronet's gold;
 Only one little Phyllis seem'd firm to decline
 To kneel with the rest at that Corydon's shrine;
 For the thing called a heart she had given away,
 Or promised—but not to Sir Vivian de Grey.

If I could I would tell by what spells and what
 art

Young Leslie had gain'd this debateable heart.
 If I could I would guess at the soft whisper'd
 words [birds,

That make little souls flutter like poor prison'd
 And arm all the feelings in hostile array
 E'en to prestiged invaders like Vivian de Grey.

But my tale hurries on to a critical night;—
 In Belgravia was revel, and music, and light;
 There chariot and Hansom, and clarence and
 brougham,

Contributed crush to hall, staircase, and room;
 And obsequious linkmen obtruding their ray
 Illumed the arrival of Vivian de Grey.

The reporters have scann'd him, he skips up
 the stair,

O, death and distraction! the rival is there:
 To his arm the adored one confidingly clings,
 And a glance of defiance at Vivian he flings,
 As who should insinuate, "Dogs have their day,
 But this is not yours, my bold Vivian de Grey!"

Yet forget not, fond swain, that there's many a
 slip

'Twi'x the rosiest cup and the hairiest lip;
 Presume not on bridal before you are match'd,
 And count not your chickens before they are
 hatch'd!

If the winner be here, and I thought you could
 pay, [Grey.
 I'd take very short odds, and name Vivian de

See the woo'd and the wooer whirl on face to face,
 Till his pectoral powers are tried by the pace.
 Now he looks at his boot and he toys with his glove,
 Is he weary with dancing or breathless with love?
 Ah, those faltering accents, too plainly they say,
 "Would you gladden the halls of Sir Vivian de Grey?"

Yet start not, accepted, whose look ne'er has left
 Those eyes of whose light for this valse you're bereft;
 Though the long lashes droop, yet the lip may be bold,
 And your rival's expression betrays he is sold.
 Forced, forced is his smile as he leads her away,
 And cold is the parting with Vivian de Grey.

Is it over? Not so. Though the fortress be strong,
 And repel the besieger for ever so long,
 Still some traitor captain the gates may unbar,
 Still the heart of a maid be betrayed by mama.
 You have one other card, 'tis a strong one, to play:
 Go straight at her mother, Sir Vivian de Grey!

Shortly told is the sequel. A matron all thunder,
 At which ignorant stare and initiates wonder,
 From the ball-room the light of the festival slips,
 And the hearts of admirers are hush'd in eclipse;
 And, as panels of blazonry whisk her away,
 They curse thy diplomacy, Vivian de Grey!

Deluded young Leslie! O, light be thy sleep!
 Did'st thou know the night long how the darling will weep,
 And the poor little bosom be tortured with sighs,
 Not sweet were the slumbers that rest on thine [eyes,
 Not light the anathema breathed on the day
 That usher'd to being Sir Vivian de Grey.

There's a moral French adage we all recollect,
 Which I think might be parodied here with effect.

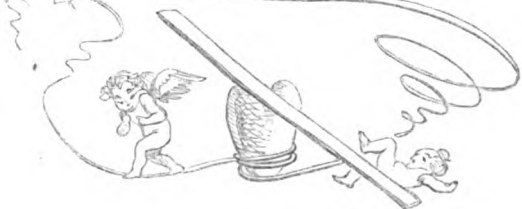
It ought to be woven in festoons of roses,
 "The man may propose, but the mother disposes;"
 And the child that rebels must be school'd to like
 Like the child that is sold to Sir Vivian de Grey.

Well! 'tis well that a time comes when broken hearts mend,
 And the lover of old becomes simply a friend;
 Then she'll kiss you the tip of her little *maure* glove,
 And forget, my poor Leslie, the young dream of [Love;
 Or turn the dear face from your soft words away,
 With the sweetest of smiles, to Sir Vivian de Grey.

Yet bear yourself boldly; secure in your pride,
 Unbraved in the ball-room, unmatched in the Ride;
 And when in the future, as seasons roll on,
 By some other bright eyes and soft smile you are won,
 If hand be surrender'd, forget not to pray
 To be surer of heart than Sir Vivian de Grey.

And you who seek hand without heart, gentles all,
 First bag the old birds, and the young ones [must fall.
 By purse or by title, though coveys be wild,
 Secure but the mother, you're safe of the child.
 So the legend on you will be not thrown away
 That is told of young Leslie and Vivian de Grey.

RALPH A. BENSON.



RACHEL.

ILLNESS and sorrow had done their work upon Randolph Grey. He was so altered, that his best friends would scarce have known him; for the mental was even greater than the physical change. The depression of his spirits was such, that it appeared as if nothing could rouse him. Formerly cordial and warm-hearted, he now exhibited a morbid desire for solitude, and shunned all those who had been the companions of his happier days. This might be, in part, attributable to impaired health, but cause and effect were closely allied, and if bodily weakness tended to depress his spirits, their depression effectually impeded the recovery of his strength. His physician recommended change of air and scene, and adverted to the bracing effects of sea-breezes, and the patient acquiesced with more readiness than might have been expected from his now habitual apathy.

But Captain Grey himself had become weary of remaining in town; his spirit turned with loathing from the turmoil of the great city. He longed to escape, not only from every face he knew, but from the unknown myriads whose very existence in his vicinity seemed to him an oppression and a constraint. His place of abode by the sea was not prescribed; he would seek it where he might be most secure of the solitude for which he longed. He decided upon a small fishing village on the Cornish coast, not far from the Land's End; nor could he have found a place that better answered his requirements. There was not even a gentleman's house within a distance of several miles, and the village itself consisted merely of fishermen's huts, diversified by one small general shop, which was also the post-office, to which letters came in small numbers and at rare intervals, the school, the church, the parsonage, and a farm-house in which Randolph Grey found board and lodging. The scenery was bare, but bold and romantic; and there was a fine rocky beach, where he could wander or sit for hours when not disposed to breast the waves in one of the fishing-smacks. Such a residence would answer perfectly for the two or three weeks that he intended to devote to the dreary luxury of perfect solitude; for solitude peopled with sad thoughts is dreary indeed.

Four or five days passed, or were dreamed away by him, chiefly in sitting on the beach and gazing listlessly upon the rolling of the waves. He had loved them as a child, but their monotonous murmur failed to soothe him, for with it mingled the voices of those who had brightened existence to him in those early days, and from whom the separation, by death, absence, or estrangement, made it so gloomy now. As he gazed and listened, he grew more sad, more listless, more desponding. The loneliness he had sought oppressed him, yet he knew it not, and shrunk but the more morbidly even from the sight of the poor fishermen of the coast.

One evening he was sitting on the beach, beneath the shadow of a projecting rock, immersed as usual in his gloomy musings, when his attention was arrested by the unwelcome sound of an approaching footstep. He turned, and to his surprise,

beheld a female figure advancing along the rocks which jutted out beyond the spot where he was seated into a kind of promontory, against the extreme point of which the advancing tide was beginning to ripple.

His first impulse was to retreat at once, but he was checked by the reflection that the rock beneath which he sat would doubtless conceal him, whereas if he rose he should be exposed to view; and, moreover, with his attention had been aroused some spark of latent curiosity, which induced him to stay and watch the movements of the stranger. She was not one of the peasant women of the district; her dress, though simple, as befitted the crags and waves amidst which it was worn, was evidently that of a gentlewoman. He could only conclude her to be the wife of the clergyman. With a light, firm step she advanced along the jagged rocks till she had reached the end of the little promontory. There she sat down. A slight, very slight, breeze came in from the sea, and she took off her bonnet and turned to meet it, as if to let it play the more freely around her brow. He could now see her face plainly. It gave him the impression of one recovering from recent illness; for though still young it was pale, and looked worn and almost haggard. She sat for some time with folded hands, gazing fixedly out to seaward; her countenance growing ever sadder as she gazed. At length he heard a long deep-drawn sigh, and, turning away from the sea, she leaned her head against the rock, and wept.

The curiosity, not to say the interest, of Captain Grey was excited; there was a strange similarity between this woman's situation and his own. Like him, she came with her load of sorrow to seek comfort from the lonely shore, the restless waves; like him, she failed to find it. Could she indeed be, as he had imagined, the clergyman's wife? In a tranquil home, in the midst of duties, surrounded by ties, in a position that seemed to him so happy because it contrasted so forcibly with his own—what secret grief could be eating to her heart's core?

While he was thus pondering, the twilight was closing in, and silently the tide had risen around them. It was time to retreat. The stranger raised her head, and wiped away her tears; then rose, and after one more long gaze over the darkening sea, put on her bonnet, and retraced her steps over the rocks. The waves had by this time flowed completely round their base, forming a channel between them and the beach, which, though by no means dangerous, might be difficult to cross. This Captain Grey observed; and, passing round the rock that she might not discover how near he had been to her, he approached from the opposite side, and bowing, offered his hand to help her. She seemed surprised, even startled; but she accepted his assistance, bowed her thanks in silence, and they passed on their several ways without having exchanged a word.

The next day the clergyman of the parish called upon Randolph Grey. Learning that a stranger had taken lodgings at the farm, he thought it right to ascertain whether he could be of any service to him. Captain Grey had no opportunity of avoiding this well-meant visit, as he would

probably have desired; for, as he chanced to be at home, the landlady ushered Mr. Wood at once into the parlour.

Though his duties were confined to so remote a spot, and to a sphere so narrow, Mr. Wood was a man of education and ability; and it is possible that the solitude of the last few days had made the sound of a friendly voice less unwelcome to

Randolph Grey than he would have admitted even to himself. Certain it is, that the clergyman's conversation so far won upon him, that his heart was unlocked to give him some slight intimation of the reasons which had induced him to seek this secluded retreat, that the two gentlemen sate long in discourse together, and that before the visit ended, Captain Grey had accepted the pressing



invitation of his new acquaintance to drink tea at the parsonage on the following evening, and when the time came, stimulated perhaps by curiosity to see the clergyman's wife, he addressed himself to the fulfilment of his engagement with less reluctance than he would fain have persuaded himself that he felt. When he was introduced to Mrs. Wood, however, he was well-nigh disappointed to find how well she answered to his pre-conceived idea of what she ought to be. She was some years younger than her husband, and appeared as active, brisk, and cheerful a little woman as one could wish to see—happy in her home, her husband, and her duties. His conjectures about the stranger were all at fault, and he was pondering how he could frame an inquiry concerning her without betraying the scene which he had witnessed, when he was spared the trouble by Mr. Wood, who, seeing tea was ready, inquired of his wife whether "Rachel" were not well that she had not yet made her appearance.

"She is coming down directly," replied Mrs. Wood, "and I am glad of it. I think she has seemed more depressed than usual for the last few

days, and a little society will perhaps do her good. She is a lady who is living with us," added Mrs. Wood, in explanation to her guest.

At that moment the door opened, and "Rachel" entered. She was indeed the Lady of the Rocks; and as Mr. Wood introduced him to Miss Morland, Captain Grey perceived that she recognised him, though apparently with little interest, and no embarrassment. She thanked him courteously for the assistance he had rendered her, which led to an explanation of their meeting, and of their mutual surprise at seeing in so lonely a spot a stranger above the condition of a peasant.

After this Miss Morland lapsed into silence, leaving it to Mr. and Mrs. Wood to sustain the conversation with their guest; but his interest was excited, and he examined her closely. She might almost have been called handsome, or rather striking, for her beauty was less that of form or colouring than of expression, although now her countenance was melancholy almost to gloom. He thought he perceived in her the same listless despondency of which he himself so well knew the bitterness; and his sympathy being thus

excited, he exerted himself to relieve it by attracting her interest and attention. He could be very agreeable when he wished it; and now he succeeded perhaps all the better that his motive was a kind and unselfish one. Mr. and Mrs. Wood were charmed with him, and even the melancholy Rachel at length looked up, and took her part in the conversation with some appearance of zest, and in doing so gave involuntary evidence of both a quick apprehension and a cultivated mind. As for Captain Grey, if he had helped to entertain others, he was himself rewarded, for he was astonished to find how quickly the time had slipped away; and still more so, to be forced to acknowledge to himself that he was by no means so oppressed and wearied by an evening passed in the society of his fellow-creatures as by an equal number of hours spent alone.

A beginning having thus been made, few days elapsed in which he did not meet the inhabitants of the parsonage. He questioned Mr. Wood about Rachel, but learnt very little. About two years before, the patron of the living had written to inquire whether Mr. Wood would admit as a boarder a lady with whom he was not personally acquainted, but whom he knew to be desirous of finding a home in some retired village on the sea-coast. Understanding that her position was a very lonely one, and that it would be an act of kindness to do so, Mr. Wood agreed to receive her, and she had arrived two years before, dressed in the deepest mourning, and evidently in great affliction. She proved not only most amiable in disposition, but very valuable as an assistant in the parish, and her host and hostess had become sincerely attached to her. But open and unreserved as she appeared in other respects, she had never communicated to them her previous history: all she had ever said about it, was to beg they would not question her, as it was too painful to dwell upon. She had, however, at different times, made mention of a father and mother, a sister, and a cousin whom she had lost, and of the latter with such evident emotion that they imagined he had perhaps been her lover or affianced husband. She had now no relations living, or at least none with whom she kept up any intercourse. She was habitually calm and quiet, and now much more even in spirits than she had been at first, though still appearing at times greatly depressed; and even when Mr. and Mrs. Wood occasionally quitted their seclusion to visit some of their relations, Rachel, though pressed to accompany them, preferred remaining behind alone, to renewing, even slightly, her intercourse with the world.

To this scanty information Captain Grey listened with an interest which increased as he became more intimately acquainted with Miss Morland. His own morbid apathy had passed away. Every morning he arose, not as formerly, to a dreary blank, but to the interest of his new acquaintance, for he had now an object before him, that of winning her back at once from her sorrow and from her strict seclusion.

It did not seem that his efforts were fated to be unsuccessful: by degrees Rachel's listless depression appeared to yield to them, and she

awoke to the enjoyment both of the natural scenes around her and of the companionship and sympathy which brightened them; and when he saw the smile with which she greeted his approach, the evident pleasure which she took in his society, other feelings than those of disinterested kindness began, though at first unconsciously to himself, to dawn within him, and the day was a weary one to him in which, either in a visit at the parsonage or a ramble over the rocks, he had not enjoyed the society of Rachel. His evenings were always spent in her company, for it had become a settled thing that he should drink tea with the Woods, who, liking all they saw and all they heard of him, witnessed with pleasure his increasing intimacy with their friend.

The three weeks originally proposed as the term of his stay had long since elapsed, but he had found means to prolong it under different pretexts, until autumn was now far advanced. He felt that he could not linger on for ever without any settled aim or purpose, and it crossed his mind that in doing so he might not be acting honourably towards Miss Morland, should she indeed feel any greater pleasure in his company than in that of merely an agreeable acquaintance. He rejected the unwelcome scruple as the offspring of vanity, but could not banish it from his mind, and at length reluctantly resolved to depart the following week. He went up to the parsonage, purposing to inform his friends of his intention, and was himself astonished at the pain this decision cost him, and to find that his step was once more as slow and weary as it had been when he first sought his present abode. It was a relief to him to be informed that Mr. and Mrs. Wood were gone out for the day, and that Miss Morland was walking. He felt relieved. Perhaps he had been over-hasty; there was no occasion for him to go quite so soon; at all events he should have time to think the matter over. Mechanically he bent his steps towards the sea-shore: often and often he had wandered there with Rachel Morland; was he after a few brief days to do so no more? Whichever way he turned his eyes, her image seemed to flit before them: should he have courage to banish it from his memory, or would it haunt him thus in every place? As he rounded a small headland, absorbed in these questionings, he almost started to see her in life and limb seated on the sands at a little distance from him. He thought how much she was altered since the first time he had seen her,—then, as now, gazing forth over the boundless waters. The haggard paleness of her cheek had given place to a delicate but more life-like hue; and if her countenance still bore the impress of some past sorrow, the look of hopeless despondency was gone. Was this indeed his work? Would it be undone by his departure? And if so, could he, *ought* he, to tear himself away?

The sound of his footsteps was scarcely audible on the soft sand, and she did not perceive him till he stood beside her and addressed her. The sad serious look instantly vanished from her face, and it was with the bright smile to which he was now accustomed, that she turned to welcome him. But it met no answering smile, for, inexplicably to

himself, that look of welcome strengthened him in his purpose.

"Is anything the matter, Captain Grey?" asked Rachel, alarmed at the grave melancholy gaze which met hers.

"I am thinking how soon the happy days of my stay here must end; for I return to town next week," was Randolph's reply.

The light faded from Rachel's eyes, and her cheek grew suddenly pale.

"Going away so soon? Is it necessary?"

"Yes, I am afraid it is."

She sighed and turned away her head.

"Will you really sometimes miss me, Miss Morland?"

"How could I do otherwise?" replied she, simply. "You have been very kind to me; and the loss of a friend is no trifle in so lonely a life as mine," she added in a low tone, while the tears rose to her eyes.

This was too much for the faltering resolution of Randolph Grey. Obeying the impulse which urged him on, in an instant he was seated on the sand beside her, clasping her hands in his—pouring forth the confession of his love, and entreating her to say that they need never part; that neither her life nor his should henceforth be lonely. He spoke eagerly, for he was full of hope, but a chill passed over him as he gazed on the face of Rachel.

With cheeks as pale as marble, and eyes dilated as if they beheld some appalling vision, she listened to him motionless and unresisting. At length she strove to withdraw her hand, but he held it fast.

"Rachel! what is this? Surely my words cannot take you by surprise; you cannot have been unconscious of my affection! Speak to me—speak, I entreat you!"

"I will," said Rachel, faintly. "I was blind, very blind; but I see it all now; I have sinned and must bear the penalty. You must leave me, Captain Grey. We must part, and for ever;—leave me, pray leave me."

"I cannot leave you thus."

He could not indeed, for she was almost fainting, and would have sunk down upon the sand, had he not thrown his arm round her to support her.

"Rachel," he continued passionately, "Rachel, what does this mean? for verily I believe you love me, and why would you cast me from you?"

Rachel made no answer, for she could not; her head sank upon his shoulder, and she burst into a passion of tears. They seemed to relieve her, for in a few moments she grew calmer and gently disengaged herself from his hold.

"I cannot speak to you now," she said softly, "but if you will meet me here to-morrow evening, about this time, all shall be explained. You will then see that insuperable obstacles interpose between us. Leave me for the present; we can meet as usual this evening at the parsonage, but leave me now I entreat you."

She spoke earnestly, beseechingly: and without a word he obeyed; but when he had reached the furthest point whence he could see her, he turned to look—Rachel still sat where he had left her, motionless beside the foam.

They met in the evening, but Miss Morland

was pale, depressed and preoccupied, and Randolph Grey, who watched her intently, could by no effort command his usual flow of conversation, and took his leave early. To him the intervening hours passed wearily and restlessly. He longed for the interview with Rachel which would end his suspense; yet he dreaded it, for might it not also extinguish his hopes? But even the longest day comes to a close, and the days were not of the longest now.

Before the appointed time Captain Grey was on the beach, wandering amongst the rocks, and advancing to the jutting point where he had first seen Rachel. The recollection of that hour came vividly across his mind as he seated himself on the rock where she had sat; he gazed out upon the heaving sea, which seemed to him as restless as his own unquiet heart. Even as he was gazing he heard Rachel's footstep upon the rocks. Silently he made way for her, and silently she seated herself beside him. For a moment he took her hand and looked into her face with a pang of self-reproach for the change he read there. She was paler, more haggard than he had ever seen her, even in the days of their earliest acquaintance, and her eyes heavy and dim with weeping; but she was quite calm now. For a few minutes they sat in silence, which was first broken by Randolph.

"Pray do not prolong this suspense; let me know what it is you have to tell me."

"This!" replied she, extending to him her ungloved left hand. There was a wedding-ring upon the third finger.

A livid paleness passed over Randolph's countenance, as he exclaimed:

"Is it possible—a wife? Rachel!"

"The wife of a dead husband; for I dare not say his widow."

In explanation she proceeded to acquaint him briefly with the history of her life, of which the outline is as follows:

She was early left an orphan, and was brought up in the house of a relation. While both very young an attachment was formed between herself and a cousin, a young man of some property, but of indifferent character. This attachment was vehemently opposed by the uncle and aunt with whom she lived; but as they, at the same time, betrayed some anxiety to secure her hand, and her small but independent fortune for their own son, she was little inclined to heed their by no means disinterested warnings, and clung to Herbert Maxwell the more tenaciously the more his character was impugned; for she believed him to be unjustly accused, and even in the contrary case, this, as it might estrange other friends, would but be a reason why she, who had loved him almost from childhood, should stand by him the more firmly; and thus no sooner was Rachel of age, than she was married to Herbert Maxwell, and cast off by her offended relations. Their warnings, however, though not prompted by the best motives, were no calumnies, and Rachel's married life proved most unhappy. Herbert was a gambler and a spendthrift,—reckless, dissipated, and unprincipled. Yet he had some attaching qualities, and Rachel loved him through all—the more so that, inconsistent as it

might seem, his strongest feeling appeared to be love of his wife, which took the line of rendering him jealous of her to a degree often painful to herself, and equally unwarranted by her conduct and his own. Her life was one of ceaseless anxiety, like that of a person walking on the brink of a volcano, which may at any moment burst forth and overwhelm him.

As time wore on, Rachel observed that a change had come over her husband. She had been used to see him gay and thoughtless, but now he seemed restless and anxious, — his gaiety forced and overstrained. Whatever might be the cause it was carefully concealed, and his wife's inquiries were eluded by some jesting reply that failed to allay her anxiety. It grew with the deepening gloom she saw gathering over Herbert. At length he could no longer jest with her, or, when he attempted it, his hollow laughter was more painful than sighs. Then even this ceased, and his very looks told a tale of despair. His wife plied him with direct questions, and he in return commanded silence, but she would not yield her point; she implored him to confide in her affection, — to let her share his sorrow, be the cause of it what it might. He resisted still, but less sternly, — finally he bade her follow him to his study, and locked the door.

Wild, haggard desperation was written on his countenance, as vehemently pacing the room he began to speak rapidly. He told her that he was a ruined and dishonoured man; no ordinary bankrupt, but one who dared not to look his fellow-men in the face; that his name was become a by-word and a reproach, and that this misery — with the addition of seeing his beautiful young wife involved in it — was more than he could bear.

She would have asked him what he had done; but he forbade all questioning: "he was not sunk so low that he could bear to be disgraced in the eyes of his own wife." He added with increasing vehemence that if he were alone, he could soon end this suffering, and escape from the shame that weighed him to the earth.

This did not surprise Rachel, who having often already, and especially of late, heard him allude to the idea of emigration, now interpreted his words as referring to it.

"But," continued he, "one fear withholds me. I cannot face the thought that were I no longer here, you, Rachel, might perhaps forget me."

"Herbert! Surely, *surely* you would take me with you!"

He looked at her strangely, fixedly. "No, that I could not do; and when I was gone my memory would fade from your mind, and you might learn to love some other man. —"

"Oh! Herbert, how can you speak so cruelly?"

"Ah!" said he with almost a groan, "but for that fear I should soon cast this misery behind me."

"Then, Herbert," she replied; "go where you will, so you be but happy. Do not let me be the obstacle in your way. Surely you know — you feel, that, absent or present, I can love none but you. Surely you can trust me to keep you

alone, unrivalled, in my heart until we meet again."

"Oh! that I could believe you! For I could not rest, even in the grave, if I thought that you could bestow that which once was mine upon another. Will you dare to give me your promise, Rachel?"

"Assuredly I will."

"But first consider," he resumed more eagerly. "You must hide yourself from the world, renounce my name, efface every trace of your ill-fated, *disgraceful* marriage. Can you do this, and never inquire the cause?"

"I can — I will."

"Then promise me."

He stood before her and took both her hands, while she said. "I give you my solemn promise that none other shall occupy your place in my heart until we meet again."

"And mark," cried he, almost fiercely gripping her hands between his own; "mark, that from the very ends of the universe I should come back to you to enforce that promise, were you ever tempted to break it."

"I never can be."

"Then you have set me free." He loosed her hands, and before she had time to comprehend his purpose, he had caught up a pistol from the table, and pointed it at his own forehead. There was a sharp report and he fell at her feet, the blood spiring up upon her clothes, and even to her hands and face. With a piercing shriek she rushed to the door, which she struggled wildly to open, but in vain. She had but one desperate thought, the impossibility of obtaining help, and then she remembered nothing more.

Her cry had been heard, and assistance came, but too late for Herbert; his suicidal weapon had done its work. For two days Rachel lay in a species of death-trance, from which she awoke to rave in the delirium of brain fever. She was nursed through it by her servants. With her relations all intercourse had so completely ceased that they knew not whom to send for, and the newspaper intelligence of the sad event did not induce them to come forward. At length Rachel's naturally strong constitution gained the upper hand, and she recovered her reason; and, by very slow degrees, her strength. The clergyman of her parish having learnt the sad particulars of the case, had obtained access to her in virtue of his profession, but she positively refused to see any one except himself. She seemed absolutely prostrated both in mind and body, and for some time appeared incapable of the slightest exertion. When at length her powers were in some degree restored, her first wish was to obey the injunctions of her husband, which accorded well with her own feelings, and to seek concealment and entire seclusion. With equally implicit obedience to his commands, she made no inquiries concerning the past. Her own small fortune had been settled upon herself at her marriage, and all else was abandoned to her husband's creditors. She resumed her maiden name of Morland, wore her wedding-ring fastened to a chain round her neck; and having, thanks to the inquiries [of the clergy-

man, obtained the promise of a kindly shelter in the quiet parsonage of Mr. Wood, she retired thither with but one wish, that of dragging out the remainder of her desolate life in seclusion, and in such peace as it might afford her. She thus withdrew from all intercourse with the outer world, grew attached to the Woods, in whom she found kind and faithful friends, and shared their labours for the good of those committed to their care; yet life appeared to her a sad and weary load, and her only solace was in the murmur of the waves, for to them alone could she reveal the secret of

her grief, which, as though it were a trust from her departed husband, she kept locked from every human eye in the depths of her heart. Yet this afforded her but meagre consolation.

The day on which Randolph Grey had first beheld her, being the anniversary of her husband's death, she had felt more than usually depressed and miserable. Not only the sorrows of the past, but the hopeless dreariness of the future weighed heavily on her spirit. The latter had been partly, at least, dispelled by the growing interest for Captain Grey, which, unknown to herself, had ripened into a strong feeling of at-



tachment, and it was only the avowal of his love which woke her to the painful consciousness, at once of the strength of his influence over her, and of her involuntary infidelity to the promise plighted to her husband. But no sooner was she conscious of the offence than she determined on the expiation—separation, immediate and eternal, from him whose attractions had caused this dereliction, for so she considered it, from her duty. Such an expiation was bitter indeed!

This fact, which though not admitted in direct terms, was but too evidently betrayed both by Rachel's words and manner, caused Randolph Grey to listen to her narrative, with painful emotion indeed, but without despair.

Earnest and eloquent were his pleadings with her to induce her to alter her view of her own case—to reconsider her determination. The argument on his side was by no means untenable, for a pro-

mise given under a false impression, and that false impression to all appearance designedly conveyed, would hardly have been considered binding if plighted to a living man—and upon what principle was Maxwell's death to make it so? Should it not rather have set her free?

Such were Randolph's reasonings, and Rachel's own heart was his most powerful auxiliary, though she earnestly strove to resist him, and to cling to that which she conceived to be her duty at once to the dead and to herself. Will it be thought wonderful that after long persuasion he induced her to submit the case to Mr. and Mrs. Wood, whose opinion, especially that of the former, as a clergyman, could not but have great weight with her.

Randolph Grey did not much fear their decision; and he was right, for they espoused his cause, Mrs. Wood at once, her husband after due deli-

beration. He did not think it right that Rachel's whole life should be sacrificed to a delusion, and he believed that her union with Captain Grey would secure her happiness. Their arguments were therefore added to his persuasions; and, after much hesitation, Rachel yielded. Yet it seemed as if her decision, though in accordance with her own inclinations, was powerless to make her happy, so strong were still her scruples, so constantly recurring her doubts whether she were not doing wrong. In Randolph's presence all was well, but in solitude they would return upon her mind with double force; and it required all his eloquence to restore to her her peace of mind, and reconcile her conscience to the step she had taken.

A fortnight thus passed away, and it became necessary that Captain Grey should go to London to make the arrangements indispensable for his marriage, which in accordance with Rachel's wish, was to be celebrated in her present abode, with the utmost privacy. He was very unwilling to leave his pale and mournful bride, especially in so uneasy and excited a frame of mind; but there was no help for it, and all he could do was to hurry the proceedings as much as possible.

He was absent only a week, but on his return he was inexpressibly shocked to perceive the change, which even in so short a time had taken place in Rachel. She was worn to a shadow, and her eyes had acquired an anxious, terrified expression, very painful to behold. At her first meeting with him, she appeared greatly agitated, and even after it, he could not conceal from himself that she shunned his society. When he perceived that in the lapse of a few days this had not worn off, and that her nervous depression of spirits perceptibly increased, while Mr. and Mrs. Wood were totally unable to account for the change, he resolved to question her, and one day having succeeded in finding her alone, he inquired of her the cause of the alteration he perceived.

Her agitation was so excessive that it was some time before she could speak, but at length she informed him, with many tears, that they must no longer look forward to any happiness together, for that their marriage could never take place. It was vain to struggle, or to hope—it was impossible, and she must submit to her fate.

The reason was a fearful one, and she shuddered, and her very lips grew white, as, in answer to Grey's inquiries, she told him that if she had failed to keep her promise, her dead husband had kept his, and was come back, as he had threatened, even from the ends of the universe, to reproach her with her broken vow. She had not seen him, she had not heard his voice; but whenever she was alone, by night or day, she was conscious of an invisible presence near her. She had striven to believe it a delusion—but in vain—she could not be deceived. Towards night she was most miserable when alone, for in the dark the sense of this unearthly companionship became almost unendurable; and yet she feared to have a light, for turn which way she would, she saw an undefined shadow cast upon the wall, which was even more terrible than the viewless presence that haunted her in the darkness. She felt that such torment if prolonged must drive her mad, and that she

had no alternative, but to renounce all hope of earthly happiness by parting from Randolph Grey.

He, on his side, believed her to be the victim of some delusion, caused by distress of mind and weakness of nerve, and strove to reason her out of her belief. He determined that she should be alone as little as possible, and even persuaded her to let Mrs. Wood's maid sleep in her room at night. For the present he contented himself with entreating her to suspend her decision, for he trusted to his influence over her, and being persuaded that, whatever her nerves might be, her mind was not affected, he had little doubt that he should succeed in bringing her to consent to his wishes. But he found the task more difficult than he had anticipated. At first, indeed, Rachel appeared more cheerful, and suffered herself to be persuaded not actually to break off their engagement; but her resolution varied with her spirits, and if ever she were left alone, the same conviction of a companionship, the more awful because not cognizable by her senses, resumed possession of her mind.

The suspense at length became almost intolerable, even to Grey himself, whose love for Rachel grew but the stronger in proportion to the uncertainty of his hopes, and the compassion he felt for the sufferings which told painfully upon her bodily health. He therefore resolved to put an end to it, bringing the affair, as he trusted, to a favourable conclusion; and the same evening he walked up to the parsonage, and having asked to see Miss Morland, was admitted to the small sitting-room reserved for her use.

She was seated alone, beside the embers of the dying fire, and there was no light in the room. She started at his entrance, and as she rose on recognising him, he could distinguish by the faint glow of fire-light the traces of tears upon her cheeks. He took her hand in both his own, murmuring "dearest Rachel!"

"Hush, hush!" she exclaimed, hurriedly, striving to withdraw her hand—then in a lower and trembling voice—"hush! we are not alone!"

Involuntarily Randolph started and looked round. The dim light sufficed to show him that no one else was present. It was only Rachel's delusion.

"This is but a fancy, Rachel," said he. "Do not indulge it. Let me light the lamp, and you will be able to satisfy yourself that there is no one with us."

"Do as you please," she replied, with a deep, quivering sigh. It is strange how contagious are nervous feelings! Randolph Grey smiled at his own weakness, for he could almost have fancied he heard it faintly echoed near him.

He lighted a candle lamp, and placed it on the table. Truly there was nothing visible even to the anxious eyes of Rachel as they wandered round the room. As soon as he saw her more tranquil, Captain Grey approached the subject which he had at heart. He began cautiously, for his object was no other than to win her consent to their immediate union. Every necessary step had been taken; nothing but her indecision yet delayed it. At first she started, and shrank almost with terror from the thought; but this he had foreseen, and once more he brought forward every argument he

could devise to combat her scruples ; and, as he perceived that he gained some ground, he urged upon her that the suffering she now endured was only the result of nervous agitation caused by her indecision, and that when once the final step was taken, when there was no further room for hesitation, no possibility of drawing back, she would find peace, and, he ventured to trust, eventual happiness.

She made no answer. Silence, he hoped, gave consent.

"Then, Rachel," pleaded he, "why should we delay longer ; why not end this suspense so painfully prolonged ? Say that you will at length be mine."

"Be it as you will," replied she, faintly. "I feel that I am doing wrong ; but I have no strength longer to resist you."

"You consent ? Oh, Rachel ! God bless you for your words. It shall be the study of my life to guard you from ever repenting them. You will then suffer our marriage to take place immediately—to-morrow ?"

She covered her face with her hands and groaned ; but when she again raised her head her only reply was—

"Yes—if you desire it."

"Rachel, now, indeed, I may look upon you as my affianced wife. Now, indeed, I may call you mine. You will not refuse to set a seal upon your words ?—to grant me one kiss before we part to-night ?"

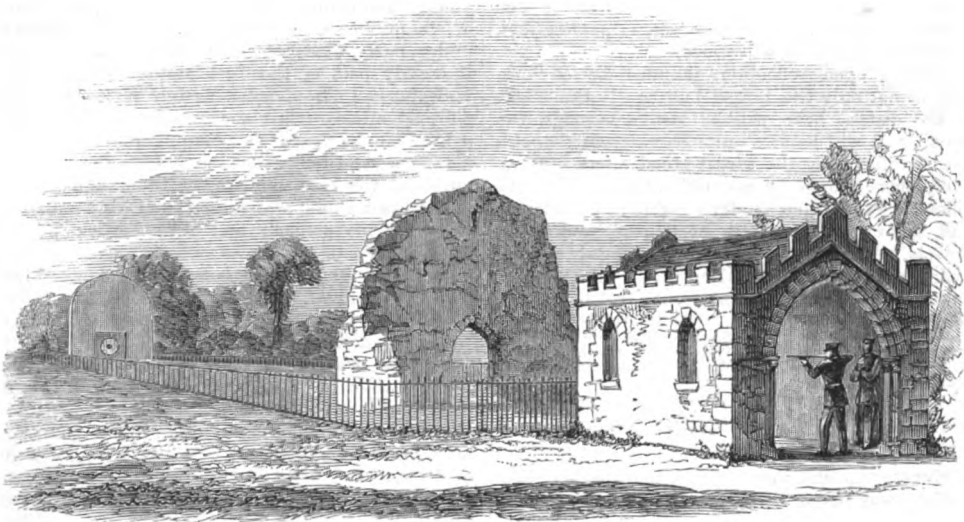
"I have said," and her voice trembled so as to be scarcely audible : "I have said that I can refuse you nothing ;" and she rose from her seat.

He drew near, and extended his arms to clasp her to his bosom. As he did so she slightly turned her head, and at the same moment uttered a piercing shriek. Randolph's eyes followed the direction of hers. There was but one light in the room, for the fire had burnt out, and the shadows of the two figures were traced sharply and distinctly upon the opposite wall—but—no, it was no delusion of Rachel's brain—there was a *third*, vague and undefined, which interposing between them, and waving aloft its misty arms, seemed forcibly to thrust them asunder.

At the sight Randolph involuntarily started back, and Rachel fell heavily to the ground.

Forgetful of all but her, he sprang to her side, and raised her in his arms. A wild cry for help brought Mr. and Mrs. Wood to the spot ; but assistance came too late. The spirit of Rachel Maxwell had passed away. I.

HOW TO IMPROVISE A RIFLE-GALLERY.



To ensure the efficiency of a body of men, whose chief qualification shall be marksmanship, actual practice at a mark is even more necessary than attention to drill. Yet, except the ground at Kilburn belonging to the Victoria Rifles, there is no available ground near London. The proposed butt at Wormwood Scrubs would be useless to the great mass of London Volunteers.

Almost every country lad from his earliest days has been accustomed to handle a gun of some

sort ; but of Londoners, even among the middle classes, certainly not more than twenty per cent. have any notion of the use of fire-arms, and not one per cent. have ever fired a rifle.

I propose a plan by which targets may be set up in every Park in London, and also at any place where a length of from 200 to 400 yards can be found, without the expense of the very high walls generally considered necessary, and with a more positive certainty of absolute security from risk ; as no accident could possibly occur, even if the

practice was carried on in Hyde Park or St. James's Park at the most crowded time of the day.

I propose to erect a wall, of a concave form, twenty feet high, and about twenty-five to thirty feet in length. In the centre of this the target would be placed; and to prevent the possibility of any inexperienced beginner missing the wall, I would build another wall of nearly the same size, of woodwork, faced on the side nearest the marksman with mud or pisé, to prevent the rebound of the bullets.

This wall should be placed twenty-five yards from the rifleman, and should have in the centre a hole or doorway cut, six feet three inches high, by two feet broad. If the marksman at twenty-five yards fired a bullet through this opening, it could not possibly diverge so much as to miss the distant butt. It would be almost impossible for any man, however awkward, to miss the near butt altogether, but even this chance of accident may be further provided against by the form of the shed which might be erected for the protection of the marksman from the weather.

These walls and the other erections might easily be built so as to be ornamental rather than otherwise.

The apparent objection which presents itself to this plan is, that the act of firing through a comparatively small opening at a distant object, would too much facilitate the aim, so that a marksman would soon become an adept with such assistance, and yet be unable to shoot well in open country. This, however, *is not the fact*, as actual experience will prove.

Indeed, upon reflection, it must be obvious, that as not only the target, but nearly the whole of the distant butt will be visible through the opening, it will require quite as much care to aim successfully as if the target stood alone. Moreover, there would be no difficulty in giving the rifleman every opportunity of studying distance, and the comparative size of figures, and other objects. The target could be removed to any distance to vary the practice. S. R. L.

[This plan of forming, as it were, a *sieve* to sift aside the stray shots and render them harmless, is so simple and ingenious that we willingly make it public. But authorities must decide for themselves how far practice through such an orifice would educate for effective rifle-firing in the open field.—Ed. O. A. W.]

MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.

IN MEMORIAM.

EVERY now and then a great man passes noiselessly away from amongst us, and the world takes no account of the loss. There are no loud lamentations; no turgid panegyrics; no ready-made obituary notices in the daily papers. People do not talk about it, or write about it, or care to inquire how it happened. The dead man may have done some great things in his time; but, if one would not pass out of the recollection of a community of busy men, and submit to a moral sepulture in the midst of one's career, it is necessary to be always a-doing. The tranquil close of an active life is a fair thing to contemplate; but tranquillity is the grave of contemporary fame.

Such a man passed away from amongst us a few days ago, in a sheltered retreat on the Kentish border of the Surrey Hills. As you pass from Godstone in the one county to Westerham in the other, you skirt the little village of Limpsfield, and turning sharp down to the left, you soon come upon the lodge-gates of a little home park, in which stands a modest dwelling-house, scarcely exceeding the dimensions of a suburban villa. In this peaceful pleasant nook lived MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE; and there, on Sunday, the 20th of November last, he died, at the ripe age of eighty years.

More than thirty years have gone by since he put off the harness from his back. In November, 1827, he handed over the government of Bombay to his friend Sir John Malcolm; and from that date, content to see others reap the fame and fortune freely offered to him, he lived a life of literary leisure. He was recognised during all this time as the highest living authority upon all questions of Indian government; but his counsel was given in secret, and it was known to few how frequently his advice was sought, and how reverently it was followed.

A younger son of a Scotch peer, he was sent out to India, as a boy, in the Civil Service of the East India Company. A great historical epoch lay before him—the reign of the two Wellesleys. Reputations in those days ripened apace. Opportunities of distinction were not wanting, and the best men came to the front. In his noviciate young Elphinstone chose the political department of the public service, and graduated in diplomacy under Barry Close at the Court of Poonah. In the early part of the first Mahratta war, John Malcolm had accompanied Arthur Wellesley as his political adviser; but severe illness having compelled him to leave the camp, Elphinstone took his place, and for a time carried on the political duties of the campaign, as the friend and adviser of the great Duke, who appreciated his courage no less than his genius; and who, struck by his military ardour at the siege of Gawilghur, told him that he ought to have been a soldier. From that time his professional advancement was rapid. In 1804 he was appointed Political Resident at Nagpore; and in 1808, when all India was frightened from its propriety by threatened invasion of Alexander of Russia and the great Napoleon, Elphinstone was one of the three officers selected to check-mate the imperial allies in the countries between India and Russia. Whilst Malcolm went to Persia, and Metcalfe to the Punjab, he conducted a British mission to the Court of the king of Cabul, and concluded a treaty with that luckless Suddozye prince, who thirty years afterwards involved the British nation in the last and worst of his disastrous failures. It was a splendid mission, lavish in its expenditure, making the mouths of the greedy Afghans water at the thought of an Englishman, until empty-handed Burnes destroyed the beautiful illusion. All that Elphinstone had to do, he did right well; and then he returned to India and wrote a book. The book was, in truth, the best result of the mission. But never was any man less of a book-maker. What he wrote, he wrote for Govern-

ment, not for the public. It was simply, in the first instance, an official report. But when he went round from Calcutta to Bombay, and was there introduced by Malcom to Sir James Mackintosh, the full-brained Recorder besought him not to forget the public; and, though a little alarmed at first, he took the hint, and the official report grew into the best book on Caubul which has yet been given to the world. "Malcolm brought Elphinstone to breakfast," wrote Mackintosh, at that time (1811) in his journal; "he has a very fine understanding, with the greatest modesty and simplicity of character."

Elphinstone had by that time obtained the highest diplomatic appointment under the government of India. He was Resident at Poonah, where Badjee Rao, the Peishwah, held his court; and there he remained until he became Peishwah himself. The story of the downfall of the Mahratta Prince, and the acquisition of his territories by the British, has been often told by historians and biographers. A weak man, the tool of evil counsellors, he was persuaded to suspect the designs of Lord Hastings, and he was betrayed into hostility by his fears. An immense Mahratta army, in October, 1817, was assembled at Poonah, with the ostensible object of assisting our operations against the Pindarrees. But, little by little, the truth began to manifest itself. Our allies were the most formidable of our enemies: the Mahratta troops were only waiting for a signal to attack the British Residency, to murder the Resident, and boldly to declare war against the English. If, in the face of this danger, Elphinstone had possessed any other than the highest qualities of mind; if he had not been cool, resolute, sagacious, the crisis would have overwhelmed him, and the vast designs of Lord Hastings would have been disarranged by the precipitated hostility. He knew the temper of Badjee Rao; he knew the feeling in the Mahratta camp; he heard from the verandah of the Residency the turmoil of preparation—but he betrayed no consciousness of coming danger, and by his very quietude averted the collision until it was comparatively harmless. The little Sepoy force at the Residency was strengthened by the arrival of a European regiment; and then, although the enemy were more than thirty thousand strong, and our own troops not a tenth of the number, Elphinstone felt that he was equal to the struggle. On the 5th of November it came. The battle of Khirkee was fought. Then again the civilian gave heroic proof of the fine soldierly character and high military qualities which had won the admiration of the Duke. Nominally, the force was commanded by another; but Elphinstone, ever in the thick of the fight, was the real general on that memorable day. The vast Mahratta army was beaten by the handful of British troops; and before it could recover from the shock of the unexpected disaster, reinforcements came to our aid, and the country of the Peishwah lay at our feet.

Badjee Rao fled; his broad lands were confiscated; and Elphinstone was appointed to administer the territories which thus passed under our rule. In this responsible position he exhibited administrative ability of the highest order. He

had many difficult questions to solve; but he solved them with equal wisdom and justice. India has seen some administrative triumphs since that time, but Elphinstone's authority is still cited as the highest; still frequent reference is made to the principles he inculcated and the rules which he established; and still the administrator holds his place in the affections of a grateful people. In the Poonah territory he remained for two years, at the end of which he was summoned to assume the government of Bombay. Malcolm, who had expected this promotion for himself, rejoiced in the prosperity of his friend, and unstintingly acknowledged his peculiar fitness for the office. Canning, who then presided at the Board of Control, had submitted to the Court of Directors three names—Malcolm, Munro, and Elphinstone; and they had chosen the civilian.

During eight years Mountstuart Elphinstone continued to preside over the Bombay government. They were years of comparative tranquillity, and were spent by him in administrative and legislative rather than in political business; the chief work to which he addressed himself being that of codification. The prominent events of his career are not many; but there is one circumstance so illustrative of the disinterestedness and integrity of the man, that it must be recorded here to his honour. The Home Government having impressed upon him the necessity of retrenchment in the expenditure of his Presidency, he applied the pruning-knife to the charges of Government House before he would touch anything else. He greatly curtailed his own establishment, and then reflecting that if he could efficiently maintain his position with that diminished state he ought to have done so before, he paid into the government treasury the sum of 4500*l.*, which his sensitive conscience caused him to regard as public money improperly expended.

In November, 1827, amidst the affectionate regrets of the community, European and native, Mountstuart Elphinstone retired from the government of Bombay—and from public life. From that date, although he was then in the full vigour of his prime, and the very meridian of his intellectual powers, he could not be induced to accept office. The Governor-Generalship of India was twice placed at his disposal, but he modestly declined the tempting offer, on the plea of infirmity of health. That when, in 1835, he was invited to proceed to India, as the successor of Lord William Bentinck, he could not persuade himself to obey the call, was, perhaps, the greatest calamity that has ever befallen our Indian empire. It is no exaggeration to assert, that had he reigned in India, instead of Lord Auckland, there would have been no Afghan war, and, therefore, no Sepoy Rebellion. That, mistrusting his health, he acted conscientiously in thus resisting the allurements of ambition, is not to be doubted: but it is not less a misfortune that such great political sagacity and administrative ability should have been lost to his country at so early an age.

And yet it was not wholly lost; for his advice, as has been said, was often asked, and freely given. Still, the last thirty years of his life were those of a literary recluse. His work upon the

early history of India is the sole result of his studies; but although little more than a fragment, it is an invaluable one. People have deplored, and wondered, that the history was never continued; and it was once foolishly stated in the House of Commons, that the East India Company, fearful of the consequences of Elphinstone's honesty, had put up one of their own officials to write a history of India, and thus to drive him from the field. The statement was too absurd to require sober contradiction; but he said next morning, with an amused look, that he had written, as far as he had gone, because he possessed materials of history, within the reach of few other men, but that, approaching the period of our English conquests, he entered upon common ground, and that there was no reason why he should do what others could do as well, or better than himself;—an explanation more characteristic of the modesty of the man, than satisfactory to the public.

As years advanced, and his physical infirmities increased upon him, he withdrew more and more from society; only visiting the metropolis for a few weeks every year towards the close of the summer. His life was spent, for the most part, in his retreat on the Surrey Hills; and there death found him this November. He had been

well content to fade out of the memory of the busy world. He told Metcalfe, many years ago, that if, on leaving India, he did not wish to be wholly forgotten, he must go into Parliament. This Elphinstone could not persuade himself to do, and he had accordingly been forgotten. But there were a few who still sought him out, and who visited the recluse among his books, and spent hours of deepest interest in converse with him, not wholly on affairs of State. His love of literature was undiminished to the last; and a day's talk with Elphinstone, at Hookwood, would embrace every conceivable subject from Veds and Shastres to the last new poem. His memory was fresh, and his enthusiasm undiminished to the last; and if you did not leave his presence wiser for what had fallen from him, it was the fault of your own stolidity.

His place in history will be with Malcolm, Munro, and Metcalfe; whether above or below them it matters not to inquire. And, indeed, he differed from them all so essentially in many respects, that it would be difficult to assign him his exact position. But it may fitly be recorded as a memorial of honour upon the tomb of the East India Company, that it had four such servants as these, and was not ungrateful to them.

J. W. KAYE.

SAD WORDS.

THE little threads break one by one
That bound my heart to thine;
Love's, like the silkworm's, web is spun,—
As perilously fine.

It snaps beneath an angry word,
'Neath an unloving look;
Frowns are more trenchant than the sword,
Or Autumn's reaping-hook.



The maiden in the ceaseless mill
Watching the parting web,
Stands ready to repair the ill
With fingers fast and deft.

But no fourth sister waits beside
Those fatal hands which sever
Life's clue, which like Love's thread untied,
Is join'd again, ah, never!

BERNI.

SENTIMENT FROM THE SHAMBLES.



"Surely not. Only I'd leave you to seek it."

"Agreed. I promise to find it in any corner you may choose."

"There, then," he promptly answered, at the same time pointing to a piece of pork out-hanging from a butcher's stall.

"*In* pork!" I feebly ejaculated, perceiving the case was a lost one.

"Well, perhaps, not exactly *in* it, but attach sentiment in ever so weak a form to fat pork, and I'm your humble servant for ever."

He triumphed, for I sought in vain.

Since then I have travelled all round the world, and that which I could not find at home I have found in the Antipodes. Now, judge between me and my sarcastic friend. The scene is Hobarton.

It had been a cold rainy day, and now was a damp cheerless night; for, though the rain had abated, the clouds still looked sulky, and the sky gave no promise of moon or stars to light me home through the bush. So to be independent of both, I took a lantern and set out. My way lay through the uncomfortable bit of uncleared land, to the left of Newtown. Every now and then I had to draw up before a charred trunk of a tree, and each time, though accustomed to the interruption, the same suspicion presented itself—namely, that a Ranger was advancing to meet me. Nor did my lantern assist me to a full definition of the figure, for in bringing its light to bear upon the trunk, the long black arms only seemed to stretch more

SAUNTERED with my friend through a busy street in B—, and our conversation taking a serious turn, I expressed myself somewhat as follows:

Each has his different bend of spirit; each his peculiar aptitude for receiving instruction. To some, the country with its shade and sunshine, singing birds and flowering hedges, is a mentor of mighty truths. To others, the city with its human hum, and groaning treadmill, ever turning, is a preceptor teaching of life, death, and eternity.

"And to which class do you belong?" said my friend.

"To the latter," I replied. "Not, perhaps, so much by nature as by circumstance. I have dwelt in the city until its many tones seem to me to blend into one cry, 'Come over and help us,' and the cry draws out my sympathies, and my sorrow, too; for what is individual help to the mass?"

"Well, as you please. I will take my pastime in the country and leave you to moody lucubrations, amid dingy houses and smoky chimney-pots. Give me rural scenes and sentiment!"

"Will you deny that sentiment is to be found in the city," I hastily inquired, yet half dreading a reply, knowing that my friend was strongly addicted to sarcasm.

determinately towards me. In England such trees might be considered of the ghost-tribe; here, where fears are too much pre-occupied to think of supernatural appearances, a charred stump is not only a charred stump, but very often something *more*, especially if it be large and hollow. Well, I safely passed two, four, six stumps, and then remembering that there could not be many more, I bravely stepped out, breaking the unpleasant silence, or still worse cranch of my feet on the gravel, singing:

"My lot is cast in that blest place,"

to the tune of the Old Hundredth. My air and voice were decidedly defiant, until I neared the last stump, then I became sensible of a quaver in the latter. The coming stump, or rather the stump to which I was coming, was the most awkward of the lot—a thorough specimen of diablerie—on the top of a hideous-looking trunk, was perched a large round knot, bearing a resemblance to a human head. All this I knew, and was prepared for; but, in spite of being prepared, my heart and I stood still together before it. The black head wore a feather—a bright red feather—which blew furiously about in the wind. As I watched it, a hand emerged from the hollow and drew it in. Then came a voice from within.

"You can pass on."

I hesitated, when the permission was repeated.

"What are you!" I demanded, recovering my self-possession.

"Never mind, pass on; I'm harmless as yourself."

I glanced at the muzzle of a gun which peered through an aperture in the trunk, and doubted its accordance with peaceable intentions.

"Who are you?" I again demanded.

An answer in person was given; a man jumped out from the hollow and stood beside me.

"Don't let me see you!" I cried out; "don't put it in my power to witness against you."

"Look at me, I am no absconder," he replied.

I looked and saw a tall, grotesque figure, which I immediately recognised as belonging to an old man of Hobarton who gained his living by shooting small game in the neighbourhood. He doffed his opossum fur-cap, and bowed respectfully when his eyes met mine. I could not help laughing, so ridiculous had been my former fears. He seemed hurt; for, bending on his gun, he said:

"Ah, it's no laughing matter that brings me here! Bessie's my game to-night,—poor, fond, young crayture, to leave her father's house, all for a cross word, which he has the right of naying to speak to her."

He reminded me of King Lear; his long white hair blew about on his head, as the red feather had done from the top of the trunk, and for some moments he was too absorbed in grief to speak, and when he did, it was in short, broken sentences, as though all the world should know his Bessie. I gathered that she had left him a few days ago, and that his suspicions led him to watch for her from this spot.

"That bit of a kerchief," said he, "I stuck out from the pole, for if she passed she'd know it was mine, and meant for peace, and there was a word tied up in it begging her to come back."

He drew the kerchief across his eyes, and in it I acknowledged the former feather. Then, wrapping it around his throat, as if preparing to settle for the night, he bade me leave him. This I objected to do, and told him he was tempting Providence by exposing himself to the damp of the bush.

"Rheumatics take the damp!" he said. Then, fixing a searching eye on me, he added:—"Have you ever lost a child? Then I have, and by worse than death. Leave me, and the only favour I beg is, don't notice me when you meet me in town."

"But how about poor Bessie? I must hear if you find her."

"Ay, ay!" he nodded, and coiled himself back into his tree ere I could offer further opposition.

A few days after I saw him in Argyle Street, but forbore to remark him. With my face set steadily in front, I was about to pass by, when he made a full stop before me, took off his fur cap, and waited bareheaded till I should speak.

"Is she found?"

He seemed delighted that I pounced on the subject without preface. It convinced him that Bessie was the all in all engrossing occupation of other thoughts than his.

"She's heard of, and I know her whereabouts. I'd rather have seen her dragged dead out of the

river! A dead child ain't half the pain of a living one gone astray. A dead child can't come back if she'd fain, therefore a living one that won't is worse!"

A testimony to which I could not say nay, for the testimony of ages is in its favour.

"Ah! I'm not so much a stranger in the colony," he went on to lament, "as not to know where these things end; and if once the government brown gets upon my Bess, she'll be none the better for it, and there's them as will gladly make her worse, out of spite that she's free to what they are. I tell you, sir, there ain't been no blot on our family for six generations back, and at home, for all that I'm poor to the back-bone, my word's as good as a bond. If my hands are seared, it's with work, and *not* with dirty actions! And my children was all counted fortunes in themselves; now I'm come out here with the last just to break my heart over her!"

His breast heaved, and what more he would say was lost in a smothered sob. To turn him to a more cheerful view of the case, I said:

"Well, but we must look to the brighter side, it may not be so bad after all."

"Not so bad! Let the worst come to the worst, or the best to the best, ain't she forgotten her Catechism and her Bible? When I was young, I was taught to honour my father and mother. But, I tell you what it is, sir," he lowered his voice, and spoke confidentially, "come what may, I don't blame the girl too much, for the sin lies at our door. We'd no business, my missus and me, to leave England in our old age—'twas pride from beginning to end. First, I could not trust the God that made me to provide for me when I got old; then, I wanted to see Bessie a lady. They told me that, out here, her bonny face would get her a rich husband, and now it's more like —" He broke short, and then said:—"Perhaps you'll step in and see missus, she's in a world of trouble, and it tells hard upon her, poor soul!"

We had all this while been walking, and when we had gone a little further we came to one of those hut-looking buildings still to be seen here and there in Hobarton. The door of this hut was locked, and Munro had the key in his pocket. Seeing my surprise, he remarked:—

"'Twas by her own wish. The neighbours come twitting of her with their pity, so says missus to me, 'Lock me in, John, and then I can't open to none of 'em.'"

We entered a wretched little room, exhibiting every token of poverty and dejection. It looked like a bereaved house, for there was neither sign of a recent fire nor of a mid-day meal, though it was past noon. All this my eye apprehended at a glance, while my attention riveted itself on an old woman who sat with her head buried in her arms, which rested on an open Bible lying before her on a small table.

"Missus," said her husband. But she answered not; she was in a dead sleep, sleeping the heavy sleep of sorrow. "Poor soul," whispered Munro, "I left her fretting over that text—'The way of transgressors is hard.' 'Oh, John!' says she to me, 'will Bessie's case ever come to that?' 'God

knows !' says I, and then she laid down her head, and very likely she's stayed there since."

He motioned me to sit on a bench, and then, at my invitation, he also sat down, when the silence that ensued gave me an opportunity to make many observations, each of which strengthened my opinion of the poverty of the Munro family.

"Don't let me keep you from your dinner," I said, in order to discover whether he had any in prospect.

He appeared uneasy for an instant; then, with rather a grim smile, he replied. "Sorrow an't an appetiteable sauce."

I strongly suspected that other causes than sorrow kept him from eating, and longed to offer him some money to procure a meal; but there was a certain dignity in the handsome old Englishman

that held back my purse, and made me feel that a case of distress cannot always be relieved by money.

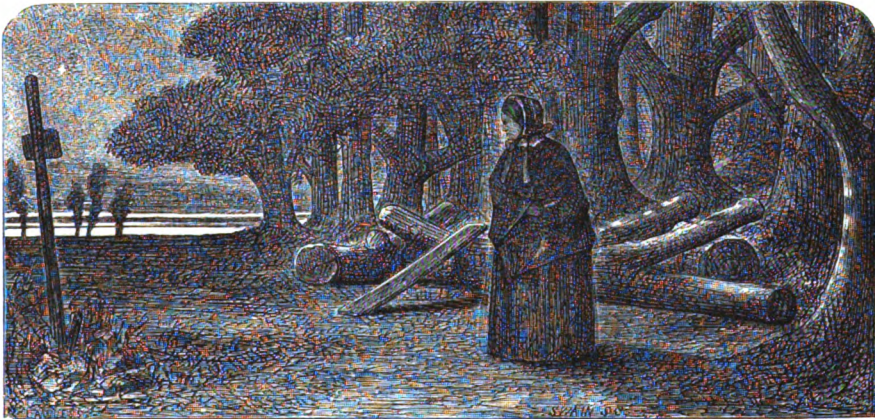
He seemed to read my thoughts, for said he :

"I don't deny it's hard times; and if you were pleased to lend me a loan 'twould be more than a kindness, for I'm sadly gone back along; since Bessie went away, my time's been spent in seeking for her, instead of in bringing down pigeons."

He resolutely refused the trifle I proffered, but finally agreed to receive it as a loan, to be paid in weekly instalments of game.

"Well, I'm glad your debt will oblige you to use your gun again, for the exercise will help you to forget your trouble," I unfortunately said, in taking leave of him.

He gave me a look that might have been quizzical but for the tone that accompanied it :



[See p. 503.]

"Them that's got grey hair in their head can't ride the old soldier over trouble in that way."

The following week I found a pair of bronze-wing pigeons and three common parrots lying on the hall table; they were marked, "paid for." Beside them lay a little three-cornered note, which ran thus :—

HONORED SIR,—Bessie is lo'ging at the Blk Bear in Golbourn Street. She won't see me, but verry like she will speak with a stranger, when you cold tell her that if she don't want this forrin mold to cover her poor old father and mother she will come home again to them that's her tru friends, to say nothing of him that's her God in heaven. So no more from Mr. and Mrs. Munro, from your humble servant, JOHN MUNRO.

Interpreting this into a request that I would go to Bessie, I set out for the Black Bear, and asked if one Bessie Munro lodged there. After some hesitation, it was admitted that she did, but was too ill to see any one. I perceived this to be a falsehood, and was turning in my mind how to accomplish an interview, when a portly, forbidding-looking woman came from behind a large folding screen that divided the tap-room from their private apartment. Not knowing the answer I had already received, she inquired my business; and, on being told, she deliberately stated that Bessie had only that minute "ran out on an arrant." A foolish smile passed from face to face, and

taking advantage of the confusion, I said, in a voice of authority, "Will any person have the goodness to call Bessie Munro: I shall begin to think she is detained against her will, unless I hear to the contrary from her own lips."

"And that you shan't!" cried the portly woman. "She's a quiet, indelensive lodger, and she shan't be defied in my own house. I took pity on her when they that bore her drove her to doors—"

"Hush! no more of such falsehoods. You know Bessie's history as well as I do," I said: on which the woman dashed like a tempest behind the screen, and, led by an irresistible impulse, I followed her into the private room. There, standing on tiptoe, and listening with every eager feature, was one of the most beautiful young women I have ever seen. Possession was in my favour; so having obtained a footing I kept it, in spite of the landlady's abuse. I advanced to the young woman, and said :

"You need not tell me you are Bessie Munro; your likeness to your father has already told me that. I am come to beg you to return to your home; both your parents are willing to forgive you: it is in your power to make them very happy again."

"Oh, sir! I could never face them again; mother might forgive me, but father says he'll

break his gun across my shoulders if ever I darken his hut again."

"It's a lie!" I had cried before I could refrain: and then, to vindicate the assertion, I read Bessie her father's note. She wept bitterly.

"Oh, sir, the madness of the first wrong step!" she choked out between her tears.

"It is a madness more curable than the second step: take it in hand at once, Bessie; I am willing to help you."

"Thank you, sir; but, I assure you, till this moment I've refused to see my father because I heard he only wanted to see me to disgrace me, and of course I've too much pride for that."

"There!" injected the living tempest blowing at us from the corner. "There!" The tone seemed to mean, "Are you satisfied now you've heard for yourself?" But unheeding its fury, I went on to implore the unhappy girl to go back with me.

She then said: "At any rate, sir, it's quite true that he hid out in the bush to shoot me if I went along."

"Yes, that's as true as Gospel. My maister saw him lying out by Newtown, and says he, 'Why, Munro, what be doing here this time o'day? there's no game flying now.' 'Old Nick take the game,' says he, 'I be out after that girl.'"

I recounted the story of my first interview with Munro, and Bessie again melted to tears. She seemed truly miserable, between a sense of duty and affection on the one side, and indecision and fear on the other. At last she exclaimed: "Do beg her to let me go!"

"Beg her! She can't detain you: what claim has she on you?"

"Ay, tell him what? But I don't want you: go and see how clever it is to get back a lost character!"

"Who dares to say I've lost my character?" cried Bessie, indignantly.

"We shall see! One doesn't go into government to learn nothin', I suppose?" sneered the landlady.

"Come, come, I'm not here to listen to quarrels. Bessie, bethink yourself; will you go with me?"

"It requires resolution," she said, shrinkingly.

"And for the want of that, will you be guilty of a crime?"

"Give me time, sir,—give me time," she hurriedly replied; and with that unsatisfactory result I was obliged to depart. Poor foolish young creature, she perceived not the toils thickening about her; and for one wild freak of temper was likely to incur a fearful penalty.

I called several times at the Black Bear, but without success; she was never to be seen, and I had almost given up all hope of a second interview, when one day, in returning through my former route, who should I espy but Bessie sitting on the very trunk where I had first met her father.

"You, Bessie! It looks bad to see you out this time of night."

"I am waiting for you, sir: I've never been able to find out your name, nor where you live, and as I saw you go up along, I tried to run after

you, but as I couldn't overtake you, I rested here till you came back."

"And what do you want of me, Bessie?" I spoke curtly and somewhat austere, in order to set a due value on my services and due censure on her obstinacy.

"I want you to tell them, sir, not to be uneasy after me: for there's no manner of call for it, I'm as respectable as when I left the hut."

"Bessie, you are both wilful and rebellious; do you call that respectable? If you are saved from destruction it will be in spite of yourself. What does a young woman expect if she stays out to such an hour? look, it is eight o'clock, a fair hour for England, but not for out here." I showed her my watch by the lamp-light, she glanced at it, and blushed deeply.

"Sir, I will tell you all, and you'll see I'm not so bad. I don't wish to go back to father and mother till I can repay them for the trouble I've cost 'em, and that I hope to do soon, for I'm engaged to Joe Sadlers, a successful digger; I've kept honest company with him, and he'll marry me after a bit; he's gone up the country now this very evening to see about settling near Longford, and when he comes back 'twill be so pleasant, and I shall go straight to father."

I knew enough of diggers to make me tremble for her; but to shake her faith in her betrothed was impossible. Joe Sadlers was not a digger of the common order: others might betray her, he never. We walked and talked till we reached the main road; there Bessie discovered that she had left her handkerchief at the tree. I told her it was not worth returning for, but she confessed that she had also left her lover's last letter there—and that she could not think of losing.

I could neither dissuade her from returning nor accompany her back, as urgent business bade me go forward; but she seemed to have no fear of being left, and cheerily wished me good night.

Two days afterwards, I was passing the court of justice, with a little spare time at command, and being somewhat of a hanger-on at these places, I entered to hear what might be on. I had no sooner set foot in the court, than a female voice screeched out:

"There he is! there he is! He'll tell where I was at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening;" then stretching her arms towards me, she cried, "Save me! save me, sir!"

When the commotion consequent on this outcry had ceased, it was explained to me that Bessie was apprehended on suspicion of having stolen the cash-box of the Black Bear till, which was safe at eight o'clock, and missing ten minutes after. The suspicion was the greater from the fact of the empty box having been secreted in the trunk of a tree from the direction of which she had been traced. Being duly sworn, I gave evidence, and the result was an *alibi* too clearly proved for disputation. I led her from the court; and when we got free of the crowd I asked where she meant to go. She turned a bright, tearful look on me, as much as to say, can you ask; so I shook her hand, and departed; for there are scenes where a stranger should not intermeddle, and such an one I knew would take place in the

hut. But in an hour my curiosity overcame my judgment, and I found myself tapping for admittance at Munro's. He opened the door, stared at me, and then turned his head, while I entered; but we neither of us spoke. Bessie knelt by her mother, bathing her withered hand in contrite tears, and Munro commenced a desperate rattling of knives and forks, whilst his wife looked up with a face of grateful gladness. I could form no words befitting so tender a scene, so took up the Bible and read the parable of the prodigal son.

They bore it with firmness until I reached the 23rd verse: "Bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry; for this my son was dead and is alive," &c.; when the father burst out:

"Us hadn't got no fatted calf; but mother's boiled her best bit of pork, and with HER here to eat it, it's a feast fit for angels."

Bessie needed not another warning that her father's roof was her safest shelter, nor did she



again leave it until a fine young husband took her home to a snug little farm in the interior. But this husband was not Joe Sadlers; of him my suspicion proved correct; he was a villain, and at the time of Bessie's marriage he was fulfilling a sentence on the roads for the robbery at the Black Bear. OLINE KEESE.

NEWSPAPER "CANARDS."

M. QUÉTELET, in the *Annuaire de l'Académie* (article Cornelissen), relates in the following terms the manner in which the word "canard" became used in its new sense. To give a sly hit at the ridiculous pieces of intelligence which the journals were in the habit of publishing every morning, Cornelissen stated that an interesting experiment had just been made, calculated to prove the extraordinary voracity of ducks. Twenty of these animals had been placed together; and one of them having been killed and cut up in the smallest

possible pieces, feathers and all, and thrown to the other nineteen, was most gluttonously gobbled up in an exceedingly brief space of time. Another was then taken from the nineteen, and being chopped small like its predecessor, was served up to the eighteen, and at once devoured like the other; and so on to the last, who was thus placed in the position of having eaten his nineteen companions in a wonderfully short time. All this, most pleasantly related, obtained a success which the writer was far from anticipating, for the story ran the round of all the journals of Europe. It then became forgotten for about a score of years, when it came back from America with amplifications which it did not boast of at the commencement, and with a regular certificate of the autopsy of the body of the surviving animal, whose esophagus was declared to have been seriously injured. Every one laughed at the history of the "Canard" thus brought up again, but the word remained in its novel signification. L.

SELF-MURDER.

AMONG the preventible deaths which every year carry off more of our citizens than the most savage war, SUICIDE ought to be attended to with strenuous and patient care.

"Do you call suicide a preventible cause of death?" a hundred voices will probably ask. They will say that the self-destroyer usually does his last deed when nobody is thinking of such a thing; and that it would be cruel to blame his family and friends for a calamity which they have at the moment no reason to apprehend. May be so: but still we may be justified in treating of suicide as a preventible kind of mortality. Let us look at some of the leading facts.

According to the coroners' returns, the cases of suicide inquired into in England and Wales were, in 1856, 1314. In 1857, they were 1349. In 1858, they were 1275.

The first remark of some readers will be that they thought there had been more: and of others, that they had no idea there had been so many. But all will probably go on to remark on the uniformity of the proportion of suicides to other deaths in three consecutive years. The proportion would be found no less regular in thirteen years, or in thirty. This circumstance ought to set us thinking whether so regular a phenomenon must not have some steady cause. Men in society always end by obtaining control over steadily-operating influences; and therefore we may hope to get the mastery over the causes of suicide, and nearly put an end to that mode of dying.

In order to do this, we must rouse ourselves into a mood of common sense, such as few persons but physicians and managers of lunatic asylums are accustomed to entertain in the presence of this tragic subject. There are many reasons why we should feel awe-struck and overwhelmed with some kind of delicate feeling or other when cases of suicide occur or are discussed. The old Romish belief that the viaticum was necessary to save the departing soul, caused the death of the most innocent suicide to be regarded with horror and dismay: and far worse was the thought of the eternal destiny of the conscious self-murderer. His burial in unhallowed earth, with a stake driven through his body, was a shock to society, and a bitter disgrace to his family: and the anguish of those past times has been so far perpetuated as that every countenance still becomes grave, and every voice sinks into solemnity when there is mention of any one who has raised his hand against his own life. Again, there is still a prevalent reluctance in society to advert to the subject of insanity. There is still an inability among the great majority of people to regard insanity as disease, in the same way as the maladies which affect other organs than the brain; and in almost every case of suicide the coroner's jury declare the act to have been done in a state of insanity. The insanity is considered a milder imputation than a design to perpetrate the act: but it is still felt as a grievous imputation, and one which induces awe-struck silence, and a desire of oblivion, rather than any practical study of such cases with a view to putting

a stop to the practice of self-murder. Thus we go on in ignorance: and while we indulge in old prejudices and ill grounded sensibility, a thousand lives will be thrown away every year which a more reasonable and healthy habit of mind in ourselves might save. This seems to me a very serious consideration.

Young people always set out with supposing that self-destroyers are persons of acute feelings, who cannot endure the hardness of the world, or bear the misfortunes which have befallen them, by their own fault or otherwise. This view is so constantly faulted by works of fiction, and by the traditions which have come down from ancient times, that we cannot wonder at it: but it would be a great blessing if the rude and disgusting truth were thoroughly known and appreciated that, in the great majority of cases, the self-destroyer has injured his brain by drink or other excess; that, in others, the sufferer is a coward, or the mere victim of passion, or crazed by selfishness. Most people would be exceedingly surprised to learn how many of the thirteen hundred self-destroyers in any year were profligates, blackguards, cowards, and miserable egotists, who had brought their brains into such a state that they could not control their actions, nor bear pain of body or mind. So many emotions of awe and tenderness are naturally and necessarily roused by any tale of wilful death that it seems to be harsh, coarse, and light-minded to say what I have said. While quite understanding, and even sympathising with, this kind of recoil, I must say that the truest reverence for human life, and the highest order of sensibility, will be that which shall go the straightest way to work to diminish the practice of suicide.

The true story of any coroner's register, told in full, would bring us all into a mood of common sense, with no little danger of the most exalted sentiment being turned into strong indignation against the victims who had spoiled the happiness of so many people besides their own. Let us take any such register, in any district in the kingdom, and see what we shall find between any two dates. Here is a specimen of what is always going on, though it is not everywhere that so many self-murders happen in a single neighbourhood within a very few years.

A. was an agricultural labourer of a very superior kind. He was a model of physical strength, and might earn large wages from the quantity of excellent work he could do. He had a wife somewhat his superior in station and cultivation. No children. A comfortable dwelling; a kind landlord. No disease or misfortune, nothing amiss, till he and his wife took to drinking. On his landlord's death he was excused long arrears of rent, but received notice to quit—altogether inevitable under the circumstances. His wife being absent, in a temporary service, the dwelling was observed to be closed one day. A. was found hanging in a closet.

B. kept an inn, with good command of custom; took to drinking, and threw everything into disorder; at one time hanged himself, and was cut down in time; at another time cut his throat, but not quite fatally: on which a lady was over-

heard to comment, "Dear me! that is a pity!" her sympathies being with his wife.

C. was a farmer and grazier: had good land, and enough of it, good stock, sufficient capital. In short, was free from pecuniary care, as far as the world could see. He was an eager angler, and sufficiently provided with amusement. He took to drinking. His sheep strayed, and were the pest of fields and gardens in the early spring before the grass grew. He became ashamed to meet the complaints of his neighbours, and to show his cankered face among them. He slunk away to the meadows with his rod and line, or shut himself up with his bottle. He became occasionally wild with the horrors of delirium tremens, and then permanently despondent. He was watched and nursed very carefully: but one day blood was seen oozing out from under his chamber-door—he had cut his throat with his penknife.

D. was an active, cheerful-tempered young woman, affectionately treated by her family. She became variable in spirits, and was believed to dread desertion by her lover. She went out one day, without any remark or act which could excite particular notice, and was next seen dead in the water—her umbrella being on the bank: "Found drowned," as the compassionate verdict declared.

E. was not without a vigorous and absorbing pursuit. He was, besides being a farmer, a poultry-fancier. But he took to drinking, and one day his body was seen floating, under circumstances which left no doubt as to how it came into the water.

F. was an old gardener, who had enough—by such work as he could yet do, together with his wife's property—for comfort at home, if the home had been an amiable one. He might still have earned fair pay: but he was lazy and pleasure-loving. He was trying to keep upon his feet in the road when he should have been plying his scythe or pruning-knife. After a time, it became understood among the neighbours, when utensils were missed from back-yards and sheds, and when fruit disappeared from gardens in the night, that the pilferer might be pretty well guessed at; and, when the talk became more open, he was found one day to have gone away. He had not gone many miles. At a town where he went occasionally on business—perhaps to sell vanished bill-hooks, blacking-brushes, or rare strawberries—he was found hanging in a closet. His most intimate friend and drinking companion was

G., a postillion, so clever and full of local knowledge that he could make almost any amount of money during the travelling season of the year. Yet he could not pay the rent he had guaranteed for his daughter, or any other debt; and he, like C., was at last ashamed to show his blotched face in the place where every one had been well-disposed towards him. He drank all night after hearing of F.'s suicide, and in the early morning went to the stables. A little time after some one saw a pair of legs in an odd position, and went to see. G. had hanged himself.

H. was pitied, and let alone by the men on the farm on which he lived. He was considered

weak; he had never married; and his father was well to do; so he went out as much as he liked with the stock, and no more. Whether he would have been weak as a sober man, there is no saying. He was not sober; and a feeble despondency took possession of him. He was perpetually saying that he would not be seen any more, and bidding people good-bye; so that at last every one called it "his way," and paid no attention to it. For once, however, it was said in earnest: he was not seen any more alive, and he had bid some of them good-bye when he went out with some cattle. He was found lying at length in a brook, too shallow to have drowned him, if he had not turned his face resolutely under water.

Is this enough, from one neighbourhood, within a few brief seasons? It is enough for my purpose, whether this coroner's register relates to the north, south, east, or west of England. Of all these cases, there is only one which in any degree answers to the sentimental view of suicide: that of the young woman. The others all subjected themselves to disgusting and tormenting disease of brain, liver, and skin by a habit of intoxication.

This may remind us, that the thirteen hundred deaths in a year are those only in which the verdict of the coroner's jury declares the case to be one of suicide. Coroners, physicians, and registrars are of opinion that a large amount of self-murder passes unrecognised, and is called illness or accident. Another noticeable circumstance is, that wherever there are suicides from drink, there is a large mortality from the same cause, so wilfully incurred that it is virtual suicide, though no coroner's court may sit over the corpse. If the number of men and women who died intemperate—died of intemperance persevered in in spite of all imaginable warnings—in the locality of these suicides, and while they were going on, were added to the avowed self-murders, the disgust of inquirers would be almost lost in horror: so many innkeepers in five years; so many shopkeepers, so many artisans, so many labourers, till the churchyard is so crowded that the wonder is where the next series of suicides will find room—the verdict of insanity entitling them to a grave in consecrated ground.

Thus does a minute study of any district discourage every romantic association with suicide, and point to preventable causes. So do all the general facts of the case.

For instance, nearly three men commit suicide to one woman. As there is no such disproportion in the subjects of what we may call natural insanity, we may attribute the majority of male suicides to the habit of men to incur the artificial insanity caused by intemperance. It is too true, that many women are intemperate: but custom and opinion restrain the vice to a very small proportion of the sex; and it is observable, that the sort of women who so drink—the low population of our cellars and rookeries, and the outcast class—are precisely those who commit nearly all the suicides on the list.

Another general fact is, that the proportion of suicides regularly corresponds with the seasons of the year. The greatest number is in the early part of summer; next, in the opening of spring;

and the smallest is at the end of autumn. So far is the popular association of suicide with foggy November from being well founded!

Again: suicides are (with the exception of some peculiar localities) more common in towns than in the country; and in one sort of occupation than another. There are districts which seem to be actually infested by the notion and the practice, while in others it is extremely rare. For instance, while the average of suicide for England and Wales is 68 in a million of the population in the three years 1856-7-8, the county of Pembroke afforded a proportion of only 10 suicides, while Westmoreland exhibited a proportion of 111. These are the two extremities of the list of counties. Every one would suppose that Middlesex would be at the top, and far above every other, unless, perhaps, its populous neighbour Surrey; but rural Westmoreland is worse than even the seat of the metropolis. Middlesex shows a proportion of 105, and Surrey of 104, to the 111 of Westmoreland. Such a fact indicates constant and ascertainable causes; and the causes are not difficult to find among an antiquated population like that of our mountain districts, where natural instincts and passions are strong and comparatively unchecked, and where society is in a transition state from an ancient to a modern economy. The change in the fortunes and method of life of the "statesmen" of the Lake District, caused by the agricultural improvement and the manufactures of the neighbouring counties to the south, has broken the fortunes and the spirit of many a rural family, and induced debt, despair, and drunkenness in many a homestead where all was prosperous a century or two ago. Here we trace causes of suicide, which, as the returns show, work only too surely; and such causes as these are preventable, and will assuredly be obviated by a further advance in civilisation—the first step of which should be, in the special case, an improved management in land and stock.

Another general fact is, the operation of the imitative faculty in propagating the practice of suicide. The case is too low to justify the use of the word *sympathy*. It might answer well to call it mimicry at once. People who commit deliberate suicide have generally a weak faculty of imagination, together with a strong egotism. They cannot conceive of anything outside of their immediate trouble; they have not the serenity and fortitude which accompany a comprehensive capacity and excursive habit of mind; they think of nothing but an escape from present anguish; and they seize upon any suggestion afforded by the conduct of others. Hence a run of suicides when a new or fantastic method is exhibited. The particular propensity is met for the occasion by some mechanical device: such as raising the balustrades of London bridges at one time, and covering over the gallery of the Monument at another. In their grosser forms of egotism, these imitative suicides are remediable by ridicule, neglect, or the punishment of such offenders as are rescued from death. During the reign of Louis Philippe there was a suicidal epidemic in France, which would have been simply ridiculous but for the perdition of many young people who might have lived to be

wiser. A pair of impatient lovers, who could not wait to be happy, shot or drowned themselves (I forget which), tied together with pink ribbons. As soon as the story had gone the round of the papers, another pair of lovers shot themselves with pistols, which were tied together with blue ribbons; and then others poisoned themselves, united by red ribbons; and others precipitated themselves from a balcony, bound together by some other coloured ribbons. By this time, something must be done. The thing done was to suppress all public notice of such suicides for a time; and they soon ceased. In 1841 there was a rage for jumping into the Thames from the bridges. When there was a case almost every night, the survivors of the experiment, and those caught in the attempt, were sentenced by the magistrates to short terms of imprisonment. As soon as it was found that the real disgrace of conviction for an offence was sure to be incurred in case of failure, the number of suicides immediately sank to the average.

As to the permanent causes of that average amount,—they are the influences (whatever they may be) which excite the destructive propensities. A maniac tears his clothes to pieces, if he can do nothing else; a man at large knocks down his neighbour, murders his wife, or cuts his own throat, according to the degree of excitement, or kind of passion that he is under. The same propensity, disciplined by good training, superior powers, and habitual self-control, enables a higher order of man to preserve his health of mind, and occupy that particular faculty in conflict with his difficulties. He conquers fortune, instead of taking up the razor against himself or somebody else. It is a very large and arduous remedy to obtain: but the true preventive of suicide would be a full and equable development of the human faculties, by which imagination would modify the present by the future; ameliorating sensations by ideas, and rendering despair impossible; and by which also all distracting selfishness would be precluded, like any other monomania. In speaking of such an equable development, I of course include such exercise and regulation of the physical faculties as is indispensable to the health of the system. As a warrant for this view, I may cite one more general fact, indicated by the official returns;—that, so far from the spread of education (random and partial as that education is) occasioning an increase of suicide, the amount diminishes (other things being equal) according to the superior quality of education, and increases among the uneducated classes, in proportion to their ignorance. In fact, the passions and propensities of the rudest people are the strongest.

Do we want something more within compass, more immediately practical than the grand method of preserving the balance of the faculties, and the health of the mind? Well, then, there are some very plain practical truths which we might attend to much better than we do.

I say no more about the artificial insanity which comes of excess in drink and other vicious indulgences. Nobody needs convincing of the mischief of intemperance, or the horrors of delirium tremens; and it is enough to fix attention

upon the connexion of this artificial insanity and suicide. If we turn to what is commonly considered natural insanity,—the insanity to which coroners' juries attribute nearly every suicide that occurs,—we shall find that some powerful preventive duties lie directly in our way.

It is an old complaint on the part of physicians, and of sensible people outside the medical profession, that families and friends, and sufferers themselves, conceal the symptoms of maladies of the brain till they can be concealed no longer. The further practice of making a secret of the existence or condition of an insane relative is mischievous in the same direction, by keeping up the notion that there is some sort of disgrace or insurmountable horror in insanity. The notion is a relic of ignorance and superstition, as we see by the fact that nobody is ashamed of having been delirious in a fever. In that case, the simple physical origin of the brain disorder is completely established; and the delirium is regarded, when it is over, like the other symptoms of the fever. In the case of the insane there is still some lingering of the ancient notion of possession by demons; or of the malady being a signal case of branding by the wrath of Heaven. No men or women would now admit that any such conception influences their minds; but yet they might find it a difficult matter to explain clearly why they feel disposed to conceal the fact of the insanity of any relative. It is not my business here to go into any inquiry of that kind. My present point is, that a vast amount of curable brain-disease becomes incurable, and that a large proportion of suicides is occasioned by this practice of concealment of early symptoms. A man who would complain to wife or brother, and to his physician, of disorder in any other organ of his frame, will not speak about his brain. He would be explicit about disordered functions and local pains, and treacherous weakness of limb or sense, but he is gloomily silent about an impaired memory, irritable moods, depressed spirits, haunting fancies, and the long train of forerunners of unconcealable brain-disease. He goes on as long as he can, and tells only when he feels he is not to be trusted with razors, or the laudanum bottle. Then his family conceal it, trying insufficient remedies, and letting him go about till he assaults some eminent personage, or kills a child, or hangs himself. Such patients often, if not usually, pass through a stage (well known to convalescents from a "nervous fever," as it is called), when the suffering from a sensation of tension in the head is such that the impulse to "let it out" is almost,—sometimes quite,—uncontrollable. The patient may be as fond of life as anybody; he may have every reason, this illness apart, for valuing and enjoying life; his reason and conscience may be quite clear as to the duty and privilege of brave living and unselfish dying; and yet he snatches at the first knife within his reach, to relieve the intolerable sensation in his head. Hence the suicides, not only of convalescents from severe illness, but of many sufferers from incipient, or still manageable brain-disease.

Here, then, we see that a rational, honest, cheerful attention to the health of the head,—just

as if it were the chest or the abdomen,—is one preventive of suicide. There is more behind, however. We must go still one step further back. The duty will not be fulfilled till the prevention of insanity itself is taken in hand.

To a great extent it may be said that the same improvement in education and morals which would preclude much suicide, would preclude a far larger amount of insanity. This is true; and it narrows the ground of special consideration. If we all lived so as to enjoy the best health, and if we were all good and reasonable, very few people would kill themselves, and insanity would be very rare. Taking that much for granted, there are special considerations belonging to the case.

Insanity, and particular forms of insanity, are hereditary. The practice of suicide goes down through successive generations, as we all know familiarly by the evidence given at coroners' inquests. Out of this fact arises a clear and stringent duty in the matter of forming a marriage connection. But there is one point especially on which the evidence is so plain, and the consequences of transgression are so fearful to the parties concerned, and so injurious to society, that nothing but ignorance can excuse the commonness of the offence. The intermarriage of blood-relations will hereafter be regarded as a barbaric crime, like some of the gross practices which we read of in ancient and in foreign countries far behind us in civilisation. We recoil from Spanish and Portuguese marriages between uncles and nieces; but we see marriages of cousins take place before our eyes, with no more effectual condemnation than a shake of the head, and a prophecy of future mischief. And this goes on while marriage with a deceased wife's sister—an union which no natural law forbids, and some strong ones prescribe—is resisted by ecclesiastical opposition which makes no difficulty about the marriage of cousins.

One single testimony of fact will here be worth more than anything else that can be set down. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts desired, a few years since, to ascertain the number of idiots in the State, with a view to arrangements for their welfare, as well as to establish the statistics of the case. The legislature sent out a Commission of Inquiry; and the Report of that Commission (written by the Dr. Howe so well known as the educator of Laura Bridgman, and as the Principal of the great Blind School at Boston, U.S.) lies before me. One passage (page 90) gives "the statistics of the seventeen families, the heads of which, being blood-relatives, intermarried," which he had occasion to inquire about in the discharge of his commission. Ninety-five children were the issue of these seventeen marriages. Of the ninety-five children, one was a dwarf, one was deaf, twelve others were scrofulous and puny, and forty-four were idiots. *Forty-four were idiots!* Nature speaks plainly enough here; and no considerations of sentiment, custom, or prejudice should drown her voice.

We found asylums for idiots: we reform our lunatic asylums: we reason with our hypocondriacs, and soothe our sufferers under morbid

melancholy, and try to divert and occupy the monomaniac. This is all very well: but it would be better to have no idiots and lunatics, and to know the practice of suicide only by tradition. We may aim at this from this day forward; and

if we do not aim at it, socially and individually, it will concern us very closely to consider what share we have in the thirteen hundred yearly deaths in England to which we give the name of self-murder.
HARRIET MARTINEAU.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

'Tis the dead of the night, and the city
Lies silent and dark as the tomb;
While the murmuring waters of Seine
Rush on thro' the mist and the gloom.

All is still, not a sound to be heard,
Not a light over head or below;
The town seems deserted by all
Save the sentries who pace to and fro.

Save that of their long measured tread
No sound do the echoes repeat,
And they grasp their sword-hilts and converse
In the midst of the desolate street.

"Good even, my comrade! Hast heard
The glorious news that is come?
Of the feast that our king hath prepared,
Of the dance to the beat of the drum



"To which we are soon to lead forth
The Calvinist daughters of France?
They will not refuse us;" he laughed,
As he eyed the sharp point of his lance.

"Sleep, husbands! sleep on while ye may,
Secure by the side of your wives;
Such a waking ere long you will see
As but once in a lifetime arrives.

"O mothers of heretic babes!
Go fold them once more in your arms;
And, lovers, caress while ye may
The beauties that yield you their charms.

"For e'en now," as he spoke, a wild sound
Smote dread on the ear of the night,
'Twas so like the last trumpet of doom,
That the sepulchres gaped with affright,

And the souls of the damned found their way
For a season to earth, and became
The leaders of sport for the night,
And cheer'd on the hounds to the game.

The call of Religion is heard,
And the soldiers of Jesus arise,
And rush to the slaughter with hate
In their hearts, and with lust in their eyes.

Who babbles of mercy? Behold,
This night 'tis forbidden to spare;
For the hour is come, long appointed,
The sword of Jehovah is bare.

The angels shall weep as they see
How our Catholic chivalry greet
The women that kneel in their anguish,
And helpless for mercy entreat.

And the scent of the blood and the burning
Like incense sha'l climb to the stars
That ride in the vault of the heaven,
Remote from this earth and its wars.

For to-night is the Lord's, and his vengeance
Shall redden the waters of Seine;
Let the reapers go forth to the harvest,
And gather this Huguenot grain. H. E. E. M.

CHIPS'S GHOST STORY.



We were running so far south that the sailors said in jest that the skipper intended to circumnavigate the Pole. A snow-drift three feet deep often lay upon the lee side of the quarter-deck; big icicles bristled, bayonet-like, beneath the gallows and even ruffed the galley; hot water had to be poured upon the blocks before the iron rod-like ropes and fast-jammed sheeves would move. Far into the morning a dull dusk continued; the day was but a twilight; the stars came out at three. An ice-watch had been set, for a huge berg, more than a mile long and some seven or eight hundred feet high, had passed us at noon in very disagreeable propinquity. The sight of that dismal Delos sullenly surging on the leaden waves—lit by a few shivering sunbeams from a patch of cold yellow in the leaden sky—had cast a chill upon our *spirits*, too. It wasn't pleasant to remember, as the brief day waned, that we might be running right on to a similar monster slowly coming up to meet us. No songs were sung that night at the little club, which a few of us had got up in the second mate's cabin. He lay smoking within his bunk, determined to be warm as long as he could, and dreading the approach of eight bells, when he would have to take the deck. We, the passengers whom he admitted to his sanctum for the sake of the entertainment, vocal and conversational, we gave him, were by no means paying our rent for the apartment, but sat on box and bench, puffing our

pipes and sipping our grog in the most solemn of silences.

"Why, I verily believe you're funky!" presently cried out the mirth-loving little officer. "If you can't sing us a song, you might spin us a yarn."

But even our anecdotal powers were frozen, and we should have spent a very Quaker-like evening, had not our host thrust aside his red curtain, and given three hearty knocks on the bulkhead which separated his "house" from that in which the carpenter and sail-maker were lodged.

"What's wanted?" was the responsive query.

"You, Chips!" the reply.

Presently the cabin-door opened; and, preceded by a blast that pierced like a plump of Cossack lances, Chips thrust his blue-brown face and snow-powdered whiskers—frosted before by age—into our little company. It was as much as he could do to shut the door again, for the wind pushed solidly against it, like a beam. At last, however, it was secured, and the carpenter, having been provided with a seat on a water-cask, and a glass of rum from a carboy of that beverage, which served as our common decanter, was told why he had been sent for.

"These gentlemen are all in the down-to-night," said the mate, "so I want you to spin us one of your yarns to enliven us a bit."

Chips's notion of cheerful narrative must have

been singular, for—after sundry modest requests to be excused on the score that “the gen'l'm'n wouldn't care nowt for his old tales”—the following was the one he favoured us with. I will not bother the compositors and reader by attempting to preserve the old fellow's peculiar phraseology, but will give the story as I heard it as nearly as I can, without sacrificing orthography, or making any great breaches in Priscian's head, or a fool of myself by a landsman's misuse of the nautical lingo.

“In the year 'twenty-six,” said Chips, “just when I was out of my time, I took it into my head to go whaling, not as carpenter, but before the mast. I shipped on board the old —, one of Gale's of Deptford. We took in some Shetlanders at Lerwick, as whalers mostly do, as hardy chaps as any afloat; but one of them died before we'd left Ronas Head a month. He was a strange, silent fellow, that was always looking over his shoulder in the fore-castle at night, as if he expected to see something. We chaffed him about it at first, but he wasn't a safe man to plague. His mates told us all kinds of queer yarns about him; that he'd been away from the Islands for ever so long, and that nobody knew where he'd been to. All that he'd say was that he'd been in the 'Spanish service,' and some made out that that meant a slaver, some a pirate, some one thing, some another; but none of them any good. The Shetlanders don't mind smuggling, but they are quite a pious people in the main, and they didn't relish the way in which this man cursed and swore, and was for ever sneering at the kirk. He struck a minister one day when he'd got the horrors, and the parson had gone to look after him; saying, 'that he didn't want any spies about his bed.' His eyes were staring at the wall on one side of him, as if some one was standing there. They said that he had got the horrors; but, as I've told you, he had always that frightened look in the dark, even when he was quite sober. Something bad was on his mind, that's very certain.

“The day he died he was queerer than ever, keeping out of the way of everybody as much as he could, rolling his eyes about like a madman, talking to himself, and as pale as a sheet. 'You'd better turn in, Galt,' the doctor said to him; and down he went without a word, and presently the doctor sent him some stuff, thinking he was in a fever. My bunk was next to his, and when I turned in at eight bells I could hear him hissing through his clenched teeth, just as if he was trying to keep in a shriek. It was much such a night as this, only there was a deal more ice ranging about than what we've seen. I soon fell asleep, for we had been making-off blubber all day, and I had got quite tired over the casks. I might have been asleep about a couple of hours, when I was woken by a horrid scream—as if a soul was just dropping into the lower regions. I tumbled out in next to no time, and so did the other chaps, and we all came crowding round Galt's berth. He was squeezed up against the side (we could see, when we lifted up the lantern) as if he wanted to drive his back into the wood, and was striking out with his right hand clutched as if he'd got a knife in it, and his left with all the fingers spread out. His face was

a horrid sight. It was as white and as wet as the side of a chalk-pit, and his eyes were regularly a-light with rage and fear. I don't know which there was most of in them.

“‘Take her off! take her off!’ he yelled, when he saw us. ‘You won't! won't you, you villains! Then, confound you! go to blazes with me! I'll haunt you, and sink the ship!’

“And then his face gave a twitch like a devil trying to laugh, and he fell over on it dead, with his arms still stiff. We could hardly get them down by his sides without breaking them. The next day but one we buried him, and—you may believe me or not, as you like—but I can tell you that his body didn't *drop* into the sea, but was *dragged* down the moment he touched the water.

“The first slack day afterwards the skipper had his chest brought up, and tried to sell his things; but none of us would bid; so the skipper and the doctor, like good fellows, bid against each other, to get a good round sum for his old mother, whom he'd never cared about, his mates told us. We didn't bid, because we didn't think it would be lucky to put on anything that such a man as he had worn; but we made out a list of what each of us would give to the old girl, and gave it to the skipper to be stopped out of our pay.

“Nevertheless, after that, we had nothing but misfortunes. Next to no fish came in sight. Scarce one of those that did come, could we get near; and when we happened to strike one, the line was sure to break. One of the boats, too, went down all of a sudden, just as if it had been swallowed. Galt was haunting us sure enough. We didn't see anything of him, however, until the sun set for good. We were lying then, frozen up, in a great floe, some sixty miles N.W. of the Devil's Thumb. We could just make it out when the sun dipped—not to come up again for weeks to come. There we were, fairly shut in for the whole winter. Well, we were sawing out a dock for the ship by moonlight, when suddenly—the bears had done growling, and the wolves howling, for a bit, and everything except the grating saws was still as death, for there wasn't a breath of wind blowing—all of a sudden, I say, we heard shrieks and laughing. We knocked off work, and ran aboard in a minute—we were so scared; and when we ventured to look over the bulwarks, there, about two miles off, we could see the boat's crew we had lost rushing through the mist, as big as giants, and Galt after them, even bigger, striking out just as he did when he died.

“Another time, we made out some water a mile off, with a whale floundering about in it, as if she was puzzled how to get out. We launched the boats over the ice, gave chase, and killed her, and towed her alongside the floe to flinch. We were glad enough of the crang ourselves, for we had been on short allowance for a long time. The bears and the wolves and the blue foxes scented it, and came down for their share. We drew off a bit to let them come near, and then let fly and killed a lot of them, too, for food. We had made quite a jolly pile of provisions, and were just about to spear an old shark—fried shark doesn't taste unlike fried sole, when you're hungry—that was bumping the whale with its ugly snout, to

find a tid-bit, when crack went the ice, like a monstrous big pane of glass, with a running rumble like the roar of a thousand cannon let off one after another. We could hear it growling away for miles into the darkness. The moon was just going down. The shark soon left the whale, for the bit of ice on which our prog was tilted over like a dust-cart, and shot its load into the sea. We were too busy looking after our lives to have any time to look after that. Two of our four boats were cracked like walnut-shells by the big lumps of ice that were jolting about everywhere. It was as much as ever we could do to get off our lump safely—the four crews into two boats; it danced up and down, this side and that, like a cork upon the swell. And then we had only starlight to guide us as we pulled back to the ship, with broken ice on every side threatening each moment to stave us in. I didn't see *him* that night, but three of our fellows did. They say he chased us back, jumping from block to block as if they were only stepping-stones across a brook.

"He was seen once more big like that. The ship was frozen in hard and fast again. You could see nothing but a hummocky plain of ice, with here and there a berg sticking up like a sharp horn, for miles all round—except in one place astern, where there was a little waterhole that glimmered in the moonlight like a great watching eye. We had covered in the quarter-deck with a sloping canvas roof, but a hole was left just above the taffrail to look out from. Well, one night when the Northern Lights were flashing about the sky like huge flapping flags of red, and yellow, and green, one of the boys was looking out through this opening, and by the waterhole he saw Galt standing, as tall as a fir-tree. He had the fingers and the thumb of his left hand spread out as he had when he died, and with his right forefinger he counted them off one by one. Then down he went into the waterhole as the play-actors drop through the stage, and the next morning it was frozen up.

"On the night of the fourth day after he had been thus seen, he was seen again, the same size as he was when alive, walking round and round the ship, laughing and pointing. One, two, three, four he counted on his left hand, then shut it all up except the little finger, and kept lunging through the gloom with that. We knew what he meant next day.

"A berg twice as high as the one we saw at noon came with a jar against the floe, and shivered it for miles. The ice about the ship of course broke up and began a devil's dance, but as the bits weren't very big, and she was regularly cased with rope-fenders, she might have got over that if the berg hadn't borne down upon her as straight as if it had been steered. On it came, never once falling off a point. You may fancy what a funk we were in! We bundled clothes and blankets, pork and biscuit into the boats, and were over the side in a twinkling, pulling for dear life, and fending off the little lumps that came wallowing up against us as well as we could with the boat-hooks. Two poor frost-bitten fellows couldn't leave their berths, and the skipper swore, come what might,

he'd stick by the ship. We saw him run forward and hoist the jib all by himself, to get some way on her, and then the berg came between, and we never saw any more of him or the poor old —. And may I never taste grog again if I didn't see on the berg, alongside of Galt and a foreign-looking woman, the—"

Whom he saw, and how Chips and his comrades got home, we did not hear; for just then a shrill voice from the fore-castle—echoed shrilly along the deck—sang out in tremulous haste, "Ice on the weather-bow!" and the chief officer, in his rushing route forwards, put in his snow-roofed visage at the cabin-door, and bellowed to his colleague, "Jackson, turn out!" The cabin was soon cleared, and seeing, as we did, this second monster solemnly glide past us, so near that we could plainly make out the foam of the black billows breaking on its dully glimmering sides, we may, perhaps, be excused if we gave more credence than we should have afforded in less excited moments to CHIPS'S GHOST STORY. RICHARD ROWE.

WOMEN'S WORK.

THE question of how to find a greater amount of remunerative work for educated women is one which involves many difficulties; but it is at the same time becoming so necessary, and is now so nobly advocated, that apology can scarcely be needed for any attempt to throw light upon this complicated subject.

In the first place, it may be asked, what would the country gain by introducing women into any of those departments already filled—and more than filled—by men? Well might the accountant and the clerk complain, should women attempt to "push them from their stools." Where, then, is this remunerative occupation to be found, for the want of which so many educated women are now compelled, without inclination and without qualifications for teaching, to offer themselves as candidates for an employment which, above all others, requires the entire devotion of the heart, as well as the head.

Anxious, as all who are interested in this question must be, to engage the attention of enlightened women on behalf especially of those of their own class who from stress of circumstances may be looking for remunerative employment, we would venture to inquire whether some plan could not be devised by which women of the privileged classes might assist in promoting the good of this portion of the community without any loss or trouble to themselves. We allude to women's work, or perhaps it would be speaking more to the point to say *ladies'* work. That ladies do work, and that most industriously and patiently, how many an elaborate and beautiful piece of embroidery bears evidence; to say nothing of work in coloured wool, not always, perhaps, quite so beautiful. It seems almost a necessity of woman's nature that she should work; and in all ages of the world, at least down to the present times, some of the most elaborate and exquisite kinds of work have been executed by women of the higher ranks. The beautiful and accomplished Marguerite d' Angoulême, sister of Francis I., was

often surrounded by a circle of ladies of honour, whose occupation was alternate reading, and working in ornamental embroidery; and in later years, when death had robbed her of those for whom alone life had been valued, her favourite resource was the working of tapestry, of which she completed an almost incredible amount. Women are all the more in need of some resource of this kind, because of the fertility of their own fancies, and sometimes of the many feelings which they have to beguile or keep down from bursting into expression. It is no stretch of imagination to say that gushing tears have often been checked by the assortment of colours necessary for the weaving of a group of flowers, or that the tinting of a rosebud has sometimes soothed the beating of a troubled heart. The old Spanish ballad of "The Bridal of Andalla" is at once true to nature, and illustrative of this phase of woman's life:

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down.

Whence comes it, then—for this brings us to the gist of the question—that, with all this work, and all this tendency to work, the productions of the fair fingers of the present day illustrate so little that is new,—so little that is beautiful of their own inventing? No doubt the patterns from which ladies work are in fault wherever there is an absence of truth, or harmony, or grace in their productions. But, then, who makes the patterns? Who makes the patterns, not only of ladies' work, but of all the beautiful things by which we are surrounded? Who makes the patterns of the papering of our walls, of our silks, our muslins, our drapery, our ornaments in general? Does the artisan, the tradesman, the mere mechanic, make these patterns? Does the handicraftsman weave together, first in idea, those wreaths of luxuriant fruits and flowers which hang around our rooms? Does it devolve upon him to unfold the classic scroll, to trace the light arabesque, or to blend those exquisite harmonics of tone and colour which charm the eye by a visible concord of sweet influences? We should have thought the fairest fingers, and the most cultivated taste, would have been the originating source of these inventions.

To whom, in fact, should we look for inventions in this department but to ladies themselves? Who would be so likely to originate fresh combinations of form and colour, arranged according to the highest order of conception and taste? Ladies now travel to every part of the habitable globe, and thus have opportunities of observing at their leisure the artistic embellishments of all countries. The curious mosaic, than which nothing can be more appropriate for the square stitches of their worsted-work; the delicate tracery of the Moorish arch, now brought near us in the Crystal Palace; every line of beauty, every harmony of colour, every trick of art, from ancient to modern times, all the different adaptations both of nature and art, to atmospheric, to geographical, and to other influences,—all these, in their endless variety, come under the observation of our travelled ladies; and out of these, it would naturally be supposed that fresh combinations and improved effects would be continually suggesting themselves to

minds whose appropriate study is the beautiful under every variety of aspect, whether presented by art or nature.

If half, or one-hundredth portion of the time bestowed by ladies upon following, with monotonous labour, those lines and figures which may now be bought in any country shop, were given to invention, instead of servile imitation, what a new and glorious era would dawn upon our manufacturing world! So soon as figures of beauty become so common as to be exhibited in the windows of every shop, they ought surely to be left to mere mechanism to multiply and carry out. The higher orders of taste and fancy should then invent others, fresh from those cultivated and expanded minds which have enjoyed the advantage of observing what art has accomplished at different times, and in different regions of the globe, as well as of what nature exhibits under her most favourable aspects. So soon as machinery is able to take up any kind of work, or even so soon as the poor are able to make a trade of it, the hand that is not obliged to labour should lay it down, and take up something new and better. So soon, also, as science has invented fresh dyes, or new materials, the same fair hands should assume the office of assortment into fresh patterns, and new combinations of such colours and materials, keeping always the highest agency employed upon the noblest work, and thus maintaining, by a just balance, the true economy of labour.

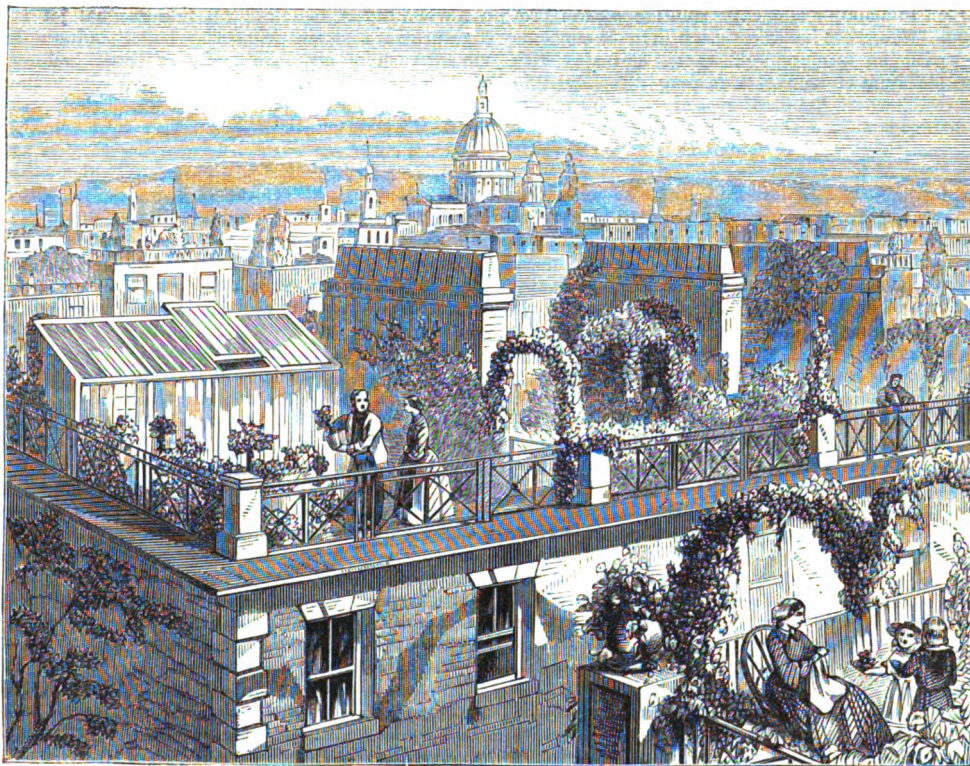
Ladies often want amusement; here is a wide field open to them—a field of intellectual amusement, too; for, while the fancy is busily engaged with the creative process, all the higher principles of art must be called in to aid in the construction of something which shall afford lasting pleasure and improvement to the beholder. And when we think of all the delightful associations, the pleasant memories, the indelible impressions, and the images of beauty which might be enlisted in the service of this pursuit; as well as the quickening of the eye to present things, and the perpetual amusement of laying up stores of beauty and of grace for future work, the wonder is that all minds delicately constituted, and keenly alive to impressions of beauty, should not from choice embrace such occupations as amongst the greatest enjoyments of a privileged and happy life. The wonder is, perhaps, still greater, that any minds so constituted should remain satisfied with work which consists of mere imitation of things never in themselves worthy of being repeated.

In suggesting any improvement in taste or habit, the next important thing is to propose some plan likely to accelerate this change. Might not the Crystal Palace aid us in this respect? Exhibitions of various kinds are successfully conducted there. Prizes are offered for excellence in various departments, from poetry and art, to floral and animal life. Why not prizes for the work of educated women? Why not have a day, or two days, appropriated to such an exhibition, only allowing ample time for preparation? Tickets of merit might then be awarded according to the higher and lower ranges both of design and execution, the whole to be divided into two classes, original and copied; the highest award being

appropriated to the largest amount of valuable specimens of original work exhibited by any single contributor; and the same gradation of merit, only in a lower degree, attaching to the class of work not original. Towards such an exhibition ladies from all parts of the kingdom might be invited to contribute; and it is surely not too much to anticipate, that such a project would be

the means of bringing together a larger number of visitors than are often seen within the walls of the Crystal Palace. Amongst such a selection of work, too, surely some channels of a remunerative nature would be opened, so as to afford lasting occupation to those who desire to employ their time, not only profitably, but agreeably to themselves. E.

HOW TO CONVERT LONDON INTO A GARDEN.



If the exhalations of animals be the food of plants, and *vice versa*, it is quite clear that plants should be well off in cities could we only get rid of unfavourable circumstances. And, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances, many trees and plants do get acclimated in London. And exquisite is the sensation when, from the hot glare in summer time we unexpectedly fall in with a green tree which shades us from the sun's rays by its half transparent green curtain. On the north side of St. Paul's there are a few trees, one of which stretches out almost lovingly a long and slender branch, gracefully waving up and down over the footpath, and fascinating the eye more than all the architecture, the forms of which it enhances by contrast. It is said that scarcely a quarter of a mile of distance exists without a tree in any part of London; though for the most part they are shut in back-yards. But Lincoln's Inn,

the Drapers' Gardens, the Temple, and, above all, the small Temple Garden, indicate to us what London might be, and with great advantage to health.

Visible coal smoke, and coal gases not so visible, are the chief impediments to plant growth; and in spite of this, certain trees do grow tolerably healthy. The coal nuisance in the atmosphere prevents the other nuisance from neutralising the growth of our plants. Time was when we resigned ourselves to a smoky atmosphere as a necessary evil; but one day a Parliamentary order, or Order in Council, was issued, that steam-boats and steam-factories—all but the Lambeth potteries—must perforce swallow and consume their own smoke, the fact being not then very clearly understood that a mode of perfect combustion to prevent the generation of smoke was the one thing needful. So boats and factories had to submit and grope in the dark, as they best might, after a solution of the

problem under the coercion of the policeman's persecutions. They were open to observation from the bridges and the river shores, and so most of them took to using smokeless but not therefore gasless coal, and this made some difference in the more prominent parts of London; but the great mass of kitchen chimneys—the grand producers of smoke—remained and remain as before, and probably, with no other motive but coercion to restrain them, would have remained smoke-makers to the end of time, for no Government officials would have compelled them to do that in which they were not competent to instruct them.

Fortunately, self-interest in another direction has led to a simple and easy solution of the problem. The great boiler question, how to consume fuel with the minimum of waste, and also with the minimum of smoke, was long ago solved in Cornwall, where the great cost of coal, by reason of distant transit, forbade a profitable use of it—unless without waste. This was done for upwards of a score of years, and was talked of as a sort of wonder, and not believed in by those who used coal at the pit's mouth, nor by Londoners to whom the cost was far less than in Cornwall. But one Mr. Wicksted, far and wide known as an engineer, having taken in charge the East London Water Works, where the chief business was to pump water to a great height, determined to do it at as little cost as possible for the benefit of his employers. So he visited Cornwall, satisfied himself of the facts, and erected a powerful steam engine at Old Ford, in the locality where once King Alfred changed the course of the Lea river, and set the Danish ships a-dry leaving them in terrorem like other Black Ravens.

The question of preventing smoke is simply that of mixing a sufficient (and not more than sufficient) quantity of atmospheric air with the gases which are distilled in the process of burning. If too much air be supplied, the heat will be carried off in waste, and possibly without generating smoke, just as a very small fire may be blown out and extinguished by too large a bellows. If smoke-producing coal be broken into fine dust, and gradually and thinly scattered on a hot coke fire, the gases will be rapidly distilled, and if mixed with atmospheric air in the right quantity, all the gases will be burnt, producing a bright flame, and the residue will be coke or carbon, which burns without smoke. This is merely the process adopted in Cornish boilers, mechanism being used to sift the coal-dust or small coal on to the fire.

Analyses of cost in processes of manufacture are common. Analyses of cost in the chemistry of kitchen fires is at best a rare process amongst those interested. Fortunately, a very large and influential body have become interested in smoke prevention. The legislature has forbidden the burning of coal in locomotive engines, and specified that only smokeless fuel shall be consumed. The smokeless fuels are anthracite or Welsh coal, and coke. Anthracite disintegrates and falls through the grate bars, and will not answer when violently shaken along a railroad. Coke in many cases costs double the price of coal, and as a ton of coke will not give out so much heat as a ton of bituminous coal, it becomes a very important matter

to be enabled to burn coal without smoke, and, consequently, without waste. Many years back this was accomplished by Mr. Dewrance on the Grand Junction Railway; but as the Grand Junction in those days paid eleven per cent., little regard was paid to savings which perhaps involved trouble and opposition. Lower dividends have now made every source of saving desirable, and scores of people have been at work to construct coal-burning locomotives, Mr. Beattie of the South-Western being the earliest in the field. Of course, if the process be complete, that which is simplest and cheapest is preferable. One by Mr. D. K. Clark fulfils these conditions. He makes, at little cost, a novel kind of bellows; an infinitesimal jet of high-pressure steam from the boiler induces a violent rush of air. As many of these bellows or openings are connected or applied above the surface of the black coal through which the gases are distilling, the jet of steam, and consequently of air, is contrived to pitch in any direction so as to mix thoroughly with the gases, in which case combustion ensues. If the mixture be not produced, the cold air may then pass through these tubes without consuming the gases, and with a diminution of steam production. But so perfect is Mr. Clark's arrangement, that by turning off or on the steam jets, smoke may be produced or prevented at pleasure.

What is done in locomotives may be done in house chimneys, by powerful air draughts induced by the chimney. It is no doubt possible to prevent the generation of smoke, if not in open fires, in fires partially closed in a peculiar manner. Fires are required in dwellings to be used in two ways: to produce warmed air, and to produce radiant heat. Both are required in kitchens for boiling water, heating food, baking, and roasting. The latter process cannot well be achieved without radiant heat. Again, in cold weather the general atmosphere of a house requires warming to that extent which is wholesome for breathing; but a greater amount of radiant heat is required for the feet of persons of sedentary habits, or whose circulation is slow. The heat which is pleasant to the feet, would be destructive to the lungs; and the heat which can be borne by the lungs would be almost useless to the feet.

One simple method of preventing smoke, is to feed the fuel from below, in which case the distillation carries the gases through the hot fuel; and there is no reason why this principle should not be applied to kitchen as well as to other fires. But, however, it is sufficient for our present purpose that smoke from bituminous fuel can be prevented; the details are not necessary in this present paper.

We suppose, then, a bright atmosphere—bright as that of any city where wood fuel is used, nay, brighter, for wood also produces smoke very unpleasant in a peculiar state of the atmosphere, as when a log of green elm hisses and sputters at you in Paris in winter time. And now for my gardens. But where is the space? may be asked. So may be asked, where is the space for a garden in an uncleared forest? The space for gardens in a city is equal to that of the whole of the city, less the streets and passages; in short, it is the

whole space occupied by the buildings. So then the buildings are to be cleared away to convert the whole city into a garden? Not so, only the roofs of the buildings.

In southern climates buildings are constructed with flat roofs, as there is no snow, and comparatively little rain. In some cases the roof consists of a floor of canes or sticks, covered with mud mixed with chopped straw. In South America, La Plata, where mist and heavy rain fall at times, flat roofs are constructed by laying first parallel stems of palm-trees from wall to wall, filling the crevices with sticks and mud, laying thereon flat tiles cemented with a mixture of lime, burnt brick dust, and blood; covering the joints with a second layer of tiles, and then again with a third layer. This is impervious to water; and as there are no heavy carts or waggons to induce vibration, this kind of roof does not crack. Roofs depart further from the horizontal and grow more vertical as we go north; and in Canada they get to a steeple form, like that of Westminster Abbey's mountain ridge. Almost too steep for tiling, they use small oblong boards, called shingles, nailed on to them, or they are covered with tin plates, which glisten like eastern minarets in the sunshine. On such roofs snow cannot lie; three inches thickness of snow slides off in a kind of small avalanche, to the annoyance of the passers by.

Steep roofs are necessarily lofty, and are much exposed to damage by wind; and what are called Italian roofs, of much less fall, are therefore largely used; but the steep roofs are truncated in various ways—the apex is sometimes cut off flat, or the height is lessened by making the roof in a series of ridges of the same pitch, with valleys between them and around them, involving risk of the very snow they are pitched to avoid, by the overflowing of the gutters, which are a receptacle of the ashes that pass up the chimneys. Smoke nuisance thus helps to increase rain nuisance. Italian roofs, with external gutters, are not exposed to this; but they involve the difficulty, that if a slate gets loose, the trampling of those who have to repair it breaks many other slates, and at a risk of the repairer falling off the house.

To get access to ordinary roofs for the purpose of repairs, there is usually a trap-door in the attic ceiling, where a ladder is placed on occasion. In the roof itself is another trap-door or a dormer, leading out into a gutter so narrow that one cannot walk along it without disturbing the tiles or slates. Apart from the dirt and overflowing of the gutters, these roofs are rarely in order; and the space below the tiles, called the "cockloft"—probably from having been a roosting place for the fowls in the buildings forming the type of the present structures—is a receptacle for soot, dust, filth, and all the bad air in the house ascending from below: add to this, it is usually all in darkness. Few persons know what this really is, till in case of fire, when they know not how to escape, and risk their lives in slipping from steep gutters on their way to a neighbouring house. Those who have ascended the dark wooden gallery in passing through the dome of St. Paul's, may have an idea of it, save that they ascend staircases

instead of ladders. Thus a space equal to nearly the whole basement area of all the buildings in London is devoted to filth and risk of life, and an incalculable amount of waste in repairs.

This great nuisance has not passed by unnoticed. The space alone—equal to another floor in a house—is wasted, and this space—supposing the air to be free from smoke—is the purest in the whole house, being farthest removed from the surface of the earth. Attempts have been made to construct flat roofs, but rarely successfully. An architect once showed me his own dwelling, over a part of which he had a flat roof, which he boasted was successful. But in every corner there was a stain, and at last he was obliged to own that the cement would crack from time to time, and required constant attention.

The reason is plain. All flat roofs hitherto constructed have been of brittle material, and brittle material—such as water-cement—cracks from subsidence of the ground; from unequal settlement, from expansion and contraction by heat and cold, and from many other causes.

To guard against this, flat roofs are commonly covered with sheet-lead. But this again is a nuisance. To prevent the lead from cracking by the heat and cold, it is laid in broad stripes, the edges being turned over projecting rolls of timber, sufficiently elevated to prevent rain-water from overflowing. We find every alternate ridge is a table-elevation, or a valley, then a succession of valleys. Such a roof is a nuisance to walk on, independently of the temptation to thieves to steal the lead.

Is it then impossible to make flat and permanent roofs—roofs permanent as a foot-pavement? I think—nay, I'm sure, it is not a difficult operation if set about with common sense. We have for ages made flat roofs to ships at sea—I mean the decks. Planks nailed down side by side are caulked with tarred or pitched hemp. The planks are wet naturally in some climates and artificially in others, and their constant swelling keeps the joints tight. We put wine and liquors into barrels—the wine swells the staves and the liquor does not run out. We put wine and liquors into stone bottles, and we joint the opening with an elastic cork—the cork swells and the liquor does not run out. The difference between these arrangements and that of the flat roofs that let in water is, that in the one case, the materials are elastic, in the others, brittle.

For many years past a valuable building material has been in use; slate sawn or cut into large tables of any required size, from half an inch to three or four inches in thickness. If we suppose four walls to be built up in a square and overlaid with a solid table of this slate, projecting a foot beyond the walls, and with a descending edge to prevent water running underneath the walls, it is evident that nothing short of a Swiss flood descending the Rhine, and rising upwards, could get access by way of the roof.

But we can't get slates so large! No! But we can get very large slates, and we can put them together so as to be water-tight.

How?

As we joint wine-bottles with corks; cork the

edges of the slates in grooves. They will be very long corks doubtless, but they will be very efficient, and will last a very long time, and can be very easily replaced if needful, without the slightest difficulty of access, and at a very trifling cost.

So now we have got a really flat roof with a slope, say of half an inch to the yard, to lead away the rain-water, and overhanging the wall, with a cornice all round and a parapet some six inches in height, to prevent rain from falling over or into the street. On this parapet is an ornamental railing to prevent accidents. Thus there is a flat pavement on the house-top, as flat as the foot-pavement in the street below.

The slates are laid on rafters of iron or wood—or iron and wood—the edges being kept together by iron dogs. But the slates are only an inch in thickness, and are exposed to heat and cold. Well, the rain and the snow will not affect them, for the cork provides against that. But the room below might be affected. True, so we will ceil that room with lath and plaster, or with a ceiling of thin slabs; and between the two we will provide for a constant current of external air in summer, which will keep the room cool enough, and for fixed warm air in winter, which will warm the room and cause all snow to melt on the roof.

Supposing a range of houses of equal height and the roofs communicating, we should thus obtain an upper street by which the inmates of a burning house might escape, or which they might convert into a garden far more healthy than the enclosures we call squares, or a playground for their children, or in the case of poor people, into a laundry and drying ground. And further, if we bridged over the intervening openings, all London might communicate by a system of aerial streets.

But inasmuch as we are not a gregarious people, and most men like to sit down each under the shade of his own something or other—fig trees not being indigenous—it would be quite practicable to carry up thin slate partitions with doors for emergencies. And thus, upon the roof, greenhouses might be erected if preferred to the open air. And probably we should soon see ivy and creeping plants entwining London chimneys as they do country chimneys, the boxes in which they might be rooted being supplied with water from high-level fountains quite as prettily as the Temple court. The water would be better applied than as at present to other and mischievous uses.

These gardens would be far more healthy than those of the low lying districts round London. We might have a return of the olden time only with the gardens elevated. Instead of saying: "My Lord of Ely when I passed your garden," it would be: "My Lord of Ely, now I mount your garden," and, Hatton Garden would be restored.

And Whetstone Park, that "Punch" mocks at so comically, might fairly look down on Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Think of the wine-parties, supper-parties, and open-air dinners, that might take place with the upper crust of London restored to its proprietors! Compare Pump Court, Temple, with the new gardens of Chepe looking on to St. Paul's, and Bow bells

chiming; meanwhile men's brains crooning with old reliques of the merry doings of the olden time, around the crosses of Paul and Chepe.

But now for the drawbacks of "Sitch a gettin' up-stairs." What then? How many of the poor are there who would gladly mount the Monument, could they only get fresh air or the sight of a garden, and especially a garden of their own—not a window garden, but a garden to walk in. And for those better off there are mechanical appliances enough, when they come to be wise enough to use them, as instance the Coliseum in the Regent's Park. Gardens of this kind would be, as in the East, the resort of the family in fine weather, and in bad weather a warm greenhouse on the roof would be a more pleasant thing than a dark parlour. Scarcely anything could be conceived more beautiful than the enormous expanse of London roofs covered with shrubs and flowers. And it would be a perfectly practicable thing so to construct the greenhouses that they might be open or closed at pleasure. Every housekeeper might possess his own bit of Crystal Palace, his own fountains, and his own flower baskets, watered not by hand, but by art without labour, so that the lady of the house, by a process as easy as ringing a bell, would effect this object.

And now as to cost. This kind of roof, once in demand, would be cheaper than ordinary roofs in first cost, and immeasurably cheaper in maintenance. The roof would be at least as permanent as the walls. The system awaits only the riddance of smoke for open air purposes, but for greenhouse purposes it might be accomplished to-morrow. Every separate house in a row might at once possess what is at present the peculiar luxury of people who happen to possess corner houses. If a London builder about to erect a row of four-roomed cottages, were to adopt such a system, it would be equivalent to adding another story as a garden to each house, with the same outlay, and without increasing ground-rent. If at the same time he could arrange his fires to prevent them engendering smoke, and carry water on to the roof, he would provide for the operation of washing and drying without slops in the house. But we must get the legislature at work to compel smokeless arrangements in dwellings as well as in factories.

Looking back in these pages, they seem so unusual as to read like a romance. Gardens on our housetops! Babylonian luxuries! But I am nothing if not—*practical*. And, for my own part, I shall feel greatly obliged to any critic who will demonstrate to me that any part of this proposition is either not practical, or not practicable; in short, not a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, by which landlords may reap profits and tenants reap a large amount of comfort and health.

With flat roofs water-tight as a cistern, and with water laid on to them, and easy of access, the area of London dwellings would be practically doubled; and I may add that such an arrangement of roof would be better, cheaper, and more permanent for railway-stations, than the coverings of corrugated metal.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

REAL AND SHAM VACCINATION.



REAL vaccination is a rarely failing preventive of small-pox. This is a cardinal truth, of which the public always requires to be reminded; but particularly at present, when the returns of the Registrar-General proclaim that the loathsome and fatal pestilence is rife among us. There is another fact of still greater importance which ought to be impressed upon the public, and acted upon by the adminis-

trators of our sanitary affairs: it is this, that the community is served to a very large extent with a sham, in place of a real, prophylactic.

By the Public Health Act of last session, the strictly medical duties of the Board of Health—insignificant and few in number—were permanently transferred to the Privy Council. Very comprehensive powers were at the same time given to the Privy Council in respect of vaccination, and other matters of sanitary police. It was authorised to issue regulations for securing the due qualification of vaccinators contracted with by guardians, and for enforcing their efficient action. Provision was made in the same statute for punishing those who evaded or neglected the provisions of the compulsory vaccination act. The Privy Council, acting under these large powers, have just issued important and seasonable ordinances. From their publication, if they be vigorously carried out, and duly amended from time to time according to public emergencies and legislative changes, will date a new and a better era in British State Medicine. Henceforth, as we read the rules, vaccination is to be universally enforced—not the sham, but the reality.

Before we recite the substance of the new rules, it may be useful to give, in a few simple sentences, an account of what vaccination is, and of the epithets "real" and "sham" as applied to it. Real vaccination is the communication of small-pox in a modified and harmless form. The morbid poison, by passing through the system of the cow, becomes so changed as to produce an affection

remarkably mitigated in severity, and quite altered in its phenomena. The disease, however, retains the character of generally exhausting in one attack the susceptibility of the constitution to receive it: and therefore the cow-pox, that is to say, the modified small-pox communicated by vaccination, equally preserves, permanently, or for a long period, from a subsequent affection either by cow-pox or small-pox. This is now universally recognised as the true pathological explanation of the protective power of vaccination. The doctrine has been abundantly proved by reliable experiments performed in this and other countries. Four names are pre-eminent in this interesting inquiry; viz., Gassner, Thiele, Ceely, and Badcock.

Although Jenner used the term *variola vaccina*, or "small-pox of the cow," there is no evidence that he comprehended the doctrine in the precise form in which it has been established by the experimenters just named. He had, however, undoubtedly arrived very nearly, if not altogether, at the exact truth; for Baron, his admirable biographer, says of him, that "he always considered small-pox and cow-pox as modifications of the same distemper, believing that in employing vaccine lymph we only make use of means to impregnate the constitution with the disease in its mildest, instead of propagating it in its virulent and contagious form, as is done when small-pox is inoculated." The history of the principal researches by which the identity of small-pox and cow-pox has been placed beyond doubt, is thus succinctly and impartially given by Mr. Simon. He says: "As early as 1801, Dr. Gassner, of Günzburg, after ten unsuccessful trials of small-pox inoculation on cows, had at last succeeded in infecting one; and with matter taken from the resulting vesicles of this animal had inoculated four children; who thereupon had developed in them the ordinary phenomena of vaccination, furnishing vesicles from the lymph of which seventeen other children had been similarly infected. Dr. Gassner's discovery remained for forty years almost entirely unknown or unbelieved; but at length, Dr. Thiele of Kasan repeated the experiment with equal success, and rendered it still more complete, by supplying a necessary test of the nature of the process. He showed, namely, that the lymph engendered in these experiments possessed not only the local infectiousness, but likewise the protective powers of cow-pox; that persons recently inoculated with it might with impunity be let sleep in one bed with small-pox patients, or be inoculated with small-pox virus; that, in short, it was true protective vaccination which they had undergone. The result of these investigations was not published before the beginning of 1839; at which time other experiments of the same kind, independent and equally conclusive, were being conducted in this country by Mr. Ceely, of Aylesbury, of whom I am glad to repeat the praise expressed by a high authority, that he 'has done more to advance the natural history of vaccination than any other individual since the days of

Jenner.' Soon afterwards, and also by independent experiments, Mr. Badcock, a long-established druggist at Brighton, arrived at the same conclusion as to the origin of small-pox: and from 1840 to the present time, he has constantly been applying his knowledge to its important practical purpose, having within this period again and again derived fresh stocks of vaccine lymph from cows artificially infected by him; having vaccinated with such lymph more than 14,000 persons, and having furnished supplies of it to more than 400 medical practitioners." In connection with the above statement, Mr. Simon most correctly remarks: "A host of theoretical objections to vaccination might have been met, or, indeed, anticipated, if it could have been affirmed sixty years ago, as it can be affirmed now—*this new process of preventing small-pox is really only carrying people through small-pox in a modified form. The vaccinated are safe against small-pox, because, in fact, they have had it.*"

Real vaccination, therefore, is carrying one through a harmless modification of small-pox. Lord Lyttelton, when he induced the legislature to pass his compulsory vaccination, neglected to make provision for securing, in respect of those operated on, proof of their actually having passed through the disease. Consequently, since as well as before the passing of that law, multitudes have been nominally vaccinated without having been efficiently influenced. The causes of this are easily found. Public vaccinators have been so miserably paid by their union contracts, that they have in too many instances delegated the duty to untaught or careless apprentices. In many more cases, neither principal nor assistant watches the case after the introduction of the lymph. If the mother or a neighbour report that "the arm has taken," there is many a public vaccinator who forthwith enters the case as a "successful" one, and, for the same, receives, in due course, one shilling and sixpence of public money. The inadequacy of the pecuniary inducement to faithfulness, and the want in nearly all our medical schools of any provision for teaching vaccination, fully explain the fact that multitudes reputed to be vaccinated have been so only nominally, or in virtue of a worthless operation. It is not necessary, then, to say more about the terms "real" and "sham," except that it is impossible to write or speak with accuracy on the subject of vaccination without frequently employing them, or analogous expressions.

The State having made the neglect of vaccination a punishable offence, is clearly bound, in duty and in common sense, to provide the public with it in an efficient form. This, it is obvious, can only be accomplished by means of new arrangements for teaching vaccination; by the institution of examinations for the testing of the knowledge and practical skill of candidates for employment as vaccinators; by the strict supervision of vaccinators; and by the organisation of such measures as will maintain a constant supply of good lymph. It is to the first two of these points that the new rules and plans of the Privy Council refer.

Arrangements will, if possible, be made with all recognised medical schools for the public teaching

of vaccination at the principal vaccination stations in their neighbourhood; and the teachers at those and also many other stations will be authorised to give certificates of proficiency to their pupils after due examination. Such certificates of proficiency will qualify their possessors to be contracted with as public vaccinators by guardians and overseers. Directions are given as to the extent and mode of instruction. The vaccinator of an educational vaccinating station is to exhibit and explain the course and characters of the vaccine vesicles to his pupils, and to teach them in a practical way the best methods of vaccinating and of taking lymph for present or future use. He is also to explain and inculcate the precautions which are necessary with regard to the health of subjects proposed for vaccination, and the selection of lymph. Pupils are to pay a fee not exceeding one guinea, and to attend a teacher's station for at least six weeks. Persons who have acquired their knowledge elsewhere than at a station, may, on paying one guinea, and passing an examination, receive certificates of competence. The Privy Council specifies a variety of topics upon which candidates are to be examined; and requires that they shall point out among subjects brought for inspection those from whom lymph may properly be taken, giving their reasons for the selection. When practicable, they are to see vaccination vesicles in different stages of progress, and to state in each case the date from vaccination. They are likewise to charge ivory points, or otherwise to prepare lymph for preservation.

The Privy Council, by enforcing the rules of which we have now given a summary, will be able to place national vaccination in the hands of a well-trained, competent staff. This will be an immense gain; but more than this is required to render the system altogether trustworthy. The vaccinators must be placed under such inspection as will make it impossible for them to neglect their duty without detection, and then there must be an absolute certainty that the work is rightly done.

While we inculcate the necessity of an official supervision of vaccinators, we must express our earnest hope that their services are for the future to be better remunerated than in the past. The system of cheap vaccination contracts is, in all its aspects, an injustice and a mistake. As a general rule, work which is inadequately paid for, is inadequately performed. SALUS POPULI.

LEARNING TO SWIM.

THERE are more methods than one of giving novices confidence in the water actually in use in the swimming schools of Paris. It is true, women and children are suspended, as V. describes them, by a rope from the ceiling and a belt round the waist, but there is a gentler method for the same object which is exceedingly amusing to foreigners who first witness it. The novice is still hooked by the belt, but to a rod and line held by the instructor, who plays with his heavy fish as occasion requires,—now giving him entire freedom to swim away if he can, and now preventing him from sinking or tumbling about, by a sustained pull which keeps him on the surface. Boys and men

may be seen floundering or floating at the end of their line, or striking out, so that the teacher has to follow along the margin, like an angler pulled over the rocks by a stout salmon. At this stage the pole and line are pretty nearly done with, and the learner is able to keep within snuff of the air.

As for the quality of the water in those baths on the Seine, it is not commendable, certainly; but the most disagreeable objects are kept out of sight by a netting carried down outside the baths to the bottom. Many a pupil may feel grateful for that netting, especially on occasion of his first successful attempt to dive, when he has not quite acquired the art of coming up again. The stream flows strongly through the bath; and it is well for him if he finds himself brought up against the netting, instead of rolled off towards the sea. As for the purity and fragrance of the water, what does the spectacle of the neighbouring washer-women lead one to expect? There they are, leaning over the gunwale, all round a large boat, rinsing and beating the linen, close by the outlet of a sewer full of stinking mud.

The baths are not so bad as this, and the swimmers have the comfort of knowing that their bodies will come out of cleaner water than their linen.

As to the dress of the women, their bathing-dress is in one piece from the throat to the ankles, without the petticoat, and this is the simple convenient dress used in Germany. In Paris, where the instructors are men, the short full petticoat is buttoned upon the waist-belt. Thus the train of practical swimmers, described by V., resembles a shoal of Naiads in incipient crinoline.

I am informed that there are now Englishwomen enough learning to swim to have given occasion to an established method of teaching novices at the baths in St. Marylebone, where one of the three baths is appropriated to women, for one day in every week, from April to October. The pupil wears an India-rubber waist-belt, inflated completely on the first occasion, and less and less inflated as the novice learns to support herself in the water. She walks into the water with her hands placed, as she will be instructed, in readiness for striking out as soon as afloat. When the water reaches the bottom of the belt, she throws herself gently forward on the surface, practising the instructions of her teacher as to the action.

It is said that, by the help of this belt, and a knowledge of what the action of the limbs ought to be, women and children can learn to swim without a teacher. However this may be, there is usually, we may hope, some relative who can swim, and who can give courage and confidence by his or her presence, as well as instruction. I should not like any sister or daughter of mine to go alone to any retired place to try to swim, confiding in the belt. There was a time when people confided in corks, till some deaths occurred by the corks slipping or in some way failing. The best way in this, as in every other art, is, in my opinion, to get well taught in the first instance, at establishments properly fitted for the purpose. A due demand will presently create a supply of such schools. The well-taught may then teach others, in ponds, rivers, the sea, or where they like. A single death by drowning of a woman trying to swim

would stop the process all over England at this stage of the enterprise. Let us have everything safe at first,—plenty of good help within reach of beginners, and the next generation will take care of themselves.

A TRAVELLER.

THE BLIND WOMAN OF MANZANARES.

THERE is in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Madrid a blind old woman known as *La Ciega de Manzanares*, some of whose exhibitions of the improvisatore arts have excited great attention from their appropriateness and poetical beauty. It has been usual to introduce her into the *tertulias* or *conversazioni* of the capital; and, overhearing the conversations that take place, she breaks out in sudden bursts of poetry. We will attempt to convey an idea by translations of some of these outpourings. A lady having been asked whether she was studying the art of dramatic declamation, the *Ciega* stopped the reply thus:—

What!—to the theatre you'll go,
And try your fascinations there,—
An actress? maiden, be it so,
And blest and brilliant your career!
Let glory on your brow descend,—
Yet hear the counsels of a friend,
And make a wiser, happier choice;
For know, no sounds are ever heard
So sweet as maiden's loving word,
The wife's, the mother's household voice.

One of her impassioned verses reminds us of some of Milton's touching references to his own blindness:—

For me the sun over the mountain height
Flings his fresh beams in vain.—In vain for me
The awakened Venus fills her lamp with light,
And morn breaks forth in joy and festive glee.
In vain the fragrant rose excites the longing
Its tints, its motions, and its form to see—
No beauty mine—No! nothing but the thronging
Of multitudinous blanks of misery.

She has been called on to improvise verses, omitting all words in which the vowels most commonly occurring in Spanish are found, and there has been no hesitation in their production.

The vowel *e* is the letter most frequently employed in the Spanish language, and being asked by a lady of distinguished grace and beauty to produce a stanza in which that letter should be wholly wanting, the *Ciega* improvised this verse:

Divina flor purpurina!	Thou art indeed a floweret
En tus ojos cristalinos	bright,
Y tus labios los mas finos,	And thou hast eyes of crystal
Tu boca la mas divina,	light,
Asaz la virtud camina,	And lips so delicate and fine
Y mira con gran cuidado;	They make a mouth almost
Todos alaban tu agrado;	divine, [pursue
Con la mayor importancia	And while thy cautious feet
Tu amor y fina fragancia	Their path, to virtue e'er
Y corazon apiadado.	true, [goest,
	Around, before thee as thou
	Thou all the charms of
	beauty throwest,
	And all admire and praise
	and bless
	Thy heart of love and gentle-
	ness.

This somewhat free rendering does not, of course, preserve the peculiar character of the original.

On being reminded by a lady that she had forgotten a promise made on a certain occasion to extemporise a verse, the *Ciega* answered :

O yes ! I heard thee at the college ;
For blind, alas ! I had no knowledge
Of whom thou wert ; but now I here
Fulfil the promise made thee there,
And with this hurried verse I bring
Good wishes, blessings, everything
Which the suggestion of a minute
Can offer ; and I only pray
Forgiveness for this roundelay,
And all the faults—too many—in it.

The Spaniards are remarkable for the success with which they cultivate the art of improvisation, and I have heard excellent *asonante* verses sung by the muleteers, in which they recounted their own adventures, and lightened the fatigues of their journeys by rhymed extempore narratives of their own invention.

The most extraordinary improvisator of whom I have had personal knowledge, was Willem de Clercq, of the Hague who in a language—the Dutch—not remarkably poetical, would pour out fine verses by the hour, distinguished alike for the perfection of the stanza and the variety of fanciful thought and excursive knowledge they displayed.

JOHN BOWRING.

THE SHADOW KISS.



Two deep bay windows lit the room
In which we watch'd the evening gloom ;
In this myself and Lucy sat,
Pater and maiden aunts in that ;
The gaslight on the flues below
And on our ceiling cast a glow.

While pater and his coterie
Talk'd matters parliamentary ;
Or rul'd, with solemn shake of head,
How prudently the young should wed,
In *my* committee I said, " This,
My dearest, is the time to kiss ! "

Lured by the shadowy hour and nook,
The proffer'd pledge she coyly took ;
When, lo ! by our unlucky fate,
In silhouette, our tête-a-tête,
Noses and pouted lips were all
Obliquely shadow'd on the wall !

So, when the footman brings in tea,
Sombre are they, and scarlet we :
The lamp has prematurely shown
A truth we had not dared to own :
Small thanks to light untimely cast,—
And yet this kiss was not our last !

J. S.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS-EVE.

(FROM THE NORSE OF ASBJORNSEN.)



THE wind whistled in the leafless boughs of the old maples and limes just opposite my windows. The snow was drifting down the street, and the heavens were as dull and dark as any December sky can be in Christiania. My mind was dark and dull too. It was Christmas Eve; but it was the first Christmas Eve I had ever spent away from the domestic hearth. No long time before I had entered the army, and this Christmas I had hoped to gladden the hearts of my old parents with my presence. I had hoped, too, to show myself in all the glory of my uniform to the young ladies of the neighbourhood. But a nervous fever had brought me into the hospital, which I had only left a week, and now I found myself in that state of re-convalescence of which one hears so much praise, but which really is a very tedious matter. I had written home for our big Dapple and my father's Finnish fur cloak, in order that I might get away as soon as I could; but my letter could scarce find its way up into the Dales before the day after Christmas Day, and so the horse and the cloak could hardly get down much before New Year's Day. In the town I hadn't a comrade in whom I took any interest, or who interested himself about me; nor did I know a single family with whom I could feel at-home. As for the two old maids at whose house I lodged, they were kind and good enough, and had taken great care of me

when my sickness first came on; but the manners of these ladies and their whole way of life belonged too much to the old world, and sometimes they told me, with the most ridiculous earnestness, stories, the simple, old-fashioned cut of which, as well as their many improbabilities, belonged altogether to a bygone time. In truth, there was much in common between my landladies and the house in which they dwelt. It was one of those old piles in the Custom House Street, with deep windows and long, dark passages and stairs, with gloomy rooms and lofts, where one began naturally to think of brownies and ghosts. Added to this, their circle of acquaintances was as confined as their ideas; for except a married sister, not a soul ever came to see them but one or two boring city dames. The only lively thing was a pretty niece, and a few merry romping children, nephews and nieces, to whom I was always forced to tell a string of tales about brownies and elves.

There I sat, trying to amuse myself in my loneliness, and to drive away my heavy thoughts by looking out at all the busy mortals who tramped up and down the street in sleet and wind, with rosy-blue noses and half-shut eyes. At last I began to be enchanted with the bustle and life which was the order of the day, over at the dispensary. The door was never shut an instant. Servants and countrymen streamed in and out,

and began to study the prescriptions as soon as they got out into the street again. To some few the deciphering seemed an easy task, but more often a long poring and an ominous shake of the head betokened that the problem was too hard. It got dusk, I could no longer distinguish features, but I stared over at the old building. Just as the dispensary then was, with its dark-red tiled walls, its porched gables, its weather-cocks and towers, and its leaden casements, it had stood as a monument ever since the days of Christian IV. Even the swan which was its sign then was its sign now, standing quietly with a gold ring round his neck, and riding boots on his feet, and with his wings just raised for flight. A burst of boyish laughter in a side room, and a very old-maidish tap at the door, broke off the train of thought which I was just entering into on the subject of caged birds.

As I said "Come in," the elder of my landladies, Miss Martha, came in, dropped an old-fashioned curtsey, asked how I felt, and after much circumlocution, invited me to take coffee with them that evening.

"It isn't good for you, my dear lieutenant, to sit all alone in the dark," she added. "Won't you just come and sit with us at once? Old Mrs. Skau and my brother's lassies are come already, they will amuse you, perhaps, for you know you are so fond of merry bairns."

Yes, I accepted the friendly bidding. As I stepped into the room, a pile of wood which blazed up in a great four-cornered stove, threw an unsteady glare over the apartment, which was long and deep, and furnished in the old style with high-backed chairs covered with gilt Russian leather, and one of those sofas calculated to the meridian of hoops and pigtails. The walls were adorned with portraits of stiff dames with hard features and powdered heads of city worthies, and other famous characters in buff coats and cuirasses and red gowns.

"You really must excuse us, Lieutenant A——, for not having lit the lights," said Miss Cecilia, the younger sister, who in every day life was called "Mother Cis," as she came to meet me with a curtsey own brother to her sister's; "but the bairns are so glad to tumble about before the fire in the gloaming, and Mother Skau, too, likes to have a little gossip in the chimney corner."

"Gossip me here, gossip me there. You're fond enough yourself, Mother Cis, of a bit of scandal during blindman's holiday, and yet we're to bear all the blame," answered the old asthmatic dame, whose name was Mother Skau.

"Well, well," she went on, "how d'ye do, father? Come and sit down by me, and tell me how you are going on; deary me, but you're dreadfully pulled down!" and so she chuckled over her own ailments.

So I had to tell her all about my fever, and received in return a long and detailed account of her gout and asthmatic afflictions, which by good luck was broken off by the noisy entry of the children from the kitchen, whither they had been to pay a visit to the old housekeeper and domestic calendar, 'Stina.

"Auntie, auntie!" bawled out a little, buxom,

brown-eyed thing, "do you know what 'Stina says. She says I shall go with her to-night to the hay-loft, and give the brownie his Christmas goose. But I won't go, not I, for I'm afraid of the brownie."

"Oh! 'Stina only says that to get rid of you. She daren't go to the hay-loft in the dark herself, the goose! for she knows well enough she was once scared by the brownie," said Miss Martha. "But why don't you say 'how d'ye do' to the lieutenant, bairns?"

"Oh no, no! is it you, lieutenant?"—"I didn't know you!"—"How pale you are!"—"It's so long since I saw you!"—screamed out the children, one after another, as they came round me in a troop. "Now do tell us a story—something funny; it's so long since you told us a story. Pray do tell us all about Buttercup, dear lieutenant; do tell us about Buttercup and Gold-tooth." So I had to tell them about Buttercup and his dog Goldtooth, and to throw in besides a story or two about the two brownies, who drew away the hay from each other, and how they met at last, each upon his own haystack, and fought till they both flew off in a cloud of hay. I had to tell, too, of the brownie at Hesselberg, who teased the watch-dog till the gudeman tossed him out at the barn-door. At this the children clapped their hands, and laughed loud and long. "Serve him right, the ugly brownie," they said, and asked for more.

"There, there, bairns," said Mother Cis, "don't tease the lieutenant any more. Now Aunt Martha will tell you a story."

"Yes, yes! do tell, Aunt Martha!" was the cry of one and all.

"I'm sure I don't know what to tell, answered Aunt Martha; "but since we've got to talk about the brownie, I'll tell you a little story about him. I daresay, bairns, you mind old Katie Gusdal, who used to come and bake bannocks, and always had so many stories to tell?"

"Oh, yes!" bawled out the children.

"Well, old Katie told us that she once lived at service in the Foundling here for many a year. It was then still more lonely and sad at that side of the town than it is now; and as for the Foundling, we all know it's a dark and gloomy house. Well, when Katie took the place she was to be cook; and a fine stout strapping lassie she was. One night, when she had to get up to brew, the rest of the servants said to her, 'Now you must mind and take care not to get up too early; before the clock strikes two you mustn't put the wort on the fire.'

"Why not?" she asked.

"You know, well enough, there's a brownie here; and you ought to know, too, he doesn't like to be roused so early; and so before the clock strikes two, you're not to think of meddling with the wort,' they said.

"'Stuff! nothing worse than that?' said Katie, who had a tongue and a will of her own, as they say. 'I have nothing to do with the brownie; but if he comes across me, may the old gentleman take me if I don't sweep him out of the house!'

"Well, the rest warned her again, but she stuck to her own; and when the clock, might be,

was a little past one, she got up, and lighted a fire under the brewing caldron, and was busy with the wort. But every moment the fire went out under the caldron, and it was just as though some one kept throwing the brands out from the hearth, but who it was she couldn't see. So she gathered up the brands, time after time, but it was all no good, and the wort wouldn't run out of the tap either. At last she got tired of all that, so she took a burning brand, and ran about with it, swinging it about high and low, and bawling, 'Be off with you whence you came. If you think you're going to frighten me, you're quite wrong.'

"'Fie upon you, then!' she heard some one say in the darkest corner, 'I had got seven souls here in this house, and I thought I should have got the eighth as well.'

"After that Katie Gusdal said, 'No one ever heard or saw the brownie in the Foundling.'

Here one of the little ones called out. "I'm afraid! I'm afraid! No. Lieutenant, you tell something; when you tell us a story I'm never afraid, you always tell it so funnily!"

Then another proposed that I should tell them about the brownie who danced a reel with the lassie. Now, this was an undertaking into which I was very unwilling to put my foot, because there was singing in it as well as telling; but as they wouldn't let me off, I began to hem and cough in order to get my very discordant voice ready to sing the words of the reel, when to the joy of the children, and to my rescue, in came the pretty niece I spoke of.

"Well, bairns," I said, as she took her seat, "now I'll tell you the story, if you'll only get cousin Liz to sing you the reel; for you'll all of you dance it, of course."

So the children took the pretty cousin by storm, and she had to promise to sing the words of the dance while I told the story.

"Once on a time, there was a lassie, who lived I'm sure I don't know where, but I think it was in Hallingdale, and she had to carry a syllabub to the brownie. Whether it was on a Thursday evening, or on a Christmas Eve, I can't bear in mind; but still I think it was a Christmas Eve, like this. Well! she thought it a shame to give the brownie such good food, so she gobbled up the syllabub herself both thick and thin, and then went off to the barn with some oatmeal porridge and sour milk in a pig's trough.

"'There you have your trough, ugly beast,' she said. But the words were scarce out of her mouth before the brownie came tearing at her, and took her by the waist, and began to dance with her. And he kept her at it till she fell down gasping, and then when folks came next morning to the barn, they found her more dead than alive. But so long as he danced he kept on singing"—

(Here my part was over, and Miss Liz took up the brownie's song, and sang to the tune of the Hallingdale reel:—

Thou hast eaten up all the brownie's brose,
Now come with the brownie and try thy toes.
Thou hast robbed the brownie of his right,
And now thou must dance with brownie all night.

As the cousin sang, I kept time with my feet,

while the children with roars of mirth cut the most extraordinary capers, and executed the queerest steps between us both on the floor.

"Bairns, bairns. You turn the room topsy-turvy with all this clatter," said old Mother Skau; "be quiet a bit, and I'll tell you some stories." So all were still as mice, and Mother Skau struck up:

"Old Folk tell so many stories about brownies and huldras, and such like, but, for my part, I don't put much faith in them. I'm sure, I never saw a brownie or a huldra; but, then, I haven't travelled very far in all my life, still I think all such stories stuff. But old 'Stina, out yonder, she tells how she once saw the brownie. About the time that I was confirmed, she had a place in our house, and before that she was out at service with an old captain who had given up the sea. That just was a still quiet house; they never went out and no one ever came to them, and the captain's longest walk was down to the wharf and back. They went early to bed too, and people said they had a brownie in the house.

"'But once on a time,' said 'Stina, 'the cook and I were up at night in the maid's room mending our clothes; and, when bedtime came—for the watchman had already called past ten!—darning and sowing was hard work; for every moment came Billy Winky; and so *she* nodded and *I* nodded, for we had been up early that morning to work. But all at once, as we sat there half-asleep, we heard such a dreadful clatter down in the kitchen.

'Twas just as if someone were tossing all the crockery about and throwing the plates on the floor. Up we jumped in alarm, and I screamed out, Heaven help and comfort us, it's the brownie! and I was so scared, I daren't set foot into the kitchen. As for cook she was just as much afeard; but at last she plucked up heart, and then, when she came into the kitchen, all the plates lay on the floor, but there wasn't one of them broken; and there stood the brownie in the doorway with his red cap on his head, laughing, so that it did one's heart good to see him [see p. 530]. Well, she had heard tell how sometimes the brownie could be cheated into flitting, if one only had the courage to beg him to go, and told him of a nice quiet place somewhere else; and so she had long had it in her head to play him a trick. Well, she spoke to him there and then; though to tell the truth her voice faltered a little, and bade him to flit over the way to the coppersmith, there he would find it far less noisy, for there they went to bed every night as the clock struck nine. It was true, too, she said, but you know, too, that the coppersmith was always up with all his mates and apprentices at three o'clock every morning, and kept on hammering and clattering the whole day through. After that day we saw no mere of the brownie at the captain's. But he got on well at the coppersmith's in spite of all their hammering and pounding, for people said the gudewife put him a bowl of custard in the loft every Thursday evening, and so one can't wonder that they soon got rich; for the brownie helped them, and drew money to them.'

"That was what 'Stina said about the brownie," said Mother Skau, "and true it is that they pros-

pered and became well to do ; but whether that was the brownie's work I'm sure I can't say."

Here the old dame began to wheeze and cough after the exertion of telling such a very long story. But when she had taken a pinch of snuff she got new life, and her tongue began to go again.

"My mother, who was a trustworthy woman, told me a story which happened here in this town, and on a Christmas Eve, too, and that I know to be true, for no false word ever came out of her mouth."

"Oh, do let us hear it, Mrs. Skau!" said J.

"Tell it! tell it, Mother Skau!" roared out the children.

The old dame coughed a little, took another pinch, and began :

"When my mother was still a girl, she used go to see a widow whom she knew, and whose name—ah, what *was* her name—I can't remember, nor does it much matter ; but she lived up in Mill Street, and was then a woman something over her best years. Well! it was on a Christmas Eve, as it might be this; and so this widow thought to herself she would go to the early service on Christmas morning, for she was a constant church-goer ; and so she set out some coffee overnight, that she might have a cup of something warm before she went out in the cold. Well! she went to bed, and when she awoke the moon shone in upon the floor ; and when she rose and



looked at the clock, it had stopped, and the hands stood at half-past eleven. She didn't know at all what the right time was, but she went to the window and looked out at the church, and she saw lights shining through all the windows. So she called up her maid, made her boil the coffee while she dressed, and then she took her prayer-book and went across to the church. It was still as death out in the street, and she did not meet a soul on the way. When she got inside the church, she went to the seat where she always sat ; but when she looked about her, she thought all the congregation looked so pale and strange, just as though they had been all dead bodies. There was no one she knew, but there were many she thought she had seen before, only she couldn't call to mind where it was she had seen them. When the parson got into the pulpit, he was none of the parsons of the city parishes, but a tall pale man, and him too she thought she had seen somewhere. Well, he preached a beautiful sermon, and there was none of that coughing and hemming so common at the early service on Christmas morning, but all was so still she could have heard

a pin drop on the floor ; so deadly still indeed, that she got quite nervous and afraid.

"Well, when they began to sing after the sermon, a woman who sat at her side, turned towards her and whispered in her ear :

"'Untie your cloak, and go away ; for if you wait till the service is over they'll make an end of you. *These are the dead, who are having their service.*'"

"Oh, I'm afraid, I'm afraid, Mother Skau," sobbed one of the tiny ones, who crept up on a chair.

"Hush, hush, bairns!" said Mother Skau, "only listen, and you'll hear how she gets safe off."

"Well! the widow was as much afraid as you all are, for when she heard the voice and looked at the woman, she knew her at once ; she had been her next door neighbour, but had been dead many a long year : and now, when she looked about the church, she remembered quite well that she had seen both the parson and many of the congregation, and that they had all been dead long ago. She grew as cold as ice, so afraid was

she, but she untied her cloak and got up to go away. But then she thought they all turned as she passed and made a clutch at her, and her legs tottered and her knees shook, so that she almost fell down flat on the floor. When she got as far as the church porch they caught hold of her cloak, but she let it slip off and left it in their hands, and hastened home as fast as she could. When she reached her own door the clock struck one, and when she got in she was well nigh dead for fright. Next morning when folk went to the church there lay her cloak on the steps of the porch, but it was torn into a thousand bits. My mother had seen it often before, and I fancy she saw one of the pieces, too; but that doesn't matter,—it was a short, bright-red cloth cloak, with hare-skin lining and edging, just such as were still worn when I was a child. Now-a-days, it is rare to see one, but there are some old women yet here in town, and at the Widows' home, whom I see wearing just such cloaks at Christmas time."

That was Mother Skau's story. As for the children, who during the latter part of it had shown much fear and alarm, they said they wouldn't hear any more such ugly stories. They had all crept up on the chairs and sofa, and called out that some one was catching hold of their legs under the table. Just then in came lights in the old branches, and then we found out with laughter that the children, in their fright, had been sitting with their feet on the table. The bright lights, Christmas cakes, jam-tarts, and wine, soon chased away ghost-stories and fear. Finally, for the elders' rein-deer roast and rice custards, gave our thoughts a turn towards the substantial; and we took leave of one another at an early hour, with every good wish too for a merry Christmas.

How the others slept I knew not, but, for myself, I had a very restless night. I can't tell if it were the tales—the strong food which I had been so long without, my weakly state, or all three together; but I tossed about from this side to that, and was deep in brownie and huldra, and ghost-stories, the whole night.

At last I found myself flying to church through the air with a pair of dumb-bells in my hands. The church was lighted up, and when I entered it I saw it was our old church up in the Dales. There was not a soul to be seen in it but Dalesmen with red caps, soldiers in full uniform, and peasant lasses with white wimples and rosy cheeks. The parson stood in the pulpit; and who should he be but my grandfather, who died when I was a little boy. But just as he was getting well into his sermon, what does he do but throw a somersault—he always was an active body—down to the church floor, so that his gown flew one way and his hands another. "There lies the parson, and here am I," he cried, using one of his well-known expressions, "and now let's all have a dance."

In the twinkling of an eye off went the whole congregation in the wildest dance, and up came a tall stout Dalesman and took me by the shoulder, and said, "You must come along with me, my boy."

My astonishment knew no bounds as I awoke at that moment, and still felt the grasp on my

shoulder, and saw the image of my dream bending over my bed, with a Dalesman's cap drawn over his eyes, a fur cloak on his arm, and his two great clear blue eyes fixedly gazing at me.

"Thou dreamest, surely, boy," he said, in the strong dialect of my native dale, "for the sweat stands on thy brow, and thou sleepest sounder than a bear in his winter lair. But wake up now, I wish thee God's peace, and a merry Christmas from thy father and all at home. See, here is a letter from the Secretary, and here is his Finnish cloak, and yonder, down in the yard, stands Dapple."

"Oh! Thor, is it you? and how in Heaven's name, did you come hither?" I called out, gladly. It was my father's groom, a splendid specimen of a Dalesman.

"Oh! I'll soon tell thee," answered Thor. "I came driving Dapple; but before that, the Secretary and I had been to Ness, and after we had been there, he said, 'Thor, it's not far now to Christiania, so thou hadst better take Dapple, and drive in, and see the lieutenant, and if he's strong enough to travel, why, thou hadst better bring him back.' That's what the Secretary said."

As we drove merrily out of the town, the day was frosty, bright, and clear, and we had the finest sleighing. As for Dapple, he stretched out his brave old legs, and got over the ground famously. We reached home that night, and such a Christmas Day as I then spent, I spent neither before nor since. D.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH; OR, THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE.

WITH "sweets for the sweet" is the Christmas tree laden,

With mottoes and trinkets for youth and for maiden:
Oh, how bright are the smiles of those ladies so fair,
As they gather the fruits that are clustering there.

The fir and the laurels their branches entwine,
The glistening leaves of the green holly shine,
Its numberless berries, so brilliantly red,
Are seen all around us, while, high over head,
The delicate mistletoe trembles!—but now
Its spell is forgotten!—The mistletoe bough
No longer can call the quick flush to the face,
Its province no more is the "dangerous place."
Yet where is the change? Its green leaves are as
bright,

Its form is as graceful, its berries as white,
As when held so sacred, in temples of old,
By our Druid forefathers, as I have been told;
Or witness'd the timid or boisterous kiss
Once claim'd for its sake at such seasons as this.
I have heard that young ladies are oftener now
Kiss'd *under the rose* than the mistletoe bough:
For the kiss is more sweet given under its shade;
More earnest and true are the vows that are made
By the rose-tree so sweet that in fancy grows,
And 'tis fair summer weather still under that rose:
These mystical roses throughout all the year
Their delicate buds and sweet blossoms uprear,
With a lovelier tint and more exquisite hue
Than yet ever in field or in garden grew:
And I'm told that young ladies would rather be now
Kiss'd *under the rose* than the mistletoe bough.

M. E.



F Paterfamilias wishes for a new sensation, let him provide himself with a big basket and follow me. It will try his dignity, perhaps, to be seen struggling amid a mob of children; but, after all, he will not get half as much put out as in the crush-room of the Opera, and I promise him more thorough delight, far brighter eyes, and more genuine laughter than he will meet with there. Say it is three o'clock in the afternoon and on a seasonable December day when our cab drives up to the German Fair in Regent Street. Was there ever such a crowd before of merry little feet all pattering and pushing along the entrance-hall lined with Christmas-trees? Paterfamilias perhaps has not forgotten that cry of "Eureka!" the ten thousand gave when they first caught sight of the sea; but we question if it was half as hearty as the joyous "Oh!" that burst from the mouths of a hundred "terrible Turks," as they swarm into the glittering hall of the German Fair.

Twice in our lives toys make themselves known to us as great facts. In youth, when we play with them and smash them ourselves, and in middle age, when we do it by deputy in the persons of our own children; and, possibly, if you ask Paterfamilias, he will tell you that he enjoys them the second time more than the first—for then there are more to smash, and more to laugh and enjoy. But, if

a man has any heart in him, how must he delight to see five hundred urchins all boiling over with pleasure, whilst five hundred mammas and papas are enjoying their happiness.

In my young days—when George IV. was king—toys were toys, and youngsters were obliged to use them economically; but now there is no such necessity, for here we are in a room where it is impossible to spend more than a penny at a time. I can get anything for a penny—from a capital yard measure to a soup tureen—and, as I am alive! there is Paterfamilias with his basket half-full already. He has a railroad that moves, a duck that swims, a trumpet that blows, a doll that cries, a perambulator that runs, and a monkey that jumps over a pole, and he has only

got rid of sixpence! It becomes absolutely absurd to have so much for your money, and how he will manage to spend the sovereign he designs is to me a mystery. All around him urchins are busy. "I've had one of those, and two of those, and three of these, and four of those." Why it reminds us of Punch's satiated schoolboy settling his reckoning in the cake-shop, only here the boy has his cakes and toys still to enjoy. But there is a sixpenny and a shilling counter not far off, and, interspersed amid the meaner gew-gaws, toys that rise to the rank of real works of art.

Whilst Paterfamilias is picking out his two hundred and forty separate and distinct toys, let us pause for a moment, and ask where they all come from. Reader, have you ever travelled for a livelong day through the dark and melancholy pine or fir forests of Germany? Ever listened to the sighing of the wind through the branches, or walked on the dumb carpet of pine tassels? If so, what has been the complexion of your thoughts? Possibly like mine, gloomy as the Halls of Dis. Yet, from these old inky forests, from the green valleys up which the pine-trees climb like black priests to the mountain summit, rush the torrents of toys which push on from year to year and penetrate into every nursery in Europe. In the recesses of the old Thuringian and other forests are glued, and turned, and painted, the legions of soldiers, the fleets of Noah's-arks, and the countless whips, rattles, and squeaking dolls that go to their last account in the snug nurseries of Europe. Strange fact, that in these grim forests half the laughter and joy of childhood should find their birth!

The same principle that plants cotton-factories in Lancashire determines the production of toys—the presence of the raw material. If the pine logs from which they are manufactured were not immediately at hand, there would be no penny toys—and, possibly, no German Fair. Let us examine one of these penny articles. Here is a man wheeling a barrow of fruit. The prime cost of this article in the forest where it was made is only a kreuzer, or one-third of a penny! The rest represents its package and carriage to these shores, the duty and the profit of the proprietor. It seems inconceivable that for so small a sum such a result can be obtained, for the man is well enough proportioned, his barrow really will run, and the fruit is coloured after nature. A little inquiry, however, at the same time that it clears up the mystery only increases our astonishment.

In the first place, the wood is obtained for a mere nothing. For instance, the Grand Duke of Saxe Meiningen, on whose estates the flourishing toy colony of Sonneberg is situated, allows his people to select any tree from his forest close at hand for 2½d. Thus the raw material may be said to be given to them. Again: the organisation and division of labour is carried to an extent in the production of these trifles which we can only liken to that exhibited in this country by watchmakers or pin fabricators. Let us revert to the man with the barrow of fruit, for instance. Possibly a dozen hands have been employed in its production. The man who turned the body of the figure, had nothing to do with his arms. A third person was employed to put together the barrow; a fourth to turn the wheel; a fifth to put the spokes in; a sixth to put the lynch-pin in; a seventh to turn the fruit; an eighth to turn the basket on which they are placed; a ninth to colour the fruit; a tenth to colour the barrow; an eleventh to glue the whole together; and a twelfth to supply the final varnish. The incredible rapidity with which this minute division of labour enables the men, women, and children to accomplish each detail, is the secret of the whole matter. Not only do the dozen individuals manage to make a living out of the third

of a penny, or rather less, which is to be divided amongst them, but they contrive to live comfortably and respectably into the bargain. The toy thus completed, has to be packed and conveyed hundreds of miles along Alpine roads and down rapid rivers, until it is finally transported by the Rotterdam steam-boat to our shores, to be again unpacked and displayed by Mr. Cremer in the German Fair. The history of the fruit barrow is the history of almost every wooden article on the penny counters of this extraordinary place. The process of manufacture is the same throughout Germany, but the localities from which the different toys come are widely different. The vast majority are made at Grünhainscher, in Saxony. The glass comes from Bohemia. The bottles and cups are so fragile, that the poor workman has to labour in a confined and vitiated atmosphere, which cuts him off at thirty-five years of age. All articles that contain any metal are the produce of Nuremberg and the surrounding district. This old city has always been one of the chief centres of German metal work. The workers in gold and silver of the place have long been famous, and their iron-work is unique. This speciality has now descended to toys. Here all toy printing-presses, with their types, are manufactured; magic lanterns; magnetic toys, such as ducks and fish, that are attracted by the magnet; mechanical toys, such as running mice and conjuring tricks, also come from Nuremberg. The old city is pre-eminent in all kinds of toy diablerie. Here science puts on the conjuror's jacket, and we have a manifestation of the Germanesque spirit of which their Albert Durer was the embodiment. The more solid articles which attract boyhood, such as boxes of bricks, buildings, &c., of plain wood, come from Grünhainscher, in Saxony.

Very latterly a rapidly-increasing town named Furth has sprung up, six miles from Nuremberg, entirely devoted to the manufacture of Noah's arks, dissected puzzles, &c. The toys with motion, such as railroads, steam-vessels, and moving cabs, are the speciality of the people of Biberach, in Würtemberg. And where should those splendid cuirasses, helmets, guns, and swords come from but Hesse Cassel, the centre of soldiering Germany. But the workmen of the principality are not entirely devoted to arms. The charming little shops, and parlours, and the dolls-houses—without which no nursery is complete—are made here. Neither must we forget the theatres, beloved of boys. Here and there some exquisite little interior of a café, with its fittings of marble tables, bottles, mirrors, and plate, attract the attention, and the inquirer learns with astonishment that they are made by felons in Prussian prisons. The taste and dexterity of hand displayed is amazing, and the result far preferable to the miserable hemp-beating or "grindings at nothing" at which some of our own prisoners are so fruitlessly employed.

But this counter is fitted up as a refreshment stall. Here we have rolls and sausages and ducks and bottles of champagne and a hundred other dainties; but the children are too cunning; they are only shams—paper. The Berliners who make them call them "surprises," for it is rather a

surprise to find bonbons for the stuffing of fowls, and sugar-plums tumbling out of simulated pieces of embroidery. Now and then we find a greater surprise still, for there goes a rich plum-pudding floating up to the ceiling—an edible balloon.

But where do all the dolls come from? I hear my little flaxen ringlets say. Dolls are an universal vanity—almost as universal as vanity itself. They seem to be made everywhere, excepting the one country that has a repute for making them. The wooden-jointed specimens, known as Dutch dolls all over the world, really come from the Tyrol, where wood-carving is a very ancient art. The Dutch have the credit of their production simply from the fact, that they are generally shipped from Rotterdam, which is found to be the most convenient port for German goods coming from the interior. To the Dutch, however, we are indebted for the introduction of the crying doll, which, I am happy to inform my young friends, cries for a penny almost as natural as life. The pattern originally came from Japan (a nation very ingenious in toys), and has long been lying in the Museum at the Hague. The German toy-makers, however, are now constructing them upon the same model. Fine wax dolls, with natural hair, are made, we are informed, at Petesdorff, in Silesia. It will be flattering, however, to the national vanity to be informed, that the Londoners alone are capable of making the finest and most expressive dolls. The French, clever as they are, cannot touch us here. Some of the higher class English dolls are perfect models—the eyes are full of expression, and the hair is set on like nature itself. The faces are originally modelled in clay, and the wax is put on in successive layers. The highest class of workmen alone are capable of this kind of work. The beauty of Grecian sculpture is ascribed to the fine natural forms which their artists had to copy. Possibly we owe to the beauty of our women, in a like manner, our superiority in dolls, which now rank almost as works of art.

It must be evident that where wood is employed as the material for toy-making, it is impossible to hope for anything very artistic at a rate that can be paid by the great middle class. This fact has led to the employment of a substance that can be cast in a mould, and yet be sufficiently tough to bear knocking about. Those who examined the Zollverein department in the Exhibition of 1851, will remember the beautiful toys exhibited by Adolph Fleischmann.* These were composed of papier mâché, mixed with a peculiar kind of earth. Since that time the art of toy-making in this new material has undergone a very great development all over Germany; but at Sonneberg, in Saxe Meiningen, a school of art has been established by the Duke, for the cultivation of the workmen in the arts of design. In this school, models of all the best antique and modern sculpture are to be found, and collections of good prints. To this school all the young children are sent to model, under pain of a fine; and an art education is the result, which shows

* The toys exhibited at the Great Exhibition were purchased by Mr. Cromer, of Bond Street, and formed the foundation of the present German Fair. The Great Exhibition has certainly borne no more welcome fruit to children than the establishment of this fountain of pleasure.

itself in the exquisite little models which come from the ateliers of Adolph Fleischmann. There are now in the German Fair models of animals that a sculptor may copy. Bulls, lions, asses, &c., delineated with an anatomical nicety which is really wonderful. Many of the works of art produced by him are copied from well-known engravings, and are entitled *solid pictures*. There is one in the Fair now, representing Luther and his family around a Christmas tree in the room he once occupied. The modelling of this group originally cost nine guineas, but the moulds once produced, the subsequent copies are procurable at a very cheap rate. There can be no doubt that to familiarise children with well-designed toys is a very important step towards educating the race in the love of art. We cannot help thinking, however, that what the future man will gain, the child will lose. If we make our toys too good, they will either be used as ornaments, or children will be stinted of their full enjoyment of them, for fear they may be injured—which God forbid. It may be very wrong, and possibly I am inculcating very destructive principles, but I cannot help thinking that a judicious smashing of toys now and then is a very healthy juvenile occupation.

There are some little monsters we know, that will keep their toys without speck or spot for years, but they are doomed to die old maids or bachelors. Besides, how could we better or earlier satisfy the analytic spirit that is within us, than by breaking open the drummer boy to see what makes him drum? With this destructive view of the subject, we think Mr. Cremer, the proprietor of the Fair, is entitled to the thanks of every paterfamilias in the kingdom, for at a penny a-piece our children may break their toys to their heart's content. How many of these penny toys does my reader imagine are here sold day by day? Fifty pounds' worth! A little calculation shows that this sum represents 12,000 toys. Now, calculating each toy to produce only ten occasions of enjoyment, we have 120,000 bursts of merriment dispersed every day about Christmas time to the rising generation of London alone, to say nothing of the enjoyment produced by the higher priced toys. How that joy is reflected by the fond mothers' eyes a hundred fold, I need not say; and as to going on with the calculation, that is quite out of the question.

The Saxon is the great consumer of the toys produced by the Saxon. England and America take more toys than any other nation. The value of the toys imported to England alone in the year 1846 was 1,500,000 florins; and the paper and packthread with which they were packed cost 25,000 florins, or 2100*l*!

Whilst Paterfamilias toils after me with his hand-basket, let me draw the attention of my young friends to the old monk near the doorway, who carries in one hand a Christmas tree, whilst he holds in the other a birch for naughty boys, but over his shoulder we see a bag of toys for the good ones. This is St. Nicholas, the patron of children. On Christmas Eve it is the fashion throughout France and Germany, to prepare the children of the household for his nocturnal visit. Refreshment is laid for himself, and hay and

other provender for his ass. In the morning the eager children find the food and provender gone, but in their place all kinds of beautiful toys. Mr. Cremer is our St. Nicholas, and does the business of the old monk without any mystery, but in an equally satisfactory manner.



HOLLYLEAF.

A STORY-TELLING PARTY.

BEING A RECITAL OF CERTAIN MISERABLE DAYS AND NIGHTS PASSED, WHEREWITH TO WARM THE HEART OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

WE are six—seven would have made the announcement a poetical quotation; but one is wanting, and we remain a prosy half-dozen, not unwilling to be jolly, but waiting for the occasion.

We are at an inn, of course. Outside it is wintry weather, and a great log fire beams on us like a cheerful president.

Lawyer Spence and Mr. Selby belong to the neighbourhood. Of the other gentlemen, one speculates in hops, and has a fine appreciation of the punch; one is of the Indian Civil Service; the last is a servant of the public of Great Britain.

How we came together here, would interest you but slightly. People are always flying about at Christmas, and accidents will happen. Enough that we cry out with clown, "Here we are!"

Now Christmas is such a season for telling stories, that, I give you my word, and I am confirmed in my attestation of the fact by the after assurance of every gentleman present, we had no idea of amusing each other; we thought only of drinking our punch and toddling to bed: and to bed we should have gone, with nothing to laugh over, had not Mr. Lorquison said suddenly:

"Ha! cold weather! We're comfortable here, eh? How did you spend the autumn, sir?" And that began it.

H.E.I.C.S. was addressed, and replied:

"Oh, down in Scotland."

The conversation was relapsing; we had almost lost it; when H.E.I.C.S. appeared to remember something, and laughed.

Mr. Lorquison immediately turned a conversational side-face to him: Mr. Spence lifted his head from his glass: Mr. Selby smacked his knee: and the dealer in hops inquired what tickled his fancy.

"Nothing particular," said the Indian. "I was on the moors in a friend's hut, and was only laughing at a miserable night I passed there."

A DREADFUL NIGHT IN A HUT ON THE MOORS.

He paused, as if to hint there was really nothing remarkable in his experience, and pursued:

"My friend hires a shepherd's hut for the shooting season. The shepherd's wife is his cook, and does the work in primitive fashion. You shoot a blackcock—it's presented to you boiled, a pheasant—boiled! everything's boiled! I believe she would boil a boar's head. I suffered a little, of course, but that was nothing. She made tolerable hare soup. The animal is skinned, and then stewed down—blood, entrails, and all. I once brought her a hare: she rejected it with scorn: there wasn't 'bluid enoo.' Well, we shot some game—blackcock rather plentiful this season—tried our hands at spearing salmon, and sought what amusement we could find among a scanty but lively population. One night my friend, who had established relations with some neighbouring Scotch—I suppose I must say farmers—invited them to dine with him; and as these gentry have to come some distance over the hills, an invitation of this sort involves the offer of a bed, or, at least, some place for them to stretch their limbs. I forget how many glasses of whiskey-toddy I consumed in their society. I was the first to move to bed; but my departure did not at all disturb them. In my first sleep I was aroused by the sound of a heavy fall on the floor. I rose in bed. My friend was at my feet, trying to open the window. 'Only one of the Scotchees,' he said, and informed me that it was impossible to quarter him down stairs, as the door would not shut, and the wind blew cold.

"'There he is,' he added, laughing 'toddily,' if I may be allowed the word. 'He said when he last spoke, that he preferred a good floor to a bed. You'll find him strong; so I open the windows.'

"Complaint was of no use, so I lay down again: my friend went off to his Scotchee, and all seemed at peace. By and bye I felt the cold, and decided to rise quietly and exclude the wind. I had one foot out of bed, when a low growl surprised me, and made me draw it in again quickly. Looking over on one side, I perceived a dog. I have no doubt he was of the ordinary size of shepherds' dogs in general, but to me he appeared enormous. He had evidently come to watch over his master, and was determined to tear the leg of any one moving in the room. I thought it better to try and bear the cold than come to a tussle with him, and rouse the savage nature of the beast. There's something in presenting a naked leg to a dog, which is, I assure you, not pleasant. But the cold increased. I got out of bed. He growled a moment, and then up he jumped and made a rush

at me. I'm not ashamed to confess that I was beforehand with him, and sought ignominious shelter in the sheets. He growled again, and I heard him trot round to his original position at the feet of his master. My case seems ridiculous, but it was really desperate. The wind was blowing dead on me, and what with my Indian constitution and the draughts, I saw myself clearly in for a long course of ills. But it was a full hour before I could resolve what to do: a most miserable hour, I can assure you. I jumped out of bed with all the bed-coverings in my hand—met the savage beast as he was about to spring, and buried him under them. I had just time to shut the window—I was hurrying back to my bed, when I saw his tail emerge, and there was nothing for it but to return to bed as rapidly as I could, and leave him the sheets and blankets. There I remained, as cold as ever, while he took his station on them. There never was such a dog in the manger! If I got hold of the end of a blanket and began to pull, he growled and made a dash at my hand. The very movement of my leg caused him to be up and alert for an encounter. Once I pulled with all my might, and the beast seized

the blanket between his teeth and pulled against me. I became enraged. I thought of my original stratagem; and leaping out again, I flung the blanket—or what portion of it was in my possession—straight at him. But this time I was not so successful. I only contrived to blind his eye for a moment—the next we were rolling together over the recumbent Scotchman.

“‘Hech! is it the deil?’ I heard him say; and he grasped my foot.

“I lashed out, and sent him roaring backward. Presently he and I were engaged, and burst through the door in our struggle, without much difficulty, right on to the body of my friend's Scotchman, extended in the manner of his comrade. He uttered a similar inquiry about the deil! and forthwith joined in the fray. My friend was not long in adding a fourth to this curious nocturnal engagement, the dog all the while barking furiously, and snapping at every leg but his master's. This lasted, I should think, about twenty minutes, at the shortest calculation, when the shepherd and his wife appeared with lights, and I hope they were gratified. But their arrival gave rise to the second case of dead-lock on



record. None of us would move till the dog was secured. I held my Scotchman firmly; my friend held me; his Scotchman held mine; and mine had got hold of my friend—being tenacious of his quarry, I suppose, for he had nothing to fear; and so we continued till the dog was secured. It

was then close upon morning. We all went down stairs, and drank in the day. Nothing extraordinary, you see, but something to laugh at.”

This unlocked us.

“I think I'll take a little more of your punch, sir,” said Mr. Selby to Mr. Lorquison.

Mr. Lorquison filled Mr. Selby's glass, and then rubbed his hands, as one who has suddenly the prospect of a good social evening before him.

A PARALLEL NIGHT IN A BED.

"Yes," continued Mr. Selby. "This didn't happen to me, mind! But talking about miserable nights, reminds me of a case. There was a fellow on my uncle's estate—you know it, Spence—at Benlea. I made friends with him when I was a boy, and such a fellow I think I never met. He was a daring fellow, a determined poacher—in short, a good-for-nothing;—what your Scotch

friends, sir, would call a 'ne'er-do-weel!' and he went to the 'deil' as fast as he could. His name was Tom Clayper. We called him Tom Claypipe, because he always had one in his mouth. Well, the fellow took a fancy to me, and taught me some tricks, which I hope I have forgotten. When we're young we're not very choice in our friendships. But Tom really had some good points. I have known him send a hare secretly to a poor widow, who wanted a bit of something. The hare, you say, cost him little. Perhaps he did not reckon how much it did cost him. However, from poaching to highway robbery, and from



that to burglary, was but a step for Tom. He found Benlea too hot for him, and disappeared. I met him ten years afterwards. Looking in the paper one day, I saw there was a trial of one with many aliases, for feloniously entering a certain house—Squire Pell's, of Boddington—and stealing, &c., &c. Among the list of aliases stood the name of Clayper. He was condemned, and sentenced to transportation for the term of his natural life.

"The sight of the poor fellow's name, and his position, called up some boyish feelings of mine, and I made up my mind to go and see him. I was able to procure admission. Tom recognised me at once, and held out his hand. He was never ashamed of himself; which was one characteristic he had. We talked over old times. I was capable of appreciating what merits Mr. Clayper possessed, now that I had seen more of the world, and he was certainly an extraordinary fellow. As I was still young enough to be pleased at hearing adventures; and as Tom, now that his career seemed closed, was gratified in relating his, I had Tom's history before we parted. Its finale seems

to have been this: for Tom was rather shy of speaking about certain matters—a peculiarity I have noticed in some of your rips. He had his feelings of delicacy where women are concerned. A rather pretty girl was in service at the Squire's—Squire Pell, I think I told you. To her Tom paid court. He was richer in presents than in reputation. I fancy the girl gave him reason to think she liked him. At all events she did not return his fineries. One evening, Mr. Tom met the Colonel in her company—somewhere about the grounds. Tom assured me that he passed them civilly; but the next time he came across the Colonel he was surly, and managed to insult him, and then to speak his mind, which was none of the cleanest. The Colonel, you must know, was engaged at the time to be married to Squire Pell's only daughter—money, but no beauty. So he let Tom get the best of him; but from that day, Tom says, he felt he had an enemy, and knew who that enemy was. 'Wasn't he a coward to hunt a poor devil like that in the dark?' said Tom to me, and declared he knew the Colonel was a coward, and was determined to be revenged, and satisfied of it.

"One night the Colonel was in bed, and heard his door yield its lock, and open.

"You shall hear the rest in Tom's words:—

"I knew that man was a coward, sir; so once in the house, and sure of his room, I knew I had him. I knew the bearings of the bed. I watched how the light fell two or three nights before. The moment I opened the door, I threw the light—carried a dark lantern—threw the light slap on his face. I saw him start. Did that man open his eyes? Deuce a bit! Slept *as* sound as tence. I laughed to myself. Why, if he had got up, it'd have been a fair struggle between us, and nabbed I certainly should 'a been. But deuce a bit did he stir. Colonel Badger, thinks I, I'll badger you! Well, I walked slow up to him, with the lantern in one hand, and my pistol in the other, levelled at his head. There was he sleeping harder and harder. I couldn't quite see his heart beat, but I'll lay my life it galloped."

"I will spare you Tom's oaths.

"Well sir," he went on. "I'd half a mind at one moment, to do for him outright. For a coward who's nothing better than a villain, what good's he for, to live? Close down to his forehead I put the muzzle of the pistol. It *was* tempting then. Just a hair, and *he'd* have had an extinguisher on *his* small candle! Lor, sir, his eyes was shut, but I'll wager he saw it all as clear as day. And there was the perspiration a burstin' out of his forehead, and rollin' down his cheeks. I remember a large drop of perspiration on his nose! And he pretendin' to sleep hard all the while! Why, the stoopid ass! did he think I didn't know that a chap *never* sweated in his sleep? Leastways not natural sweat. Well! I kept at that, drawing the pistol away, and puttin' of it close, for, I should think, forty minutes or more; but I took no account. I was cruel glad, to be sure, and he perspiring harder and harder. Not a move right or left. I didn't speak. I thought to myself, "Oh you villain! I dare say you think yourself better than me, don't you? And if you had me in your power, now, wouldn't you let loose? But I ain't such a coward as you! You shall bleed, my fine chap—in the pocket. That'll do!" For, said Tom to me. I hadn't come there and run the risk, only to frighten the Colonel. Two birds at one blow was always my game. So by-and-bye," Tom pursued, "when I thought I'd given my gentleman a pretty good sweat for the benefit of his health, I began to ransack. I knew the whereabouts of his desk, and things—collared the desk *entire*, and made as if I'd walk away. He had a chance then. The cowardly beast! There he stuck. He'd have liked to snore, just to persuade me he was a snoozin'! And such a fellow as that to go misleadin' of young women! Ain't it disgustin', sir?"

"Tom was a bit of a moralist, you see.

"Well, the end of it was that Tom, after giving the Colonel another dose, made up his mind to quit the premises. 'And I went, sir,' said Tom. 'Got off scot free. I just spoke these words in a solemn voice. Colonel; whether you're asleep, or whether you're awake, just you keep quiet the next quarter of an hour, or you're a dead man. I ain't going yet, but my comrades is (I was all

alone, sir, I never took a pal, if I could help it; but I thought I'd tell him so, the coward!) and I'll stop outside the door, I says, till they're safe. So mind your eye, I says. I'm in earnest. And then I touched his forehead with the cold iron and moved back, pointin' at him still, and his face shinin' with the cold sweat. He won't forget that hour I give him, in a hurry. I knew very well he'd sleep on, bless you, and so he did, and I never heard nothin' till a month ago, when they pounced on me for it, and here I am, goin' to see foreign lands, thanks to you, Colonel. But you won't forget me, so don't try. And everybody's talking of the story, for I outs with it at the trial neck and crop. I told it all about his sweatin' and pretendin' to sleep. I saw the people laugh. I'll swear the judge enjoyed it, for all he looked that grave you'd think he was a owl. Ha! ha! Mr. Colonel! that's what I calls strikin' as you fly. They'll call you a coward in Old England; but they won't call me one in Van Diemen."

"And with this consolation Mr. Tom Clayper departed on his voyage. You will admit, gentlemen, that the Colonel's night must have been sufficiently miserable."

We all agreed that we did not envy the Colonel his position. Mr. Spence approved his conduct. The dealer in hops sided with Mr. Tom Clayper. Mr. Lorquison thought he should have given the alarm when the audacious burglar left the room. The H.E.I.C.S. was of opinion that Tom's judgment on the Colonel was well grounded, and I took the side of those who have not been tried as the Colonel was.

Mr. Spence coughed—"Ahem!"

This, when stories are beginning to flow, is always taken for a sign of one coming in sequence. We were not disappointed.

A MOST EXCITING DRAMA.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, without any apropos, "you've given me some amusement, I'll do my best in return. My story's professional. You won't object to that? In the law we hear and come across queer things. I give you warning I had nothing to do with this in question; but my agents in London—a highly respectable firm—were engaged in the inquiry. It was all in the papers some years ago, but I dare say you have forgotten it. And, after all, a story twice told may pass on a winter's night."

We applauded the observation, and bade him proceed.

"I'll make it short," said Mr. Spence. "It's a drama in three acts—there's blood in it; but don't be alarmed, I beg.

"Act the First, then. I was fond of the play when I was a young man, articulated in London. The scene opens in a dentist's room in the West-End of London. Mr. Filey was a fashionable dentist, with an exceedingly, what is called, gentlemanly appearance. You might have taken him for a baronet, and so might I. A carriage drove up to the house, and a lady carefully attired—West-End costume, and some of those women do look very captivating. I haven't been in London now for four years, notwithstanding the railways; and when I do go it's never to the

West-End. But, well,—a lady, I said. She inquired for Mr. Filey. That gentleman made his bow.

“‘Mr. Filey,’ she said, ‘I have come to you on a sad case.’ She sighed. Of course Mr. Filey was full of sympathy—in his aspect, at all events.

“‘Yes,’ she said, ‘it is very sad. You are great in teeth, Mr. Filey. Do you remember me years ago?’

“Mr. Filey begged to be excused his forgetfulness, attributing it to his extended practice.

“‘Ah! I was then younger, Mr. Filey. I am now, as my card will have shown you, Lady Spriggs.’

“Mr. Filey bowed to the title.

“‘I have a nephew, Mr. Filey; the heir to a vast property. He has but one defect—his teeth! Oh! the trouble those teeth have given us! His timidity is such that he will never now approach a dentist’s shop—I mean house, and we are at our wit’s ends what to do with him. Do you think that if I contrived to lure him here, Mr. Filey, that you could so manage as to remove one or two of his—I think you call them grinders—without his being aware of it?’

“The proposition was rather startling, but Mr. Filey was an old hand, and an able.

“He said, he had no doubt that, if he had the young gentleman there, he would extract the teeth, and he should hardly know anything of it—so delicate and sudden would be the manipulation—till it was over.

“‘That will do,’ said the lady. ‘You will eternally oblige his family, Mr. Filey, and deeply shall I feel indebted to you, believe me. I will take the liberty of paying you in advance, if you please. May I know what it will be?’

“She drew forth her purse, and paid the sum Mr. Filey thought fit to demand.

“Arrangements were then made that the young gentleman should call on the morrow, at two o’clock P.M., precisely. Every device not to alarm his sensitiveness in the matter of his teeth was promised by Mr. Filey, who was forewarned that the young gentleman was eccentric, and dressed not quite in the fashion—in fact, commonly; so that, unless you knew it, you would not presume him to be heir to a vast estate.

“The scene closes on Mr. Filey bowing the lady into her carriage.

“Act the Second, displays a jeweller’s shop. West End. Messrs. Spitchcock and Co. A lady alights from her carriage, and enters. She desires to see some jewellery. A diadem set with diamonds fixes her eye. Her taste is pleased by a beautiful bracelet, and a pair of ruby ear-rings which suit her complexion, she thinks. She is assured that they suit her admirably. She hands her card:—Lady Spriggs; at present residing at Mr. Filey’s.

“‘You know Mr. Filey, the dentist?’

“‘Very well, indeed,’ she is told, ‘and Sir Sampson also, by name.’

“She then desires them to make out their bill, and tell her the amount of her purchases. Four hundred odd pounds the bill amounted to. And the shopman wasn’t astonished! But what a country this is, where women can lavish money on gimcracks—as I tell my wife. However! the

lady said she would be infinitely obliged to them, if, within half an hour—that was, by two o’clock, precisely, and not a moment later—they would pack up the things, and despatch them and the bill, by one of their young men, to Mr. Filey’s, where Sir Sampson, her husband, would write out a cheque, and liquidate the debt. Some woman’s rigmarole, I suppose. However! the request was readily assented to. She departed, and the scene closes with her being bowed into her carriage a second time. May the Lord have mercy on simpletons!

“Well, gentlemen, Act the Third. I contend that they are perfect acts, though they have but a scene a-piece.

“A young man with parcel calls at two o’clock, precisely, that afternoon, at Mr. Filey’s, and asks to see Sir Sampson Spriggs.

“‘Her ladyship is within,’ says the page.

“The young man says, she will do. He is ushered into a room where he sees the lady.

“Do you smell a rat, gentlemen?

“Well, the lady affably took the parcel from the young man, and said:

“‘I will take it to show my husband up-stairs. He will be with you in five minutes, and hand you the cheque. You will excuse me? I must first satisfy him of the necessity I have for the articles.’

“Of course, the poor fellow thought that all was fair and straightforward. Ha! ha! He said, he would be happy to wait. Ha! ha! He took a chair. Ha! ha! ha!”

Mr. Spence lost himself in a fit of laughter. Just divining the catastrophe, we also laughed a laugh of eager expectation.

“Don’t you see it?” cried Mr. Spence. “But it’s really too bad to laugh. Well. He waited. The minute hands of the clock went round. He waited on. Before he had time to feel uncomfortable in his mind, the door opened, and a gentleman walked in who bowed to him, and made his mind quite easy.

“‘I brought the things,’ said the young man; ‘and am waiting—’

“‘To see me,’ said Mr. Filey, admiring the stratagem of the lady immensely. ‘To see me. Yes. I’m aware. A beautiful day to-day, sir? Rather sultry. May I offer you a glass of wine?’

“Of course the young man didn’t object. Ha! ha! You know how they used to prepare victims for the sacrifice! Ha! ha!

“Well. They talked. Mr. Filey said:

“‘Pray take a chair, may I ask you?’ and the young fellow, warmed by his wine, was quite agreeable to anything.

“‘Will you open your mouth, may I ask?’ said Mr. Filey.

“‘What for?’ says the young fellow, amazed.

“‘Oh, nothing!’ says Mr. Filey. ‘I merely wished to inspect. The conformation of your tongue struck me as peculiar. Not that it affects your speech, sir. Not at all. But pray allow me.’

“The poor young fellow opened his mouth. Ha, ha! He opened his mouth, and gaped.

“‘Now draw back your tongue,’ said Mr. Filey.

“No doubt the young fellow thought him a very eccentric baronet, but he complied.

"In a minute one of his grinders was seized—caught in a vice, wrenched, twisted, pulled. Heaven spare us all the horrible agony! I can't laugh any more. The grinder came out at last, in the midst of stifled screams, and I'm afraid, curses. It came out, and the young man was guilty of an assault on the body of the dexterous operator. Mr. Filey went down.

"Where's the lady? Where's Sir Sampson Spriggs?" roars the young man, with his hand on his mouth.

"My dear sir," says Mr. Filey. "You really—you may be eccentric; but when one is doing you a good, sir—doing you a service—"

"Service," splutters the wretched young fellow. "Service to pull out a tooth when I didn't ask you!"

"Ask me, sir," says Mr. Filey. "When I tell you it has been arranged by your estimable aunt, Lady Spriggs, and that it was paid for yesterday—"

"Paid for yesterday!" bawls the victim, starting back.

"This tooth, sir, was paid for yesterday," says Mr. Filey, impressively.

"Lady Spriggs—my aunt?" exclaimed the confounded youth.

"Come, sir," says Mr. Filey. "I think whatever your objection to part with it, you owe me an apology. I will not say, in due form. I expected caprice. But really such violence!"

"The young man deliberately asked for Sir Sampson Spriggs, or the parcel of jewels which he had brought half an hour ago from the shop of Messrs. Spitchcock and Co., whose servant he distinctly proclaimed himself to be.

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Filey, "is there some mistake! Have I really?—on my honour, I—"

"If you will go up to Sir Sampson Spriggs, and get that parcel of jewellery immediately—" said the young man.

Mr. Filey started.

"I won't prosecute you," the young man added, washing his mouth out with water.

"You are *not* the nephew of Sir Sampson?" said Mr. Filey.

"Don't laugh at a chap, after what you've done to him," growled the young man.

"There's a mistake," said Mr. Filey. "Sir Sampson is not here. It was an innocent stratagem—"

"Innocent?" sneers the young man.

"To get you to submit to the operation—Lady Spriggs—"

"Will you ring for her, or not!" cries the no longer unsuspecting youth.

"The bell was rung. The ready page informed them that Lady Spriggs had left the house shortly after her brief interview with the young man. By degrees the consummate confidence of Mr. Filey in her ladyship was melted and dispersed. He accompanied the young man to Messrs. Spitchcock's, relates his share in the adventure, and made, let us hope, something like due reparation to the poor victim of the cleverest piece of rascality I know of. The rest was in the hands of the police and my agents in London.

"At any rate—you talk of miserable nights—I

think you'll allow, gentlemen, that there was a miserable *day* for any poor fellow under the sun."

On the whole, we certainly thought that this young fellow was worse off than the Colonel.

"If comparisons were in good taste," said Mr. Lorquison, "I should request permission to observe, that your *day* is more horrible than any night I ever heard of. To lose a tooth for nothing, egad! Allow me to fill your glass, sir. Bottom of the bowl, by George! How say you, gentlemen?"

Oh, decidedly! we answer: a fresh bowl! During the brew we conversed. Mr. Selby tried us with a ghost. But there was no belief to be had in it, though the wind did blow, and it was Christmas. The dealer in hops laughed outright, and struck his gaiters at the real climax of the phantom. This gentleman had evidently something on his mind.

"Talking of miserable *days*," said I, as I held my glass to be replenished by Mr. Lorquison's second great triumph in the business of punch-brewing; "talking of miserable days, a friend of mine passed one in a railway carriage, which is, I think, almost unsurpassed."

"Out with it! Let's hear it!" cried the company, settling in semi-circle round the fire, glass in hand.

A TERRIBLE DAY IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

"But first, to appreciate the incident," I began, "you must know my friend. He is the most bashful of men, and he stutters: under the influence of excitement, he can hardly speak. Afflicted by a sense of shame, he would fain be dead and buried. To such men life may be a daily tragedy. My friend also is liable to misfortune; so that, with a light heart, and a great capacity for enjoyment, he is usually as miserable as any Manichean would desire. I seldom meet him but he has some dire calamity to communicate to me. And, as if by fatality, it is of a kind that reddens the cheeks of a bashful man. I might tell you many extraordinary adventures that have befallen him. This was his last.

"My friend, you must know—we will call him Harry Saxon—is a very amiable amateur-cricketer, out of his bank. He will take the train at six o'clock in the morning to be down a hundred miles north or west, to a match. On the occasion which led him to his disaster, he had journeyed down north and played his game with success and satisfaction. But the next morning he had to be up in town in time for the first official hour at his bank, so he made short work of it over-night, and escaped to bed at half-past one A.M.; breakfasted hastily at half-past five, and hurried to the station as quick as he could, arriving there twenty minutes too early, which cooled him; so much so that, when he entered the carriage, he bethought him that he had on his light cricketing-trousers, and might as well—since he had a warm pair, and was alone in the carriage—change them and comfort his limbs. He remembered also that he could not appear at his bank in light flannels. I hope no one will see any harm in that resolve. If the

British public should suggest that there were modest cows in the pasturages he was flying by, and young corruptible heifers, I have only to remark that Mr. Saxon was much above their level. As it was day, moreover, he could not offend the moon. Of course I share the popular belief that we were born in trousers, and never get out of them. I would merely observe that the case of Mr. Saxon was an exception to the rigid rule. Besides, since he was only relinquishing one pair to assume another, the offence, however grievous, was but momentary, you will admit. Had he done all the honours to the renowned modesty of this island, he would have drawn the second pair over the first. I can only excuse his not doing this by the declaration that he did not think of it, and absolutely saw no harm in what he was doing. So far then we will exonerate him. Unfortunately the thought of a change had not struck him till he had shot ahead some miles. And, again, very unfortunately, as we say when he would cite instances clearly fated, the young gentleman took off his tight flannels before he opened his carpet-bag to disengage his thick tweeds. Mr. Saxon is of somewhat hasty temperament, slow to conceive—quick to execute; a fine quality which occasionally leads to trouble; for while he was unstrapping his bag the train insensibly slackened speed, and suddenly stopped. On perceiving this alarming fact, Mr. Saxon pulled at the straps with tremendous vigour a second or so, and then looked out of the window with a face outwardly as composed as any ordinary traveller with no burden on his mind and with clothing to his legs, may wear. What the feelings of a bashful man so placed, must have been, I need not tell you. Analysis, if we wished to defend him before a jury of prudes, might be justifiable; but you will not require it. Mr. Saxon's heart gave a bound. There was a lady addressing the guard, who pointed down in the direction of Mr. Saxon's head, and led her swiftly on. Mr. Saxon made a final effort to array himself in one or the other pair, gave it despairingly up, and thought it best to block the window and look extremely uninviting. He could not believe that his fortune could be so cruel as to send this lady straight to him at a time when, without wishing to be un-courteous, he profoundly devoted her to Jericho. He was forgetful of his experience. Some men have a great hoard of experience, and only see it by the lurid light of new distresses. Now, Mr. Saxon should, no doubt, have spoken and warned the lady off. He stuttered,—I have told you. He did speak, but he was unintelligible. The guard wrenched at the door. Mr. Saxon had just time to hide his nether-failings under a railway-rug, which he had providentially with him, when the door opened and the lady became his companion. The train whistled blithely, and off they went.

“Now my friend Harry Saxon tells me he considers it a curious thing that the lady, after a little while, began to regard him with something like astonishment. But the fact does not surprise me, who know him. Nervousness is a part of bashfulness; and, affected by nervousness, we are apt, without knowing it, to grimace strangely. To

speak metaphorically, and with enlightened obscurity, we think of ourselves to such an excess, that we grow oblivious of our actions. I dare say you all understand.

“‘M—adam!’ said Harry, after several impotent efforts.

“The lady replied, ‘Sir,’ or ‘Yes.’ He chronicles it exactly, but I forget.

“‘Ha... ha—are you going the whole way to T - - - Town?’ said Harry, gasping and holding on his rug with both hands.

“‘No, sir,’ said the lady, haughtily, coldly, and shortly.

“‘What a blessing!’ thought Harry, sinking back.

“The lady opened a book.

“At the next station, Harry looked at her imploringly. She would not go. Perhaps, thought Harry, she's going on to the last station but one! There he was sure the carriage would be filled.

“He begged politely of her to tell him when she intended to quit the train.

“‘Really!’ said the lady. ‘May I inquire, sir, why you are so anxious to know?’

“‘Not at all,’ said Harry, speaking as enigmatically as he looked.

“The lady resumed her reading. An old gentleman, with two young ladies, now entered the carriage. Harry tightened and compressed the rug, and sat glaring at them.

“‘At all events,’ thought Harry, ‘they can't make me move.’ This consolatory notion had hardly whispered its barren comfort to him, when a slight shock was felt. He saved himself from going into the old gentleman's arms. Happily, the ladies were too much alarmed to notice his excessive discomposure.

“‘What's the matter?’ said the old gentleman.

“The train had come to a stand.

“‘Oh! what is it?’ cried all the ladies.

“‘Stop a minute, my dears,’ said the old gentleman. ‘Don't be alarmed. Perhaps one of us had better get out and speak to the guard.’

“‘Oh, papa, you shall not go!’ exclaimed the young ladies: and the one who was alone exclaimed,

“‘Perhaps we shall be safer out than in.’

“The young ladies reiterated that their papa should not go. A common eye was directed to Harry, who sat, with a fiery face, trying to appear perfectly unconscious.

“‘Well, if I mayn't go,’ said the old gentleman, ‘perhaps this gentleman will?’

“Here was a direct appeal. Harry pretended not to hear.

“‘Oh! it must be something dreadful!’ cried the ladies.

“‘Will you oblige us, sir?’ said the solitary lady, ‘by getting out and speaking to the guard?’

“She addressed poor Harry.

“‘Mr. Saxon grimaced horribly. ‘I should be h - - - happy,’ he began.

“‘Just ask him if there's any apprehension of danger,’ said the old gentleman, thinking that he spoke in the assenting tense.

“‘I k - - - I k - - - can't!’ says Harry.

“The ladies regarded him with wonder. All

Harry's hopes were that they would get out, and leave him. Danger, ruin, dreadful smashes, he was indifferent to: anything was better than his present torment.

"'Can't speak, sir?' said the old gentleman.

"'Can't m - - - move,' says Harry.

"'No legs—eh? Dear me!' the old gentleman observed. And yet the rug displayed a pair in outline. 'Paralysis—lower limbs? Dear me!'

"Several people were out of the train by this time. The old gentleman and all the ladies got out, too. Word was passed that there was a general order to evacuate the carriages.

"Harry heard the old gentleman say. 'We mustn't leave that poor fellow. We must help him out.'

"Meantime he was at his carpet bag again. One clear minute to himself, and Harry would be a man. He cared not to risk his life for one clear minute to himself. Before a quarter of the time had expired, and while the garments dangled unfilled, the old gentleman opened the door, and informed Harry that he was prepared to help him out. There also stood the ladies, looking most charitably.

"'Do p— please shut the door,' cried Harry.

"'Come, sir,' said the old gentleman, 'you must come out. Give me your arm.'

"'I k— can't, I tell you,' says Harry.

"'But I will help you, sir,' said the old gentleman.

"'I won't!' says Harry.

"'You must be mad, sir, you must be stark mad,' said the old gentleman.

"Pushed to extremity, Harry answered. 'So I am.'

"'Then you must be dragged out, sir, dragged out by force, main force, sir. Guard!' shouted the old gentleman.

"The guard came up, but only to say it was a false alarm. The train had shaken off one of the carriages, and turned a few sheep into mutton— all was right now, and everybody was to step in.

"Off they went once more.

"It is really cruel to dwell on Mr. Saxon's miseries, and the incidents which were perpetually aggravating them and driving him to frenzies of distraction. At one place a lady entered, who could not ride with her back to the engine. He was positively—being the only gentleman facing it—asked to favour her by changing seats; and, gallant by nature, courteous, obliging, he had to stutter a downright refusal. But realise his position, and I think you will admit that, for a bashful man, Mr. Harry Saxon endured four hours of mortal misery that it would be hard to match. Excessive civilisation, you see, has its troubles. It may seem rather unkind to leave him in the state I have left him in. I will justify this artistic stroke, by assuring you that Mr. Saxon is, I have no doubt whatever, at the moment I speak to you, perfectly prepared to make his bow in the most exquisite society."

The gentlemen discussed what might have happened to Mr. Saxon.

"For a bashful man," said Mr. Lorquison,

"that certainly was about as unfortunate a dilemma as I remember to have heard of."

Mr. Spence conceived that he should have made a confidante of the first lady, remarking that women, in such cases, when appealed to, are, as a body, considerate, and not wanting in gentle excuses.

"That's what I should have done," said Mr. Spence. "She would have looked out of the other window, and all would have been over in a trice."

The H.E.I.C.S. thought so too; and cited the indifference of ladies in India to those garments.

Mr. Lorquison excused himself from any recital, seeing that he knew not one. But the punch was a performance far excelling our flimsy efforts to amuse: and I only wish every good man and true may drink as good this Christmas season. r.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A BEETLE came out of its hiding-place and looked at him. A spider crawled up his leg and examined it; but he did not move. He sat alone in his lodging, a dark, sombre man. In the room beneath there were sounds of merriment, and he had caught, as he mounted the stairs, the flutter of dresses in the hall; and a murmur of children's voices and laughter had reached him; so he shut the door close that he might hear nothing.

On the table stood a tray with an isolated cup and saucer and a teapot, and a little kettle on the hob kept bursting into wheezy snatches of song to remind him that it was there waiting. But the dark man's head leaned on his hands, his hands on his knees, and his great black shadow darkened the wall behind. The little spirits that had been hurrying to and fro amongst the red coals came out and looked at him, but he never stirred. They perched upon his chair and upon his knee; they gathered in solemn conclave on the hearth-rug.

"There was a Christmas fire not so long ago," began a little spirit, nodding solemnly at the kettle, "very different from this. We were there, for we are the spirits of the Christmas fires. How it leaped and crackled in the grate, and sent out a jolly red-hot glow all round the room! How it shone out on wreaths of evergreens, and its frolicking lights kissed the red berries on the walls! And little feet daintily shod came in upon the oak floor; bright faces laughed back at the jolly old fire, and there was sweet music and dancing and merriment. *He* was there, and he had singled out his partner from amongst the merry ones. Close at her side he kept, through the dance, the song, and the game, and though her pretty head was bent a little, and her merriment quieter than the rest, she seemed to like it too. There was a world of happiness, half fearful half trusting, in her young face, as beautiful as it was gentle.

"But when the music was heard no longer, and the dainty shoes had ceased to dance upon the oak floor; when the jolly fire had sunk a little lower—nothing to be compared with that bit of rubbish though—he led his partner back from the

doorway, timidly. There were sounds of supper in a distant room; but they wanted no supper, these two; they stood alone by the friendly fire, and the gentle one trembled a little, with a flush on her cheek deeper, perhaps, than fire or dancing could call up. But he—that dark, sombre man—held her hand in his, and he put on her finger, tenderly, a glistening ring. We were there, we saw it, and we wished them ‘A Merry Christmas!’”

Then all the little spirits clapped their hands and chorussed out “A Merry Christmas!”

Then there was a mourning sound among the little spirits, and another took up the tale.

“There was a Christmas fire not so long ago,” he began, sorrowfully, “which shone upon the same oak floor, and lighted up wreaths of the same evergreens, and there had been merriment, but it was hushed. No light footstep trod the floor, no gentle one stood by the friendly fire, but other sounds were heard.

“He was there then, passion on his face, and rage in his clenched fist, and opposite to him—white and angry, too—his only brother.

“‘You have dared,’ cried out the dark man; ‘you have dared to put your miserable foot across my path—to take away that which was dearer to me than life—to steal from me that which was mine faithfully once—’

“The pale brother’s head was bent, but his words were bitter.

“‘You kept your secret close. I knew nothing. I dared to love. What sin was there in that?’

“‘Puny coward! In my father’s house you were ever the favourite. When we were children, my very tongue was not my own. Did any dispute arise—I must give up my will to you, the youngest, because, forsooth, you were weakly. When I left that home, because I could no longer bear the constant bickerings you and your tender sister raised between us, you triumphed. I, the eldest, gave up my birthright and turned out into the world for you. Is the sacrifice never complete? Am I to give up to you my heart’s blood—the love of my life? Shall I grovel before you now, and bid you take her and be happy, holding forth the right hand of brotherhood? So help me all the passions of my nature—no! Across my father’s threshold my foot shall pass never again. I look upon your face no more.’

“‘Be it so. Before I go from your presence for ever, hear me confess that mine alone is the folly, mine the love. Hear me say, that never, by word or action, has she broken her plighted truth to you. Me you have always distrusted—let your vengeance end there.’

“But in that dark man’s heart there burnt a flame harder to quench than the hottest fire, and the fuel which fed it was jealousy, distrust, and wrath. When the little figure once so joyous stood before him sorrowful; when she lifted her troubled face wistfully, and prayed him to say what she had done, why did he not listen? Should he not have remembered how they stood there alone on that other Christmas night, and the words that were spoken then? Ah! he did remember, and the thought of that great happiness lost to him for ever—for he did not

believe her—lent strength to his jealous anger and bitterness to his tongue. He scorned her justification; he pointed to the blush which tinged her cheek—a blush of shame, not for herself but for his unmanly suspicion; he called it a witness against her; he discredited her pure truth, for, he said, his eyes had seen her listen to another’s words of love. So deceived, he would never trust again; henceforth he should be alone in the world.

“Oh! how could he look into her gentle face and doubt the heart which cried out after him in its great love, with an exceeding bitter cry, that he would not leave her in anger, that he would come back and recall his harsh words!

“Shall he have a merry Christmas, who left the gentle one alone with the reproaches he had heaped upon her,—alone on the deserted hearth, to bear her sorrow as she could? He who, when the news reached him that his father was gone away to his place,—that his home was broken up,—that over his sister and the poor pale brother, fragile from youth, hung the iron hand of poverty,—hugged the knowledge to his heart, with the bitter thought that it served them right—shall he have a merry Christmas?”

“No, no!” came forth from the little chorus singers, mournfully. “No Christmas for him; no merry Christmas!”

Then the dark man started to his feet suddenly, and great drops of moisture stood on his forehead, and a look of despair and remorse distorted his features. What dream had come to him this Christmas night,—what had he been doing?

The little spirits have hurried back amongst the few remaining red coals, and nothing is to be seen of them,—nothing is to be heard but the heavy breathing of the dark man, as he thinks over his dream.

* * * *

There was another Christmas fire which shone upon the oak floor of which the spirits had talked, and lighted up a few scattered evergreens; but the room was not decked for a merry party; there was no laughter, no song, no dance.

On the friendly hearth stands the gentle one; and there too, but not near her, is he who once placed a glistening ring upon her finger, and whose barbarous heel had ground it into a shapeless mass on that same hearthstone. In the shadow he stands, with a bent head, silent; for though she is there to listen to him, his heart fails when he thinks of the past, and he knows not what to say.

“Mary—” It seems he can go no further, so many words rush to his lips; and she stands there so statue-like—a figure about which hangs no tender memory from the past, no hope for the future.

“You sent for me—I am here.”

“Oh Mary! your heart is steeled against me, and justly. If words of mine could speak my deep repentance and remorse,—if years of penance could undo my madness, for I was mad,—if you could know how I shrink in horror from myself and the thought of what I have done, then I might hope something from your pity.”

Silent still, and statue-like. Oh, memory of

that other Christmas, come back and give him hope! are shining in the blue eyes. All these weary months, all that cruelty, all those false accusations, have not crushed out from her heart its great love for him.

"My brother has forgiven, and my sister. I would ask, will you be less merciful?—but that you have more, far more to forgive."

"Through all these weary months," says the listener on the hearth,—and his head sinks lower at the cold, dead tones,— "through all these weary months, there has been that within which told me you would one day know the wrong you did. Whatever there may have been to forgive, it is forgiven, long ago. The ring which you crushed is here. I have kept it for you; will you take it?"

"Oh, Mary, hear me! I am changed—changed. Your lip says, 'Forgiven,' but your voice denies it. Mary—"

But the hand trembles which he takes in his; he sees that her face is pale, and tears



On the hearth they stand together, before the friendly fire; into that fire drops the crushed and battered pledge of a broken betrothal; let its memory melt away with its form. A change has passed over the sombre face of the dark man; a ray of beauty from hers brightens it as he looks down tenderly upon her and whispers, "Is it a happy Christmas, Mary?"

"It is happy."

Then a bright glow starts up in the old grate, and the two cannot hear it perhaps; but there is a chorus amongst the little spirits of the Christmas fires, as they clap their hands and sing out, "We are here; we see it. A Merry Christmas!"

LOUIS SAND.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE present Number, the Twenty-sixth of its Series, concludes the First Volume of "ONCE A WEEK," which is now ready for issue in a complete form; and Two such Volumes will henceforth appear Annually.

The Projectors have ample cause to congratulate themselves on the reception of the Work, for, if its Circulation up to this point is an adequate test, its Commercial Success is decidedly established.

They are, nevertheless, too clearly conscious of its rising promise to rest satisfied with the result thus far obtained, and are taking measures for its further advance to the standard indicated in its Prospectus. Arrangements are in progress for the improvement equally of its Literary, Scientific, and Artistic features. Engagements have been made with Novelists of celebrity, and an important Serial by a Popular Author is already in the Artist's hands, and will appear before the end of January, and be succeeded by other attractive Fictions.

As the Work proceeds, its resources will come more fully into play, until the capacities of the enterprise are fairly tested, and the difficulties incident to its organisation, under peculiar circumstances, are surmounted. Its Plan has been already ratified by popular acceptance; but this encouragement will only stimulate the energies of everyone connected with it to make the most of the increasing opportunities for its further and complete development.









