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# ONCE A WEEK.

AN

Illustrated Miscellany

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, & POPULAR INFORMATION.

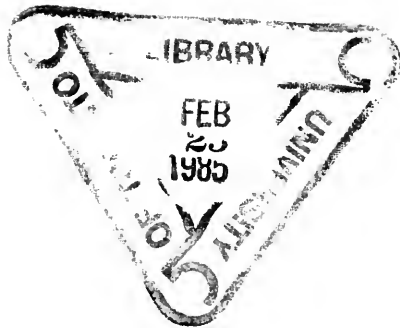
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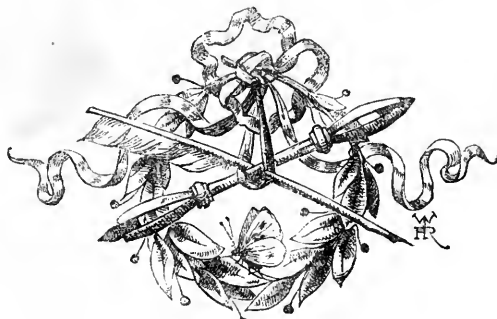
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# ONCE A WEEK.

PAUL GARRETT; OR, THE SECRET.



● I HAD just acquired the right of placing the letters M.D. after my name, and was rejoicing over the bright prospects that were opening before me, when they were all blighted by the sudden death of my father, at the early age of fifty-three. My hopes of establishing a practice in London

were dashed to the ground, as he had saved very little from his income of a thousand a-year, which his situation under government yielded him, and as he died intestate, all his effects were sold, the proceeds of the sale divided between five of us—four sisters and myself—and when his affairs were wound up, we found ourselves each in possession of four hundred pounds. My sisters made up their minds at once to proceed to Australia, where an aunt of theirs was comfortably settled; but I preferred remaining in England, having no taste for life in the bush.

I was looking out for a situation as assistant to a country practitioner, when an old friend of my father's informed me of something that he imagined would suit me. Sir Clement Trevanion of—well, we will say,—Monkton Bassett, was desirous of securing my services, as a painful disorder of long standing rendered it necessary that he should be constantly attended by a skilful medical man. Mr. Forrest (my informant) added:

"His present medical attendant, Mr. Simpson, whom I have known for years, is about to leave him, and has written to me to find somebody to take his place. You will receive five hundred a-year, have carriages and horses at your service, and only one patient to attend to. Not a bad beginning, eh?"

"It is so far beyond my hopes or expectations," I replied, "that I shall only be too thankful to obtain it, if I have the chance."

"You may make *sure* of it, my dear fellow," was the reply. "Simpson's recommendation is all-powerful with the baronet, and *my* recommendation is all that Simpson requires. I will write to him by the next post, and you will hear from him shortly, no doubt. Now I must be off. Will you dine with me to-morrow?"

"With pleasure," I replied; and we parted.

In two days I had a letter from Mr. Simpson, settling everything satisfactorily, and a week afterwards I found myself in the presence of Sir Clement Trevanion, a tall, dark, unhealthy-looking man of about forty-seven years of age. He gave me a searching glance with his deeply-set eyes, and then received me graciously enough. Mr. Simpson, who had remained at Monkton Bassett, to initiate me into the method he had pursued in the treatment of his patient, had a long conversation with me, and from him I found that all was not *couleur de rose* at Monkton Bassett, as I had almost been sure would be the case.

Imprimis, I was never to range beyond the grounds without permission.

Secondly, I was to exercise a strict surveillance over my patient's diet—a very disagreeable task.

Thirdly, I was to sleep in a room adjoining Sir Clement's, that I might always be within call. The carriages and horses were to be at my service when I rode out with Sir Clement, who could not take horse-exercise.

"Apart from those little drawbacks," said Mr. Simpson, noticing the gradual elongation of my face, as he gave me the above particulars, "my stay here has been pleasant enough. Besides, it is not for life, you know. I have now been with Sir Clement nine years, and with my savings intend

to buy a practice. Why should you not do the same?"

"Be that as it may," I replied, "I have accepted the situation, and mean to perform my duties conscientiously."

"Ah! that's right," was the reply. "You'll get on very well with Sir Clement, no doubt."

I could see, however, that he was overjoyed to be emancipated from *his* thralldom. But he gave me many judicious hints respecting Sir Clement's management, and much sound advice besides, for which I was, and still am very grateful.

Thus was I installed at Monkton Bassett.

The very day that Mr. Simpson left, the baronet gave me a sample of what I might expect. There was a fine haunch of venison on the table, and I, who officiated as carver, helped him to a slice of it. On the plate being placed before him, he said, sharply,

"Take it away. I cannot eat the lean of venison."

"The fat is poison to you, Sir Clement," I remonstrated, "and I am sure that Mr. Simpson—"

"Take it away," thundered Sir Clement, "I'll have none!"

And it was the same with almost every dish on the table. I began to fear that I should not "get on" very well with my patient, but while he was sulking, I began talking (having all the talk to myself, however), and fortunately happened to relate an anecdote which tickled his fancy. His brow relaxed, and after laughing heartily, he ate some boiled mutton which I recommended.

The evening passed pleasantly, Sir Clement drawing me out as much as possible to speak on various subjects. The next morning, after breakfast, I tried to persuade him to refrain from ordering for dinner anything injurious to him, but he cut me short by saying:

"I like to see a well-appointed table."

"But, Sir Clement," I urged, "surely you can order an excellent—nay a very sumptuous dinner, without subjecting yourself to the torments of Tantalus! And consider the unpleasant duty I have to perform, of prohibiting you from tasting what you would prefer."

"Mr. Milburn!" said Sir Clement, abruptly, "I like to see certain dishes on my table, whether I partake of them, or not. There!"

Of course no more could be said, and for some time we had daily squabbles of a similar kind; but I discovered afterwards that Sir Clement pursued this course of contradiction, partly because it afforded him a pleasurable excitement, and partly to try the temper of his medical man. Mr. Simpson, it appeared, took refuge in silence, after a snappish reply or two, but I pursued a different method.

After a while he became more manageable, and one day, said:

"I like you very much, Milburn; much better than I did Simpson. He was a clever, conscientious man, but he certainly might have made himself more pleasant. However, perhaps he could not, therefore it was his misfortune not his fault, still, I am very glad that you do not resemble him.

Time does not hang heavily on my hands now, as it did while he was here. Are you perfectly satisfied with your position?"

"Perfectly, Sir Clement," was my reply. "I am quite comfortable *now*," laying, perhaps, a slight stress on the last word.

"Ah," said he, laughing, "that *now* means, I suppose, since our daily prandial disputes have ceased. I must confess that you kept your temper admirably, and have thereby secured my respect. I hope, Milburn," added he, more gravely, "that you will stay with me to the last, for I feel I am not long for this world."

I endeavoured to divert him from dwelling on such gloomy thoughts, and assured him that if he were careful, he might live many years. He smiled languidly, and replied:

"After all, though it is but a sorry life I lead, I ought not to repine, for I have ample means of alleviating my own sufferings, and relieving the wants of others. Were I a poor man it would not be so."

After a while, I succeeded in changing the conversation, and left him in pretty good spirits. I must here remark, that Sir Clement's charity was unbounded, and he often requested me, as a favour, to give advice to those of his poorer tenants who needed it. He was also scrupulously attentive to his religious duties, and kept the little church at Monkton Bassett (a tumble-down edifice, built of lath and plaster, which I never entered without fearing that a sudden gust of wind might blow it down), in repair at his own expense. I gathered from words dropped here and there, that he had been "crossed in love," as the old lodge-keeper expressed it, and that a great disappointment had soured his temper and destroyed his health. But he entirely left off showing temper towards me. He made me his amanuensis, and I either read or talked to him, as he preferred. I received cheering news from Australia, three of my sisters were well married, and the fourth on the point of following their example, and for six years I was comparatively happy. At the end of that time, as I was reading to Sir Clement one morning, the steward desired to speak to him. On entering the room, he informed his master that the Elms, a cottage ornée, belonging to the estate, was let to a foreign gentleman—a Mr. Rander.

Sir Clement said:

"Rander does not sound like a foreign name, Rogers; does it, Milburn?" appealing to me.

"No, indeed," I answered.

"You must have made a mistake, Rogers," said the baronet.

"Well, Sir Clement, that is what he calls himself," said Rogers. "But I have his card somewhere. Ah, here it is."

And he presented Sir Clement with a card, on which was engraved: "Don Pablo de Garate y Aranda," which Sir Clement read aloud, after which he said:

"Oh! I see. A Spaniard, I should fancy."

Rogers said he was quite the gentleman. So liberal in everything! He did not wish Sir Clement to lay out a penny, but would do all that was necessary himself.

"Quite a phoenix of a tenant," said Sir Clement, smiling.

And presently Rogers departed. Sir Clement called on Señor de Aranda, but he was not at home. The latter returned the call when Sir Clement was driving out with me, and there all communication ceased. An invitation to dine at Monkton Bassett was declined on the plea of Madame de Aranda's delicate health, but Sir Clement said:

"I would wager anything that it is *pride* that keeps this Spanish hidalgo at a distance. Well! He must have his own way, I suppose!"

And he thought no more of the De Arandas. But one day I was sent for in a great hurry by Madame de Aranda. Mr. Aranda had been thrown from his horse, and carried home insensible. I set off immediately, and found Madame de Aranda watching for me. I observed that she appeared almost beside herself with grief, and followed her into the room where her husband lay still unconscious. I found that he had sustained serious but not dangerous injuries on the head, and had cut his cheek severely. I said to Madame de Aranda,—

"His whisker and chin must be shaved before I can dress the wound."

She directed her husband's valet to perform the operation, while I busied myself in endeavouring by cold applications to restore animation. As soon as his cheek was cleared of its hirsute appendage, I looked at the pale face before me, and the perception gradually dawned on me that I had seen it before, years ago, and finally I recognised, in Don Pablo de &c., &c., &c., my old fellow-student at Bartholomew's, Paul Garrett!

As I became more certain of his identity, I wondered what this disguise could mean. I resolved, however, to respect his secret, and gave no sign of ever having seen him before, until finding him restored to consciousness, I whispered to his wife to speak to him, as he might not like to see a stranger.

She approached him and spoke in Spanish.

He looked dreamily at her, and then appeared to recollect himself. She said something else, and he stared wildly round him, at the same time raising his hand and passing it over his chin. I advanced towards him and said,

"My dear sir, if you wish to recover, you must dismiss all anxiety from your mind—all groundless fears. Make yourself quite easy about the consequences of your slight accident, and you will soon recover. Allow me to feel your pulse. This will never do! Have you some vinegar, hartshorn, or sal volatile at hand?" I asked.

"I will fetch some directly," said Madame de Aranda, and hurried from the room, while I still held Paul's hand in mine. He gave me an imploring look, and then with a gasp said, in an unnatural tone of voice,

"Milburn! I will trust you! Keep my secret!"

"I will," replied I, pressing his hand.

He appeared quite satisfied, and remained quiet. His wife returned with the sal volatile, of which I administered a few drops in water, and after remaining with him some time, left him perfectly sensible and collected. I promised to call again in the

evening, and performed my promise. I noticed a wonderful improvement in my patient, who on being left alone with me, said,

"I feel quite at ease now, Milburn; but I cannot tell you what I felt when Clara told me that you were here, and that my hair had been cut off. Now, however, I am rather glad that you know me."

"None of that nonsense just now, old fellow, if you please," I said. "Get well as soon as you can, and then you may tell me why and wherefore you are glad that I know you. Drink this, turn your head from the light and hold your tongue. I will remain by you for some time." I sat by him until he fell into a deep sleep, and then left him, desiring to be sent for instantly if he should awake before two o'clock. He did not, and recovered rapidly; indeed he must have had an iron constitution, or he could not have escaped fever and erysipelas, as he fortunately did.

When he recovered, he owned to me that the fear of being recognised by me had induced him to decline Sir Clement's invitation, but as that fear no longer existed, he would not remain cooped up at the Elms. Sir Clement, naturally enough, believed that pride had given way to gratitude, and was very glad to become better acquainted with his foreign tenant. As time wore on I expected that Paul would draw aside the veil of mystery which enshrouded his proceedings, and that I should hear how he, Paul Garrett, whom I had last heard of as an assistant to a Mr. Jones, at an obscure village in Wales, should have become transformed into a Spanish grandee. But he seemed to shrink from touching on the subject. He did indeed once casually mention that when he left Wales he went to South America, and from thence to Cuba, where he married Clara. There was no reticence in his allusions to his life at Cuba, but not a word escaped him concerning his stay in Wales or in South America.

I pondered deeply on all this, and finally came to the conclusion that Paul had either forged or embezzled a sum of money. But whatever he had done, I knew him well enough to be certain that he had not easily succumbed to temptation, for a more honourable, self-denying, conscientious fellow than was Paul Garrett, when I first knew him, never existed. For two years he and his wife frequently visited Sir Clement, and many were the pleasant days we spent together. At the expiration of that time, Sir Clement sank under his malady, and died, bequeathing me a legacy of five thousand pounds. With that sum and my savings I could now attain the height of my ambition—a first-rate London practice, and soon after Sir Clement's death, I bade adieu to Paul, who with his wife was about to start for the south of France.

#### PART II.

I reached London full of hope, and conjuring up bright visions of the future. I consulted with the friends who remained to me, and particularly with Mr. Forrest, who strongly advised me to marry before I established myself. I should have had no objection to follow his advice, had I known any young lady likely to come up to my ideas of what

a wife ought to be, but my acquaintance among the fair sex was singularly limited. At this juncture, I received a letter from my sister Fanny, who wrote that a young friend of hers, Miss Alice Powell, had just lost her father, her only relative in Australia, and would leave for England by the next ship that sailed after the one that brought my letter, arriving at Plymouth on or about the 20th of April. Would I (if possible) go and meet the young lady, whom I was to escort safely to London, and deliver into the charge of her aunt, who was old and infirm, at Cumming Street, Pentonville? Fanny added, "I promised Alice that you *would* meet her if you possibly could. So be sure you go, there's a dear George."

It was fortunate on Fanny's account (or she might not have been enabled to keep her word) that I was still a gentleman at large—had I not been, it would have been no easy task to leave London on a piece of knight-errantry. But as it was, nothing interfered to prevent my following all the instructions laid down for me. I met the young lady, escorted her safely to Cumming Street, and left her in charge of her aunt, a gaunt red-haired angular personage, suffering acutely from rheumatism. And on returning to my lodgings, I began wondering whether Alice Powell would help me to follow old Mr. Forrest's advice. Her manners were so natural, there was such a freshness about her: in short, Alice Powell would just suit me,—if she would have me.

I had asked leave to call on her aunt, and received a churlish affirmative to my request; but I persevered, and soon perceived that poor Alice's position with her relative was any but a comfortable one. The old lady's temper was fearful, and not even my presence could prevent her from grumbling at the additional expense Alice's advent had entailed upon her. In one respect, however, she found it an economy. I attended her gratis, and cured her of her rheumatism, so that she was able to trot about as actively as was her wont before her illness. And then I spoke out, and offered my hand to Alice, who consented to be my wife. By a strange perversity her aunt, Miss Davies, was now quite loth to part with her, and bewailed the deariness of her future so pathetically to Alice, that, on the latter telling me she was really sorry to leave the poor woman to her loneliness, I was induced—in an unguarded moment, I confess—to offer her a home with us. From that moment Miss Davies was an altered woman. She seldom gave way to her temper, tried to make herself agreeable, and I had no cause to regret her making one of our family. She became exceedingly fond of Alice, and indeed was capable of deep and strong attachment.

We married, and I took a house in Craven Gardens, but waited to begin practice until I could secure a better position, which I could not just then, as the International Exhibition was open, and I had set my mind on a house in Chester Place, which would be vacant at Michaelmas. I took three season-tickets, and all of us visited the Exhibition nearly every day. Sometimes I appointed to meet Alice and her aunt at a particular spot, and on one occasion the place of meeting was to be outside the Roman Court. On

my way thither a hand was placed on my shoulder. I turned round, and saw Paul Garrett with his wife, bright and blooming, by his side. We were delighted to meet again, and I asked him to come and be introduced to my wife. Paul looked remarkably well: he had not so much beard as when he first came to Monkton Bassett, but had thick moustachios.

We walked together until we came to where Alice and her aunt were seated. I presented my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Aranda, but was astonished at the strange effect produced on Aunt Winifred by the introduction. She started forward, and after peering curiously at Paul from under her coarse red eyebrows, seemed to settle down into her usual manner. It struck me, too, that Paul was not unmoved. The pupils of his eyes were dilated to an unnatural size, and an indescribable change came over his countenance, but it was only momentary. Alice and Clara soon became friendly, Paul joined in their conversation, and I was left to take care of Aunt Winifred. She whispered:

"Where did you become acquainted with that gentleman?"

"I met him while I was at Sir Clement Trevanion's," I replied.

"Oh!" A pause. "You say he is a foreigner?"

"He told me he had come from Cuba," was my evasive reply.

I felt assured that Aunt Winifred held the key to Paul's secret, whatever it might be, and determined to be upon my guard. She muttered to herself:

"It is astonishing."

I asked her to walk about with me. She consented, but was pre-occupied and absent until we resumed our seats. I invited Paul and his wife to a friendly dinner, but he declined the invitation. It was settled, however, that Clara should accept a seat in my carriage to convey her to the hotel where she and Paul were staying, that Alice and Aunt Winifred should accompany her, while Paul and I walked home together. After seeing the ladies in the carriage, we turned our steps homewards, and walked along Kensington without Paul opening his lips. But wishing him to be forewarned, I said:

"My wife's aunt was very particular in her inquiries about you."

"What!" he exclaimed, "is she, Winifred, your wife's aunt?"

"She is, indeed!" was my reply; "and, moreover, she lives with us."

"Good heavens!" said he, an expression of horror flitting across his face; then, turning to me, he added, "For the love of Heaven, Milburn, do not drop a hint to her of your ever having known me as a medical student, and, above all, don't mention that I was ever in Wales."

"I will take care to do neither of those things," I replied. "I told her I met you at Sir Clement Trevanion's."

"And what did she say to that?" asked he, eagerly.

"Appeared very much puzzled," was my reply.

"Milburn!" said he, impressively, "I am the

most miserable of men! Not exactly through my fault—circumstances—false information that misled me—I may some day, perhaps, tell you all—it will be a relief to me—but not now—not now."

I parted from him soon after, and when I reached my house I was met by Alice, who, in great perturbation, said:

"George, do you know that I fear Aunt Winifred is going out of her mind?"

"Why do you fear that, my love!" asked I.

"She has been talking so absurdly, that it would be really laughable, if it were not too shocking. Only fancy! She declares that Mr. de Aranda is an Englishman, and her husband!"

"What could possibly have put such an idea into her head?" I asked.

"She says she was married secretly to him years ago, when he was very young—that he was her step-father's assistant at Llanvargwn, or some such name, in Wales. Is it not dreadful? And she actually talked of setting a detective to watch him, and find out all about him, but I persuaded her to wait until you returned."

"You did quite right, Alice," I said; "I will speak to her by-and-by."

We dined, and after dinner Aunt Winifred, with great solemnity, desired to speak to me. I was prepared for what was coming, and waited patiently to hear what she would say. She began:

"That man you introduced to us to-day, George, who calls himself a foreigner, is no such thing! He is an Englishman, his real name is Paul Garrett (I knew that well enough), and I married him in Wales fifteen years ago."

"But," I objected, "Mr. de Aranda is still a young man—not above two or three and thirty—at that time he must have been but seventeen or eighteen."

Aunt Winifred evidently winced at this: she gave a dry cough, and said,

"He was eighteen, and I was—several years older. But that is neither here nor there. He is my husband in spite of those nasty mustachios, and I'll prove it, too, before I have done with him."

"Now, my good aunt," I remonstrated, "pray do not excite yourself. Be calm, and tell me how you came to lose sight of this husband of yours for so many years."

"You shall hear, George. We did not live happily together. Paul was so wilful and so disinclined to take advice which was *all* for his good! At last he went off to South America. From there he wrote once to say he was going to Jamaica, but on his way there the ship he was in was lost, and it was reported that all on board perished. I have supposed him dead for many years. But he is alive, I have seen him to-day, and he has married again. His *wife*, indeed! *I'm* his wife."

"Now be calm, pray," I urged. "Are you quite sure that no fancied resemblance—"

"No, no!" interrupted she, fiercely. "I am certain of what I say. Besides his is a face that time does not change much. Fifteen years ago, he looked much older than he was, and he would

look younger than he is now, if it were not for that nasty hair about his face."

Aunt Winifred seemed to have taken Paul's mustachios in especial aversion. She resumed :

"Now, George, tell me. What had I better do?"

"It is a very awkward business," said I, soothingly. "Only suppose that you should be mistaken, what then? If you make any disturbance about the business, you will bring vexation and annoyance on worthy people who have never injured you, and do yourself no good. You say your marriage was secret. Why was that? I presume you were of age."

"I will tell you."

Another dry cough.

"The fact was that my step-father, Mr. Jones, had plenty of money, and had promised to leave it to me if I behaved well to him (for his own daughter had married against his will and gone to Australia), and I was afraid to tell him I had married his assistant, for fear he should be angry with me. That was why I kept the marriage secret."

"Well, aunt," I said, "my advice to you is, do nothing rashly. I will try and find out, if possible, the antecedents of Señor de Aranda, and then we can make up our minds how to act. I must now leave you, for I have business of importance to attend to."

"But," persisted Aunt Winifred, "would it not be better to have him watched by a detective?"

"To what purpose?" I asked. "Is he not staying at the —?"

"True," replied she. "Well, I will wait to see what you find out."

I left her, but as I was quitting the house was waylaid by Alice, who lamented the delusion under which her unfortunate aunt laboured. Alice was firmly persuaded that her aunt could never have been married, and imagined her story a fiction from beginning to end. But I knew better. I felt sure that I had found out Paul's secret, and my compunction was great, at being forced to act a lie to my wife, for was I not aware that Paul Garrett and De Aranda were one and the same? Still, when I reflected upon Clara on the one hand, and Aunt Winifred on the other, my sympathies were all entirely for the former, and I wished to hear from Paul himself how it all happened. I was sure he had not sinned wilfully, and how could I be a party to any plan that would consign that poor, innocent, confiding Clara to shame and disgrace?

I hurried to the hotel. On entering the room where Paul and his wife were, the latter exclaimed :

"Oh, Dr. Milburn? I am so glad you are come! I wanted Pablo to let me send for you. I am sure he is ill. He has not been himself all day."

"Why, what is the matter?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"You are looking pale and fatigued, yourself, madame," said I to Clara. "I fear you have tired yourself out to-day. I would suggest your

retiring early, and recommend your husband to have a cigar afterwards as a sedative."

"I will retire now, Dr. Milburn," said Clara, "and I can leave you, *querido* Pablo, in Dr. Milburn's charge. I do feel rather tired, and that is the truth. So good night, Dr. Milburn."

And at last we were alone, Paul and I.

"You must think I am a great villain," said Paul.

I hesitated.

"Appearances are strangely against you, I must own."

"I will tell you how it all happened," said Paul; "and indeed I have been longing to do so, ever since we met at Monkton Bassett. I know Winifred too well not to be certain that she will not leave a stone unturned to find out the truth, and she will follow me to the end of the world rather than loose her hold of me. I have not wilfully wronged her, as you shall hear.

"I was placed at the age of fourteen as apprentice to Mr. Jones, Winifred's step-father, to remain with him for four years, with the promise, that after completing my medical studies, I should become his assistant. I had neither father nor mother, and for the first three years my position was as lonely and wretched as could well be imagined. At the end of that time I shot up, and improved in appearance. Miss Winifred began to take notice of me. She was not ill-looking, though she had high cheek-bones and red hair. I was no longer 'that boy,' but 'Mr. Paul,' and as I had at that time a weakness for sweetmeats and dainties, Miss Winifred daily ministered to my failing with unwearied assiduity. She reigned supreme in the household, and my situation was far different to what it had been. She likewise took charge of my wardrobe, supplying its many deficiencies with such tender forethought, that I became quite attached to her — I mean I felt deeply grateful for her kindness towards me.

"I expected to go to London as soon as I had completed my eighteenth year, but shortly before that time arrived, the bank in which the money had been invested for that especial purpose, broke, and I was left without the means of qualifying myself to become Mr. Jones's assistant.

"What was I to do?"

"Winifred and I held several consultations together on the subject, and the upshot of it all was, that she promised to find money for me to go to London, and I agreed to marry her.

"We were secretly married, and for some time I was not unhappy, though Winifred could scarcely bear me out of her sight, but that I excused, imputing it to her excessive fondness for me. But when I mentioned the journey to London, she raved at the idea of our separation, and begged me not to think of it. Necessity, however, is a stern mistress. I pointed out to her that I must either qualify myself for her father's assistant, or seek my bread elsewhere, and to London I went!

"There I met you, Milburn, and you know whether I spared myself in pursuit of my professional studies, or indulged in any of the gaities patronised by my companions. You remember



how often you reproached me for the solitary cheerless life I led. I paid a short annual visit to Wales, and on those occasions it appeared as if the sole object of Winifred's life were to consult my happiness. At last I returned to Wales for a permanency, and became Mr. Jones's assistant. I received a small salary, and this became the bone of contention between my wife and me. Winifred made many attempts to obtain the mastery over me in all pecuniary matters, but I stoutly resisted her tyranny, and at last, on my peremptory refusal to set down every farthing of my expenditure (in a book ruled and prepared by herself) we came to an open rupture. From that time, my life was a perpetual torment, and I really believe I should have put an end to it and my misery at once, had I not heard of an appointment in South America; and, on the impulse of the moment, applied for and obtained it. On my telling Winifred what I had done, her anger exceeded all bounds, but I cared little for that, the prospect of freedom was before me, and I listened to her reproaches in silence.

"I pass over some years spent in South America, and hasten on to the time at which I left for Jamaica. The ship in which I sailed was wrecked, but two other men and I, saved our lives by clinging to some portion of the rigging, and we were picked up by a Spanish vessel bound for Cuba. I arrived there, and found employment. Shortly after my arrival, I accidentally saw in an English newspaper, six months old, the announcement of the death of Winifred Davies, of Llanvargwn. I will not deny that the certainty of being freed from a hateful tie, was not unpleasing to me, though I dreamed not at that time of forming a new and more auspicious one. But some time after, I met with Clara, an orphan heiress, and though at first, I dared not raise my eyes to her, yet, after a nearer acquaintance, I wooed and won her. Clara was always anxious to visit England; and, two years after our marriage, we left Cuba, and arrived here in safety. At that time, a relation of Clara's was consul here, and she went to stay some time with him and his family, while I, impelled by some fatality, went down into Wales to make inquiries respecting my first wife. Who can describe my horror on finding her still alive! I hurried away from the place, a vulture gnawing at my heart, but not before I had ascertained that the Winifred Davies to whom the announcement which I had seen referred, was a grand-aunt of my wife's of the same name. I need not tell you, Milburn, that since then I have not had one moment's peace. The dread of discovery constantly haunted me. I took Clara to Italy and to France; but as she preferred England, I at length returned here, and settled at Monkton Bassett, as being a secluded, out-of-the-way place. But you were there! Had not Clara been the sweetest tempered being in the world, she could never have borne with my fitful moods at that time, and it was positively a relief to me when I could disburthen myself of part of my secret to you. Now you know all. And I tremble lest Clara should discover that she is not my wife. But I have not sinned wilfully."

"No, Paul," I replied, "you have not, and it

is to spare your poor Clara from suddenly gaining a knowledge of the truth, that I am here. Aunt Winifred has recognised you, and wished to set a detective to dog your steps, but Alice believes that she is deranged; and I, heaven forgive me! have not discouraged the idea, to gain time. You must leave England immediately!"

"What can I say to Clara?"

"Tell her you are summoned away upon urgent business. Say that you will leave her in charge of Alice and me. If I am not mistaken in her, she will not question your actions. Start from here by the first train to-morrow, after sending me a note in a disguised hand, telling me you have been obliged to go. If you intend to go to Spain, say you are going to Germany, and *vice versa*. And now I must leave you. Have you money enough for your present emergencies? If not I have brought—"

"Oh! I have plenty," interrupted he, "but would that I were a daily labourer, so I could have peace."

I rose and prepared to depart, and after he had wrung my hand warmly, with "God bless you, Milburn," I left him.

I reached home at a late hour, but found Alice sitting up for me. I scolded her for so doing, but she told me that Aunt Winifred had passed the evening in alternate fits of raving and depression, and that she (Alice) was quite alarmed about her. But as she had retired to bed at last, I expressed a hope to my wife that she would sleep off her strange notion, and be herself again in the morning. I then sought my pillow, but obtained no rest that night.

The next morning a note was brought to me from Paul. It ran as follows:

DEAR DOCTOR MILBURN,—I am suddenly summoned to Cadiz, on business of the utmost importance. I may say indeed that it is a matter of life and death. I therefore write to entreat you and Mrs. Milburn to take compassion on Clara, a helpless foreigner in a strange land, and to give her an asylum during my absence (which will, I hope, not extend beyond a week or ten days). I have no time to add more, and, with best regards to Mrs. Milburn, believe me,

Dear Doctor,

Faithfully yours,

DE GRATEY ARANDA.

Tuesday morning, 6 o'clock.

The signature was in one continuous scrawl.

Alice proposed to go instantly and fetch poor Madame de Aranda, and I acceded to the proposition. Before noon Clara was installed as our inmate, and remained more than a month with us. Aunt Winifred was completely mystified by the sight of Paul's note, which Alice mentioned having received, and as she had eagerly requested to see his handwriting, Alice gave her the note. She perused it attentively, and then muttered:

"Not in the least like *his* writing. It's very strange! Degratyander!" And she fell into a fit of musing.

Clara bore Paul's absence with resignation. She knew that some mystery was connected with his departure, but such was her perfect faith in him, that she never dreamed of anything to his prejudice, and Alice learned to love her as a sister, to

the great annoyance of Aunt Winifred, who had conceived a violent dislike to her, calling her "a finical little thing," and also taken great offence at her wearing a gold cross on her neck. She returned to her hunt after Paul with renewed vigour, after a short lull, and went out one morning to secure the services of a detective from a Private Inquiry Office. Her manner, however, was so strange, that the person to whom she applied doubted her sanity, and sent a man to the address she had given to inquire into particulars. By great good fortune Alice saw the man, and impressed as she was with the idea of her aunt's derangement, she had little trouble in persuading the detective of the fact, but suggested that, to keep her quiet, he should bring fictitious accounts to her from time to time. Nothing could have happened more opportunely. I thereby escaped telling falsehood upon falsehood, and Aunt Winifred received accounts of Paul's whereabouts. He was taken from Cadiz to Baden, from thence to Switzerland, whence he was conveyed to Paris. She said, exultingly, to Alice:

"I can lay my finger on him when I choose! That's a comfort!"

The detective's services were engaged for a month, at the end of which time he informed her that her quarry had returned to England, and was now at Brighton, No. —, Oriental Place, under an assumed name. She told this to Alice in confidence, but Alice did not repeat it to me. At this time, I could quite conscientiously have affirmed that Aunt Winifred was not of sound mind; by constantly dwelling on one idea her intellect had been shaken, and I had directed Alice to keep a strict watch over her. We supposed, afterwards, that an advertisement of an excursion train to Brighton had caught her eye, and led to the disastrous consequence that followed. One morning, she did not appear at breakfast, and we heard that she had left the house at five o'clock, A.M., in a cab, ordering the man to drive her to the London Bridge terminus. Alice immediately suspected that she had gone to Brighton, and made me acquainted with her suspicions, but we thought no more of it. In the course of the day, however, I heard that a terrible accident had happened on the Brighton line, and on making inquiries found my worst fears confirmed. Aunt Winifred had been killed by a collision that had taken place, and I broke the melancholy tidings to Alice as gently as I could. Alice lamented loudly that her poor aunt should have met with her death while labouring under so great a delusion, and I was obliged to hear her regrets, knowing all the time that the unfortunate woman had only told the truth. That was my hardest task.

Aunt Winifred was buried in Woking Cemetery, and after her interment I wrote to Paul. He answered my letter in person, and shocked poor Clara by telling her that his absence had been caused by his having received information that their marriage had not been properly solemnised; that it was informal, in fact, and that it was necessary that they should be re-married. Clara submitted to him without a murmur, and I gave her away at

a church in London. The instant the ceremony was concluded, a weight appeared to be lifted off my mind, and I prayed devoutly that I might never again become the depository of a similar secret. But was I wrong in keeping it? I think not.

EMMA TREHERNE.

## OLD AND NEW TIMES FOR THE HINDOO.

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN has sent us a state paper, which is not only of strong interest in itself, but which stimulates the minds of readers to a retrospect which is as good as an epic poem. Under the prosaic name of a Budget, we are presented with an invitation to look back through a hundred generations, and see how the vast population of India lived in the days of their country's greatness, and what is the prospect for those hundreds of millions of people of a better lot than their ancestors ever enjoyed. I, for one, find the invitation irresistible; and I shall indulge,—not in writing about finance for readers who can study that view in the newspapers of the day,—but in seeking glimpses of the life of the people of Hindostan, ages before they knew of the existence of our country and nation, and in observing whether, in fact, "the former times were better than these" for the Hindoos, and whether, on the whole, they owe to England the most adversity or prosperity.

Our first glimpse of the country is very dim and uncertain. Of the southern half of the great peninsula of India in the old days we indeed know nothing, except that it was despised by the inhabitants of Hindostan Proper, in comparison with their own holy land. We first find the people of the plains, from the Vindhya mountains northwards, looking up with fear and admiration to the great range of the Himalayas,—the Abode of Snow, as they called it,—where they supposed the gods to reside. The proudest part of the inhabitants liked to talk of their ancestors having come down through those mountains from a country beyond, where the common men were heroes and sages: but there is no knowing how much truth there was in the boast. However it might be with the proud, it is pretty clear that the plains were full of a humbler people from time immemorial;—a people who tilled the soil, and made garments, and did the rough work of life. Under the social system, which is the first we know of the Hindoos, these aborigines were regarded as the lowest class, under the name of the Sudra caste; and they met with much the same treatment that the aborigines of newly discovered countries always do meet with from the wiser and stronger race of men who are able to reduce them to subjection.

At this stage, we see the inhabitants spread over the plains, and in the valleys of the hilly parts, living a more prosperous life than in after ages, but still, according to our notions, a very uncomfortable one. Their religion entered into all their concerns, causing an infinity of trouble and anxiety, without any sufficient compensation of comfort and welfare. It introduced order, certainly; but it left no room for progress. For

some generations it seems to have kept everybody quiet under the rule of priests and kings : and, by appointing the hard work of life to be done by a race of virtual slaves, Hindoo legislators secured for the higher classes leisure for study, and for the cultivation of the finer arts of life. This could not last for ever, while numbers were increasing and multiplying ; and at the best it did not secure the general welfare.

We can hardly imagine a territory so vast,—as large as half-a-dozen European kingdoms in one,—without any such thing as a town, except two or three capital cities. The people lived rather more thickly within reach of any good spring of water ; or where two or three tracks ran near together : and we know that they met at such points owing to the prohibitions of the priests and the law about celibate young men, and any respectable people enjoying themselves at the doors of bakehouses, or under any well-known tree, or at the cistern of the neighbourhood, or at public spectacles. It is clear that there was sociability elsewhere than at religious festivals, though there were no towns. How the buying and selling was managed we can only conjecture : but there was certainly a good deal of wealth in the citizens' families,—especially in gold, jewels, and embroidery. But the bulk of the people had no property beyond the cotton wrapper which they wore, and the bench or mat on which they sat, and the bowl from which they ate their rice. The most important feature in the whole case to us, is the enormous destruction of human life, at short intervals. The best lot that lay before all but the higher castes was to live out life in a bamboo hut, in a wood or among the tall grass, with rice enough to eat, spiced with peppers from the jungle, and a new wrapper when needed, picked from the cotton-plant, spun at home, and woven in the pit under the tree. This was all that any man had to look forward to for himself or his children ; for nobody could, under any circumstances, rise above the fortune to which he was born, or make property, or use it if he got it. On the other hand, no man expected so good a lot as even this. Every few years there came an awful famine, under which high and low died off together. Sometimes there was a flood ; and then the people might be seen driven together on any rising ground, waiting in hunger till the waters went down, and knowing that they should find everything washed away,—huts, and crops, and everything,—when they returned. Oftener there was drought : and then the country was strewn with corpses, and reeking with the stench of the mortality. In these calamities all classes suffered ; for the gold and jewels would not buy rice or grain when none was growing. Such was life to the multitude during a thousand years of a civilisation supposed to have been the foremost in the world in its day.

In course of time we observe great changes. There are great men who are lords of ten towns, or twenty, or a hundred or more ; and the inhabitants of these settlements are parcelled out among different occupations, which they and their children are to pursue for ever and ever. The village watchman's family is to keep the watch of the village to the end of the world ; and so on.

Here is more organisation, a fuller distribution of industry, somewhat more variety in daily life, and further facility for making gains and enjoying them,—if the inclination were once roused : but there is no evidence that the stimulus operated : and the evils of famine remained ; and to these was in time added war, and great suffering and death from religious pilgrimages and festivals.

Some sort of trade they must have had, though we hear nothing of commercial transactions, or of any money beyond the rudest currency, answering to the cowry cash of Africa. There was a sale of Indian products by Arabs and Chinese in foreign lands ; and these traders carried back woollen cloth, gold and silver, brass, tin and lead, coral, glass, antimony, and perfumes, and some wines. There was a use of these things among the higher classes, and they were paid for by the fine cotton fabrics of India, by silk cloth and thread, dyes, spices, sugar and aromatics, gems, and sometimes female slaves. There must have been ox-carts and pack-oxen on the roads, and boats on the rivers, carrying these commodities between the interior and the coast : but the traders were themselves a caste, and no chance was opened to any order of men by the expansion of any industry but their own, because no man could choose or change his own lot. He was locked into his own niche in the social fabric. There he might be starved, or killed off by pestilence, or seized on for the service of a war ; he might suffer any amount of evil, but he could obtain no good for himself or his children after him. He was the slave of ignorance and of superstition,—of the officers set over him and of the priests. Yet there was worse in store for him. The time came when he was deprived of the negative good of a quiet life.

When the Greeks penetrated into Hindostan they found a country and people externally prosperous. The territory contained a multitude of kingdoms—above a hundred, we are told—and the kings were warlike. The soldiery were a caste of themselves, but everybody could suffer from warfare. Everybody paid taxes,—and heavy ones,—and all were subject to ravage by invasion. Kings and chiefs rode on elephants, and glittered with gems, and spent fortunes in perfumes and rich garments ; but the bulk of the population was toiling on as of old. One great good was the provision of public works,—the cisterns and aqueducts by which the people and their land were supplied with water ; the good road and resting-places for travellers ; the fine approaches to the chief rivers, and the defences of towns and villages. On the other hand, we hear of the evil of usury,—the curse of Indian industry to this day. Heavy taxes and the claims of village potentates must be supposed the causes of the pressure under which men seem to have been always borrowing money which they could never repay. The process makes the modern Hindoo into a hopeless slave, and the same cause must have produced the same effect in the ancient days.

All this time there was, instead of any principle of nationality like that of the Chinese, a peculiar religion which comprehended the entire population

of the vast territory, but admitted of a division into kingdoms, and of the wars which always arise out of such a state of things. A new period arrived when the separate kingdoms were not only invaded and overrun by enemies, but required to listen to the preaching of a strange faith. In the eighth century the Mohammedans were treating the Brahmins as Brahmins had never been treated before. The Arabs had for some time carried on marauding practices on the western coasts of India,—especially by stealing beautiful native women from Scinde for slaves. The impending calamity of a more complete invasion was far more terrible than the fiercest feuds among the native potentates, and the horrors were found in fact to be so dreadful, that most of the inhabitants let the Moslems have their way; so that they were soon settled in the country as its masters.

The poor Hindoos thought they had reached the lowest point of misery when the proud enemy came clustering about their towns, or sweeping like a whirlwind over their plains. At first the great towns resisted: but the fighting men were all slaughtered, and their families sold for slaves: and the rest of the people were compelled to change their religion or pay heavy tribute. Dreary centuries of confusion followed. Hindoo princes here and there joined the conquerors against their neighbours: Hindoo ministers served the newcomers, and forsook their old masters and their old faith: insurrections broke out, and sometimes succeeded for so long a time that the old way of life seemed to be restored, and the intruders to be driven out: and then they came back again, full of wrath and cruelty. The mass of the people suffered most, as in all such cases. There was a show of grandeur and prosperity which fed the pride of rulers: splendid architecture began to arise,—tombs, mosques and palaces, in addition to the pagodas of the old religion: there were more jewels and embroideries, and silk and feather fineries than ever in the courts of princes, conquered and conquering: the great public works were sometimes destroyed in war; and whether they were restored or left in ruins the misery to the labourers was great. If the cultivator or artisan was not ruined by drought, he was made a slave of at the works. The old evils remained amidst the new ones;—no man could rise in life, except a few political or mercantile adventurers; there was no object in life for any man; and the famines became more frequent and terrible than ever when war-blasts swept over the plains, laying all waste. The great reservoirs were breached, and the waters flowed away in the hot sands: the clumps of fruit-trees were cut down, and shade and food were gone: springing crops were trampled down; and the villagers did not venture into their fields to try what could be done. It is no wonder that human life has been held cheap in India; for, during all recorded time, death has made singular havoc with the Hindoos, from birth upwards. Sometimes the peasantry were hunted like wild beasts, and even slaughtered like game in a battue. This was when their numbers were troublesome, or their attachment was suspected, or their fields were coveted. Any of them who

had spirit enough fled into the jungle or the hills, and became marauders. From century to century the history is dreary in the extreme: and any one who studies it hears with astonishment the notions of foreign censors of the British occupation of India. That our possession of India should be blamed is natural and reasonable enough; but nothing can be wilder than the supposition that the inhabitants were a peaceful and prosperous and contented people, living under rulers who treated them well, and made a nation of them. A study of any one century of Indian wars, after the Mohammedans gained a footing in the country, would satisfy anybody that any intervention which should stop the process of the extermination of the helpless and spiritless by the desperate and barbarous, must be a blessing.

To pass rapidly over the period last preceding our intrusion into India,—those were the days of the horrors of the predatory tribes, which, like the Pindarries, made a periodical havoc of the richest districts they could reach. Hundreds of horsemen would show themselves in some neighbourhood, where the crops were ripening, and would sweep away everything. They took whatever they could carry, burned the villages, tortured first and then slew the men, women, and children, and rode on further to commit the same ravages. Changing their horses as they went, they kept up their raid for weeks together, and rode thousands of miles,—rarely meeting with any effectual opposition, and always growing more audacious with success. Besides these, there were enemies always prowling among the country populations,—the Dacoits, who rank as the most barbarous banditti of any known country; and the Thugs, who practised the murder of travellers as a religious observance.

Under such lack of security to person and property, industry and commerce could not prosper; and both sank so low that the statesmen and scholars of the foremost kingdoms looked back a thousand years for the period of the greatness of their princes and people. Whatever may have been the abuses perpetrated in the country by the selfishness, violence, and greed of the Englishmen who established a footing in India (and it is scarcely possible to speak too strongly in the case), it is manifestly true that a handful of our countrymen could not have had their own way among a people so fortunate, innocent, and favoured as some foreign commentators on the Mutiny of 1857 have imagined. European adventurers found a population sunk in an ignorance and corruption which no description could convey to Christian readers. The confusion introduced by time and events into their religion had only subjected them more slavishly to their priests, and intensified their submission to their idols. Nothing was improving, and wherever it was possible things were going back. More corpses strewed the way after the great pilgrimages. The famines and plagues spread further and became more frequent as more districts lapsed into waste, and more towns fell into ruin. Nothing shows more plainly the apathetic condition into which the people at large were sunk than the sincere and long-continued belief of

the India Company's officers of all classes and orders that the spiritlessness of the Hindoo temper, and the fixity of Hindoo habits, rendered it impossible for trade ever to expand. The Company knew exactly what 150,000,000 of Hindoos wanted to buy, and what India had to sell; and the Company would transact all that sort of business for ever. As it was with the Hindoo a hundred generations before, so it was with the Hindoo of the present century. The mass of the people wanted nothing more than their two cotton wrappers, their mat to lie on, their pot to boil rice in, and their bowl to eat it out of. The upper classes might have more wants, but they were as fixed in their habits, and their trade might be calculated as easily from century to century as from season to season. I remember now the sensation of reading Bishop Heber's remark on this, when his Journals came out. He took leave to doubt on this point which was considered so completely settled. In the course of his travels, he thought he perceived signs of the Hindoos being much like the rest of the world in the matter of getting hold of what pleases them. He told us that, the sense of security once established, and the stimulus of hope, desire, ambition once imparted, Hindoos would show as strong a liking for the good things of life as other people. The point has long been proved; for, when the trade with India was once thrown open, an expansion began which has gone on more and more rapidly ever since. There are still districts where the white man's face has never been seen: and there are wide regions where the white man's goods are not known, even by report; but, wherever a regular communication is established, the demand for European commodities is such as to have occasioned an expansion of the banking system and the use of a paper currency. We have seen that there was once no money, but a representative of it, as rude as that of Central Africa. By degrees the process of exchange has grown and refined till it is now found to be a rude and troublesome method to carry loads of gold and silver money, and bank notes are eagerly and confidently adopted.

There are many more interesting signs of the times than this: and perhaps the shortest and truest way of looking at the case of the Hindoos is by glancing at the state in which the recent Budget finds them. Former annual estimates, before the Company began to share its action in India with the rest of the world, suggested little to tell about the people. The revenue came chiefly from the land; and except as far as the seasons and the harvests varied, there was no change from one period to another. The cultivators never grew richer; for their creditor, the money-lender, took care of that; and they could not grow poorer; for they were always in debt to the usurer. They could not be taxed in anything but their salt; for there was nothing else that they could be caught buying; and, during the heaviest operation of the salt monopoly, tens of thousands every year of the vegetarian population of those unhealthy tropical regions died of sheer want of salt to their rice, grain and vegetables. Now there are taxes on foreign commo-

dities, and even on income: and the revenue is improving so fast and so much that the salt is to be an open commodity, and the income-tax is to be soon removed. And how has this improvement come about? Why, everything seems to be improving; and the people certainly work much harder than they ever did before.

And why do they work harder? Because they see a prospect now of ridding themselves of debt first, and then of rising in the world.—How is that? First, wages are high; and a man can easily earn double what he ever before asked or thought of desiring.—What makes the pay so good? The scarcity of hands from the increase of employment. And then, again, the hope of rising is not only from the usurer being got rid of, but from the new chances of buying land; and for those who cannot buy there is a prospect of a permanent settlement of the rent, provided they can bring up the fertility of their land to a certain point. After that, they may make as much more out of the soil as they can, and it will be all their own.

Those who see the energy which these cultivators are putting into their work can assure us that it is not in the power of the native religion and its priests to keep the people down, if good government is set up against it. These people who are paying rent and taxes, and shaking off the money-lender, and buying European commodities, and striving to get American cotton seed, in order to bid for English custom, are the same Hindoos who have been trampled upon for two thousand years, by any who chose to come and tread them under foot. It is common to hear the strength of the country ascribed to the Mohammedan element: but the Faithful are now only one-eighth, if so much, of the population. They were the main strength of the Mutiny, in their expectation that the Prophet was to overthrow the Christian rule; but the Hindoos have strength enough to grow and prosper, very rapidly, without help from their old conquerors.

I have spoken mainly of the labouring class, because it constitutes, even more than in Europe, the mass of the population. But the progress is no less marked in all classes. At the Council Boards in all the three Presidencies, native councillors now sit, in consultation about the making of laws, and the choice of a policy. In the capitals, young Hindoo gentlemen are taking honours at college, and qualifying themselves for the liberal professions: and merchants who have made their fortunes are combining to sustain schools for the education of—not their sons only, but their daughters. In the country, the fertility of whole districts is reviving, as the waters are brought back to their old channels, or made to fill once more the long empty reservoirs. Wherever the modern canals are opened famine is banished; and wherever the swamp is parted into dry land and running water, pestilence disappears also. On the Indus and other great streams, grain, and the goods which buy grain, are carried by steam so fast and far that hunger is routed out from remote places where it never thought to be pursued. Railways not only bring tens of thousands of gazers, but thousands of travellers; and it is

the third-class carriage which pays the best,—showing how the lowest orders have learned the benefits of locomotion.

In the estimates for the coming year's expenditure, nine millions and upwards are set down for outlay on public works (including railway guarantees). These works being reproductive in the highest degree, they will soon pay for themselves; and then there will be less taxation, while the revenue increases in all its branches:—in other words, there will be a new start in the popular fortunes, which need receive no check while there is any part of that vast country unreached and undeveloped. Every new work brings out some new element of wealth,—as we see now in the new value of forests, wastes, and soils which nobody thought of using before. Thus, there really seems to be wealth enough coming to light and to use to make the fortunes of not only all Hindoos, but a great many Englishmen.

There is something better than this, however. The fearful superstition of these people has been the dead weight, the discouragement, the despair, ever since we had to do with them. I need not explain why missionary effort is scarcely any relief to any rational mind. We probably all see why missionary effort has really no chance against such a system as that of the Hindoos. But we begin to see how the Hindoo system must undergo change under the operation of so rapid an influx of civilisation as the priests have now to witness. Well might the Brahmins hold that consultation a few years since, which seemed to me at the time so profoundly significant,—about how far the merit of pilgrimages is affected by the introduction of railroads. Every monstrous observance and requisition of their idolatrous system will in due course be overthrown or dislocated by new knowledge and new arts, as the painful pilgrimage in heat, hardship, and hunger, is inoffensively made absurd by the present fact of a railway and its trains.

The education of girls is perhaps the most portentous fact of all. The whole training of children will be changed, from the next generation onwards, wherever the bold step is adventured.

I might go on for page after page, comparing the Hindoo life of to-day with that of all former ages known to us: but I may stop here; for the importance of the view is in the strength of the contrast, and not in the number of the particulars in which it may be traced. The first step has been taken in the direction of native participation in the government. If this goes on till there is some sort of real union between the two races who are living under the same crown, the woes of India are over. There is much to do yet, before we can confidently anticipate such an issue: but much has been actually effected, even towards that great end, by the extinction of the rivalries and wars of barbaric governments, by the proposal of equal law and justice for all orders of the people, and by the complete throwing open of industry and enterprise to the ability and inclination of the whole multitude of the inhabitants of India.

Surely, now, no Hindoo, but some Nana Sahib, sulking in the frontier forests, or some fanatical

priest looking down from his temple aloft on the busy world below, will say that for India "the former days were better than these."

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

## BRETONS AND BRITONS.

ALIKE in origin, for they share the blood of the earliest recorded inhabitants of our land; alike in ancient tongue, for the "Vrai Bretagne Bretonnante," as Froissart calls it, is allied to our Welsh and Cornish; alike in name to the present day, these distant cousins live upon the same sea, but almost in another world. Perhaps no Europeans are more unlike each other than they. They differ more widely than plain French and English, for the Breton exhibits in caricature those habits and customs which mark the contrast most strongly between our neighbours and ourselves. He is far more bigoted, dirty, and ignorant than the average of his countrymen.

During a recent visit to Brittany I noted down on a sheet of paper some of those peculiarities which always strike John Bull most; and now, on looking over my list, I find it so long that I am tempted to serve it up in such a shape as may give information to some, and perhaps recall a few pleasant whiffs of continental recollections to those who are acquainted with France. Of course, in using the materials which are before me, some will be found—indeed, I see already that they are—common to the whole country. Perhaps not many are really peculiar to Brittany, but they struck me as being exaggerated in that province. For instance, I think that the Breton breakfast-cups are heavier and have thicker lips than those anywhere else—a sip from one is a mouthful; their dinner-plates are colder and congeal the gravy quicker than others; their carriages are dustier and more tinkered; their mixture of meats is more surprising to an English stomach than any in Gaul. The other day we had for breakfast, at a good inn, these principal viands: tripe, raw artichokes, and cider—not that there were no other dishes, the meal was abundant and good, but these were more distinctly and unhesitatingly consumed, along with slices from huge coarse country loaves—no *petit pain*, or crisp white rolls, so sweet and common in Paris. Yet we were in a good hotel, at Dinan, a town which contains 8500 inhabitants, and is much visited in the summer. It is a striking place, with rain-worn granite walls and towers which redden in the sunset over rows of green young trees; dark little gateways which look quite impassable to the lumbering diligence, with its three straggling white horses abreast, and luggage like a load of hay; quaint old houses which have been peeping round corners and nodding their heads at one another across the street any time these last three hundred years; houses with projecting first-floors standing on stone pillars; streets, narrow, tortuous, interlacing, paved up to the walls with cruel stones, and each with a trickling black drain in the middle, where the ducks rummage; shops which nobody seems to enter, with small windows of bad glass—blue cotton, wood, and tobacco being the commonest

merchandise; old women (and you can have no idea of the unpleasantness which may be associated with one till you visit France), little creeping mummies, who beg with voices of unalterable misery; dark, shaven priests in shovel-hats, cassocks, and black bands, who glide about with thumbed gilt-edged books under their arms; gorgeous gendarmes, with quantities of white rigging about their coats, who saunter down the middle of the street, in perpetual contrast with the squalor around them; little bebies of nuns, with their hands folded, baskets on their arms, and a low gust of small-talk as they patter by; bullet-headed children, with tight nightcaps tied under their chins; men in straw hats and blue blouses lounging at the café doors; and some small-faced soldiers in red trousers, sitting on a low wall under the shade.

Not that we saw many soldiers in Brittany. There were next to none at Dinan. But there was, what struck me often, a great scarcity of youths; the male population consisted of old or middle-aged men and boys. Three or four lads of eighteen or nineteen years of age, whom I noticed as exceptions, were lame, badly cross-eyed, or crippled in some way. The youth of the place was with the army. This gap in the ages of the populace became more evident as I observed and reflected. There is hardly an able-bodied man in France who is not, at one time or another, connected with the camp.

I have said that almost every street in Dinan has its central drain. This made the ordinary stench numerous and powerful. But one day, when I walked down to the river bank, and happened to pass the spot where their united contributions flowed into the stream, I met with an odour which, for pungent liveliness and original piquancy of flavour, excelled any I ever smelt, and yet there was a woman with a beautifully clean white cap on, sitting alive and ruddy on a door-step in the very thick of the stench.

By the way, these Breton caps are considered curious. The women generally wear *sabots* (or wooden shoes) not over clean, but their head-dresses are scrupulously spotless. As to shape, they are so varied that they really seem to have no idea in common. Perhaps, though, I can convey a better notion of these finials by comparing them to dinner napkins, starched, and folded on the head according to the wearer's fancy, but always with great flaps or wings; these last being sometimes turned up or back, sometimes cast loose and left to float on either side, like the banks of oars depicted in ancient galleys.

There are no street lamps in Dinan. Strange as it may seem, the town is not lit with gas or oil. There is no pretence made of lighting it. If you want to see your way you must take a lantern or wait for the moon—nay, better still, for the sun. Other towns in these parts have, it is true, some lamps hung in the middle of the streets with cord at rare intervals, but Dinan is left at night as dark as an old coal-mine, or London in the time of the Saxons. There are a good many beggars in the place; they look wretched enough, and have not the professional power of their class in London. Indeed, the

beggars here are frequently very destitute, and a few sous may be charitably bestowed upon them. There is no poor-law in France. A lone and needy man, past his work, must beg or die. It is true that he is most generally provided for by the "brethren" or the "sisters"—some religious orders being devoted to the support of the aged and helpless. But when he receives their help he is a recipient of charity. There is no parish to which he can apply as a right. There is no law for him but (thank God for that!) the codeless law of love. He is utterly dependent on the charitable. Thus there is much more excuse to be made for beggars here; and I confess that an old crippled body past its work generally gets one of my coppers. "Bad thing!" I hear Mr. Square-toes say. "Bad advice!" But, sir, I don't give to children, at least, only to those in their second childhood; and, should you ever come to that, and want a penny, if you would not ask for it from your fellow Christians, for the love of God, you would show a worse opinion of your brethren in the faith than you give yourself credit for now. Ah, me! there must be some genuine beggars, I suppose, and their state here is not such an enviable one that we should be very angry at it, as if they were getting all the good things to themselves. Look at these foreign paupers, at their faces, their clothes. Don't you think they would gladly earn money if they could? Don't you suppose it possible that many of them are so stupid, so ignorant, so awkward, that they never could master a handicraft, and have come to what they are after spending the prime of their lives in the lowest brute-like toil?

London beggars, and the like, as I have hinted, are generally bad. You must have noticed that they are very seldom old or thin, but lusty tramps, no doubt with a capital pulse in their veins, and a kettle of rich stew on the hob at home. These rob the poor more than the rich, and I am sure that the habitual copper-giver, who buys selfish blessings from their profane lips, does thereby far more harm than good to his race.

The Bretons have the character of being very impulsive, though they are rather a stolid looking race, for French. But they swear horribly, using oaths which are as curious as they are incessant. They also drink to excess. Cider is the beverage of the country, but brandy is abundant and strong. Wine they seldom touch. The cider is drunk out of very large teacups, like common blue slop-basons with handles. Passing the common cafés or public-houses you may often see three or four rough men in *sabots* sitting round a table and clicking these basons together before their draught, in good fellowship, as if they were carousing in coffee or tea.

The Breton works hard, and, I should fancy, produces the least possible result with the greatest amount of labour. He tries to get antagonistic crops out of the soil at the same time, planting his wheat-land thick with apple-trees, and therefore injuring both. The fields are very small, and the holdings also. I have seen two people tilling their land together, like Adam and Eve, or getting up their harvest with one rickety cart drawn by

a donkey, the farmer and his wife "loading and leading." Then, too, Darby and Joan often thresh their crop themselves on the bare earth outside the door, winnowing the result by pouring it out of a basin in the wind. As they stand opposite one another, flail in hand, and lay on thick, the effect, a little way off, is that of a "matrimonial difference"—you hear the blows distinctly.

What they do with the grit and dirt the corn picks up, I don't know: grind their teeth down, I suppose. Of course these poor people employ no labour and lay no capital out on the land. They do their own work and get food enough to carry life on, at a snail's pace, throughout the monotonous years.

The face of Brittany is seamed and wrinkled with a thousand narrow lanes which waste the soil and bewilder the traveller. The country has been compared to a "rabbit warren" with the turf flayed off, and all the burrows laid bare.

The highways are excellent, and skirted by an electric telegraph. They are as unlike the ordinary roads of the country as the Great Northern is to a cow-path; but will, I suppose, in time be superseded by the rail.

You never see what we understand by a gentleman's carriage anywhere in these parts. There are vehicles which cost more than the others, and are driven by their owners in good clothes, or coachmen in laced hats; but there is a varnished second-hand look about the best of them, which spoils the effect they are evidently intended to produce.

Inns are tolerably good, and the fare is sufficient. The two meals of the day are a table-d'hôte breakfast at ten, and dinner at six. Great decanters of cider are placed on the board at both, the French generally taking neither coffee nor tea then. Many have a cup at six or seven, and breakfast after a few hours, heavily.

One speciality of the country is its cattle. The horses are mostly grey, and hard as nails. The cows are becoming familiar to us in England, being just now the fashion for gentlemen's parks. They are very small. There was a cow-market at Dinan while I was there, and I found that very many of the animals were no higher than the bottom of my waistcoat. Women came in from the country dragging full-grown cows no bigger than our calves. There were about 200 horses for sale at the same time,—strong serviceable beasts, with great heads and long tails. A good animal fetched about 30*l*. I looked in vain among the farmers and drovers who attended the market for men of a superior class. They were apparently all dirty, close-fisted, and profane. Sacr-r-r-r-ing away at one another, at themselves, and at nothing, all the day.

The patois of the Bretons is horrible. In some districts they have, I am told, still a peculiar language, preserving their Celtic tongue, and being intelligible to genuine Welshmen.

Those who visit this country for scenery ought to be fond of apple-trees, for they fill a great part of the land. Some views, such as that from Avranches over the bay of St. Michel, are very striking; most, however, are praised, not because

they are good, but because the others are bad. A squinting hillock is a mountain among flats.

The charm of the province is its number of quaint towns and occasional coast scenery. The former are very picturesque and offensive. But if you have been living in the bustle of the nineteenth century, and fussing yourself with schemes of progress or the like, you cannot get a greater change than by putting the clock of your observation back some hundred years or so among the lesser towns of the Bretons. You will return not only refreshed by the bodily recreation, but ready to appreciate still better the state of civilisation which Britons have reached.

HARRY JONES.

### "TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

"FIRST waltz? let me see; with much pleasure!"

She handed her fan to her aunt;  
How we whirl'd to the deux-temps' swift measure,  
I fain would describe; but I can't.

An oarsman would say that we "spurred;"  
A sportsman, we "went like a bird;"  
I shall merely remark that we flirted  
In a manner extremely absurd.

And when all my twirling was over,  
And I and my pipe were alone,  
My heart, I began to discover,  
Had ceased to be wholly my own.

As Paddy would say, "More by token,"  
Our hearts must be made of tough clay,  
For mine's been a hundred times broken,  
And here it is beating to-day!

And now I sit here in my attic,  
Alone, with a cold in my head,  
And think, although somewhat rheumatic,  
Of dancing in days that are dead.

A waltz, and but one! 'twas but little  
To live in my mem'ry so long;  
But, at twenty, one's heart is as brittle  
As one's love of sensation is strong.

I pick'd up a flow'ret which, drooping,  
Had fall'n from the wreath it had graced;  
At present, just fancy me stooping—  
I'm over four feet round the waist!

The programme which held her sweet surname,  
I gazed on with tenderest looks;  
Just now, I am certain that her name  
Would move me far less than my cook's.

It comes to us all, that sad season,  
When a man has his waistcoats made wide,  
And his wife ceases strumming the keys on,  
And carries her keys by her side;

When we will go to sleep after dinner,  
And perhaps at odd times in the day;  
When the hair on our head's getting thinner,  
And our beard and our whiskers get grey;

When we can't hold our horse with a snaffle;  
When our waltzing's no longer our forte;  
These sad recollections I'll baffle  
With a bumper of crusted old Port.

M. B.



## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &amp;c.



## CHAPTER XXXI. A POWERFUL ALLY.

RICHARD THORNTON was not slow to respond to Eleanor's summons. The same post which carried Mrs. Monckton's letter to the young man, con-

veyed another letter, addressed to the Signora, urging her to abandon her pupils, for a time at least, and to come at once to Toldale.

Eleanor had not forgotten the faithful friends

who had succoured her in the day of her desolation, but the Signora's habits of independence were not to be conquered, and Mrs. Monckton found there was very little that Eliza Picirillo would consent to accept from her.

She had insisted upon removing the music-mistress from the eccentric regions of the Pilasters to a comfortable first-floor in Dudley Street. She had furnished this new shelter with easy chairs, and Brussels carpets, an Erard's piano, and proof impressions of the Signora's favourite pictures; and in doing this she had very nearly exhausted her first year's income, much to the satisfaction of Gilbert Monckton, who implored her to call upon him freely for any money she might want for her friends.

It pleased him to see her do these things. It was a delight to him to see her thus tenderly grateful to the friends of her adversity.

"A mercenary woman would have cast off these humble associations," he thought: "this girl must be the noble creature I believed her to be, when I flung down my happiness for the second time at a woman's feet."

But although Eleanor would have gladly lavished every shilling she possessed upon Eliza Picirillo and her nephew, she could not persuade either the music-mistress or the scene-painter to work less hard than it had been their wont to do for many wearisome years. The Signora still went from house to house in attendance upon her out-of-door pupils, and still received young ladies bent on wearing the laurel crown of the lyric drama. Richard still painted snow-clad mountain-tops, and impossible Alpine passes, impracticably prosperous villages, and wide-spreading farm-lands of yellow corn, bounded by rustic white palings, and inhabited by husbandmen in linen gaiters and chintz waistcoats. It was in vain, therefore, that Mrs. Monckton had hitherto implored her friends to come to Tolldale, and it was only in consequence of a very serious misunderstanding with Messrs. Spavin and Cromshaw, which for a time threw the scene-painter out of employment, that Richard Thornton was able to respond to Eleanor's earnest appeal.

A January that had been bleaker and colder than even January is expected to be, was drawing to a close, when Signora Picirillo and her nephew arrived at the Priory. The woods round Tolldale were shrouded with snow, the broad lawns before Woodlands were as white as Richard's Alpine passes, and Maurice de Crespigny had been for many weeks a prisoner to the house. Laura's wedding-day was appointed for the fifteenth of March, and that young lady was, when unoccupied by her lover's society, entirely absorbed in the millinery and mantua-making necessary for the preparation of her bridal outfit.

Richard Thornton had considerably modified the eccentric fashion of his beard, and had bought a new suit of clothes in honour of his fair young hostess. The scene-painter had not seen Eleanor since the morning on which he had fled away from the Pilasters to hide his sorrows amongst the swamps of Battersea. The meeting, therefore, was a painful one to him; all the more painful, perhaps, because Mrs. Monckton received

him with the frankly affectionate welcome which she would have bestowed upon a brother.

"You must help me, Dick," she said, "for the sake of others, if not for my sake; you cannot now refuse to fathom this mystery. If Launcelot Darrell is the man I believe him to be, he is no fit husband for an affectionate and trusting girl. He has no right to inherit Maurice de Crespigny's fortune! The marriage between Laura and this man is to take place upon the fifteenth of March. Maurice de Crespigny may die to-morrow. We have very little time before us, Richard."

So Mr. Thornton was fain to obey the imperious young lady, who had been in the habit of ordering him about ever since those old days in which he had kept rabbits and silkworms for her gratification. He set himself to his task very faithfully, and did his best to become acquainted with Launcelot Darrell's character.

The well-born young artist, who meant to do something very great in the Academy, at his earliest convenience, treated the scene-painter with a supercilious good-nature that was by no means agreeable to Mr. Thornton.

Dick had resolved *not* to be prejudiced against Eleanor's fancied enemy, lest that young lady's vehement impulses should have led her into rather an awkward mistake; but there was something in the insolent assurance of Launcelot Darrell that aroused Richard's indignation, and it was not without an effort that he contrived to be commonly civil to poor Laura's affianced husband.

Launcelot dined at Tolldale upon the evening of the arrival of Eleanor's guests, and it was at the dinner-table that Richard first had an opportunity of observing the man he had been entreated to watch. Mr. Monckton, sitting at the bottom of the table, and looking at his wife athwart a glittering array of glass and silver, became aware of a change in Eleanor's manner. A change that mystified and bewildered him, but which was not altogether unpleasant to him.

The lawyer's jealousy had been chiefly aroused by the perpetual uneasiness of Eleanor's manner when Launcelot Darrell was present; by the furtive, yet unguarded watch which she kept upon the young man's movements. To-night, for the first time, her manner had changed. It was no longer Launcelot Darrell, but Richard Thornton whom she watched.

Following every varying expression of her face, Gilbert Monckton saw that she looked at the scene-painter with an earnest, questioning, appealing glance, that seemed to demand something of him, or urge him on to the performance of something that she wanted done. Looking from his wife to Richard, the lawyer saw that Launcelot Darrell was still watched, but this time the eyes that observed him were those of the Signora's nephew.

Mr. Monckton felt very much like a spectator, who looks on at a drama which is being acted in a language that is unknown to him. The *dramatis personæ* come in, they are earnest or vehement, joyous or sorrowful, as the case may be, but not having any clue to the plot, the wretched looker-on can scarcely feel intense delight in the performance.

Eleanor contrived to question her ally in the course of the evening.

"Well, Richard," she said, "is Launcelot Darrell the man who cheated my father?"

"I don't know about that, Mrs. Monckton, but—"

"But you think—?"

"I think he is by no means the most delightful or the best of men. He snubs me because I paint scenery for the Phoenix; and he accepts that silly little girl's homage with the air of a sultan."

"Then you don't like him, Dick!"

Mr. Thornton drew a long breath, as if by some powerful effort of his will he repressed a vehement and unseemly expression of feeling.

"I think he's—you know what a great tragedian used to call people when they rang down the act-drop three minutes before Lear had finished using bad language to his eldest daughter, or came up in the witches' cauldron with their backs to the audience—and nervous people have been known to do that, Eleanor:—it isn't pleasant to stand on a rickety ladder and talk to a quick-tempered tragedian out of a canvas saucepan, with the smell of burning rosin in your nostrils, and another nervous apparition wanting to get you off the ladder before you've finished your speech. I think Launcelot Darrell is—a BEAST, Mrs. Monckton; and I have no doubt he would cheat at cards, if he had the chance of doing it with perfect safety and convenience."

"You think that?" cried Eleanor, seizing upon this latter part of Richard's speech; "you think that he would cheat a helpless old man. Prove that, Richard, prove it, and I will be as merciless to Launcelot Darrell as he was to my father—his uncle's friend, too; he knew that."

"Eleanor Monckton," Richard said, earnestly, "I have never been serious before upon this matter; I have hoped that you would outlive your girlish resolution; I hoped above all that when you married—" his voice trembled a little here, but he went bravely on—"new duties would make you forget that old promise; and I did my best, Heaven knows, to wean you from the infatuation. But now that I have seen this man, Launcelot Darrell, it seems to me as if there may have been something of inspiration in your sudden recognition of him. I have already seen enough of him to know at least that he is no fit husband for that poor little romantic girl with the primrose-coloured ringlets; and I will do my best to find out where he was, and what he was doing, during those years in which he is supposed to have been in India."

"You will do this, Richard?"

"Yes, Mrs. Monckton:" the young man addressed his old companion by this name, using the unfamiliar appellation as a species of rod by which he kept in order and subdued certain rebellious emotions that would arise as he remembered how utterly the beautiful girl, whose presence had made sunshine in the shabbiest, if not the shadiest of places, was now lost to him. "Yes, Mrs. Monckton, I will try and fathom the mystery. This Launcelot Darrell must be very clever if he can have contrived to do away with every vestige of the years in which he was or was not in India. However softly Time may tread, he leaves his

footmarks behind him, and it will be strange if we can't find some tell-tale impression whereby Mr. Darrell's secret may be discovered. By-the-bye, Mrs. Monckton, you have had a good deal of time for observation. What have you done towards investigating the young man's antecedents?"

Eleanor blushed, and hesitated a little before she answered this very direct question.

"I have watched him very closely," she said, "and I've listened to every word he has ever said—"

"To be sure. In the expectation, no doubt, that he would betray himself by frowns and scowls, and other facial contortions, after the manner of a stage villain; or that he would say, 'At such a time I was in Paris;' or, 'At such a time I cheated at cards.' You go cleverly to work, Mrs. Monckton, for an amateur detective!"

"What ought I to have done, then?" Eleanor asked despondently.

"You should have endeavoured to trace up the history of the past by those evidences which the progress of life can scarcely fail to leave behind it. Watch the man's habits and associations, rather than the man himself. Have you had access to the rooms in which he lives?"

"Yes; I have been with Laura to Hazlewood often since I came here. I have been in Launcelot Darrell's rooms."

"And have you seen nothing there? no book, no letter, no scrap of evidence that might make one link in the story of this man's life?"

"Nothing—nothing particular. He has some French novels on a shelf in one corner of his sitting-room."

"Yes; but the possession of a few French novels scarcely proves that he was in Paris in the year '53. Did you look at the titles of the books?"

"No. What could I have gained by seeing them?"

"Something, perhaps. The French are a volatile people. The fashion of one year is not the fashion of another. If you had found some work that made a *furor* in that particular year, you might have argued that Launcelot Darrell was a *flâneur* in the Galerie d'Orleans or on the Boulevard where the book was newly exhibited in the shop-windows. If the novels were new ones, and not Michel Levey's eternal reprints of Sand and Soulié, Balzac and Bernard, you might have learnt something from them. The science of detection, Mrs. Monckton, lies in the observation of insignificant things. It is a species of mental geology. A geologist looks into a gravel pit, and tells you the history of the creation; a clever detective looks over a man's carpet-bag, and convicts that man of a murder or a forgery."

"I know I have been very stupid," Eleanor murmured almost piteously.

"Heaven forbid that you should ever be very clever in such a line as this. There must be detective officers; they are the polished blood-hounds of our civilised age, and very noble and estimable animals when they do their duty conscientiously; but fair-haired young ladies should be kept out of this *galère*. Think no more of this business, then, Eleanor. If Launcelot Darrell was

the man who played écarté with your father on the 11th of August, '53, I'll find a proof of his guilt. Trust me to do that."

"I will trust you, Richard."

Mrs. Monckton held out her hand with a certain queenliness of gesture, as if she would thereby have ratified a bond between herself and her old friend; and as the flower of bygone chivalry were wont to vow the accomplishment of great deeds on the jewelled hilt of a cross-handled sword, so Richard Thornton, bending his honest head, swore allegiance upon the hand of Gilbert Monckton's young wife.

"One word more, Mrs. Monckton," said the scene-painter, "and then we had better leave off talking, or people will begin to wonder why we are so confidential and mysterious. This Mr. Darrell is an artist, I understand. Does he paint much?"

"Oh yes, a great deal; that is to say, he begins a great many things."

"Precisely; he does a good many rough sketches, scraps of pencil and crayon, eh?"

"Yes."

"And he fills portfolios with such scraps, and litters his studio with them?"

"Yes."

"Then I must have a look at his studio, Mrs. Monckton. An artist—yes, even the poorest artist, is sure to be fond of his art. He makes a confidant of it; he betrays a hundred secrets, that he keeps locked from every living creature, in the freedom of his studio. His pencil is the outer expression of his mind, and whatever falsehoods he may impose upon his fellow-men, his sketch-book will tell the truth. It will betray him when he is false, and reveal him when he is true. I must have a look at Launcelot Darrell's studio, Mrs. Monckton. Let me see the man's pictures, and I may be able to tell you more about the man himself."

#### CHAPTER XXXII. THE TESTIMONY OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

It is only natural that one painter should take an interest in the work of another. Mr. Darrell testified no surprise, therefore, when Richard Thornton appeared at Hazlewood the morning after his arrival at Tolldale, under convoy of Mrs. Monckton and Laura.

"I've come to say how sorry I was at your not coming to dinner last night, dear Mrs. Darrell," Laura said to the lady who was so soon to be her mother-in-law; "and I want to ask you whether I ought to have the sprigged muslin morning dresses trimmed with pink or blue, or whether I ought to have three of them pink and three blue, for Launcelot might get tired of seeing me in the same colours, you know, and I might have two of them trimmed with peach, if it came to that; and Eleanor has come with me; and Mr. Thornton—Mr. Thornton, Mrs. Darrell; Mrs. Darrell, Mr. Thornton—has come too, because he is an artist, and wants to see Launcelot's pictures—especially the beautiful picture that's going into the Academy, and that the committee is sure to hang on the line; and I'm sure Launcelot will let

Mr. Thornton see his studio,—won't you, dear Launcelot?"

Miss Mason pursed up her rosy lips, and put her head on one side, like an insinuating canary, as she addressed her affianced husband. She looked very pretty in her winter costume, with a good deal of rich brown fur about her, and a dash of scarlet here and there. She looked like a fashionably-dressed Red Ridinghood, simple enough to be deluded by the weakest-minded of wolves. She was so pretty that her lover glanced down at her with a gratified smile, deriving considerable pleasure from the idea that she belonged to him, and that she was, on the whole, something to be rather proud of; something that added to the young sultan's dignity, and bore testimony to his supreme merits.

Eleanor looked at the lovers with a contemptuous curve lifting her firm upper lip. She despised Launcelot Darrell so utterly, that she was almost cruel enough to despise Laura for loving him.

"Yes," she thought, "Mr. Monckton is right. Shallow, selfish and frivolous! He is all these, and he is false as well. Heaven help you, Laura, if I cannot save you from a marriage with this man."

Mr. Darrell was very well pleased to do the honours of his studio to Richard Thornton. It would be quite a new sort of thing to this scene-painting fellow, the embryo Academician thought: the poor devil would pick up fresh ideas, and get a glimpse at the higher regions of art for the first time in his life perhaps.

Launcelot Darrell led the way to that pleasant, prettily-furnished room which he called his studio. The "*Rosalind* and *Celia*" still occupied the post of honour on the easel. Mr. Darrell worked very hard, but in that spasmodic fashion which is antagonistic to anything like progress. The enthusiasm which upon one occasion kept him at his picture long after the fading light had given him notice to leave it, entirely deserted him upon another, and was perhaps followed by a fit of disgust with himself and with his art, which kept him idle for weeks together.

He made a merit of this fitfulness, depreciating a power of steady and persistent labour as the faculty of a tradesman, rather than an artist. He took credit to himself for the long pauses of idleness in which he waited for what he called inspiration, and imposed upon his mother by his grand talk about earnestness, conscientiousness, reverence for the sublimity of art, and a great many more fine phrases by which he contrived to excuse the simple fact of his laziness. So Eleanor Vane, as sorrowful *Rosalind*, still smiled sadly upon a simpering *Celia*:—it had been quite impossible to prevent Miss Mason's assuming the conventional simper of the weak-minded sitter, who can't forget that his portrait is being taken, and that he is in a manner in the very act of handing down his smile to posterity, or to the furniture brokers—out of an unfinished background, and clad in robes of unfinished satin and velvet. Mr. Thornton wondered as he looked at the young man's work, and remembered how many miles of canvas it had been his own fate to cover since first he had handled his brushes, and splashed in sky borders and cloud pieces for the chief scene-painter at the Phoenix.

Launcelot Darrell, with his mahlstick in his hand, smiled with sublime patronage upon Eleanor's humble friend.

"This sort of thing is rather different to what you've been used to, I suppose?" he said; "rather another kind of work than your pantomime scenes, your grots of everlasting bliss, and caves of constant content, where the water-falls are spangles sewn upon white tape, and the cloudless skies are blue gauze and silver foil?"

"But we're not always painting transformations, you know," Mr. Thornton answered, in no wise offended by the artist's graceful insolence; "scene-painting isn't all done with Dutch metal and the glue-pot: we're obliged to know a little about perspective, and to have a slight knowledge of colour. Some of my brotherhood have turned out tolerable landscape-painters, Mr. Darrell. By-the-bye, you don't do anything in the way of landscape, do you?"

"Yes," Launcelot Darrell answered, indifferently, "I used to try my hand at landscape; but human interest, human interest, Mr. Thornton, is the strong point of a picture. To my mind a picture should be a story, a drama, a tragedy, a poem—something that explains itself without any help from a catalogue."

"Precisely. An epic upon a Bishop's half-length," Richard Thornton answered, rather absently. He saw Eleanor's watchful eyes fixed upon him, and knew that with every moment she was losing faith in him. Looking round the room he saw, too, that there were a couple of bloated portfolios leaning against the wall, and running over with sheets of dirty Bristol board and crumpled drawing paper.

"Yes," Launcelot Darrell repeated, "I have tried my hand at landscape. There are a few in one of those portfolios—the upper one, I think—not the purple one; I keep private memoranda and scraps in that. The green portfolio, Mr. Thornton; you may find some things there that will interest you—that might be useful to you, perhaps."

The artist threw down his mahlstick, and strolled across the room to talk to Laura Mason and his mother, who were sitting near the fire. In doing this he left Eleanor and Richard side by side, near the easel and the corner in which the portfolios leaned against the wall.

There was a large old-fashioned window in this corner of the room, the casement against which Eleanor had stood when Launcelot Darrell asked her to be his wife. The window was in a deep recess, shaded by thick crimson curtains, and in the recess there was a table. Any one sitting at this table was almost concealed from the other inmates of the room.

Richard Thornton lifted both the portfolios, and placed them on this table. Eleanor stood beside him, breathless and expectant.

"The purple portfolio contains private memoranda," whispered the young man; "it is in that portfolio we must look, Mrs. Monckton. There is no such thing as honour in the road we have chosen for ourselves."

The scene-painter untied the strings of the loaded scrap-book, and flung it open. A chaotic mass of drawings lay before him. Crayon

sketches; pencil scraps; unfinished and finished water-coloured drawings; rough caricatures in pen-and-ink, and in water-colours; faint indications of half-obliterated subjects; heads, profiles, chins, and noses; lithographed costumes, prints, etchings, illustrations torn out of books and newspapers; all flung together in bewildering confusion.

Mr. Thornton, seated at the table with his head bent over the papers before him, and with Eleanor standing at his shoulder, began steadily and deliberately to examine the contents of this purple portfolio.

He carefully scrutinised each drawing, however slight, however roughly done, however unpretentious. He looked also at the back of each drawing, sometimes finding a blank, sometimes finding a faint pencil indication of a rubbed-out sketch, or a rough outline in pen-and-ink.

For a long time he found nothing in which the utmost ingenuity could discover any relation to that period of Launcelot Darrell's existence which Eleanor believed to have been spent in Paris.

"Belisarius. Girl with basket of strawberries. Marie Antoinette. Headsman. Flower-girl. Oliver Cromwell refusing the crown. Oliver Cromwell denouncing Sir Harry Vane. Oliver Cromwell and his daughters. Fairfax,"—muttered Richard, as he looked over the sketches. "Didn't I tell you, Eleanor, that a man's sketch-book contains the record of his life? These Cromwell drawings are all dated in the same year. Nearly ten years ago; that is to say, when Mr. Darrell had very little knowledge of anatomy and a tremendous passion for republicanism. Further on we come to a pastoral strata, you see. The Water-mill: Rosa. There is a perpetual recurrence of Rosa and the Water-mill: Rosa in a bridal dress; the mill by moonlight; Rosa in simple russet cloak; the mill in a thunder-storm; Rosa sad; the mill at sunset; and the series bears date two years later, when the artist was desperately in love with a rustic beauty in this neighbourhood. Now we lose sight of Rosa, and come upon a Roman period: the artist goes in for the grand and classic. The Roman period lasts a very short time. Now we are in London; yes, we are up to our eyes in student life in the metropolis. Here are sketches of artist existence in Clipstone Street and the purlieus of Fitzroy Square. Here is the Haymarket by night. An opera-box. Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Lady Clara at the flower show—in Hyde Park—at a concert—aha! the artist is in love again, and this time the beauty is high-born and unapproachable. Here are pen-and-ink hints at contemplated suicide; a young man lying on a pallet bed, an empty bottle on the floor labelled Prussic Acid; another young man leaning over the parapet of Waterloo Bridge on a moonlit night, with St. Paul's in the background. Yes, there have been wasted love and despair, and a wild yearning for death, and that generally morbid and unpleasant state of mind which is the common result of idleness and strong liquors. Stay!" cried Richard Thornton suddenly, "we're all wrong here."

"What do you mean?" asked Eleanor. She had watched the young man's examination of the drawings with eager interest, with ever-increas-

ing impatience, in her desire to come to something that should be evidence against Launcelot Darrell.

"What do you mean?" she said, and then she added impatiently: "How slow you are, Dick! What do I want to know of this man except the one proof that will identify him with that man upon the Boulevard?"

"I'm afraid we've been making a mistake all this time," Richard said, in rather a despondent tone. "I'm afraid these sketches must have been done by some companion of Mr. Darrell's. I'm afraid they're none of them his."

"Not his? But why—why not?"

"Because the first lot, the Cromwells and the Rosas, are all signed with a flourishing autograph—'Launcelot Darrell, pinxt.,' in full, as if the young man were rather proud of his name."

"Yes, yes; but what then?"

"The London life sketches, the Lady Claras and the suicides, which are much better than the first lot, though I should have thought they had been by the same man, are all signed with a monogram."

"A monogram?"

"Yes, of two initials. I've been trying to make them out for ever so long, and I've only just succeeded. The two letters are R. L."

Richard Thornton felt Eleanor's hand, which had been resting lightly upon the back of his chair, tighten suddenly upon the rosewood scrollwork, he heard her breath grow quicker, and when he turned his head he saw that she was deadly pale.

"It is coming home to him, Richard," she said. "The man who cheated my father called himself 'Robert Lan—' Part of the name was torn away in my father's letter, but the initials of that false name are R. L. Go on, Dick; go on quickly, for pity's sake; we shall find something more presently."

Eleanor Monckton had spoken in a whisper, but at this moment the scene-painter laid his hand upon her wrist and reminded her by a gesture of the need of caution. But Mr. Darrell, and the two ladies at the other end of the roomy studio, were in no manner observant of anything that might be going on in the curtained recess of the window. Laura was talking, and her lover was laughing at her, half pleased, half amused, by her childish frivolity.

Richard Thornton turned over a heap of sketches without speaking.

But presently he came upon a water-colour drawing of a long lamplit street, crowded with figures in grotesque costumes, and with masks upon their faces.

"We have crossed the Channel, Eleanor," he said. "Here is Paris in Carnival time, and here is the assumed name, too, in full,—'Robert Lance, March 2nd, '53.' Be quiet, Eleanor, be calm, for Heaven's sake. The man is guilty; I believe that now, as fully as you do; but we have to bring his guilt home to him."

"Keep that sketch, Richard," whispered the girl, "keep it. It is the proof of his false name. It is the proof that he was in Paris when he was

believed to be in India. It is the proof that he was in Paris a few months before my father's death."

The scene-painter folded the tumbled sheet of drawing-paper and thrust it into the breast pocket of his loose coat.

"Go on, Richard; go on," said Eleanor; "there may be something more than this."

The young man obeyed his eager companion; one by one he looked at the pen-and-ink sketches, the crayon drawings, the unfinished scraps in Indian ink or water colour.

They all bore evidence of a life in Paris and its neighbourhood. Now a *débardeur* hanging on the arm of a student; now a grisette drinking *limonade gaseuse* with an artisan beyond the barrier; a funeral train entering the gates of Père la Chaise; a showman on the Boulevard; a group of Zouaves; a bit of landscape in the forest of Saint Germain, with equestrian figures beneath an arch of foliage; a scene in the Champs Elysées.

And at last, a rough pencil sketch of a group in a small chamber at a *café*; an old man seated at a lamplit table playing *écarté* with a man whose face was hidden; an aristocratic-looking, shabby, genteel old man, whose nervous fingers seemed to clutch restlessly at a little pile of napoleons on the table before him.

There was a third figure: the figure of a smartly dressed Frenchman standing behind the old man's chair; and in this watcher of the game Eleanor recognised the man who had persuaded her father to leave her on the Boulevard, the companion of the sulky Englishman.

The sketch was dated August 12, 1853; the very day on which Richard Thornton had recognised the dead man in the ghastly chamber of the Morgue. On the back of the drawing were written these words, "Sketch for finished picture to be called 'The last of the Napoleons'—Robert Lance."

The likeness of the principal figure to George Vane was unmistakable. The man who had been heartless enough to cheat his kinsman's friend, had made this record of the scene of his cruelty, but had not been so callous as to carry out his design after the suicide of his victim.

(To be continued.)

## SUNNY THOUGHTS ON LAWNS.

NOTWITHSTANDING their love of travel, Englishmen are, of all nations, most fond of home. The feverish hotel-life of America finds no favour in their eyes; and the continental mode of passing the evening outside a *café*, beside tubs of shady oleanders, is very well once in a way, but soon sends them home more enamoured than ever of their own institutions. The fireside forms the centre of an Englishman's idea of home during winter, and in summer his garden, and undoubtedly the largest share of his affections is there given to his lawn. The hotbeds belong to the gardener, the flowers to his wife, but his special delight is to survey the smooth-shaven expanse of turf from his window, and saunter over its soft surface lord of all he surveys.

A well-kept lawn is a peculiar feature of our domestic life. In no other country can a few yards of turf be kept green and soft so beautifully as in England, where the humid climate, equable summer and short winter, combine to produce constant verdure and steady increase of elasticity. To go no further from home than the Tuileries, how melancholy is it to see the gardeners there daily directing their hose over the sun-dried plots! What poor results follow, although *il est défendu* to tread them. Terraces and orange-groves, boulevards and lime alleys, are poor substitutes for the emerald freshness of our own dewy lawns.

What can surpass the peacefulness of the lawn surrounding a country-house, when you draw up the blinds early on the first morning after your arrival? From the proud parading of the chaffinches over it, to the distant clang of the gardener sharpening his scythe, all is home-like. It seems to span the whole of life in an instant. Memory flies back to the days when, as a child, you sported on such a lawn, and looks on to the time when, seated old and feeble by its edge, some one who may be slumbering all unconscious as yet in the neighbouring wing, shall catch your lightest fancies and forestall your every wish. And, last scene of all, the level turf before you is inseparably connected with final rest. The mind halts by the

Two graves, grass-green, beside a gray church-tower,  
Wash'd with still rains, and daisy-blossomed.

None of the ancients seem to have appreciated the luxury of a lawn. Homer praises the fabulous gardens of Alcinous, but they were more what we should call orchards. The Grecian idea of a garden was a sacred grove planted with flowers to supply garlands for the deities, while the Romans thought less of lawns than of fountains and rows of stately trees shading terraced walks. It was only in the Elizabethan era with ourselves that grass began to be considered a component part of a garden. The tilt-yard passing insensibly into the bowling-green, as the days of chivalry died out, left us the lawn; the word as well as the thing being thus comparatively modern.

Even Milton knows "lawns or level downs" only as sheep commons:

Russet lawns and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray.

And Lord Bacon, when laying out his "prince-like" garden, out of thirty acres, assigns four to the "green in the entrance."

There are several kinds of lawns, each of them suitable to the rank and appearance of the building to which they belong. There is the palatial lawn, edging such a place as Belvoir Castle for instance; very large and magnificent, and withal little used save by the peacocks. It is generally fringed with rows of vases, shut in by noble avenues of spreading sycamores, and dotted with cedars or mulberry-trees of unknown antiquity. Sunshine and brilliant flowers seem part of its very nature; the massive octagonal sun-dial in one corner, echoing its key-note in the motto running round it—"Tis

only sunny hours I note." It seems a desecration to tread on its springy verdure, and you feel, if you were called upon to mow its dignified precincts, that you ought solemnly to enclose the first crop in an ivory box, as Nero did his beard on shaving for the first time.

France has a good type of this lawn at Versailles, and the aged carp in the pond there are adjuncts exactly suited to the locality. We pitched a few fragments of gravel at them once to quicken their lazy movements, and were immediately attacked by a sentinel with fixed bayonet, just as we should deserve were we barbarians enough to plant unholy feet on such a lawn as we have described, sacred to coronets and strawberry leaves, and summer dances of the *haute noblesse*.

Another kind of lawn is that surrounding some ivy-covered mansion (once perchance a religious house), shaded by lofty elms, and falling gently to a sluggish river. If the former is the type of magnificence, this signifies repose. You shall seldom see merry groups of children playing on it. No Edwin woos his Angelina by these time-honoured precincts. Quaint treasures of the topiarian art guard its ancestral sanctity. The turf is softer than a Turkey carpet, and (broadly contrasting with the palatial lawn) yields till the foot is ankle-deep in moss. A runlet, overgrown with hart's-tongues and the feathery lady-fern, generally splashes into the boundary stream, and the chargers dear to the proprietor's youth, "donati jam rude," graze calmly on the further side. "The family are often away," the custodian tells you, himself most likely a canny Scotchman, like Andrew Fairservice, who is passing a green old age round the lawn. The deep oriel opening on to it are closed, no wheelmarks line the gravel; a general air of melancholy pervades the place. The very birds do not care to sing there; the trout are too sullen to rise at the May-flies between the water-lilies. It will probably soon be sold by the young squire, for no modern bride could endure such a dismal domain. Still it is a fine lawn in its way, and one not unselfed seen in retired corners of Old England.

Again, there is the college lawn, edged maybe by patriarchal horse-chestnuts, the pride of a University, as at St. John's, Oxford. Read "The Princess" if you would realise its learned delights, roses and conic sections, nightingales and the Ethics, its very gravel walks reminding you of Differential Calculus. Defend us from the villa lawn, which is best described by the word "trim!" Its half-grown shrubs, and painfully new seats flanked by the staring red bricks and stone facings of Bello Vue or Prospect Place, may be seen on all sides as the railway dashes through the suburbs of London or any large town. What sense of home associations do the people possess who live in such places? They naturally skirt the railroad, for that is best suited to their constant bustle. Could you read "the Tempest" or "the Faëry Queene" in that pretentious bow-window? "Bradshaw" and the "Times" are the literature for it. As for lying on that sickly lawn, full of knobs, like a couch inno-

cent of feathers, and enjoying Milton or Shakespeare, it is an impossibility! As soon lie down under a street lamp and fancy oneself Endymion!

Most love we the parsonage lawn, emblem as it is of all that is most sacred in English domestic life. It may not always be as closely shaven as might be; for John has much to do, and its turn only comes with planting cabbages, ringing passing bells, and "serving the pigs." Daisies may flick it here and there, but we forgive them, because they recall sundry scraps of Burns and Wordsworth. It is probably even trampled down in an unseemly manner at one corner, but "boys will be boys," and sometimes cattle find the gate carelessly left open. At all events it is a thoroughly useful lawn, and thoroughly enjoyable at all times and seasons; whether in June, when the parson meditates on the bench under the limes, and the children play *croquet*, mingling their merriment with the cawing of sage jackdaws from the tower behind the shrubbery; or in January, when he walks on its sunny side, and catches the windy clamour of the rooks returning to their nesting trees; in grey dawn, when each blade of grass glitters with dew; in moonlight, when a hedgehog gloomily perambulates it, or rabbits skip across it to the pinks. The more it is studied, too, fresh delights reveal themselves. Are you in a serious mood?—pass over it to the rustic gate opening on the churchyard. There even the moss-grown sun-dial, with its homely motto, "percut et imputantur," is in harmony with your thoughts. Are you glad?—skirt those cunningly-arranged tree stumps to the laburnums and lilacs, the roses and honeysuckles, of the inner garden; there the humming-bird hawk-moth poises itself over the blossoms like its tropical namesake, the pipit flits about from tree to tree, and all is life and animation. Would you moralise on the lawn's green expanse with the great modern interpreter of nature?—learn, then, the secret of humility from the grass before you. Its very end is to be trodden under foot, and yet it rises stronger after it. Mow or roll it as much as you will, and it only sends up thicker shoots. Even in winter it is always green, always cheerful; type of perpetual youth and perpetual freshness, its very uniformity like a reflection of the unclouded sky above. Truly they were wise men, those old monks, who loved so much a spacious courtyard of grass!

A naturalist may spend many pleasant moments on his lawn. If an entomologist, he may find *larvæ* amongst the grass, or capture numerous moths and butterflies attracted thither by the neighbouring flowers. Thoroughly to enjoy a lawn, we should have bee-hives by it, for the sake of the perpetual murmur.

Much may be learnt from observing the habits of the earthworms which inhabit it, their seasons of appearing, &c. If vexed at the unsightly casts they leave on the turf, we can reflect how useful they are in dragging dead leaves underneath which would otherwise litter the grass. As if to compensate for the havoc they make with tender plants, they are admirable fertilisers of a lawn, constantly withdrawing the surface-earth and

piercing the soil in all directions, so much so as in a few years entirely to change its surface.

Without worms in our lawns we should have no blackbirds or thrushes haunting them, and to most people birds are peculiarly associated with lawns. Watching their strange ways is an untiring source of quiet pleasure. You may sometimes observe in the West of England the green woodpecker fly flapping to your lawn (as the parrots fly in other lands), and watch its awkward movements on the unusual surface amongst its queer-looking brood, which have just lighted on the earth, for the first time, from the hole in the aged elm. Alarm them, and they are up the nearest tree in a trice, chattering with the squirrels.

It is on the lawn we welcome the redbreast in winter, and it is a favourite resort of many summer birds. A pair of chimney-swallows initiated their tender nestlings into the mysteries of fly-catching over our lawn, last summer. They took literally short "swallow-flights of song" over its surface, and then alighted altogether on the grass to rest a moment, and prevent the tyros feeling weary. It was a beautiful sight to see the old birds proudly puffing out their chestnut-coloured throats in the sunshine, and flirting their tails admiringly round their young hopefuls, evidently too scared on their part to enjoy it, much like small boys just emerging from a first swimming lesson, who shiver afterwards on the brink. At this moment we have a pet blackbird with white-barred tail-feathers hopping over it. Last winter a pair of magpies haunted it. Our Skye came trotting up it one morning with a large bone in his mouth, and (though he did not see us) with that downcast eye and hanging tail which unmistakably showed that he had stolen it from some housewife while salting her pig at the village. He was evidently not hungry, but (like every prudent dog) had an eye to next day: so, looking all round very cautiously, he slunk off to the edge and concealed it at a tree-root, scratching soil all over it, and then departed at his usual jaunty pace. But Nemesis was at hand. One of the magpies sat overhead, cunningly marking all his proceedings, and, directly he had turned the corner, summoned his mate. The two then descended, exhumed the dainty morsel, and picked it clean, while we sat in our study-chair thinking, "set a thief to catch a thief." No one but Sir E. Landseer could do justice to the dog's look on returning, and awaking to the foul treachery that had been done in his absence!

But here we must stop, and, to propitiate the reader, will end with a moral, which is that the common-place objects of daily life are just those which often sweeten it most. Homely enough, perhaps, but anything which attaches people more to home in these restless days is so much additional happiness. It is on the lawn in summer that

Wisdom doth live with children round her knees,  
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk  
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk  
Of the world's business.



## THE LOVES OF AN ECCENTRIC AUTHOR.

FEW persons will associate with the author of "Sandford and Merton" the romantic, disappointed feelings of an ardent, rejected lover, who sought, in an Utopian scheme, for consolation in a "real vexation." Yet such was Thomas Day, to whom English boys owe that work which, next to "Robinson Crusoe," is the best book for them in our language. "Robinson Crusoe" leads on the young to enterprise; it inculcates fortitude and ingenuity; "Sandford and Merton" impresses honour, unworldly views, proper estimates of life, and manly habits. And the author of this unequalled book was as honourable, as generous, as brave as his own hero. Seldom is so much to be said of any author. Witness his first action on coming of age. His mother had married again; her husband, a certain Mr. Phillips, had persecuted Day from his very infancy; yet Day, on obtaining his majority, and believing his mother when she said that she was pinched and wretched on her jointure of three hundred a year, augmented her income a hundred a year, and settled it on her husband, in order that that one pet misery might no longer be a grievance, as his stepfather was an inconvenience to his mother.

Whilst an unformed youth, Day fell in love. Laura was then the fashionable name of the adored; and to Laura, Day wrote verses such as this:

Thee, Laura, thee, by fount, on mazy stream,  
Or thicket rude, impress'd by human feet,  
I sigh, unheeded, to the moon's pale beam;  
Thee, Laura, thee, the echoing hills repeat.

But Laura, whilst accepting his addresses, loved him not. She receded—if not at the church doors, not far from it, metaphorically—and Day was left wounded; and the wound was long unhealed.

He began to rail at women, and to trace the root of all the frivolity and heartlessness with which he invested them, to their education. It was an age of transition, and Day was one of those who strove to found on the downright John Bull nature a fabric of Roman heroism. To begin, he adopted an old deistical philosophy, and engrafted on it a large philanthropy. For the sufferings of refinement he was to allow no compassion. The poor found a ready sympathy in him; but the sensitive, and those who had not actually to sustain cold and hunger, were totally disregarded; and our hero, partly from conceit, and partly from the tone of the times, avowed a contempt for all polished society. He thought it, however, a duty to the world that he should marry; but, to have such a wife as he pictured, he must, he confessed, have one made on purpose for him.

Independent, and, indeed, for those days, rich, on a clear twelve hundred a year, Mr. Day resolved to take his future bride from the lowest class; destitution was to be one of her credentials; a total reliance on him absolutely indispensable. Scarcely of age, with a powerful form, a thoughtful and somewhat melancholy face, good features, though seamed with the small-pox, he might have attracted many a young belle, or, at any rate, her mother, to view his merits in a fair light. He

chose, however, to carry out an experiment, and these were its details, these its localities.

Behold him, first, consulting with a Mr. Bicknell, a barrister in London, and his intimate friend; like himself, too, a man of faultless morals. Next we see the friends travelling down to Shrewsbury, and passing through the wards of the Foundling Hospital in that town. Two little girls, each twelve years old, are selected; one is fair—an Anglo-Saxon beauty—with flaxen hair and blue eyes. The little creature is christened "Lucretia." The other has dark auburn or, rather, chestnut tresses, a clear dark complexion, a blooming cheek. She is forthwith styled "Sabrina."

Certain written conditions satisfied the hospital committee; they were these:—Within a twelve-month one of the children should be given into the protection of some respectable tradeswoman, bound apprentice, with a fee of one hundred pounds; on her marriage, if she behaved well, four hundred pounds were to be added to this modest *dot*. The girl who should be retained, was to be carefully educated, and, if Mr. Day should not marry her himself, she was to have five hundred pounds as her marriage portion. Having arranged this, Mr. Day carried off his little wards to France. They were to receive no ideas except from him; no servant, French or English, was to approach them.

Of course they nearly drove him mad. They had the small-pox, and they cried and screamed incessantly; they quarrelled; they kept him for nights sitting by their bedside; our philosopher began to feel and to perceive the realities of life; especially when crossing the Rhine on a stormy day—the boat was upset. He rescued his wards by his expertness as a swimmer; but, perhaps, had they gone to the bottom, much trouble to all parties would have been avoided.

We next see him at Lichfield; it was spring. Those flat, dewy meadows, in which the city stands, were all besprent with flowers; the Trent meandered through fringes of the bog ranunculus; the purple hue of the trees which precedes their bursting forth into one universal green, was disappearing. There are some delicious spots near this cathedral town, and one of these is Stowe Vale; in this spot Mr. Day took up his residence. But to his mind, disdainful even of the luxuries which Nature herself proffers to us, it was not Stowe's vernal loveliness, nor holy thoughts centering around Lichfield's Gothic spires, nor reverence for Samuel Johnson, who still visited his native place, nor a wish to court the country families clustering around: it was the communion of minds like his own which tempted him to Stowe Vale.

Like his own! Yes; there was Richard Lovell Edgeworth—a young, gay-hearted man, yet imbued with the philosophy which Day esteemed above all others: the philosophy of Hume and Adam Smith. Day sternly carried out his principles; Edgeworth dashed into them the Epicurean tincture which accorded with his worldly, pleasant nature. There was Darwin, who, when his son was found immersed in the Derwent—dead—a suicide—had nothing more passionate on his lips

than these terrible words, "Poor insane coward!"—Darwin, who, shortly before his death, when his wife, trembling at his coming doom, wept at the thought of their approaching separation, had nothing better to console her with than to bid her to remember "that she was the wife of a philosopher." And there were canons, and prebends, and rectors, and choral vicars; some of the jovial, careless crew; others just merely touched with the patrescent philosophy of Day and Darwin, as Lovell Edgeworth was; others cherishing it. Some were holy; most were indifferent. There was also another light which scattered its beams even on the old panelled chambers of the episcopal palace itself. There, tending an aged father, sat Anna Seward, and there, by her side, growing up to loveliness and intelligence, Honora Sneyd was planted.

For successive generations the Sneyds of Staffordshire have been remarkable for personal beauty. The classic features, the fair hair, the matchless complexion, were seen in the person of a collateral descendant of this family stock in Paris, when all the Tuileries was in a blaze as one of the loveliest of faces was observed amid a crowd of less fair physiognomies in the Salle des Marchaux. The sudden *empressement* of a personage highly placed; the envy of surrounding mothers; the quick Spanish jealousy of one less fair, yet more interesting, than *la belle*; the tale of fruitless admiration; the erasure of that one name from the court list—are they not written, if not in the chronicles, in the memory of all who passed the winter of 1853 in Paris? Honora Sneyd, the beloved of the ill-fated André, had been placed by her father, a widower, with Miss Seward, not only for education, but to be introduced to society. She possessed, that loving preceptress has recorded, "all the graces." Happily she was not too strong-minded. She was intellectual, sincere in character, and fascinating in conversation. Parental authority had dissolved an early engagement between her and Major André. He was fighting, with her image in his heart, in America, when Mr. Day arrived at Stowe Vale, and became one of the coterie around Anna Seward.

Mr. Day soon yielded to the charms which seem to have captivated all who approached Honora. He offered her his hand. She refused it,—but the refusal was softened by her assuring him that she wished she could love him. She even owned she had tried to do so, but she could not school her heart to the stern effort. Day then turned his attention towards Elizabeth, the pretty, artless, lively younger sister of Honora. "Countless degrees," Miss Seward tells us, "inferior to the endowed and adorned Honora," Elizabeth's answer was more propitious than that of her sister. Had Mr. Day's manner and address been less singular she could, she believed, have even loved him. But he was so unlike all the world; he was so eccentric, so austere, so uncompromising!

Day laid the lesson to his heart, and then set off to Paris to be modelled into a gentleman. He gave himself up to dancing and fencing masters. He stood for an hour or two a day in frames and back-boards; he screwed back his

shoulders, though not inflicted with a Colonel Bentinck, to enforce the agony. He learned to point his toes, he assumed the military gait, he practised the fashionable bow, and came out in minnets and cotillons. He then hastened back to Lichfield and Elizabeth Sneyd, telling her that he was no longer Thomas Day, "blackguard," but Thomas Day, "fine gentleman."

But alas! the philosopher was spoiled, and the fine gentleman was a mere caricature, and Elizabeth, even Elizabeth, shrank back at his addresses. Three years afterwards, Honora married the young widower, Mr. Edgeworth, and, at her death, Elizabeth became her sister's successor, and the third wife of that clever, desultory, garrulous man. So there closed Day's hopes, as far as the lovely Sneyds were concerned. Meantime, Mr. Day had been carrying on his experiments on the hapless little Sabrina. She was to be formed on the model of Arria, or of Portia, or Cornelia; she was never to shrink from pain. On this principle her benefactor dropped scalding sealing-wax on her arms, and was scandalised to see her weep. He fired pistols at her petticoats, and she screamed. When he told her of invented danger to himself, and made her understand that his confidence was of the utmost moment, he found that she could not keep the secret, but let out these fictitious conspiracies to her playfellows. Then Day was in despair, but still more so when it became obvious that Sabrina could never, would never, endure study, nor attain that intellectual prowess that would become the mother of the Gracchi. And, meantime, all the faults of this benighted capacity were daily and hourly contrasted with the ready apprehension, the progressing mind, the sensibility, the companionableness of the beautiful Honora and the engaging Elizabeth Sneyd. Has not Madame Charles Reybaud, in her "*Deux Marquises*," consciously or unconsciously drawn the portraiture of Thomas Day, and illustrated by that beautiful story the error of his life? Be this, however, as it may, she has painted admirably the impossibility of raising an uneducated and common mind to the standard of one improved by training, and gifted by nature. At all events the process must begin early, almost in infancy, besides which there is something in *race*.

Miss Edgeworth has depicted, it is allowed, Day's opinions and manners in her "Forester," but she has touched her portrait with a too restraining hand. Either Day's nature was hardened by his principles, or his nature assimilated too readily with his unnatural and impracticable convictions. There is a want of social chivalry in his conduct to Sabrina, and we peruse the unrefuted statements of Miss Seward with regret.

After fring at her petticoats and dropping sealing-wax on her arms for a year, our philosopher found that his experiments were failures. Sabrina began to fear him exceedingly. Did the poor helpless founding sometimes conjecture why she was thus adopted, flurried, maintained, and persecuted by her self-appointed guardian? Did her girlish heart yearn in wistful fancy to the dim image of her lost, her unknown parents, with a yearning for something less philosophical and more tender than the training process of Thomas Day?

Did it ever occur to her that the peasant's hovel, where, on the very threshold, the affections blossom, might be more congenial to her than all the beauties and comforts of Stowe Vale? How she came there she knew not; and she did not love her protector sufficiently to conform to his strange veto from affection for one so dreaded.

Humbled, rather than convinced, Mr. Day abandoned his attempt: and lo! Stowe Vale is deserted. The clear pond before it (now, we learn, filled up) no longer reflects Sabrina's girlish image. No longer is she seen fleeing for her life into yon wood from the pistol's aim. No longer vainly trying to compass a Latin declension, or to solve the pepperbox in Euclid. She is away to school—a common-place school in a common-place town, Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire—and is *en train* to become a useful, sensible, and even elegant young woman, upon the old-world principles of education. After remaining three years at school, she resided in various families, paying a board, for Day then allowed her fifty pounds a year. He corresponded with her, "paternally," as Miss Seward expresses it, and resigned her when she had attained the age of twenty-five to a better protection than his own.

Mr. Bicknell, the barrister who, with Mr. Day, had become a surety to the governors of the Foundling Hospital at Shrewsbury for the young Sabrina, offered her his hand. She accepted it, without love. Though she did not exactly adopt Mrs. Malapert's advice—"to begin with a little aversion"—she performed her part well. Mr. Day gave her a *dot* of five hundred pounds, with these ungracious words:—

"I do not refuse my *consent* to your marrying Mr. Bicknell; but remember, you have not asked my *advice*."

She married, and was happy. After six years, however, Mr. Bicknell was carried off by a paralytic stroke, leaving Sabrina destitute, with two sons. Mr. Day then said he would allow her thirty pounds a year, to assist her in the efforts he would, he expected, make for her own maintenance. To this was added the sum of eight hundred pounds, raised among the profession to which Mr. Bicknell had belonged. Having done his, Mr. Day dismissed the child whom he had brought out of obscurity from his remembrance—just as a chemist throws away the dross of any substance in which he has made a fruitless experiment.

Sabrina, however, rose above fortune. She became the housekeeper, assistant, and friend of Dr. Charles Burney, whose large school at Greenwich formed so many youths for an honourable career. Her kindness, her fresh though matronly beauty, her sympathy of character, endeared her to the boys, who loved her all the better that she was not at all Spartan. Her name did not appear in Mr. Day's will, but she continued during her whole life to receive from his widow the annuity she had so sparingly allowed her.

The philosopher eventually married an infatuated young lady, named Mills. Young, elegant, handsome, rich, and well-born, Esther Mills accepted proposals to which were affixed the following conditions:—All that the world calls pleasure,

luxury, ostentation, were to be given up once and for ever; even society was to be limited to a chosen few, and after the absolute wants of existence were satisfied, the rest of their ample fortunes was to be devoted to the poor. Esther gladly, we are told, complied, and Thomas Day found at last a wife shaped on his own plan. They retired into the country. Self-sacrifice began at the church door: no carriage, no lady's-maid, no luxury, were allowed. The harpsichord—which Esther played excellently well—was to be silent: it was trivial to love music. Constant experiments were made on Esther's temper. Her attachment was put to a severe test—she wept, but murmured not. Yet, as her fortune was wholly settled on herself, she had the power, as her husband reminded her, of withdrawing and living alone.

Ten years did this childless union subsist. It was dissolved, not in the Consistorial Court, as one might have expected, but by one of Mr. Day's unfruitful experiments. Though hard upon women and children, he was indulgent to animals. He thought highly, for instance, of the native qualities of horses, and believed that, when they were absent, ill usage was the cause. He reared, he fed, he tamed a favourite foal. He attempted to accustom it to the bit himself; he rejected the aid of a horse-breaker, and attempted to break it himself. The animal, less patient than Sabrina, less devoted than Esther, threw him, and kicked him in the head. Death instantly ensued.

Peculiar, and mistaken, and hard as he was, Thomas Day had one heart at all events devoted to him. His friends, it is said, at once loved, and somewhat disapproved of, him. His wife refused after his death to see the light of day; during those hours when the sun gladdens our fair earth she remained in bed, no gleam allowed to penetrate through her curtains. At night she arose, and wandered through her gardens in the gloom in spectral sorrow. At length these unnatural and unwholesome regrets ended, as might be expected, in her death. She survived her husband only two years.

## GLEANINGS FROM SPAIN.

### PART III.

THE journey to Madrid is accomplished by the very line of rail which "Ford" ridicules so unmercifully, speaking with contempt of the gullibility of the "Cit" which could believe in such a project. Part of the way lies through rich valleys, shut in by high-peaked mountains. The villages are bright and gay, and the whole aspect of the country is pleasant to the eye. But nearer Madrid are barren stony plains, parched and arid, broken occasionally by a patch of stunted stone pines, while here and there rises abruptly a conical hill, crowned with crumbling ruins, with a brown mud-built village at its base.

Madrid has no pretension to architectural beauty; save the glistening white palace, it has scarce a building worth inspection. It has an untidy, unfinished appearance, rendered all the worse by the fact, that half of every street is undergoing the process of demolition or reconstruction. The houses are stuccoed and painted

in the vilest taste, and the roofs of large coarse brown tiles give them a rustic appearance.

In front of the palace is a large shady square, in the centre part of which, surrounding the equestrian statue of Philip IV., is a small enclosed garden. To this the nurses and children who haunt the place have no admission, but gaze wistfully at the flowery casis. The children solace themselves for their exclusion by endless gyrations round and round in little carts, drawn by stupid merino sheep, while, as usual, soldiers in plenty are sauntering about, ever ready to amuse the nurses, the most picturesque of the female population of Madrid. Round their heads are tied gay handkerchiefs, knotted at the back with a butterfly bow, another of a different colour adorns their shoulders, and their bright petticoats are striped with black velvet. Their aprons, which have long ends tied behind, bordered with lace, look particularly well when worn with a black dress. Only a few of the wide streets have the glory of trees, for trees in such a dry country involve much care and attention. Round their roots is a carefully-bricked little well, about a foot deep, intended to retain the water, with which they are daily supplied; when full, a little channel conducts the precious fluid to the next tree, and so on till the whole avenue is refreshed. The Prado is the most disappointing place in Madrid. Part of it is a kind of Sahara, with mere saplings on either side. It is inferior to the public promenade of every other great capital city. Here may be seen all the *beau monde*, differing but little from the same species in every other capital in Europe, save, perhaps, that the ladies' costumes are more gaudy than a negress's on a Sunday, and that small by degrees and beautifully less, are the dandies who saunter beside them. Hardly a mantilla is to be seen; all-omnipotent Fashion has decreed that Paris bonnets are the *mode*. The children strut about in *outré* French fashions, the little mannikins of two or three supremely ridiculous in manly attire. Comfortable-looking matrons prefer remaining in their carriages, and, if they do get out for a stroll, their small feet (or excessive corpulence) cause them to waddle like ducks. Of beauty there is not much to be seen. The Spanish ladies have lost immensely by giving up the black dresses and mantillas, which won them the rapturous admiration of Englishmen in the days of the Peninsular War. Compared with the hideous dresses then worn in the rest of Europe, the Spanish costume must have been charming. The gauzy setting of the mantilla lends beauty even to the homeliest features, and causes the Parisian bonnet even of "Varennes," or "Laure," to appear a grotesque monstrosity; how much more striking, then, must have been the contrast in the days our grandmothers wore hats the size of a millstone, with towering plumes, scanty petticoats, and waists close up under their arms! Save for a few carriages drawn by sleek, shaven mules, the *tout ensemble* is much the same as Hyde Park or the Champs Elysées. Let us leave the fashionable world and turn into the Museum, which is close at hand.

Polite little officials, with cocked hats on, receive your canes and parasols, and lend you a

copy of the catalogue, which is out of print and can no longer be bought. As you stand in the rotunda, filled with daubs, both old and new, you see on either side doors, with the inscription, "Escuela Espanol;" you go in, and introduce yourself to the shades of Velasquez and Murillo.

Diligently all morning, and for many previous days, you have studied Murray's "Hand-book," Stirling's "Spanish Painters," and Viardot's "Musées d'Espagne." You are prepared to go into fits of enthusiasm, and rave about the great Velasquez. Why, is this a Velasquez? this drowsy, sulky Virgin? these dauby equestrian portraits?—where the original faulty drawing, unpainted out, gives each horse at least six legs.

"Mon Dieu, Adolphe," says a spruce little French artist beside me, mounted on a ladder, for the purpose of investigating more closely the beauties of the picture; "c'est l'art de badi-gonner."

Oh! heretic, how dare you disbelieve all the great authorities! Viardot tells you he is the greatest master in the world: you unbelieving infidel, out upon you!

Look at those faithful believers. With eyes fixed on a well-known red book, they wander arm-in-arm through the gallery, stopping where Ford desires them, in his imperative way; they shock no one by rash opinions, but devoutly adhere to conventional belief.

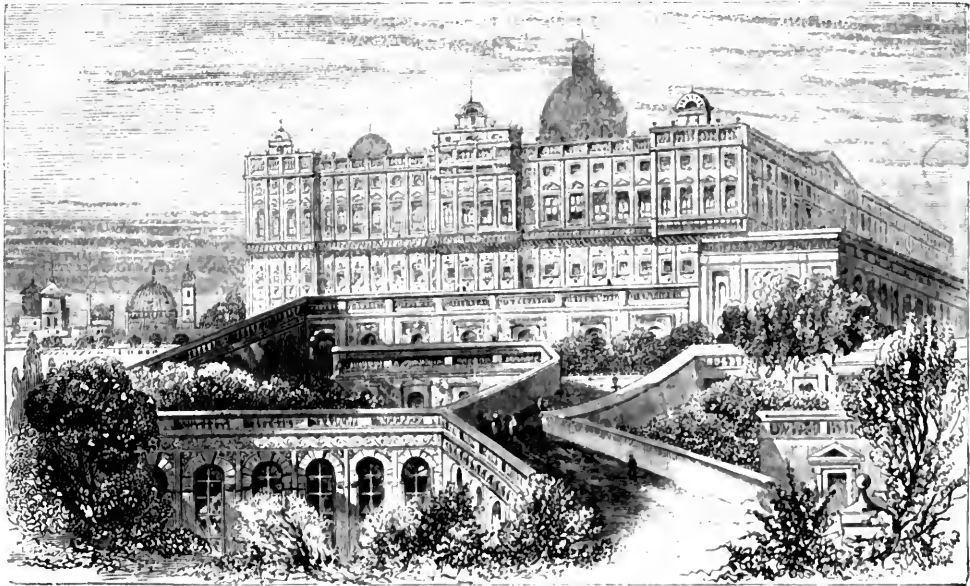
Though at first a disappointment, Velasquez' pictures gain upon one. The most part are really mere sketches, which the great artist, rendered lazy by court favour and success, never gave himself the trouble to finish. Surrounded by empty-headed fops, who followed the cue given by royalty, and praised indiscriminately, no wonder that he succumbed to the paralyzing influence of court life. Most of his pictures require to be seen from a great distance. When you stand close to them, they sadly resemble scene-painting. In two or three, one sees what Velasquez could accomplish when he chose to exert himself. The well-known "Borrachos," or "Drinkers," is an example of this. It represents a dozen peasants jollifying after the completion of the vintage; the Bacchic king, half naked, is seated on a barrel, and is crowning with vine-leaves the most jocular of his boon companions, who kneels to receive this honourable distinction. Another of the crew, with a broad grin on his countenance, holds a bowl of new wine, which seems literally to tremble in his shaky hands, and as you gaze, you momentarily expect to see it flow over the kneeler. It is, after all, only a Teniers the size of life; and it is amusing to hear the critics, who despise the low realities of the Flemish school, wax eloquent over this and a tribe of pictures of grinning beggars, because they are the work of a Spanish *hidalgo*.

The poor Flemings have got a bad name; they are ever branded as coarse and boorish, and unideal; even in the descriptions of the great *chef-d'œuvre* of Velasquez, "The Surrender of Breda," they come in for a slap in the face, and we are told to admire the grave, dignified Spaniards, in contradistinction to the heavy, dull Dutch boors. I beg to differ: the Dutch seem to me to have far the best of it; they have honest,

good, frank faces; and in the high, narrow foreheads and close-set eyes of the Spaniards, I read cruelty, deceit, and intolerance. Rubens, who is so generally cited as a type of the unideal Fleming, had certainly more imagination, and idealised more, than Velasquez. His "Virgin learning to read," in the Antwerp gallery, and his "Holy Family with the Parrot," in the same place, have more grace and delicacy—coarse Fleming though he be—than the Spanish *hidalgo's* portraiture of a rough peasant and his wife, whose ugly waddling baby is playing with a cur, is dignified with the title of Holy Family. Distance must certainly have lent enchantment to the view, and the great authorities who have praised Velasquez to the seventh heaven, must have relied on the Pyrenees being too insurmountable a barrier for their assertions to be put to the test

by idle tourists. The court dwarfs were favourite subjects with Velasquez, and he seems to revel in giving a true impression of their hideousities and imperfections. Poor little creatures, as one looks at their stunted forms and misshapen features, Luther's notion of beings with only half a soul, recurs to the mind.

Velasquez must have wearied with the endless painting of royalty, such royalty as it was. The special clay out of which kings are made, did not turn out particularly beautiful at Madrid. These heavy features, flabby cheeks, pendulous lips, and small eyes, savour much of cretinism. In every variety of dress and position you see the royal forms, even kneeling at prayers, the posture and clasped hands alone indicating the occupation. Velasquez has been compared to Rembrandt for the force and vigour of his portraits, but to the



Palace at Madrid.

mysterious effects and delicacy of colouring of the great master of "impasto" he never attained.

Close to the life-like picture of the young *infanta*, surrounded by her maids, known as "Las Meninas," called by Luca Giordano the *hospel* of Painting, hangs a picture misnamed "Artemisia," by Rembrandt, and, thus placed in juxtaposition, the respective merits of these great artists can be studied at leisure. The wonderful handling of Rembrandt in this, one of his least-known pictures, certainly eclipses the famous "Meninas." The magical effect of light and shade, the marvellous opal-like draperies, and the soft round flesh and floating golden locks of the fair dame, who it is supposed is just going to anquet on her husband's ashes (presented by a title maiden in a vase worthy of Cellini), render obviously apparent the dashing, careless style of Velasquez. Many of his pictures, too, have a

mealy, smeared appearance, as if blotting-paper had been pressed on the wet paint; and the paint itself, though thinly put on, after the manner of Titian, leaves much to be desired in way of finish.

Inexhaustible gallery, never-failing source of interest, months might be spent in roaming from one masterpiece to the other. Divine Virgins by Murillo seem to float in a heavenly atmosphere, and the perfect innocence and fascinating grace of the Infant Saviour and little St. John, must be seen to be understood. What Murillo's pictures must have been before they were scraped and repainted, it is difficult to imagine, as even after all they have gone through they are unutterably beautiful. One rises from contemplation of those transported, ecstatic figures, those faces full of awe and heavenly meditation, with a feeling similar to what one experiences when, in some old cathedral, the organ peals forth its melody carrying the mind

far away from the cares of mortality, and lifting the soul to heaven.

There is an excellent portrait of Murillo, by Tobar, his pupil; a kind thoughtful face it is, with a broader, more benevolent forehead, than that of Velasquez, and full, dreamy eyes. Tobar in part followed the style of his master. After the manner of the Roman Church, which attributes all that is endearing to the Virgin, he has represented her as feeding the lambs of the flock, and seated under a tree, with her hand on the head of a lambkin, while she holds out roses to the rest.

The Virgins of the Murillo school are certainly more celestial beings, and less conventional, than those of Raphael. Had that great artist only lived longer, he would assuredly have departed from the stiff monotony of his grouping, which has rendered it so easy to imitate him that doubts have arisen lately as to whether the much-prized "Perla" is truly an original. The art of imitation is indeed carried to extraordinary perfection, as the following authentic anecdote will show. The superintendent of one of the royal galleries, in a part of Europe I need not mention, bought a few years since a Raphael. He traced its history with the most satisfactory results, and summoned a conclave of the wise and learned in such matters to rejoice with him over the treasure he had found. With one accord they all pronounced it a perfect treasure; true, it was a "replica," but that nowise diminished its value, and was a further proof of its authenticity. It was framed with reference to its great merits, and duly entered into the Royal Catalogue, other pictures being turned out to give it its due proportion of light, and every consideration paid to its claims to distinction. Hardly had it been a month installed with all these honours, when one morning the superintendent was disturbed at his breakfast by the servant announcing that an artist wished to speak to him.

"Let him come in."

He came, and modestly asked for employment, and the good word of so well-known a connoisseur.

"Why, my good fellow, I can do but little for myself. I buy no pictures, and for the Musée, nothing that is modern is admitted."

"But I thought monsieur would give me some commission, as I painted the Raphael."

"The Raphael," said the dignified official waxing wroth; "how dare you presume to tell such lies? The Raphael is beyond doubt authentic: it had the unanimous approval of the most celebrated 'virtuosi' in Europe."

"Nevertheless, if monsieur will honour me so far as to accompany me to my studio, I will show him another copy, which my mother will certify has been done by me."

The enraged and mortified critic was with shame compelled to eat up his own words, and to dispossess his treasure from its eminence; and I fear that, like poor Chatterton, the artist gained but little by his fraud.

The possession of forty pictures by Titian would of itself be sufficient to establish the reputation of the Madrid Museum. "The Presentation of Charles V. and his family to the Heavenly Father by the Virgin" shows how strangely ceremony

mingled even with the Emperor's religion. There are many pictures by the Bassanos. "The going into the Ark" is a delightful homely scene, where the sturdy wives of Shem, Ham, and Japhet are depicted on household cares intent, and bending under the weight of featherbeds fastened on to their backs. Juan de Joanes has a "Lord's Supper," considered by many to be equal to Leonardo da Vinci's. In the golden halo surrounding each disciple's head, the name is inscribed—a needless precaution as regards the loving features of St. John, and the gripping, avaricious expression of Judas. One weariness of the endless studies of Ribera from emaciated skeletons writhing in anguish, and looking more like St. Simeon Stylites than Christian saints and martyrs. In damp and gloomy chambers are stowed away a perfect wealth of works of minor Dutch painters, all doomed to certain destruction from want of air and light.

After leaving the museum, it is a relief to the weary eyes and brain to wander among the shady acacia groves of the Buen Retiro gardens; in any other country they would not be highly esteemed, but here verdure of any kind is grateful. The long formal alleys are adorned with statues, arranged regardless of era, and you find the Cid and Madame du Barry side by side. Behind a high railing is a reserved garden, where royalty walks apart from the crowd. Just as we arrive, one of the royal Infantas, who has been there promenading, prepares to depart. The train of carriages, the dignity, the etiquette which surrounds the little creature, recalls the time of the state-loving Philips. A guard of mounted soldiers keep off the crowd, which, however, evinces no curiosity, and hardly a hat is raised to the Royal Highness, who is seated in a perambulator, propelled by bedizened lacqueys towards the state carriage drawn by four black horses. At the door of the carriage, on one side, stands an old gentleman in court dress, covered with orders, bowing, cocked hat in hand; on the other curtsies a fine old lady, arrayed in gorgeous brocade. The lacqueys lift in the pale baby, after it enter two smart nurses, arrayed in costumes of rose-coloured satin and black velvet; away drives the carriage, the tiny infant looking out of the window, and kissing its white hand to the passers-by. The pompous old lady and gentleman follow in another carriage drawn by four mules, behind them rolls an empty state carriage drawn by four bays, in case of any accident occurring to the equipage which has the honour of containing the royal infant. The perambulator is solemnly lifted into a *fourgon*, the guards close round it, and off they all set to the palace. Is it the nineteenth century, or do I dream? I rub my eyes and remember it is Spain, and, pitying the poor little baby so hedged in from infancy by ceremonial and conventionality, I wend my way to the monkeys, who jump and frisk no less blythely for me than for any crowned head. Poor little royal babies, how can they guess what human nature is like? What wonder they grow up proud and cold when from babyhood they have seen nothing but court ladies and chamberlains bowing to the dust before them!

## THE STRONG HEART.



In a great factory, almost grand from its vastness and the might of its machinery, though without architectural elegance or æsthetic design, a long file of girls were working at their noisy looms. Most of them presented the common type of the factory girl, the independence, the self-assertion, the love of snatches of finery in the shape of necklaces and earrings, in the middle of the dusty clothes, with their bursts of gossip and

merriment at every pause in their routine. One girl was an exception. She worked in a corner, told off by a necessary angle of the building from the stands of her companions. She preferred that situation, and had selected it without opposition. She was not better dressed than her neighbours; she had the ordinary calico gown, and the cap with which the wise ones protected their heads from the fluff flying through the room. If there was

any difference, her dress was more scrupulously clean and more precisely, and primly fitted, and pinned more smooth and neat, than the dresses of the other girls. But she was clearly a woman of a higher cast; you saw it in her turn of features, her expression, her intercourse with her fellow-workers and the manager. Although she was quite a young woman, and not unusually skilled in her trade, there was a tacit respect paid to her, that unconscious demonstration which often marks the difference between inevitable "just supremacy" and unwarrantable usurpation. No one in the Mile-end Mill accused Letty Brown of airs or resented her dignity: and mill "hands" are notoriously shrewd observers. They did not take to her much; they did not like her over much; she was a woman to be trusted and treated with indifference at that stage, by the many as beyond their comprehension and their instincts, and to be loved engrossingly by the few.

In the same way there are characters which by natural impulse, as flowers turn to the sun, turn to whatever of higher intelligence and refinement comes within their reach. It is not respect of persons, it is at the antipodes from sycophancy and snobbishness,—it is simply the like drawing to the like, the magnetism between whatever is brighter and higher in our humanity. So Letty's friends were often distinguished in one way or another, not by any means always in rank, for she numbered them in the workhouse and the hospital, but they were more or less geniuses in their several orders. One was a poor politician, one a runner after tiny emerald mosses with their brown fairy cups. Letty was taken notice of by no less a person than a clever, managing house-keeper in the family of a wealthy cotton lord; nay, Letty was engaged in marriage to a young man with education enough to be a clerk in the factory where she worked, and not only with such chance advantages in book-keeping, but with that intense love of the beautiful in all its shapes which belongs to some of the tenderest and most dependent of our race. Yet Letty was only the orphan daughter of a mechanic, who had been rather remarkable for his incapacity than for anything else. She must have gone back to some more distant ancestor for her faculties, because Letty was born a rising young woman.

I would like to show you Letty in the physique before she leaves the factory this night, as it happens, never to return. She is not a little sprite of a woman, as it is the fashion of the day to find embodiments of latent power. I suspect the size of the lantern has really nothing to do with the strength of the flame within. Letty was fair and pale—so fair and pale that there would have been something insipid about her person, had it not been thrown into a grand mould. She was a big woman, rendered only slightly ungainly by her compressed drapery. Her face was one of those statuesque faces which are apt to be heavy in repose, but it was an open, noble face, notwithstanding; and when heated and animated it lit up into a positive splendour of beauty, but a beauty more of form and tone than of the clear, cool colour which subdued it, as a painter subdues his brilliance by deep shades and grave backgrounds.

It was what some would have called a solemn, cathedral face: yet believe me, when it was blithe, it was with an exuberance and abandonment of gladness, like Rome at the Carnival, and as your stern, good persons laugh, on rare occasions, with a pure sweet passion of laughter.

Above Letty Brown's loom was the instance of a pleasant fashion, which belongs more to country than to town mills—a bunch of hawthorn, such as those with which old country wives used to fill their grates, was still pearly and almond-scented in the dim, loaded air which no ventilators and no open windows could entirely clear. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, Letty's loom showed such traces. Though she lived in a great town, she was never without her supplies of holly, daffodils, roses, wallflowers. He could not live without such fresheners of his existence, and he lavished them on Letty, who, in her native state-liness and peacefulness, loved them better than she would have done jewels. That night, at the ringing of the factory bell, Letty sorted her loom as she was wont, in her orderly fashion, and went out slowly and singly, lingering behind the riotous troops of her companions, in order to be joined by George Ashe. There he was, by her side, a slight lad, more youthful-looking than Letty, though he was her senior, with that ineffable air of refinement which some people confusedly call a genteel address, and with one of those bright and spiritual faces, set in soft, dark, curly hair, which we are driven to look on in a man with dim doubts and forebodings.

Letty no more dreamt that she would not return to the mill on the morrow than that she would wed George Ashe—an orphan like herself—offhand, without money laid by, taking on their furniture, and launching him at once on a muddy sea of debt. A common measure which Letty, with her abundant sense, held in horror—the more extreme that George did not contemplate it so severely or take steps against it so decisively. He had honest principles but extravagant habits for his station, though they were lovely, lovable habits at the same time, and the two struggled together within the man in equal entanglement and in a kind of drawn hostility.

That very evening—one of the memorable ones in Letty's life—she went by appointment to see her friend, Mrs. Peaston, whose scullion she had comforted in her visits to the hospital, and whose clothes she had helped to carry from the washer-woman's when the laundress and the other servants of the great house were busy, and for whom she had procured a sovereign recipe from an amateur chemist for taking iron stains out of linen. At the great house in the suburbs Letty heard that the family were in sharp and sudden distress. One of the sons had been seized with violent illness, and was under active treatment from the doctors, while his relatives and the household generally were struggling more or less with grief and fear. It was not from pure regard to the sufferer—he had been an ill-conditioned lad as ever existed, and cost his kindred sorrow and shame—but they would fain save him from perishing in those pangs of body and mind which were exciting the whole house, and casting down



all the ordinary barriers of wealth and station, pride and reserve. Letty Brown would have gone away again immediately, seeing her visit had been paid at an unpropitious moment, but it went sorely against the grain with the girl to quit a scene of suffering: something might be needed from her—there might be something for her to do.

Letty lingered, full of stillness and sympathy, and something was needed from her ere long. An excitable maid-servant employed to convey hot water to the patient's room, and compelled to witness his agony, fell down in a swoon on the kitchen floor, and while her fellow-servants crowded round her to recover her, Letty carried up the next supply of water in the general confusion. A medical man was endeavouring to restrain the convulsions of the young man, and while he did so he caught Letty's eye—that rational, full, deep, well-set eye—as she stood on the threshold, and, with an imperative sign, he summoned her to his assistance. He kept Letty hours by the bed, until even her strength was deserting her. Just before he dismissed her he inquired curiously,

“Have you ever seen a case of this kind before?”

“No, sir, never,” answered Letty, thankfully.

“Invaluable young woman that,” he observed, energetically, the moment she had left the room; “firm nerves, quick observation, a kind heart, takes a hint, develops a resource. Probably lost where she is,” he continued, grudgingly. “Should like to tempt her to take service in my ward.”

The words pierced the ears dulled and afflicted by poor Fred's frightful attack. “Who is she? How did a stranger come here at such a time? A protégée of Peaston's? Very indiscreet of Peaston. Providential, did you say? Peaston could not know that,” spoke the woman's sentiment brokenly first; and the man's reason replied resolutely, “Never mind, my dear, you heard what the doctor remarked; engage her as a nurse for poor Fred if he is spared. Offer her any wages.”

And Letty remained at the post which had presented itself to her. She would have done so without fee, had none been forthcoming. She could please herself, and she was pleased and proud, with a womanly breadth of satisfaction and benevolence, that she could relieve the unhappy young man, though he was only a poor, stupid, vicious, wrecked sot of a gentleman, under the ghastly thunder-cloud of delirium tremens.

In a month from that date Letty Brown went abroad with the Bridgewater's, who, in ordinary, accommodating phrase, had taken a fancy to the superior mill girl, not as nurse to Mr. Fred, who was again partially restored to sense and action, and on his own hands, to the great loss to himself and the smaller injury to society, and who was left behind the travelling party, judiciously, as far as the comfort of the other members was concerned. Letty went as aide to Mrs. Peaston, to Mrs. Bridgewater's maid, to the head nurse of the young Bridgewater's. She got higher wages as an amphibious domestic than she could win working in the factory. She would see the world and improve herself, as the quiet young woman had an ardent desire to do, and her George was reconciled

to the separation because he could trust her, and he was as proud that she should command these advantages as he was mortified that they should be got without his instrumentality and not in his company.

## II.

The next time that we see Letty Brown is with other surroundings, and under a different aspect. The Bridgewater's tour had been protracted from months to years, and Letty had tasted a little of the bitterness of hope deferred; but that honourable purse of hers was always growing heavier, and that mind and heart of hers better instructed, and though George Ashe was too true not to want her back to him, he was compelled to submit to circumstances. If you were a light observer, you would scarcely know Letty Brown again—Miss Brown now—in her plain, tasteful, lady-like dress, acknowledged maid to the young ladies, and factotum to the housekeeper. In learning to dress her young mistresses' hair, Letty had learnt to dress her own—that pale brown hair without any of the red of the chestnut, a little too fair and cold, but which formed, for all you might know no better, so fitting a setting to the large, finely featured, tranquil, sweet face—Juno, without Juno's jealousies; Minerva, without the divine maid's pretensions; Deborah, who lived with her husband and judged Israel under the fig-tree; Lydia, who heard Paul lovingly and entertained him nobly. In continual association with harmony and elegance, the former intelligent, reverent factory girl had inevitably imbibed and appropriated a portion of these qualities, until, to her own surprise and annoyance, she began to be mistaken for one of the daughters of the family she served. In daily and hourly conversation with educated people, and even in acquiring those soft Italian words, Letty had got rid of the worst part of her provincial dialect, her illiterate sentences and obsolete expressions. In the thin woollen or cambric gown, with the little collar, the light jacket, the shawl hat—a necessity of equipment in the sunny south; able to give a wonderfully artistic opinion of the amateurs' sketches, until she was persuaded to try sketching herself, and was fascinated by her own share of success; betraying naïvely considerable natural talents for music and painting, until her masters and mistresses discovered a fresh charm in carrying her with them to churches and galleries,—what would George Ashe think of his sweetheart when she was restored to him “finished” by the only possible effectual education for a poor girl? It was likely he would be as much abashed as captivated; foolishly over-valuing her acquired information and polish; foolishly under-valuing his own original rough, uncut gifts. But it was certain what Letty would do in the relation that bound them, one of those wonderful, winning relations between the sexes, where George Ashe was half Letty Brown's sovereign, half her darling, half her husband, half her son; in the hour of reunion Letty would clasp George's hand and look into his face, and if there were nobody by to see, put her arm round his neck and kiss him, to show him that, though she had crossed the Channel and wandered over hills and plains, she had seen

nobody to her mind like George Ashe. Letty was not the woman to forget her old friends from adventitious circumstances. She was sterling metal. You might as soon expect the deep stream to show an empty bed, or the day to return without its faithful, cheerful handmaid, the dawn.

Letty Brown was in Italy when the next event in her history occurred. The Bridgewaters were posting between Leghorn and Rome. They had just courteously added to their company a sensitive invalided Lieutenant-Colonel, with whom they had some little acquaintance, a poor man who was travelling for his health and exerciating himself with the discomforts and loneliness of his life. They were in all the exigencies of the road, when their courier was suddenly taken from them by an official mandate in order to deliver evidence on an unusual act of violence which he had seen perpetrated when he was travelling with the illustrious Inglese who had been his last employer. The judge concerned had cleverly caught the witness when he was passing through the town again, and would on no account let him go till he had told his story formally, in spite of the threats and complaints and shamefaced donations of the other illustrious Inglese who must proceed; the latter would be driven into a fit of the spleen if he did not go forward, and yet it was certain he could not move without the hired escort and patronage of his ubiquitous, all important Joachim.

The affair was not very formidable. The little posting town, with its grey gateway and gaudy shrine, where the arrest took place, afforded at least decent accommodation for a halt. There was not the most distant suspicion or apprehension of collusion, fraud, or pillage. "Per Bacco!" as Joachim swore passionately, an English subject was safe in his own castle anywhere. It was only a temporary delay with its temporary discomforts, still it put these good Bridgewaters to their wits' end. They were good—so well bred that they had little assumption, so upright as to have few suspicions; but I never said they were perfect, and one phase of refinement and amiability is almost as bad as a lie which has no legs—it cannot stand alone.

How Letty ran up and down, how she spun out her stock of Italian, how she unroped boxes and unclasped cases, found this clothes-brush and that spirit lamp, and soothed the disconsolate family and their more disconsolate satellites, who of course, as a rule, copied their principals, is a matter which fairly baffles all description.

The Colonel was an admirer of despatch and ingenuity; he had learned their benefit in his military shifts. He pulled his grizzled moustache in admiration of this young woman. She was more valuable than Joachim, if anybody could be more than all important; and whereas Joachim was ugly as a baboon and like a galvanised figure tucked into a skin of brown leather, this young woman was handsome, was neat-handed—which was the Colonel's definition of graceful,—she had spirit, she had ability, she was fit to be a general. When Joachim was free, and the travellers had gone their way, reached their destination, and were settled in different quarters of

the Eternal City, the first time the Colonel had an attack of chronic ague, he sent his landlady, who on holidays displayed the richest mass of black hair and the heaviest gold earrings in the locality, with his respects and apologies, and an earnest solicitation that Mrs. Bridgewater would spare him Miss Brown to preside over his soup and chocolate to see that he was not poisoned, to read his *Times* to him, and prevent him going distracted with the half-foreign gibberish of the puppy who had undertaken the task.

The poor Colonel's unsophisticated petition afforded no little amusement even to these complaisant hearts, but Mrs. Bridgewater did not hesitate to comply with its prayer. The Colonel was an honourable old man, and there was no etiquette for a girl in Brown's rank.

As for Letty, she would as soon live on the one side of the giant dome as on the other, and she rightly judged the invitation a great compliment: so Letty went to the old Colonel's establishment above an artist's studio, and took care of the Colonel and cheered him back to comparative health like an attentive, deferential daughter.

It was as much to Letty Brown's amazement as to the Bridgewaters' consternation, that the night before that on which she was to return to her real employers, the Colonel called her to his side, and, in brief but perfectly respectful terms, asked her to become his wife. Letty had no wish to consider her answer, but the Colonel insisted that she should take time to think over his proposal, and gave her liberty to submit it to her mistress, and I need not say the Colonel was accustomed to be obeyed.

The Bridgewaters had a true regard for Letty, but the communication put them dreadfully about—it was worse than Joachim's compulsory desertion. Travelling, like poverty, might induce them to fraternise with their inferiors; but to marry them—where the one party was a Lieutenant-Colonel of good family, and in possession of an ample fortune besides his pay, and, not till now reckoned more than crabbed, on the high road to craziness, and the other was a waiting-maid, born a factory girl—well, this was an extension of the suffrage with a vengeance! Had the Bridgewaters lent a hand to entangle the wilful old Colonel in the net he had woven for himself, would not all his friends, from the nearest to the most distant, come upon the Bridgewaters in their righteous indignation, and demand unimaginable compensation?

My readers must feel that these affable Bridgewaters were in a disagreeable predicament.

Mrs. Bridgewater was never more relieved in her life than when Letty, blushing very much, but quite determinedly, declared her intention of declining, with her service and her thanks, the proposal which would have turned the heads of half the girls in Letty's line. Mrs. Bridgewater could have kissed and hugged her favourite on the spot. Such a perception of propriety, so much moderation and consideration! Letty was a fine creature; moreover, she had proved herself a philosopher.

While rejoicing in the result, Mrs. Bridgewater, in the middle of her lady-like gentleness and softness, was very inquisitive to penetrate the origin of such philosophy. Then Letty confessed, with

charming confusion in so wise and clever a woman, that there was a clerk lad at home, an old acquaintance, and that indeed she had not concealed the engagement between them from any deceit, Letty was troubled lest she should give that impression, but her friend Mrs. Peaston had known it all along, and for any one else Letty did not know how to speak of such things. That was Letty's explanation of the fact that, with her, love was as sacred and deeply rooted as religion, and one of Letty's young ladies, who was unavoidably privy to the incident, cried out with refreshing satisfaction that she had guessed the solution of Letty's riddle.

Mrs. Bridgewater, affectionate though she was, had very little pity to spare to the Colonel's disappointment—an absurd old man to be impetuous and heedless at his years—and he took his refusal coolly, after all; she saw him having his customary airing, and he sent and borrowed Mr. Bridgewater's "Galignani," exactly as if nothing had happened.

Naturally Letty experienced deeper gratitude and more tender pity, the more clearly defined and unmixed because the Colonel, once satisfied of her calm, deliberate decision, did not attempt to shake it. Though Letty was true as steel to George Ashe—and it was not a distinguished half-martial, half-superannuated Colonel who could have moved her from her allegiance—her heart smote her when the old man's voice faltered as he bade her a courteous good-bye, and she turned back again to give more emphatic instructions to the good-humoured cook how her Colonel liked his lamb and salad, and to implore the gallant Italian, for her friendship, to serve with clockwork punctuality the meals of this generalissimo.

Afterwards, the episode faded from Letty's pre-occupied heart and active life, and left only a shadowy incident—half-mirthful, half-melancholy—behind.

### III.

LETTY BROWN'S travels were over, and her single life with them. She was Letty Brown no more, but Letty Ashe, one of the million; the poor clerk's wife, with her narrow household cares, and toilsome household drudgery. Never mind, Letty never looked handsomer or happier than when she arranged the scanty furniture, and made the markets in the circumscribed flat in the ugly, crowded manufacturing town. Letty was such a young wife, so stately, and so sweet, so civil to her neighbours, so genuinely frank and kind to old friends, and above all, such a companion, friend, mistress, lady to George Ashe, though she had worked as a factory girl once, and he was never likely to be more than a poor clerk to the end of the chapter, that it was good to see her.

Letty had been cooking her husband's dinner, and was skilfully and pleasantly beautifying his dwelling; she was dusting the cage with her turtle—a remembrance from the land of turtles—and she was setting out her flowers, cheap primroses and periwinkles, as she used to deck her old Mile-end factory loom, and with new, graceful

ideas, brought from the fragrant myrtles and oleanders on the altars in old classic Roman lands, when the postman's knock resounded, and she received a letter—a London letter—not for Mrs. George Ashe, but for Lettice Brown.

Letty was a little puzzled as she read the address in an unfamiliar hand; she had no friend that she knew of in London but the Bridgewaters, and they not only were apprised of her marriage, but had loaded her with wedding-presents, useful and ornamental—the polished chiffonnier, the embroidered table-cover, the fauciful cake-basket (Letty would surely eat cake sometimes) were all from the Bridgewaters.

Letty did not open the letter instantly, and reach the bottom of the mystery. She was not excitable, this young woman, in her sound sagacity: she was rather slow at adopting a fancy, though swift at making an observation. She was engrossed with what she was about—she had no pressing interests apart from her own home. She put down the letter, half-determining not to open it till George came home; then she took it up again, and burst the envelope, and read, first a lawyer's exceedingly civil preamble, second a copy of the substance of the will of the late Hugh William Annesley, Lieutenant-Colonel in one of Her Majesty's dragoon regiments, devising and bequeathing to Lettice Brown, formerly of Moorfield (he had incidentally, as it were, asked her the name of her native place the very morning she took leave of him), the bulk of his fortune, and his house at Bayswater, with its plate and furniture. The testator stated that all his relations were distant in degree, and in affluent circumstances, and that he made this disposition of his property, he being in sound mind, as a proof of his respect and esteem for the said Lettice Brown, in further testimony of which he left the legacy without limitation or reservation, beyond the necessary legacy duty, which the lawyer took the opportunity to apprise her it was her business to pay.

Letty read the communication three times before she admitted the importance of its contents, and laid them to heart; and the first thing she did after she knew that she was an heiress—a great heiress for Letty's antecedents—and that George Ashe was rich and able to lead a life of leisure, and indulge his tastes, was to sit down with the tears rolling down her cheeks, making them wan in their paleness—and Letty seldom cried—and to pray God that He would enable her and her husband to bear their unexpected and unexampled prosperity. It was not that Letty was narrow-minded, or superstitious, or childish, and so incapable of comprehending riches, but because she fathomed not only their advantages and benefits, but their temptations and trials, both with judgment and sensibility; and the first abrupt contemplation overcame her, sitting there crying and shaking, half with pleasure, half with pain, trying to recall her stiff, eccentric benefactor, trying to think of telling George, and of what he would feel and say. Letty was roused by her turtle, accustomed to leave his cage and fly to her shoulder, coming softly to his resting-place, and pressing his silver-grey and cinnamon-brown

plumage against her wet cheek, and a touch of a common natural object is a great boon sometimes.

The exultation, the triumph, the delirium of pride and joy were all for George Ashe, when he arrived at last, and was gravely, almost diffidently, informed of the Aladdin's lamp that had been handed in at his door. It was not that George was mercenary, but he had all the vehement impulses which were calm in Letty. There was no end to his brilliant dreams. The poor Colonel's bank-notes and bonds might have had the lustre of Aladdin's charmed stones, the hard, glittering fruit of his unnatural, artificial trees; Bayswater might have been Paradise, considering how the simple fellow, with his poetic imagination, brought to bear on his prosaic luck, plans regarding them. It took all the influence of Letty's controlling power to restrain him. She was not without fear at his fever, though it was not in her nature to show her fear. She was a woman who could be modestly silent alike in trepidation and mortification, in pain of body and anguish of mind.

"If I were you, George, I would go to the factory as usual," proposed Letty, earnestly. "People will not believe at first in our fortune; I can scarcely believe in it myself. There may be some obstacle yet of which we are not aware, though the lawyer speaks fair. It is silly to care too much for our neighbours' opinions, but I should not like them to say that we were lifted clean off our feet before we were sure of a higher perch, too," added Letty, with a faint smile, stroking her turtletail.

This young woman had a wholesome regard for public opinion, and a tolerable aversion to ridicule. George Ashe had sufficient discretion to enable him to see the merit of Letty's counsel. He compelled himself to attend the factory and keep accounts, while he was exchanging momentous letters with the London lawyer, until Letty herself observed that the effort was so painful, and the oversights and blunders he committed so flagrant and absurd, that she herself freed him from the obligation before he was dismissed in disgust by his employers. Then he wandered about aimlessly, could not resist taking all sorts of people into his confidence, until the rumour spread to circles which had never heard of this humble young couple; then he built castles in the air and pulled them down again, overturned all their old domestic arrangements, and neglected their household rules, until Letty learnt by experience that the early days of moneyed consequence are desultory and disagreeable.

But the correspondence with the lawyer was very plain sailing.

Colonel Annesley's will was undoubtedly formal and legal—not a question but the old soldier had died in his sound mind, and no opposition would be made by his cousins, whatever their private feelings. Mr. and Mrs. Ashe, whose most obedient servant the lawyer was, literally and figuratively had only to go up to London and take possession.

Letty drew a long breath; her husband was not ruined by a false expectation; now she might honestly accept the congratulations poured upon

her by a crowd of strangers, suddenly and not insincerely grown friendly. Their hearts were warmed by the liberality of fortune to the Ashes: who knew but his and her turn might come next? Now Letty might make use of that letter of credit at the banker's, the responsibility of whose possession had impressed her so seriously; and Letty went out and was as foolish as any other dear woman, committed the enormity of buying a ten-pound shawl for herself and a flowing dressing-gown for George Ashe. Letty had a fancy for expensive shawls, and an innocent, ancient ambition to see George in a flowing dressing-gown; she had dreamt many a quaint dream of him in her working days, attired in the slippared ease and old-fashioned majestic gown and student's cap in the portraits of the poets, whose works he picked up at book-stalls, before she had the least acquaintance with these great men and their worries and troubles.

That shawl and that dressing-gown happened to be nearly the sole luxuries of her fortune on which Letty put her hands.

The zealous lawyer pressed on Mr. and Mrs. Ashe to come up to town and satisfy themselves with regard to their legacy; he even hinted at their immediately occupying the house at Bayswater, and seeing something of the season. Letty recoiled in horror from this extravagance, considering their late position; but when she urged fresh delay and consideration, woman-like, exaggerating her caution till it verged on cowardice, George Ashe proposed to go up to town alone, and receive and invest their funds. Letty objected hastily and strongly to this solitary expedition, and instanced that, with a very little more time and trouble, she could accompany him. It would not do. George was affronted, restive, unmanageable, and he was quite ready to throw out hints that Letty was looking upon herself as an heiress, was wishing to act upon her heiress-ship, to establish her independence of him, or at least to imply his subordination to her.

Letty was really wounded. It was the first unjust, ungenerous treatment she had experienced from George Ashe. The fact was, he was rapidly getting captious and overbearing. It was as if the golden mist of his imagination was converted into clouds of dim smoke, blinding and confounding him. He was a fine fellow, but he could not stand his sudden rise in the world; his temper and principles were tottering under it.

Letty settled with herself that it was better George Ashe should go up to London alone. There was delicacy in this, and there was a little stubbornness. Any way it was the first parting between those who had been made one flesh; and it had not been without previous roots of bitterness and seeds of disunion. You may feel for poor Letty, with her womanly sentiments all the more swelling in her throat and tightening her breast, because it was a strong heart which gave them birth.

Letty knew what loneliness was after she had succeeded to her fortune, and was left alone in the manufacturing town. Her husband was up in that London, whose vastness and unclimbing tide of humanity oppressed her even to think of. The

fortune he claimed appeared a drop in the bucket of its millions, and yet that drop so lured him that it divided him effectually from her, from what looked now the peaceful, happy days of their past, and from all they had so cheerfully anticipated in the hopeful struggles of their future. Surely human nature should have been above such fluctuations, such oblivion!

Letty knew what it was to grow haggard in her matronly beauty, and heart-weary as one of the chosen few, the favourites of Fortune, to whom the envy of the world was mockery in the canker at the root of the prosperity, while they covered over the sore with decent reticence. There were gossiping, suspicious eyes upon her too; but Letty had not even required to hear in her travels the story of the lioness without the tongue. Yet the poor Colonel had meant to crown her with his favour, and Letty would no more reproach his ghost with framing for her a crown of thorns, than she would fling away her turtle because its meek, tenderly prolonged cooings contrasted broadly with those proud, brief letters from London.

You have heard of a man going straight to destruction. George Ashe went far to it, without turning to look behind him. He fell from his naturally lofty principles and high standard in an incredibly, mournfully, humiliatingly short space of time. I suppose it was in the mystery of evil. The young man was green—green in his rare rise in life, and there were grey beards who thought it no shame to rob and to fool him. There are thieves for men to fall among in other localities than that between Jerusalem and Jericho. There are men of business to excuse themselves for making their own of their client, though it should be by subduing and deteriorating those notorious geese, natural geniuses. There are men of wit who reckon "spoons" fair game in society, however the "spoons" may be battered in the process. In this case there were no friends to interfere, to render the conquest less complete. Letty heard of George Ashe's wild purchases and injurious excesses, and wrung her hands and reproached herself that she had not gone with him or followed him to that London, which, she said to herself, in an agony of defence of the culprit, was drunk with its own snares and sins. Why had she been so selfish, so mad, in her pride? and now it was too late, when he only regarded her entreaties to laugh at them and despise them, and to forbid her joining him. Poor great-hearted, devoted Letty, as if a woman's husband could ever, except in an extraordinary case, be treated with profit as her baby.

Months had passed, and Letty sat alone one night, comfortless, in her little sitting-room, which looked mean even in her own eyes now-a-days, pondering on her cares. A ring came to the bell—and surely Letty should know that ring—but alas! she had undergone so many false starts, that she dared not trust her heart. She went to the door, trembling, opened it, recognised her husband, and fell upon his breast. She had him again, and she clung to him, without another thought. She brought him into the parlour, still clasping his arm, though

he returned her caress mechanically, and only spoke to her by a muttered greeting. It was autumn and stormy weather, and he looked miserably cold and knocked up. She lit a fire for him, kneeling down and puffing at the match in the laid wood with all her might, drew his chair before it, and brought him her own tea and toast, till something better could be prepared for him. She did not ask him why he had come without announcing his arrival; why he had travelled in a summer coat, and without wrap or luggage, like an adventurer, or a man flying from his enemies. She put away every thought but that of his presence, and built herself up in it till her eyes shone like stars, and her cheeks bloomed like blush-roses. He saw it, and rose up with a bitter cry: "Letty, I have brought you back nothing. I have wasted it all. I have only brought back my miserable self."

"You have brought back yourself, George," repeated Letty, in her quiet accents of deep, strong fidelity, in which there was full forgiveness, and under which there throbbed and thrilled such hidden pulses of fondness as only beat in such strong and faithful beings. "You have brought back yourself, and what could you bring to me like yourself? We will be as we were before, George. How gladly we will forget what has come between, except as a warning of evils to be avoided for ever."

I am glad that Letty was not repaid by signal ingratitude and a recurrence of the offence. George Ashe was not such an ingrate. He was filled with the forbidden fruit of his folly, and found his teeth too much set on edge for him to crave to bite the apple of knowledge again. He had no relapse, though he could not escape a rebound. The sweet-natured, enthusiastic man had taken leaven into his composition which leavened the whole lump. He had been to a school where he was not only instructed but inoculated in coldness, scepticism, and sarcasm.

George Ashe had spent an incredible amount of worldly substance, but he was not so penniless as, in his despair, he had represented himself. From the fragments of Letty's legacy enough was saved to buy a small farm to maintain the couple. Letty and George went to that little farm with its pretty northern name of the Hollens, and there practised, with economy, being yeomen, pastoral poets and patriarchs. Well, what would you have? it would have been a great independence to them once on a day, and at least one of them knew both how to be abased and how to abound, and the hardest feat of all, how to curb high-vaulting imaginations within their old narrow bounds. There the Ashes were cordially visited by the Bridgewaters and other friends, and there they lived to secure the regard of their world though not in the same degree. He was a wonderful fellow no doubt, well educated at last, even accomplished, liberal, friendly; but he was uncertain, a little morbid, self-conscious, crotchety. And Letty was such a noble-hearted woman, he was so well off with her, as he was thoroughly aware in every respect; she was so tranquil in her comparative exaltation, so serene under her losses, so unpretendingly exact and honourable in all her duties.

so genial in her quiet way, with such a lovable inclination to plants and animals and other people's children besides her own. People said she was a born lady, that mistress of the Hollens. That was small praise—say rather hers was a strong, pure heart early anchored in still, profound faith in goodness and God.

H. K.

### SMALLPOX IN LONDON.

AN epidemic of smallpox in London in the year 1863;—people packing and running into the country;—letters in the "Times" giving "certain" cures for this loathsome disease; other letters detailing the best means of preventing "pitting";—persons blotched with scarcely-dried pustules meeting you in every street! Shade of Jenner, is the merciful shield which thy genius has held over us for more than half a century pierced and broken at last? And are we to mourn the reappearance of a once conquered plague, and to bewail afresh its ravages upon youthful beauty? There is scarcely warrant for all these fears, but there is quite enough warning given, to show us that although the shield is as impervious as ever, we are neglecting from time to time to use it. The Registrar-General's returns for these last eight or nine months prove that smallpox is gradually gaining upon us, and that for months past the deaths from this disease have averaged something higher than sixty weekly.

The cause of all this is the difficulty of getting the public to take even the smallest trouble for the sake of warding off a merely prospective evil; or perhaps we may rather ascribe it to that immobility of the human mind which is such a bar to progress of every kind.

Without going into a detailed history of the proceedings of Jenner, we may say that the tardy discovery of vaccination itself affords one of the best examples of the length of time the seed of an idea calculated to save an enormous amount of human suffering to all posterity, will sometimes lie in the mind before it bears fruit. Let us take inoculation as an instance.

At a time when smallpox was as destructive as the plague itself, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu happening to be at Adrianople, was struck with the fact that the Turks were in the habit of making terms with the disease, by receiving it into their system by way of the skin, instead of by the lungs, as in the natural mode of infection. Possibly the lively nature of the lady's letters had more to do with the sensation this new practice created in England than the magnitude of the truth she made known, and to this day we believe that the public have some idea that it was a discovery made by her ladyship, and which she had the boldness to put in practice upon her own son. Yet no fact is more certain than that throughout Asia the practice of inoculation had obtained for ages; and that the Chinese—the inevitable nation to which we have always to go back for the birth of any great discovery—systematically employed inoculation as early as the sixth century. Yet strange to say, in Asia this precious knowledge came to a dead stand-still; and had it not been for the lively

English lady, inoculation might not have been introduced into England for another half century, and possibly vaccination would even now be in the womb of time.

That inoculation was a grand step towards the practice of vaccination there can be little doubt, although science did not at the time appreciate the fact. It taught us that the disease received into the circulation by the skin was infinitely less dangerous than the disease "caught" by inhalation through the lungs, a circumstance which medicine cannot explain to this day. The deaths from smallpox during some of the severe epidemics of the last century were not less than a third of those attacked, but the improved practice of inoculation reduced these deaths to one in two hundred!

This in itself, no doubt, was a grand result, but unfortunately it told only for those who were inoculated, for inasmuch as it was the practice of physicians to send their patients into the open air, and as inoculated smallpox was as contagious as the disease pure and simple, those persons in their turn became centres of contagion. If it had been possible to have insulated every inoculated person until he had passed the stage of infection, it is just possible that vaccination might not yet have been discovered, inasmuch as half measures often keep off for a long time sweeping reforms; but as this was not possible, inoculation only made matters worse.

This fact was clearly proved by the London Bills of Mortality, which showed that during the first thirty years of the eighteenth century (before inoculation), out of 1000 deaths, those from smallpox were seventy-four, whilst during an equal number of years at the end of the century, after inoculation, they amounted to ninety-five—thus proving that the practice had increased the deaths in a proportion of five to four. This result, however, came from putting the practice in force in a crowded city; no doubt the result would have been widely different in country places and among thinly-populated districts, otherwise it would not have been handed down for centuries over vast continents.

But the extreme difficulty with which the idea of vaccination germinated was still more remarkable than the slow progress made by inoculation. It must not be supposed that Jenner was the first to discover that the inoculation of the matter from pustules in the cow's teat afforded a protection to the milkers against smallpox. So far from this being the case, the fact was noticed in a Göttingen paper as early as 1769; and at Keil, in Germany, and also in Holstein, the protective influence of the cowpox irruption was recognised nearly as early. Strange to say, in Asia also, in the province of Lus, the milkers have a disease long known as Photo-Shooter, contracted from milking the camel in the same way as cowpox is contracted from milking the cow, and it is found to be equally protective against the smallpox. It was Jenner's glory that, having become acquainted with the fact from the Gloucestershire dairymaids, by a pure process of induction he proved the value of the protective agent, by first inoculating the boy Phipps with the cowpox, and after the

lapse of some little time, testing its protective power by inoculating smallpox, the failure of which to produce the dread disease affording the final proof of the value of vaccination. From the lymph taken from this boy's arm, he drew and put in circulation the new life-protecting agent. All the early vaccinations were made from him, and indeed there can be no doubt that a large quantity of the vaccine matter at present in existence took its rise from the ferment promoted in the boy's blood by the original operation performed in 1796. In justice, a bas-relief of this bold youth should have been placed on the basement of the statue to Jenner, as a reward for allowing so doubtful an experiment to have been tried upon his own person for the good of mankind.

Although he suspected the fact, it was not certainly known to Jenner, that smallpox and cow-pox were the same thing; or rather, that the latter is only a modified form of the former, its venom having been destroyed by passing through the body of the cow.

In the year 1801, Dr. Gassner, of Gunzburg, after many trials, managed to inoculate smallpox into a cow, and from the lymph thereby produced, he vaccinated four children successfully; and forty years afterwards Dr. Thiele, of Kasan, not only repeated this experiment, but carried it a step further by placing the vaccinated children in the same bed with smallpox patients, and even had them vaccinated with smallpox matter, with perfect impunity. Since that time, Mr. Badcock, of Brighton, has put this discovery to a highly practical use, inasmuch as by inoculating cows with smallpox he has from time to time been enabled to put large quantities of vaccine lymph into circulation,—a very important matter, as there can be little doubt that the old stock has become deteriorated, and has ceased to be so protective in its influence as heretofore.

Dr. Jenner, we know, put upon record "his full and perfect confidence that it (the protective influence of vaccine lymph) might be continued in perpetuity by inoculating from one human being to another in the same way as smallpox," and this opinion the Vaccine Board has very lately endorsed. Theoretically this is perhaps true; nevertheless, there is good reason to doubt the fact practically, as operators sometimes take their lymph from imperfectly formed or over-ripe vesicles, a known cause of enfeeblement of its action. It is well known, at all events, that fresh lymph from the cow "takes better," gives signs of producing more constitutional disturbance, and forms a truer Jennerian vesicle, the great proof of successful vaccination, than is produced by lymph which has passed through a long descent from the cow. As this is a statement which especially refers to the comparatively deficient quality of the general current lymph of the country, it is highly important, and, as Mr. Simon very justly says, it points "to the necessity for a periodical renewal of lymph."

It is pretty generally allowed, however, that even when vaccination is performed on children in the most perfect manner with the purest lymph, there is a necessity for a re-vaccination about

the age of puberty; hence the rush we see for a re-assurance against infection during the existing epidemic.

We have no longer, it is true, the absurd charges against vaccination so strongly urged at the commencement of the present century. Boys are no longer instanced who, in consequence of the influence of the "beastly vaccine matter" introduced into their blood, have been "heard to bellow;" we hear no more of patches of hair resembling cow's hair; horns have ceased to grow from children's foreheads; but the cry is not altogether dead, and we hear from time to time of eruptions over the head and body following the lancet's puncture.

These are mild charges, faults which the great discovery can afford to have placed to its debit, even when untruly made; but in France a far graver offence has been of late imputed to vaccination, and one which has attracted the attention of all the scientific professors of medicine. It was asserted that vaccination was chargeable with inoculating a loathsome disease into the blood. The evidence given was pretty conclusive, and for a time Jenner's discovery seemed to be placed once more upon its trial. The discussion which ensued did not reach the public ear, but it was fierce enough to shake the faith for a moment of good men and true. At last, however, to the intense relief of medicine, it was ascertained that although the disease had undoubtedly been transmitted *with* the vaccine lymph, yet it had not been transmitted in it,—an unskilful vaccinator having removed some of the blood as well as the lymph of an infected child, the consequence was that the next child vaccinated received a double infection. This was no charge against vaccination, but only against the manner in which the act had been performed. As there is but one blood disease that can possibly be thus inoculated, and that but under the rarest possible combination of circumstances which may never recur again, all fear under this head may be said to have gone by.

Thus the last chance has passed away of justifying the extraordinary epitaph erected in the church of Rood-lane, City, by the sister of Mr. Birch, one of the surgeons of St. Thomas's Hospital, which commemorates that "the practice of cow-poxing, which first became general in his day, undaunted by the overwhelming influence of power and prejudice, and the voice of nations, he uniformly and until death (1815) perseveringly opposed." Mankind are fond enough of proclaiming themselves true prophets after the event, but perhaps this is the first instance on record in which a man's friends have been so proud of his having been a false prophet as to proclaim the fact in enduring stone.

But, it will be asked, how was it, vaccination having been so thoroughly proved an absolute protection against smallpox, that we meet persons in crowded places with the eruption still full upon them, and that more people died in the months of March and April last, from a disease we had fondly imagined banished, than in any two previous years? Nay, so severe has it become, especially among children, that there has been a regular

panic in town respecting it, and there were, at one time, fears among the West-end tradesmen that it would cause the "session" to come to an untimely end.

Let us admit it at once. This result is only one example of the price we pay for our determined opposition to centralisation. We put the liberty of the individual above every other consideration, and we see that public danger is the result.

In comparison with most of the great European nations, England, the very source of vaccination, is by far the worst protected against smallpox of them all. Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and Austria stand particularly high in this respect, for the simple reason that children are vaccinated in those countries with the same certainty that they are registered at birth in this.

Some ten or twelve years ago, chiefly at the instance of the medical profession, a compulsory Act was passed, directing that all children should be vaccinated within four months from birth. The sages, however, who passed this law forgot to enact machinery by which it could be worked. There were penalties, it is true, for non-compliance with the Act, but no reasonable means of putting them in force. When the Act first passed, the public for a time were frightened into a steady compliance with its requirements; but they soon found out that the law if it barked could not bite, and by degrees parents, especially among the poorer classes, began to neglect an act which, for the preservation of their children's lives, was just as essential as their clothing and food.

Moreover, the duty of vaccination was, by some unaccountable blunder, placed under the direction of the Poor-law Board, which contracted with medical men for the vaccination of their respective districts. In some cases there is at present such competition for these contracts, that there are two vaccinators for one child, consequently poor parents imagine that they are *conferring a favour* upon the vaccinator in allowing the child to be protected against death; and they will attempt to make a bargain with the doctor, saying, "You shall vaccinate baby if you will give so and so a bottle of physic," or if you will "give us a pot of beer." The most rooted antipathy to allow children to be vaccinated—we are again told by the Inspector of Vaccination—is removed by twopence, or the presentation of a toy. Can anything be more absurd than this? If there are faults upon the part of parents, there are also faults in the kind of vaccination which is offered or rather thrust upon them. Upon the efficient manner in which the act of vaccination is performed depends the success of the operation. It is a delicate, if not a difficult, act to perform; but will it be believed that a duty which is necessary to shield the population from a terrible disease is not taught in one of our public hospitals?

The student passes from these great places of study as ignorant of vaccination as the savage in the woods. When he gets into practice he manages to pick up his information as best he can. Consequently, the method of transferring the vaccine

lymph from arm to arm, or from the vaccine point to the arm, differs as widely as the ideas of men can differ who have to act without any previous knowledge on a given subject. Some merely scratch the skin, others make a deep puncture, in some cases only two incisions are made, but the perfect vaccinator will always make three incisions on each arm. In many cases through ignorance the lymph is taken from the arm when it is over-ripe, and the consequence is not only a source of failure in its power of protection, but a fear that it may cause many of those unsightly eruptions which are known to follow the act of vaccination from impure lymph.

We have said enough, and more than enough, to show that in the present state of the law we can never be certain either that the population is well vaccinated, or that the lower stratum of it is vaccinated at all. When an epidemic arises people rush to the vaccination stations to protect their little ones against the arrows of death which they see flying around them and striking here and there to the death; but the epidemic passes, and their fears with it—a new crop of unvaccinated children springs up, and a new epidemic, to be repeated every four or five years, sweeps off these neglected children, and spreads terror and contagion among adults.

The Government have yet to realize the fact, that we must create a standing army of well-trained medical men, well officered, and ready to meet this enemy day by day, and beat him in detail, and not to allow him to overwhelm us by sudden onslaughts. To give this protective force due efficacy, it should have a medical organisation, and not be frittered away among poor-law boards, vaccine boards, or the many conflicting authorities which now create such friction, and make the working of the Vaccination Act a perfect nullity. We have an officer of health; why should not the working of the machinery of vaccination be entrusted wholly to him? and if, having given him the proper instruments and subordinates for the due carrying out of Jenner's discovery, he fails (which he would scarcely do), we should dismiss him, and appoint another, as our Yankee friends are now doing with those commanders-in-chief who have failed against the public enemy in the field.

A. W.

### CONCERNING FLAT-FISH.

THE varieties of the peculiar "genre" of fish comprised under the above denomination are so many, that to treat of them individually under separate heads would occupy too much space, and perhaps be not altogether acceptable to the bulk of miscellaneous readers.

In some of my previous papers I have had occasion to remark on the inexhaustibility of the subject of "fish," and indeed the flat-fish of our seas are as a tribe so numerous and interesting, as to be well worthy of a paper to themselves. I shall attempt to deal with only a few of them, and accordingly commence with that prime favourite the *Sole*.

Soles are well known and numerous in nearly



all the salt waters of the globe, and it is but fair to add are everywhere appreciated. They are caught in "trawl-nets," a species of fishing which I have before explained in detail, and so great is the demand for them by all classes of society that with the single exception of herrings (and of course sprats), soles stand at the head of the list of fish furnished to the metropolis.

Notwithstanding the apparent smallness of mouth of the sole, it manages to swallow shell-fish, several of which I have taken from a very large fish, measuring two feet two inches and a quarter in length, and caught near Dover. They were small shell-fish of the cockle variety, and about the size of horse-beans, or a little larger. This sole also contained some small particles of a very delicate and fibrous sea-weed.

Calais and Dunkirk are famous for their fine soles, which however I do not think are so favourite an article of food with the French as with our own working classes.

The sole is to be found on a sandy or muddy bottom, the reason of which is obvious.

For sweetness and flavour the small soles or "slips" are superior to the larger ones, but a dish of hot fillets cut from a large thick sole and fried in fine crumbs of bread with an egg, is one of which the equal is hardly to be found, especially when your anchovy sauce is good, and your shrimp ditto well flavoured. A boiled sole, though often seen at table, is, I think, a "mistake," as would be a boiled smelt or sprat.

Besides Calais and Dunkirk, which places I have before alluded to as furnishing fine soles, Rouen and Dieppe are always found well supplied with this fish, and most of our own Channel ports, Dover, Folkestone, &c., produce them abundantly.

The *Hollibut* grows often to an enormous size, and I am told has been known to exceed eighty pounds in weight when taken in the North Sea. The fish is in appearance a kind of compromise between the flounder and the turbot, though greatly exceeding both in size, indeed the flounder bears about the same proportion to the hollibut as the chaffinch does to the pheasant. Considerable quantities of hollibut are taken off the Orkney and Shetland Isles, on the lines employed for cod-fishing. Great numbers of skate, tusk, ling, coal-fish, and others are also thus caught. The baits are pieces of fresh herring or mackerel, and shell-fish such as clams or whelks. The hollibut taken are usually cut in pieces and dried and smoked at peat fires. Hollibut may often be seen exposed for sale on the fishmongers' slabs in the metropolis, but the greater portion of those taken are consumed either by the fishermen themselves, or by the country people of the surrounding districts.

The *Turbot* is taken with the hook and net, those caught with the hook being the best fish. Turbot are taken in large numbers off Holland and our Yorkshire coast. They are also taken occasionally off all the Channel ports. When the fishery is carried on with hooks, it is pursued in boats called cobbles, at least generally so, and the lines employed for taking the fish are similar to those used in the cod-fishery, the hooks being smaller and not so stout. The bait for turbot

is the one so attractive to all sorts of salt-water fish, viz., a piece of fresh herring or mackerel. Immense quantities of whiting are taken on the turbot lines, and I have seen them run as heavy as two, three, and four pounds in weight, such as a Londoner has never or rarely seen. I mean *real* whiting, for it is a *fact*, that codling are sold in great quantities for whiting to the uninitiated; and let me add, that the flesh of the codling so resembles that of the whiting, that it must be a good judge who could detect the imposture; of course, while the skin of the codling remains on, it would betray the fish, but they are skinned and prepared for cooking with the tail curled round through the eyes, whiting-fashion, and so "made up" they are sent to market and sold in thousands as fine "hook-whiting." Turbot lines have from 1500 to 3000 hooks on them on the average. That is not *each* line, but the entire set or "fleet" put together. A "fleet" of lines consists of many single lines put together, and kept in their place beneath the strong run of the current in the same manner as are cod lines. Turbot run sometimes to a great size, and usually lie in deep water with a smooth bottom.

Fine turbot are caught at Torbay, and the coasts of Cornwall and Yorkshire send many to the metropolitan markets. It is only in large cities that there is a ready sale for this fish, as it is by no means a cheap article of food. For my own part, I think turbot overrated fish; but, it is reasonable to suppose, that their noble appearance has done something for their reputation. It is rarely that this fish has any fair chance of being duly appreciated, as it is mostly served up at large dinner-parties, where twenty or thirty people have to be helped, and where only two or three can get their fish hot. All fish are apt to spoil, and get sodden and insipid as they cool.

Although much sought after for dinners of ceremony, yet the turbot, strictly speaking, cannot be termed a "popular" fish, as its comparative scarcity, and consequent high price, confine it exclusively to the tables of the "well-to-do." The largest turbot that I ever saw weighed about eighteen pounds, but they occasionally run higher. This fish was taken in the Channel, and I saw it alive in the well of a cod-smack, it having been taken on the cod-lines. It was brought to Billingsgate, and died, of course, when the boat got into fresh water. I did not hear the price given for this fish.

The *Brill* is mostly caught in the "trawl-nets," and is by some preferred to the turbot. Brill are used as a dinner-dish when they are of good size, and they sometimes fetch a high price. Shrimp sauce is eaten with them, which is, in fact, the proper sauce for all sea-fish, except mackerel, salmon, and turbot. The brill is a very delicate fish, and dies very soon after being taken out of the water. I was once at sea in a "trawling-boat," when a great glut of brill was taken, and we had more than fifty that fetched from four to six shillings a-piece, besides a great quantity of soles, and one of the finest turbots that I ever saw.

The brill likes deep water with a sandy bottom,

and it does not so much affect the companionship of its relations, as do the sole, dab, and plaice. On the contrary, it is somewhat an "exclusive." With the Spaniards and Italians, I have observed brill to be much esteemed; and as both are Catholic nations, and, consequently, fish-eaters to a great extent, I do not think that to be a bad test of its popularity.

The brill is a handsome fish, closely resembling the turbot, but marked on the back with small "pepper and salt" spots, in a beautiful "mottled" fashion. Fine brill are taken in the Channel, and Newhaven, Scarborough, and Filey produce the best I have seen. The brill is not so thick or heavy as the turbot, and the white of the belly has a more transparent appearance than that of the latter, the belly of which is literally like snow; whereas that of the brill, if I may use a curious simile, more nearly resembles "tissue-paper."

I cannot, however, spare more space for notes on this fish, and will speak of a member of the tribe, which in its importance as a cheap article of food for the poor, is only second to the herring. I allude to the *Plaice*.

Like all other flat-fish, plaice are chiefly caught in the net; but I have taken them very often with a hand-line. The great, noble Dutch plaice is a magnificent and handsome fellow—far handsomer than any others of the family—and plaice, either boiled or fried, are by no means so insipid as some assert, that is, if they are in proper season. The very large ones, cut in strips, or filets, fried in fine bread-crumbs, and served with fennel, or shrimp sauce, are white, delicate, and excellent. Always use a little Harvey sauce with your melted butter, and if you do not like plaice so cooked, you are not of my opinion. The finest plaice come from the coasts of Yorkshire, Kent, and Holland. The North Sea plaice are superb. As do his cousins, the plaice likes a smooth muddy bed, but he will frequent rocky inlets where prawns abound, of which "crustacea" he is very fond.

Flat-fish, when they are on the feed (which operation they perform side-ways, on account of the peculiar formation of their mouths), are most extraordinary objects; but I will not ridicule the plaice, which, from his interesting and sagacious habits, has always been a favourite fish with me. Plaice have broader fins than most flat-fish, and a large plaice, just out of the sea, grandly flapping his fan-like fringe, is really a noble fish. They are adorned on the back with bright orange spots, about the size of split peas, and their eyes are more prominent than those of the other class of this genus, the eyes of the sole being the least so of all. The plaice is gregarious, and I have taken from four to six score with a hand-line, on the same spot, in a few hours, catching them two and two (hand-lines have always *two* hooks), as fast as I could pull them in and re-bait. The bait I used was a "log-worm," which is dug out of muddy bays at low water, and bears a curious resemblance to a hairy caterpillar. It is a very killing bait, as no salt-water fish will refuse it. The price of these worms is about a shilling per hundred.

Plaice should be eaten within a few hours of being caught. They are not as good if kept longer. Londoners have no idea whatever of what a plaice *should* be.

Plaice, when they are on a good feeding-ground, run to considerable size, and attain great thickness. In choosing them for the table take short, thick fish in preference to the larger ones, and note that this rule holds good with all fish but soles. A thin, or, to use a more expressive word, a "lanky" plaice is poor at best, and a "lanky" cod is positively detestable. The fishermen term such, "razors" and "hospital fish," the latter epithet being, in my judgment, very apt and expressive.

I leave the plaice reluctantly, but I am warned by considerations of space to pass on to the *Dab*, which is an entirely distinct fish, though often sold for the plaice to ignorant persons. The dab is of the same shape, but smaller than the plaice, and has no orange spots on its back, that portion of its body being of a dirty brown, and presenting none of the beautiful mottled attractions of the plaice. Further, the back-skin of the plaice is soft and fine, whilst that of the dab is coarse and rough, and, passing the hand backwards down it, feels to the touch precisely like a nutmeg-grater. (Let the reader, if opportunity present, try this curious experiment.) Dabs are caught in the same way as plaice. The dab is a favourite fish with the fishermen, and is usually dried by them in the sun, and eaten after a few days' interval. I know of many worse morsels for a breakfast relish than a hot grilled dab with coffee and muffins, whether the fish be fresh or smoked. Such a breakfast has often been my *choice*, and I hope will be so again.

Dismissing the dab with this well-deserved commendation, let me give a "letter-of-credit" to that pretty but very common little fish the flounder.

*Flounders* possess the convenient capability of living either in fresh or salt water, and they strike a compromise by *preferring* those places where the water is neither one thing nor the other, that is to say, at the mouth of great rivers. The flounder, like the eel, literally revels in mud, and he is a very lively, engaging little fellow.

Somehow or other, though the "take" of flounders is very large, we rarely see that fish on our tables, except in the form of water-souchet, once a year, at Greenwich or Blackwall. I am quite unable to explain this phenomenon. The flounder is an artful little gentleman, and I once saw one fairly beat a dangerous enemy in a most amusing fashion. It was in this wise:—Standing one day whilst the tide was going out, on the pier of a pretty watering-place in the Isle of Thanet (Broadstairs), I saw a water-rat—they abound in old piers—dive into about three feet of water after a mud-flounder, which positively dodged him more than a minute, and ultimately inserted itself into a crack or crevice of the old woodwork of the pier where it lay as on a ledge, and the rat could not introduce so much as a paw. After watching the curious spectacle some ten minutes (the rat all the while watching both myself and the flounder), I was so pleased with the sagacity shown by

the prisoner, that I pelted the great whiskered robber away, and rescuing the little fish from its forced retreat, took it out to deep water and security. It is not often one has the good fortune to witness a striking piece of sagacity on the part of a fish.

Flounders often come a long way up our rivers, and I have seen them taken in mill-ponds. Some years ago I saw some taken at Reading in the eel-pots, and I once caught two with a red worm when fishing for gudgeon (for live-bait to be used in jack-fishing) at Henley-on-Thames.

Holland, a remarkably good country for most sorts of fish, abounds in the small mud-flounder, which is a pretty little fish, rather more oval in shape than the dab or plaice, and with a clear white belly and a dark mottled back.

It is curious how easily both flounders and eels will accommodate themselves to either salt or fresh water, and still more so that the flounder, like the salmon, will find his way to the sea, and after a while return to the same river from which he came. Instances of this are so well authenticated as to be beyond dispute. Fish mostly seem to affect particular localities, and I have known river perch (where two or three rivers joined) taken from some favourite haunt, still persist when restored to the water in returning to the especial river in which they were bred. This was proved by cutting a small piece off the tail, or one fin, and after some time netting the ground from which the fish had originally been taken, when twelve out of seventeen so marked were found to have come back to their old haunts, and this notwithstanding the perch is by nature a roving fish. These perch were of course much grown, but *there was the mark*.

Flounders are often brought many miles overland to market without any manifest annoyance or injury to them, and I have known them to remain in dry natural ponds in the rocks until the returning tide once more brought them a supply of salt water. With the exception of the eel, the most tenacious of life of all fish, the plaice, flounder, carp, and perch live longest out of their native element, whilst the whiting, mackerel, herring, and dace die soonest, the mackerel and herring expiring immediately they quit the water.

Although not able, under the heading of "flat-fish," to find space to enter in detail into the varied peculiarities of the *Skate* family, I can hardly pass them over altogether. The best known variety of this species is the great black skate of our sea-coasts, a hideous fish sometimes growing to a great size. This skate is caught both in trawl-nets and on long lines, and is a favourite dish with some people "crimped" and boiled. The black skate, though stupid-looking, is a crafty, spiteful fish, and great caution is necessary in handling it, as it is capable, with a single "nip" of its sharp teeth, of biting a man's finger to the bone. I have known amputation of the finger imperative, owing to a wound caused by a skate of this species.

The second variety of the skate is of much less size, and is spotted and marbled on the back in

rather a handsome way. This variety is known as the "roker," and is caught frequently on cod-lines as well as in the sole net. I have myself taken many skates on the "long line" with a herring bait.

There are other varieties, such as the "thorn-back," "maid," sand-ray, &c., but I have only space to mention a monstrous variety called the sting-ray, which grows to a great size, and is of no use whatever either for sport or food. I have sometimes caught them on the hand-line, and once hooked one of a size so enormous, that I own I was afraid to handle it, and cut it adrift from the line—but I have said enough of a variety of flat-fish not particularly interesting.

I must not close this paper without alluding to a bastard kind of sole known as the "Mary-sole," or sole-dab, which partakes of the nature of both dab and sole, but rather resembles the latter than the former. It is considered exceedingly choice eating; but I know little of its history or habits, as it is a shy fish and comparatively scarce. I will conclude with a hope that this paper may be found to possess some interest for both the ichthyologist and the general reader.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

## THE VIKING'S SERF.

### I.

"Sing me a song that will make me young,"  
Cried the Dane to the captive boy,  
"A song that will stir my blood like wine."  
So he sang of peace, and homely joy,  
But every Dane, with a frown of scorn,  
Clash'd on his target and blew his horn.

### II.

Then, to soothe those hard and wolfish hearts,  
He sang them a lullaby,  
A rocking tune that mothers sing  
To the children upon their knee;  
Still they would not listen, the thievish horde,  
But beat their knives on the oaken board.

### III.

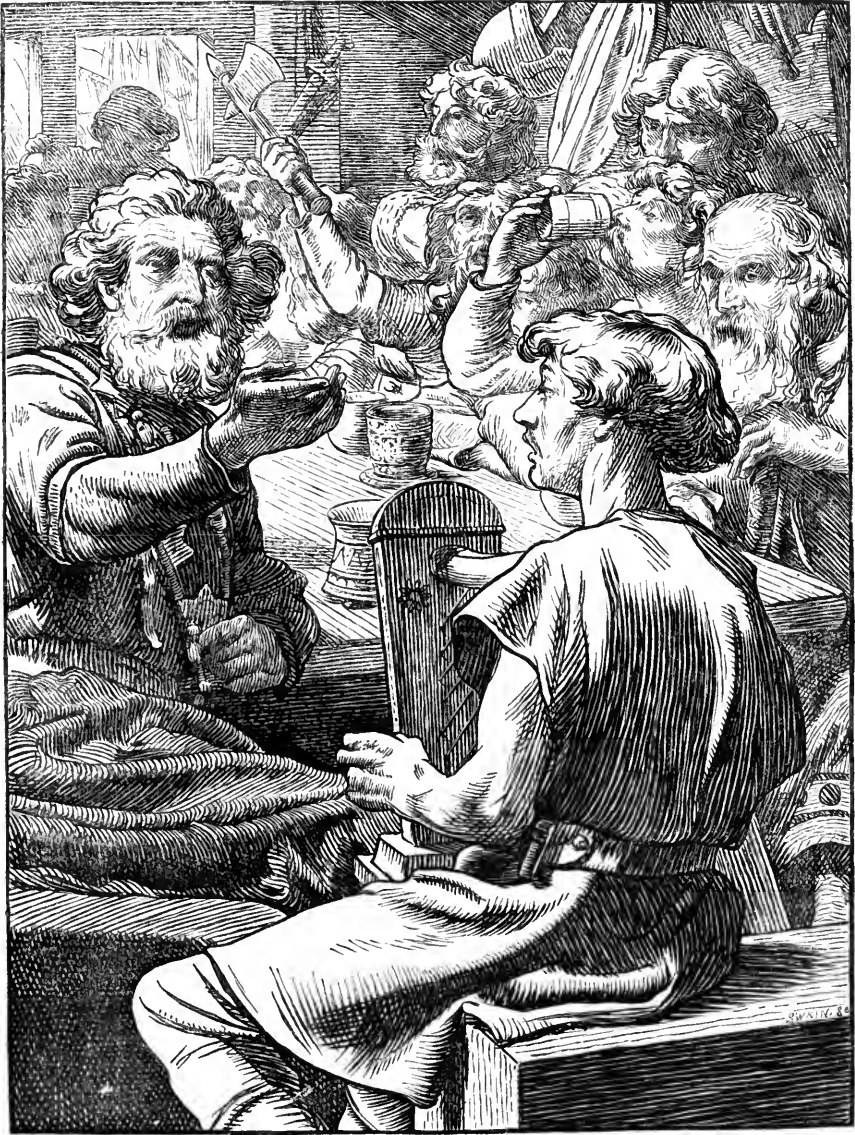
"Sing us a song of youth and love."  
Then he struck his harp with might,  
And sang of the eyes that had shot their fire  
Into his breast that night.  
Then the old king kiss'd the ring he wore,  
And cried, "My kingdom for me once more."

### IV.

They said, "Sing now of the Saxon shore."  
So he sang of those long white walls,  
Where the broad surf seethes and the breakers leap,  
And the galley rises and falls.  
Then they roar'd, "Launch out," and their axes rose  
And beat together the wild tune's close.

### V.

"Give us a seaman's song!" cried they.  
So he sang of the steady gale,  
That fills with a full and constant breath  
The straining galley's sail,  
And drives, come daylight or come dark,  
To the Saxon shore, the Danish bark.



## VI.

And he sang of the green surge under the cliffs,  
 And the white wave spitting foam  
 O'er the jagged snout of the "shark-tooth"  
 reef,

Not a mile from his Cornish home.  
 Then every Viking cried, "To sea!"  
 Hearing that song of pride and glee.

## VII.

"Sing us a battle-song!" they said.

And he blew them a trumpet blast,  
 Like the shrill night shriek from a burning town,  
 That makes the wolf aghast.  
 Then they cried, "To sea!" and the galleys sprang  
 To the waves' embrace, as the captive sang.

WALTER THORNBURY.

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—MAURICE DE CRESPIGNY'S WILL.

RICHARD THORNTON folded the pencil sketch and put it in his pocket with the water-coloured drawing.

"I told you that Launcelot Darrell would make a confidant of his pencil," he said in a low voice. "We may as well tie up the portfolio, Mrs. Monckton; there will be nothing more in it that can help us. The memory of your father would scarcely be pleasant to this young man after the 12th of August. When he made this sketch he had yet to learn the consequences of what he had done."

Eleanor stood behind the scene-painter's chair, silent and motionless. Her face was pale, and her mouth compressed and rigid with the effort by which she controlled her agitation. But a flame of fire burned in her luminous grey eyes, and her delicate nostrils quivered with a convulsive movement. Mr. Thornton carefully replaced the sketches in the purple portfolio, tied the strings, and laid the book in its old place against the wall. Then, unfastening the green portfolio, he went rapidly through the landscape scraps which it contained.

"The hand is weak here," Richard said; "Mr. Launcelot Darrell has no sympathy with nature. He might be a clever figure-painter if he had as much perseverance as he has talent. His pictures are like himself; shallow, artificial, and meretricious; but they are clever."

The scene-painter said this with a purpose. He knew that Eleanor stood behind him, erect and statuesque, with her hand grasping the back of his chair, a pale Nemesis bent on revenge and destruction. He wanted, if possible, to let her down to commonplace feeling, by his commonplace talk, before Launcelot Darrell saw her face. But, looking round at that pale young face, Richard saw how terrible was the struggle in the girl's breast, and how likely she was at any moment to betray herself.

"Eleanor," he whispered, "if you want to carry this business to the end, you must keep your secret. Launcelot Darrell is coming this way. Remember that an artist is quick to observe. There is the plot of a tragedy in your face at this moment."

Mrs. Monckton tried to smile; but the attempt was very feeble; the smile wan and sickly. Launcelot Darrell came to the curtained recess, but he was not alone: Laura Mason came with him, talking very fast, and asking innumerable questions, now turning to her lover, now appealing to Eleanor or Richard Thornton.

"What a time you've been looking over the sketches," she said, "and how do you like them, and which do you like best? Do you like the sea-side bits, or the forest sketches? There's a picture of Tolldale with the cupola and the dinner-bell, Eleanor; I like the sketches in the other portfolio

best; Launcelot lets me look at them, though he won't allow any one else to see them. But I don't like Rosa. I'm terribly jealous of Rosa—yes, I am, Launcelot; and it's not a bit of use telling me you were never in love with her, and you only admired her because she was a pretty rustic model. Nobody in the world could believe that, could they, Mr. Thornton? Could they, Eleanor? When an artist paints the same face again and again, and again and again, he must be in love with the original; mustn't he now?"

Nobody answered the young lady's eager questions. Launcelot Darrell smiled and twisted his dark moustache between his slender, womanish fingers. Laura's unrestrained admiration of him was very agreeable; and he was beginning to be in love with her, after his own fashion, which was a very easy one.

Eleanor looked at her husband's ward with a strange expression in her face—a stern unpitiful gaze that promised little good to the young heiress.

"What is this foolish girl's fancy to me, that it should weigh against my father's death?" she thought. "What is it to me that she may have to suffer? Let me remember the bitterness of his sufferings; let me remember that long night upon which I watched for him,—that miserable night in which he despaired and died. Surely the remembrance of this will shut every thought of pity from my heart."

Perhaps Eleanor Monckton had need to reason with herself thus. It might be difficult to be true to her scheme of vengeance, when, in the path she had to tread, this girl's heart must be trampled upon; this innocent, childish, confiding little creature who had clung to her, and trusted in her, and loved her, from the hour of their first meeting.

"Should I be pitiful, or merciful, or just to her, if I suffered her to marry a bad man?" Mrs. Monckton asked herself. "No; for her sake as much as for the memory of my father, it is my duty to denounce Launcelot Darrell."

Throughout the drive back to Tolldale, Mrs. Monckton silently brooded upon the morning's work. Richard Thornton had indeed proved a powerful ally. How often she had been in that studio, and not once had the idea of looking amongst the artist's sketches for the evidence of his life occurred to her.

"I told you that you could help me, Richard," she said, when she found herself alone with the scene-painter. "You have given me the proof which I have waited for so long. I will go to Woodlands to-night."

"What for?"

"To show those two sketches to Mr. de Crespigny."

"But will that proof be strong enough to convince a man whose powers of perception must be weakened by age? What if Mr. de Crespigny should

fail to understand the evidence of those sketches? What if he should refuse to believe your accusation of his nephew?"

"I will show him my father's letter."

"You forget that your father's letter accuses Robert Lance, and not Launcelot Darrell."

"But the sketches are signed 'Robert Lance.'"

"And Mr. Darrell may deny his identity with the man who signed himself by that name. You cannot ask Maurice de Crespigny to believe in his nephew's guilt on the testimony of a pencil drawing which that nephew may boldly repudiate. No, Eleanor, the work of to-day is only one step upon the road we have to tread. We must be patient, and wait for more conclusive proof than that which we hold in these two sketches."

Eleanor sighed wearily.

"And in the meantime the 15th of March may come, or Mr. de Crespigny may die," she said. "Oh, let me go to him at once; let me tell him who I am, and show him my father's letter; let me tell him the cruel story of his old friend's death! He knows nothing but that which he learned from a brief notice in a newspaper. He cannot refuse to believe me."

Richard Thornton shook his head.

"You have asked me to help you, Eleanor," he said, gravely; "if I am to do so, you must have some faith in my counsel. Wait until we have fuller power to prove our case, before you reveal yourself to Mr. de Crespigny."

Mrs. Monckton could not very well refuse to submit herself to the scene-painter's guidance. He had already most decisively demonstrated the superiority of his deliberate policy, as compared with the impulsive and unconsidered course of action recklessly followed by a headstrong girl.

"I must obey you, Dick," Eleanor said, "because you are so good to me, and have done so much to prove that you are a great deal wiser than I am. But if Mr. de Crespigny should die while we are waiting for further proof, I—"

"You'll blame me for his death, I suppose, Mrs. Monckton," interrupted Richard, with a quiet smile, "after the manner of your sex?"

Eleanor had no little difficulty in obeying her counsellor, for when Gilbert Monckton met his wife at dinner, he told her that he had been at Woodlands that morning, and that her friend Maurice de Crespigny was daily growing weaker, and was not expected to live through the early spring months.

"The old man is fading slowly away," the lawyer said. "His quiet and temperate habits have enabled him to hold out much longer than the doctors expected. It is like the gradual going out of a candle, they say. The flame sinks little by little in the socket. You must go and see the poor old man, Eleanor, before he dies."

"Before he dies!" repeated Mrs. Monckton, "before he dies! Do you think he will die very soon, then, or suddenly?"

"Yes, I think he may go off suddenly at last. The medical men say as much, I understand."

Eleanor looked at Richard Thornton.

"I must see him, and must see him before he dies," she said. "Is his mind unimpaired,

Gilbert? Is his intellect still as clear as it was a week ago?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Monckton, "I have every reason to believe so; for while I was talking to the two ladies in the breakfast-parlour, Henry Lawford, the Windsor attorney, came in, and asked me to go up to Mr. de Crespigny's room. What do you think I was wanted for, Eleanor?"

"I have no idea."

"I was wanted to act as witness to the old man's will, in conjunction with Lawford's clerk. I need scarcely tell you I was not a little astonished to find that Maurice de Crespigny had only now made up his mind as to the disposal of his money. I suppose he has made half a dozen wills, and destroyed one after another according to his humour. I only hope the maiden sisters may get a decent reward for their long years of patience and expectation."

Eleanor's trembling fingers trifled nervously with the ornaments at her watch chain. It was with difficulty that she could control her agitation.

"But to whom is the fortune left?" she asked, breathlessly. "Did you hear that, Gilbert?"

"No, my dear, it isn't usual to make the witness to a will acquainted with the body of the deed. I saw poor Maurice de Crespigny execute his feeble autograph, and I put my own muscular-looking signature in the place indicated to me, and I asked no questions. It was enough for me to know that I had no interest in the document."

"But did Mr. de Crespigny say nothing—nothing that could lead you to guess who—"

"Mr. de Crespigny said nothing whatever calculated to throw any light upon his intentions. He seemed relieved by the idea that his will was made and the business settled. Lawford wanted to carry off the document, but the old man insisted on keeping it in his possession. He wished to look over it, he said. He wanted to see if his intentions had been fully carried out, in the spirit as well as in the letter. He put the parchment under his pillow, and then laid down with an air of satisfaction. I dare say he has gone through the same little comedy again and again before to-day."

"Perhaps he will destroy this will?" Eleanor said, thoughtfully.

There was a double danger of Launcelot Darrell's getting the fortune. He would get it if it was bequeathed to him. He would take it as heir-at-law if his great-uncle died without a will.

"Yes," Mr. Monckton answered, indifferently, "the old man may change his mind again, if he lives long enough to repent of this new will. But I doubt his surviving so long as to do that."

"And have you no idea, Gilbert,—have you no idea as to whom the fortune is left?"

Mr. Monckton smiled.

"This is a question that concerns you, Laura," he said, "a great deal more nearly than it does us."

"What question?" asked Miss Mason, looking up from an elaborate piece of embroidery which she had been showing to Signora Picirillo.

"We are talking of Mr. de Crespigny's fortune,

my dear ; you are interested in the disposal of that, are you not ? ”

“ Oh yes, of course,” answered the young lady, “ I ought to be interested for Launcelot's sake, I know ; and I know that he ought to have the fortune, and that nobody has any right to deprive him of it, especially those nasty old maids who had him sent to India against his will, and I dare say he will have horrid pains in his liver from the climate when he's older. Of course he ought to have the fortune, and yet sometimes I think it would be nicer for him to be poor. He may never be a great artist if he's rich, perhaps ; and I'd rather go to Rome with him and sit by his easel while he works, and pay the hotel bills, and the travelling expenses, and all that sort of thing, out of my own money, than have him a country gentleman. I shouldn't like him to be a country gentleman ; he'd have to hunt, and wear top-boots and nasty leather gaiters, like a common ploughman, when he went out shooting. I hate country gentlemen. Byron hasn't one country gentleman in all his poems, and that horrid husband in Locksley Hall will show you what an opinion Tennyson has of them.”

Miss Mason went back to the signora and the embroidery, satisfied with having settled the business in her own manner.

“ He couldn't look like the Corsair if he had Woodlands,” she murmured, despondently ; “ he'd have to shave off his moustache if they made him a magistrate. What would be the good of his talking seriously to poachers if he wore turned-down collars and loose handkerchiefs round his neck ? People would never respect him unless he was a Guy ; with creaky boots, and big seals hanging to his watch-chain.”

Eleanor pushed the question still further.

“ You think that Mr. de Crespigny has left his fortune to Launcelot Darrell, don't you, Gilbert ? ” she asked.

Her husband, prompted by the evil spirit that was his occasional companion, looked at her, rather suspiciously ; but her eyes met his own with an unflinching gaze.

“ Why are you so interested in this fortune, and in Launcelot Darrell ? ” he said.

“ I will tell you by-and-by. But tell me now, if you think the estate is left to Mr. Darrell ? ”

“ I think it scarcely unlikely that it is so. The fact of Maurice de Crespigny making a fresh will within six months of the young man's return looks rather as if he had been led to relent of some previous determination by the presence of his niece's son.”

“ But Mr. de Crespigny has seen very little of Launcelot Darrell.”

“ Perhaps not,” answered Mr. Monckton, boldly. “ I may be quite wrong in my conjecture. You ask for my opinion, and I give it you freely. Pray let us change the subject. I hate the idea of all this speculation as to who shall stand in a dead man's shoes. As far as Launcelot Darrell's interests are concerned, I really think there is an undercurrent of common sense in Laura's romantic talk. He may be all the better for being a poor man. He may be all the better for having to go to Italy and work at his art for a few years.”

Mr. Monckton looked sharply at his young wife as he said this. I rather think that the demon familiar had prompted this speech, and that the lawyer watched Eleanor's face in the desire to discover whether there was anything unpleasant to her in the idea of Launcelot Darrell's long absence from his native country.

But, clever as Gilbert Monckton was, the mystery of his wife's face was as yet beyond his power to read. He watched her in vain. The pale and thoughtful countenance told nothing to the man who wanted the master key by which alone its expression could be read.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.—RICHARD'S DISCOVERY.

AN almost ungovernable impulse prompted Eleanor Monckton to make her way at once into Maurice de Crespigny's sick-chamber, and say to him, “ Launcelot Darrell is the wretch who caused your old friend's cruel death. I call upon you, by the memory of the past, to avenge that old friend's bitter wrongs ! ”

The struggle was a terrible one, but discretion in the end triumphed, and Eleanor submitted herself to the guidance of her devoted slave and ally. She knew now that Launcelot Darrell was guilty ; but she had known that from the moment in which she had seen him lounging in the Windsor Street. The task that lay before her was to procure such proof as must be convincing to the old man. In spite of her impetuous desire for immediate action, Eleanor was compelled to acknowledge that the testimony of the sketch-book was not strong enough in itself to condemn Launcelot Darrell.

The young man's answer to any accusation brought against him on such evidence would be simple enough.

Nothing would be easier than for him to say, “ My name is not Robert Lance. The drawing abstracted by unfair means from my portfolio is not mine. I am not responsible for the actions of the man who made that sketch.”

And against this simple declaration there would be nothing but Eleanor's unsupported assertion of the identity between the two men.

There was nothing to be done, then, except to follow Richard Thornton's advice, and wait.

This waiting was very weary work. Estranged from her husband by the secret of her life,—unhappy in the society of Laura Mason, against whose happiness she felt that she was, in a manner, plotting ; restrained and ill at ease even in the familiar companionship of Eliza Picirillo,—Eleanor Monckton wandered about the great rambling mansion which had become her home, restless and unhappy, yearning with a terrible impatience for the coming of the end, however dark that end might be. Every day, and often more than once in the course of the day, she locked herself in her room, and opened the desk in which she kept Launcelot Darrell's sketches and her dead father's last letter. She looked at these things almost as if she feared that by some diabolical influence they might be taken from her before they had served as the instruments of her revenge. So the weary days wore themselves out. The first week of Richard's visit ; the second

week of Richard's visit passed by; the middle of February came, and nothing more had been done.

Eleanor's health began to suffer from the perpetual mental fever of anxiety and impatience. Her husband saw her day by day growing thinner and paler; a hectic flush crimsoned her cheek now at every trifling agitation, with every surprise, however insignificant; but, except for these transient blushes, her face was as colourless as marble.

Her husband saw this, and made himself miserable because of the change in his young wife. He made himself still more wretched by reason of those unworthy doubts and suspicions that were for ever torturing him. "Why was Eleanor ill? Why was she unhappy?" He asked himself this latter question a thousand times a day, and always answered it more or less after the same fashion.

She was unhappy because of the swiftly approaching marriage between Laura Mason and Launcelot Darrell. She had opposed that marriage with all the power she possessed. She had over-estimated her own fortitude when she sacrificed her love for the young artist to her desire to win a brilliant position.

"Why should she be different from other women?" the lawyer thought. "She has married me for my money, and she is sorry for what she has done, and perhaps upon the eve of poor Laura's wedding day, there will be a repetition of the scene that took place at Lausanne eighteen years ago." This was the manner of meditation to which Mr. Monckton abandoned himself when the black mood was upon him.

All this time Launcelot Darrell came backwards and forwards between Hazlewood and Tolldale, after the free-and-easy manner of an accepted lover, who feels that, whatever advantages he may obtain by the matrimonial treaty which he is about to form, his own transcendent merits are so far above every meaner consideration as to render the lady the gainer by the bargain.

He came, therefore, whenever it pleased him to come. Now dawdling away a morning over the piano with Laura Mason; now playing billiards with Richard Thornton, who associated with him as it were under protest, hating him most cordially all the time.

"The detectives must have a hard time of it," reflected Mr. Thornton, after one of these mornings. "Imagine having to hob-and-nob with a William Palmer, on the chance of his dropping out a word or two that might help to bring him to the gallows. The profession is extremely honourable, no doubt, but I don't think it can be a very pleasant one. I fancy, upon the whole, a muddy crossing and a good broom must be more agreeable to a man's feelings."

The 15th of February came, dark, cold, and dreary, and Eleanor reminded the scene-painter that only one month now remained before the day appointed for Laura's marriage. That young lady, absorbed amongst a chaos of ribbons and laces, silks and velvets, had ceased to feel any jealousy of her guardian's wife. Her lover's easy acceptance of her devotion was sufficient for her happiness. What should the Corsair do but twist

his black moustachios and permit Medora to worship him?

It was on this very 15th of February that, for the first time since the visit to Launcelot Darrell's studio, Mr. Richard Thornton made a discovery.

It was not a very important one, perhaps, nor did it bear directly upon the secret of the artist's life, but it was something.

The scene-painter left Tolldale soon after breakfast upon this bleak February day, in a light dog-cart which Mr. Monckton placed at the disposal of such of his guests who might wish to explore the neighbouring country. He did not return until dusk, and broke in upon Eleanor's solitude as the shadows were gathering outside the window of the room in which she sat. He found his old companion alone in a little morning-room, next her husband's study. She was sitting on a low stool by the hearth, her head resting on her hands, and the red firelight on her face; her attitude altogether expressive of care and despondency.

The door of communication between Gilbert Monckton's study and the room in which Eleanor sat was closed.

The girl started and looked up as Richard Thornton opened the door. The day had been wet as well as cold; drops of rain and sleet hung about the young man's rough great-coat, and he brought a damp and chilly atmosphere into the room. Eleanor took very little notice of his return.

"Is it you, Richard?" she said, absently.

"Yes, Mrs. Monckton, I have been out all day; I have been to Windsor."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I met Launcelot Darrell there."

"You met Launcelot Darrell," repeated Eleanor. "Richard," she cried, suddenly, rising as she spoke, and going to where the young man stood, "you have found out something more."

"I have not found what we want, Eleanor. I have not found the proof that you must lay before Mr. de Crespigny, when you ask him to disinherit his nephew. But I think I have made a discovery."

"What discovery?" asked Mrs. Monckton, with suppressed eagerness; "do not speak loudly, Dick," she added, in a hurried whisper, "my husband is in the next room. I sit with him sometimes when he is at work there with his law papers, but I can't help fancying that my presence annoys him. He is not the same to me that he used to be. Oh, Richard, Richard, I feel as if I was divided from every creature in the world, except you: I can trust you, for you know my secret. When will this end?"

"Very soon, my dear, I hope," Mr. Thornton answered, gravely. "There was a time when I urged you to abandon your purpose, Eleanor, but I do so no longer. Launcelot Darrell is a bad man, and the poor little girl with the blue eyes and flaxen ringlets must not be suffered to fall into his power."

"No, no, not for the world. But you have made some discovery to-day, Richard?"

"I think so. You remember what Mr. Monckton told us the other day. You remember



his telling us that Mr. de Crespigny had only that day made his will?"

"Yes, I remember it perfectly."

"Laura Mason was present when her guardian told us this. It is only natural she should tell Launcelot Darrell what had happened."

"She tells him everything; she would be sure to tell him that."

"Precisely, and Mr. Darrell has not been slow to act upon the hint."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Launcelot Darrell has been guilty of the baseness of bribing Mr. Lawford's clerk, in order to find out the secret of the contents of that will."

"How do you know this?"

"I discovered it by the merest chance. You owe me no praises, Eleanor. I begin to think that the science of detection is, after all, very weak and imperfect; and that the detective officer owes many of his greatest triumphs to patience, and a series of happy accidents. Yes, Eleanor, Mr. Darrell's eagerness, or avarice, whichever you will, would not suffer him to wait until his great-uncle's death. He was determined to know the contents of that will; and, whatever the knowledge has cost him, I fancy he is scarcely satisfied with his bargain."

"Why?"

"Because I believe that he is disinherited."

There was a noise as of the movement of a heavy chair in the next room.

"Hush," Eleanor whispered; "my husband is going to dress for dinner."

A bell rang while she was speaking, and Richard heard the door of the next room opened and shut.

(To be continued.)

## LYNCH LAW IN MISSOURI.

I AM by profession a civil engineer and surveyor, and about the year 1832 I was employed by the authorities at Washington to make a survey of a large tract of land known as the "Indian Reserve," lying within the boundaries of the State of Missouri.

The policy of the United States government has always been, so soon as a State became pretty well settled by the white man, to remove—either by persuasion or force—those Indians who still remained within its limits, to the great North-west Territory. For it is a well-established fact that the contiguity of the two races is advantageous to neither, and is especially injurious to the red man, whose love of "fire-water," and disposition to confound the rights of *neum* and *tuum*, constantly bring him into collision with the settler.

The tribe which had hitherto occupied the tract of country referred to above, had just been persuaded, after considerable negotiation, to sell their lands and migrate further west, and already a cloud of squatters had descended upon the "Reserve," their object being to secure the *pre-emption right*, as it is termed, to the soil. This is a privilege—accorded by the Federal Government to the actual occupant and cultivator of any piece of ground constituting part of the national terri-

tory—of priority of purchase, at a certain fixed price, whenever the lands of which it forms a part shall be surveyed and offered for sale. In this way it may sometimes happen that a man will occupy several hundred acres of government land for years, without its having cost him in the first instance a single dollar; and when, finally, it is brought into the market, he enjoys the alternative of purchasing it at a merely nominal price, or, should he decline to do so, of obliging whosoever else may buy it, to pay him a fair and reasonable compensation for the buildings he has erected, and the labour he has bestowed upon the land he has brought under cultivation.

In this case, however, certain wealthy individuals in Missouri were so thoroughly alive to the value of the "Reserve," that urgent representations were made by them at Washington, of the advisability of having it immediately surveyed and thrown open to purchasers. Ostensibly, indeed, this request was preferred for the purpose of enabling the poor man, who should desire to raise money on mortgage to improve his farm, to do so, by showing a clear title; but, in reality, to secure for themselves so profitable an investment as the purchase of that portion of the land not already occupied by squatters would necessarily be. Having succeeded in interesting an influential member of the government in behalf of the scheme, they had but little difficulty in obtaining the concession they solicited, and I was ordered to set out immediately for the scene of my future labours. Having always entertained an almost unconquerable aversion to the sea, I preferred the fatigues, and even dangers, incidental at that time to the overland journey, to making the voyage to New Orleans in a sailing-vessel, and then ascending the Mississippi in a steamboat, which was the route then generally adopted to reach Missouri.

I set out quite alone on my expedition, for instructions had been furnished me by the government to engage a competent staff of assistants from among the members of my profession I should find in St. Louis. At that period, railroads there were none in any of the Western States. On the larger rivers there were a few steamboats, by which, at irregular intervals, communication was maintained between the principal cities on their banks; but on the smaller streams—which are now thronged with craft of every description—an almost unbroken silence reigned, only occasionally disturbed by the paddle of the canoe or dug-out of the solitary settler. The stage-coach has never been a favourite style of travelling in the West, and, in fact, the roads throughout that section of the United States were at that time, with few exceptions, but ill adapted for any vehicle of more delicate construction than an ox-cart.

On reaching Louisville, therefore, I was obliged to accommodate myself to the custom of the country, and continue my journey from thence on horse-back. I was accompanied by my coloured servant, Ned, whose services I had hired from his owner in that city, and who, mounted on a steady old mare, carried the box containing my theodolite—the tripod supporting which was composed of rods

ingeniously jointed, so as to fold up when not in use—and other surveying instruments, with that ludicrous assumption of dignity and sense of the importance of his trust, so characteristic of the negro race.

"In the desert," saith the proverb, "no man meets with a friend." And the same assertion might have been made with considerable truth of any of the Border States thirty or forty years ago. I had, therefore, taken the precaution of being well armed. The revolver of Colt had not then been invented, and the knife to which Colonel Bowie gave a name, and which was destined to prove so formidable a weapon a few years afterwards in the struggle between Texas and Mexico, was not yet known to fame. But I carried a short rifle slung frontier fashion across my shoulders; a pair of English double-barrelled pistols graced my holsters; and a long heavy two-edged knife, of that kind called by the Mexican a *machete*, hung suspended, in a leather sheath, from a belt round my waist. Altogether, I presented a rather formidable appearance, and, indeed, when I first assumed these warlike accoutrements, I was unable to repress a smile at the thought of the queer object I should be considered were I to be seen thus arrayed in my native New England, in any part of which for a man to be obliged to carry arms for his personal security was a practice totally unknown.

I had reached and crossed the boundaries of Missouri without any particular incident having characterised my journey, and was within a few days' travel of St. Louis, when one afternoon, as my follower and myself were riding slowly along one of those wretched "courderoy" roads then so common throughout the State, we heard the sound of human voices, and on turning an angle of the road which had hitherto concealed them from view, we found ourselves in sight of a group of about twenty men, all well armed, some of whom were stretched upon the ground, whilst others lounged carelessly against the trees. The road at this point diverged in two different directions, and I was about to follow the path which I was aware it was necessary to pursue in order to reach the tavern where I proposed passing the night, when half-a-dozen rifles were raised and directed towards myself and Ned, and a rough intimation given us that we must stop and render an account of ourselves.

I at once perceived that we had fallen in the hands of a band of "Regulators," as they are called. This is a term frequently applied throughout the South and West to bodies of men who constitute themselves into a tribunal for the purpose of exercising a species of vicarious jurisdiction over those offences to which the ordinary courts of justice administer neither so swift nor so severe a punishment as they conceive them to merit. In other words, they are usually a set of scoundrels, who, having no legitimate occupation, have formed themselves into a peripatetic court, presided over by Judge Lynch; and are at once a terror and a scourge to the locality they infest. For it may be said with truth, that, as a general rule, of all those who fall into their hands, at least two innocent persons suffer for one that is guilty.

To have attempted resistance against such odds would have been madness; besides, I flattered myself that—however disposed may be such tribunals generally to assume as a foregone conclusion the guilt of those brought before them—as I carried with me the means of proving most satisfactorily the legitimate nature of my occupation and journey, I should suffer, at worst, but a temporary detention.

"Oh Lord, massa! dem's de Reg'lars, sure!" said Ned, in an undertone, his face presenting that peculiar livid appearance which fear produces in the negro countenance. "I wish we was safe out o' dis."

I made no other reply than to direct him to be silent; then, riding quietly forward into the midst of the group, I addressed myself to a man of about fifty years of age, who appeared to be the leader of the band, and requested him courteously to inform me why I and my servant had been stopped. While I was speaking, I observed a man, with his feet fastened together and his hands tied behind him, who was bound to a tree a few yards off. He was evidently the prisoner for whose trial the "Regulators" were assembled, and although ignorant of the nature of his offence, I could not help feeling some compassion for the poor wretch who had been so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the ruffianly assemblage around me.

"Why, see here, Stranger!" replied the individual to whom I had spoken, "there's many of the folks round about as has lost their cattle, and some their niggers, and every man as travels through this here part of the country has got to show his papers. How did you come by that hoss?" casting, as he spoke, an envious glance at the handsome animal I bestrode, "and that nigger?"

I should explain here, with regard to this last imputation, that stealing slaves (with their own consent, of course), and selling them again, the negro receiving for his participation in the transaction a small proportion of the purchase-money, has frequently been engaged in as a lucrative business by a certain class of men throughout the South and West. It is not, however, without its drawbacks, as, if detected, suspension by the neck from the nearest tree is pretty sure to prove the fate of the confederates. Besides this, at the period of which I am writing, the abolition societies of New England had already begun to spread their emissaries over the Slave States; and although the arrangements of the "underground railroad" were not then as perfect as they subsequently became, many fugitive slaves managed by their assistance to reach the North. Thus, to be suspected of being an abolitionist was to find oneself in quite as dangerous a position as if accused of slave-stealing for gain.

I was galled by the insolence of the fellow's manner, but I knew how necessary it was for me, under the circumstances, to keep my temper. I therefore, without a word, drew from my pocket and handed to my interlocutor my commission from the United States Government, bearing the signature of the Secretary for Indian Affairs. This document—handsomely engrossed on parch-

ment, with a large spread-eagle at the top and the broad Seal of State at the bottom—presented, to the unaccustomed eyes of the spectators, rather an imposing appearance, and, I could see, made considerable impression upon them, for the subsequent portion of my examination was conducted in a somewhat more civil manner. Having with some little difficulty read my commission aloud for the information of his companions, the individual who conducted the interrogatory returned it to me, saying :

“Wall, it 'pears to me it's 'bout all right. I've only one more question to ask you, Mister Scudder,—that's your name, eh?—Whar did you git that arr nigger?”

“Yes,” said one of the group, scowling at me from under his bent eyebrows; “that's the talk, judge. How do we know, although he is on Uncle Sam's business, that he ain't one of them dam'd Yankee abolitionists that go round, running off our niggers when they git a chance?”

“Hold on, Jim Brown!” exclaimed another of the men, quickly; “you must take that back. I hate an abolitionist like pison, but I won't hear our Eastern folks spoken of that way, no how. I'm from the old Bay State\* myself.”

The person thus addressed grumbled out a sort of apology, and peace was restored. I had remained silent during this little episode, and now, as the best reply to the questions which had been addressed to me, I handed to the judge—as his companions called him—my contract with the owner of Ned, in which, in addition to stating the terms on which I had hired him, a paragraph was inserted to the effect that full security had been given for his value.

“It am all right, massa,” interposed my servant to the judge, while that individual was perusing the paper, “I'm Colonel Jackson's boy; Massa Scudder, he hire me in Loo'ville—here my pass, massa,” handing him, as he spoke, the document the non-possession of which subjects any slave, away from home, to the risk of being arrested and detained on suspicion of being a fugitive, by the first white man he meets.

Our papers having been read and returned to their respective owners, I was informed that I was at liberty to continue my journey. I was about to avail myself of the permission thus accorded, when a mingled feeling of curiosity and compassion prompted me to inquire of what offence their unfortunate prisoner—who had regarded the whole of the previous proceedings with an air of stolid indifference—was accused.

“Hoss stealing,” sternly replied the judge, “and there ain't a bit o' doubt he's guilty, for when he was stopped he was on the critter's back, and the man as owns him is here. However, he shall have a fair trial.”

“A fair trial,” when the certainty of the guilt of the accused was thus assumed by his judges beforehand! On any other occasion I might have smiled at the obvious contradiction involved in the language I had just heard, but the life of a fellow-creature was at stake, and I shuddered at the thought of the fate that in all probability awaited him—for well I knew that the penalty of

his offence by Judge Lynch's code was death. It was but barely possible, I was aware, that any arguments or intercession of mine would be listened to; nevertheless, I resolved to make some effort in behalf of the unlucky prisoner, should an opportunity for my doing so present itself; and, with this object, I solicited and obtained permission to remain and be a spectator of the trial.

As is usually the case on these occasions, a rude attempt was made to imitate in some respects the ordinary form of procedure in a court of justice; although, as will subsequently be seen, not the slightest regard was paid to that legal principle which, in the American as well as the English system of jurisprudence, prohibits any endeavour to obtain from the prisoner himself admissions which may be used as evidence against him.

A jury was chosen, a judge appointed—the individual who had been addressed by his companions by that title assuming the duties of the office—and one of the group undertook to act as counsel for prosecution. No one, however, seemed disposed to volunteer his services for the defence. The prisoner looked round him slowly, to see if in any one face he could discover traces of either pity or sympathy. As he did so, his eye rested for an instant upon me. I could not resist its mute appeal, and on the impulse of the moment I offered myself as his counsel. I was accepted, and the trial immediately commenced.

The case against the accused was a very strong one.

The farmer, who had lost his horse two days before, swore positively that the animal on which the prisoner was riding when arrested, was the one of which he had been robbed, and this assertion was corroborated by two of his neighbours, who were present. I elicited from them, however, on cross-examination, an acknowledgment that the appearance of the horse in the possession of the accused did not exactly correspond with that of the stolen one—the tail and mane were differently trimmed, and there were certain spots on the one, which the other had not. Nevertheless, I did not succeed in shaking their testimony in the least; on the contrary, I almost immediately discovered that I was very decidedly damaging my client's cause by pressing the point, for one of the witnesses quietly went up to the horse, which was tied to a tree a few paces off, and rubbing his hand on one of the spots in question, proved most conclusively its artificial nature, drily observing as he did so, that

“Paint war cheap, and a hoss war easy clipped.”

The evidence, in fact, on the point of identity was so positive and convincing, that I perceived it would be useless for me to pursue this branch of the defence. The explanation offered by the prisoner of the manner in which he became possessed of the horse, was a very lame one, and afforded me scarcely a better foundation upon which to sustain the theory of his innocence, than the line of argument I had just been obliged to abandon. He had purchased the animal, he said, of a stranger whom he had met on the road the

\* Massachusetts.

previous day ; but his description of this person was confused and contradictory, and he could show neither bill nor receipt as evidence of the transaction. Neither could he give any satisfactory explanation of whence he came, nor of the nature of his business in that part of the country. His answers, indeed, were given with a dogged sullenness which seemed to imply that he regarded his fate as already sealed, and his trial as a mere form.

When his examination was concluded, I addressed the jury on his behalf, and endeavoured to convince them that as there was a *possibility* of his tale being true, it was their duty to give him the benefit of the doubt by acquitting him. I touched upon the danger of convicting on purely circumstantial evidence ; I urged upon them the well-known legal maxim, that it is better that a hundred guilty persons should escape a merited punishment, than that one innocent individual should suffer, &c., &c. In fact, I brought forward that series of arguments which, time out of mind, has formed in capital cases the staple of the speeches for the defence when the case was desperate against the prisoner. And, on the whole, considering that it was the effort of an amateur, I think that my oration was a very creditable one.

When I concluded my address, I believed, for one moment, from the expression of their faces, that I had made some impression on the rugged natures of my hearers, and had the offence of the culprit been almost any other than it was, it is possible that they might have been disposed to take a more lenient view of the case. But slave and horse-stealing are the unpardonable sins throughout the South-west, and it is no exaggeration to assert that a homicide, or even a murderer, would stand a better chance before a jury in that section of the country than a man charged with either of the above offences.

After a few minutes' deliberation the jury rendered their verdict. It was GUILTY—and the punishment—DEATH.

The prisoner received the announcement with the same air of apparent indifference he had displayed throughout. Indeed, so far as the external manifestation of emotion was concerned, I appeared the more agitated of the two. After a brief pause I collected myself, and made a very urgent appeal to his judges to inflict a less cruel penalty than death—a punishment the severity of which, I reminded them, found no warrant in the laws of any one of the States. When I found that a deaf ear was turned to my petition, and that my solicitations irritated rather than softened those to whom they were addressed, I desisted from any further attempt to intercede for the life of the criminal. But I begged them, at least, not to hurry the unfortunate wretch into eternity without affording him some brief space in which to make his peace with Heaven, and prepare himself for the awful fate that awaited him.

"We'll gie him time enough, Mister, never fear, to say all the prayers he's a mind to," retorted one of the band, with a sneer.

I was at a loss to comprehend the latent meaning which evidently lay concealed in his words,

but the proceedings of those around me soon enlightened me.

In the mean time I approached the doomed man, and endeavoured to utter such words of sympathy and consolation as were appropriate to his condition. But he interrupted me, saying :

"You've dun yer best for me, Stranger, and I'm thankful; but 'twarn't no use, no how. I knew it was all up with me when they cotched me on the hoss, for, between you an' me, I did take the critter. The fact is I war dead broke; I lost my pile comin' down the river—hadn't a red cent—and was bound to make a raise somehow. But I'll die like a man: it sha'n't ever be said that a fellar raised in old Kentuck was afeard to face death in any shape."

And as he spoke he raised himself as erect as the nature of his bonds would permit, and looked boldly around him with that air of indomitable resolution so characteristic of his people. For the inhabitants of the "dark and bloody ground," as at one time Kentucky was called, from the terrible wars between the Indians and settlers by which it was desolated, have always maintained pre-eminent throughout the West their reputation for personal courage and daring.

As it was evident that I could be of no further service to the unhappy man, I should now have resumed my journey, had it not been that there was a species of peculiar and terrible fascination about the preparations which were being made for his execution that rivetted me, against my inclinations, to the spot.

One of the party ascended a tree, and attached a rope firmly to a projecting branch; the stolen horse was then brought forward and placed beneath it. The prisoner was partially released from his bonds, his feet were set at liberty, and he walked firmly to the place of execution. His arms having been strongly pinioned behind him, he was lifted on to the back of the animal for which he had paid so dearly, and the rope adjusted round his neck. The whole of these proceedings were conducted in almost perfect silence, even the rude natures of the men around me being to a certain degree awed by the terrible solemnity of the act they were performing. The "Regulators" then shouldered their rifles, mounted their horses, and were prepared to leave the spot, when the judge thus addressed the condemned man :

"Now, Tom Meyers, we're a goin' to leave. The hoss has had a good feed, and he'll stand quiet enough for the next half hour, I kalkilate. If you want to pray a bit you kin do so, and you kin start the critter when you're ready."

It was to my intense surprise and disgust that I now discovered it was the intention of his judges to make the poor wretch his own executioner, as it were.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "you cannot mean to aggravate the sufferings of this unhappy man by delaying his death in this manner?"

"See here, Mister," said one of the party, savagely, "we've had too much jaw 'bout this bis'ness already. You had best shut up, or some on us will git riled, and no mistake."

"Come, Mr. Scudder," added the individual

who had proclaimed himself a native of New England, and who spoke with a somewhat more cultivated accent than the others, "you mean well, no doubt, but you must see that any further interference on your part would be as useless to the prisoner as dangerous to yourself."

In the angry faces of those around me I read a confirmation of his words, and with a heavy heart I became silent. As we rode out of the wood I observed that the "Regulators" took the same road that I did, and, disagreeable as was to me their companionship, no opportunity presented itself immediately of separating myself from them without doing so in such a manner as to manifest, more palpably than was prudent, my distaste for their society. In about a quarter of an hour, however, we reached another fork in the road, and having directed Ned, in an undertone, to keep close to me, I dropped rather behind the rest of the party, determined that whichever path my companions took, I would follow the other. But the possibility of my desiring to part company with them had, I soon found, been anticipated, and, for certain reasons, provided against by the "Regulators."

"Mister Scudder," said the judge, who had been engaged for the last few minutes in a whispered colloquy with three or four of the party, "straingers who travel out West must abide by Western law. We've dun what we consider justice on yonder critter, and we won't allow no man to hinder it. You needn't git mad," he added, as he perceived the colour rise in my face at this brusque language, "but you've got to go 'long with us for an hour or two, so that we may be certain that you don't take the back track and set the feller free."

I had no alternative but to yield obedience to this decision, and we continued our route in silence. We had not ridden many miles when the rapid galloping of a horse was heard behind us, and in a few moments the animal which had been the unconscious instrument of punishing the wrong done its owner, dashed into our midst, covered with foam, and evidently much terrified. Whether his rider had himself precipitated the catastrophe, or whether the horse, tired of standing still, had started off of his own accord, can never, of course, be known; but to those who are acquainted with the natural timidity of the animal, and the readiness with which he is startled by anything not within the ordinary range of his experience, it will not appear surprising that he should have been thoroughly frightened at finding himself relieved of his burthen in so sudden and so unusual a manner.

It was to me an almost inexpressible relief to know that all was over, that whatever the sufferings of the unhappy wretch had been, they were now ended. And it was with a much lighter heart that, so soon as the slight confusion incident to stopping and securing the horse had subsided, I resumed my journey.

"I guess, Mr. Scudder," said the judge to me with a grim smile, "we needn't trouble you now to go 'long with us any further than you've a mind to. You've seen how we treat them as steal

our hosses, and you kin tell your folks when you git back East, that we sarve nigger-stealers the same way."

While this stern warning was yet ringing in my ears, the whole party struck into a gallop and were soon out of sight. Such was my first, but by no means my last, experience of Lynch law in the West.

W. C. M.

### "SILVERTOWN."

THE boy's most popular notion connected with india-rubber is, that it is good to make "bladder pop;" and in order to make this material, it has to go through a process of manufacture which comes to boys by a kind of instinct. We all remember during "map days," how the india-rubber, too often called into requisition, grew hot and crumbled, and as the pieces broke off, how they found their way into the mouth to undergo the process of mastication, and how, when chewed to a proper consistency, it became ductile, non-elastic, and sticky,—qualities requisite to make it imprison the air, which, on pressure, forced its way through the yielding substance in the shape of bladders, that burst with a pop, the sole reward of the school-boy for hours of very tiring jaw-work. How little we imagined, when employed in this manner, and enjoying by anticipation the simple pleasures of the final pop, that we were going through a process which science has since indicated as the best method of manipulating india-rubber for the purposes of the domestic arts. In the powerful machinery employed by the manufacturers of caoutchouc, we see but an elaboration of the masticating powers of the boy's jaw, which, with the heat of the mouth, works up the sixpenny square of india-rubber into the substance we are all so well acquainted with.

We paid a visit, the other day, to "Silver-town," the little manufacturing village at North Woolwich, belonging to the Messrs. Silver, in which the many substances into which india-rubber can be transformed are produced by the powerful and curious machinery there at work; and it was whilst watching the different processes, that we came to the conclusion, that the boy is father to the man, even in a manufacturing capacity, as we have already hinted.

How little we are able to forecast the uses to which a new material may ultimately be applied, is perhaps as much evidenced by this substance, Caoutchouc, as by any other in existence. As far back as the year 1770, Dr. Priestley, in the introduction to his book on Perspective, says, "Since this work was printed off, I have seen a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the marks of a black-lead pencil. It must therefore be of singular use to those who practise drawing. It is sold by Mr. Maine, mathematical instrument maker, opposite the Royal Exchange. He sells a cubical piece of about half-an-inch for three shillings, and he says it will last for several years."

How little this philosopher imagined that a substance thus incidentally mentioned in a drawing-book, was destined to become one of

the most useful substances in the arts and sciences—nay, to be an absolute necessity of civilisation.

It is, at the same time, very remarkable that, for upwards of sixty years, india-rubber never advanced beyond the hands of the drawing-master, and that, during that long period, all its virtues were supposed to consist in its power of correcting school-girls' drawings. How many substances are there still before the world in a like condition of embryo?—what is to be the splendid future of gutta-percha, aluminum, and the other scores of new substances that are beginning to "crop" up around us?

It would seem as though it were destined for the rubber plant to play a great part in the world, as it is found in great abundance in all parts of the globe, within tropical latitudes; and, like the palm, it is probably destined to do the missionary work of civilisation far more effectually than any of our societies constituted for that purpose, as the pursuit of these two valuable products will lead organised bands of European traders deeper and deeper into the recesses of the tropical wilderness—where the solitary missionary could not hope to make any permanent lodgement. The best kinds of caoutchouc are the Para and the bottle india-rubber, the latter is familiar enough to the reader: but perhaps it is not so well known that what is termed caoutchouc is the milk sap of trees, and that this juice is to be found in many other trees besides the rubber tree; indeed, there seems to be little doubt that we may draw upon a large portion of the tropical vegetable world for this valuable material. The india-rubber as imported takes the form of bottles, and there is a kind known as negro-head, possibly because when cut open it presents an appearance somewhat like that of a human brain, with its numerous convolutions. The first process we witnessed at the Messrs. Silver's was the softening of these bottles and "negro brains," if we may use the term, in a large tank, filled with warm water. The rubber is macerated here for some hours, for the purpose of softening and cleansing it—the process it undergoes in the school-boy's mouth. When it has been long enough in the water, it is taken to the masticating machine, which is a kind of calendering apparatus, heated by steam, and operating upon the lumps of rubber as the boy's grinders do. You see the big lumps drawn in between the smooth cylinders, apparently the most obstinate, indigestible, unmanageable stuff in the world, and after a while it issues from the other side in the form of so many "brown bread towels," or those coarse-looking, oatmeal-coloured rubbing cloths that are a necessary appendage to every sponging-bath. The transformation from the dirty-looking lumps of rubber to these little towels, about eight inches wide and three feet long, is the oddest thing possible. As they emerge, they are folded up and placed on shelves, just as we see them in baths and wash-houses. Twenty-four hours' exposure to the air changes their oatmeal colour to a very dark brown. This is the first stage through which all the different preparations of india-rubber go—its cleansing process. The reader will pos-

sibly remember that india-rubber presents itself under different aspects, either as pure india-rubber, such as tobacco-pouches, &c., are made of, or as whitish-looking india-rubber, which we are familiar with in the form of macintosh cloaks. The vulcanised india-rubber has a somewhat similar aspect—a clay-like colour, as far removed as possible from the rubber as we see it in the bottle. Pure india-rubber is manufactured in a very simple manner. A number of the brown bread towels are taken to the masticator, a machine composed of two powerful steel rollers, revolving with unequal velocities, and heated by steam. The "towels" disappear in this powerful mangle, and the act of masticating begins. As towel after towel disappears, the rubber is worked into a huge bolster, which is masticated over and over again, until it assumes the form of sticky pulp—"bladder pop," in fact, on a large scale. The bolster is now taken from the machine, and placed in an hydraulic press, one foot wide, nine inches deep, and six feet long. Here it remains for two days, under a pressure of fifty tons, and comes out a solid block of homogeneous india-rubber, big enough for a Titanic drawing-master. It has now to be cut into sheets. This is done by placing it in a machine fitted with a cutter, which cuts with a quick lateral or saw-like motion. The block is pushed forward against this cutter, and the thickness of the sheet can be regulated to the hundred and twentieth of an inch; indeed, sheets of that tenuity are sometimes made. It is a pretty sight to watch the thin film of rubber being detached in this way, with an unerring accuracy.

The most important application of india-rubber in this form, is its use as an insulator for telegraphic purposes. Hitherto, gutta-percha has been almost universally employed—for deep-sea cables especially—but there can be little doubt that india-rubber is a far more durable material, and it is slowly coming into use, notwithstanding the opposition of the manufacturers who have embarked large capital in the collection and working of gutta-percha. It is one of the most interesting sights in the manufactory to see the machinery envelope the telegraphic wires with its non-conducting rubber sheathing. This is done by winding round them spirally thin bands of rubber, by machinery driven by steam-power. Thirty or forty spindles for this purpose are seen revolving in a large room, and hundreds of miles of wire are thus covered in the course of the week. The covered wire is subjected afterwards to heat, which fuses the laps of the covering riband of rubber together, and thus makes it impermeable to the entrance of water, and effectually prevents the escape of electricity.

The process of manufacturing soft india-rubber is more elaborate. What is termed Spread sheet india-rubber, or that kind of which waterproof garments are manufactured, is made by masticating, and mixing sulphur in the proportion of two ounces to a pound of the rubber, and then dissolving it to the consistency of dough by the admixture of naphtha. When in this soft state it is passed through finely-adjusted rollers and spread out into thin sheets; these as they emerge from the

rollers or rolling-pins,—for the rubber is spread out like so much dough,—are passed over a steam chest, which drives off the naphtha and dries, to a certain extent, the material. In some cases the film is rolled on to a cotton fabric and adheres to it, film after film being added until it is built up to the required substance: the object of this building up being to prevent the possibility of air-holes occurring, which would be fatal to a water-proof or air-proof material. When it is not necessary for the india-rubber to be lined with cloth, the roller of that material on to which it is wound, is sized, consequently no adhesion takes place between the two materials, and the rubber is easily peeled off. The process of Vulcanisation that gives such extraordinary resiliency to the material, which we are so familiar with in the form of india-rubber bands, springs, &c., is accomplished by the application of heat. The sulphur having already been worked into the material and thoroughly incorporated with it, the articles made of this hard compound are carefully packed in sand so as not to touch one another, and then are run into steam chests, where they remain from two to six hours, according to thickness, at a heat varying from 200 to 300 degrees. This application of heat turns the soft doughy substance into the famous elastic material which, under the name of vulcanised india-rubber, is even invading the province of steel in the manufacture of springs. What is the nature of the chemical change which takes place when this final increment of heat is applied, is entirely unknown, and the discovery itself was one of those fortunate accidents which have so often produced noble fruit. The peculiarity of the elasticity produced by vulcanisation is, that its power never seems to be worn out. The bow must be unbent, if its force is to be husbanded, but an india-rubber band may be kept stretched to its utmost limit for years, and it will still retain its wonderful resiliency.

But we have yet to describe another process—that of manufacturing Hard india-rubber. To Goodyear, the American, the merit of this great discovery is due, for great we must call it, inasmuch as it has introduced into the arts and sciences a material somewhat similar to horn, but which possesses qualities far surpassing that natural product, and which can be made in any quantities and in any sizes.

In this new material a very large amount of sulphur is used; to produce mere vulcanisation two ounces to the pound of rubber is sufficient, but to make hard india-rubber or ebonite, as the Messrs. Silver term their preparation of it, as much as two of sulphur to one of rubber is used. The application of great heat, say 300 degrees, transforms the india-rubber thus treated into a material more resembling to the eye ebony than anything else—a dense black substance, which takes a high polish, is very light, and to some slight extent elastic. The uses to which hard india-rubber is put can scarcely be enumerated. In many articles it is entirely displacing horn and tortoise-shell. Hundreds of tons, for instance, are sold to the comb makers; for paper-knives, handles of all kinds, bracelets most closely imitating jet—but with this advantage over that material, that it

will not break by falling on the floor—cups and troughs of all kinds, and especially those for the use of photographers, as neither acids nor metals have action upon it; in short, we scarcely know to what this beautiful hard substance is inapplicable, so multifarious are the uses to which it has already been applied. It is greatly used as an insulator in telegraphy, in consequence of its non-conducting quality; and moulded into forms before being baked, it takes the place of many articles formerly made of gutta-percha, to which material it is infinitely preferable, as it is neither affected by heat nor cold.

The little community of Silvertown is, as it were, self-contained. Situated, as it is, far away from the town, on the Essex shore of the Thames, the proprietors had, as it were, to found a little colony. When the factory was built, there were no houses near, and no market, consequently the Messrs. Silver had to provide for the wants of their work-people, and they certainly have done so with a care worthy of all praise. The rows of cottages in which many of their work-people are housed contrast very favourably with the squalid habitations one passes on the railway in going to the factory. Then there is a store in which bacon, flour, and many other necessaries of life, are obtainable at cost price, and a public-house in which the beer is pure. The Messrs. Silver found it was incumbent upon them to build a public-house, otherwise it would have been done for them by independent parties, and the consequence would have been that, a very efficient means of administering to the comfort of the work-people, and at the same time of controlling excess, would have passed out of their hands.

The great charge brought against the manufacturers, as a class, used to be that they were utterly careless with respect to their "hands," and that they looked upon them merely as machines—or rather less than machines—for when their day's task was done, they washed their hands of them, and cared not what became of them; a state of things which placed the free Englishman, as regards physical comfort, in a less favourable position than the negroes, whose bodily wants their masters have always had the good policy to attend to. In thus making themselves responsible to a certain extent for the domestic comfort of their work-people, the employers are doing service to the community at large, for it is to the exertions of individual manufacturers that society must look for the accomplishment of that all-important task, the elevation of the social status of the workman. The example of little communities such as Silvertown is beginning to tell upon that mass of squalor which once seemed to be so hopeless in its immensity. It is becoming a habit of large manufacturing companies, we are happy to see, to look upon their workmen as human beings, to be cared for, as well as machines, to be used up; and the formation of the two little colonies of engineers at Wolverton and Swindon has been followed on a smaller scale by thousands of private employers throughout the country, who have found out that their own interests are concerned in concerning themselves with the happiness of those in their employ. The Messrs. Silver may justly pride them-

selves in belonging to the noble brotherhood of scientific men which is doing such good service to the commonwealth.

A. W.

### A TUSCAN VILLA.

EVERY one who catches the first view of Florence from the Bologna or Roman road, or from the Leghorn railroad, must be struck with the numberless villas which dot the smiling plain of the Arno, or which cluster together on the heights that look down upon Florence.

The Tuscans, in olden times, were rarely travellers from pleasure, and usually limited their journeys to a drive of a few hours outside the walls, if they were compelled to change the air; but, from the highest to the lowest, their dearest ambition was, and still is, to possess a few acres of land with a house, in the neighbourhood of the city. The nobles had their strong fortress-looking towers; the church, its monasteries and convents; the humbler classes, their little white villas, with the olive-trees and vines growing in the cornfields about the house, and up to its very walls; but all within sight, if possible, of their beloved Duomo and Campanile. It is not exaggeration to say that it would be difficult to find a respectable lawyer, physician, or tradesman in Florence who does not possess, outside one or other of the gates, a tiny domain, the produce of which he shares with the contadini who cultivate it, and a few rooms into which he can crowd his family during September and October.

The true Florentine rarely visits his country-house during the summer. He leaves that folly, he will tell you, to foreigners. What is the use of going into the country during those months, when from ten till five, the green shutters must be closed, and the view shut out, and when all but dogs and Englishmen willingly remain in the cool darkness of a sheltered room? The time to enjoy oneself in the country in Tuscany is during the autumn. The sun is not too hot to prevent one sitting out or walking out all day; there is the vintage to occupy you, and you can judge of the olive crop, and combine pleasure and business in a very agreeable manner. This arrangement is satisfactory to all parties; for if, during the rest of the year, any benighted foreigner likes to pay rent for the deserted villa, he is quite welcome to do so, and the property thus becomes doubly profitable.

From the division of property caused by the laws of inheritance, the large villas have often changed hands, and some of those most celebrated in history have become the property of foreigners. Careggi, Alessandri, Mozzi, Albizzi, have been purchased by strangers; and a great many others, such as Capponi, Nicolini, Montauto, &c., are hired yearly by foreign families, who live in Florence during the winter.

It is now quite a speculation for a Florentine to buy a villa, at some fabulously cheap price, and, after furnishing the house in some faint degree to suit the love of comfort which is peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race, to let it for a year, or term of years, to one of them.

To a person who is a good walker, or has the

means of hiring a carriage, it seems to me that it is far pleasanter to live outside than inside the walls. From the peculiar position of Florence, almost surrounded as it is by heights, half an hour's ascent up any of the excellent roads which radiate from the city, gives one the advantage of purer air, and a view almost unparalleled from its beauty and interesting associations. From every side, Fiesole, San Miniato, Montny, Bellosguardo, from each and all, one can look down upon that fair city of which Charles V. said: "It is too pleasant for week-day life; it must be reserved for holydays and festivals."

My villa is on the declivity of the hill of Bellosguardo. Outside the Porta Romana are four roads. The one to the left, close under the walls, leads in the direction of San Miniato, and branches off in steep footpaths to a cluster of villas, under and beside Fort Belvedere. Near this road is the entrance to that noble avenue of cypresses and ilexes called the Poggio Imperiale. The avenue, by a long and gradual ascent, conducts you to a royal palace. This palace is now almost deserted. The offices have been converted into barracks. Its chief interest to the casual passer-by, besides the exquisite view which it commands, is, that it possesses duplicates of Lely's pictures at Hampton Court. The bare snowy bosoms and profuse fair ringlets of those famous court ladies are displayed in these noble rooms, and under this Italian sky, in fine contrast to the dark-browed, olive-cheeked Florentines who come to gaze upon them. On each side of this stately avenue are paths to sunny little villas dropped like nests amid the cornfields. Beyond the palace is the ascent to the Piano di Giullari, and from thence to Arcetri, St. Margarita, &c.

Both these roads are to the left of the gate; just opposite to it is the old high road to Siena and Rome. The Strada Regia, however, is no longer the great outlet for travellers bound to Rome. The railroad to Siena has changed the character and purpose of the old royal road. It is now only used by the owners of the neighbouring villas, and by the peasants and farmers going to the Florence market to sell and buy. On each side are houses, shops, warehouses, and quite a crowded suburb seems to be stretching out of Florence on that side: but as the great thoroughfare to the south, its day is over.

If you skirt the wall to the right of the Porta Romana, you will come to the foot of the winding ascent which leads you up to the hill of Bellosguardo.

Bellosguardo has been celebrated by Foscolo and by Landor. Galileo lived for a short time in the old tower which crowns the highest spur of the hill. It is well worthy of having been celebrated by the Italian and by the Englishman, and of having been for a brief period the residence of him "of the starry fame."

The road winds upwards by a very gradual ascent. At first there are poor-looking houses on each side. Some are detached; between these you obtain glimpses of Florence, starting up with its spires and domes, above the walls. At about a third of the height is a chapel dedicated to San Francesco. A statue of the saint, with an



iron glory round his head, and his fingers spread out in the act of blessing, stands before it. There is a road here, at a right angle with the one we have taken, which leads to the gate of San Frediano, facing the old Leghorn road to the west of Florence. Behind the chapel is the office of the municipality, and opposite this office, bent in two as sharply as a card, a villa, which forms the angle of the two roads.

Higher up is a shrine, with its Madonna placed outside a small iron gate. This gate belongs to the Villa Nicolini, an unpretending, and somewhat dilapidated-looking building, but which has the most wonderful of panoramas, day and night, before its windows. Its quaint garden supported on arches, its two balconies, and its noble hall, make it the most picturesque, both within and without, of all the villas of the neighbourhood of Florence.

At the next curve the road divides. In one direction is the chapel of San Vito, and then a raised road, which is almost a bridge, brings you to a neighbouring but lower height, Monte Oliveto, and its cypresses and monastery. Turning back from this to the Bellosguardo road, you have Villa Nuti on your right hand, and Florence below you on the left. Villa Nuti is supposed to be haunted; but, except the fact that Pope Leo X. slept there for a few nights, there is nothing to account for such a tradition. It is a strong-looking building, with barred lower windows and a green court. On the first story is one of those picturesque-looking open rooms, supported by pillars, which have such an eminently Italian appearance. A few yards higher up you come to the projecting slab which, from the wonderful beauty of the prospect seen from it, has given the whole height the name of Bellosguardo! It is just below the Michelozzi tower. Nowhere does Florence look more lovely than from this platform. As it lies to the north east of the spectator, all the architectural beauty of the city lies before him in clear outline of light and shade. From Fiesole the view is more extensive, but the city itself is seen at a greater distance. In the morning a mist often veils it; and at noon it glitters vaguely under the sparkling sunshine, in which it lies as in a golden cup. From Bellosguardo the effect is more distinct, and, at the same time, more picturesque. Monte Morello, Fiesole, the Bologna Apennines, the Apennines, the Carrara and Lucca hills to the left, are sitting backgrounds to the picture. Their forms and undulations are cut clear and firm as with a knife on the blue sky, while the ever-changing light is perpetually varying their hues, sometimes bathed in a rosy blush as if new-born, sometimes displaying the weird character of ages, in the deep indentations and fissures which mark their surface. The distant mountains form the outer circle of the amphitheatre before us; the nearer ones run into the plains, either lapsing down in gentle slopes, or more boldly, shoulder over shoulder, breaking into vast knolls, which stand out green against the grey of the remoter chain.

The Val d'Arno to our left looks like an enormous bay which has spread by some convulsion of

nature into a vast inland sea, but instead of the masts of ships riding at anchor, in that broad expanse are the spires and towers of countless villages.

But we must leave this vision and, turning our backs upon it, descend and take the road which, from the height of Bellosguardo, leads towards the different villas which have been built upon it. Some are modern; some, such as the Michelozzi, the Albizzi, the Montauto, are many hundred years old. Montauto, with its old tower, should be interesting to the English and Americans as having been the residence of Nathaniel Hawthorne for three months, during the summer of the year 1858.

The road divides itself in two just below Villa Albizzi, as it passes a quaint-looking public well in the centre of a grassplot. One prong of the fork runs to Villa Montauto, and then drops by a very steep descent and sharp curve till it comes down to the west of Bellosguardo, and connects itself with the old Leghorn road, which lies like a winding ribbon on the plain we have been surveying. The other prong is longer, and descends, with villas on each side of it, till by another subdivision it breaks into three more roads, and two of these join the Roman road to the south of Bellosguardo. One is a very steep cut rather than a road, and can scarcely be used by carriages, but it takes a pedestrian in ten minutes to the gate.

My villa makes the angle of this steep path and the broader, easier road which comes further down, and also joins the Strada Regia.

If you enter by the gate that is at this angle, you have a low two-storied building to the right of you, with a wide flagged pavement in front of it, then a broad space of gravel spotted over by huge flower-pots and lemon plants in uncouth green tubs; and beyond are the orchards and fields belonging to my landlord. He is a lawyer, who spends his days at Florence in his office, or at a café, and returns to dine and sleep here. The rambling, irregular building is divided into three sets of apartments with separate entrances. The part nearest the gate is occupied by my landlord and his family. He has a wife and two sons. In true patriarchal fashion, the eldest, though married and a father, lives under the paternal roof. The other is a student at Pisa. The second apartment is a very small one, and is usually let for short periods to any Florentine requiring a breath of fresh air during those months in which Florentines affect a change. The third part of the building is mine, and is almost entirely detached from the rest. It is the part which is devoted to "forestieri," and is well furnished, according to Italian ideas.

A large door opens into a hall divided into two parts, the larger one raised above the other by a flight of four broad shallow steps; an arched window looks into a triangular paved court, where a great fig-tree grows with a sturdy and persistent luxuriance.

My little garden, which might be a very bower of sweets in this shady spot, has been utterly neglected; but with patience and care I trust that the wilderness will soon be made to blossom again. My rooms (eleven, besides a kitchen), are hired, furnished, for much less than the price

of two rooms in a moderately good situation in London. All the necessities of life are here, and beyond and above them is a perpetual feast to the eye.

In ten minutes on foot, and in half an hour by the longest road in a carriage, one reaches Florence, and is thus within easy reach of the galleries, theatres, and of any social gaieties one may covet. Letters, newspapers, &c., are brought every morning by the man who goes early into Florence to buy the provisions for the day. Figs, grapes, apples and pears grow beneath your window, and milk and vegetables are brought by the contadino belonging to the land. The air is pure and fresh, and perfectly dry. Space, a beautiful view, and no contemptible amount of conveniences and comforts, make it possible to construct a very pleasant home in these villas. One gets very near to the life of the middle-class Italians by living thus under the same roof, though not absolutely with them.

My "padrone" is a thorough gentleman in manner and appearance. He understands French and English, and is educated up to the mark which was considered becoming in Italy thirty years ago. A small independence, the meagre proceeds of his profession, and the dower of his wife invested in this villa, compose his whole fortune. Few Italians are absolutely destitute, though still fewer are what we should call rich. The paternal fortune is divided between the children, and the sons always add to their share by marrying a girl with some fortune. Early marriages are the fashion, and, without any forcing of inclination on either side, a prudent match is the general rule.

My landlady is inferior to her husband in manners and appearance. She must have married very young, in fact the moment she was out of her convent, and her mind on all subjects of ordinary information is infantine. But she is sharp as a needle as to all matters of profit or gain. It is curious to see a woman whose status is certainly that of a lady, haggling for a few shillings, and striving to take advantage of her tenants in the most infinitesimal affairs, and, more curious still, to see how perfectly good-humoured she is when she finds herself baffled. It is she who undertakes all the disagreeable offices which appertain to letting a house. Her husband monopolises all the agreeable part. He takes the money and does all the smiles and civility. Keeping back crockery, which is marked in a voluminous inventory, as given; doling it out at last cracked, and expecting to receive it whole when her tenants leave; a stringent refusal of carpets, and an endeavour to make an increased rent the condition of yielding them,—such are all tasks which devolve on her. Sometimes she gains her point, sometimes she does not; but, on the whole, I think she is more civil when beaten. She rather respects you for not being taken in.

There is nothing surprising in this, as regards the usual principles of an ordinary lodging-house keeper; but this is a lady of good family and position, and the wife of a man who might enter any society as an equal, so distinguished are his manners, so gentlemanly is his appearance. But this phase of her character is shown only to those

whom she considers her legitimate prey, *i.e.*, her tenants. At home she is kind, good-humoured, patient. Her servants are treated justly, in some things indulgently. Their wages are of the lowest, but their freedom of manner and paucity of work are, in their opinion, full compensation. Several dependants are hanging about the villa, whom she feeds and tries to serve. She is capable of any benevolence which does not require her to put her hand, then and there, into her purse. Indirect expense she does not care for; but the fact of parting with a franc, or losing an opportunity of saving one, is gall and wormwood to her.

The simplicity of this woman's manners, her life spent among her peasants and her servants, working as one of them, and dressing usually much as they dress, would astonish a barrister's wife in England, inferior to her probably, both in birth and fortune. With the Signora there is not the slightest effort at making an appearance. It is only on those days when she goes to mass in Florence, or when she dines with some of her own family, that there is a perceptible effort to appear well dressed. Then her toilette is *sans reproche*. She goes in her own carriage, and represents her position very fairly. But this occurs but seldom, save only on high days and festivals.

Her husband reads the newspaper to her, but, except a general confused hatred of "tedeschi," she knows nothing about politics; though if any positive fact is placed before her and her judgment is required on it, she is shrewd enough. Her husband is very polite to her, but it strikes me as the politeness of one who consults rather his own dignity in being polite to another, than the claims of that other. But they are perfectly good friends, and not a trace exists in this entirely domestic family of that light regard of the conjugal tie which we are taught in England to consider to be the fashion in Italy.

Extreme parsimony in the exigencies of everyday life, a total absence of ostentation, and a primitive simplicity, are the home characteristics of Tuscans of the middle class. Their quaint humour, their aptness for satire, and the quickness of their perceptions, have prevented in their case the degeneracy which bad government produces elsewhere. Besides these qualities, they have never lost their commercial spirit. Money and material prosperity have always been highly valued by them, and in this disposition there is a strong salt which keeps alive a nation's spirit. Side by side with their splendid achievements this spirit was manifest, and it has long outlived them.

As I sit at my window, I look down on the city which played such a distinguished part in the middle ages,—the city which possessed Dante, Galileo, Machiavelli, as citizens, and which comprises within its walls, miracles of art which have never been surpassed, and scarcely equalled. Those glories are past, yet there is no air of ruin or effete grandeur about it. That smoke which issues from its very centre, evoked by the shrill whistle which announces to me at short intervals the arrival of the train, is a proof that a healthy activity is going on there, and that, glorious as has been the past, there is a busy, prosperous, and as glorious a future awaiting Florence.

I. BLADGEN.

## NOT A RIPPLE ON THE SEA.



WHERE Normandy bares its weather-beaten brow to meet the north-west winds lies the village of Orbec. A merry brook hurrying from the inland hills marks the middle of a ravine between the tall tawny cliffs; and the little hamlet nestles

just where the clear fresh water soaks into the smooth sea sand, or meets the highest sweep of mounting tide. To the right and to the left rise wide undulating downs. Behind, dull straight roads and hedgeless fields stretch far away in

gradual ascent to the forest that fringes the horizon. In front is the sea. At high water the waves rise to the very threshold of the three or four cottages which occupy the narrow extremity of the ravine. The last bound of the brook from the rough pebbly causeway that has been built for it through the village into the rude sea eager to absorb it, is lost and hidden in the dancing spray. Orbec should always be seen at low tide. Then the sand and rock lie open to the sky for many score of yards. At eve the sun casts deep violet shadows on the yellow cliffs, and wakes in every lingering pool among the rocks a hundred glowing colours. The sand shines smooth and clear, catching the sloping rays with its myriad tiny particles, dotted here and there with stones and bright green moss,—more rarely with the opal and sapphire mass of some torn jelly-fish. From the southern side of the village stretches out a long rock rampart, rising over sand and sea for nearly half a mile, and crowned, just where it seems to be sinking under the surface, by a huge battered fort, riven by the strokes of a hundred storms; glorious to be seen when great gales toss the spray high above its grey old height, and liken it to the head of some mighty Viking sinking into the sea, his white hair beaten backwards and forwards by the wind. From the beach little of Orbec can be seen, for the cliffs nearly meet at the rivulet's mouth. But three or four cottages, and the roofs of twenty more, are enough to give signs of life to the scene; or rather would give signs of life if life itself were absent. Only on the *Jour des Morts* is nobody to be seen. Then all Orbec is at church. On other days half-a-dozen sturdy boys and girls, with close-cropped yellow hair and bright brown limbs, are sure to be dabbling on the shore; and it is more than probable that several of their mothers and their sisters will be at the same time cleansing and destroying the linen of their respective families in the running brook. Round ruddy nets will be grouped some bigger boys and men. Nor is there wanting at Orbec the symbol of death as well as the personifications of strong healthy life. The symbol of death is there; speaking, however, not only of the death that will crumble away those lusty forms and still those cheery voices, but also of a better life. High over the house-tops, and within sight of the homeward or outward bound fishermen for many a mile, is reared a tall rude crucifix of wood.

Round the higher course of the running stream is clustered a bewildering maze of narrow lanes, all passing between rows of fishermen's cottages—cottages bright with stucco of yellow and pink and pale blue and white; each stamped with the glittering badge of some insurance company, and each veiled by a thick drapery of nets hung out to dry.

Some years ago I trudged into Orbec in the course of a long walk. I was passing part of the winter with friends who inhabited a quaint old Norman chateau, distant some ten or a dozen miles from the coast. It chanced to be the second of November, the "Commemoration des Morts" of the Roman Calendar. The narrow streets were empty. Save here and there a young child at a

window, not a soul was to be seen. I made my way to the church crowning the high ground at the back of the village. Terrible to a heart full of taste for the Puginesque is that church at Orbec; for nowhere does a more hideous example of the most hideous eighteenth century style insult the ground it occupies. But the interior is richly characteristic. On that *Jour des Morts* it was all hung with black. The solemn drone of the priest at the altar sounded sadly through clouds of incense. But it was not the chant, or the candles, or the smoke, or the rude paintings, or the little ship models hung to the roof—votive offerings for the safety of those that travel by water—that most moved the heart. It was the dense mass of kneeling worshippers. There was all Orbec—men, women, and children—save the helpless old and the helpless young—all kneeling on their knees. The crowd reached to the door, and I could scarcely find a square foot of tile unoccupied. We less impulsive islanders may moralise as we will about popery and superstition, but it is a very solemn service—that Commemoration of the Dead. Think of all the love, and all the sorrow, and all the hope welling out of the souls of those simple Orbec fishermen! How many memories in that church were helping to bind the Communion of Saints!

This old woman at my side, I thought, of how many dead must not she be pondering! She looks as if she had been living here since the duchy was our kings! She must be the original *Vieille Femme de Normandie*, miraculously kept alive since the days when the print was struck! What a store of legends must be hidden under that speckless cap! I waited long; till the old dame left the church. She was bent low with years, but with her stout stick she walked bravely. High over her head rose a great wall of fluted linen, starched to the consistency of steel. From her ears two huge gold drops—heirlooms of her clan—fell on cheeks as yellow and wrinkled as the skin of an apple forgotten in a store-room. She plodded on through the village, and entered one of the five cottages at the mouth of the brook.

An irresistible impulse drove me to make the acquaintance of this ancient dame. I longed to fathom her depths of folklore.

I forget precisely how my object was achieved. The Norman peasantry are not afflicted with British spleen; and I have no doubt that my overtures were not deemed impertinent. By whatever pretext, I was soon installed in the cottage of the old lady, free to contemplate her big walnut press, her clock in the corner, her paper flowers on the chimney, her bed drapery of gaudy chintz, and, best of all, her grandæval self.

"It is in truth a charming place."

"Monsieur has reason. We love well our village, we."

"Madame has inhabited it since very long time?"

"Ah, Monsieur, do not ask it of me! They call me the Old Mother of Orbec. I have—I do not know how many years. Hein, Monsieur! But I am strong yet! Thanks to Saint Anthony and the good God!"

And at the thanksgiving she crossed herself, and at the boast she struck her stick with a sharp crack upon the floor.

"Madame has probably many kinsfolk in Orbec? It is all that there is of happiest to see one's children grow and prosper."

"Ah! Ah! But Monsieur does not know; does not know. They are here no more, they are here no more. I pray for them up there. I go soon to join them. Pardon, Monsieur, if I weary you. Monsieur is without doubt tired. I beg you to seat yourself."

At my mention of children she drew a sudden gasping breath, and gazed out at the sea, whitened merrily under wind and sun. As she spoke of prayer for them she pointed in the direction of the church. Then, with more than the delicacy of Saint German's Faubourg, she apologised for obtruding her memories on me.

Of course I longed to hear the tale thus hinted at. I hope I did not requite the old lady's delicacy with unwarrantable curiosity in inducing her to tell it.

I will not repeat it in her words, for the idiom would be tedious. I sat in the cottage doorway as I listened, looking out on the sparkling sand, the merry urchins rambling down to the breakers, the crumbling fort, and the far sea.

Somewhere about the year of our Lord 1785, Marie Giguet was the brightest, prettiest, most loveable lass in all Orbec. All the youths of Orbec looked longingly on that dainty figure, always freshly clad, poised so truly on those little sun-browned feet. All the youths of Orbec worshipped that yellow hair and those dark brown eyes. Of course, with one exception all the youths of Orbec were doomed to disappointment and (temporary) despair. That one was Charles Barjac, sprung of a family which had come to Orbec from the South. Charles Barjac (the old dame's eyes kindled as she spoke in passing of his sturdy frame and crisp black hair) won the prize, was married at the church behind the village, and became a loving husband. In some four or five years three stout boys came into the world to perpetuate the Barjac name. Never was wife or mother happier than Marie. Her only trouble was that her lord's seafaring life led him for long intervals away from home; and that she knew her boys must one day in their turn go down to the sea in ships.

It was to be gathered from the narrative that Monsieur Barjac's voyages were not mere paltry fishing excursions; that he visited various parts of the coasts of Albion; that he at least could with no good face cast at Albion the common charge of perfidy, for that he himself kept little faith with the customs regulations of King George III.; that whatever perfidy stained the subjects of that virtuous monarch was rather to their sovereign than to their neighbours; and was, moreover, a source of much gain to himself. Righteously or unrighteously, Barjac the skipper made many voyages and much profit. Charles, Antoine, and Jules, the three lads aforementioned, grew up stout-hearted, straight-limbed, and strong; and as each reached the age of ten, each sailed for the first time with his sire. When the time

came for Charles to go, Antoine and little Jules were still left with their mother. Antoine went; but Jules stayed behind. When the time came for Jules to go too, the mother's heart was sore and sad; but her heart was brave though it sorrowed. Her lads must not be milkshops. She wept in secret, and parted from her Benjamin with a cheery smile.

It was a voyage of no ordinary importance, this. The days when the eighteenth century lay a-dying and the days when the nineteenth was in its babyhood were not days of great order in France. Every man did that which was right in his own eyes. And when the new century was not yet three years old, there was a lull in the fight between the Jack and the Tricolor, and Commerce took advantage of the slumber of War. So Monsieur Barjac made a great venture; not only with his three boys, but also with such commodities as used to acquire a richer flavour with freedom from duty. And when the Belle Marie sailed from the Harbour of Grace, she carried with her a freight which was destined to make the skipper quite a wealthy man. The mother left at home in Orbec thought little of the freight, and much of her goodman and her boys. There was Charles, nearly as tall as his father, and already beginning to smile meaningly on the successors to the realm of beauty once reigned over by Marie Giguet. There was Antoine, hardy and strong. And little Jules was the merriest fellow who ever prisoned his lusty little limbs in big stiff bags of breeches, or ever covered his cropped curls with a long red bag of a cap.

Nor were Madame Barjac's the only eyes which were with her "heart, and that was far away there, where" the Belle Marie sailed over the sea. Other Orbec folk had kinsmen on board the jaunty little craft. There was old Widow Nodier, whose only son Jacques was Captain Barjac's right hand; and there was Thérèse Fanjeaux, who had promised to become Thérèse Nodier when the ship came back. Thibaud le Roy was the oldest sailor on the Belle Marie; such an ancient Triton that he looked more like a piece of seaweed than a man, but whose experience, Madame Barjac rejoiced to know, was invaluable to the skipper—and his old wife Manon used to trudge every day to the Barjac house and ask, "Is it that Madame has news of our husbands?" There were several more, but I forget them. It is enough to say that the Belle Marie was freighted with the hopes and the fears of many of the people of Orbec.

Time went on. The friends of the sailors began to say "It is time for the Belle Marie to be starting home again." The names of the places whither she was bound their lips could hardly shape. It may be presumed, from mention made by old Madame Barjac of Scarrebourre, Vitebi, and Yorkéshire, that her destination was the north-east coast of England.

And now, said the old dame, I was about to hear a marvellous tale. She did not expect that I should believe it. But she would tell what was indeed the truth.

Often in the night she lay long awake, thinking on her husband and their boys. On one special night she felt more anxious than at other times. It was very late before she retired to her bed.

The sight of the sea had a strange fascination for her, and she could not tear herself away. It was autumn. The day had been sultry and oppressive. The crimson sun had sunk into the sea without a cloud to veil his retreat. Not a breath of wind had cooled the parched air. The sea was smooth and oily. It rose and fell in long unbroken heavings in the offing. In-shore it was still and calm, without a ripple on its surface.

The mother watched the rising of the moon, watched it light up the silent scene with a ghastly radiance, and at last shut herself in her room.

She had lain long awake, and had at last sunk into an uneasy slumber, when she was roused by hearing cries as of a vessel in distress. She fancied she was dreaming. There could be no wreck on a night so calm. She turned her head to sleep. Again the cries broke on her ear. She started up to assure herself of her delusion. Hastily flinging on some scanty clothing, she ran to the door, and looked out from the very spot on which I stood.

The moon was still shining coldly and clearly on the sea. The scene was still unruffled. But the sea had gone down. She ran towards the brink of the water, and soon saw that she was not alone upon the sand. Old Manon le Roy was gazing eagerly seaward. Widow Nodier was imploring a group of three or four sailors to haul down a boat and pull out behind the rocks where now the fort was standing. Thérèse Fanjeaux was hurrying her brother down to the sea. Altogether some score of people were gathered on the beach. It was not only Madame Barjac who heard the cries. It was evident that they were no figment of her brain. No, in truth, they were only too real; for hark! once more came that sad sound, "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before," the sound of men shouting shrilly in extremity of peril.

The cries seemed to come from close in-shore. Every eye on the sands was gazing intently to seaward, but gazing in vain. Down from the dark slate-coloured heaven of a clear night the moon poured a flood of light which was scarcely broken as it fell upon the sea, so calm was the unrippled surface. Far out to sea a broken spar would not have floated by unseen on such a night. But no floating thing could be descried. The sea was a desert.

Then again the shout of distress rang through the air. And so near was it that different voices could be clearly distinguished. They sounded through a dismal accompaniment, the loud clap of rent canvas, the crash of shivered woodwork, and the noise of angry breakers. Through all the din of wreck and wretchedness one voice was easily recognised. Commanding in no tremulous tones, exhorting to effort and endurance, at times even cheerful in the midst of peril, Madame Barjac knew her husband's voice. The sounds came yet nearer. The band on the beach stood rooted to the place, gazing in wondering horror at the blank unruffled sea, listening in rapt attention to the ghostly din. Louder roared the shreds of sailcloth; louder crashed the wreck upon the rocks. And in every cadence of prayer and of despair the listeners heard the voices of their friends. A moment of yet louder noise, and the deep tones of

the captain were silent. Then the tragedy seemed so near at hand, that Madame Barjac could distinguish even words. She heard old Thibaud le Roy's rough tones commanding in the stead of the deeper voice that was still. Then came the loudest crash of all. Madame Barjac heard distinctly a childish voice call "Mother! mother!" She knew the cry of her last-born and her dearest boy, and swooned away.

"Ah, Monsieur! I have lost them all; but I shall find them again. For so many years I have thought of them on this day up there," and she pointed towards the church. "Soon the Holy Virgin and the good God will make me to rejoice them. You do not believe me, Monsieur? You think that I recount to you a dream! Was it a dream? Unhappily a dream which came true. But that was no dream. Monsieur can ask of the Widow Nodier; or of old Manon le Roy; or go to Thérèse Nodier, who lives in the third house from the—ah! what say I? They are dead—they are all dead. I alone—I stay yet.

"Monsieur will not perhaps believe. But all the world knew the history. Now it is I only who live to tell it. Monsieur will guess the rest?"

Then she told me how she was carried to her home again; how, when she was once more conscious, she talked of all that had happened with those who had seen as well as herself: how the time that elapsed between her rushing to the shore and her fainting fit could not have been more than five minutes; how of the neighbours some laughed, some wondered, and all doubted; how all those whom the mystic cries had summoned to the sand doubted nothing, but waited hopelessly for the confirmation of what they already knew.

It was long before the confirmation came. Many weeks went by, and nothing was heard of the fate of the Belle Marie, till one day all Orbec was roused by the arrival of Jacques Nodier. He (the sole survivor) told the tale of the Belle Marie's ill-starred voyage. Her journey had been very profitable. The skipper's coffers were well filled with English gold. They were sailing merrily homeward, when a strong north-east wind began to blow, and drove them on the lee-shore. The little vessel went to pieces on the rocks of "Scarrebouffe." Much was done by the good English folk, but nothing that was of avail to save the ship or the crew. The captain was washed off the deck before the craft broke. Le Roy tried to get a rope to the shore, but the rocks were too steep, and the waves were too high. Little Jules was clinging to the wreck to the last. Jacques himself was tossed on a shelving rock, bruised and bloody, but alive. And all this happened on the north-east coast of England, on the very night on which the Orbec people had been awakened by the cries at sea.

Such was the story I heard from Madame Barjac. It differed from ordinary ghost stories in this. Most ghosts are seen by only one person. This was a vision seen—no; there was nothing seen; nothing but the calm sea. This was an illusion represented as having been carried through their sense of hearing to some score of persons. But these were all dead, with the exception of old Marie Barjac. "Is there not one of your com-

panions on that eventful night still living?" I asked.

"Not one, Monsieur. Thérèse Nodier died four years ago, and she was the last. She married Jacques, the survivor; but their son is living in Orbec. Monsieur can question him. He will tell Monsieur what he heard from his mother."

It was now late in the afternoon. I had no time to make further inquiries. I bade farewell to La Vieille Femme de Normandie, and marched hastily inland. My host had heard the story, but had thought little of it. He had no idea that any of the actors in the tale survived. All the party to whom I repeated what I had heard were deeply interested; and several impulsive ladies, influenced as well by my description of the charms of the Orbec beach as by my incredible narration, determined to make a pilgrimage to the little port as soon as possible. For some cause or other it was a week before I was in Orbec again. We made a great commotion as we drove in to the little square by the church. We asked first for Jacques Nodier, found him, and I began to question him on the subject of the wreck.

"But let us go to the old woman first," said one of the party, in English. "What's her name? Barjac? Where is it? Come down to the sea."

"Is it Widow Barjac that madame wishes to find? Ah! Madame is too late. The Widow Barjac was interred yesterday, madame. They did not know what age to put on her grave, Monsieur. She was very old. They called her the Old Mother of Orbec. She was the last of the hearers of the noise of the distant wreck. Monsieur can see her grave."

So we went to the rude black and white wooden heading which covered the old woman's corpse.

✠  
Ici reposent les depouilles mortelles de  
MARIE BARJAC,  
Veuve de Charles Barjac,  
R. I. P.  
Sainte Vierge Priez pour nous.  
✠

The pious hands of Jacques Nodier had hung a wreath on the tomb.

I added another; nor do I think I shall ever forget Orbec, or Widow Barjac, or her strange story.

### MARGARET WOFFINGTON.

DURING the years 1726 and 1727, Madame Violante, an Italian rope-dancer, famed for her grace and agility, had been entertaining London with frequent repetitions of her marvellous feats. In 1728 she moved to Dublin, opening a booth there. For some time she was successful, and her exhibitions were resorted to by people of the best fashion. But gradually the receipts dwindled—the tight-rope had ceased either to amaze or to amuse. Madame Violante found it necessary, in order to retain the favour of her patrons, to provide a novel entertainment. So she introduced the "Beggars' Opera" to a Dublin audience, and attracted the town to an extraordinary degree.

She procured fitting scenery, dresses, and deco-

rations; but as her theatre was unsanctioned by the authorities, she did not venture to engage a regular troop of comedians. She formed a company of children, however, little more than ten years of age, and drilled and instructed them carefully in the parts they were to play. Probably the success of a similar entertainment recently given by children in London stimulated her exertions if it did not originate them. The "Lilliputian actors" played with remarkable ability; the performance was agreed on all hands to be vastly new, pretty, curious, altogether admirable; the children attracted crowded houses night after night. Several of the little performers adhered to the profession of the stage and achieved further distinction in their maturer efforts. Miss Betty Barnes, the *Macheath*, was afterwards, as Mrs. Martin and (by a second marriage) Mrs. Workman, known as a good actress. The representative of *Peachment*, Isaac Sparks, was subsequently an excellent low comedian and a favourite clown in pantomime. Master Barrington, who played *Filch*, made at a later date a considerable figure in Irishmen and low comedy. Miss Ruth Jenks, was *Lucy*. Miss Mackey was *Mrs. Peachment*; and the little girl, aged ten, whose mother kept a huckster's shop on Ormond Quay, and who made her first appearance on any stage in the character of *Polly Peachment*, was famous afterwards all the world over as MISTRESS MARGARET WOFFINGTON.

After a few years Madame Violante let her booth, and an attempt was made to present there dramatic performances by a regular company. The success of these excited the jealousy and alarm of the managers of the old-established theatre in Smock Alley; they applied to the Lord Mayor, who interposed his authority, and forbade the representations in the booth. A new theatre was therefore built in Rainsford Street, which was out of the jurisdiction of the mayor; and another new theatre was shortly afterwards constructed in Aungier Street. No time was lost in completing it, the opening performance being presented within ten months of the foundation-stone having been laid. Mrs. Woffington was a member of the company; but for some time her exertions were limited to the execution of dances between the acts. The public, however, had already begun to look upon her with favour. On the 12th February, 1737, she made her first appearance in a speaking character. She played *Ophelia* at the Aungier Street Theatre to a loudly applauding audience.

"She now," says a critic, "began to unveil those beauties, and display those graces and accomplishments which for so many years afterwards charmed mankind."

Her next triumph was as *Lucy*, in Mr. Fielding's farce of the "Virgin Unmasked." On the occasion of her benefit, she first undertook one of those characters of which the assumption of male attire is the most prominent and popular charm. She appeared in the farce of the "Female Officer," by H. Brooke, after having acted *Phyllis* in Sir Richard Steele's comedy of the "Conscious Lovers." In her second season she was recognised as an established favourite. The severe winter of 1739, and the suffering and distress it entailed

upon the poorer classes of the city, hindered all public amusements and inflicted severe loss upon the theatres: for nearly three months they were entirely closed. In the following spring, "at the desire of several persons of quality," she first stepped on the boards in her celebrated character of *Sir Harry Wildair*, in Farquhar's comedy of the "Constant Couple." The audience were delighted with her performance, and Rich, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, moved by her extraordinary success, at once secured her services for his ensuing season.

She made her first appearance before a London audience on the 6th November, 1740. The part selected for her *débüt* was that of *Sylvia* in the "Recruiting Officer." As Farquhar, for various reasons, is but little read in these days, it may be necessary to state that in the third act of the comedy *Sylvia* the heroine enters "in man's apparel."

"Your name?" demands *Brazen*.

"Wilful, Jack Wilful, at your service," she replies.

"What, the Kentish Wilfuls, or those of Staffordshire?"

"Both, sir," says *Sylvia*. "I'm related to all the Wilfuls in Europe, and I'm head of the family at present." And afterwards she continues: "Had I but a commission in my pocket, I fancy my breeches would become me as well as any ranting fellow of them all: for I take a bold step, a rakish toss, a smart cock, and an impudent air, to be the principal ingredients in the composition of a captain. What's here? Rose, my nurse's daughter! I'll go and practise. Come, child, kiss me at once!"

Her success was beyond all question. She subsequently played *Lady Sadliffe*, in Cibber's "Double Gallant," *Aura*, in Charles Johnson's comedy of "Country Lasses," and, on the 21st November, "by particular desire," she appeared as *Sir Harry Wildair*, repeating the character twenty times during her first season.

For seven years since the death of Wilks, the original representative of *Sir Harry*, the comedy of the "Constant Couple" had been in a great measure lain aside. Farquhar himself had asserted that when Wilks died there would be no longer a *Sir Harry*. When Garrick undertook the part in 1742, Wilkinson describes his performance as a failure, and the two biographers of the Roscius pass it over without comment. Yet the best critics hastened to pronounce in favour of Mrs. Woffington's representation of the character. The town was delighted with her: the theatre was crowded to excess. It was not, as Tate Wilkinson points out, merely the whim of a winter; nor did the excitement arise solely from curiosity to see a woman sustain a man's character. She evinced a peculiar fitness for the part, "she appeared with the true spirit of a well-bred rake of quality." "She remained the unrivalled *Wildair* during her life." "The ease, manner of address, vivacity, and figure of a young man of fashion were never more happily exhibited." "The best proof of this matter," Wilkinson goes on to say, "is the well-known success and profit she brought to the different theatres in England and Ireland

wherever her name was published for *Sir Harry Wildair*. The managers had recourse to the lady for this character whenever they had fears of the want of an audience; and indeed for some years before she died, as she never by her articles was to play it, but with her own consent, she always conferred a favour on the manager whenever she changed her sex and filled the house."

Davies describes her as "the most beautiful woman that ever adorned a theatre." She was tall and well made, though slight in figure. She had a peculiar grace and freedom in her movements; there was a thoroughly well-bred and elegant air about her action; her face was singularly expressive; her features delicate, yet well defined, her eyes being superb, while over these were incessantly playing, giving point, and force, and brilliance to her every word and look, a pair of strongly marked mobile eyebrows. She was particularly careful in her dress, and always thoroughly prepared with the words of her part. Her voice, we learn, was inclined to be sharp in tone, a disadvantage in her performance of tragedy. When Foote gave his entertainment called "The Diversion of a Morning," at the Haymarket, in 1746, he professed to find occupations for the actors who had declared they should be ruined by his persistence in his illegal performances, while he gave imitations of them in the new professions he selected for them. Mr. Quin, from his sonorous voice and weighty manner, he appointed a *watchman*, with a cry of "Past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy morning." Mr. Delane, who was alleged to have but one eye, a *beggar-man* in St. Paul's Churchyard. Mr. Ryan, whose voice was odd and shrill, a *razor-grinder*; and Mrs. Woffington, because of her harsh tones, an *orange-woman* to the *playhouse*. And then he went on to give a ludicrous travesty of Garrick's dying scenes, in which the great actor was apt to hesitate and protract his words; as in *Lothario*: "Adorns my fall and che-che-che-che-cheers my heart in dy-dy-dying."

But it may be noted that a certain harshness of voice is rather an advantage to an actress in her assumptions of male character. Admirers of Déjazet will recollect that her discordant tones, while they struck unpleasantly on the ear when she appeared as a heroine, ceased to be remarked, even if they did not assist the illusion, when she trod the boards the hero of the night.

During her first season, Mrs. Woffington played also *Elvira* in Dryden's "Spanish Friar;" *Violante* in Theobald's "Double Falsehood;" *Amanda* in Cibber's "Love's Last Shift;" *Lucretia* in Congreve's "Old Bachelor," and a few other characters. She was but twenty-two, and had already become the greatest public favourite in the theatre. Her rivals at Drury Lane were Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Clive, formerly Miss Raftor.

One night, during her performance of *Sir Harry*, when finishing a scene amidst a hurricane of applause, she rushed into the green room and cried, elated with joy:

"Mr. Quin, Mr. Quin, I have played this part so often that half the town believe me to be a real man."

Quin only growled out a repartee more free than refined. She was the subject of all sorts of con-



gratulatory and laudatory verses. Instance the following: "Lines addressed to Mrs. Woffington appearing in the part of *Sylvia* in the 'Recruiting Officer.'

When first in petticoats you trod the stage,  
Our sex with love you fired—your own with rage.  
In breeches, next, so well you played the cheat,  
The pretty fellow and the rake complete,  
Each sex was then with different passions moved,  
The men grew envious and the women loved."

In the season of 1741-42, Mrs. Woffington was engaged at Drury Lane. Among other characters she appeared as *Rosalind* in "As You Like It," *Nerissa* in "Merchant of Venice," *Lady Brute* in the "Provoked Wife," and *Mrs. Sullen* in the "Beaux Stratagem." On her benefit, she played *Clarissa* in the "Confederacy," by Sir John Vanbrugh. But public attention was this year averted. On the 19th October, 1741, at the theatre in Goodman's Fields had been performed, "A Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, divided into Two Parts. Tickets three, two, and one shilling. N.B. Between the Two Parts of the Concert will be presented an Historical Play, called the 'Life and Death of King Richard the Third,' the part of *King Richard* by a gentleman, who never appeared on any stage." This gentleman was DAVID GARRICK, who had, however, sustained several characters at Ipswich during the preceding summer. The concert was charged for and not the play, which was presumed to be performed gratis, in order to evade the terms of the Licensing Act. The fame of the new actor was of course noised abroad; the public crowded to the eastern part of the town, hitherto neglected. "From the polite ends of Westminster the most elegant company flocked to Goodman's Fields, insomuch that from Temple Bar the whole way was covered with a string of coaches." In the following season Garrick was playing at Drury Lane both in tragedy and comedy. Mrs. Woffington played *Mrs. Sullen* to his *Archer* in the "Beaux Stratagem," *Charlotte* to his *Millamour* in Mr. Fielding's unsuccessful comedy of the "Wedding Day," and *Lady Anne* to his *Richard the Third*. On the occasion of her benefit, she resigned to him her part of *Sir Harry Wildair*, and assumed that of *Lady Lurewell* in the same comedy. Of her performance of *Sir Harry*, Garrick would say: "It was a great attempt for a woman, but still it was not *Sir Harry Wildair*." The public, however, did not agree with him, or at all events, they preferred her interpretation of the part to his. On Mrs. Woffington's benefit, in 1745, the part of *Cherry* in the "Beaux Stratagem," was played by Miss M. Woffington, "being her first appearance on any stage." She was probably the younger sister of Mrs. Woffington, afterwards married to the Hon. and Rev. George Cholmondeley, of whom mention is made in "Boswell's Life of Johnson."

During the summer of 1742, Garrick and Mrs. Woffington had visited Dublin, where an extraordinary reception awaited them. We read that "Garrick's success exceeded all imagination, he was caressed by all ranks of people; at the same time, it must be acknowledged that Mrs. Woffington was nearly as great a favourite." However,

the crowds attracted to the theatre during the hottest months of the year, brought about very serious consequences. An epidemic distemper, which was called the "Garrick Fever," prevailed greatly; and proved fatal to many.

Returning from Dublin, Mrs. Woffington took lodgings in the same house with Macklin the actor. Garrick, as the friend of both, was a frequent visitor, and always warmly welcomed. But in 1743, a division arose between Garrick and Macklin. With other performers they had revolted against the misrule of Fleetwood, the manager of Drury Lane; but Garrick, finding the Lord Chamberlain opposed to the mutineers, and the struggle for reform quite hopeless, had made a separate peace for himself. But he was never again on terms of friendship with Macklin. Mrs. Woffington was now keeping house with Garrick, bearing, by agreement, the monthly expenses alternately. Garrick was accused of being parsimonious. "With his domestic saving we have nothing to do," said Dr. Johnson: "I remember drinking tea with him long ago, when Peg Woffington made it, and he grumbled at her for making it too strong." When the Doctor told the same story to Reynolds, he mentioned an additional circumstance: "Why," said Garrick, "it's as red as blood!"

The lady was certainly in love with Garrick. The fact is not so much to be marvelled at. He was handsome, sprightly, courtly, and witty; his genius had not merely brought him wealth, it had placed him absolutely at the head of his profession; and it is probable that for some time he encouraged her in the idea that he would ultimately propose marriage to her. She indeed informed Murphy that she was so near being married to Garrick, that he had tried the wedding-ring on her finger. But at last he came to the conclusion that such a union would be unadvisable. He professed that the idea of the marriage haunted his dreams, and disturbed his sleep. At last he took an opportunity of intimating to her as gently as he could, that it was out of his power to offer her matrimony. She was very angry: all attempts to soothe her were in vain. "Go, sir," she said; "henceforward I separate myself from you for ever. From this hour I decline to see you or to speak with you except in the course of professional business or in the presence of a third person." And she kept her word.

Some time before he had addressed her in a song which had been much talked of at the time, called "Lovely Peggy," beginning with the lines,

Once more I'll tune my vocal shell,  
To hills and dales my passion tell—  
A flame which time can never quell,  
Which burns for thee, my Peggy.

But this was all over now. She packed up all the presents he had ever given her and returned them to him with a farewell letter. Soon their quarrel became town talk. Many absurd exaggerations of it were current, and caricatures no way flattering to the gentleman appeared in the print shops and amused the public. He returned her presents to him: although he is alleged to

have retained the most valuable, a pair of diamond shoe-buckles, which had cost her a considerable sum. She waited a month, and then addressed him a note, delicately reminding him that the buckles had not been found amongst the other articles he had sent back. He replied, "that they were the only little memorials he had of the many pleasant hours he had passed in her society, and he trusted she would permit him to keep them for her sake." "She saw through this," says our authority, "but she had too much spirit to reply, and Garrick retained the buckles to the last hour of his life." She never forgave him, though she acted with him in various plays, for they were both servants of the same manager. But when, in 1747, he became joint patentee with Lacy of Drury Lane Theatre, the fact of her being a member of his company presented embarrassments to both. For a season escape was impossible. Her remaining in the theatre was additionally disagreeable to her, from the incessant struggle for parts which ensued; Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Clive being also actresses of the company, and all having claims for pre-eminence that could not be disregarded. "No two women of high rank," says Davies, "ever hated one another more unreservedly than these great dames of the theatre, Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Woffington," and their frequent conflicts in the green-room occasioned many grotesque scenes diverting enough to the other actors. Mrs. Clive was violent and impetuous; Mrs. Woffington "was well-bred, seemingly very calm, and at all times mistress of herself. She blunted the sharp speeches of Mrs. Clive by her apparently civil but keen and sarcastic replies, thus she often threw Clive off her guard, by an arch severity which the warmth of the other could not easily parry."

At the commencement of the following season, Mrs. Woffington withdrew from Garrick's theatre, and accepted an engagement at Covent Garden, where she remained three years. She had now full scope for her talents, and while she proved herself unequalled in elegant and humorous comedy, she achieved no inconsiderable fame from her efforts in the higher walks of tragedy. She was especially commended for her performance of *Lady Jane Grey* in Rowe's tragedy of that name, while her *Andromache* and *Hermione* were greatly admired for their classical beauty. But it is manifest that her voice was not well adapted for displays of feeling and passion: it became harsh and strained in the effort to be declamatory. She had studied under Cibber, who had instructed her in a pompous system of elocution. He was of the old school of actors who delighted in a system of intoning the lines entrusted them to deliver, and who, in their desire to be musical, effectually excluded nature and pathos from their eloquence. Mrs. Woffington, however, had toiled indefatigably to attain excellence in this branch of her profession. She had indeed visited Paris to study the performances of the French actress Mademoiselle Dumesnil, who had acquired extraordinary repute for the classical grace of her action, and the natural beauty of her elocution. An anecdote is told of this lady which bears witness to the truthfulness of her performance. She was playing *Cleopatra*, and in the

course of the fifth act of the tragedy had to declaim several violent and imprecatory lines with the excess of passion, amongst others, "*Je maudrais les Dieux, s'ils me rendroient le jour.*" "For shame of you, you vile hussy, be off!" exclaimed an old officer in the stage box, pushing her away from him. The indignation of the audience interrupted the performance, but the actress turned, and loudly expressed her thanks to the old gentleman for the most flattering marks of applause she had ever received.

Mrs. Woffington's performance of *Veturia*, in Thomson's play of "*Coriolanus*" was greatly admired. From the epilogue it appears that in order to represent the character as thoroughly as possible, she had painted her beautiful face with wrinkles. "What other actress would do this?" asks a critic. In Thomson's play, *Veturia* is the mother and *Tolumnia* the wife of *Coriolanus*. On one occasion when Mrs. Cibber had been suddenly taken ill, Mrs. Woffington undertook at a very short notice to supply her place as *Constance* in "*King John*." The audience, to whom the change in the distribution of the characters was announced, were at first, we are told, lost in surprise, and for some minutes, maintained absolute silence. Presently, however, by loud plaudits again and again renewed, they strove to make amends for their inattention to the accomplished lady, who had spared them the disappointment of a change in the play announced for performance that evening.

But at the close of the theatre in 1751, Mrs. Woffington did not renew her engagement. She considered herself slighted by Rich, the manager. It seems that Barry and Mrs. Cibber had been often too ill to appear; when the tragedies in which they sustained characters were postponed, and Mrs. Woffington's comedies were substituted. To this she had no objection; but she complained that the bills announcing her performances were half taken up with a notification of the future night on which the tragedies would be given, the names of the tragedians, Quin, Barry, and Cibber, appearing in letters of an extraordinary size. She declared that the next time this slight was put upon her performance, she should plead illness and decline to play. Shortly afterwards "*Jane Shore*" had been announced, and was put off; the "*Constant Couple*" was advertised to be given instead, the objectionable names appearing at the bottom of the notice. At five o'clock she sent a message that she was ill and could not appear. The management had to fall back upon the best play they could substitute under the circumstances: Mr. Fielding's "*Miser*," the part of *Lovegold* by Mr. Macklin.

But the public began to murmur at the frequent changes in the promised performances, and determined to resent the disappointments. When Mrs. Woffington next appeared in "*Lady Jane Grey*," she was received with a storm of disapprobation. She always persisted in attributing the attack upon her to a conspiracy of the manager's friends. "Whoever," Wilkinson writes in his memoirs, "is living and saw her that night, will own they never beheld any figure half so beautiful since. Her anger gave a glow to her

complexion, and even added lustre to her charming eyes. They treated her very rudely, bade her ask pardon, and threw orange-peel. She behaved with great resolution, and treated their rudeness with glorious contempt. She left the stage, was called for, and with infinite persuasion was prevailed upon to return. However, she did, walked forward, and told them she was then ready and willing to perform her character if they chose to permit her; that the decision was theirs, *on or off*, just as they pleased, it was a matter of indifference to her. The *ons* had it, and all went smoothly afterwards."

The two patent theatres in London being closed against her by her quarrels with Garrick and Rich, Mrs. Woffington went over to her old friends in Ireland, who warmly welcomed her. Sheridan, the manager, had been at first unwilling to engage her, deeming Cibber's praises of her the extravagances of a lover of seventy. Finally, however, he agreed with her for one season at 400*l.*; a fortunate arrangement for him, as by four of her characters, *Lady Townley*, *Maria*, in the "Non-Juror," *Sir Harry Wildair*, and *Hermione*, in the "Distressed Mother," each performed ten times, his treasury was benefited to the extent of 4000*l.* Victor, the author of the "History of the Theatres," wrote to the Countess of Orrery in 1751:—"Mrs. Woffington is the only theme either in or out of the theatre, her performances are in general admirable. She appeared in *Lady Townley*, and since Mrs. Oldfield, I have not seen a complete *Lady Townley* till that night. In *Andromache*, her grief was dignified, and her deportment elegant. In *Jane Shore*, nothing appeared remarkable but her superior figure, but in *Hermione*, she discovered such talents as have not been displayed since Mrs. Foster." Next season her salary was doubled.

"Mrs. Woffington is much improved," writes Mrs. Delany, "and did the part of *Lady Townley* last Saturday better than I have seen it done since Mrs. Oldfield's time;" and then she adds a thoroughly feminine criticism: "She is a fine figure, but she spoils her appearance by the immoderate size of her hoops."

In 1753, Sheridan instituted the Beef Steak Club. It was maintained at his sole expense, and the chief persons invited were members of Parliament. Mrs. Woffington, the only woman admitted to its meetings, was placed in a great chair at the head of the table, and elected president. She had frankly avowed that she preferred the company of men to that of women, the latter, she said, talked of nothing but silks and scandal. "She was delighted with the novelty of her situation, and had wit and spirit to support it." But it was a time of great political excitement. Dublin was swayed to and fro by party feeling. As it was not the custom to drain a glass without first naming a toast or proposing a sentiment, it became unavoidable that political discussion should be introduced into the club. Mrs. Woffington's friends were chiefly of the court party; the conversation and toasts of the club became the common talk of the town, and a factious interpretation was at last put upon proceedings which were instituted solely for theatrical and social purposes. Sheridan was loudly censured:

party spirit manifested itself on all sides. Victor writes, "The theatre and all public diversions have greatly suffered by these commotions. Even Mrs. Woffington has lost her influence, and has the misfortune to exhibit to empty boxes." At length popular indignation broke out into open riot. A poor tragedy, "Mahomet," a translation from the French of Voltaire, was produced. The audience chose to think certain passages in it peculiarly apposite to the political affairs of the day; were loud in their applause and in the demand for an encore of the particular speech in which the lines occurred. Sheridan laid aside for a month the representation of the tragedy; but on its next performance the audience became as excited as on the first occasion. Sheridan declined to permit the repetition of a speech accepted as offensive to the court party in Dublin, and further, he refused to obey the call which soon became universal from all parts of the house for "the Manager! Sheridan! the Manager!" Possessed with the idea that a personal assault upon him was in contemplation, he got into a chair and went home, leaving the theatre in an extraordinary uproar. Mrs. Woffington was induced to appear, "to try what influence a fine woman could have upon an enraged multitude;" but this had little effect, if it did not indeed increase the tumult, for the lady's political sentiments and connections were well known. Then the rioters proceeded to demolish the theatre; the audience portion was rapidly defaced and broken up; a party leaped upon the stage, and with their swords cut and slashed the handsomely painted curtain, and all the scenery and properties they could reach, and finally they piled the doors torn from the boxes on a heap of burning coals in hopes that the theatre might be fired and destroyed. Sheridan relinquished his management with a determination never again to set foot in the theatre, and he took leave of the public in a well-written address published shortly afterwards. The theatre was temporarily repaired and opened about a fortnight after the riot, by the command of the Duke of Dorset, the Lord-Lieutenant, for the benefit of Mrs. Woffington, when "All for Love" was played to a crowded house: after which Mrs. Woffington quitted Dublin for London. She reappeared at Covent Garden on the 22nd September, 1754, after an absence of three years. She played *Maria* in the "Non-Juror;" she "drew a great house—was welcomed with great applause, and played the part as well as it could be played." Shortly afterwards she performed *Lady Macbeth* to Sheridan's *Macbeth*, and was extremely well received.

Tate Wilkinson, in his memoirs, makes frequent mention of Mrs. Woffington. He relates particularly how on one occasion he had unwittingly given her great offence. He was quite a lad at the time, hanging about the stage-door of the theatre, begging for an engagement in any inferior capacity, and he had acquired some small fame for his skill in mimicry after the manner of Foote. Mrs. Woffington had been made very indignant by the information that the boy was in the habit of taking her off—could imitate her voice to the life, and so on. Probably she was quite aware that her voice was liable to criticism: but she was

not on that account the better pleased with young Wilkinson's travesty of her. The play was the "Confederacy," in which she appeared as *Clarissa*. Wilkinson had been treated to the theatre by an old friend, Captain Forbes, after a liberal dinner. They occupied seats in the front of His Majesty's box. The actors were indignant that an inferior member of their own profession should appear in a position so distinguished. Presently, it seems, a woman in the balcony over the royal box caused some amusement by repeating in a shrill tone some words of Mrs. Woffington's character. The actress at once attributed the interruption to Tate Wilkinson, and grew very angry. She came close to the stage box, finishing one of her speeches with so sarcastic a sneer at him, that it made him draw back. She roused the indignation of the green-room by her relation of the affront that had been put upon her. She met the lad afterwards at Mr. Rich's levee, which he had attended soliciting an engagement. "She advanced with queen-like steps, viewing him contemptuously, and said, 'Mr. Wilkinson, I have made a visit this morning to Mr. Rich to command and insist on his not giving you any engagement whatever. No, not of the most menial kind. Merit you have none; charity you deserve not, for if you did, my purse should give you a dinner. Your impudence to me last night where you had with such assurance placed yourself, is one proof of your ignorance, added to that I heard you echo my voice when I was acting, and I sincerely hope in whatever barn you are suffered as an unworthy stroller, that you will fully experience the same contempt you dared last night to offer me.'" Without permitting a reply she darted into her sedan chair, and left him to learn from Mr. Rich that he could not on any account be received into the theatre.

According to his own account, Tate Wilkinson could imitate Mrs. Woffington with great exactness. He says that Mrs. Garrick, listening behind a screen while he mimicked Mrs. Woffington for Garrick's amusement, betrayed herself by her laughter. "It was not in his power to restrain the pleasure and great satisfaction she experienced. Perhaps," he judiciously adds, "female prejudice might operate in my favour." Mrs. Garrick had probably heard the song of "Lovely Peggy." Afterwards he played *Dollabella*, in the burlesque of "Tom Thumb," in imitation of Mrs. Woffington, amidst much applause. "Take me off, a puppy!" cried Mrs. Woffington, with some violence, "and in Dublin, too! If he dare attempt it there, he will be stoned to death." She was mistaken, however. By his own account, the imitation was received with roars of laughter.

Certainly the lady had a temper. She was on very bad terms, we are told, with a Mrs. Bellamy, an actress at Covent Garden, who played *Statira* to Mrs. Woffington's *Rozana*, in Lee's tragedy of "The Rival Queens, or the Death of Alexander the Great." Mrs. Bellamy was a blond beauty, with golden hair and blue eyes, a rather affected but an accomplished actress. According to her story, the elegance of the costume she had received from Paris, and worn on the occasion, roused Mrs. Woffington's animosity to the last degree. *Rozana* fairly drove *Statira* off the stage, and stabbed her

almost behind the scenes; the audience saw her violence, and testified their displeasure at it. The affair excited some attention: in the summer Foote produced a burlesque, called "The Green Room Squabble; or a Battle Royal between the Queen of Babylon and the Daughter of Darius." The same tragedy had been made a battle-ground on a former occasion by two rival actresses. Mrs. Barry had stabbed her *Statira*, Mrs. Boutell, with such violence, that the dagger, though the point was blunted, "made its way through Mrs. Boutell's stays, and entered about a quarter of an inch into the flesh."

On the 24th of March, 1857, Mrs. Woffington, on her benefit, undertook the part of *Lothario* in "The Fair Penitent." This appears to have been rather a mistake: an actress can hardly expect to succeed as the hero of a tragedy. On the 3rd of May following she appeared upon the stage for the last time. The play was "As You Like It," in which she sustained the rôle of *Rosalind*. She had been ailing from the beginning of the season, but she had striven hard to save the public from any disappointment. Yet there were symptoms of failure now in her health and spirits—even in her beauty. "I was standing in the wings," says Wilkinson, "as Mrs. Woffington in *Rosalind*, and Mrs. Vincent in *Celia*, were going on the stage in the first act. Mrs. Woffington ironically said she was glad to have that opportunity of congratulating me on my stage success, and did not doubt but such merit would ensure me an engagement the following winter. I bowed, but made her no answer. I knew her dislike to me, and was humiliated sufficiently, and needed not any slight to sink me lower. For then, and not till then, adversity had taught me to know myself. She went through *Rosalind* for four acts without my perceiving that she was in the least disordered; but in the fifth act she complained of great indisposition. I offered her my arm, the which she graciously accepted. I thought she looked softened in her behaviour, and had less of the *haueteur*. When she came off at the quick change of dress, she again complained of being ill, but got accoutred, and returned to finish the part, and pronounced the epilogue speech, 'If it be true that good wine needs no bush,' &c. But when arrived at, 'If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards,' &c., her voice broke—she faltered—endeavoured to go on, but could not proceed; then, in a voice of tremor, exclaimed, 'O God! O God!' and tottered to the stage-door, speechless, where she was caught. The audience of course applauded till she was out of sight, and then sunk into awful looks of astonishment, both young and old, before and behind the curtain, to see one of the most handsome women of the age, a favourite principal actress, and who had for several seasons given high entertainment, struck so suddenly by the hand of death, in such a situation as to time and place, and in her prime of life." At the time it was imagined that she could not possibly survive many hours, but she lingered until the 28th of March in the following year, in a state of acute suffering, a mere skeleton, the veriest shadow of her former self.

One of its brightest ornaments was refit from

the stage; the public had lost a most hard-working and conscientious servant, to whom they had given a place in their hearts, promoting her to the rank of dear friend and favourite. The stage fills but a very small part now in the economy of our social enjoyment, but it was different with past generations. It was real pain to them to lose their darling actress—to contemplate no more the ceaseless grace of that supple, elegant figure—to watch no more the lovely face that seemed to sparkle with wit and humour and archness, as a diamond emits light—to dwell no longer upon the witching beauty of her smile—to listen no more to the joyous music of her laugh. She had been always ready at the call of her audience. She had never failed in her duty to the public as a performer. "Six nights in the week," we learn, "have been often her appointed lot for playing, without murmuring. And though in the possession of all the first-line of characters, yet she never thought it improper or a degradation of her consequence to constantly play the *Queen* in 'Hamlet,' *Lady Anne* in 'Richard the Third,' and *Lady Percy* in 'Henry the Fourth:' parts which are mentioned as insults in the country if offered to a lady of consequence. She also cheerfully acted *Hermione* or *Andromache*, *Lady Pliant* or *Lady Touchwood*, *Lady Sadlife* or *Lady Dainty*, *Angelina* or *Mrs. Trail*, and several others, alternately, as best suited the interest of her manager." Victor writes of her at Dublin: "She never disappointed one audience in three winters, either by real or affected illness; and yet I have often seen her on the stage when she ought to have been in her bed." While another witness testifies in her favour: "to her honour be it ever remembered, that while in the zenith of her glory, courted and caressed by all ranks and degrees, she made no alteration in her behaviour; she remained the same gay, affable, obliging, good-natured Woffington to every one around her." "Not the lowest performer in the theatre did she refuse playing for; out of twenty-six benefits, she acted in twenty-four. Such traits of character must endear the memory of Mrs. Woffington to every lover of the drama."

She had originally held the faith of the Latin Church, but while at Dublin, in 1752, she had been conveyed by the manager, Mr. Sheridan, to his seat at Quilca, in the county of Cavan, about fifty miles from Dublin, and in the presence of a Protestant clergyman she had then renounced the religion of Rome in favour of Protestantism. It was alleged that an estate of the value of 200*l.* a-year had been left to her conditionally upon her recantation: but it is not clear that this was the case. Murphy, in his "Gray's Inn Journal," attributes a humorous motive to the conduct of the lady: "the most probable opinion is, that some eminent lawyer advised her to this step, in order to qualify her to wear a sword in *Sir Harry Wildair* and *Lothario*, which she could not safely attempt as a Papist, it being highly penal in this kingdom for any of the Romish communion to carry swords."

It had been rumoured at one time that Mrs. Woffington had been secretly married to a Colonel Cæsar of the Guards: but this was not a true

story. There had been an agreement between them, however, that the one who should first die should bequeath all his or her property to the survivor, and each had made a will containing such a provision. The gallant officer was said for some time previous to her death to have been unremitting in his attentions to the invalid, especially with a view to prevent any change being made in her will. However, it was contrived that his vigilance should be eluded, and Mrs. Woffington made a new disposition of her property in favour of her sister, the Honourable Mrs. Cholmondeley, who on the death of the actress became possessed of some five thousand pounds of her savings, with all her stage jewels and paraphernalia. These had been left in trust with Mrs. Barrington, a performer of tragedy, and were very rich and elegant of their kind. The lady resigned them into the hands of Mrs. Woffington's executrix with an extreme reluctance.

O'Keefe says that Mrs. Woffington maintained her mother during her life, and that she built and endowed several almshouses at Paddington. Hoole, the translator of Tasso, in a Monody on the Death of the Actress, has testified to the genuine goodness of her nature. After recording the excellence of her professional life, he proceeds:

Nor was thy worth to public scenes confined,  
Thou knew'st the noblest feelings of the mind;  
Thy ears were ever open to distress,  
Thy ready hand was ever stretched to bless,  
Thy breast humane for each unhappy felt,  
Thy heart for others' sorrows prone to melt, &c.

But a nobler literary tribute to the player and the woman has been raised in our own day; and to this we will conclude by now referring the reader—supposing, indeed, that he is not already acquainted with it (which, by the way, is supposing a good deal)—we allude to Mr. Charles Reade's charming novel of "Peg Woffington."

DUTTON COOK.

## CITY DWELLINGS AND CITY GARDENS.

I HAVE before me a map of old London drawn about the middle of the seventeenth century. It gives an excellent bird's-eye survey of the metropolis, which comparatively speaking forms a prolonged cluster of houses without any great depth, isolated warehouses lining the banks of the Thames a little below London Bridge, but scarcely extending beyond the Tower: trees, fields, and marsh stretch out towards the confines of Bow and Epping Forest. Windmills and farmhouses stud the country behind the Exchange and the Guildhall, whilst noblemen's and merchants' mansions peer above the trees which cover the slopes of Islington, Highgate, and Hampstead. The churches of St. Sepulchre's, St. Andrew's in Holborn, and St. Dunstan's, stand, as it were, on the verge of the City, whilst the Convent Garden, the New Exchange, Salisbury House, York House, Suffolk House, and Whitehall may be said to have been entirely out in green fields. Bayard's Castle, a veritable fortress, with its own stairs leading down to the water-side, dips its stone feet in the very mud of the Thames. The spot now known as

Bridge Street, Blackfriars, is covered by a cluster of semi-detached, pent-roof, wooden-framed buildings such as we now see in remote villages in Hampshire. The Temple was one huge, compact sombre mass of dark red brickwork, lying back from the river, with a large lawn-like pleasure-ground intervening. Essex House, Arundel House, Somerset House, the Savoy, Salisbury House, Durham House, York House, Suffolk House, are veritable palaces, the gardens of which extend, with slight interruption, along the north shore to Charing Cross. On the opposite side of the river, which was then spanned by a single bridge, and that bridge crowded with tall, stately structures, lay Winchester House, with its spacious fruit-gardens and lawns—fit paradise for a prelate; and a little to the left, Shakspeare's Theatre, the "Globe"—a classic and ever-memorable spot; behind which rose another circular building where "beare-bayting" took place. A few humble tenements scattered along the bank of the stream further on form the last vestige of buildings southward, and then all becomes country again.

Though within the walls the streets were narrow and the houses overhanging, though shade and moisture eternally enveloped the lower stories, and fevers and pestilences brooded in these mephitic enclosures, still, to the gates of the City it was but a bow-shot, and outside these barriers the winds of Heaven blew fresh and invigorating upon the pale face of the over-worked—was he over-worked in those days?—citizen. If fatigued after his daily labour, or desirous of a little healthy recreation, he could easily acquire a capful of pure air, and thus renew the vital energies of his mind and body with an evening stroll, or a dash of rural sport.

I have also before me the Post Office Map of London for 1863. Well may we say, "look upon this picture and upon that!" The small cloud of houses which in 1647 stretched from Temple Bar to the Tower, and from the Thames to London Wall, has expanded itself, until an area embracing more square miles than then it did acres, is a continuous mass of brick and mortar. Who can measure its extent, or predict the limits of its expansion? Will Mother Shipton's prophecy be verified, and will Primrose Hill eventually become the centre of London? Primrose Hill! Why, in 1647 Primrose Hill lay far away in the outskirts of London, beyond Tottenham House, and no one besides that toothless, crazy old witch could have dreamed such a dream! Yet see how house has been joined to house, and suburb to suburb, until Highgate and Hampstead on the north, and Peckham and Clapham on the south, threaten soon to become part of this gigantic Babylon of buildings. London now encloses in its vast circumference Fulham and Hammersmith on the west, and Bow, Stepney, and Kingsland on the east. In vain should we look for fields in Islington or Pentonville—even the White Conduit Gardens, in which the mighty "Elevens" of the days of the Regency played their cricket matches, have disappeared. Shepherdesses' Walks and Maiden Lanes have lost their pristine features, and form regular lines of streets interlaced with

water and gas pipes, and electric wires. Your Paradise Rows and Pleasant Places are for the most part moral as well as material deformities. If anything green grows in them it is artificial, and the very air comes to their denizens choked with a dense floating concrete of dust and smoke. The fields lying between the Tonbridge Chapel and old Saint Pancras Church, across which, even so recently as the end of the last century, passengers used to go after dark in bands of seven or eight, armed with staves and bearing lanterns, for fear of highwaymen—what has become of them? Skinner Street and Somers Town have sprung up, producing an ill-conditioned, poverty-stricken crop of tenements. Paddington and Notting Hill have likewise fallen victims to this mania of house-rearing. Why! when I was a boy it was a delight to tramp north-westward of a summer's evening and drink a glass of ale in the gardens of the "Yorkshire Stingo!" Now it is necessary to take rail, if one would escape from the soot and dirt of London, plant foot upon the soft sward, view a waving corn-field, or inhale a mouthful of fresh air. It is in vain we look for anything redolent or bright within an easy walking-distance of the heart of London. We are hemmed in on every side by brick and mortar suburbs. No gardens, no parks, no meadows, no verdure,—all is defaced and denaturalised by street upon street.

The fact is, London—or shall we rather say its millions?—is suffering from a plethora of houses which threatens its inhabitants with a veritable congestion of the lungs. All work and no play is a sad thing indeed, mentally, morally, and physically; but how are the poor—and the poor are the masses of our metropolis—to find recreation in their fetid alleys, their brow-beaten, shame-faced-looking courts? Take Drury Lane and its neighbourhood, for instance, and ask how is it possible for those born in such slums of poverty and filth ever to see a green field, or to behold the bright face of unadulterated sky, or gasp with ecstasy on imbibing a gulp of the precious country air? One poor girl, when I spoke to her about trees and flowers, naively asked what was a tree? She had seen flowers in Covent Garden in the shop-windows—nay, some of her own neighbours cultivated a pot of geraniums, or may be a fuchsia; but when I described to her something that grew taller than the houses themselves, expanded their branches covered with leaves, and sheltered us from the winds and the rains, and the heats of heaven, it was beyond her ken. Although twelve years of age, she had never been above half-a-mile away from the court in which she was born. I may safely say that she is but a type of hundreds—nay, of thousands, who first see the light in these miserable alleys, whose infancy is spent, ragged and neglected, in our crowded thoroughfares, and who are liable to be trodden on by men, or trampled under foot by horses, or run over by the wheels of carts and carriages.

What we have related of this girl from Clare Market, who lived comparatively so near St. James's Park, will apply with tenfold force to the inhabitants of Poplar or Whitechapel, and it will also enable us to estimate the intense pleasure which those summer-trips organised by the friends

of our Sunday and Ragged Schools afford to the young poor of our metropolis. A blade of grass to them is a rarity, and, in their eyes, more precious than emeralds to a duchess. They have been accustomed to see leaves and flowers isolated in window-sills, faded and dwarfed themselves by the want of pure air and natural sunlight—but fields and hedgerows and woods, uplands studded with trees, and valleys down which rippled a stream of living waters—such a picture had never entered their imagination. Their little minds were squared and hardened by the begrimed bricks and gritty flags of their own sombre courts.

This is unquestionably a shocking state of things. From whatever point of view we regard it, it is equally deplorable. The result is that London produces an artificial human being weak in body and deformed in mind. The little Bedouin of our streets is born in a densely-crowded court, and bred in the seething haunts of depravity; all his faculties are stunted and perverted, and he has no healthy appreciation—no healthy enjoyment of life. The sounds with which his ear is most familiar are those of railing and cursing; the sights which meet his eye are repulsive and demoralising—shadow, shadow everywhere—and in the thick gloom of this fearful social darkness, like cryptogamic plants, he vegetates rather than lives. The only vigour which he manifests is that of a precocious and preternatural shrewdness, which enables him to graduate early in the science of wickedness and vice. From infancy to manhood he is taught to war against his species, and prides himself in the ignoble triumph of “doing” his fellows. Nor is this to be wondered at. Uncared for, an outcast from all that is good, a Pariah from the better influences of society, an Ishmaelite, indeed, in this hand-to-mouth course of existence, this deadly struggle to obtain a livelihood—he cannot but contract the meanest habits and develop the least worthy qualities of his human nature.

Is there no means of counteracting this growing and perilous mass of living, active evil? Is it ever to be in our midst the prolific seed of corruption? Is this gangrene for ever to eat into the vitals of our metropolitan population? Is there no remedy against its extension? Are we powerless before this monster of mischief?

Let us investigate the causes. They may be reduced under two heads, viz., the densely-crowded state of those districts in which the poor live, and the want of light, air, and redeeming scenes.

The densely-crowded districts! It is impossible for any one who has not seen and examined a Spitalfields or Houndsditch for themselves, to conceive a hundredth part of the wretchedness which is produced by this overpopulation. A few years since the evils resulting from this system had risen to such a height that Parliament interfered, and a remedy was applied in the shape of a Lodging House Act. For a short while the abomination was mitigated, but only to burst forth again with fresh horrors. The crowded state of London thoroughfares, the vast and expanding proportions of London trade and commerce, required new streets to be laid down, new docks to be constructed, new railways to be pushed almost into

the heart of the metropolis. As a matter of economy the streets, the docks, and the railways were constructed in the poorest localities, where the value of property was proportionately low. One thing, however, was overlooked. In the calculations which surveyors and contractors made, the convenience of the poor had no place. Houses were demolished without one thought as to where the humble, helpless occupant could go. In the construction of the new streets in St. Giles's, of Cannon Street, of Victoria Street, Westminster, of the Blackwall railway and the Victoria Docks, a city of tenements was annihilated, and those who lived there were ruthlessly turned adrift, without shelter, or the prospect of shelter. Some idea of the enormity of this cruel thoughtlessness may be derived from a single fact: in one district alone sixteen hundred houses were demolished, whilst only four hundred were built up to replace them. The occupants of sixteen hundred houses had therefore to be crowded into the four hundred, or seek a habitation in some remote district. Of course what was bad before became exaggeratedly worse afterwards. It is not enough to say that the evil has become fourfold, it may be said to be a hundredfold—for vice, crime, and disease multiply in a geometrical ratio.

It has been urged that when the Legislature concedes a railway which proposes to pass through a densely-populated neighbourhood, the Company should be compelled to make good the damage which they inflict upon the poor, by filling up the void which they create, and that for every tenement they destroy they should reconstruct a new one. Creditable, however, as these philanthropic desires may be to the heart, they will not suffer investigation. The principle is opposed to sound political economy, and therefore must be dismissed. What we would point out is, that a good work can yet be accomplished, that the poor can yet be rescued from the sickening depravity in which they wallow—are forced to wallow. By the erection of Model Lodging Houses the gross evil of which we complain *can* be remedied—and profitably remedied, by those, too, who, not actuated by purely philanthropic motives, would like to turn even a Samaritan action to “their own advantage.” It has been found by experience that Model Lodging Houses *will pay*—that they return a very fair dividend to the investor, whilst they are really productive of incalculable benefits to the poor. In St. Pancras, in St. Giles's, in Gray's Inn Lane, the experiment has been tried, and with good results. No better example need be sought than that of Gray's Inn Lane. It is erected in a swarming locality, where nothing but courts and alleys, crowded with the lowest class of Irish, abound. It rises in the midst of a dreary cluster, like an oasis in a desert, and order and cleanliness, comparatively speaking, reign within its walls. Not long since, too, another Model Lodging House was opened, with no small degree of *éclat*, at the East End, under the auspices of Mr. Waterlow, and it has been suggested that a portion of the magnificent donation of Mr. Peabody, the American merchant, could not be better laid out than in rearing these habitations in various parts of Lon-

don for the use of the labouring classes. Why not, even independent of this fund, extend them? We would willingly see Committees formed for the purpose of carrying out this idea—the good work has already been inaugurated by the Mansion House Committee, with Lord Stanley at its head. There may be difficulties and obstacles in the way of effecting much good in the old broken-down malaria-breeding spots of the metropolis; but when new streets are being constructed, when new railways are uprooting these desperate neighbourhoods, these committees might be ready to construct by the side of them, on the ground thus cleared, fresh tenements especially for the poor. By this means we might hope to see that misery which now exists so rampantly in those parts of the metropolis, if not entirely dissipated, at least immeasurably mitigated. It is a work rather for the philanthropist than the speculator to carry out; but we can promise those who desire to do good, that they would be no losers—financially—by investing in an enterprise of this kind, if properly conducted.

Nor are we disposed to leave the matter here. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." To look upon the common objects of the earth, the trees, the fields, the grass, the shrubs, the flowers, the stones, the rocks, the streams, the sky and clouds, influences the lowest as well as the highest with kindred feelings. They enjoy in common, they appreciate in common, those gifts of Heaven, for the heart is invariably softened and ameliorated by communion with the direct creations of the hand of God—a tree, a blade of grass, a flower evokes sentiments of a far different kind and order to those produced by the sight of the most elegant mansion or the most stately building. In the one we see the imperfect conception, and the still more imperfect execution of man, in the other we trace the mind and witness the presence of that Omnipotence which orders the course of the planets and regulates the machinery of the universe. That Power is at work whether a sun is to be created, a comet launched upon its eccentric journey, a shrub to be reared, or a violet to be tinted. But how can those who are perpetually surrounded by dusty, begrimed, repulsive, darkened houses, to whom the sun only appears through a vapour of fog, who rarely see a patch of blue sky, and to whom the greenery of nature is familiar only by report—how can such rise above the grovelling accessories in which they dwell? How can they rise to the conception of things purer, nobler, holier? The imagination has nothing on which to fasten, and the consequence is that the mind sinks lower and lower until it is lost in hopeless depravity.

What we would advise, and what we feel is a debt Society owes to these poor outcasts who have not the opportunities or the means of studying nature in the open country, is, that the number of gardens and ornamental grounds in the metropolis should be multiplied, and that every available plot in the centre of its densely-populated districts should at once be converted into places of recreation, and laid out in a tasty manner for the benefit of the poorer classes. It is true we have some noble parks: Hyde Park, Regent's Park, St.

James's and Victoria Parks, constitute the lungs of London, and a boon to hundreds of thousands have they proved. There is, moreover, a strong desire manifested to create a new park somewhere in Finsbury, to meet the requirements of the people in the northern quarter. There are, again, our squares and crescents which boast of an area of verdure, but these are private inclosures; the feet of the poor know them not. What we would particularly see is more open places in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Lane, in St. Giles's, in the low parts of Clerkenwell, in Shoreditch, in Stepney and Bethnal Green, to say nothing of the Borough and Lambeth. Take, for example, the neighbourhood to which we have before alluded—that of Gray's Inn. Why should not its debasing tenements be swept away, and spacious, lofty, comfortable houses erected in their stead, surrounded by green courts? By constructing them of a proportionate height a less ground area would be required, and the space thus gained might be planted with trees, like the boulevards of Paris. This would embellish London in the right direction. We know that even after all this has been accomplished there are moral difficulties to be overcome, and that it is no light matter to change the habits of that class which has been accustomed to inhabit the lowest slums. But we contend, nevertheless, that it is—and experience confirms our views—possible to effect a great change, and to improve the denizens of our courts and alleys by showing that we take an interest in their welfare, and by giving them houses of which they may justly be proud. The spirit of man is moulded by his surroundings, and if we want to elevate him we must encourage in him a taste for order, cleanliness, and sobriety. When we have effected this we shall have laid the foundations of better hopes in him. He will not be content to rest here. His aspirations will be after something better, higher, and nobler. Having housed him well, and placed within his reach the tasteful objects of nature, having created for him gardens and taught him to appreciate the handiwork of Creation—of a leaf or plant—we may be sure that we have improved his nature, and prepared the soil for a higher degree of culture.

London is daily increasing. This is, then, a grave consideration—so grave, indeed, as to lend weight to the suggestions we have thrown out. The Registrar-General, in his report lately published, made some sensible observations on this enormous overgrowth. "Whether London," he remarks, "is equal to the task of providing, by new and improved arrangements, for this constant accumulation of human beings within its limits, remains to be determined by experience. When a family increases in its narrow lodging, in circumstances of dirt and squalor, that increase which should be its blessing becomes its bane, and at last fever destroys what slow disease may have spared; and in a state or city the growth of a population is not a strength to be trusted, but a weakness to be feared, if improvement in its physical and moral condition is not commensurate with its extension." How in some measure this difficulty may be overcome we have attempted to point out above.

C. T. BROWNE.



## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &amp;c.



## CHAPTER XXXV. WHAT HAPPENED AT WINDSOR.

"Yes," repeated Richard Thornton, "I have reason to believe that the will witnessed by your husband is a very unpleasant piece of literature in the estimation of Launcelot Darrell, for I fancy

that it cuts him off without even the meagre consolation of that solitary shilling which is usually inherited by unhappy elder sons."

"But tell me why you think this, Richard."

"I will, my dear Mrs. Monckton. The story

is rather a long one, but I think I can tell it in a quarter of an hour. Can you dress for dinner in the other quarter?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"What a nuisance civilisation is, Nelly. We never dressed for dinner in the Pilasters; indeed, the fashion amongst the leading families in that locality leans rather the other way. The gentlemen in the cab and chimney line generally take off their coats when the mid-day meal is announced in order to dine in their shirt-sleeves."

"Richard, Richard!" cried Eleanor, impatiently.

"Well, well, Mrs. Monckton, seriously, you shall have my Windsor adventures. I hate this man Launcelot Darrell, for I believe he is a shallow, selfish, cold-hearted coxcomb, or else I don't think I could have brought myself to do what I've done to-day. I've been playing the spy, Eleanor, for a couple of hours at least. The Duke of Otranto used to find plenty of people for this kind of work,—artists, actors, actresses, priests, women, every creature whom you would least suspect of baseness. But they manage these things better in France. We don't take to the business so readily upon this side of the water."

"Richard!"

The girl's impatience was almost uncontrollable. She watched the hands of a little clock upon the chimney-piece; the firelight flashed every now and then upon the dial, and then faded out, leaving it dark.

"I'm coming to the story, Nell, if you'll only be patient," remonstrated Mr. Thornton. He was getting over that secret sorrow which he had nursed for such a long time in the lowest depths of a most true and faithful breast. He was growing reconciled to the Inevitable; as we all must, sooner or later; and he had reassumed that comfortable brotherly familiarity which had been so long habitual to him in his intercourse with Eleanor. "Only be patient, my dear, and let me tell my story my own way," he pleaded. "I left here early this morning in your husband's dog-cart, intending to drive over to Windsor and amuse myself by exploring the town, and the castle, if possible, to see if there was anything in my way to be picked up—donjon keeps, turret staircases, secret corridors, and so on, you know. You know what sort of a morning it was, bleak and dismal enough, but until twelve o'clock no rain. It was within a quarter of an hour of twelve when I got into Windsor, and the rain was just beginning, spiteful drops of rain and particles of sleet, that came down obliquely and cut into your face like so many needle-points. I stopped at an inn in a perpendicular street below the castle, which looks as if it means to topple down and annihilate this part of the town some of these days. I put up the dog-cart, and asked a few questions about the possibility of getting admission to the royal dwelling-place. Of course I was informed that such admission was to-day utterly impracticable. I could have seen the state apartments yesterday. I could see them, most likely, by the end of next week, but I couldn't see them when I wanted to see them. I hinted that my chief desire was to see secret passages, donjon keeps, moats, and sliding panels;

but neither the landlord nor the waiter seemed to understand me, and I sat down rather despondently by the window of the tavern parlour to wait till the rain was over, and I could go out and prowl upon the castle terrace to study wintry effects in the park."

"But Launcelot Darrell, Richard—where did you meet Launcelot Darrell?"

"I am coming to him presently. The perpendicular street wasn't particularly lively upon this wretched February day; so, as there weren't any passers-by to look at, I amused myself by looking at the houses facing the inn. Immediately opposite to me there was a house very superior to the others in style—a red brick house of the Georgian era, modernised by plate-glass windows and green blinds—not a large house, but eminently respectable. A dazzling brass plate adorned the door, and upon this brass plate, which winked and twinkled in the very face of the rain, I read the name of Mr. Henry Lawford, solicitor."

"The lawyer who made Mr. de Crespigny's will?"

"Precisely. Upon one side of the door there was a bell-handle inscribed Visitors, on the other a duplicate handle inscribed Office. I hadn't been looking at the house above five minutes, when a young man, with a slender silk umbrella, struggling against the wind, rang the office-bell."

"The young man was Launcelot Darrell?" Eleanor cried, quickly.

"He was. The door was opened by a boy, of whom Mr. Darrell asked several questions. Whatever the answers were, he walked away, and the door was shut. But from his manner of strolling slowly along the street, I was convinced that he was not going far, and that he meant to come back. People don't usually stroll in a sharp rain that comes down obliquely and seems to drift in your face from every point of the compass. He'll come back presently, I thought; so I ordered a bottle of pale ale and I waited."

"And he came back?"

"Yes; he came back in about half an hour; but, ten minutes or so before he returned, I saw a shabby-genteel, elderly man let himself in with a latch-key at a small green side door with 'Clerk's Office' painted in white letters on the panel. I knew by the look of this man that he must be a clerk. There's a look about an attorney's clerk that you can't mistake, even when he doesn't carry a blue bag; and this man did carry one. Ten minutes afterwards Launcelot Darrell returned. This time he knocked with the handle of his umbrella at the green door, which was opened by the boy, who went to fetch the elderly clerk. This elderly clerk and Mr. Darrell stood on the door-step talking confidentially for about five minutes, and then our friend the artist went away; but this time again strolled slowly through the rain; as if he had a certain interval to dispose of, and scarcely knew what to do with himself.

"I suppose the amateur detective business fills a man's mind with all manner of suspicious fancies, Eleanor. However that may be, I could not help thinking that there was something queer in these two visits of Launcelot Darrell to the red brick house opposite me. What did he want with a

lawyer, in the first place? and if he did want a lawyer, why didn't he go straight to Mr. Lawford, who was at home—for I could see his head across the top of the wire blind in one of the plate-glass windows as he bent over his desk—instead of tampering with small boys and clerks? There was something mysterious in the manner of his hanging about the place; and as I had been watching him wearily for a long time without being able to find out anything mysterious in his conduct, I determined to make the most of my chances and watch him to some purpose to-day.

“‘He'll come back,’ I thought, ‘unless I'm very much mistaken.’”

“I was very much mistaken, for Launcelot Darrell did not come back; but a few minutes after the clock struck one, the green door opened, and the elderly clerk came out, without the blue bag this time, and walked nimbly up the street in the direction that Launcelot Darrell had taken.

“‘He's going to his dinner,’ I thought, ‘or he's going to meet Launcelot Darrell.’”

“I put on my hat, and went out of the house. The clerk was toiling up the perpendicular street a good way ahead of me, but I managed to keep him in sight and to be close upon his heels when he turned the corner into the street below the towers of the castle. He walked a little way along this street, and then went into one of the principal hotels.

“‘Ah, my friend!’ I said, to myself, ‘you don't ordinarily take your dinner at that house, I imagine. It's a cut above your requirements, I should think.’”

“I went into the hotel, and made my way to the coffee-room. Mr. Launcelot Darrell and the shabby genteel clerk were sitting at a table drinking sherry and soda-water. The artist was talking to his companion in a low voice, and very earnestly. It was not difficult to see that he was trying to persuade the seedy clerk to something which the clerk's sense of caution revolted from. Both men looked up as I went into the room, which they had had all to themselves until that moment; and Launcelot Darrell flushed scarlet as he recognised me. It was evident, therefore, that he did not care to be seen in the company of Mr. Lawford's clerk.

“‘Good morning, Mr. Darrell,’ I said; ‘I've come over to have a look at the castle, but I find strangers are not admitted to-day, so I'm obliged to content myself with walking about in the wet for an hour or two.’”

“Launcelot Darrell answered me in that patronising manner which renders him so delightful to the people he considers inferior to himself. He had quite recovered from the confusion my sudden appearance had caused, and muttered something about Mr. Lawford, the attorney, and ‘business.’ Then he sat biting his nails in an uncomfortable and restless manner, while I drank another bottle of pale ale. That's another objection to the detective business; it involves such a lot of drinking.

“I left the hotel, and left Mr. Darrell and the clerk together; but I didn't go very far. I contrived somehow or other to be especially interested in that part of the exterior of the castle visible from

the street in which the hotel is situated, and in a manner, kept one eye upon the stately towers of the royal residence, and the other upon the doorway out of which Launcelot Darrell and Mr. Lawford's clerk must by-and-by emerge. In about half an hour I had the satisfaction of seeing them appear, and contrived, most innocently of course, to throw myself exactly in their way at the corner of the perpendicular street.

“I was amply rewarded for any trouble that I had taken; for I never saw a face that so plainly expressed rage, mortification, disappointment, almost despair, as did the face of Launcelot Darrell, when I came against him at the street corner. He was as white as a sheet, and he scowled at me savagely as he passed me by. Not as if he recognised me; the fixed look in his face showed that his mind was too much absorbed in one thought for any consciousness of exterior things; but as if in his suppressed fury he was ready to go blindly against anybody or anything that came in his way.

“‘But why, Richard, why was he so angry?’” cried Eleanor, with her hands clenched and her nostrils quivering with the passage of her rapid breath. “‘What does it all mean?’”

“‘Unless I'm very much mistaken, Mrs. Monckton, it means that Launcelot Darrell has been tampering with the clerk of the lawyer who drew up Mr. de Crespigny's last will, and that he now knows the worst—’”

“‘And that is—?’”

“‘The plain fact, that unless that will is altered the brilliant Mr. Darrell will not inherit a penny of his kinsman's fortune.’”

The second dinner bell rang while Richard was speaking, and Eleanor rushed from the room to make some hurried change in her toilette, and to appear in the drawing-room, agitated and ill at ease, ten minutes after Mr. Monckton's punctilious butler had made his formal announcement of the principal meal of the day.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI. ANOTHER RECOGNITION.

LAUNCELOT DARELL came to Tolldale Priory upon the day after Richard's visit to Windsor, and it was easy for Eleanor, assisted by her knowledge of what had transpired, to see the change in his manner. She spent an hour in the drawing-room that morning for the purpose of seeing this change, and thereby finding confirmation of that which Richard Thornton had told her. But the alteration in the young man's manner must have been very obvious, for even Laura, who was not particularly observant of any shades of feeling that did not make themselves manifest by the outward expression of word or gesture, perceived that there was something amiss with her lover, and drove Launcelot Darrell well-nigh mad with her childish questionings and lamentations.

Why was he so quiet? Why was he so much paler than usual? Why did he sigh sometimes? Why did he laugh in that strange way? Oh, no, not in his usual way. It was no use saying that it was so. Had he a headache? Had he been sitting up late at night? Had he been drinking horrid wine that had disagreed with him? Had he been a naughty, naughty, cruel, false,

treacherous boy, and had he been to some party that he hadn't told his poor Laura about, drinking champagne, and flirting with girls, and dancing, and all that? Or had he been working too much at his Rosalind and Celia?

With such questions as these did the young lady harass and torment her lover throughout that uncomfortable February morning; until at last Mr. Darrell turned upon her in a rage, declaring that his head was nearly split asunder, and plainly telling her to hold her tongue.

Indeed, Mr. Launcelot Darrell made very little effort to disguise his feelings, but sat over the fire in a low easy chair, with his elbows resting on his knees and his handsome dark eyes bent moodily upon the blaze. He roused himself now and then from a fit of gloomy thought to snatch up the polished-steel poker, and plunge it savagely amongst the coals, as if it was some relief to him to punish even them. Another man might have feared the inferences which spectators might draw from his conduct, but the principle upon which Launcelot Darrell's life had been based involved an utter contempt for almost every living creature except himself, and he apprehended no danger from the watchfulness of the inferior beings about him.

Laura Mason, sitting on a low ottoman at his feet, and employed in working a pair of embroidered slippers—the third pair she had begun for the use of her future lord and master—thought him more like the Corsair to-day than ever; but thought at the same time that some periods of Medora's existence must have been rather dreary. No doubt it was Conrad's habit to sit and stare at the coals, and to poke the fire savagely when things went amiss with him; when his favourite barque was scuttled by a mutinous crew, or his cargo confiscated by the minions of the law.

Launcelot Darrell was engaged to dine at the Priory upon this 16th of February. Mr. Monckton had invited him, in order that some matters connected with Laura's fortune might be discussed.

"It is time we should fully understand each other, Darrell," the lawyer said; "so I shall expect you to give me a couple of hours in my study this evening after dinner, if you've no objection."

Of course Mr. Darrell had no objection, but he had an almost spiteful manner that day in his intercourse with poor Laura, who was bewildered by the change in him.

"You think it's strange that I should dislike all this ceremony about settlements and allowance. Yes, Laura, that's a pleasant word, isn't it? Your guardian honoured me by telling me he should make us a handsome allowance for the first few years of our married life. You think I ought to take kindly to this sort of thing, I dare say, and drop quietly into my position of genteel pauperism, dependent upon my pencil, or my wife, for the dinner I eat and the coat I wear. No, Laura," cried the young man, passionately, "I don't take kindly to it; I can't stand it. The thought of my position enrages me against myself, against you, against everybody and everything in the world."

Launcelot Darrell talked thus to his betrothed

while Richard and Eleanor were both in the room; the scene-painter sitting in a window making furtive sketches with a fat little stump of lead pencil upon the backs of divers letters; Mrs. Monckton standing at another window looking out at the leafless trees, the black flowerless garden beds, the rain-drops hanging on the dingy firs and evergreens.

Mr. Darrell knew that he was overheard; but he had no wish that it should be otherwise. He did not care to keep his grievances a secret. The egotism of his nature exhibited itself in this. He gave himself the airs of a victim, and made a show of despising the benefits he was about to accept from his confiding betrothed. He in a manner proclaimed himself injured by the existence of his future wife's fortune; and he forced her to apologise to him for the prosperity which she was about to bestow upon him.

"As if it was being a pauper to take my money," cried Miss Mason, with great tenderness, albeit in rather obscure English; "as if I grudged you the horrid money, Launcelot. Why, I don't even know how much I'm to have. It may be fifty pounds a-year—that's what I've had to buy my dresses and things since I was fifteen—or it may be fifty thousand. I don't want to know how much it is. If it is fifty thousand a-year, you're welcome to it, Launcelot, darling."

"Launcelot darling" shrugged his shoulders with a peevish gesture which exhibited him as rather a discontented darling.

"You talk like a baby, Laura," he said, contemptuously; "I suppose the 'handsome allowance' Mr. Monckton promises will be about two or three hundred a-year, or so; something that I'm to eke out by my industry. Heaven knows he has preached to me enough about the necessity of being industrious. One would think that an artist was a bricklayer or a stonemason, to hear him talk."

Eleanor turned away from the window as Launcelot Darrell said this; she could not suffer her husband to be undefended while she was by.

"I have no doubt whatever Gilbert said was right, Mr. Darrell," she exclaimed, lifting her head proudly, as if in defiance of any voice that should gainsay her husband's merits.

"No doubt, Mrs. Monckton; but there's a certain sledge-hammer-like way of propounding that which is right that isn't always pleasant. I don't want to be reminded that an artist's calling is a trade, and that when the Graces bless me with a happy thought, I must work like a slave until I've hammered it out upon canvas and sent it into the market for sale."

"Some people think the Graces are propitiated by hard labour," Richard Thornton said, quietly, without raising his eyes from his rapid pencil, "and that the happiest thoughts are apt to come when a man has his brush in his hand, rather than when he's lying on a sofa reading French novels; and I've known artists who preferred that method of waiting for inspiration. For my own part, I believe in the inspiration that grows out of patient labour."

"Yes," Mr. Darrell answered, with an air of

lazy indifference—an air which plainly expressed that he disdained to discuss art-topics with a scene-painter, “I dare say you find it answer—in your line. You must splash over a good deal of canvas before you can produce a transformation-scene, I suppose?”

“Peter Paul Rubens got over a good deal of canvas,” said Richard, “and Raffaele Sanzio d’Urbino did something in that way, if we may judge by the cartoons and a few other trifles.”

“Oh, of course, there were giants in those days. I don’t aspire to rival any such Patagonians. I don’t see why people should be compelled to walk through a picture gallery a mile long before they can pronounce an opinion upon a painter’s merits. I should be very well contented if my chance with posterity rested upon half-a-dozen pictures no bigger than Millais’s ‘Huguenot;’ and as good.”

“And I’m sure you could do dozens and dozens as good as that,” cried Laura. “Why, it’s only a lady tying a scarf round her lover’s arm, and a lot of green leaves. Of course it’s very pretty, you know, and one feels very much for her, poor thing, and one’s afraid that he’ll let those cruel Catholics kill him, and that she’ll die broken-hearted. But you could paint lots of pictures like that, Launcelot, if you chose.”

The young man did not condescend to notice his affianced wife’s art-criticism. He relapsed into gloomy silence, and once more betook himself to that savage kind of consolation afforded by a sturdy exercise of the poker.

“But, Launcelot,” pleaded Miss Mason, presently, “I’m sure you needn’t be unhappy about my having money, and you’re being poor. There’s Mr. de Crespigny’s fortune, you know; he can’t be shameful and wicked enough to leave it to any one but you. My guardian said, only the other day, that he thought it would be left to you.”

“Oh, ah, to be sure,” muttered Mr. Darrell, moodily; “there’s that chance, of course.”

“He couldn’t leave Woodlands to those two old maids, you know, Launcelot, could he?”

To the surprise of the two listeners, Richard Thornton and Eleanor, the young man burst into a harsh disdainful laugh.

“My respected maiden aunts!” he exclaimed; “poor devils, they’ve had a nice time of it.”

Until this moment Richard and Eleanor had most firmly believed that the will which disinherited Launcelot Darrell bequeathed the Woodlands fortune to the two maiden sisters, Lavinia and Sarah de Crespigny; but the young man’s disdainful laugh, and the contemptuous, yet half pitying tone in which he spoke of the two sisters, plainly revealed that if he knew the secret of the disposal of Maurice de Crespigny’s fortune, and knew that it was not left to himself, he knew also that equal disappointment and mortification awaited his aunts.

He had been in the habit of speaking of them with a savage though suppressed animosity. To-day his tone was utterly changed. He had a malicious pleasure, no doubt, in thinking of the disappointment in store for them; and he could afford now to feel a kind of disdainful compassion for all their wasted labours, their useless patience.

But to whom, then, could the fortune be left?

Eleanor and Richard looked at each other in amazement. It might have been supposed that the old man had left his wealth to Eleanor herself, influenced by the caprice that had induced him to attach himself to her, because of her likeness to his dead friend. But this could not be, for the invalid had distinctly declared that he should leave nothing but George Vane’s miniature to his new favourite, and Maurice de Crespigny was not a man to say one thing and mean another. He had spoken of a duty to be fulfilled, a duty which he was determined to perform.

Yet, to whom could he possibly owe any duty, except to his kindred? Had he any other relations except his three nieces and Launcelot Darrell? He might have other claims upon him. He might have some poor and modest kindred who had kept aloof from him and refrained from paying court to him, and whose forbearance he might choose to reward in an unlooked-for, unthought-of manner.

And again, he might have bequeathed his money to some charitable institution, or in trust for some new scheme of philanthropy. Such a course would scarcely be strange in a lonely old man, who in his nearest relations might only recognise eager, expectant harpies keeping anxious watch for the welcome hour of his death.

Eleanor Monckton did not trouble herself much about this question. She believed from Launcelot Darrell’s manner, that Richard Thornton had drawn the right inference from the meeting of the young man and the lawyer’s clerk.

She believed implicitly that Launcelot Darrell was disinherited by his great-uncle’s last will, and that he knew it.

This belief inspired her with a new feeling. She could afford to be patient now. If Maurice de Crespigny should die suddenly, he would not die leaving his wealth to enrich the traitor who had cheated a helpless old man. Her only thought now must be to prevent Laura’s marriage; and for this she must look to her husband, Gilbert Monckton.

“He will never let the girl whose destiny has been confided to him, marry a bad man,” she thought; “I have only to tell him the story of my father’s death, and to prove to him Launcelot Darrell’s guilt.”

The dinner went off very quietly. Mr. Monckton was reserved and silent, as it had lately become his habit to be. Launcelot Darrell had still the gloomy, discontented air that had made him a very unpleasant companion throughout that day. The young man was not a hypocrite, and had no power of concealing his feelings. He could tell any number of lies that might be necessary for his own convenience or safety, but he was not a hypocrite. Hypocrisy involves a great deal of trouble on the part of those who practise it; and is, moreover, the vice of a man who sets no little value upon the opinion of his fellow-creatures. Mr. Darrell was of a listless and easy temperament, and nourished an utter abhorrence of all work, either physical or mental. On the other hand, he had so good an opinion of himself as to be tolerably indifferent to the opinions of others.

If he had been accused of a crime, he would have

denied having committed it for his own sake. But he never troubled himself to consider what other people might think of him, so long as their opinion had no power to affect his personal comfort or safety.

The cloth had been removed, for old fashions held their ground at Tolldale Priory, where a dinner *à la Russe*, would have been looked upon as an absurd institution, more like children playing at a feast, than sensible people bent upon enjoying a substantial meal. The cloth had been removed, and that dreary ceremonial, a good old English dessert was in progress, when a servant brought Launcelot Darrell a card upon a salver, and presented it to him solemnly amid the silence of the company.

The young man was sitting next Eleanor Monckton, and she saw that the card was of a highly glazed and slippery nature, and of an abnormal size, between the ordinary sizes of a gentleman's and a lady's card.

The blood rushed to Launcelot Darrell's forehead as he read the name upon the card, and Eleanor saw his under lip contract with a sudden movement, expressive of intense vexation.

"How did this—this gentleman come here?" he asked, turning to the servant.

"The gentleman has driven over from Hazlewood, sir. Hearing you were dining here, he came on to see you, he says; is he to be shown into the drawing-room."

"Yes—no; I'll come out and see him. Will you excuse me, Mr. Monckton: this is an old acquaintance of mine? Rather a pertinacious acquaintance, as you may perceive by his manner of following me up to-night."

Mr. Darrell rose, pushed aside his chair, and went out of the dining-room, followed by the servant.

The hall was brilliantly lighted, and in the few moments during which the servant slowly followed Launcelot Darrell, Eleanor had an opportunity of seeing the stranger who had come to the Priory.

He was standing under the light of the large gas-lamp, shaking the rain-drops from his hat, and with his face turned towards the dining-room door.

He was short and stout, smartly dressed, and foppish-looking even in his travelling costume; and he was no other than the talkative Frenchman who had persuaded George Vane to leave his daughter alone upon the Boulevard on the night of August 11th, 1853.

(To be continued.)

## WHAT NEXT FOR CHRISTENDOM?

In the "Saturday Review" of May 30th there is an interesting article on Gibbon's great work; and, of many striking passages in the article, none is more impressive than a suggestion, dwelt upon once and again, that the civilised world is now in circumstances and in a temper strongly resembling those of human society in the ages which witnessed the rise of Christianity and Mohammedanism, amidst the decline and fall of the Roman empire. Gibbon's work, says the

"Saturday Review" "is a comprehensive view of one great stage in the history of the world; and those who stand at the beginning of another stage, probably still more momentous, must contemplate the prospect which his work opens with endless interest and sympathy." As the question then was, why Christianity, and Mohammedanism in its early and progressive stage, did not prevent the fall of the Roman empire, so the question is now, why the disclosure and development of new natural and social science are not preventing the lapse of the civilised world into barbaric disturbance, which had been supposed to be left behind for ever, within the bounds of Christendom. As the two great monotheistic faiths proved to have a relation to a period beyond that of the Roman civilisation, so, we may suppose, the new natural and political philosophy of our time may be in affinity with the new condition of human society, on the verge of which we are now standing.

The condition of Christendom at this hour is, in fact, so remarkable,—so unlike what was anticipated by our fathers when the last development of physical, political, and economical science became recognised by all—that it is to the last degree interesting to ascertain where the mistakes of anticipation lay, and what will be the destiny of the coming generations.

Ours has been the generation for a great development—we might say the invention—of the philosophy of History. Its leading principles may be regarded as established, and the key to the interpretation of human experience in social affairs as found and proved: but it was inevitable that some anticipations based on so new an arrangement of facts should turn out to be erroneous. One instance of this concerns us here. The successive phases of human society have been correctly described and distinguished, up to the close of the Military Period. To this has succeeded, by natural laws, the Commercial Period. It has been too hastily concluded that the combative tendencies of mankind would steadily decline when the interests and occupations of all ranks of society related to objects of a pacific and uniting quality. It is true that philosophers have always insisted that there is no sharp line of division between one social period and another, but that, on the contrary, the temper and practices of one period must extend far forward into the next succeeding stage. Thus, for instance, it was not to be expected that the warlike spirit and habit of life should at once disappear when commerce and the other arts of peace should prevail; but we were told that such wars as should occur would be for commercial objects, in some way or other.

The first great contradiction which awaited this expectation was the career of the first Bonaparte: and great has been the lamentation over the untoward appearance of a great military genius, which has turned back for a time the course of civilisation, and plunged Europe once more into turmoils which have deprived at least one generation of those blessings of progression to which they had a natural right. This was the interpretation of a quarter of a century ago. But now, still another generation is rising up to witness and

suffer a yet more perplexing and painful lapse into barbarism. Looking round the whole circuit of Christendom, we perceive, not only symptoms of disturbance and imminent peril of a general war in Europe, but a character of barbarism in both the warfare itself, and in the political facts which occasion it, which make us ask whether we are really living in the nineteenth century, and in the Commercial Period of civilisation.

What ought we, on philosophical grounds, to be seeing? And what are we actually seeing?

We ought to be seeing the foremost nations of the world out of danger from despotic rule: growing comfortable, through all their social ranks, by progressive industry and arts, wrangling, no doubt, and sometimes fighting with one another, but for new kinds of quarrel, and in a spirit very different from that of the Middle Ages. Such quarrels as there are should be for the possession of the few remaining mouths of rivers (if any in fact now remain) for the establishment of colonies; or from jealousies about the exploration of new countries or wild tribes; or from encroachments on the safety of the seas, or on treaty-rights for commercial objects. There might be rivalries about discovering geographical mysteries, or about cutting through isthmuses; there might be difficulties about slave traffic, or about tolls on straits, or about the freedom of great rivers, or about rights of fishery. There might be plenty of strife, we were told, and armies and navies would be honourable institutions for a generation or two to come: but we should see no more wars of sheer tyranny,—no more territorial wars,—no more fighting for fighting's sake, on any pretence or none.

Now, what is it that we do see?

We see warfare for the old reasons, in an age when such reasons require disguise to pass the ordeal of public opinion at all, or are too flagrant to permit any appeal to opinion at all. We see warfare assuming a character of ferocity and barbarism which was pronounced a disgrace four centuries ago. It is true, we see men and nations less hasty in plunging into war; but, once in for it, their temper is of a lower quality than it was during the Military Period, when a state of peace was rather the exception than the rule with the European nations, as with the less-advanced races of men.

We see, first, the great Military Power of all—Russia—apparently going to pieces, and becoming ferocious in proportion to her weakness. This may be fairly called a confirmation of the theory of philosophers, because Russia can neither conquer in arms, nor prosper in peace—from poverty and exhaustion, from want of a commercial middle class, and of capital, and trade, and manufacturing interests, and agricultural improvement, and the popular education which attends on these pursuits. It is because Russia is a military power in a non-military age, that she is sinking into ruin. But then there is the fact of the unparalleled ferocity of her mode of warfare,—and of her mode of governing,—a barbarity which makes us throw down our newspapers from inability to bear the mere reading of what she is daily doing and inflicting. Then there is France,—

a Military Power also, but something else as well. We see there a people actually longing for peace, but unable to get it. We see there a people deplorably backward in agriculture, and poverty-stricken accordingly in its peasant class; a people advancing rapidly in manufacturing industry, and leading the whole world in certain arts of ornamentation; a people weary of debt and taxation,—weeping at home over the conscription, and shuddering at the bloodshed, and trembling at the arrival of news from any quarter; yet a people whose armies are fighting on all the continents, and threatening to fight for any of the islands of the globe. We see them rushing to the war in Italy, and, instead of finishing it off, keeping up the strife between Rome and the Italian nation, sustaining a brigandage as horrible as any known five centuries ago. We see them preventing any part of Europe from settling down in the repose of peace, and for ever menacing some neighbour with assault or interference. We see them pouring out blood and treasure in an incomprehensible war in Asia, as they have already done in Africa, in the unseasonable attempt to found a colony on a military basis; and, as if Algiers and Cochin China were not costly and destructive enough, we see them perpetrating the most inexcusable of invasions in America,—bearing down with the whole weight of their military power on Mexico, with no more pretence of right than any warrior tribe of the Middle Ages.

To pass rapidly over the rest:—we have seen Spain show herself retrograde in her invasion of the Moors, and in her support of the slave-trade, and in her insensibility to commercial honour, both in retaining the money which was paid her for abolishing that trade, and in so failing to pay the interest of her debts as to be excluded from the exchanges of all Europe. We see the ruler of Prussia appealing to arms as the foundation and support of his throne, and sustaining Russia in her tyranny, and picking a quarrel with Denmark in order to obtain a field for warfare. We see a strife growing to such a deadly strength between the Christian races and the Turks in the east of Europe that nobody doubts that one of the ferocious old religious wars will come up again, to disgust and terrify humanity. We see the Head of Christendom claiming powers and immunities which the age cannot permit, and living and working in a spirit of vindictiveness, pride, and complicity with cruelty which make the world ask what the Papacy now has to do with Christianity.—On the other Christian continent, we see the fiercest civil war raging that has occurred in human history. No war ever has been, or ever could be, more malignant in its spirit,—and none more wantonly and unpardonably entered upon than the revolt of the Slave States against the Free States of the American Union: and in destructiveness it is unequalled in history.

Such is the aspect of the combative part of Christendom in the nineteenth century of its date. If it was before, an eager question why the rise of the Christian religion, with its morality, did not arrest the decline and prevent the fall of the Roman empire, it may well be the most interesting of questions now, how Christendom itself—the

seat of the religion of peace and love—can be the scene of strife and murder, of revenge and hellish cruelty,—of national vanity and imperial ambition, and hard unscrupulousness,—which we see it in our day. If the passions of the Greek and Roman churches are as bad as any strife of Moslems and Christians, and if the Protestant nations can be, as Prussia is, as retrograde as Rome itself; and if they can fly at one another's throats as the Americans are doing,—if this is the temper and behaviour of Christians in this age of a religion which has had eighteen centuries to operate in, and in the present stage of philosophy and the arts, what are we to think and to expect?

Before casting about for the answer to this, let me say that I am not overlooking the more favourable features of the time. If the case were one of comparison between the whole good and evil of the old and the present days, I should have to dwell on such pleasant topics as the uprising of United Italy; the abolition of slavery, as far as it has gone; the freedom of trade, and other freedoms; the extension of popular rights in some countries, and the advance of education in more; and (the most striking thing just now) the character and conduct of the negro race in America, as brought out by the war, through which a million of slaves have become free in the course of six months, without giving a single occasion for complaint of any sort of outrage, while yet so spirited and brave as to compose the best part of the army to which they belong,—thirty thousand of them being now trained soldiers, working out the emancipation of their race by their own services and qualities. These are pleasant sights, and full of promise: but they do not touch upon the problem—what to say, do, and expect, while Christendom is so unlike the spirit of its faith, and so unworthy of the philosophy of its age.

In a Protestant country like ours there is no need to enlarge on the point that such mischief must always happen where religion is treated as a kingdom of this world, and where it is made an object of action, instead of the temper of the life. Through such a misapprehension of the entire intent and spirit of the Gospel we see Papal government the infamous abuse that it is: we see the shocking annual wrangle at Jerusalem, when a Turkish magistrate has to separate the Christians of the Greek and Latin churches who are clutching each other by the throat; we see the Czar worshipped as a god by a peasantry who have been sunk below humanity in the name and by the influence of the religion of the country; we see the Queen of Spain and her ministers ruining by imprisonment and banishment the quiet and loyal citizens who have done nothing worse than reading the Bible; and we see the whole east of Europe agitated by a religious quarrel which may burst into a flame of war at any moment. Truly, when we see the monkish old Pope playing the sovereign over quick-witted and clear-sighted Italians, and forcing on a schism in his church; and the Russians practising an idolatry scarcely less monstrous than Hindooism; and the misery of Poland prolonged by the theological strife; and the graves in the Crimea, which are the fruit of the question of the Holy Places; we could almost suppose that the

Bible is a lost book, leaving no faithful traditions. How can a religion of unworldliness, humility, spirituality, gentleness, harmlessness, and generosity, be represented by the political rule of the Pope, the high-priestship of the Czar, the religious wars of Eastern Europe, invasions of Asiatic and American countries, and, in Protestant empires, by multiplying schisms in the churches, and by strifes such as render Ireland the opprobrium of our own empire?

It is clearly by religion being applied to a purpose for which it was never intended. It might have prevented the decline and fall of the Roman empire if it could have pursued its proper work on individual character, and, through that channel, on the fortunes of society, instead of becoming implicated with the state and its rulers; and in our time it has failed to land the nations in a region of peace and progress, because its character and function are still misunderstood and abused; so that the most absolute unlikeness to Christ and his religion is found in the persons and transactions which make the most ostentatious profession of his name and authority. Christendom is as little like a kingdom of Christ as can well be imagined; and it can never grow more like till theology is altogether separated from worldly government and political relations.

We were all glad to hear, the other day, that no report of any daughter of our Queen marrying the King of Greece can be true, now or at any time, because no English prince or princess will ever become a member of the Greek church, or any grandchildren of our Queen be consigned to that church as a condition of royalty in Greece. The abuse of religion for state objects will not be kept up by England beyond the operation of her own state religion, which produces, by its political character, particular troubles within its own realm.

The most special and distinctive troubles of our time, however, may be ascribed to a more special cause. In all ages of the world, men have suffered from the religious abuse: but in our own age there is a kind of trouble never known before in the same style or degree, from the break-down in the relations of the three elements which make up the organised society of Christendom.

The three elements are the Sovereign, the Aristocracy, and the People: and they may make, and have made, a variety of junctions: and according to the success or failure of these alliances is the welfare or the unprosperousness of the respective nations. Where the king and the people unite, as against the aristocracy, there cannot be any permanent establishment of popular freedom; and after the aristocracy has perished out of sight and action—as it is sure to do—either the sovereign or the people gets the upper hand, and liberty is lost under the reign of either despotism or democracy. This is how France has failed in her political career; and this is why Russia cannot get her political career begun. The old aristocracy of France is politically extinct; and the fortunes of the nation vibrate between the ascendancy of despotism and revolution. In Russia, the aristocracy has only lately been exempted from the knout, as a punishment at the pleasure of the Czar; and it is only as a bureaucracy that the



nobles have any political power. The Czar is thus in the closest connection, called paternal, with his people; but they are not the better for it; and the actual state of things is, that the nation consists of a peasantry of mere servile habits, above whom there is no middle class; of a nominal nobility who have no function in the state, but who live by functionarism; and of an autocrat, who is supposed to do what he likes, but who lives under the illicit control of a body of public servants, the most corrupt in Europe. Such is the present fate of countries where, during the settling of the three elements of society, the aristocratic element has been sacrificed.

For the other extreme, the alliance of the sovereign and aristocracy against the people, we look, not only to ecclesiastical states, like Rome, but to Germany, and, in a certain sense, to Sweden. In Sweden, the national character and condition suffer much from the excessive number of the aristocracy, who extend downwards among the shopkeepers, and even lower; one consequence of which is the difficulty of getting rid of several pernicious old feudal practices, and of making progress in freedom, religious and civil. What the German aristocracy are, all of us who have travelled in Germany have some idea; and it is quite unnecessary to describe the manners which are a proverb throughout Europe for insolence and egotism. The meek helplessness of the people is equally well known; and Prussia now affords as good an illustration as could be given of the state of a society in which the royal and aristocratic elements have effected a too close alliance, offensive and defensive, against the third element.

The remarkable case of a dominant aristocracy, which practically exercises the kingly and lordly functions in one, may now be best seen in the Southern Confederacy of the American States. There, again, as in Russia, there is no middle class; and the labourers are slaves: there is no popular freedom; and the entire power is in the hands of the aristocracy, restrained only by the fear of insurrection. This is no example for any European state; but rather a specimen of the crude social organisation of the Europe of a thousand years ago, revived in our time by peculiar influences which do not concern us here.

There remains the other combination—the alliance of the aristocracy and the people for the control of royalty. I need not point out that our own England is the one stable and illustrious example of this happiest combination. As the alliance grew up naturally, during the ages when sovereignty was a quite sufficiently weighty element, it was the surest process that any nation could go through. We have had our troubles, like every other people: those troubles have arisen from attempts in some quarter to alter the natural relations of the three parts of the social organisation; and all such disturbances have proved the national attachment to both monarchy and aristocracy, and have simply restored matters to their natural course. An ancient aristocracy, with real functions, political and social, and sustained and replenished by the people, forms with us a true link between the throne and the people at large. To this organisation we find our-

selves now owing the dignity and security of our sovereign, in days when scarcely any other monarch in Christendom knows what security is. To this we owe that quality of mind in our nobles which enables them to learn, and to work, and to modify their desires and aims, to a degree never perhaps seen before, in any such body; and to this we owe the practical freedom of the citizen,—the true “liberty of the subject,” which in all civilised countries is a phrase borrowed from English history. Whatever may be the great and beneficent principles and arrangements which are to appear in the organic state of society which is to succeed the present critical one, the best scheme, up to this date, is unquestionably that which renders us now the tranquil, progressive, and hopeful nation that we are, at a time when despotisms and democracies are tottering or falling, in preparation for the next great new period. We have no desire to be alone in our privileges. It has been the highest political treat of our time to see Italy taking a path parallel with ours; and if Prussia tries to recover the right track, out of which her Court and aristocracy are forcing her, nobody will rejoice more heartily than England.

Thus we see how it is that the troubles which disturb and darken the world's day of progress are mainly retributions for old mistakes, and the working of the dregs of old abuses. We see how it is that growing enlightenment and fresh discoveries are not yet making society so tranquil and happy as might have been supposed. What, then, is to be hoped? Nothing, certainly, from going back. Aristocracies, especially, cannot be made to order or at need: and the throne is but a shaky seat, unless it has grown up out of the soil. The lesson to be derived from the past is not to restore the external appearance of old institutions, but rather to learn how to prepare for and undergo change. When philosophers show us how the democratic element of society is growing, and must grow stronger, we are asked what will be the good, by-and-by, of our moderate throne and aristocracy, which we now contemplate so thankfully? The answer is, that the best thing about both is, their ability to live and learn. For as long as we can see, they will no doubt live and learn, as at present: and we expect from them that just and natural influence which will keep the democratic element moderate in its strength and safe in its growth, instead of being like what democracy is, where a despot humours, flatters, and betrays it, or a stupid aristocracy defies it, and gets destroyed in consequence.

There is a great deal to be got over before an organic period can set in;—before new wisdom can issue in a tranquil and orderly, though vigorous and active, condition of society. There is much to be witnessed,—much to be endured,—much to be done, to make Christians,—to make men, indeed,—of the creatures who are doing what is doing now in the woods of Poland, and the mountains of Southern Italy, and on the banks of the Mississippi; and wherever freedom is persecuted or repressed. There is much to do: but it will be done.

One happy circumstance is the timely destination of so many young princes and princesses to

thrones in Europe. Our four eldest royal children will all be rulers or wives of rulers: and the Denmark family has precisely the same prospect. If Popes and Kings will drive the world to count their years and watch their health, they must not mind hearing the fact that they are old and sickly. If the Czar is seldom sober, he must expect all Europe to see and say how hopeless, with that aggravation, is the prospect for himself and his people,—and for his victims, the Poles. On the other hand, the young candidates for thrones must understand how imperative is the call upon them for diligent study and thoughtful contemplation, in proportion to the capacity of each for moral and political wisdom.

No one of them, however, is so likely as persons of a different order to feel the impressiveness of a lot cast as ours is,—on the verge of the disclosure of a new period of society, and a new age of human life. If we long to know how men felt and behaved when Christianity was expelling paganism, or when the representative principle was discrediting feudal modes of living, we ought to be awake to the fact that we also are witnessing the preparation for a new social age in the existence of ideas, of knowledge, of desires and anticipations, which we do not know how to use and apply. It is a serious position: our times are very solemn: we believe, on the whole, that society is advancing; yet we witness turmoils and barbarities that shake our very souls within us. Let us watch; let us account for what we can, and hope for what we may,—steady and confident in hopefulness from the certainty that there can be no extensive lapse into barbarism while knowledge and philosophy are advancing. The brutes and ruffians, high and low, are always a handful in comparison with the kindly quiet people who pass through life in a spirit of love and peace: and from these broad seedfields of good, great harvests will be growing when the fetid political swamps of all autocracies, spurious or corrupted, and all despotisms disguised as republics, are drained away into the black sea of the past.

The "Saturday Reviewer" has led us very far. It was Gibbon, however, who made the road: and we can hardly have wasted our time in trying to get some views from it.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

### ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?

FEW questions can be started more curious or more interesting than that which relates to the existence or non-existence of life on the other planets of our solar system. Arguments on both sides have been urged with more or less ability; the negative being chiefly based on the assumption that they are unfitted, for physical reasons, to be the home of beings organised as we are. Though there is in reality no reason why living beings differently organised to ourselves should not inhabit those worlds, we propose to show that an inhabitant of the planet we occupy, might, if transported hence to one of them, be capable of continued existence there with just that slight modification which would grow out of a

change of condition. As their adaptability for habitation must depend to a great extent on the matter of which they are composed, it is worth while stating the hypothesis which we conceive to be the most plausible as to the mode in which they were formed—an hypothesis, be it here remarked, which agrees, on the whole, with the opinions maintained by Sir D. Brewster and other high authorities.

The idea that the sun is an incandescent mass, seems to be confirmed by the recent experiments of Kirchoff, Bunsen, and others; and very wonderful indeed are the inferences which flow from their discoveries. We know that the sun revolves on its axis in a certain period, and appearances indicate that the same results follow from this in his case, as regards the regular set of currents of air, as on the earth. The larger and brighter masses of cloud are heaped together more thickly on either side of a band running across the sun's disc than elsewhere, owing, as is supposed, to currents analogous to our trade winds. They are also observed to collect round the huge dark spots so frequently visible on the sun's disc. The cause of these spots cannot be explained, but when numerous they do certainly affect the amount of light transmitted to us, as the experiments of Secchi show the light emitted from a spot near the centre of the sun does not exceed in quantity that which flows from the edge of the disc, where the luminosity is least, and from whence it goes on increasing towards the centre. But these masses of cloud are far from being of the innocent nature of those which float in our atmosphere. Instead of being particles of water, they are, there is good reason to believe, formed of metallic vapours, which, if they descend at all, pour down on the body of the sun in a fiery shower with a force, compared with which our tropical rains are light as falling dew. The mass of which the sun is composed is so enormous that the mind cannot form the faintest conception of the period which must elapse before its fires are extinguished and it disappears from the firmament, as other luminaries have done before it. Nor would it be possible, even if its combustion were more rapid than it is, to perceive any diminution in its dimensions, though the most careful observations were continued through successive generations. But that which generations could not perceive may well have taken place for all that, and it is easy to imagine that there was a time when in a nebulous state it filled the whole space included within the orbit of Neptune. Its revolution on its axis would cause the denser particles of which it was composed to fly outwards, and a ring would be formed which, by the dissipation of heat in space would probably contract and fracture, and the fractured portions may then have coalesced and assumed the form of a globe, retained in its orbit by the attraction of the mass of matter from which it had separated, and rotating on its axis in the same way as its constituent particles had done when it formed part of the parent body, or it may be that this continuous rotation may be due, as has been asserted, to the effects of electricity; a theory which was promulgated some years since in this country, though it has recently been

revived in France, and spoken of as something quite novel.

Assuming the above theory to be true, the same process would be repeated as the sun continued to revolve and scatter its heat through space, and the planet Uranus would be formed. A repetition of it would produce Saturn, next Jupiter, then the huge planet, or the bodies that may once have been one, the Asteroids; then Mars, the Earth, Venus, and Mercury in succession, and, possibly, another planet within the orbit of Mercury, which from its proximity to that luminary is invisible to us. Assuming that we have now positive evidence that all the metals with which we are acquainted exist in a state of combustion in the sun's atmosphere, and having regard to the physical appearances discernible on the planets belonging to our system, it may fairly be inferred upon this principle that they are all composed of similar substances. The question of their adaptability to the residence of organised beings, not differing essentially from ourselves, therefore would rest on their bulk, on the amount of light and heat they receive from the central orb, and on the presence of an atmosphere.

First, as regards their bulk. The weight of an object on the Earth is in proportion to the density of the globe and the distance of the object from its centre. The same holds good with respect to Jupiter, which is thirteen hundred and thirty times larger; and supposing the densities of both to be alike, the consequence would be that any object whatever, whether a man, a tree, or one of the pyramids, transported hence to that planet would crumble to pieces under the force of the attraction. But the densities of the planets are not equal. Taking first the exterior planet, Neptune, it is found that, bulk for bulk, its weight as compared with the Earth is as one to six, or nearly that of water, which is five and a half times lighter than the solid matter contained in our globe. Thus, though the bulk of Neptune is 107 times that of the Earth, its relative lightness, combined with the fact that an object on its surface is nearly five times more distant from its centre, would cause bodies to weigh nearly the same there as here. We will make this matter a little clearer to those who have not considered the subject.

If the density of Neptune were the same as the earth, bodies placed at the same distance from its centre would weigh 107 times heavier than here. But as the weight of a body, or the force with which it is drawn towards the centre of the globe\* on which it rests, is diminished in proportion as it is more distant from the centre of attraction, a deduction would have to be made on this account, so that a man who weighed 150 lbs. on the Earth would actually weigh only 700 lbs. on the surface of Neptune. This is calculated on the supposition that the density of Neptune is the same as that of the planet we inhabit. The fact, however, is, as

we have already said, that in consequence of the lightness of Neptune as compared with the Earth, a man going hence to that globe would be able to move with the same facility. As regards Uranus, though its dimensions are eighty-two times that of the earth, its weight, as compared with it, bulk for bulk, is not greater than that of Neptune, that is to say, as one to six, or a little less than water. The same powers of locomotion would therefore suffice if a man were transported to Uranus. Saturn is comparatively much lighter than either of the planets previously mentioned; they are of nearly the same weight as a globe of water would be, whereas Saturn is lighter in the proportion of one to one-and-a-half. But as its volume is 857 times that of the Earth, the actual weight of a man on its surface would be somewhat greater than on this globe, but not in a degree capable of impeding his movements to any serious extent.

The enormous dimensions of Jupiter, notwithstanding its lightness as compared bulk for bulk with the Earth, would render a residence on it irksome, though not impossible, without an increase of muscular power. On Mars half the strength we possess would be sufficient to enable us to move about and supply our wants with facility. The same may be said of Mercury: and as regards the only other planet of our system not yet mentioned, Venus, we should there be unconscious of having changed our habitation, as far as bodily strength is concerned.

We do not see, in the lightness of the majority of the planets as compared with our own globe, any ground for the inference that they are thereby unfit for human habitation, since lightness is quite compatible with solidity. The other objections that might be urged are, that there would be an insufficient supply of light and heat to support life on planets revolving at such an enormous distance from the central orb whence that light and heat emanates. At the first glance it would seem that if we have not a superabundance of either it must follow that Jupiter, which is five times more distant, must be deficient in both; and that this deficiency must go on increasing in an eminent degree as we recede to Saturn, which is nine times, to Uranus, which is eighteen times, and to Neptune, which is twenty-eight times more distant than the Earth. But a little consideration will show that, though regarded with our organs of vision, the sun, seen from Neptune, would appear of about the same diameter as a bright star, an enlargement of the pupils would cause objects on its surface to appear as brilliantly illuminated as on the Earth; the same result would be produced if the retina were rendered more sensible, either of which modifications might be produced without any alteration in the structural organisation of the eye.

But the most important question of all is: Have the other planets an atmosphere resembling ours? If they have not, it is clear that, however closely they may resemble the Earth in other respects, they cannot be inhabited by beings like us. If we were deprived of our atmosphere we know that there could be no clouds, no gradual passage from light to darkness; objects would be strongly lighted or in deep shadow, the sun would

\* It seems only justice to J. von Gumpach to mention here, that he has published a thick volume, in which he asserts that the opinion generally held that the form of the earth is similar to that of an orange is erroneous, and that the real shape more resembles that of a lemon, and he argues that many of the wrecks which occur from a miscalculation of the position of the vessel arises from this erroneous belief.

be a brilliant object, but the firmament would appear black, and dotted with stars; there would be neither life nor sound, and the Earth would circle round the Sun, a frozen ball, devoid of everything which would render life on it agreeable, even if it were possible.

Observations that have been made, establish conclusively the fact that other planets are enveloped in atmospheres. The two planets most favourably situated with respect to us for telescopic examinations, are Venus, Jupiter, and Mars. Surrounding Venus, we perceive what many astronomers consider to be a thick atmosphere,—so dense indeed that the twilight has been perfectly distinguished there; and this, together with its position, and the masses of cloud which float in it, denoting the presence of water, render the discovery of anything relative to the configuration of its surface highly improbable, beyond the fact that it has its chains of mountains, resembling those on the Earth. In the case of Mars, we are able to go beyond this. With a telescope possessing the requisite power, we can trace the boundaries of oceans and continents, and even the snow which lies at its polar circles, and the extent to which it is dissolved by the summer sun. By means of the lights and shadows on its surface, the fact that it rotates on its axis in as nearly as possible the same time as the Earth, has been proved; the same may also be said of the other planets, the differences in the time occupied in their respective revolutions being so trifling that it is not necessary to specify them.

Thus the existence of atmospheres round the other planets of our system being so highly probable, we have good grounds for believing that they are suited for the habitation of beings like ourselves. Objections on the ground of insufficient warmth are overruled at once: the degree of heat will be regulated by the density of the atmosphere. We know that we have only to ascend a mountain till we attain an altitude of 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, to find snow at the same time that the country at its foot is parched with heat, which is accounted for by the fact that the atmosphere is much more dense at the surface of the earth than at an elevation of three miles above it. If, then, our own experience enables us to prove that so slight a change of position in our atmosphere makes all the difference between life and death, surely no sane person will continue to urge the want of warmth in the more distant planets, as a reason for their being uninhabitable, when by a slight increase of density in their atmospheres their temperature would be raised to an equality with ours; moreover, we do not yet know that the heat we enjoy emanates entirely from the sun, or from the combined action of the sun's rays and terrestrial agencies.

Having urged the preceding facts by way of proof that there is no essential difference between the physical condition of the Earth and that of the other planets of the system, it can be hardly necessary to pursue the argument of the extreme probability of their being inhabited by beings organised as we are.

The proofs that the globe we inhabit was expressly designed as a dwelling for us abound so

thickly, that for any person to maintain that it was formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, is preposterous; and the evidences of design are not stronger in the case of the Earth than as regards other planets. We all remember how a distinguished German philosopher, who had been reflecting on this subject in his study, on entering his dining-room and perceiving a salad, suddenly exclaimed, "So, then, if lettuce, chervil, beetroot, and the other vegetables I see there, had been flying about in space with eggs, oil, and vinegar, they might at last have formed a salad!" "Yes," answered his wife, "but not a salad like that before you." The lady was undoubtedly right. Simple as such a result might have appeared, the probabilities against the substances mixing themselves together in the proportions to form a good salad would puzzle a Quetelet to calculate.

If Chance had had anything to do with the formation of the Earth, there would be no reason why it should rotate on its axis in twenty-four hours, and yet a comparatively slight increase of that period might have rendered it uninhabitable. A very slight deviation from the actual inclination of its axis would have had a similar effect. Without an atmosphere we could not, of course, exist at all; but a very slight addition to one of the gases of which it is composed would destroy every living thing on the Earth's surface, and its abstraction would reduce the globe to a mass of ashes. Everything, then, being so nicely adapted to the maintenance of life, and such an apparently trifling modification being capable of extinguishing it altogether, it is impossible to reflect on these matters without being driven to the conclusion that the Earth was formed expressly as a dwelling for us. And can we then, doubt that the same Creator who formed this globe created the others for a like purpose? That their inhabitants resemble us physically is only a reasonable supposition, considering the close resemblance of the different orbs: how far they may differ from us morally can only be imagined.

GEORGE LEIGH.

### MY CONFESSION.

WIFE! long true to me,  
Through good and ill:  
Hear my confession,  
And love me still!

I was not false, dear,  
When, years ago,  
Thinking I loved you,  
I told you so.

Yet, my gift to you  
I lived to see  
Was not fair payment  
For yours to me.

You did not know it;  
You guessed not how  
I was your debtor,—  
As I am now.

I dare not own it,  
This later day,  
Were I not able  
Some part to pay.

Watching together  
Here, by this bed,  
Where, softly pillowed,  
Lies one bright head;

Smiling together  
On other face,  
Pressed to your bosom—  
Its rightful place.

Thus, dear, I venture  
To whisper this,—  
Now that I give you  
A whole-heart kiss.

Now that—God helping—  
I am to you  
Husband more worthy,  
Lover more true.

G. R. T.

### A DOOMED TOWN.

THERE is nothing more characteristic of the rapid development of our national industry and prosperity during the last few years, than the enormously increasing extent of our principal manufacturing towns. In every direction the daisied meadows, shady lanes, and rural walks, are being displaced by rows of semi-detached villas, tall prison-like factories, or acres of little box-shaped cottages. Villages and hamlets find themselves annexed in the most summary fashion by the once insignificant towns, and converted into suburbs, the farmhouse giving way to the factory, while the railway goods station takes the place of the picturesque dairy. The utilitarian conquers the poetical and sentimental. Yet there are one or two exceptions to the rule. The sun has its spots, and the brightest sky its tiny clouds. So with the prosperity of our manufacturing towns. While the majority are speeding on the peaceful path of progress, one or two are sadly halting, and threatening to fall into the rear, if not to remain behind entirely. Of these, Macclesfield is one. As we pass over the Chernet Valley line, it is impossible not to remark the dull and melancholy appearance of the place. The houses look as if they had not been repaired for years, the chimneys are in a state of ruin, the walls and windows are black with dust and soot, the wood-work has long been a stranger to the painter's brush, and the dismal and woe-begone aspect of the whole scene conveys a vivid idea of industrial desolation. Yet Macclesfield was not always thus. There was a period when the tide of prosperity filled its factories with the hum of the human bees, as they industriously toiled, with willing hands and hopeful hearts, through the bright sunny days of summer, unconscious of the coming season of adversity. Step by step the employers and employed advanced in their career of success, until at one time it seemed as if Macclesfield was destined to become the principal manufacturing town of Cheshire; but the fatality which sooner or later overtakes all localities where silk is the staple manufacture, crushed the rising energies of the town, and inflicted upon it a blow from the effects of which it may never wholly recover.

Much of the recent industrial importance of Macclesfield arose from the extensive development of the broad silk trade, a generation or two since,

by the founder of the Brocklehurst family, who yet retain the vast silk-throwing factories which overshadow, like huge spectres, the cottages of the operatives. But the sudden fluctuations to which the silk-manufacture is so liable, has proved too much for the prosperity of the town, especially as it possessed no other industrial resources. It is useless to attempt to prove that the French treaty is answerable for the state of things at present existing here, because the decline of its manufactures can be traced back for several years, to a date when the French commercial treaty was as yet a thing to be dreamed of. It has been the same at Coventry. The system of protection so long adopted as the ruling principle in all questions relating to the industry of this country, tended to destroy the very objects which it was intended to maintain. Freed from foreign rivalry, and possessing an artificial *status* in the market, the Macclesfield silk manufacture exhibited very little improvement during the later years preceding its reverses. It trusted more to the spirit of monopoly than to any attempt at excellence for the purpose of maintaining its position, and when the protective duties were repealed, it at once went to the wall. The French treaty merely accelerated the fate which must have arrived sooner or later, and in so doing it has rendered a mercy to the operatives by diminishing the length of their sufferings. They no longer hope against hope. So long as the faintest chance remained of the resumption of the silk manufacture on its former extensive scale, they would have dragged on their miserable existence without making an effort to better their condition. Now, however, they are allowing themselves to become absorbed in other trades, and although the struggle may be severe, it must be light compared with what might have been. Still the fate of the operatives is a sad one, and cannot but be regarded with sympathy.

Reared to the trade when children, they find themselves in their manhood unable to enter on any other with the smallest chance of obtaining a livelihood; at least, this is the case with the greater number; and so hundreds of them linger on in a state of semi-starvation. Nothing reveals more truthfully the condition of the Macclesfield weavers than the present depreciated value of cottage property. During the last twenty years, there have not been twenty houses built that would rent at 40*l.* per annum; on the contrary, many are going to ruin, while the bulk of the dwellings, which are of the cottage class, do not yield any rents at all. In fact, there are about 2,200 uninhabited houses in the town, and these, with their closed shutters, grimy windows, and neglected exteriors, impart a cheerless look to the silent thoroughfares. There is nothing more provocative of melancholy than a visit to the deserted homes of the weavers, to stand amongst the rotting remains of the looms, and to mark the numerous evidences which still remain to testify to their general ability and taste. Here was a board on which flower-pots were placed, there a bookshelf, yonder a cupboard for botanical specimens, while the walls around were decorated with cheap maps and prints. But all is over now.

The Macclesfield silk-weaver is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Every artisan who can master a few shillings and a little energy, endeavours to take leave of the blighted town. They are wise. Many have reached the colonies, where their once soft and delicate hands have become hard and horny with handling the axe and spade; others have drifted to other towns in the kingdom, but very few have ever returned to die in the place of their birth. A curse seems to lie on it. Well situated for a manufacturing seat, possessing ample communication, both by rail and canal, with other towns, and owning an abundance of cheap labour, together with many other advantages, somehow or another Macclesfield fails to attract capital. A site amid the bleak and mountainous regions of Yorkshire or Lancashire seems preferable to a town which is apparently doomed to industrial ruin. Is not this a problem worth the studying? Like Coventry, Macclesfield affords a terrible proof of the folly of fostering a manufacture which can only exist by the maintenance of an artificial monopoly, and which perishes the moment that the legislative props are removed. Yet a gleam of hope shines through the murky darkness. It is said that when things get to the worst, they mend; and it may be that, when happier days shall come, when our cotton supply shall resume its former magnitude, Macclesfield may regain, as a cotton manufacturing town, the reputation which it has lost as the seat of the broad-silk manufacture. JOHN PLUMMER.

#### AN ANCIENT RUSSIAN LEGEND.

[Taken down from the lips of a Siberian Cossack, by a Russian gentleman, in 1840. It is probably a fragment of a very ancient Saga, preserved by oral tradition. It is entitled "How the Race of the Vitiazes (heroes) died out of Bright Russia."]

"OUR brawny shoulders are not tired, nor do our strong arms ache;  
Our stalwart horses need no draught their battle thirst to slake;  
Our steel swords are not blunted yet," one of the heroes cried—  
Alosha Popovitsch the young, that champion lion-eyed,  
"Send us a host with strength divine, send us both foot and horse,  
And we, the Vitiazes bold, will tame that heavenly force."  
Just as he spoke those unwise words, so full of sound and flame,  
Slowly towards those boasting men two mounted warriors came,  
Mantled and arm'd as simple folk: and lo, they call'd aloud,  
"Well! Vitiazes, let us strike, since ye're so hot and proud.  
We are but two, and you are seven; yet Heaven gives us might;  
The odds are great; more fame for us,—come, heroes, let us fight."  
Alosha Popovitsch his wrath could scarcely bridle then.  
He curb'd his horse, and threw himself upon those scornful men;  
With all his brawny shoulders' might, he cut those horsemen through,—

One drawing stroke, one gashing blow, and they were hewn in two.  
But lo! the stricken men rose up unhurt, and changed to four.  
All were alive, and all were arm'd, and fiercer than of yore.  
But Dobrena, the stalwart brave, could not restrain him then;  
He rein'd his horse, and threw himself upon those magic men.  
With a strong shoulder blow he hew'd those sturdy horsemen through,—  
One drawing stroke, one slashing cut, he clove them all in two.  
But swift the stricken men rose up; the four were changed to eight!  
Stern, hot, and eager for the fray—proud, fierce, bold and elate.  
Then Eeilga of Moorsoom his wrath could not restrain him then,  
He curb'd his horse, and threw himself upon those scornful men.  
One mighty blow, one angry stroke, he slashed the horsemen through:  
Deep-piercing brain and heart and lungs; he clove them all in two.  
But swift the stricken men arose, and lo! the eight men slain  
Were sixteen warriors, arm'd and fierce, and on their steeds again!\*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Then all the Vitiazes rode fierce spurring at the band:  
With rage at heart, they hew'd and cut, and smote off head and hand;  
They struck them down with spear and sword: and still, for all they quelled,  
Their horses trampled under foot more than the heroes felled.  
But yet the horsemen grew and grew with an increasing might,  
And still they gave and took the blows, in that heroic fight.  
The Vitiazes fought three days, three hours, three moments strove,  
Until their mighty shoulders tired, though still they struck and clove.  
Their chargers brave were waste and worn, their bridles white with froth;  
Their steel swords blunted with the heat and vengeance of their wrath.  
But still that army grew and grew with an increasing might,  
And still they gave and took the blows, in that heroic fight.  
'Twas then the Vitiazes fled before that magic force,  
And threw their arms away, and spur'd each one his bleeding horse.  
They fled unto the mountain-pass—unto the dark stone caves—  
Where the great rocks were heaved and toss'd in changless frozen waves.  
As soon as the first Vitiaz approach'd, he turn'd to marble stone;  
Ere the next horseman had come up, he to a rock had grown;  
And as the rest rode fiercely on, they too were changed straightway,  
And so the race of heroes pass'd from our bright land away. WALTER THORNBURY.

\* The reader must here kindly imagine the blows of the four other Vitiazes, who, in turn, in spite of the severe "punishment" they inflict, find the magic horsemen multiply horribly beneath their swords.

## LAYING A GHOST.



I AM not superstitious. I may have a soft place in my head like the greater part of man and woman kind, but I am not so weak as to believe in witchcraft, or in omens, or warnings. I never did believe in them, nor in dreams (generally speaking), though as to these latter phenomena I will not speak positively, for reasons which I could give, though I shall not just now. Nor do

I believe in apparitions, most of which may be easily accounted for by the state of the seer's health, or of his nerves, or by the state of the atmosphere, or a hundred other circumstances. But I will say, without fear of contradiction from any reasonable person, that *some things* are quite unaccountable, though they cannot either be denied or explained away.

For example, noises! Dreadfully unaccountable are the noises that a person, sitting up late at night, and alone, "and when a' the weary world to rest are gone," may hear in some houses. I say *alone*, because it is not to be supposed that when several persons are together, some talking and laughing, some moving about, some occupied one way and some another, that they should pay any attention to the mysterious noises of which I am speaking. I am not nervous, but really I could not live in a house that was so afflicted—no, not if I might have it rent free, and, moreover, be paid a rent for living in it.

And, again, there are still worse things than mere noises that make some houses very undesirable habitations for the living; such things, for instance, as shadowy figures to be seen flitting by, when there is apparently no substance to cause them; or a trembling to be felt in the air which makes the bellwires vibrate, or even the bells to ring at unseasonable hours. I cannot say that I ever actually saw these things myself, but I confess that once, just at midnight,—no, I will not say what it was now. I do not wish to make my friends either nervous or uncomfortable; still more unwilling am I to give them any cause for distrusting my veracity, so I will pass over that strange affair for the present at least, and merely give a true and faithful account of what happened in a house that I was well acquainted with, and then they must judge for themselves whether or not that house was —.

The house in question is a large and substantially-built mansion, standing in a beautiful, sheltered spot, although scarcely more than a furlong from the sea, and on the eastern coast of England. I know no other such spot on the whole line of coast from Berwick-on-Tweed to Dover. You already imagine that it is a stately edifice with gables, and turrets, partly clad with ivy, with deep-set, narrow-pointed windows, and winding-stairs complete? No such thing—neither is it a great staring modern house, standing stark naked with neither an evergreen shrub outside, nor a superstitious legend inside, to enliven it. On the contrary, the garden can boast of fig-trees of a magnitude seldom attained in our island except upon the southern coast, and the myrtle, which, farther inland, can only be kept alive through the winter months in a green-house, covers the walls with its shining dark-green leaves and fragrant silvery blossoms, to a height far above the drawing-room windows. The house may be a hundred years old—it may be more, or it may be less, though I should not think it. Who lives there now is no matter; our business is with the "good old Squire," as he was commonly called in the neighbourhood, who lived there five-and-twenty years ago. I knew him well, and a hearty, hospitable old trump he was, too. He was a widower, and had no family; but as his means were ample, his house large and well appointed, and, moreover, his disposition somewhat jovial, it seldom happened that he was without visitors. Of all the places I ever knew, it was the most pleasant to stay in: there was no trying to be cheerful or gay, it all came naturally; it seemed to be in the very air of the place. There was

plenty of shooting in the autumn; in the winter, hunting with two or three packs of harriers that were kept in the neighbourhood; in the summer an endless variety of amusements on sea or land, and for wet days there was a billiard-table and a good library for those who were inclined to be studious, or quiet, or lazy—everybody did as he liked—Liberty Hall it was.

And yet—I had heard, certainly, for I remembered it afterwards, though I paid very little attention to the matter at the time—I had heard that the house once had the reputation for being—for not being quite pleasant in all respects; but such things are said of so many country houses, that I looked upon this as mere idle gossip. Besides, the house had no appearance of the kind to warrant such reports. If such things had been said of Cranberry Hall, which was only two miles distant, inland, I should not so much wonder; its gloomy battlements, its windows divided by heavy stone mullions, its stacks of twisted and fretted chimneys, and, above all, that great dismal pine wood at the back, whose spiry tops by moonlight always looked to me like an enormous army of giants with their javelins piercing the sky—these might justify such a popular belief, but I never heard that there was even any suspicion of the kind attached to that melancholy-looking place. This, however, is an idle digression.

It was the last week in September, the weather was remarkably fine, we were a large party at the Squire's, and he was in the best possible spirits, for he expected a visit from an old school-fellow whom he had not seen for many years, but who had just written to say that he would come and give the pheasants a benefit on the first of October, as he had done some twenty years before. The Major, as I now learned from my host, was born and had spent his early youth in this neighbourhood; the two boys had gone to Eton together, and had always kept up a friendly correspondence, though their way in life had been so different that they had not met for twenty years.

On the last day of the month, just as we were sitting down to breakfast, the Squire evidently a little disappointed at not finding a letter in the post-bag from the Major, to our great surprise, in the old soldier walked. He had come down from London the day before, slept at the inn of the little market-town of Sandiland, where the coach stopped in the evening, had risen betimes, and now walked over to his old friend's house.

After the first hearty salutations had passed between the two friends, and sundry rough school-boyish jokes on the alteration that time had wrought in their personal appearance had been exchanged, it was decided that when breakfast was over, the rest of this day should be spent in reconnoitring certain favourite old haunts of their youth, and in paying visits to some half-dozen aged labourers and fishermen, whom the Major's kind heart had not suffered him to forget. The next day was to be dedicated to the slaughter of partridges and pheasants. Well, there is no need to dwell upon the unimportant events of the day. We dispersed in small parties, according to our



different tastes and inclinations, and assembled again when dinner-time approached. The evening came, and the time had passed away very quickly, we all thought, when some prudent person, the old grey-headed clergyman, I believe it was, reminded the company that it was drawing close upon midnight. Knowing our host's dislike to late hours, we arose to take our candles and depart.

"And where am I to perch?" demanded the Major, as we were shaking hands and bidding each other good night.

"Oh, you are to go into your *own* room; you recollect it, don't you, Charles? I fancied you would like it best."

"To be sure I do—recollect it, indeed! I'm not likely to forget your almost blowing me up with gunpowder, one New Year's night, in that room—sing'd half the hair off my head! 'Tis a wonder that I recovered my beauty as I did. Yes, I remember it; the third door on the right hand side, opposite—ah, by the by, who sleeps *there*? The old housekeeper, in your good father's time, used to try to frighten us boys about that room: she declared that nobody—"

"Foolish old woman!" interrupted our host rather hastily; "he was obliged to threaten her with instant dismissal if she spread such absurd reports; why, you would hardly believe it, but I assure you, at one time, my father could scarcely get a servant to live in the house—you know how superstitious most of our rural population is; however, the thing is forgotten now."

I was struck with the hurried manner in which these words were uttered, and still more with the uncasiness which the Squire betrayed when several of the younger part of the company, whose curiosity had naturally been roused by the foregoing conversation, began eagerly asking questions as to what the housekeeper had related. It was in vain that he tried to put an end to the conversation, or to turn it to some other subject; our curiosity was excited, and we were not satisfied till we heard all that the Major could tell us about the matter. It was not much, certainly.

"Mrs. Lofty—that was her name—used to tell us that nobody *could* sleep in that room; there was something so very dreadful to be seen, or to be heard, or both perhaps; for the old dame never would tell us all that she knew, or pretended to know; she declared, too, that no one had ever dared to pass a second night in it—was not that the story, Squire? We boys used to laugh at her superstition, but, to confess the truth, I believe at that time neither of us would have been very willing to spend a night in that room by himself."

We took up our several candlesticks, and proceeded upstairs to bed.

"Let us take a look at this mysterious apartment," said I, as we were about to pass the door, which was closed, but not locked; "let us see what is to be seen," and several of us walked in. It was a large, comfortable-looking room. The windows looked towards the east, catching a glimpse of the restless ocean at the end of the fine old avenue which led up to that side of the house. It was a still night; the moon, which was near the full, had but just risen, throwing a bright path of

light across the rippling water, and causing the massy foliage of the elms to look black against the sky. For a night view, I thought I had never seen anything more lovely.

The furniture in the room was heavy-looking and old-fashioned, unlike that in the other apartments, which had all been handsomely furnished when the Squire took possession of the place; this remained just as it was in his father's time. Between the windows was a large oval mirror of the fashion of the last century; the frame, which was white and gold, seemed intended to represent a confusion of deer's horns, dripping foliage, and icicles intermixed, the effect of which, though the connection between these objects is not very obvious, was undoubtedly pleasing. On each side of the fireplace was a large, high-backed, well-stuffed arm-chair; there were also other chairs of probably the same antiquity, if I may judge from their ample size, the elaborate carvings on the dark mahogany, and the faded worsted work which covered the seats. Besides these there was a table, a large oak chest with brass clasps, such as our great-grandmothers used to keep their linen or their blankets in, and a bedstead, on which, however, there were neither hangings nor bedding of any sort. The walls were of painted wainscot, the floor was well carpeted, and the room had merely the appearance of being disused, not the least of dirt or neglect.

The Major seated himself in one of the large easy chairs, and made a scrutinizing survey of the room.

"So this room is given up to the—"

"Come, come," interrupted the Squire; "there's the clock striking twelve, and—"

"Upon my honour, Jack, I believe you know a good deal more about the housekeeper's story than you choose to tell us—what is it now? Nay, don't look so grim. I've a great mind to take up my quarters here for the night. I wish I may never have a worse berth to sleep in than this great downy chair; it fits me exactly." And the old boy stretched out his legs, threw his head back into the soft cushions, and yawned as if he had finally settled himself for the night.

"Major, you'll oblige me by going into your own room," urged our host.

"Squire, you'll oblige me by letting me have my own way," retorted his friend; "and with your leave," continued he, rising, "I'll just look into that big chest, too. Oh! empty; then I will keep it so," and locking it, he put the key into his pocket.

Amongst the guests was an old clergyman, who many years ago had been rector of the parish, which he quitted on being presented to a better living in a distant part of England; he was now on a visit to the Squire, with whom, and with his father before him, he had lived on terms of considerable intimacy. Whilst the Major was making his observations, Mr. Bradley was carefully examining the wainscot, now and then tapping it, as if to ascertain whether it were hollow in any place.

"Is there any closet in this room?" asked Mr. Bradley.

"No—and no other door than the one we came

in at. By the by, there once was a plate-closet, just behind the chair next the fireplace, but it was closed up ages ago, when my father had one made for the plate in his own bedroom. The closet now opens into the room at the back of this—my man-servant's."

"And formerly the housekeeper's room; you remember, perhaps, that I came to see her, by her own request, a few days before she died?"

The Major fixed his eyes on Mr. Bradley as he was speaking, as if he were trying to read his thoughts, but it was in vain; if he had any secret, his mild countenance did not betray it.

"What do you say, Mr. Bradley, for I fancy you know something more than we do: tell me now, would *you* have any objection to sleeping here?"

"None whatever, except that I prefer a bed to a chair to sleep in."

The Squire said, "The truth is that many years ago the room got a bad name, and it has not been slept in since; in fact, the house is so large that it has not been wanted. As to myself, I never did sleep in it, for I prefer my own room, which has a south aspect."

"Perhaps," suggested one of the party, "the rats may have found their way over the ceiling, or a cowl on some chimney top makes a noise—when people go to bed with nonsense of this sort in their heads, the hooting of an owl, or the roaring of the sea, or even the wind in the trees becomes something supernatural in their imagination."

At length, much to the satisfaction of us young people, who scorned the idea of rats, crows, or wind, and who had a strong inclination to believe in the supernatural, some of the Major's traps, as he called them, were removed from the opposite room, as he declared that here, and nowhere else, would he spend the night. Some of the youngers proposed that he should be provided with pistols, but he shook his head, and said that he should be sufficiently armed against all comers with a good stout walking-stick.—"And you had better not attempt to play any tricks, my lads, unless you have a mind to get a broken head," added he, laughing.

After some arrangements for the Major's comfort, which, by the by, he protested against as being quite superfluous, the party dispersed for the night.

The first of October was as fine a morning as any sportsman could wish for. At a little after eight we were all in the breakfast-parlour, except the Squire and Mr. Bradley, who were slowly walking up and down the grass plot before the windows, apparently in earnest conversation.

The Major had already been besieged by a number of questions, which he answered in a joking manner, saying that the morning was not the time for such subjects, that we must keep our nerves steady, and think no more about hobgoblins, or the pheasants would escape us. But when the Squire and Mr. Bradley joined us, and the latter pointedly asked him how he had passed the night, he replied:

"I really am sorry to disappoint you, but I must confess that I slept very well, and I saw

nothing worse than myself (after these young chaps left the room, I mean)—what I *heard* is another affair!"

"What—what did you hear, sir?" from half a dozen of us at once.

"I heard—don't let me alarm you—I heard the fellow in the room at the back of mine snoring like a pig."

"Nothing else?"

"No, upon my honour, nothing else; *my* story is a very short one!"

"It is very satisfactory," said the old clergyman. "In the evening the Squire and I shall have our stories to tell, but not till then, as there are some matters connected with *my* story which are not quite clear. While you are out shooting, I am in hopes of finding the missing links in a chain of evidence which will be satisfactory to all parties."

When breakfast was over, all those amongst us who were sportsmen took their guns, and went out for a day's shooting. I have seen younger men than the Major knocked up after walking for five or six hours through turnip-fields and underwood, with a double-barrelled gun on their shoulders; but he seemed as full of mirth and jollity as he was the day before, and assured us, when we sat down to dinner, that he felt as fresh after his day's work, as he should have done twenty years ago.

In the evening we reminded Mr. Bradley of the promise he had made us.

"I had not forgotten it," he replied; "but it will be best that the Squire should tell his part of the story first."

The Squire said, "If it had not been for the—what shall I call it?—obstinacy? resolution? firmness? of my old friend, here, who would persist in sleeping in that unlucky room last night, and the fortunate circumstance of Mr. Bradley's being here, you certainly would never have heard, from me at least, any account of the mystery which has so long perplexed me. I must begin by telling you, that to the best of my knowledge *that* room was never slept in but twice since I was born, and I am more than forty years old. You heard what the Major said respecting our old housekeeper. She and her husband lived here in my grandfather's time, they grew old in service, and died within a few weeks of one another. On the day that the old woman was buried, as I was returning from the funeral, I overheard something which, it appeared to me, was spoken purposely for me to hear, though it was addressed by one old village gossip to another. I do not recollect the precise words, but the purport was, that *the Squire would have no more evil spirits in his house now*. This brought to my mind the strange stories which I used to hear when I was a boy, and without having the slightest idea that my father attached any importance to the matter, for I never in my life had heard him allude to it, I unwittingly asked him what could have induced the housekeeper to tell such terrible stories about one room in his house. You may imagine how much I was astonished at his reply, when he told me that what the housekeeper had said was but too true!

"For some time past," he added, "I have

intended to speak to you about this painful matter, but having hitherto always endeavoured to drive the subject from my mind, I have not had sufficient resolution to do so."

"I begged my father to explain himself, and to conceal nothing from me; for, to confess the truth, the more reluctant he appeared to be, the more urgently I pressed him.

"He then told me that, not long after my grandfather's death, he had ordered this room to be prepared for a friend who was coming to spend a few days with him; that his servant had made difficulties and objections, and had proposed some other room for his guest, but that he did not choose to give way to her whims, and accordingly his friend slept in the room as he desired, but on the following morning he told my father that he must leave him that day, and when pressed to give his reasons for so sudden a determination, he protested that nothing could induce him to stay another night in a house in which his rest had been disturbed by such frightful visions. He refused to tell my father what it was he had seen—he refused to sleep in any other room, and he tried hard to persuade my father never either to sleep in *that* room himself, or to allow any other person to do so. Fully persuaded, however, that his friend was labouring under some mental delusion, my father, who had no fears whatever about the matter himself, was so far from being deterred from sleeping there, that he immediately resolved to do so that very night, and accordingly, in spite of the evident reluctance of his house-keeper, he did so, thinking, as he told me, that this would be the most effectual means of putting an end to the foolish rumours which had been spread by ignorant and superstitious servants.

"Taking the precaution to lock the door in order to prevent any intrusion in the night, he left a lamp burning on the dressing-table and went to bed; and, undisturbed by any apprehensions, soon fell asleep. My father was always a sound sleeper, and not easily disturbed by noise in the night, and it was not by any noise that he was now awakened, but by feeling the bed-clothes gently moving, as if some one were pulling them towards the foot of the bed. The bed, I should observe, stood just as you saw it last night, facing the fireplace, on each side of which stand those high-backed chairs, and with the left side towards the door. As it was a cold night, my father had drawn the side curtains of his bed, but there were no window-curtains, nor even blinds, and though the moon shone brightly into his room at the time he awoke, and the lamp was still burning, he could see nothing but the furniture standing in the usual places. He lay quite still, and hearing no noise, nor perceiving any motion in the bed-clothes, he began to think that he had been dreaming, in consequence of the conversation he had had with his guest in the morning. But hardly had he composed himself to sleep again, when he felt the bed-curtains on both sides of his bed first gently, and then violently shake. Still he saw nothing, and, notwithstanding a certain degree of trepidation which he confessed that he felt, he made a sudden plunge at the curtain with open arms, but whatever was there it eluded his grasp, and again for a minute all

was quiet. He now determined to rise, but the moment he began to stir, he beheld two figures slowly and noiselessly gliding from the sides of his bed towards the foot—they stopped for an instant, then moved in the direction of the windows, which were opposite the door, and between which was the table on which the lamp stood. Without again attempting to rise, my father turned to look whether the door was open. No, it was shut, and the key remained in the lock as he had left it. During the few seconds which passed while he was looking at the door, he perceived that the lamp had gone out, or had been extinguished, for instead of the yellow light of the lamp there was now only the pale blue light of the moon, shining through the windows. The two figures were still there, now standing motionless, then slowly retreating backwards in the direction of the fireplace. My father became nervous and extremely uncomfortable, yet he retained sufficient presence of mind to enable him to examine his nocturnal visitors.

"Except that they were of a different height, in all other respects they presented precisely the same horrible aspect, which my father described as that of a death's head, partially concealed by a sort of cowl or veil, which fell over the shoulders, while the body was loosely wrapped in long white drapery, which, descending to the feet, concealed the whole of the figure except one bony wrist and hand. The idea of being locked in with these two frightful unearthly beings became intolerable, and my father resolved at all hazards to rush out of bed and make his escape. He rose, keeping his eyes fixed on the spectres who were now nodding their ghastly heads, and beckoning him with their skeleton fingers, but making no attempt to approach nearer the bed, or to intercept his retreat towards the door. Though in a state of considerable agitation, my father never for an instant lost his presence of mind, and though, as he told me, his hand shook violently as he unlocked the door, he did not neglect to take out the key and lock it again on the other side as soon as he found himself safely in the passage. This done, he passed on quickly to his own bedroom, and hurrying on his dressing-gown, went without a minute's delay to call up his man-servant. Now I must explain, for the benefit of those here who are not so well acquainted with the geography of the house as Mr. Bradley and the Major, that in order to reach the butler's room it was necessary first to go down the front stairs, then through the servants' hall, and up the back stairs which lead to the servants' rooms. With all the haste, therefore, that my father could make, several minutes must have elapsed between the time of his leaving the room in which he had slept, and his reaching that of his servants.

"He knocked sharply at the door, but receiving no answer he went in, and, as he expected, found the butler and his wife both fast asleep. His first idea was to wake them, and ask if they had heard or seen anything unusual; but, after a few moments' reflection, he decided that it would be much more discreet to leave them to their repose, which he felt assured had not been disturbed that night.

"Without betraying his secret to any person in the house, he next morning made a careful examination of the room. The door he found locked as he had left it; the windows were both of them barred. That old-fashioned linen-chest which you saw last night, I should tell you, was not then kept in the room, and if it had been it could never have contained two, or even one being of the size of those whom my father had seen gliding about in the moonlight. It was impossible that they should have been secreted under the bedstead, which was too low to admit of such a supposition. The chimney was much too narrow, and, had it been otherwise, the white garments of the apparitions would have afforded sufficient proof that they did not enter by that means. The sliding panel in the wainscot was immovable, having been made fast at the time that my father had the plate-closet removed to his own chamber. The thing was inexplicable: the more my father pondered on the matter, the more was he perplexed, and at length, finding no clue to the mystery, he resolved, whether wisely or not I cannot say, to keep it to himself, and comply with his friend's entreaty never to allow any person to occupy the room again.

"Such was my father's strange story, which he concluded by begging me, whenever I should take his place as master of the house, to prevent any one's sleeping in that chamber,—and no one ever has done so till last night, when, you all are aware how much against my wish, the Major persisted in passing the night in a room which for such extraordinary reasons has been disused for so many years. I have nothing more to add, but Mr. Bradley will now tell you, not only what came to his knowledge several years ago, but of the discoveries he made this morning whilst we were out with our guns; and when you have heard his story I think you will agree with me in believing that he has thrown such a strong light on the spectres that they will never again venture to show themselves in this neighbourhood."

Addressing himself to the Squire, Mr. Bradley said:

"Although I have been in orders almost forty years I never till to-day was called upon to lay a ghost! In former times, I believe, it was considered to be one part of the priest's duty, and probably a very profitable part, for who would not pay a pretty round sum of money to get rid of such unwelcome visitors as those that you have just described moping and mowing, nodding their brainless skulls, and shaking their skeleton fingers to the terror of all good Christians who would fain sleep in peace; entering his room, too, in spite of locked doors and well-barred windows, and vanishing in the like miraculous manner! 'Tis horrible to think of! What incantations those long-headed old priests used to overcome the powers of darkness I am deplorably ignorant of. Perhaps, like me, they sometimes got a little peep behind the scenes, which is a vast help in these matters, and without which advantage, I confess, I should have been quite unable to fathom this mysterious affair.

"I must tell you, then, that about sixteen years ago, whilst I was still a resident in this parish, I

was sent for one day to see Mrs. Lofty, the old housekeeper here, who was dying. I had buried her husband only a few weeks before. The old couple had for a great many years been considered as most trustworthy and conscientious servants of the *old Squire*, your father (for you were called the young Squire then), but it seems in one particular they had not deserved the confidence which was reposed in them. The woman, it seems, was greatly afraid of her husband, for whilst he was alive she had never had sufficient courage to confess the guilty part she had taken in deceiving her master. After his death, and feeling that her own end was approaching, she determined to relieve her conscience by making a full confession of the deception they had so successfully practised. She told me that in his youth her husband, like a great many men of his class on this coast, had often been actively engaged in smuggling spirits, and that long after he had discontinued going out to sea, and had to all appearance become a steady man, he had kept up a connection with smugglers, and aided them in various ways, but so cunningly that he never had been suspected by his master. You observed," continued Mr. Bradley, addressing himself to me, "the beautiful view of the sea from the windows of the 'haunted room,' as it has been called for many years? Now there are only two bedrooms in the house which command this particular view, looking down the great avenue—the one just mentioned and the adjoining one, occupied by the man-servant. It was well known that a very favourite place for running a cargo of spirits on shore was just that spot opposite the end of the avenue, where it was easy to conceal the kegs amongst the black rocks at low water, and where the proximity of so many trees afforded concealment to the boat's crew. In order to prevent, if possible, the room from being used at night, they gave it a bad name, and affected to believe that it was haunted, and so long as this scheme answered their purpose they took no other means; but if, in spite of the dark hints that the housekeeper threw out, any person should persist in sleeping there, they were prepared with some frightful disguises with which to terrify him sufficiently to prevent a second attempt at such an indiscretion. Still," continued Mr. Bradley, again addressing the Squire, "this does not account for the most perplexing part of the business. I have no doubt that it was the belief that there was no other means of entering the room except by the door or windows, which were known to be securely fastened, which caused the terror that was felt both by your late father and by his friend. But there was, and there still is, if I have not been misinformed, a perfectly easy means of access from one of these rooms to the other, which, with your permission, sir, we will now go and examine. I expect that we shall find other proofs of roguery which will leave no doubt as to the character of the monstrous apparitions you have just described."

We went upstairs into the man-servant's room. Mr. Bradley opened the door of a closet by the side of the fireplace, at the back of which were five or six brass hooks, on which hung the man's

great coat, a waterproof cape, and some other garments.

"I think if we remove these things," said Mr. Bradley, "we shall discover the entrance into the other room."

The coats were instantly taken down, but still we could see no signs of any communication with the "haunted room."

"This closet, you observe, is not eighteen inches in depth, and as there is no recess by the side of the chimney in the other room, there must be plenty of space for another closet of similar dimensions at the back of this—the question is, how is it to be got at?"

"My carpenter can show us that," said the Squire, "he fitted up the plate closet, and made this for the servants at the same time."

"And you were absent from home at the time, so I think Mrs. Lofty told me?"

"Yes, she cunningly suggested that the job had better be done when I was out of the way, on account of the dust and other disturbances it would make. I see her reasons now, the old hypocrite!"

"You need not send for the carpenter: 'a sliding door, like the one her master had ordered to be fastened up,' that is what she said, and though she was much confused, and at times quite incoherent, repeating these words frequently without any obvious sense, I believe I now understand what she meant. Those pegs, you see, are placed above the panel, and are immovable, but the panel itself, which in fact forms the partition between the two rooms, I have no doubt is the one she attempted to describe."

It was probably a great many years since the door had been moved, so that it did not give way immediately when we endeavoured to push it aside. However, after some little impatience, and a good deal of humouring, we at length got it to slide in the groove which had been made for it.

If there were any doubt remaining in our minds as to the nature of the apparitions which had caused so much dismay in the family in gone by times, what we now beheld would have dissipated it, for on the back of the panel which opened into the "haunted room," hung two pasteboard masks, made closely to represent two death's heads, and on the floor lay a heap of dusty, yellow-looking linen, which had once been white. On removing these ghostly habiliments, we found two skeleton hands, or the imitations of them, for I cannot say that I examined them sufficiently to know what materials they were made of. Such were the abominable disguises that had been used by the butler and the housekeeper his wife!

There now remained only to remove the partition between the closet and the "haunted room." This was done without any difficulty, after a small iron hook, or catch, had been raised. The passage between the two rooms was thus easily made, yet quite imperceptible when it was closed.

Some of the company present proposed that the masks and other trumpery should be publicly shown in the village, but the old clergyman suggested that it would be far better they should be burnt, and as the Squire was of the same

opinion, we immediately made an *auto da fê* of all the rubbish.

"There is one thing I don't quite understand," said the Squire, speaking to Mr. Bradley, "how was it that you never till now told me of the rascally trick that had been played by Lofty and his wife?"

"You recollect that I left Sandiland just at the time of the old woman's death. If I had remained here, most likely the subject would have been mentioned, and the discovery which we have just now made, would have been made sixteen years ago. But the fact is I had not any notion that the audacious plan of using frightful disguises had ever been carried into execution, or that your father himself had ever been so insulted by his servants. What was meant about the *sliding door* I never suspected till last night, when you told us of the secret closet that had formerly been used for plate. I think, sir, that the ghost is now for ever laid, and that this room may very safely be used in future; perhaps it would be the best way of silencing foolish tongues if it were slept in occasionally. Some of these young men—"

Four or five candidates offered themselves immediately.

Before the party at Sandiland broke up, I was obliged to return to my studies. Many years have rolled on since those happy days, bringing their stores of good and of evil, bringing new friends and dearer relations, sweeping away old friends, none more dear to me than my kind-hearted old friend the Squire. The Major, too, is gone, and the fine old house where we met has passed into very different hands, and is no longer . . . what it was!

## FOOD AND PHYSIC IN ANCIENT DENMARK.

In early times—so ancient authors tell us—the Danish nation, like every other primeval community, lived the hardy life of hunters. Scarcely had an infant uttered its first feeble wail, than it was plunged into a stream of ice-cold water, or rolled in a heap of snow. "No art, no nurse," says the Danish author, Schœning, "taught the little Dane to walk;" he acquired the accomplishment himself, scrambling naked upon the earth among the scattered branches of trees, upon which he laid hold to raise himself from the ground. As soon as he could run with ease, he was set to explore the recesses of the forest, to launch his tiny arrow at the abundant game, or to paddle his little skiff over the smooth waters of the numerous lakes and creeks in search of fish. His nourishment was strong and coarse, but suited to the Danish climate, which is cold and humid, although pure and sufficiently healthy. A very common dish among the early Danes was *gammelmad*. This was a kind of salted meat; and the name of the dish, signifying in English *stale food*, originated in the custom of cooking it a week beforehand. An ancient writer on physiology praises the salubrity of this national diet; which was only varied by the occasional introduction of fish in various forms; or of the different soups

then called by the generic name of *skeemad* (spoon meat). These still linger among the Danish peasantry, and are now denominated *sebemad*.

Torfaeus speaks of the gruels and milk soups; and it appears, according to Saxo, that oatmeal gruel, well-thickened, was used by the poorer class of people as a substitute for bread. A little later, cabbages were much cultivated. Salt was made by throwing water on the ashes of seaweed. The inhabitants of the small isle of Lessoe were celebrated among the Danes for their expertness in fabricating this species of salt.

Later still, bees were extensively kept, and carefully tended; their honey being used in the place of sugar. Vinegar came from fruits or beer. This beer was not made from hops, but from the berries of the *Myrica gale* of Linnæus. Cider, mead, and strong beer (*gammelteel*) were reserved for fêtes. If the early Danes sometimes drank *gammelteel* to intoxication, the nature of the climate must be their excuse; besides, strong beer, as they made it, was far less hurtful than the corn-brandy which they substituted in later times.

Gymnastic exercises were much patronised. Thorlacius has given an excellent description of these games. Saxo relates that the celebrated Danish bishop, Absalon, would often go unattended into the forests to chop wood by way of exercise. Nor were the early Danes inattentive to cleanliness. Their beautifully clear and rosy skins were continually washed and bathed; their flowing light hair was neatly dressed and frequently combed. Towels had been in use from the beginning, and were first made from plaited fibres, or thin bark. Snorro says that King Suend Estridsen, flying to the isle of Huen, incurred the anger of his hostess; who, not recognising him as her sovereign, scolded him heartily for drying his hands too high up on the towel that she had lent him. The ancient meetings called *gildeskraar*, and at which fines were levied from offenders against cleanliness and propriety, are further evidence of the sanitary observances of the early Danes.

Doctors were as yet in small repute. During one of the wars prosecuted by the Danish King Suend Tveskieg against England, dysentery appeared in his army. No physician was present to arrest the ravages of the disease; it rapidly spread among the ranks of warriors, and several thousand men perished. The mortality would have been still greater, but for the medical knowledge of an English ecclesiastic whom they had recently brought a prisoner into their camp. In the pompous expedition made by Canute the Great to Rome, when every minister of luxury was included in the royal suite, physicians and apothecaries were alone wanting; and the monarch and his attendants were greatly indebted to the hospitable cares of the Comte de Namur, who welcomed the royal train, and healed the sick and ailing among them.

In those strong, hearty times, the people lived an active and stirring life; and when, by reason of illness or the access of extreme old age, their throbbing pulses waxed feebler and feebler, they boldly faced the shadowy future, and quietly resigned themselves to approaching death. "The

hour is come," was the submissive cry when the sick gave tokens of impending dissolution. After this, in place of striving to arrest the rapidly-nearing crisis, they rather sought to accelerate it. They cited Odin's example as one worthy of imitation. According to Snorro, this hero no sooner felt his end approaching, than he decided between life and death by falling on the point of his sword. Traces of this feeling are still to be met with. Even yet, in the remoter nooks and corners of the Danish peninsula and its more distant islets, the peasantry neglect to invoke the offices of the physician, and die without his aid. When the tokens manifest themselves which are infallible signs of death, there still exist places in Jutland where the relatives will put on mourning before the patient is dead. The injurious custom of withdrawing the pillow from beneath the head of the dying, even now occasionally practised among the lower classes of the populace, is a disagreeable remnant of former ignorance. About a century and a half ago, it was regarded as a work of true friendship among the nobility and higher citizens to deprive a dying friend of the support for his head. This act of friendly sympathy could not fail to hasten the death of many persons who otherwise might have lived several hours or even days longer.

As may be supposed, from the frequent wars and turmoils, surgery was much more in request than medicine. Kings themselves were experienced surgeons; and every warrior learned the art of healing wounds. Nor were the women deficient in this respect; they often thronged in crowds to the field of battle to tend the wounded heroes. The use of knives and probes was well understood; gashes were sewed up, limbs amputated, and even replaced by wooden imitations. A species of sedan-chair was invented for the conveyance of the wounded. King Suend was carried in one of these. It is said that gashes made by arrows and other ancient arms, were much more difficult to heal than those inflicted by modern weapons. Female surgeons made great use of a kind of soup cooked in stone jars, and seasoned with onions and other herbs, which they administered to their patients before dressing their wounds. The sick having swallowed the decoction, their nurses pretended to judge by their breath whether the hurts were dangerous or not. Probably this soup contained a species of anodyne, which assuaged the sufferings of the wounded, and thus afforded more facility for the examination and dressing of his wounds.

The use of herbs as medicinal applications, was thoroughly understood by the women of those ancient times. In this branch of the art of healing the fair sex were wholly unrivalled. Idu, the wife of Braga, succeeded in many cures by means of a certain species of apple, of which she alone understood the properties, and which has since been supposed to be neither more nor less than a large pill made up of pounded herbs. In the funeral orations pronounced over the graves of noble ladies, their knowledge of the properties of herbs was frequently the subject of distinct eulogium.

It rather undermines our theories of health, to find that, notwithstanding the simple and hardy habits of the early countrymen of our princess, acute illnesses of all kinds were tolerably prevalent. The two prevailing diseases were scurvy and fever; although other sicknesses are incidentally mentioned, as jaundice, dropsy, consumption, smallpox, and so forth. Canute the Great died of the jaundice.

The more violent maladies, as madness, convulsions, epilepsy, were regarded as effects of the malice of the devil and of evil spirits (Onde Aander).

Leprosy, which is but a scorbutic affection of extreme and loathsome virulence, was fearfully common. The first hospitals erected by the Danish nation, owed their origin to this disgusting malady; as is amply proved by the first name of these abodes of sickness and contagion being simply "leprosy-houses." Since those remote centuries, the extension of agriculture, a moderated consumption of fish, and a better regulated dietary altogether, have expelled the leprosy from Denmark.

Even so early as the sixteenth century, this disease had so much diminished in the country, that the emptied hospitals were applied to other purposes.

During the tenth century, the plague made its appearance several times, and was confidently looked for every ten years. That form of it which prevailed there and all over Europe in 1349-50, was known to the Danes by the name of *Sorte Daed* (the Black Death). Gebhardi and other historians affirm that two-thirds of the inhabitants of Denmark perished by this fearful pest. It was introduced into Jutland by an English vessel, and spared neither men nor animals. The sufferers never lingered more than two days, and died vomiting blood.

The mistletoe berry (*Seidou mistel*) was a remedy long in vogue for various diseases, and much relied on by the ancient Danes. Snorro attributes its discovery to Odin. It grew on several species of trees besides the oak; and was applied externally as well as internally. Juniper berries, mustard, and wormwood, cured all kinds of pains and colics. Cows' milk, and the bark of the oak, were very useful in dysentery. The roes of fish were recommended in many maladies. The blood of ferocious animals, such as the bear and the wolf, was imbibed by way of a tonic. Biarke, an ancient hero, caused his ailing friend, Hialté, to suck the blood of a recently-killed bear. Drowned people were recovered, much as in these days, by means of friction and the application of heat.

Warming-pans were known; and bleeding was a common remedy in diseases of repletion. It was usually resorted to in the spring and fall of the year; and certain days were regarded as fortunate or unfortunate for the purpose.

Water ranked among the simple remedies. Baths were established in all the towns of Denmark. That these were usually warm is proved by their name, *Badstner*, the word *bad* signifying "to heat." But, being gradually used for other and wrong purposes, these establishments

were submitted to severe inspection, and their numbers gradually diminished.

Certain springs enjoyed the reputation of being medicinal. One in the cemetery of Skandrup, in Jutland, cured diseases of the eye in men and animals. Another at Tyrstback, in Jutland, healed burns and scalds. Qualities that would prevent the plague were attributed to a spring at Brøns-høli, in Zealand. King Waldemar Christoffersen used the water from a spring near Vorddringborg to cure his gout. Every province had its principal spring, to which crowds of the peasantry resorted on the eve of St. John. These spots are still occasionally visited.

There formerly existed in Denmark a famous compilation of medical recipes, called "The Eleven Books," several volumes of which have survived the ravages of time and neglect, and are to be met with in the cabinets of the curious in such matters. These books used to be distributed over the country, and were handed down as precious bequests to the third and fourth generation. The first court-physician whose name has descended to us was the Abbé Johannes. This learned man attempted the cure of King Waldemar the First, ill of a mortal disease. He prepared for that monarch a peculiar *tisane*, and enveloped him in linen coverings by way of producing a profuse perspiration, but egregiously failed. Another eminent medical man of those later times was Henri Harpestraeng, who wrote a treatise on the art of healing. This book is still extant, and, being written in the Danish tongue, affords much insight into the early history of that language. Henri Harpestraeng died in 1244. When the Kings of the House of Oldenburg ascended the throne of Denmark, civilisation made a few steps in advance. In 1480 the University of Copenhagen was founded, and medicine represented there; but only moderately cultivated until the Reformation in 1536. Since then the healing art has been sedulously studied in Denmark; and that kingdom abounds with able surgeons and physicians, who will stand a comparison with the medical practitioners of any other educated state.

## TO THE ALPS.

ETERNAL Alps, in your sublime abode

The soul goes forth untrammelled, and, apart

From little self, expands and learns of God.

There, it forgets awhile the busy mart

Where strength, heart, life, are coined with cunning art

To common currency; forgets the strife

For gold, place, power, and fame; the bitter smart

Of disappointment, pain, and sorrow life,

Where poor humanity walks in the paths of life.

Ye are unsullied by the serpent's trail

Of sin and death, with all their weary woes;

And ye do minister within the veil

Of an eternity that never knows

The changes of decay. Time overthrows

Man's proudest glory, but his hand has striven

In vain to mar your beauty; as ye rose,

When form and light to the young earth were given,

Ye stand, with your white brows, by the closed gates  
of heaven.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

## FOGLANDERS IN CIGOGNE.

EVERYBODY knows that on the Crapaudian side of the salt-water ditch (called in that language the Sleeve), which divides the two mighty empires of Fogland and Crapaudy, stands the famous little town called Cigogne.

A famous town in every respect. Without going further into antiquity, it was here that Cossikin the First, that puissant little conqueror, posted his army of observation, and day after day mounted the heights, telescope in hand, to scan the white cliffs of the opposite coast. The phlegmatic Foglanders did not appear greatly troubled at his threats of invasion, but proceeded quietly with their sea-bathing as if nothing were going to happen. And nothing did happen to them; but as for poor little Cossikin, he came to grief, and passed his latter days on a rocky island, assiduously guarded by a gentleman whom he found an extremely disagreeable specimen of Fogland breeding. All this is matter of history, and nothing to my present purpose. Let me return to Cigogne.

To describe the town of Cigogne would be deemed an intolerable impertinence. Cigogne is as well known to the Foglanders as their own gigantic smoke-begrimed metropolis of Troynovant. It is their principal port of entry when they wish to escape from the forest of factory chimneys with which their native country is known to be covered, or when they desire to see the blue sky, and behold that luminary which warms and lights the world, but seldom discloses his glorious face to their gaze. This is what the Crapaudians say. Moreover, a good many Foglanders remain permanently in Cigogne. Formerly hosts of disreputable persons from that island made this town their abode, and amused themselves (so it is traditionally rumoured) by watching the bailiffs through exceedingly powerful telescopes, as they stood waving their writs in agonies of despair on the chalk cliffs opposite. This is no longer the case. Owing to a barbarous international arrangement, Fogland debtors can be arrested even in free and happy Crapaudy. Consequently they stay at home, or fly across the western waves to the shores of what was the Lincolnian Republic.

The Foglanders who at present inhabit Cigogne are, as a rule, a harmless, respectable race, who pay their bills weekly, and are not ashamed to look any man in the face. They go there to economise, though their economy is doubtful; for it is a singular fact, that wherever a Foglander sets his foot the market-price of all commodities immediately rises. Still Foglanders are fond of Cigogne. It is one of the few places out of Fogland where a man can live comfortably without being bothered to acquire the lingo. By this epithet contemptuous Foglanders are apt to style all other tongues but their own. Numbers of elderly persons dwell there for years without learning a dozen sentences of the Crapaudian language. They live on beef and mutton cooked in the Fogland style, keep Fogland servants, receive the "Daily Jupiter" (the great Troynovant newspaper) by the post, and interchange visits with none but natives of their

own land. Indeed, the more aristocratic Cigognards still look rather shyly on natives of Fogland. They have not forgotten the seedy, swaggering generation of billiard-playing, debt-contracting, bailiff-shunning islanders, which used to patronise their town.

I have said that Foglanders frequently will not take the trouble to acquire the Crapaudian language. Here is a specimen. Look at Joe Batters, who keeps the Cherry Tree, a little public-house near the beach. He is eighty years old, and has lived thirty years in Cigogne. His house is chiefly frequented by Fogland sailors. Well, regard old Batters as he sits by his stove, with a glass of Hollands in his hand, looking, in that curious skeleton suit of velveteen, which it is his fancy to wear, like an immensely exaggerated and ancient charity boy. "I've been thirty year in the country," he says, "and I don't know a word of the language." Just then a cow saunters leisurely in front of the house, and gazes contemptively in at the door, probably to see what Joe Batters is like. These cows are the pest of Joe's existence. They are the thorns in his sleek flesh. He rushes to the door. "Alley," he roars, "why" (here understand a number of Fogland adjectives and substantives of an emphatic character) "don't you alley."

So Joe Batters was wrong after all, and he does know one word of the language. But he is mightily proud of his stupendous ignorance, far prouder than Cardinal Mezzofanti was, or Elihu Burritt is, of their respective linguistic acquirements. These Foglanders are certainly a curious race. At another port in Crapaudy (not Cigogne) I once saw a poor woman paddling her boat-load of fruit and vegetables under the stern of a Fogland steamer. She addressed the mate, who was leaning over the taffrail, in the Crapaudian tongue. He retorted, "Where's the use of talking that gibberish; speak plain Foglandic, can't yer?" The woman with some difficulty obeyed the injunction. I could not help admiring the "cheek" of the honest seaman, who, being in Crapaudy, styled Crapaudian gibberish.

Then there is another Foglander who keeps a tavern of somewhat higher pretensions than old Batters's, namely, Mr. Winskip. Mr. Winskip has seen better days, and talks with affectionate regret of Mayswater, and a "trap" in which he used to drive a famous trotting mare along the Ducksbridge Road. At present he appears to be a gentleman of strong theatrical tendencies, and regales a select company of Foglanders, who assemble in the parlour every evening from eight till eleven, with songs, sentiments, and recitations. The choruses make a good deal of noise, and the Crapaudian police authorities have a constitutional objection to noise. Noise, they argue, leads to contention; contention blossoms into riot, riot ripens into revolt, revolt becomes revolution. So they come to Mr. Winskip's door, and send in messages of a threatening character. It is reported that they may be occasionally rendered amiable by the exhibition of *absinthe*. One can conceive the administration of a judicious glass of ale to a Troynovant Peeler, with his citizen-like hat and long overcoat; but to offer



liquor, for the purpose of bribery and corruption, to a fierce-looking gentleman in a tremendous cocked-hat, with a sword by his side and a formidable moustache under his nose, appears undignified and absurd. This rumour, therefore, is probably mere scandal. I know that Mr. Winskip is in constant fear of losing his licence. After eleven o'clock, all houses of public entertainment are sternly closed, and Mr. Winskip is in mortal terror when some gentleman, who has imbibed liquor enough to make him noisy, insists, after the legal hour of shutting up, on favouring the company with "The Flag that's braved a thousand years," "I'm a Foglander," or some other anti-Crapaudian ditty of an uproarious character. Sometimes a compromise is effected, and the singer goes through the performance in a hoarse whisper, while Mr. Winskip keeps glancing nervously through the window.

Mr. Winskip attributes this excessive activity on the part of the police to his Fogland origin, and hints gloomily that they would not be down upon him so, but that the *entente cordiale* between Cossikin the Third and Her Foglandic Majesty is in a shaky condition. Indeed, it seems to be the fashion in Winskip's parlour to abuse Crapaudy. There is not often a Crapaudian present; but when there is, he is apt to get terribly roasted. Covert allusions are made to Waterblue, and other famous victories gained by the Foglanders over his countrymen, and the Crapaudian is naturally inclined to get angry.

Mrs. Winskip is a dolorous personage, afflicted with perennial neuralgia, who is perpetually regretting the days when she lived in the Sledge-ware Road, and abusing the people and institutions of Crapaudy. As for the Cigognards, she asserts that they are, one and all, a set of thieves. I have certainly heard that some of the tradespeople have an ugly knack of misdating bills, and sending them in a second time after payment has been made; but are not such things done at all watering-places? Are the people of Snargate, Wethersgate, Grover, Shinnington, and Skirthing immaculate in this respect? I humbly think not.

But I should be sorry if all the inhabitants of Fogland resident in Cigogne were like those I have described. I have only picked out a few peculiar specimens. They are not to be taken as samples of the bulk. There are plenty of Foglanders who, while retaining their prejudices for what is good in their own country, can allow that some things are managed better in Crapaudy.

For instance, it is not necessary in Lutetia, the gay metropolis of Crapaudy, if you are going to an evening party and mean to walk home, to wear a wash-leather collar with spikes outside round your neck, to carry a Spanish knife up your coat-sleeve, a revolver in your breast-pocket, and a loaded "neddy" in your hand. I read in the columns of the "Daily Jupiter" that it is considered advisable to do so in Troynovant. Again, in Cigogne you seldom see drunken people staggering about the quays at night. If you do, the bemuddled individual is probably a Foglander. I do not say the Cigognards never get tipsy, but they contrive to do it quietly at home. Then an intelligent Foglander sometimes regrets, while gazing

at the snow-white caps, short petticoats, and stout shoes of the women of the working order, that the corresponding class in his own country possesses no characteristic costume. In Fogland even the street-beggar presents in her dress a shabby, battered resemblance to a duchess.

Talking of the women, they are in Crapaudy what a citizen of Lincolnia would term "ajgreat institution." They appear to manage everything. Go out early in the morning, up those steep streets (compared with which Cockburn Hill is a mere joke) where the fishing-nets hang festooned across from the upper stories, and you will meet women in streams, doing their marketing. Except an occasional costermonger with a donkey (and oftener than not, as Paddy would say, he is a woman), there is not a man to be seen. The question naturally arises, Where are the husbands? Resident Foglanders tell us they are scrubbing the floors, sweeping out the dirt and placing it in a little heap in front of the doors; nay, it is even whispered, they are washing and dressing the children. Go through the street formerly named Crown Street, but lately re-christened Cossikin Street, after the great little man before mentioned, and glance into any of the shops between the hours of eight and ten P.M. This is the street where most of the establishments patronised by the Foglanders are situated. Well, what do you see? In every shop—women. Women attending on the customers, women seated in the little recess at the back, making up their books. Again the question recurs, Where are the men? It is supposed that, having done the daily task which is suited to their infantine capacities, they are permitted, like good boys, to go and relax their small minds over a game at dominoes or billiards in the cafés. The superior intellect remains at home to balance the accounts, and estimate the net profits of the day.

Men of Fogland! be warned in time. I lately read in one of your papers, that a lady was about to be admitted to practise as a surgeon. This is what alarmists would call "the small end of the wedge." Recollect, you have already got women acting as telegraph clerks. A step further, and your independence will be sacrificed for ever. You will be forced to surrender the purse, the symbol of sovereignty, into the hands of your wife or your sister, and be kindly permitted, in exchange, to lounge away half your day while the ladies do the work.

To speak seriously, in this matter I cannot praise the customs of Crapaudy. When I see the gaunt, sunburnt, weird-looking women doing spade-work, or carrying heavy burdens in the field, I think of Fogland, where the same persons would be busy getting the husband's dinner ready, or nursing baby at the cottage-door. In Crapaudy I have seen a great, lumbering barge pulled by a woman, while half-a-dozen hulking fellows sat idly smoking their pipes in the stern-sheets. Women of Fogland! if you know when you are well off, stay as you are. Take care of the house and of the children, and let us men battle with the outer world. Do not listen to the specious advantages offered by increased employment and comparative independence. Your mis-

sion is to be dependent. It is thus we love you best. When we return at night from our labours, weary with the dust and turmoil of the city, we do not want to meet you haggard and toilworn like ourselves. No; we want—but, bless me! I am talking as eloquently as if I were a Foglander. Rather let me ask to what the paramount influence of women in Crapaudy is chiefly due. Principally to the enormous standing army which drains away the youth and energy of the country. Oh! Cossikin Tertius, why do not you begin to lessen the size of this overgrown monster? Some day, it may turn again, and rend you.

Whenever the Crapaudians see a person doing what appears to them an eccentric thing, they shrug their shoulders, and say:

“*C'est un Brouillardier.*” (It is a Foglander.)

“Certainly they are mad, this people,” observed a Cigognard to me. “I am told that they pursue their national pastime of *criquette* under the burning sun of India, while it is well known that they played hockey on the ice at Melville Island with the thermometer at fifty degrees below the zero of Reaumur. Observe those two men now. They are practising in that heavy skiff (their racing-boat is laid up in Monsieur Aviron’s covered yard), this bitter November day, for the regatta next summer. For pleasure, too, my faith! When they might sit by a fire, and play dominoes the whole afternoon!”

In spite, however, of my friend’s sarcastic remarks, I am happy to say that, in this pursuit, Crapaudians are laudably striving to emulate the Foglanders. Gentlemen (not professional boatmen) are beginning to pull in good earnest, and also to train for pulling. There are men among them who are worthy of taking an oar at Chutney and Whew. Still the great mass of Crapaudians believe that, for strengthening the muscles, there is nothing like gymnastics. In feats of this nature they beat Fogland hollow.

I have hinted that I was at Cigogne during the month of November, and have not therefore mentioned the word “sea-bathing” which is otherwise as closely associated with one’s conception of this town as horse-racing with Longcaster. But at this season of the year the mere sound of the trisyllable makes you shiver, and your teeth chatter at the sight of the long line of idle machines drawn up on the sandy beach. Even in August the Foglander, accustomed at home to bathe boldly in his native buff, shudders as he emerges from the water in those dreadful clammy garments which Crapaudian propriety compels him to wear: the bare thought of them now is too horrible to be borne. Let us dismiss the subject, and rather take a brisk walk up Cossikin Street, observing Fogland men and manners as we go.

That short, red-faced man with greyish hair, who stands smoking a cigar at the door of his office, is Mr. Runcingham, the commission-agent, who does a good and increasing business, now that trade is so brisk, between the two great cities of Troynovant and Lutetia. Mr. Runcingham does not admire Cigogne or the Cigognards.

“It’s very aggravating, sir,” he says, “to be within four hours of your native metropolis, and have a foreign flag a-flying over your head.” Here

he pauses and looks viciously at a harmless fishing-net which dangles in the wind a few doors up the next street. “As for the people,” he continues, “they’ve no enterprise. They’ve a two-penny-halfpenny-way of doing business that I can’t stand.”

“Good sporting country, though, Mr. Runcingham,” say I, maliciously aware that I am touching on a sore subject.

“Ah!” he exclaims, with a sort of hiss in his throat. “Good for them that can find the game. I couldn’t. Why, look at my case this last season. I had a pinter” (Mr. R. is somewhat old-fashioned in his pronunciation) “fetched over from Grover, paid a pound for a licence to carry arms, as they call it here, paid a tax on my dorg, paid ten pound for right of shooting, and I was continually in ’ot water and squabbles. You see, sir, property’s so split up and divided here, that you’re always getting on somebody else’s land without knowing it. Up comes the proprietor, some poor miserable fellow that scarcely knows the taste of butcher’s meat. Very polite, of course; they all are here. ‘His honour is not aware that he is trespassing. We shall be happy to drink his honour’s health.’ That means five or ten shillings. Well, I paid it at first; but, after a few days, I began to get savage, and told some of these chaps to go to blazes. They went to the mayor, and what with summonses, and citations, and verbal processes, I’m fairly sick of sporting in Crapaudy. I shot a few rabbits and a hare or two, and then gave it up in disgust.”

A little further up the street I pass the establishment of Mr. Cripps, who proclaims himself in prominent characters as the only Fogland chemist in Cigogne. Two or three other persons make a similar announcement, Mr. Cripps. You must settle amongst yourselves at whose door the falsehood lies. Mr. Cripps is quite a dashing-looking gentleman, wearing the long, drooping whiskers of his native land. He is so good-looking, that I wonder he does not pick up an heiress, if such “golden lasses” ever disport themselves in the waters of Cigogne. I know that in the summer-time Cripps does what vulgar persons call a roaring trade, and his shop is filled with Fogland ladies, who may easily be distinguished from the natives by their flower-and-feather-ornamented hats, their general tendency to bright colours, and, what is more agreeable, by their freshness of complexion and innocent freedom of manner. Foglanders not only read their own newspapers, patronise their own cooking, and drink their own beverages, they must, if poorly, take their own pills. And Fogland is celebrated all over the world for its patent medicines. The Bashkirs and Kalmucks of Tartary, who never heard of the famous victories of Waterblue and Tredegar, know and appreciate Swalloway’s Ointment. But I trust you won’t think the above-mentioned ladies go to Cripps’s shop for physic, and such-like nasty stuff. Oh, no! perfumery is their vanity, and Mr. Cripps’s especial *forte*. He has as neat a way of insinuating a pair of magnetic hair-brushes, or a gold-topped smelling-bottle, into a lady’s possession as any of his brethren in Coxford Street or New Pond Street.

Before this portal I stop with an emotion of respectful awe. It is here that the "Cigogne Observer" is published. I know, but shall not divulge, the name of the editor. His paper is published in Foglandic, for the benefit of the Foglanders resident in Cigogne. These worthy folks, besides reading the "Daily Jupiter," like to hear a little innocent gossip concerning their fellow-townsmen and brother exiles. This they get in the "Observer." I cannot say that the "Observer" is great in leading articles. Fogland politics are sufficiently discussed in the "Jupiter;" Crapaudian politics are tabooed. If the "Observer" were to talk as freely about Cossikin Tertius as people do over in free-spoken Fogland, he would speedily find his office closed, and himself on board the Hoaxstone steamer.

Observe upon this highly-polished brass-plate the legend, "Monsieur Pipon, teacher of the Crapaudian language." I pause upon the threshold, for the purpose of informing you that this man is a traitor to his native land. All other Foglanders glory in their origin, and would on no account be mistaken for Crapaudians. But Monsieur Pipon confessed to me, after imbibing several glasses of a liqueur called "Water of Life," that he was a disguised Foglander, that his real name was Pippin, and that his youthful days were passed in Chislington. "I changed my name, sir," he said, "because my countrymen won't believe that a Foglander can teach Crapaudian." It is only due to Monsieur Pipon to state that he is one of the most skillful teachers in the town, for he knows precisely all the pitfalls and stumbling-blocks which beset a Fogland learner. The natives, who suck in Crapaudian with their infantine pap, are useless in this respect.

On half-holiday Thursdays you will meet numbers of young ladies' schools promenading in the usual duality-fashion, and looking, in the autumnal season, somewhat pinched and blue as they face the keen north-easterly wind round the citadel. Let us suppose that it is two days later, or Saturday, and, if you will accept my guidance, you shall see some of the Fogland youth and beauty to greater advantage.

We knock at the door of Monsieur Trenise, and, passing up a covered passage through a garden that must look very pretty in the summer time, are ushered into the presence of the professor himself. He is a nice, fresh-looking, elderly gentleman, who glides about with the utmost grace. Arming himself with the insignia of his profession—the fiddle and the bow—he bids us enter a spacious saloon, wherein, besides a number of sympathising and admiring parents, brothers, and sisters, ranged on seats along the walls, I count fifty-nine young ladies, all arrayed in fresh, pretty morning dresses, "doing their steps." They vary in age from womanly eighteen, blushing at the possibility of a respectful admirer on the side benches, to romping little dots of four, who look upon the whole affair as a piece of capital fun. Presently the exercises are concluded; the band, consisting of a violin and a pianoforte, take their seats, and partners are selected for a quadrille. While they are taking their places, I wish to call your attention to the purest specimen of moral

courage it has ever been my lot to encounter. Besides the fifty-nine young ladies, there is a sixtieth person standing up to dance. That person is of the male sex, a Foglander, and stands about five feet ten in his shoes. I am happy to see that he has got a partner, a young lady of eleven years; but don't you pity that tall young gentleman when he comes to do the *cavalier seul* in the presence of that vast feminine assemblage? I regard him with respect and wonder. He is the Nelson of the ball-room.

The dancing now begins, and Monsieur Trenise glides about like a well-bred spectre. He soon grows enthusiastic, pats this young lady approvingly on the back, seizes that young lady sternly by the shoulders. Then we have the Polka, the Cellarius, the Imperial Quadrilles, the latter a graceful and admirable cross between the plain Quadrille and the Lancers. A fellow who has arrived at that age when late hours and cabs choked with crinoline have become a bore finds this a delightful entertainment. I sit and gossip with my friends on the benches, making sarcastic and complimentary observations regarding the dancers, and shall, at six o'clock, go home to our pleasant old-fashioned tea. I confess the sight of these thirty couples gyrating in the polka stirred my blood, and I proposed to my fair neighbour that we should stand up and dance. She declined, on the grounds that Monsieur Trenise's wrath at such a violation of fundamental principles would be too awful to witness.

The band plays a grand march, and the academy disperses. It is time to go home. I pass the Cherry Tree on my way, and behold in the thickening shades of evening the portly form of Joe Batters, armed with the fire-shovel in the act of pursuing a cow. The hoarse sound of his "Why don't you *alley*?" mingles with the ripple of the incoming tide on the beach. I believe those cows tend to prolong Joe's life. Were he to sit continuously at his stove, imbibing Hollands and water, he would infallibly go off in an apoplexy. These cows act as a wholesome antiphlogistic. Night comes on apace. As I climb the heights the brilliant light on Greynose Promontory, the point of Crapaudian soil nearest to Fogland, bursts into view. Foglanders and Crapaudians, I wish you good-bye, and long may the *entente cordiale* exist between you!

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"FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR  
LADY."\*

"WHAT! stay'st thou now to prate and toy  
When rebels fill the gate?  
Now, by my faith! no bride am I  
For such an 'haggard' mate!\*

"And by Saint George! since on thy cheek  
A coward blush I spy  
I'll dress thee in my maiden's robes,  
And to the field will I!

"No love have I, thou craven knight,  
For such as thou to spare,  
For thou art false, and thus I pluck  
Thy troth-gift from mine hair!

---

\* A term in falconry signifying a worthless bird.

“ And in its stead the waving plume  
 Shall crest my woman's brow,  
 The armour gall my woman's limbs;—  
 What ! art thou recreant *now* ? ”

“ Oh ! be not wroth, sweet lady mine,  
 For by my sword I swear,  
 It needs not I should courage learn  
 From any lady fair.”



“ Now say'st thou well, and forth shalt  
 thou  
 At once mine own true knight;  
 Myself will buckle on thy spurs  
 As thine own valour bright ! ”

Forth, forth he went, and round his arms  
 On that all-glorious day  
 His prowess wreathed a coronet  
 No Time shall pluck away.

And still his children's children tell  
 Their valiant grandsire's fame ;  
 And still his children's children bless  
 The Lady Edith's name,

Who, zealous for the “ English Rose,”  
 Herself arrayed her lord,  
 And gave to Valour's deeds of might  
 Young Beauty's best reward.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXXVII. LAUNCELOT'S TROUBLES.

ELEANOR MONCKTON sat looking at the door which had closed upon the scene in the lamp-lit hall, almost as if the intensity of her gaze could have pierced the solid oaken panel and revealed to her that which was taking place outside the dining-room.

Richard Thornton and her husband, both watching her face, wondered at the sudden change in its expression,—the look of rapt wonder and amazement that had come over it from the moment in which Launcelot Darrell had gone out into the hall. Richard guessed that something strange and unexpected had occurred, but Gilbert Monckton, who was quite in the dark as to his wife's feelings, could only stare blankly at her face, and mutely wonder at the mystery which tortured him. Laura Mason, who had been throughout the day alarmed by her lover's manner, was too anxious about Launcelot Darrell to observe the face of her friend.

"I'm sure there's something wrong," she said; "I'm sure there is, Mr. Monckton. You don't know how Launcelot's been going on all day, frightening me out of my wits. Hasn't he now, Eleanor? Hasn't he, Mr. Thornton? Saying he won't be a pauper, dependent upon his wife, and that you've wounded his feelings by talking about Art as if you were a bricklayer; or as if he was a bricklayer, I forget which. I had a presentiment all day that something was going to happen; and Launcelot did go on so, staring at the fire, and hammering the coals, and sighing as if he had something awful on his mind—as if he'd committed a crime, you know, and was brooding over it," added the young lady, with an evident relish of the last idea.

Mr. Monckton looked contemptuously at his ward. The girl's frivolous babble was in horrible discord with his own anxiety—a kind of parody of his own alarm.

"What do you mean by committing crimes, Laura?" he said. "I'm afraid you'll never learn to talk like a reasonable being. Is there anything so very miraculous in the fact that some old acquaintance of Mr. Darrell's has come down to Berkshire to see him, and that, having taken so much trouble, he scarcely cares to go back *without* seeing him?"

Laura Mason breathed a sigh of relief.

"You don't think, then, that Launcelot has done something dreadful, and that this man has come to arrest him!" she asked. "It seems so odd his coming here on a dark winter's night; and Launcelot looked angry when he saw the card the servant gave him. I'm sure it's something dreadful. Let's go into the drawing-room, Eleanor. We shall have to pass through the hall, and if there's anything wrong we can find out all about it."

Eleanor started as Laura addressed her, and

rose suddenly, aroused by the necessity of having to attend to something that had been said to her, but scarcely knowing what that something was.

"Eleanor!" exclaimed her husband, "how pale you are, and how strangely you look at that door. One would think that you were influenced by Laura's absurd fears."

"Oh, no! I'm not frightened of anything; only I—"

She paused, hesitating, and looking down in painful embarrassment.

"Only what?"

"I happened to see the person who has come to speak to Mr. Darrell, and—and—his face reminded me of a man I saw a long time ago."

Richard looked up quickly.

"But was there anything so very startling in the mere coincidence of a likeness?"

"Oh, no, nothing startling."

"Upon my word, Eleanor," exclaimed Gilbert Monckton, impatiently, "we seem to live in an atmosphere of mystery, which, to say the least of it, is far from agreeable to those who are only honoured with the post of lookers-on. There, there, go to the drawing-room with Laura. Mr. Thornton and I will follow you almost immediately. We shall have very little pleasure in sitting over our wine, with a consciousness that a kind of Gunpowder Plot is going on in the hall outside."

The lawyer filled his glass with claret, and pushed the crystal jug towards Richard; but he left the wine untasted before him, and he sat silently brooding over his suspicious with a bent brow and rigidly-compressed lips.

It was no use to struggle against his destiny, he thought. Life was to be always a dreary French novel, in which he was to play the husband and the victim. He had loved and trusted this girl. He had seen innocence and candour beaming in her face, and he had dared to believe in her; and from the very hour of her marriage a horrible transformation had taken place in this frank and fearless creature. A hundred changes of expression, all equally mysterious to him, had converted the face he loved into a wearisome and incomprehensible enigma, which it was the torment of his life to endeavour vainly and hopelessly to guess. Richard Thornton opened the door, and Eleanor gladly made her escape from the dining-room, holding Laura's hand in hers, and with the Signora following close behind her. The three women entered the hall in a group, and stood for a moment looking at Launcelot Darrell and the stranger.

Mr. Darrell stood near the open hall-door with his hands in his pockets, and his head bent in that sulky attitude which Eleanor had good reason to remember. The stranger, smoothing the wet nap of his hat with a careful hand, seemed to be talking in a tone of remonstrance, and, as it were, urging something upon his companion. This was

only to be guessed by the expression of his face, as the voice in which he spoke was scarcely above a whisper.

The three ladies crossed the hall and went into the drawing-room. Eleanor had no need to confirm her sudden recognition of the Frenchman by any second scrutiny of his face. She sat down near the broad hearth, and began to think how this man's unlooked-for coming might affect the fulfilment of her purpose. Would he be likely to thwart her? or could he not, perhaps, be induced to help her?

"I must talk to Richard," she thought. "He knows the world better than I do. I am almost as much a child as Laura."

While Mrs. Monckton sat looking absently at the fire, and trying to imagine how the advent of the Frenchman might be made subservient to the scheme of her life, Miss Mason burst into a torrent of panegyric upon the stranger's appearance.

"He's such a good-natured-looking dear," she exclaimed, "with curly hair and a mustache just like the Emperor's; and the idea of my frightening myself so about him, and thinking he was a dreadful creature in a slouched hat, and with his coat collar turned up to hide his face, come to arrest Launcelot for some awful crime. I'm not a bit frightened now, and I hope Launcelot will bring him in to tea. The idea of his being a foreigner, too. I think foreigners are *so* interesting. Don't you, Nelly?"

Eleanor Monckton looked up at the sound of her name. She had not heard a word that Laura had said.

"What, dear?" she asked, listlessly.

"Don't you think foreigners interesting, Nelly?" repeated the young lady.

"Interesting? No."

"What; not Frenchmen?"

Mrs. Monckton gave a faint shiver.

"Frenchmen!" she said. "No, I don't like them, I— How do I know, Laura? baseness and treachery belong to no peculiar people, I suppose."

Mr. Monckton and the scene-painter came into the drawing-room at this moment, followed pretty closely by Launcelot Darrell.

"What have you done with your friend, Darrell?" Gilbert Monckton asked, with a look of surprise.

"Oh, he's gone," the young man answered indifferently.

"You've let him go, without asking him to rest, or take some refreshment?"

"Yes, I contrived to get rid of him."

"We don't usually 'contrive to get rid' of people when they come here on a wet winter night," said Mr. Monckton. "You'll give Toll-dale Priory a name for inhospitality, I fear. Why didn't you ask your friend to stop?"

"Because I didn't care to introduce him to you," Launcelot Darrell answered coolly; "I never said he was a friend of mine. He's only an acquaintance, and a very intrusive acquaintance. He had no right to ferret out my whereabouts, and to come down here after me. A man doesn't want past associations forced upon him, however agreeable they may have been."

"And still less when those associations are

disagreeable. I understand. But who is this man?"

"He's a Frenchman, a *commis voyageur*, or something of that kind; by no means a distinguished acquaintance. He's a good fellow, in his own particular fashion, and would go out of his way to do me a service, I dare say; but he's rather too fond of absinthe, or brandy, or any other spirit he can get hold of."

"You mean that he is a drunkard," said Mr. Monckton.

"I don't say that. But I know that the poor devil has had more than one attack of delirium tremens in the course of his life. He's over here in the interests of a patent mustard, I believe, lately invented by some great Parisian gastronomer."

"Indeed; and where did you make his acquaintance?"

The same crimson hue that had mounted to Mr. Darrell's forehead when the Frenchman's card was handed to him, dyed his face now, and he hesitated for a few moments before replying to Gilbert Monckton's straight question. But he recovered himself pretty quickly, and answered with his accustomed carelessness of manner:

"Where did I know him? Oh, in London, of course. He was an inhabitant of that refuge for the destitute of all nations, some years ago, while I was sowing my wild oats there."

"Before you went to India?"

"Yes, of course before I went to India."

Mr. Monckton looked sharply at the young man's face. There were moments when the lawyer's prudence, when the conscientious scruples of an honest man got the better of the husband's selfish fears; and in those moments Gilbert Monckton doubted whether he was doing his duty towards his ward in suffering her to marry Launcelot Darrell.

Was the young man worthy of the trust that was to be confided to him? Was he a fitting husband for an inexperienced and frivolous girl?

Mr. Monckton could only answer this question in one way. He could only satisfy his conscience by taking a cynical view of the matter.

"Launcelot Darrell is as good as other young men, I dare say," he argued. "He's good-looking, and conceited, and shallow, and idle; but the poor little girl has chosen to fall in love with him, and if I come between them, and forbid this marriage, and make the silly child unhappy by forcing my choice upon her, I may be quite as much mistaken as she, and after all marry her to a bad man. I may just as well let her draw her own number in the great lottery, and trust to Providence for its being a lucky one."

But to-night there was something in Launcelot Darrell's manner which aroused a vague suspicion in the breast of the lawyer.

"Then your friend, the *commis voyageur*, has gone back to Windsor, I suppose?" he said.

"No; I couldn't very well avoid giving him a shelter, as he chose to come, though he came uninvited. I sent him back to Hazlewood with a few lines addressed to my mother, who will do her best to make him comfortable, I dare say. Poor soul, she would scarcely refuse to shelter a

stray dog, if the wandering cur were in any way attached to me."

"Yes, Mr. Darrell, you have reason to value your mother's affection," answered the lawyer, gravely. "But we must not forget that we've a good deal of business to transact to-night. Will you come with me into my study, as soon as you've finished that cup of tea?"

Launcelet Darrell bowed, and set down his tea-cup on the nearest table. Eleanor and Richard had both watched him closely since his coming into the drawing-room. It was easy to see that he had by no means recovered from the unpleasant surprise caused him by the Frenchman's visit. His careless manner was only assumed, and it was with evident difficulty that he responded to each new demand made upon his attention.

He followed Gilbert Monckton slowly and silently from the room, without having lingered to speak so much as a word to Laura, without having even made her happy by so much as a look.

"He might have spoken to me," the young lady murmured, disconsolately, as she watched her lover's retreating figure.

Two hours elapsed before the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room; two dreary hours for Laura, who sat yawning over a book, or playing with one of her dogs, which, by virtue of their high-breeding and good conduct, were constant occupants of the drawing-room at Tolldale. Richard Thornton and Mrs. Monckton played a game of chess, the strangest game, perhaps, that ever was played, for the moving backwards and forwards of the ivory pieces was a mere pretence, by means of which Eleanor contrived to take counsel with her faithful ally.

"Do you think this man's coming will help us, Dick?" she asked, when she had told the story of her recognition of the Frenchman.

Richard shook his head, not negatively, but reflectively.

"How can I tell?" he said; "the man may or may not be inclined to betray his friend. In any case it will be very difficult for us to get at him.

"Not for *you*, Richard," murmured Eleanor, persuasively.

"Not for *me*," echoed the young man. "Syren, mermaid, witch of the sea, avaunt! It was you and the blue bonnet that settled for the ship-broker and his clerks. Have you the blue bonnet still, Nell; or have you any other influence in the millinery line that you can bring to bear upon this traveller in mustard?"

"But if he should remember me?"

"That's scarcely likely. His face was impressed upon your mind by the awful circumstance that followed your meeting with him. You have changed very much since you were fifteen years of age, Mrs. Monckton. You were a feminine hobbledy-hoy then. Now you are—never mind what. A superb Nemesis in crinoline, bent on deeds of darkness and horror. No, I do not see any reason to fear this man's recognition of you."

The expression of Launcelet Darrell's face had subsided into a settled gloom when he reappeared in the drawing-room with Mr. Monckton.

The lawyer seated himself at a reading-table, and began to open the evening papers which were sent from Windsor to Tolldale. Launcelet strolled over to Laura Mason, and, sitting down beside her, amused himself by pulling the silky ears of the Skye terrier.

"Do tell me everything, Launcelet," said Miss Mason. "You don't know how much I've suffered all this evening. I hope the interview was a pleasant one?"

"Oh, yes, remarkably pleasant," answered the young man, with a sneer. "I shall not be exposed to the reproach of having made a mercenary marriage, Laura, at any rate."

"What do you mean, Launcelet?" cried the young lady, staring aghast at her lover. "You don't mean that my guardian's been deceiving me all this time, and that I'm a poor penniless creature after all, and that I ought to have been a companion, or a nursery governess, or something of that kind, as Eleanor was before her marriage. You don't mean that, Launcelet?"

"Not precisely," answered Mr. Darrell; "but I mean that the noble allowance of which your guardian has talked so much is to be two hundred a-year; which, as we are so unfortunate as to possess the habits of a gentleman and a lady, will not go very far."

"But ain't I rich,—ain't I an heiress?" cried Miss Mason. "Haven't I what-you-may-call-ems—expectations?"

"Oh, yes. I believe there is some vague promise of future wealth held out as a compensation for all present deprivations. But really, although your guardian took great pains to explain the dry business details to me, I was almost too tired to listen to him; and certainly too stupid to understand very clearly what he meant. I believe there is some money which you are to have by-and-by, upon the death of somebody. But as it seems that the somebody is a person in the prime of life, who has the power of altering his will at any moment that he may take it into his head to do so, I look upon that expectation as rather a remote contingency. No, Laura, we must look our position straight in the face. A life of hard work lies before me; a life of poverty before you."

Miss Mason made a wry face. Her mind had little power to realise anything but extremes. Her idea of poverty was something very horrible. An existence of beggary, with the chance of being called upon to do plain needlework for her daily bread, and with the workhouse at the end of the prospect.

"But I shall love you all the same, Launcelet," she whispered, "however poor we may be, and I'll wear dresses without any trimming, and imitation lace. I suppose *you* wouldn't know imitation lace from real Valenciennes, Launcelet, and it's so cheap. And I'll try and make pies and puddings, and I'll learn to be economical, and I've lots of jewellery that my guardian has given me, and we can sell that if you like. I'll work as hard as that poor woman in the poem, Launcelet, for your sake. 'Stitch, stitch, stitch, band and gusset, and seam.' I don't mind the seams, dear; *they'd* be easy if one didn't prick one's fingers and make knots in one's thread; but I'm

afraid I shall never be able to manage the gussets. Only promise me that you'll love me still, Launcelot. Tell me that you don't hate me because I'm poor."

The young man took the soft little hand that was laid with an imploring gesture on his wrist, and pressed it tenderly.

"I should be a brute if I wasn't grateful for your love, Laura," he said. "I didn't wish *you* to be a rich woman. I'm not the sort of fellow who could contentedly accept a degraded position, and sponge upon a wife's fortune. I only wanted—I only wanted *my own*," he muttered with a savage accent; "I'm set upon and hemmed in on every side, and I've a hundred mortifications and miseries to bear for want of money. But I'll try and make you a good husband, my dear."

"You will, Launcelot," cried the girl, melted by some touch of real earnestness in her lover's tone that was new and welcome to her. "How good it is of you to say that. But how should you be otherwise than good; and you will be a great painter, and all the world will admire you and talk about you, and we shall be so happy, —shan't we, Launcelot?—wandering through Italy together."

The young man answered her with a bitter laugh.

"Yes, Laura," he said, "the sooner we get to Italy the better. Heaven knows, I've no particular interest that need keep me in England, now."

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII. MR. MONCKTON BRINGS GLOOMY TIDINGS FROM WOODLANDS.

FOR some few days after the Frenchman's arrival, Launcelot Darrell stopped away from the Priory, much to the regret of his betrothed, whose delight in her *trousseau* was not sufficient to fill the blank made by her lover's absence. Miss Mason roamed diconsolately about the house, looking out at the bare trees, and the desolate garden walks, and quoted Tennyson until she became obnoxious to her fellow-creatures by reason of her regret that he did not come, and her anxiety that the day should be done, and other lamentations to the same effect.

She ran out of doors sometimes under the bleak February sky, with a cambric handkerchief over her head, as a sensible protection from the bitter atmosphere, and her light ringlets flying in the wind, to stand at a little doorway in the high garden wall, and watch for her lover's coming by a narrow pathway through the wood, which it was his wont to make a short cut for himself in dry weather.

She was standing in this narrow doorway upon the afternoon of the 22nd of February—only twenty-one days before that eventful morning which was to make her Launcelot Darrell's wife—with Eleanor Monckton by her side. The short winter's day was closing in, there at least in the low woodland, whatever light might linger on the hill-tops above Tolldale. The two women were silent: Eleanor was in very low spirits, for on this day she had lost her friend and counsellor, Richard Thornton, who had had no alternative but to leave Tolldale, or to forfeit a very remunerative

and advantageous engagement at one of the Edinburgh theatres, whither he had been summoned to paint the scenery for a grand Easter burlesque, about to be produced with unusual splendour, by a speculative Scottish manager; and who had, therefore, departed, taking his aunt with him. George Vane's daughter felt terribly helpless in the absence of this faithful ally. Richard had promised to attend to her summons, and to return to Tolldale at any hour, if she should have need of his services, but he was separated from her by a long distance, and how could she tell when the moment of that need might come. She was alone, amongst people who had no sympathy with the purpose of her life, and she bitterly felt the desolation of her position.

It was no very great wonder, then, if she was thoughtful and silent, and by no means the joyous, light-hearted companion whom Laura Mason had loved and clung to at Hazlewood, before the coming of Launcelot Darrell. This young lady watched her now, furtively, almost fearfully, wondering at the change in her, and speculating as to the cause of it.

"She *must* have been in love with Launcelot," Laura thought; "how could she help being in love with him? And she married my guardian because he's rich, and now she's sorry for having done so. And she's unhappy because I'm going to be married to Launcelot. And, oh! suppose Launcelot should still be in love with her; like the hero of a dreadful French novel!"

The dusky shadows were gathering thickly in the wood, when two figures emerged from the narrow pathway. A tall, slenderly-built young man, who switched the low brushwood and the fern with his light cane as he walked along, and a puffy little individual with a curly brimmed hat, who trotted briskly by his side.

Laura was not slow to recognise her lover even in that dusky light, and Eleanor knew that the young man's companion was the French commercial traveller.

Mr. Darrell introduced his friend to the two ladies.

"Monsieur Victor Bourdon, Mrs. Monckton, Miss Mason," he muttered hastily; "I daresay you have thought me very neglectful, Laura," he added; "but I have been driving Monsieur Bourdon about the neighbourhood for the last day or two. He's a stranger in this part of the country, though he's almost as much an Englishman as I am."

Monsieur Bourdon laughed as he acknowledged the compliment with an air that was evidently intended to be fascinating.

"Y-a-a-se," he said, "we have been to Vindsör. It is very nice."

Launcelot Darrell frowned, and looked angrily at his companion.

"Yes, Bourdon wanted to have a look at the state apartments," he said; "he wanted to compare them with those interminable galleries at Versailles, I suppose, to the disparagement of our national glory."

"But the apartments are closed," said Eleanor. "Oh! of course," answered Mr. Darrell, looking at her rather suspiciously, "they always are closed when you happen to want to see them."



Just like everything else in this world of anomalies and paradoxes."

"He has taken his friend to Windsor," Eleanor thought; "had this visit any relation to his last visit? Did he go there to see Mr. Lawford's clerk?"

She was helpless without Richard, and could not answer this question.

"I'll write to him to-night," she thought, "and ask him to come back to me directly."

But in the next moment she was ashamed of herself for her selfishness. She might sacrifice her own life to her scheme of vengeance. The voice of her father crying to her from his unsanctified grave, seemed for ever urging her to do that; but she had no right to call upon others to make the same sacrifice.

"No," she thought, "wherever the road I have chosen may lead me, however difficult the path may be to follow, I will henceforward tread it alone. Poor Dick! I have tormented him long enough with my sorrows and my helplessness."

"You've come to dine, of course, Launcelot," Miss Mason said, while Eleanor stood motionless and silent in the doorway, absorbed in these thoughts, and looking like some pale statue in the dusk; "and you've brought your friend, Monsieur—Monsieur Bourdon to dine—"

"Ah, but no, mademoiselle," exclaimed the Frenchman, in a transport of humility, "I am not one of yours. Monsieur Darrell is so good as to call me his friend, but—"

The Frenchman murmured something of a deprecatory nature, to the effect that he was only a humble commercial traveller in the interests of a patent article that was very much appreciated by all the crowned heads of Europe, and one which would doubtless, by the aid of his exertions and those of his compatriots, become, before long, a cosmopolitan necessity, and the source of a colossal fortune.

Eleanor shuddered and shrank away from the man with a gesture almost expressive of disgust, as he turned to her in his voluble depreciation of himself and glorification of the merchandise which it was his duty to praise.

She remembered that it was this man, this loquacious vulgarian, who had been Launcelot Darrell's tool on the night of her father's death. This was the wretch who had stood behind George Vane's chair, and watched the old man's play, and telegraphed to his accomplice.

If she could have forgotten Launcelot Darrell's treachery, this presence would have been enough to remind her of that pitiless baseness, to inspire her with a tenfold disgust for that hideous cruelty. It seemed as if the Frenchman's coming had been designed by Providence to urge her to new energy, new determination.

"The man who could make this creature his accomplice in a plot against my father shall never inherit Maurice de Crespigny's fortune," she thought; "he shall never marry my husband's ward."

She linked her arm in Laura's as she thought this; as if by that simple and involuntary action she would have shielded her from Launcelot Darrell.

In the next moment a footstep—the firm tread of a man—sounded on the crisp gravel of the garden walk behind the two girls, and presently Gilbert Monckton laid his hand lightly upon his wife's shoulder.

She was startled by his unexpected coming, and turning suddenly round, looked at him with a scared face; which was a new evidence against her in his troubled mind, a new testimony that she was keeping some secret from him.

He had left Tolldale Priory early that morning to give a day's attention to that business of which he had been lately so neglectful, and had returned a couple of hours before his usual time for coming home.

"What brings you out into the garden this bitter afternoon, Eleanor?" he said, sternly; "you'll catch cold in that thin shawl; and you, too, Laura; I should have thought a seat by the drawing-room fire far more comfortable than this dreary garden. Good evening, gentlemen; you had better bring your friend into the house, Mr. Darrell."

The young man muttered something of an apologetic nature, and Monsieur Victor Bourdon acknowledged the lawyer's cold salutation with an infinite number of bows and smirks.

"You have come home by an earlier train than usual, Gilbert," Mrs. Monckton said, by way of saying something that might break the silence which had followed her husband's coming; "we did not expect you until seven."

"I came to Windsor by the three o'clock express," answered Mr. Monckton. "I have not come straight home. I stopped at Woodlands to inquire after the invalid."

Eleanor looked up with a new and eager expression in her face.

"And Mr. de Crespigny—he is better, I hope."

"No, Eleanor, I fear that you will never see him again. The doctors scarcely hope that he will last out the week."

The girl set her lips firmly, and raised her head with a resolute gesture—a mute expression of determination and defiance.

"I will see him again," she thought; "I will not trust my hope of vengeance to a chance. He may have altered his will, perhaps. He may have destroyed it. Come what may, I will stand beside his sick bed. I will tell him who I am, and call upon him, in my dead father's name, to do an act of justice."

Launcelot Darrell stood with his head bent and his eyes fixed upon the ground.

As it was the habit of Eleanor to lift her forehead with something of the air of a young war-horse who scents the breath of the battle-field afar, so it was this young man's manner to look moodily earthward under the influence of any violent agitation.

"So," he said, slowly, "the old man is dying?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Monckton; "your great-uncle is dying. You may be master of Woodlands, Launcelot, before many days are past."

The young man drew a long breath.

"Yes," he muttered; "I may; I may."

(To be continued.)

## MY KNIFE.

PERHAPS I am wrong in calling it a knife ; it is one of those small buck's-horn tool-chests weighing nearly a pound. On one side of it there are six blades of various sizes, a file, and a saw ; on the other, lying snugly beneath a long hook designed to pull stones out of your horse's hoofs, but useful for unlacing boots, there are a gimlet, a corkscrew, a bradawl, a button hook, and a pair of compasses. At one end there is a screw-driver ; at the other a sort of nail-brush. Sheathed in the handle are a tooth-pick, a packing-needle, a pair of tweezers, and a foot-rule, jointed ; and affixed to the handle is a square piece of steel, which serves the purpose of a hammer. For the possession of this invaluable instrument, I am indebted to phrenology. In my younger days, my father, who was a believer in that and most other new 'ologies, took me to a travelling professor, who, after running his fingers through my hair, made out a "chart," for which he charged the inconsiderable sum of one shilling.

My father asked him for what occupation he thought me fitted.

"That, my good sir," said the professor, smiling blandly and writhing apologetically, "comes under the denomination of advice, for which we charge five shillings."

A transfer of coin took place.

Dropping the money into his pocket, and the elbow of his right arm into the palm of his left hand, the professor placed the forefinger of his right hand upon his forehead, and closing both eyes, compressed his face into the smallest possible compass, and seemed lost in thought for some moments. Arousing himself at length, he gave utterance to the following judgment : "Constructiveness, very large—should be encouraged. The boy is, by his developments, fitted to become a great engineer, a great mechanic, or a great architect. He *may* become neither of these, but if the constructive faculty be properly cultivated, he *should* become either one or all of them."

The knife was purchased on our way home—not as a "mere plaything," as my father somewhat unnecessarily explained to my mother, who looked with horror upon the instrument, but as "a cultivator of the organ of constructiveness."

"Cultivator of the organ of fiddlesticks!" replied my mother, somewhat irreverently, "it will tear his pockets to pieces, and I shall not have a decent piece of furniture in the house by the time his holidays are over."

My mother's prophetic instinct proved a more correct exponent of the future than the deductions of the philosopher. The only organ the knife cultivated was the organ of destructiveness. Before those ill-fated holidays were over, there was not a cork in the house that was not drawn, nor a door through which the gimlet had not passed. Minute slices were shaved off the angles of the tables and sideboards ; crosses were filed in all the door-knobs and bell-pulls. The chair-backs were for the most part ornamented with geometrical tracery, the work, it is needless to say, of the compasses ; and my initials, in carving

bold and deep, disfigured every wooden surface both in the house and in its immediate vicinity. An attempt to operate with the tweezers upon a stray hair on my father's face while he was asleep, one afternoon, brought my home-labours in the cause of constructiveness to a close. The knife was impounded, and not returned until the morning on which I again started for school. From that day to this it has never been out of my possession. It has been the companion of my travels half the world over, and though its weight and bulk were rather inconvenient at first, I have found it one of the most useful travelling companions I could possibly possess. But good as it was, it was not perfect. It required repairing now and then, and happening to be in Sheffield on one of these occasions, not long ago, I took it into a shop to have a few blades put in and a few of the tools put in order.

"Whoy, that's a knoif it oi had a hand i' the making ov twenty year sin," said the old man into whose hand I put it.

"Is it indeed?" I replied. It had never struck me before that the knife *had* been made. That the buck's-horn handle once adorned the most graceful of creatures—that the blades had lain deep down in the strata—that the foot-rule had erst grown in the Brazils, and the brush bristled on the back of a wild boar, were thoughts that never entered my mind. Nor had I ever considered what advances must have been made in science and its applications, and how many workmen must have been employed, before these materials could be brought to their present condition. To me the knife had never presented itself in any other shape than that it now bore. That was the shape in which I had received it ; that, too, was the shape in which it had always been useful to me. But now there was a new light thrown upon the matter, and as I am naturally of a curious turn of mind, I began asking the old man some questions, which he answered by giving me a note of admittance to one of the largest cutlery manufactories in the town.

I had not time to inspect that manufactory then, but I have now, and if the reader feels inclined to take a run down to Sheffield, or up to Sheffield, or over to Sheffield, as the case may be, I am at his service, and so is my note of admission ; it says on the face of it—"admit So-and-so and friends." So away we go ; it may be down the Great Northern, it may be up the Sheffield, Manchester, and Lincolnshire, and it may be along the Midland ; but from whatever point we approach Sheffield, we shall be horrified at the first glimpse we catch of it. I said "first glimpse," because, by a curious combination of circumstances, all the railways converge upon the dirtiest part of the town. But passing along "t'Wicker," up "t'Waingate," by "t'Taan's Hall," and into "t'High Street," we find that Sheffield is not so black as it has been painted. Its street architecture, it is true, is not very imposing, but its streets are well paved and well drained, and there is an air of dingy cleanliness about the town that speaks volumes for the efforts of its inhabitants to subdue the necessary dirt by which they are surrounded. But without pausing to look at the

town generally, for our time is short, we will, if you please, press forward to our manufactory.

Passing through the entrance and down a flight of steps, we find ourselves in a courtyard, surrounded by some thirty or forty smithies, roaring and ringing in chorus, and peopled with workmen, stripped and grimy. We enter one. Its occupants are a "maker" and a "striker," the former being the skilled artisan who fashions the work, the latter being the labourer who submits brute strength to the better guidance of his companion. A long strip of steel passed over a chisel, stuck end up in the anvil, is smitten at a given signal by the striker, who wields a huge hammer, and at every blow, a piece of steel the length of a pocket-knife blade falls into a bowl placed for its reception. And then the bellows are blown, and the sparks and the dust hiss up, and the pieces of steel are thrust into the fire; and, while the striker blows, the maker with his pincers turns the pieces over and over, thrusts them further in, draws them nearer out, and dredges them with sand to intensify the heat, until at length they are ready for forging. That point reached, the striker leaves the bellows, and the maker brings one of the pieces to the anvil; and while the latter turns it over and over, and deals it skilful little blows with a small hammer, the former, armed again with his great "sledge," comes down upon it with dull, heavy blows, that smash out sparks in all directions. In an incredibly short time the piece of steel assumes a shape somewhat resembling a knife-blade, and being now too cold to yield longer to the hammer, it is again thrust into the fire. One by one the remaining pieces are similarly treated, and that done, they are all drawn out again, to be jammed by a blow from the striker into a mould which completely shapes the whole blade. And so the work goes on—a continual round of heating and re-heating, and turning over and over, and tapping and striking, until the back of the blade is thick, the edge thin, the nick for the thumbnail cut, and the trade-mark stamped. That done, the blade, which has now become soft as iron, is hardened by being thrust red hot into water as often as necessary, and is then ready for the grinder.

Passing on through the ranges of smithies to the grinding shop, and peeping through the open windows on our way, we find one pair of smiths forging scissors, another razors, another files, another forks, and others other articles of cutlery; but as the processes are similar to the one we have witnessed, we need not linger to inspect them. So on we go, over the great boilers, through the engine house, up this pair of stairs and down that, until we come to an aristocratic looking smithy, where there is quite a little colony of comparatively clean workmen. Stopping for a few moments here, we find it is the file-cutting shop. What a marvellous educator practice is! There stand these men, each with an embryo file before him, and each with a chisel in one hand and a hammer in the other; and from morning till night they keep up a ceaseless bewildering "tap, tap, tap," cutting the "teeth" of their files with a rapidity and precision that know neither pause nor error. There are the lines, every one

parallel to the rest, and all of the same width and depth, and yet they were cut at the rate of a hundred and sixty a minute, the workman's hand and eye being his only guides to accuracy. Look at the file in my knife, cut on both sides and on both edges. There is a man cutting one like it. He began a minute since; he will finish a minute hence.

But we must pass on, for there is a great deal to see yet and time runs short. Hurrying through shop after shop—one filled with workmen, another with workwomen, all resounding with the busy hum of labour, we at length descend into another courtyard surrounded by ranges of shopping whose windows and walls are bespattered with yellow mud flung off the grinding stones that are whirling madly round inside, amidst a steam-driven labyrinth of bands and a grating, grinding, hissing whiz that fairly sets one's teeth on edge. Entering, we find grindstones and polishing wheels of all sorts and sizes, and behind each a workman bending closely over his work. Some are engaged in "wet-grinding," and some in "dry-grinding." The grindstones of the former dip as they revolve, in shallow troughs of water, and bespatter the grinder with yellow mud; the grindstones of the latter, dipping in no water, fling off a cloud of mingled steel and stone dust, which being drawn off into a large tube, passes away into the courtyard without. It was not always thus. Not many years ago the dry-grinder, whose services are mostly required in the grinding of forks, received that dust into his lungs, and there it settled and grew in bulk until it surely brought about his early death. Even now, I am sorry to say, the evil has not wholly been overcome, but what with air tubes and respirators, the dry-grinder's life has been much prolonged. Let us hope that in course of time a perfect remedy may be devised, for human life is a heavy price to pay for forks. But the "Grinder's Asthma" is not the only danger to which these men subject themselves in the earning of their daily bread. It not unfrequently happens that one of the great stones is whirled asunder, and its huge fragments flung in all directions. In the roof of the very building in which we now stand, there is a great hole, rent, as we are told, by the passage of a grinding stone so broken; and while three persons lie at the Infirmary with broken limbs in consequence, the body of a fourth lies in the adjoining shed awaiting the coroner's inquest. But with that strange disregard of evil contingencies characterising all engaged in dangerous occupations, the survivors work on as calmly as if nothing had happened. One here is grinding his knives, another there his forks; a third is busy upon his razors, and a fourth upon his scissors. But what is going on amidst all that cloud of white dust at the far end of the room yonder? Passing into the midst of it, we find a saw-mill in miniature, and half-a-dozen miller-like workmen reducing, by its agency, great horns, and bones, and pearl-shells to knife-handles in the rough, which, being passed on to the grinders, are ground into shape, and afterwards polished on the leather-bound wooden polishing wheels. It is astonishing to see what is effected by this gradation of wheels. The article to be ground and polished is passed over wheel

after wheel, from the coarsest stone to the closest grained leather, until, if it be a blade, it becomes keen and dazzling, or, if it be a handle, it becomes smooth and glossy as glass. And now having seen the blades and handles separately prepared, let us pass on to see them put together.

"But your knife," says the reader, "has more than blades and handle; it has a file and a button-hook, a gimlet, a corkscrew, a saw, and I don't know how many more useful tools."

Well, we have seen how the file was made. The saw was forged and ground, and its teeth were produced by filing. But I am sure you would not like to go within hearing distance even of the shop where saw-teeth are filed—that dreadful "screech, scrych, skri-ik" of the files is excruciating. How the workmen endure it all their lives I cannot understand. Then, as to the corkscrew—that was simply a piece of tapered steel wire wound two or three times round a small cylinder, and then pulled out lengthwise. The gimlet was a thicker piece of steel wire, grooved at the end, and twisted to a point while hot. The other implements were either too simple in construction to need description, or were not made at such works as these. The putting together of the several parts to form one whole knife is, as may be well imagined, the simplest process of all. One man drills holes through the various materials, another rivets the bone, or horn, or pearl to a thin plate of steel or brass; and a third rivets the handles and blades, and such other accessories as may be necessary, together. The knife is then passed on to the final polishers and burnishers—generally women—and is then ready for the market.

A Sheffield pocket-knife, therefore, passes through many hands before it is complete; there is a division of labour in its manufacture that has its advantages and its disadvantages. The advantages are, that each man, spending a lifetime in one branch of the trade only, is a better workman in that particular branch than another who has divided his attention amongst three or four branches. And thus it comes to pass that Sheffield cutlers are famous, above all others who do not make a similar division of labour, for the excellency of their manufactures. But out of this same division of labour there arises a grievous evil. Every class of workman is necessary to the making of a knife. If the drillers cease to drill, the knife cannot be made; if the strikers cease to strike, the same result follows. And thus it comes to pass that the trade of Sheffield is crippled by a trades-union tyranny. The workmen, knowing their strength, have trades-unions for each branch of the trade. If the makers at a particular manufactory feel aggrieved they "strike," and the works are stopped till the master comes to terms, the men on strike being supported meanwhile by their brother makers at other manufactories. If a few unhappy makers chancing not to belong to the union remain at work, another branch of the trade "strikes," and it not infrequently happens that the non-unionists find their houses half blown up at night by some "infernal machine" dropped

down their cellars. The punishment devised for dry-grinders being non-unionists or "knobsticks," as they are called, is gunpowder, which, being placed under their grindstones at night, explodes with the first spark of labour in the morning, and blinds or maims the workman. Such outrages are very dreadful, but they are the price Sheffield pays for her superiority in the manufacture of edge-tools; and until education shall teach her workmen better, there is little hope that her social life will be worthy her commercial greatness.

J. L.

## A BLOOD-STAINED FRUIT.

THE MULBERRY.

WHEN every other tree in garden, wood, or wold, has donned the green vesture of spring, one still remains in "naked majesty," an Adam of the Eden. The cold night winds, nipping so many tender buds which had been too easily lured forth by transitory noontide sunshine, beat harmlessly upon the mulberry's sapless bark; and not till the last spring frost is over, and cold has finally yielded to the mild persuasions of approaching summer, does it abandon its bare-branched security, and suffer its young leaves to venture forth, gladdening the watchful gardener with an unerring token that his hitherto sheltered floral nurslings may now be safely trusted in the open parterre. Nor has this tree's extreme wariness escaped the poet's observant eye, for Cowley describes at length how

Cautiously the mulberry did move,  
And first the temper of the skies would prove  
What sign the sun was in, and if she might  
Give credit yet to winter's seeming fight.  
She dares not venture on his first retreat,  
Nor trust her fruit and leaves to doubtful heat;  
Her ready sap within her bark confines  
Till she of settled warmth has certain signs;  
Then making rich amends for the delay,  
With sudden haste she dons her green array.

But though the foliage displays such singular reticence as regards making its first appearance, it might offer the same kind of apology which was tendered by Charles Lamb, when, on being remonstrated with for coming to business so late in the morning, he replied, "But then remember how early I go away in the afternoon;" for though mulberry leaves are the last to put forth in spring, they are the very first to leave in autumn, the least frost bringing them all to the ground.

Its peculiar cautiousness earning for it from the ancients the title of the wisest of trees, the mulberry was dedicated by the Greeks to Minerva; while, to account for the fact of there being both a white and a black-fruited species, they wove the fanciful legend of Pyramus and Thisbe—more familiar, perhaps, to many from the burlesque of *Bottom*, than from the pathetic original of Ovid, who, in sad seriousness, celebrates how, when the lover deemed his lady slain, he threw himself upon his own sword, when she, returning only to find him dying, slew herself also; and this *Romeo and Juliet* of the ancient world thus expired together at the foot of the mulberry tree where

they had been accustomed to meet, crimsoning its roots with a sanguine stream, till

The berries, stained with blood, began to show  
A dark complexion, and forgot their snow;  
While, fattened with a flowing gore, the root  
Was doomed for ever to a purple fruit.  
The prayer which dying Thisbe had preferred  
Both gods and parents with compassion heard,  
The mulberry found its former whiteness fled,  
And, ripening, saddened in a dusky red.

A native of China, of Syria—where, in very early times, we find David “smiting the Philistines under the mulberry trees”—and of Persia, this tree is supposed to have been brought from the latter country to Greece and Rome, where it was more esteemed than almost any other fruit, even in the Romans' most luxurious times. Spreading thence to other parts of Europe, it is believed to have been brought to England by the monks, arriving in 1548, and is said to have been first planted in the gardens of Sion House (now the seat of the Duke of Northumberland), where, very recently, the original trees were still living, and no barren or unfruitful life, the branches having continued to bear luxuriant leaves and fruit long after the trunks had become so decayed as to crumble at a touch. A great impetus was given to the culture of the mulberry in England at the beginning of the seventeenth century, in consequence of James I. having conceived the idea that we might become a silk-growing nation, and, in consequence, doing all in his power to encourage the planting of this tree, not only expending his learned eloquence in exhorting his subjects to give their attention to it, but even offering packets of the seed to any who might choose to apply for them. This seems, however, to have been but a temporary crotchet of the royal brain, which, though exciting much enthusiasm during 1605, was, in the course of a few years, quite forgotten; but while it lasted, it had the effect of establishing mulberry trees in the gardens of most of the gentry of that period, many of which still survive, having, probably, in part owed their preservation to the fact of their regal patron not having apparently been sufficiently well versed in botanical distinctions to discriminate between the white mulberry—which is best fitted to feed silk-worms, but is good for little else—and the black mulberry, which, though less welcome to the caterpillar, yet furnishes fruit acceptable to man; whence it happened that most of the trees which he had caused to be planted with a special view to insect nurture, turned out to be of the latter species, and were, therefore, still valued, even when the practice of silk-worm rearing had ceased to be a fashionable pursuit.\* This mistake respecting the two species may, however, have helped to render James's scheme abortive; but that the failure of his plan was not entirely due to it, is evident from its having been proved in later days that, however even the white mulberry may seem to thrive in this country, its leaves will not in our climate acquire that juicy

tenderness which, in warmer lands, so eminently fits them for the spinners' nutriment; for, in the language of the “Journal d'Agriculture des Pays Bas,” “the mulberry, to produce the best silk, requires the same soil and exposure as the vine does to produce the best wine.” The dreams, therefore, of minor enthusiasts, who, since King James's period, have, from time to time, taken up his idea of introducing silk-growing as a branch of our national industry, have always resulted in equal disappointment.

Though devoured with such avidity by silk-worms, the leaves of the mulberry are eaten by no other kind of insect (although the fruit is peculiarly liable to the attacks of a very voracious worm), and its unmolested ample foliage of large, heart-shaped, serrated leaves, sometimes more or less lobed, yields, therefore, during the hot months, a very grateful shade, on which account it is commonly grown in France in the corners of courtyards, where accumulations of rubbish furnish it with a congenial soil; and as it never requires any pruning, beyond disencumbrance of the dead wood, when it becomes aged, a process which mostly quite rejuvenates the tree, it gives no trouble to its owner, and supplies during some months a continual feast to his poultry, even if he himself be quite indifferent to the charms of its fruit. Its leaves, too, are readily eaten by cattle, but the wood, which is very light in weight, is fit for little else than fuel, though the bitter root is sometimes used medicinally as a vermifuge. The blossoms, which appear in June, are not very ornamental; the male flowers, closely set together in a drooping catkin, an inch or two long, consisting only of a four-sepaled calyx surrounding four stamens; while the female ones, comprising forty or fifty tiny flowers arranged in the form of an upright spike, present also no gay corolla, but only a similar calyx encircling an ovary with two styles. It is this mass of cohering calices and ovaries which, gradually becoming fleshy and juicy, form eventually the fruit, each ovary maturing, in its two-celled interior, a single seed, and as it thus consists of “seeds embedded in pulp,” the appearance of the whole fully answers to the popular description of a “berry,” and has therefore earned for it the title of Mulberry. A modern botanist, however, would no more let this suffice to give it a place among berries, than he would consider that a butterfly must be classed among birds, because both have wings; and though, at a first casual glance, it may seem to bear a great resemblance to some of the berry fruits, especially to the similarly complexioned blackberry, a moment's examination will show the great difference there is between them, the latter being the outgrowth of a single flower, the numerous ovaries of which form each a distinct and separable little berry, the whole number of these little berries adhering round a common receptacle, forming together a single fruit; whereas, in the mulberry, numerous flowers cohere to make one fruit; yet, instead of its divisions being more distinct, as might have been supposed, their union, on the contrary, is so complete, that though dividing markings appear upon the surface, they do not extend much deeper, and the parts,

\* Shakespeare's famous mulberry-tree, which was planted in 1609, belonged to the black or common species. A slip from it was planted by Garrick in the garden of his villa, near Hampton Court, and became a tree, which probably still flourishes.

therefore, are not separable like the grains of a blackberry. The real class-mate of the mulberry is the pine-apple, which is formed in a similar way by numerous succulent calices cohering into a single fleshy mass; and different as are these two fruits as regards size, colour, and mode of vegetation, traces of their one great point of affinity, in being both what are called "aggregate fruits," may soon be detected on comparing their external surfaces—marked, as each is, with such well defined, but non-separating divisions.

The mulberry when first formed is green, it then becomes red, and finally black, whence the generic name *Morus*\* (from *mauros*, dark) is derived—a fact rather opposed to the romantic Ovidian theory, of all mulberries having been white until after the death of Pyramus and Thisbe; and involving, too, a little absurdity in the surnames by which the species are distinguished—that of *nigra*, affixed to the black-fruited kind, being but a pleonasm, as meaning the same thing; while *alba*, or white, the special title of the silk-worm-feeding sort, though justified by its snowy fruit, is as evidently a complete paradox. When fully ripe, so readily does the inky juice of the black mulberry burst through its tender skin, that it can scarcely be touched without leaving a sable stain upon the fingers, a circumstance which, it appears, is sometimes rather prejudicial to its position in society, a French writer remarking concerning the fruit, that "though many people are very fond of them, they are more often consumed in the country than at city repasts, where elegance ought to exclude them, since if not eaten with great care they stain the clothes." When they are partaken of in France, they are served at the beginning of the meal, instead of forming part of the dessert.

Like the strawberry, the mulberry does not undergo the acetous fermentation in the stomach, and may therefore be safely eaten by the most delicate. Among the Romans it had, further, a great medicinal reputation, especially with regard to diseases of the throat and windpipe, and its syrup is still thought to be good for sore throats. It affords an excellent preserve, though not put to this use so often as it might be; is capable of being made into wine, which however is never found to keep very long; and brandy, but of a very weak sort, has also sometimes been distilled from it. As it falls from the tree (chiefly during September) as soon as it is ripe, it is usual to have a grass plat beneath, in order to furnish a carpet on which the fruit may descend without soil or injury; but as bare earth, offering a dark surface, causes a greater radiation of heat, and thus promotes the ripening process, a superior plan is, to sow cress seed thickly under the tree two or three weeks before its produce is matured, and thus provide a temporary covering for the ground just at the time when it is needed; or, better still, a net may be suspended among the branches to catch the luscious shower as it drops. With no other fruit, perhaps, except the fig, is the question of

quality so dependent upon its being secured at exactly the right moment. "Every berry," says Glennie, "has its day of perfection, before or after which it is bad. Before it is ready, it is acid and almost nauseous; and the day after, it is flat." The harvest, however, is usually so abundant that one tree will generally suffice to supply the wants of a large family, and an instance has been known of as many as eighty quarts a week having been gathered during the season from a single tree—a very old and famous one in a garden at Greenwich, which covered a circumference of 150 feet, and, in spite of Elder plants springing up within the decayed trunk, and Ivy clinging with stifling embrace to its exterior, continued to bear large quantities of the finest fruit of the sort in England. It is indeed the ordinary characteristic of this plant to become more prolific as it increases in age, while the fruit also improves in quality, in compensation, as it would seem, for its barrenness in youth; for (unless grafted) it does not usually bear at all until it has attained a rather advanced age; since, like most plants which bring forth distinct male and female flowers, only the former are produced at first, and it is not until Nature's "prentice hand" has been "tried" for some years upon these, that she proceeds to fashion her vegetable Eves. Recent experiments, however, have shown that by due management it is possible to make the mulberry tree bear fruit when only three years old. Its propagation is by no means difficult, for a branch torn off and thrust at once into the ground, readily takes root, and becomes ere long a tree; while so tenacious is it of life, that roots have been known to send up shoots to the surface after having lain dormant in the earth for twenty-four years. It rarely reaches a height of thirty feet, and though of a much-branched spreading character, does not usually attain a very large size. The bark is always rough and thick, but the leaves are subject to so much diversity of size and shape as to have given rise, at one time, to the idea of there being several varieties distinct from the common sort; only one, however, being now reckoned, and that differing so little in essentials, that it need scarcely have been separated; so that the remark is still applicable which was made centuries ago by Pliny, respecting the mulberry, viz., that "It is in this tree that human ingenuity has effected the least improvement of all; there are no varieties here, no modifications effected by grafting, nor, in fact, any other improvement, except that the size of the fruit by careful management has been increased." In America the mulberry will scarcely grow further north than New York, and it is in no part much cultivated, since even when apparently fine fruit is abundantly produced, it is not found equal in flavour to what is grown in England. A native variety, the *Morus rubra*, very common in both North and South America, and which has larger leaves than *M. nigra*, bears red fruit, tolerably palatable, but far inferior to our black.

In common with its near relative the fig, which it also resembles in the circumstance of its aggregate fruit being formed by the union of numerous flowers, the mulberry contains in every part of the tree a milky juice, which will coagulate into a

\* It is believed that this word has itself furnished an etymology, the peninsula of the Morea being, it is said, so called on account of its shape resembling that of a mulberry leaf.

coarse sort of india-rubber, and as this specially abounds in the white species, it has been surmised that the tenacity of the filament spun by the silkworm may be due to this element of its food. It is rarely that the white mulberry, originally a native of Syria, is seen in England, its very inferior fruit being only fit to feed poultry; but it may be readily distinguished, even in winter, from its negro brother by its slender, upright shape, and more numerous white-barked shoots. In general it grows faster than *M. nigra*, its leaves are less rough, as well as more juicy, and its bark, macerated and prepared like flax, may be spun into a very fine fabric. Having become naturalised in many parts of Asia and Europe, numerous varieties have originated, some of which bear very tolerable fruit, but none perhaps are equal to the black in this respect.

ASTERISK.

## ITALIAN SKETCHES.

### NO. I. THE BLUE GROTTO.

INTENDING to spend some time in seeing all that was best worth visiting in the neighbourhood of Naples, we were advised to make Sorrento our head quarters in the first place: though only a village, it can boast of excellent accommodation for travellers. The inn, known by the name of La Bella Sinena, is equal to any hotel that I have visited: it was a gentleman's country-house, and sold by him to its present master, who spares no pains to make it an agreeable resting-place to the numerous visitors of that lovely spot.

As the road winds along the shore from Castellamare to Sorrento, elevated as it is above it, the most enchanting views of the sea succeed each other, while the whole coast to the right seemed like a succession of the most luxuriant gardens. The great affluence of beauty, so to speak, almost overpowers one. Would that the whole world could see these glorious scenes! No storm from the north or east brings coldness or winter to these blooming gardens; the breezes are all from the balmy south,—the warm-scented air from the regions of palms, oranges, and myrtles,—across that beautiful sea. At each fresh turn of the road new and striking points of view disclosed themselves; seen, perhaps, to greater advantage in the soft mellow light of declining day, than in the more glaring light of the gorgeous sunshine. Long before we arrived at Sorrento, those fairy-like creatures, the fire-flies, were darting quickly by, flashing in the air like brilliant sparks endowed with the power of motion. Beautiful, most beautiful Sorrento! What words can do justice to such exquisite loveliness!

On arriving, we at once sauntered into the balcony of the inn, which was built of stone and looked out over the garden. What a scene was before us, richer far in beauty than any of fancy's numerous creations! Below us was a wood of orange, lemon, and citron trees, which were overlaid with golden fruit and scented flowers: cypresses, gigantically tall, formed the boundary of the garden, and seemed doubly dark against the clear heaven-blue sea, which stretched itself away behind them, while boats, with white sails, floated past. I gave myself up to the full enjoy-

ment of the scene, and could not resist going below under the tall orange trees, that I might gather the tempting fruit and lovely flowers for myself.

The following morning we were awake at five o'clock, as we were anxious to start at six, having a long day's work before us. How glorious the morning was—the sun shining in the cloudless blue sky, the nightingales' making the very air resound with their joyous song, and that wondrous sea causing even the very heavens to look pale in the comparison! We were to proceed on donkeys, as it was only a narrow mountain path that we were about to follow. At that early hour the warmth was delightful, and the elasticity of the air was most exhilarating: earth, sea, and air alike seemed to rejoice.

At such a moment one felt what it was to enjoy life with that degree of intensity that makes mere existence so joyous to the dwellers in southern climes. The greater part of our way lay through orange and lemon groves. The broad-leaved aloe bordered the road, in some places rising to the height of eight feet, and making a most impervious fence.

Many picturesque groups met and passed us. Women, with red cloaks turned over their heads, one or two babies slung in baskets in front of them, while their husbands led the donkeys on which they were seated; then there were peasant girls in the picturesque dress of the Sorrentines, their baskets piled up with a luxuriant mass of fruit and flowers, arranged with a degree of natural taste that made each basket a picture.

Our path led across very steep hills, the ascent occasionally so abrupt that stone steps were cut out of the rock; and it was curious to see how well our donkeys managed to climb up them, though I cannot say the proceeding was a pleasant one to the rider. In about two hours we came in sight of the little town of Massa. As we wound down the last hill we saw our boat lying at the little landing, and very shortly we were making our way to the far-famed cave. The beautiful sea extended before us, stretching away to beautiful Sicily and to the far continent of Africa, while we were leaving behind us the rocky coast of Italy, with its singular caves, hollowed out, as many think, by the unceasing action of that tideless sea. One effect produced by these caves is very curious; it can only be perceived by any one moving close along the shore (as I have frequently done), and then, on a still day, you hear a sort of harmonious sound somewhat resembling an Eolian harp, but a fuller sound, and not so deeply melancholy: it is for ever rising into fullness and distinctness, and then again dying away. I could listen to these sounds by the hour together, so indescribably attractive are they. The boatmen, who are full of imaginative ideas, attribute them to the spirits of the departed, condemned to abide in these caves as a penance for faults committed while in this world.

The boatmen told us we were most fortunate in our day; for if there is the slightest roughness on the sea, or even a swell, the entrance to the grotto is very difficult; in some cases adventurous travel-

lers have led themselves and their guides into no inconsiderable danger by persisting in making the attempt. One party who succeeded in getting in were unable to return, and were kept prisoners there till the want of provisions and all other accommodation led to most serious privations; fortunately a change in the weather allowed them to make their exit before a worse result than mere inconvenience befell them.

On the day when we visited the Blue Grotto, there was not even a ripple on the water, it lay glittering in the golden light. The deep blue of the sea, as we looked close down upon it, surpassed anything I could have imagined, in spite of all I had already seen of its lovely colour. Our hands when plunged in the water appeared as if carved in blue marble, the shadow which the boat threw upon it was of the purest, darkest blue, the reflection of the oars formed moving streaks of every shade of blue.

The view of the shore we were leaving was very striking: the clearness of the atmosphere in that country brings everything so near to one that the hills covered with luxuriant fruit trees, the picturesque vines falling in the most graceful festoons, the magnificent ilex and olive trees contrasting so well with the brighter greens, the white houses of the town, the terrace gardens a gorgeous mass of colour, the trellised walls covered with a profusion of pink and red china roses, the pretty fishing-boats,—all together formed a beautiful panorama apparently close to us, and, by some strange illusion, it even seemed to move with us.

The island of Capri, on which the cave is situated is approachable only on one side; around it ascend steep walls of cliff, which, towards Naples, stretch out, amphitheatre-like, with vineyards and orange-groves covering their sides. Upon the shore stand several fishermen's huts; higher up, amid the green gardens, is the little city of Anna Capri, into which a very small drawbridge and gates give admittance. Towards the south of the island are lofty portals of rock, which rear themselves, in solitary grandeur, out of the sea. After rowing along the shores sufficiently to see the general aspect of the island, we approached that side where is situated the entrance to the far-famed grotto or cave, called by the country-people the Witches' Cave. Before entering, it may be well to say something respecting its discovery, as for many centuries it was entirely unknown, at least to travellers, though strange traditions respecting it existed amongst the inhabitants from a very remote date.

In the year 1831, two young Germans, named Pries and Kopisch, travelling in Italy, spent some days in the island of Capri, and heard rumours of the Witches' Cave, of which they, after great difficulty, discovered the entrance and persisted in visiting it, in spite of the strong prejudices of the boatmen, who firmly believed that, whoever entered it, would be swallowed up in a flaming caldron. Nothing could induce the men to go one step further than the entrance; but the two adventurous youths thoroughly explored the grotto, and conquered the superstitious dread of the people by the fact of their return alive and uninjured; and ever since that period it has

been the resort of every traveller to these beautiful regions.

Kopisch was born at Breslau, and is the author of a beautiful novel, called "The Bald Rocks of Capri," and of many poems published in 1837. Ernst Pries was a landscape painter of extraordinary promise, the son of M. Pries, the well-known banker of Heidelberg. He spent many years in Italy, and his finest pieces are scenes from that beautiful country. He died suddenly, while yet quite young, at Carlsruhe, and lies buried under a beautiful monument at Heidelberg.

Only when we were close to the island did we remark the extraordinary purity and clearness of the water; it was so wonderfully transparent, I had never seen anything like it. As we glided along, every little stone, the smallest substances, were visible. The depth of the water close in shore was very great; it made one dizzy to look down from the edge of our boat into the profound depth over which we were passing. We began to look about for the entrance to the cave, and presently one of our boatmen, called out, "Eccola, signora!" I looked and looked in vain; nothing could I see but the dark face of the rock and the deep waters rippling against it; still his finger remained pointed in the same direction, and again I looked more steadfastly than before, when at length I espied, close to the very edge of the water, a small oblong opening; a slit would give a juster idea of its appearance. I own that, at first, I did not believe the man was serious, it seemed to me so fearfully out of the question, for not merely human beings, but a boat to enter by such an aperture; but, in spite of my incredulity, the information was quite correct. As soon as we were quite close to the rocks, we saw a tiny, almost flat, boat moored quite close to the rocks, and into it myself and one other of the party were desired to get; no easy matter stepping from the larger boat into this very fragile, unsteady one; but at last it was achieved, and then we were told to lie flat down, not even raising our heads in the slightest degree, for fear of a blow from the overhanging rocks. The next step was, that one of the boatmen got into the water, only his head and shoulders appearing; then he seized fast hold of our boat, watched his opportunity (after the other men had shoved it almost within the opening), and drew the boat into the cave, aided by the slight swell of the sea. So urgent was the necessity for perfect stillness, that the boatmen kept saying, "Lie still, lie still; don't move hand or foot," until our boat was fairly through the arch; and then he cautiously helped us out, and we were able to look around.

Many of my readers may never even have heard of the Blue Grotto; and even those who have heard it spoken of, may still not have the very least idea what it is really like; and very difficult it is to give a really good description of it—indeed so difficult that I shall partly adopt the poetic language of a gifted writer, who was a frequent visitor to this enchanting spot. Thus he writes: "Far below me, above me, and around me, was the blue ether; electric sparks, millions of falling stars, glittered around me. It was as



though the infinitely blue heaven vaulted itself above me ; singular ball-shaped clouds, blue as itself, floated in the air. My very clothing seemed intensely blue ; I extended my hand down into the strangely shining air below me ; it was water into which I thrust it, silvery, blue, cold as the sea. Close beside me stood a column, tall, and of a sparkling blue ; after some moments I ventured to touch it : it was as hard as stone and as cold also, and, similar to all else in this fairy-like place, intensely blue. I stretched out my hands into the half-dark space behind me, and felt only hard, rocky wall, but dark blue as the bright heavens. Where was I ? Was that below me, which I had taken for air, a shining blue sea, which seemed to burn of a sulphurous hue ? Was the illumined space around me, light-diffusing walls of rock, and

arches high above me ? Every object was illumined in every shade of blue. I myself seemed enveloped in the same exquisitely-transparent blue light. Close beside me was a vast flight of steps which seemed to be made of vast sapphires, every step being a block of this beautiful stone. I ascended them, but a wall of rock forbade further advance. Where were the boatmen ? I was alone, or seemed to be so. The glorious beauty which I beheld was, like myself, actual and physical. Close to the surface of the water, and not far from where I stood, I saw a clear blue star, which cast a single ray of light, pure as ether, over the mirror of the water, and while I yet looked I saw it darken itself like the moon eclipsed ; a blacker object showed itself, and a little boat glided onward over the silvery blue water !”



Capri.

“It was the opening to the outward air that had more the fancied resemblance of a star. Others of the party now advanced to take their share in this exquisite and most unrivalled spectacle, and my solitary dream was at an end.”

I can add but little to this beautiful description ; and I will only say that, however fanciful it sounds, it is strictly correct in every detail. The spot is in itself so unlike reality, that, short of seeing it, a more perfect impression could scarcely be given of it than these eloquent words I lay before the reader. The silvery water is one of the great curiosities of the cave : a man in a suitable dress plunges into it, and you seem to see a moving silver statue. The silvery flooring is formed of the most beautiful silvery-looking white sand, quite unlike anything I have ever seen, as indeed

everything in the cave is. The bright blue light, reflected on your own dress and on everything within the cave, is most accurately described. One feels when in this grotto as if it was but the creation of some fairy's hand, that would disappear and leave you to sober reality. None have ever been able to account for it, though it has been examined by numerous scientific men. Whether it is the strong power of reflection (through the singular-shaped aperture) of the blue sea and the still bluer sky, or whether it is any inherent property in the grotto itself, yet remains to be discovered. The same enchantingly clear atmosphere pervades it that renders all these southern regions so delightful.

The boatmen entertained us with many a curious legend respecting the enchanted cave. Some of the older inhabitants of the island still

believe in the evil influence that a visit to the cave exercises over the ill-fated person who is so rash as to penetrate into the witches' domain. There is a very curious fish to be found in the beautiful silvery water, very small, and with an odd, square-shaped head; and there is one odd thing to be remarked in these fish, viz., that they are all blind; what makes this fact the more singular is, that in the water that runs through the wonderful caves of Adelsberg, in South Germany (which I may some day describe to my readers), there is also to be found a curious fish, and these fish are blind as well as those in the Blue Grotto, though the fish in shape, size, and almost every other particular are perfectly different. The superstitious Italians look upon these fish as the evil genii of the place, and if by any unhappy chance they should happen to kill one of them, it is looked upon as a grave calamity, and threatening every sort of misfortune to the unlucky individual. They catch them in a small net, and when visitors have satisfied their curiosity, they are carefully restored to their silvery home. A very pretty species of coral is found in the silver sand, only it is not really coral, though it resembles it; it is also of a bright orange colour, instead of the pinky red of coral.

But we have lingered long enough at this beautiful spot, and depart, however loth to leave so much loveliness. We made our exit in the same way in which we had entered; and as another proof of the wonderful brilliancy of colouring in the grotto, when we were again in the larger boat we could scarcely believe that we were on the same blue sea we had so recently left, though the sun was shining as gloriously, and the heavens were as cloudless. To our eyes the sea seemed to have lost every tinge of blue. I never saw so extraordinary a difference—caused, no doubt, by the vivid depth of colour our eyes had become accustomed to, so that every other shade of colour looked pale in the comparison.

Of our journey back to Sorrento it is needless to speak; we returned along the coast instead of going by land.

Wishing, I suppose, to crowd as much beauty into our day as was possible, we took an evening stroll to explore some of the beauties of Sorrento. This walk shows all the finest points of view, and it does not occupy more than two hours—at least, a good walker would do it in that time; but the ascent is very steep, and lasts for at least half the way. But who has time to think of fatigue or difficulty when every step brings out some fresh beauty. The path winds round the face of the high hill or cliff, on part of which Sorrento is placed. The most luxuriant myrtles in full flower embalm the air with their fragrant smell. The coronella, which with us is a green-house plant, mixes its bright golden flowers with the dark green of the myrtles. The varieties of the cistus tribe are innumerable; especially I noticed a rare wild one, with a very beautiful large lilac flower. The arbutus, the most ornamental of all that class of flowering shrubs, grows in profusion all along the coast. The pale silvery green of the olive shows well when mixed with the richer tints of other foliage; and everywhere the eye rests on a

profusion of luxuriant vegetation that language would wholly fail to do justice to. It is indeed a land richly endowed by Nature; for the smallest possible amount of cultivation causes the teeming earth to put forth her abundance.

As we returned home the moon was rising, as it can rise in Italy,—looking like a solid globe of silver, so clear is the air; and the light, though soft, was most brilliant, spreading over all the beautiful scene her refulgent light. We lingered, and yet we lingered, so loth were we to turn away from a scene that one might perhaps see equalled, but assuredly never surpassed.

### DOUBTS AND HOPES.

GOLDEN daylight, calm and noble,  
Falling in the purple west,  
Like the first and mightiest Cæsar  
Dying in his Tyrian vest!

Golden daylight, now descending  
Whither none of us can see;  
But we know 'tis not thine ending,  
For beyond there lies the sea;

And beyond the sea are rivers,  
Plains and mountains, lakes and lands,  
And the Placid Ocean severs  
These from India's torrid sands:

Next on classic lands of morning  
Wilt thou shine before our morn;  
Then our morrow make, adorning  
With new beams our sphere forlorn.

Golden daylight, rich in blessing,  
Shall our life be like thine own?  
Shall it dawn anew, possessing  
What is now but half its own?

Are they dreams, those legends olden,  
Of an age of godlike men?  
Youth's imaginations golden,  
Shall they e'er be truths again?

Shall the wisdom Time produces  
Still be ours, to live once more,  
Turning to a myriad uses  
Years we wasted and deplore?

But, to sight, our days are numbered;  
We must go, and others come;  
Children like us, sorely cumbered,  
Through a cavern passing home.

Happy trees, your leaf renewing,  
Gaining grace while growing old;  
Calm Perfection's plan pursuing,  
Silent through the moons of cold.

Summer's growth gives ampler beauty,  
Winter's sleep anneals your strength;  
Nature's Law is one with Duty,  
And the crown is gained at length.

Daylight sleeps, yet sleeps to waken;  
Leaves are changed, yet never cease;  
Must we envy, God-forsaken,  
Dayspring and the new-born trees?

G. C. SWAYNE.

## TOO LATE.



"THE caravan will start to-day, English sir."

I was the English sir alluded to, and the caravan was a motley collection of vehicles, beasts of burden, and men of various ranks and nationalities, who had been detained for several days at the foot of the St. Gothard pass.

It was early spring; the snow was softening

under the effects of the sun, but on dark days the cold was yet severe, and heavy snow had fallen and blocked the difficult mountain road. The pretty village of Airolo, nestling among its chestnut groves, just underneath the precipices of granite and schist glimmering with mica that flashed golden where the white snow-crust had thawed

away, was full of travellers. There were no disengaged rooms in either of the inns, and several persons had been obliged to seek accommodation as best they might, among the cottages of the borgo.

"Well, Beppo, I wish them a pleasant journey, that's all," was my half-careless reply, as I went on grinding and mixing my colours.

"The signor will not want his bill, then?" said the waiter, opening his eyes in surprise; "the *patron* made so sure *milordo* would accompany the rest, that he has drawn the account all ready, and bade me ask if Giorgio should harness the sledge."

"In short," said I, laughing, "you seem determined to turn me out, whether I will or no. I have no more intention of crossing the mountain to-day than I have of taking a header into the Ticino yonder, and shall stop here another week, unless the *patron* absolutely ejects me."

Of course Beppo bowed and shrugged, assuring me in his best Italian that the *Hôtel de Poste* was only too much honoured by my presence, that the landlord and landlady would be overjoyed to hear of my prolonged stay, and that he would hurry off to bespeak my dinner,—no useless precaution at that season.

I had been six days at Airolo, and was in no haste to leave it. Much of my winter's work at Rome consisted of mere sketches and crude compositions, outlines that needed study and care as to filling-in the details. And my old studio in the Via San Barbara had been too full of cheery friends, perpetually dropping in to communicate the pleasant babble of Roman news, to be a good arena for steady toil. Airolo was a capital place for work; my room had a good north window, and there was nothing to distract a painter's attention from his canvas and colours. Besides, in my rambles among the spurs and offsets of the Alps, I came to many glorious bits of savage wintry scenery, and saw nature under a new aspect. Such glimpses of stainless snow and rifted ice are valuable to an artist, and my portfolio and my memory grew richer every day.

On this account, I was in no hurry to cross the mountains. A week or two more or less was nothing to me, and I should be in London quite early enough as it was. But man is a gregarious animal, and presently, as I stood smoking my cigar in the porch and watching the bustle and stir of the departure, I could not help feeling a half wish that I were one of the wayfarers.

A blithe and active scene it was. There were about forty mules and pack-horses, all as heavily laden as was consistent with a rapid progress on a steep road, and guided by a knot of hardy fellows, Italians and German Swiss, whose sun-browned faces spoke of long familiarity with the highway. Besides these, there were three or four sledges, whose occupants were burghers of Lucerne, going home with spring purchases made at Milan, two monks returning to a convent in one of the Forest Cantons, and a *cantatrice* bound for some theatre in France or Germany, where she had an engagement. The pedestrians were a couple of Swiss soldiers—Papal guardsmen—on furlough, a few Modenese or Tuscan modellers in plaster of Paris,

straw-plaiters, and the like, and three pilgrims. The latter were dull, robustly-built peasants from Rhenish Germany, who had been, in pursuance of a vow, to pray at Loretto, and whose unimpassioned, brick-red faces, contrasted curiously with the scallop-shells in their hats and the large tawdry crosses pinned in front of their blouses.

The "caravan" was made up by a dark-green travelling carriage,—a heavy, roomy, rumbling affair, such as Florentine coachmakers build for a price that in Long Acre would scarcely purchase a gig, and which, though ugly enough, stands rough usage well. This carriage belonged to an English family who had arrived two days before, and who, finding no room at the *Poste*, had been obliged to put up at the Silver Pelican, the other inn of the village. Of these, my countrymen, I had seen nothing, save one glimpse of the skirt of a lady's dress vanishing into the doorway of the Pelican, and a nearer view of a stout elderly Englishman, who spoke no foreign language, and whom I once had the pleasure of directing to the Post Office, as he stood with an unpaid letter in his hand, gazing perplexedly about him in the little market-place of Airolo.

Under ordinary circumstances, people of such various castes and occupations would have journeyed independently of one another, but winter in the Swiss Alps makes travelling precarious; and the spring season is even more dangerous than that of winter, the masses of snow being never so formidable as when they have been partly thawed by the sun and rain, so that fellowship and prompt human help in the hour of need are not to be despised high on Splügen or St. Gothard, even by the haughtiest and most confident. On this account it was that all these persons were to start together on their slow way over the mountains. Not that any particular danger was to be feared to-day. Far from it. The street was thronged with gazers, whose voices were loud in cheerful prediction.

"Ah, holy San Carlo, what a day! The sun comes like a blessing on the young vine-shoots; ay, and on all my rheumatic bones, neighbour Brigitta," said one old man of the upper class of burghers.

"Body of Bacchus! the almanack has slipped a month or two, and June must be upon us before we are ready for him, eh, *amici*?" asked one of the village wags, while men and women, boys and girls, agreed in wishing a "bon viaggio," in their hybrid patois, to the departing guests, whose hopeful looks showed that they, too, looked forward to an easy and agreeable passage of the Alpine road.

The sun shone out hot and bright; the blue torrent, roaring low as it sped by from one rocky ledge to another, glittered like a broad riband of burnished steel in the rays; the tender young vine leaves seemed to open to the welcome warmth, and the whole valley assumed a gay and jocund look at this precocious smile of the coming summer. Merrily jangled the bells on the head-stalls of the pack-mules, and the post-horses, waiting for the English party, shook out sharp impatient music from their *grelôts* as they pawed the paving-stones of the hilly street. Even brutes were exhilarated by the air and by the day, and were eager to set off.

At last all was ready; all but the English family; and then they came, attended to their carriage-door by host and hostess, man and maid, all the grinning, good-humoured staff of the Silver Pelican.

"Paterfamilias!" said I to myself, recognising the fellow-countryman I had shown where to post his letter, "no mistaking him anywhere, and he might have sat to Leech for his portrait, so true is the resemblance. Mrs. P. next, portly, pleasant-looking woman; then a pale daughter, looks like an invalid, poor thing, and, by Jove, what a pretty girl is the other!"

I caught but a brief glimpse of the beautiful dark face and glossy braids of raven hair, and then the door closed, and the post-boys, having finished fumbling with the harness, swung themselves into their saddles. Four grey horses, squealing and capering, two pair of greasy jack-boots, two blue jackets, gay with crimson worsted, and a dark green carriage, went surging past. Then, amid cracking of whips and clangour of bells, laughter, and cries of farewell, half ironical, half kindly, went off the whole procession, foot and horse, mule and man, up the steep windings of the road.

For the first three-quarters of a mile, or thereabouts, there was no snow left, for the southern face of the mountain had been for several days exposed to the hot sunbeams; with what effect the swollen torrent could show. But at length the caravan reached the white drifts, and its component parts looked dark and clearly picked out against the gleaming background, as it slowly disappeared among the windings of the cork-screw road. The street was full of merry groups, laughing and gossiping in the light-hearted Southern way. Not one of them but seemed to predict the safest and most agreeable journey for the recently-departed strangers. The snow, some of them said, might be a little heavy and soft, until the crest was reached, but from the Hospice down to Hospenthal and Andermatt, and thence by way of the grand valley of the Reuss to the head of the lake, the footing would be superb. Crisp, thin snow, hard as a pavement, and smooth as Maggiore in summer.

But one tall, grim old man, whose long hair of grizzled red hung down from under his broad-brimmed hat, and whom I guessed to be a cow-herd from Uri, come down from the hills on some bucolic business, eyed the disappearing voyagers in a very different manner. He stood a little apart from the red-sashed villagers, leaning against a tree, and shading his eyes with his gaunt brown hand as he peered at the cavalcade, then looked sharply at the sky, and lastly, growled out in his harsh German dialect:

"Ah! ah! a good journey, forsooth! Soon said! soon said! Every stupidhead can say that. We shall see, by and by."

Moved partly by curiosity, partly by a sort of vague fear—for I had heard much of the remarkable keenness of observation, where changes of weather were concerned, of the Alpine herdsmen—I sauntered closer to the old man.

"A fine day!" said I; "but you don't seem

as confident of its lasting as these worthy folks of the Valtellina?"

I spoke in German, for I remembered the old contempt of the Teutonic foresters for the softer and livelier race on the sunnier side of the Alps, over whom they had long ruled with stern sway, and I felt by no means sure of a civil answer if I addressed the rough old fellow in Italian. Indifferent as my German was, he understood it, and slightly touched his felt hat as he replied, with a friendly growl like that of an affable bear:

"Any dolt or child can see when the sun shines, Herr Engländer. We mountain farmers are used to distrust outward signs. I sniff a storm, somehow."

"Not now, surely? Not for the present, at any rate?" said I incredulously, as I swept the horizon with my eyes, and saw nothing but blue sky, dazzling light, and a fleecy flake or two of white cloud above the sharp and clear-cut peaks of the vividly defined mountains.

The old man muttered something, *what* I could not catch, but the tone was a scornful one, and shrugged up his shoulders as he turned away.

I should have asked if he really suspected any sudden change of weather to be imminent, although the smiling face of nature seemed to refute any sinister prophecy, but for two circumstances. The first of these was the arrival of the diligence from Bellinzona, rattling and clashing up to the Poste, and well stored with passengers. The second, was the fact that a good looking stalwart young peasant—the old man's son, no doubt—came hurrying up with some samples of seed corn in a sieve, and called his father to join a knot of buyers, sellers, and speculators, whose garrulous Corn Exchange was being held beside the public fountain.

The arrival of the diligence caused fresh excitement in the place. For some days, owing to the inaccessibility of the high plateau above the pass, none had passed; and this vehicle was, as usual, to be put on sledge-runners to enable it to cross the deeper drifts without sticking fast. In the middle of the turmoil without which nothing can be done in Continental Europe, I found myself suddenly accosted with,

"Why, Bolton! George, old fellow, who on earth would have dreamed of finding you here?"

I turned sharply round, and saw the handsome, friendly face of Maurice Tindal, an artist, like myself, but one who, young as he was, already ranked high in his profession, and bade fair to be, with thought and study, one of the props of British art. I had a sincere liking for Tindal, and a thorough admiration for his talents; indeed, almost every one liked the youngster, though it is sometimes provoking to be outstripped by a junior. I knew that he had spent the winter somewhere in Italy, but not at Rome, for we had not met since our last sojourn in London.

In very few words, Maurice told me that he was fresh from Florence, where he had been working and studying throughout the winter, and that he was now bound for England. So far all was clear and commonplace, but I was puzzled at first by the nervous anxiety which Maurice manifested as to whether some friends who had started from

Florence a few days before him, and whom he was desirous to overtake, were still in the village.

"An English family—the Traffords. I've asked already at the Poste, but the landlady, who was busy ladding out soup to the new arrivals by the diligence, had hardly leisure to attend to me, and said she knew nothing of any *forestieri* of that name."

"There is another inn," said I, "the Silver Pelican, just round the corner, by the quaint old church. But English travellers are as rare in Airole just now, as they will be plenty when the heats of early summer shall have given the foreign residents notice to quit. I've seen nothing of your friends. Stop—perhaps they were the folks who left this morning with a sort of caravan of motley people, forced into temporary comradeship by fear of being smothered in a drift."

"A green carriage?"

"Just so."

"Father, mother, and two daughters, one of them pretty, a lady's maid in the rumble, and a heap of luggage?"

Maurice changed colour, and saying that he would make sure as to the truth, hurried off to the inn. He returned almost instantly, to say that the family that had just left had really been the Traffords. His having missed them was, he said, a most provoking circumstance, but the diligence would soon start, and he should catch them somewhere on this side of Bâle.

"But for that wearisome Prince Potocki, who kept me for three days hard at work altering—and, in my fancy, spoiling—the picture I had done for his Russian dilettantship, I should have started along with the Traffords. As it is—"

"As it is, Maurice, you must be desperately smitten to hunt a family coach as the Furies did that classical party, Orestes. The black eyes are of course the magnet which—"

Maurice cut me short with a stamp and an impatient exclamation, and then reddened and begged my pardon for his burst of anger. "Excuse me, George, old boy, but you know a man in love is apt to be thin-skinned when any one, even an old friend, seems to ridicule the girl he is engaged to; and as I am in hopes of being married some time this summer, and we are old chums—why, I don't see any reason for keeping you in the dark."

Then it all came out. At Florence, Maurice, who had the *entrée* of many good houses, had made the acquaintance of the Traffords, a well-to-do English family spending the winter there, and a mutual attachment had sprung up between the young artist and the eldest daughter. Lucy Trafford was one of the handomest girls in Florence that winter, and, if Maurice's enthusiastic praises were to be believed, as clever and good as she was beautiful. That Maurice should have fallen in love with her was not wonderful, nor was it very strange that this love should have been returned; but the most surprising feature in the case was, that old Trafford should have given his consent. The suitor had little or no property beyond his abilities and skill with brush and pencil, while the daughters would be co-heiresses of a fair property. As far as I could tell from

Tindal's hasty sketch of past proceedings, there had been a good deal of demur and paternal opposition, but this had somehow been smoothed away, and the engagement had received the fullest sanction of the parents.

"But am I not a lucky fellow, lucky beyond my deserts I feel and know! and have I not some excuse for being in a hurry to catch up the fugitives after a whole week, an age of separation from—"

"The diligence won't start to-day, Monsieur. I would advise Monsieur to be prompt in securing a bed at the hotel, rooms being few!"

"The diligence not start to-day! You must surely be joking, *conducteur*!"

No. The man was perfectly serious. There were signs, he said, of a change of weather, signs not to be disregarded by one in his position, responsible for the safety of carriage and passengers. These signs had been first remarked by an old farmer from Uri, famous for his skill in detecting the tokens of an approaching storm, a skill as necessary among the mountains as in a seafaring life, and the most experienced of the Airole men had confirmed the statement.

"And see, Monsieur, the change that has come over the sky. Even a city-bred man can make out a warning in that," said the *conducteur*, as he turned away to superintend the placing of the diligence under shelter in the *remise*. Maurice and I looked up, and beheld a semitransparent veil of white film thickening and darkening over the pure sky, and growing like the fatal web of the Destinies. The sun grew dimmer every minute, and the frightened chirp of the birds came shrill and often from among the budding fruit-trees. It was easy to guess that a storm was brewing.

Suddenly Maurice struck his forehead, and uttered what was almost a cry of despair. "Lucy, Lucy, my own Lucy! On the pitiless Alpine heights, far from shelter or succour, with a storm coming on; and I stand here, safe and idle, like a coward, while she perishes in the snowdrifts." And but for me, the young artist, whose distress of mind had overpowered his reason, would have started at a run up the winding road. I caught his arm and held it, though in spite of my superior strength I could hardly keep him back.

"Let me go, Bolton! let me go!" he angrily exclaimed, and for a moment I thought he would have struck me in the blindness of his frenzy.

"Listen only one moment; be reasonable, for Miss Trafford's sake, if not for your own," cried I, panting. "You would only lose your life on the hillside, and in no way assist her. If anything in the way of rescue is to be done, it must be done by coolness and concert. If we can get a guide, I will go with you, and between us we may hope to be of real service, unless, indeed, the caravan has gained shelter. Cheer up, man. Perhaps they are all snugly under cover at the Hospice or elsewhere."

Maurice fairly sobbed as he wrung my hand, and thanked me for my goodwill. But nothing would serve him but that we should start at once. He could not be reassured, even by my strongest

arguments as to the chance of the whole party having reached the shelter of stone walls before the danger grew imminent. And it was manifest now, even to the most careless or unpractised eye. The white web had turned grey, then leaden-coloured, then inky black. A cold and fierce wind came in short puffs, like the gasping respirations of a dying giant, down the gullies of the mountain. In the distance was heard a hollow, indescribable sound, something between the boom of the far-off sea and the notes of an Æolian harp.

"The *Sturm-stimme!* the storm-voice itself. A sure sign!" growled the old peasant from Uri, who now stood at my elbow, with his son at his side, both men leaning on their spiked mountain staves. I glanced keenly at the old man. He looked rather self-satisfied, as if proud of the sagacity he had shown; but over this vanity was visible a sort of grim solemnity, as if the matter were too serious for vulgar boasting. The sunburned face of the younger man was pale, and his bold blue eyes roved to and fro, scanning mountain, sky, and valley, with the scrutiny of one well used to tempest and peril.

I nudged Maurice with my elbow, and hurriedly whispered that if a guide were wanted, we had the very man before us. At first, when we proposed to the young peasant to accompany us in our perilous quest among the crags, the old farmer scouted the idea with absolute rudeness. But money will do anything with these hard-fisted dwellers among the high Alps, and money ultimately prevailed. The bribe was high, but Maurice was wild with passionate eagerness to depart, and, but for me, would have offered his last louis-d'or for a guide. The bargain was struck.

"You've a first-rate cragsman in my son, Englishman," observed the aged farmer, half sadly, half vauntingly, as we returned to the inn to provide some few necessities, spirit-flasks, ropes, mountain poles, and so forth, for the enterprise; "a first-rate cragsman. Not a lad in this canton can match my Fritz. Didn't he bring home the lost sheep, through a *tourmente*, from Urseren, the night neighbour Hans was smothered in the drift? A chamois hunter, too, and of the best, and he took the eggs of the great lammereiger from a rock seven hundred feet high, and slippery as glass, when—"

"Hush! father! better keep your breath to pray for our coming back with a whole skin. It's not the gold would tempt me, but for the thought of the poor creatures yonder," said the young mountaineer, as he hastily accoutred himself for the start.

By this time the sky was dark, flecked here and there by pale clouds hurrying by, and the shrieks of the wind were piercing, but no snow or rain had yet fallen.

The excitable people of Airolo were all out in the streets, talking in low anxious tones, and many of the women were weeping. There was now no doubt that a storm, doubly dangerous in that season of avalanches, was at hand; and when the church bells began to toll, a confusion of cries, murmurs, and groans swelled up from the crowd. The curé of the village appeared at the church door in his

vestments, as for some office of religion; and at the words, "Pray, my children, pray for the souls of those who are about to die!" the people fell on their knees, and it was impossible to hear the sobs and see the outstretched hands of the simple beings around us without feeling deep emotion.

"I must start. If I stop, I shall go mad," cried Maurice, fiercely.

The young guide added "Amen!" and

"Ay, go, go!" cried the old farmer, who had probably heard more of the gossip of the crowd than I had; "five minutes more, and they will be holding you back by force. Go. An Uri man has but his word; the money is paid, and the work must be done; but, Fritz, child, remember thy old mother at home, and do not let me go back alone to the hills."

A minute more, and we were straining every muscle and nerve in the swift ascent of the St. Gothard.

For a considerable distance we pursued the spiral twists of the noble road, but presently, by Fritz's directions, we struck into a footpath known to him, and which would, he assured us, prove a short cut. The work was severe. The ground was rough, the hills steep, and the obstacles continual. But on we went, struggling through bushes, scrambling over slippery stones, and often plunging waist deep into treacherous banks of snow. Fritz proved a good guide, daring, kindly, and prudent, and but for his strong arm and accurate knowledge of the way, we must have succumbed within the first league.

As it was, bruised, panting, wet, with clothes torn by the brambles and cut by the loose pieces of shale and mica that rattled under our tread, on we pressed. Again and again did Maurice eagerly reiterate the question, was there a chance that the caravan had reached shelter ere the signs of a storm were plainly perceptible? Fritz shook his head. It was, he said, a bad job. They would be past the Hospice long before the sky darkened, and yet there had been no time to gain the village of Hospenthal, much less Andermatt. No doubt there was great danger, but with the blessing of the saints an experienced mountaineer might yet do some good by counsel and aid. Then on we pushed again.

The fatigue as we crossed the lofty summits of the St. Gothard was such as I had never dreamed of, and such as nothing but excitement such as ours could have supported. We were often obliged to stop and gasp for breath, and by the guide's advice we uncorked our brandy-flasks and drank enough to counteract the numbing effects of cold and lassitude. The cold was intense now in those high regions, and the wind was as sharp as a knife. A few lazy flakes of snow came whirling down. Suddenly we came out upon the broad carriage-road. The marks of sleigh-runners, of horses' hoofs and men's feet, were stamped into the white crust. Fritz fell on his knees, and examined the prints like a Red Indian on the war trail.

"They passed an hour ago; weary, but not frightened, for see how steadily they have kept the order of their column. We shall catch them,

and, if no *tourmente* begins, may show them a way to safety."

So saying, the guide again quitted the road. Maurice, whose usually pale face was now flushed and hectic, made some peevish remonstrance. But Fritz assured us that we should save miles by striking off across the rugged table-land, where no horse could pass. A few minutes after this a low sullen roar, faint, but hollow and deep, like the noise of a distant cataract, reached our ears. Fritz paused, with a gesture of discouragement.

"An avalanche, far off, but to windward. I fear the worst!" said he.

We strode on in silence over the rough ground, always knee-deep in the frozen drift. At last Fritz spoke again:

"Father is a just man, but he is too fond of the silver florins. I ought to have thought of Margaret before I made this bargain. Poor Mädchen Margaret, how sorry she will be when the curé gives out Fritz Horst in the prayers for the dead!"

The young peasant spoke in a quiet, sad tone, with no reproach in it, but somehow it touched me.

"Will you leave us, and turn back?" I asked.

"A Uri man sticks to his *parola*, Mein herr!" answered the chamois hunter, with native pride; "besides, to turn back now is as dangerous as to proceed. Let us trust in Our Lady of Snows, and press on."

The protracted exertion was something terribly severe. Even the hardy guide showed signs of distress, and Maurice, by far the weakest of the three, was faint and trembling in every limb. Yet his eye was bright with a feverish brilliancy, and he pushed unsparingly forward, nerved by his strong wish to arrive in time. We were all travel-stained and breathless, and every fresh drift seemed deeper than the last.

On a sudden Maurice, who had struggled the first up a ridge of granite, uttered a loud cry:

"There they are! There, yonder!"

And in a moment we stood beside him, and could see the dark dots that represented men and horses, and the larger bulk of the travelling carriage, against the dazzling background of snow. They had apparently halted, or, at any rate, their progress was very slow.

"Holy Himmel!" muttered Fritz, "'tis the caravan; but how came they there? They must have missed the road, blotted out as it is with driven snow, and they have wandered off to the Odinthor, never knowing how dangerous—not one mountaineer among them! This way—quick! quick! If the wind rises, all are lost!"

And with redoubled speed the guide dashed on. We could hardly keep near him, but I heard him utter mingled prayers and imprecations on the folly of the postilions as he ran.

I had fairly to drag Maurice, now dead beat, up the last heap of bare boulders, around which the blue ice of a small glacier had closed. Beneath us—perhaps a hundred and fifty feet lower down—were crowded mules and horses, men and bales, the whole caravan having come to a confused and terrified halt on the edge of a deep and yawning precipice, at the bottom of which a sullen torrent,

bursting from out of a tunnelled arch of ice, roared and chafed at an awful depth. It was evident that the bewildered wretches had missed the true road.

Close to the carriage, in the midst of the frightened group, was the beautiful dark-haired English girl, Lucy Trafford. She seemed to be tenderly supporting her invalid younger sister, who had fainted, and whose pale head rested on her shoulder. Maurice sprang forward, calling out her name:

"Lucy! Lucy!"

She looked up, recognised her affianced husband, and gave a cry of delight,—a cry that haunts me still.

"O Maurice!—see, papa, here is help! Saved! saved!"

At that instant it seemed to grow dark; a gust of wind howled by, and the snow began to fall.

"Down, for your lives, down!" shouted Fritz, grasping Maurice and myself, and actually dragging us to the earth. Not a moment too soon. Something white, like the thick foam of a mighty wave, seemed to pass hissing and boiling over us as we lay among the rocks, and flew past like a mill-race. The chill of the air increased, and I could hardly find breath to speak.

"What is it?"

"The *tourmente*! lie still; we are safer here."

For some instants I could see nothing but the blinding rush of thick flakes driven by the wild wind. In vain I tried to rise. The gale beat me down in a moment. By crouching under a rock I was able to escape being deeply buried in the loose snow, but it was not till the fury of the gust was spent that I could drag myself on hands and knees to the brow of the hill, whence the caravan was visible.

"They are not *all* there;" whispered Fritz, hoarsely, pointing with his finger; and I shuddered as I saw that many of the animals and some of the men had disappeared, swept over the cliff. Nor was this all. Following the guide's pointing finger, my eyes rested on a sight that curdled my blood. The glacier below the rocky ridge on which we lay had parted from its hold, and was slipping and gliding, slowly but surely, towards the sloping brink of the cliff, urged by the weight of the fresh heaps of snow which the *tourmente* had piled upon it in irregular masses. Gradually and steadily down it slid, that long reef of blue ice, loaded with snow and rifted with chasms, forcing, like a moving wall, the unhappy crowd below nearer and nearer to destruction. We saw it press upon the carriage, on the mule-train, on the snorting, struggling horses that reared and pawed, and lashed with their iron-bound feet in the vain effort to fly. We saw the agonised gestures of those below; saw Lucy Trafford, her dark hair loosened, her arms outstretched, yet still supporting the poor frightened younger sister, who clung to her as for protection. And I thought Lucy called on Maurice by name; but cannot be sure, for the yells and groans of those around were deafening. It was like a vision of the Judgment. I groaned and closed my eyes as the carriage, the striving horses, the English group of travellers,



urged as by a mighty grasp, were drawn to the verge. There was a shrill piercing cry, and then silence, and next a dull sound from far below.

Then Maurice, who had been hitherto held back from risking his life uselessly by the joint strength of Fritz and myself, relaxed his efforts, and gave a loud, harsh laugh that jarred on my ear. I looked forth. The cliff-side was empty of living forms. Maurice stood near, chuckling feebly, and then his wild mad laugh rang out again. Poor fellow! from that hour his reason was gone, and for ever.

### OUR LEGACY FROM MARY ANN WALKLEY.

It seems rather surprising that the fate of Mary Ann Walkley should have excited the sensation in London that the newspapers and a hundred rumours tell us country people it has. There is nothing new in the story of the death of a dressmaker from long hours of work, bad air, and the breach of other conditions of health. We have known, for many years, that London dressmaking brings on consumption in some, nervous disorders and insanity in others, apoplexy in many, and blindness in many more. In ONCE A WEEK some of the incidents of such establishments were exhibited years ago,—the porter and strong green tea, the full and frequent meals which are made a substitute for sleep, and so on. I will not therefore take up that part of the subject. My readers can hardly be unaware of this order of facts. There was a report on the condition of Dressmakers twenty years ago,—the evidence in which so astonished and perplexed the Queen and her husband: there was a Select Committee of the Lords, which took evidence on the condition of Needlewomen in 1855: and the evidence made such an impression that there were public meetings on behalf of the class, associations to protect them, appeals to fine ladies, and a certain stir among them. After all this, the life of the Dressmaker can hardly need any further description: yet, in this London season of 1863, we have had the old sensation over again, from the publicity of the death of a victim. The same course may be followed again, if we do not, one and all, help to prevent it. As before, we may hope that society is so shocked that it will mend its ways: and that fine ladies in particular must have endured this summer what will make them reasonable and humane: and if we repose on this notion, there may be another conspicuous tragedy in 1883 (following upon hundreds of obscure fatalities) which will once more startle the fashionable world as if some new horror had arisen in the world.

As a possible help towards getting something done, I have gathered together some suggestions of other people's, and some observations of my own about the causes and the course of the fate of such victims as Mary Ann Walkley. Among them there may be something which will set somebody to work on one or another practical point.

It does not appear that there is any change for the better in the trading system on which

the great West End millinery establishments rest. The plan of long credits has often been reprobated as abominable: but there are not many people who have any clear notion of the working of it. They have never imagined that it involved the life, health and eyesight of hundreds of milliner girls. I am glad to see that "A Collector" for a West End firm has publicly pointed attention to this evil, and courageously told who are to blame for it.

It is well known in the commercial world that the periodical or occasional failure of certain classes of West End houses involve no disgrace, and leaves no such consequences as are inevitable in simple-minded country places. These great houses suspend payment as the only means of getting in the money due to them from fine people. My lords and my ladies, and their emulators in the gay world, leave London, year after year, without paying their bills: they take no notice of accounts sent in; and further pressure would only make them withdraw their custom. When their tradespeople have exhausted their own credit, they must, of course, come to a stop: but experience has suggested to them that it is a pity to wait for this; and they fail, in order to put upon their creditors the task of collecting the payments due from their fine customers. The "Collector" declares that a man of his function goes round among customers whose bills, unpaid for three or more years, amount to ten thousand pounds, and comes back without having obtained tenpence from them all together. Milliners and dressmakers thus keep out of their money cannot be expected to conduct their business as if they obtained it regularly. They are compelled to charge very high, to make up for the increased risk of bad debts, and for the loss of the use of their own money: they must save where they can; and, in the present state of social affairs, the thing which it is easiest to cheapen is female labour. Hence the long hours of the workwomen, the crowding, the severity of the rules, and the abominable practice of affording no food on Sundays but breakfast.

With what countenance can ladies remonstrate with their milliner on her exactions from her workwomen when they owe her money—the money which would leave her some option about the terms she imposes? The "Collector" says—what is no secret in London society—that some of these fashionable debtors are the very same philanthropic persons who take the lead in benevolent enterprises, hold stalls in charity bazaars, and make themselves busy in anything but "the duty which lies nearest."

Here, then, is a practical point. By the end of the season which has been overclouded by the inquest on Mary Ann Walkley, every shilling due from fine ladies to their tradespeople ought to be paid. The husbands and fathers of these ladies must look to it. If they have married wives, or brought up daughters, who have not head or heart enough to be careful to pay for what they buy, they—the guardians of the silly creatures—must save them from doing mischief. Let no fine lady be free to enjoy park or pleasure ground, foreign tour or home seaside, till she has satisfied her husband or father that she will leave no debts

behind her. While money is owing for dress, the debtors may be pathetic on climbing boys, or wounded Poles, or Lancashire spinners, or Idiots, or Incurables, or spiritual destitution; but they cannot say a word on behalf of overworked dressmakers: and if their husbands do, the world asks whether it is in delusion or hypocrisy. When they ask the commonest question of all—"What can be done?"—the answer is plain: "One and all of you,—pay your tradesmen's bills."

It appears that the money can be found when credit is not in the case. The "Collector" speaks of "foreign hawkers" who sell ladies' finery for cash, and without a licence. We country people know of no such traders, except the old-fashioned pedlars who may still be found in very remote mountain districts, and who certainly have a licence. Those whom it concerns, however, will know what is meant by complaints of these interlopers in London, and how it is that they can get paid for their wares when long-established houses are obliged to stop payment to get in their debts.

Next, we may turn to a published letter of a member of an Association formed for the protection of working milliners and dressmakers, under one of our occasional attacks of pain of mind on their behalf. It is impossible to touch on the matters of fact in this letter without exposing its weaknesses; but I will say, as little of these as I can. By Lady Ellesmere's account, the object of the Association was to prevail with the heads of millinery establishments to shorten the hours of work, to ventilate their rooms, to desist altogether from Sunday work, and, generally, to treat their workwomen well. There were subsidiary objects; but the grand point was to shorten the periods of toil. After ten years of effort or waiting, little or nothing was done, or likely to be done,—unless the diminution of Sunday work may be ascribed to the influence of these ladies. Their society has died out, for the most piteous set of reasons that the most unbusinesslike collection of women could venture to exhibit. I need not criticise them. It is enough to say that, as the event proves, these ladies had no comprehension of the depth and extent of the mischief. When they suggested palliatives and devices, the employers might well feel (though they dared not say) that they understood their own business better than their aristocratic customers could do; that the evils would not exist if they could be so easily precluded as their admonishers supposed; and that it was for no object of their own that they ran such risks with their workwomen,—the system in which they were involved leaving them, in fact, no choice.

Finding that hired helpers were said to spoil what they took in hand; that dresses were made all at once, in excessive hurry, lest the delicate material should spoil, and that ladies could not usually give timely orders, "as they could not always be certain of the number of dresses they might need," these champions of the dressmaker have withdrawn, commending their task to—"the Legislature." Of course! Whatever is difficult or troublesome "the legislature" is called upon to do, whether the object be within the scope of parliamentary action or not.

Here I may refer to the minor consideration of what parliament might undertake in this case.

Lord Shaftesbury has reminded the House of Lords of what was done on a former occasion; and the reply of Ministers was that the three gentlemen who constituted the former Commission had been requested now to take up the question of what could be done towards redressing or ameliorating the system under which young workwomen suffer as at present.

It is easy to see what is the utmost that can come of this. These dressmakers are not children, liable to be ground down under a manufacturing system; nor women subject to irresistible pressure in a factory district. They are voluntary applicants for one employment among many that are open to them, and are so presumably able to take care of themselves, as to have no claim on parliament to afford them special protection against being overworked. In this direction they can look for no help from law.

The one thing in which they may be aided is about the external vital conditions of their existence, in regard to which their own ignorance and that of their employers exposes them to fatal injury. When we consider how absurd it would be to call in the law to insure the women having enough food to eat, we shall see how merely temporary and provisional must be any interference on behalf of the ventilation of the rooms in which the women live. Any employer who should try to half-starve the workers would soon have empty rooms. Nobody would come and work there in hunger and faintness. The case will be the same about supply of air when employers and employed understand its necessity as well as they know the necessity of sufficient food. At present, however, both parties are shockingly ignorant of the consequences of a defective air-supply; and it is a question whether the matter may not be looked to by the Officers of Health. While the persons most concerned do not know how much fresh air they need in the room in which they pass their days, and those in which they pass their nights; while they are unaware how much more is wanted where gas is burning; and while nobody thinks of setting up an air-test, as we put up a thermometer when it is of consequence to regulate the warmth of the room or house; it may be justifiable to invite the law to overstep its proper limits, and interfere with private arrangements which people should be able to manage much better for themselves.

The letter of Mary Ann Walkley's employer to the "Times," shows how little notion such persons have of the needs of their workwomen in regard to air. While he is proud of 300 cubic feet, or a little over, he has no idea that the allowance of 600 cubic feet per hour for each individual in a group, once supposed sufficient for health, has grown to 1,000, and is advancing towards 1,500. What do young workwomen know of such conditions, beyond feeling ill when the air is "close," and ready to die when it becomes poisonous? While this helpless ignorance lasts, it may be well that authorised inspectors should keep watch over milliners' work-rooms and lodging-rooms; but there are always disappointments and drawbacks

under such interferences with the private arrangements of trades and employments; and it will require much more extensive resources to bring up the condition of the young dressmaker to anything like what we should desire.

Instead of begging and beseeching of employers and their fine-lady customers to spare and favour the workwomen, the way to proceed is to take the case out of their decision altogether. Wistful dependents on the self-denial and generosity of two such classes as those of tradeswomen and their customers will never be very healthy or cheerful. They must get their case into their own hands, if they are to prosper. There are two ways in which this may come to pass,—two directions in which it may be aimed at.

There must be a sufficient limitation of numbers to enable the workers to make terms. One of the recent newspaper correspondents calls upon us to see and admit that the girls may blame themselves for their miserable fate, as they choose to go dress-making, instead of doing something else which they consider less genteel. They might be healthy and prosperous as cooks or housemaids; there are others, some may add, who as pupil-teachers have been actually trained for a higher order of occupation: but the temptations of the dress-making are irresistible. The servant girls long to be called "Miss," and leave off caps; and the pupil-teachers to dress fine, and enjoy the gossip of the workroom rather than the hum of the school. This may be very true; but these are not the material out of which the most suffering class of dressmakers is formed. They are the daughters of struggling tradesmen or poor gentry; or of widowed mothers; or orphans thrown on their own resources. They are of this order, in addition to the class of apprentices, regularly brought up to the work.

How to bring down the supply below the demand is the question; and the answer is that the best, and the only sure way of effecting this is by qualifying women for a greater number of occupations; and yet more, for fulfilling well those which are already open to them. I am not going to enter here on this wide subject. All I need do is to point to the obvious truth that while girls remain unfitted for occupations which require higher qualifications than needlework demands, there will always be an over proportion of needlewomen; and dressmakers, as well as sloop-workers, will have to accept any terms from their employers, and will have no power to propose any of their own.

It has been found a curious speculation during the lifetime of a whole generation, what would be the upshot of the social difficulty connected with the needle. On the one hand, there has been the revolution in the popular habits of dress, caused chiefly by the uprising of the cotton manufacture; and, on the other hand, there has been an apparent over-supply of needlewomen, instead of the scarcity which might have been expected. In old times, when the working-classes wore woollen garments, as stoutly put together as our shoes are now, and seldom or never washed; and when the gentry wore costly stout linens within, and woollen or stiff silk fabrics as upper dresses,

the sewing was very elaborate and precise, but it was to last for years or for life. Each person had so few garments, and they were so seldom renewed, that the amount of sewing in a household was no more than could be easily managed at home,—however exquisite and time-consuming might be the stitching, and marking, and button-holing, and all the rest of it. The case has been rapidly altering ever since cotton fabrics became common and cheap. We have been expressing our thankfulness, for half-a-century past, that labouring men and their wives and daughters have clothes that will wash. The frequent clean shirt and gown are a priceless blessing to the class whose forefathers and mothers wore one under-garment for years together, enduring stench, vermin, and skin diseases, such as are found now only in the darkest corners of our civilisation. But this cheap cotton clothing does not last very long. If a suit of it is six times as cheap as the old, it may last only a third of the time. This more than doubles the needlework to be done,—or would do so, if the needlework were as good as formerly. Besides this, there are so many more to work for! With three or four times as many people living on our island, wanting three times as many garments made as formerly, there would seem to be an overwhelming quantity of needlework to be done. M. Michel Chevalier has pointed to this fact as a sure prophecy of the introduction of machinery; and others have been frightened to think what society would have to pay for the making of its dress, from the prodigious demand which must be growing up for needlework. This last expectation, however, has never yet been fulfilled. The pressure of quantity of work to be done has long been so great that the quality has become exceedingly bad. There is hardly a good needlewoman to be had on any terms; and the shirts, gowns, frocks, and waistcoats of the people generally are put together in a way which our grandparents, of any rank or degree, would not have allowed within their doors; but yet the numbers of workwomen have always been out of all proportion to the wages fund existing for their support. Apparently, there has been the singular co-existence of too much work to allow of good work, and too many workwomen to allow of their getting their bread. The deficiency was in the wages fund, evidently. Dress was cheapened; the popular habits were formed on this cheapening of dress; and while the material cost so little, the stress would be laid anywhere before the cheap clothing would be allowed to become dear by the making. But for the over-supply of workers, either the wearers of dress must have paid dear for the making, or machinery would, according to its wont, have come in to meet the difficulty. As it was, the helplessness of a multitude of starving women, who could do nothing but sew, kept down the price of sewing, and put off the introduction of machinery.

In the days when poor needlewomen swarmed most fearfully, and were most at the mercy of the general customer, through the slopseller and the middleman, there were some of us who steadily foretold the advent of the sewing-machine. I, for one, did so, many years ago; and not only

for the reason assigned by M. Chevalier. The unhealthiness of an industrial operation which is of a mechanical character is as sure a promise of its suppression by machinery as the quantity of work to be done : and the act of sewing, when carried on for hours together, is more hurtful to health than is at all imagined by men (except some few doctors) or by women who have never tried the experiment. The incessant repetition of the act of drawing the needle, while the rest of the frame is unused, occasions a singular distress, muscular and nervous ; and when the hours of labour grew inordinately long, so that the aching shoulders and head, and the attacks of "fidgets," became a serious evil, it was tolerably certain that machinery would soon come in to relieve the distress. So it was said, by others besides myself, twenty years ago and more. We have the Sewing-machine accordingly.

The usual opposition to new labour-saving machinery was expected in this case : and we have seen something of it : but it has been much less than was at all anticipated. We were threatened with our homes and property being stormed by multitudes of desperate women, demanding of Government the banishment of the sewing-machine, and needlework and pay enough for every woman who needed it. Instead of this, there have been a few strikes in the shoe trade,—short and manageable ; and many alarms and tears among the helpless women, who could do nothing but cry about their bread being taken out of their mouths. It was clear to all persons whose humanity was worth anything that nothing could be done for this wretched class in the way of their occupation ; and that nothing must be attempted which could postpone the advantage derivable by others from the sewing-machine. Even if the poor needlewomen had to go *en masse* to the workhouse, this was a less evil than trying to keep them out of it as bad needle-workers in conflict with a good one, which was sure of victory from the beginning. It was certain that, according to all precedent, the machine would, sooner or later, employ more workers than it had at first superseded ; and, in the interval, the women who were driven out must be helped to other occupations, or enabled to emigrate, or otherwise kept from starvation.

The merest mention of the money-saving to any country by the sewing-machine suffices to show the absurdity of any resistance to its use. In the United States, five years since, the annual money-value of the necessary sewing which could be done by the machine was estimated at 58,000,000. On the clothing of men and boys the saving at that time made in the city of New York alone was a million and a half (not dollars, but pounds sterling) annually ; and Massachusetts saved as much on her great manufacture of shoes and boots. Besides creating new branches of manufacture, the machine had revolutionised forty already existing. This is not an invention which can be opposed or neglected.

One of the industrial branches which it is clearly destined to revolutionise is that of making ladies' dresses ; and it seems to me that Mary Ann Walkley's dying bequest to society, and to every

one of us in it, is the duty of seeing the condition of the dressmaker ameliorated by the due application of this most effectual means.

I know the objections well enough : but they go for little with those who will look into them. The sewing-machine *is* in use. It is all very well in the tailor's or shoe-maker's work-room ; but it is not the thing for ladies' gauzes, and trimmings, and niceties of all sorts. It is objectionable in the same way as extra hands are—the new hand spoils everything she attempts to do for a fortnight at least. It will only do seams, hems and the like ; and it is too costly an apparatus for doing what is mere apprentices' work. The oil may spot the fine materials of dress ; and so forth.

The answers are, that the machine is not by any means in common use, as the first objection says. One may be seen here and there in a dressmaker's room ; but much too seldom ; and its use is not half developed. There is no reason why it should not act upon gauze as well as upon cloth or leather. I have myself seen the finest cambric beautifully stitched by it ; and if any difficulty is found, it is by want of skill in the worker. The same is the answer about the oil-spots. Such soil would be a disgrace to the worker, that is all : and this reminds me of the complaint, now so frequent, and to my mind so pathetic, for which the machine is the obvious remedy,—that the delicate colours and textures of fine dresses are apt to be injured by the hot hands of the needlewomen. Not the cause of the hot hands to the workwomen, but the effect of them to the customer or the employer, is the subject of solicitude. The steel plate of the machine is cool enough ; and if it and the needle are oily, the disgrace is the same as dirty hands would be to the human instrument.

As for the waste caused by novices, it surely cannot compare for a moment with the saving of their time even during the first few weeks after they have become qualified workers. I have watched the process of learning the use of the machine, from printed instructions only ; and my testimony is that the chief mischief is from the breaking of the needles, the cost of which any reasonable employer would be ashamed to complain of on an occasion which will not recur. The use of old or valueless material for practice is so evidently proper, that there is no use in talking of waste in that direction. The damage by a new hand is, in fact, the loss of about a fortnight's sewing, and the spoiling of ten or a dozen needles at the most ; and this is the price for saving a hundredfold afterwards in time and money. It is not true now, however it may have been till lately, that the machine will achieve nothing higher than joins and hems. It will also embroider, and it will flounce ; it will quilt and it will quill ; it will turn out gathers, and ruches, and plenty of other things that my lady readers can explain to curious inquirers. Instead of doing mere apprentices' work, the machine deserves the character of mingled power and refinement. It emulates the elephant's trunk. Where that tears up a tree or picks up a pin, this can undertake any task, from George Fox's leathern suit to a royal infant's christening robe.

This machine is apparently to be the saviour of

the dressmakers and milliners. Already there is seen, where it is in actual and adequate use, a diminution of the crowding, and therefore of heat and suffocation. It affords a comparatively grateful exercise to the muscles, and saves a vast tension on the nerves. It is not exactly true, as a romantic advocate has said, that the work is done by a graceful laying of the hands on the plate; for the foot must work the treadle: and there is something for the eye to do also; but the stooping is saved, and the not less pernicious repetition of the act of drawing the needle. In short, the whole mechanical part of the process is done for, instead of by, the worker—with the exception of the treadle action, which is in no way hurtful.

I do not suppose that much can be done by express recommendation of the machine by customers to the great dressmakers, any more than has been done yet by such efforts as Lady Ellesmere describes as unavailing. The comfort lies in the hope that the employers must soon find it to be their interest to set up machines which will not wear out, or subject their mistresses to the annoyance of coroners' inquests, and reprobation through the newspapers.

What may be done, without vexatious and questionable interference, is easily told. Every lady who causes a young dressmaker to be duly instructed in the use of the machine at once gives her testimony in aid of that remedy, and qualifies a workwoman to command some sort of terms, if not instantly, as soon as the use of the implement becomes indispensable. In the first-rate establishments of our largest provincial towns, young women take higher ground than in London, because they are not so many as to leave all the power in the employer's hands. They can guard against the long hours which are so fearful an evil; and, in fact, will not go to work before nine, nor stay after eight,—except on occasions of mourning, or something unusual; and they require from one to two hours for dinner when, as they often prefer, they go home for dinner, as well as to sleep. A well-qualified dressmaker by machinery,—turning out four times as much work per hour as she could as a mere needlewoman,—might, doubtless, make her own bargain in much the same way in London. I am sure I hope some will be enabled to try. Further, Lady Ellesmere's difficulty about the crowding of the work at last may be obviated by the customer not only giving the commission for her dress, but ordering it home also in ample time. It seems too like trifling on a serious subject even to say this much.

There should be others than customers to look into the case of the workers. Are there no relatives or friends who will ascertain whether the air is fit to be breathed, and who will forbid over-long hours? Hitherto such a question would have been a dismal mockery. Let us hope that the time is at hand when it will not be;—when there will be some sort of appeal open against abuses, and when the injured party may have spirit and ability to regard that appeal as a practical matter. It would be an excellent thing if the great fund of time saved by the sewing-machine were to be drawn upon first for enabling the workwomen to live with their families, or in

some other home than the establishment itself,—thereby securing a certain amount of exercise and change of air and objects every day,—besides redeeming the Sundays from the dreariness, peril, and desecration described by inmates who are turned out after breakfast, and allowed nothing to eat in the establishment till next morning.

Once more I must say that the employer must be considered also, and not expected to make sacrifices for the health and comfort of her dependents, while she herself is in such cruel dependence on her customers as really leaves her no choice but to get what she can out of her workwomen at the smallest cost. Great people must not lock up her capital first, and then lecture her as if she had the use of it. It is a dreadful system, from end to end: and Mary Ann Walkley has brought the fact home to us, thereby leaving us a legacy which we cannot decline without gross hypocrisy;—namely, the work of retrieving the condition of the London dressmaker, not by further trial of sentimental appeals, but by guiding and furthering, as good sense and good feeling may usually do, those reforms which economical causes alone would sooner or later effect.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

## THE HOMEWARD BOUND AND THE OUTWARD BOUND.

THE awful lull before the outburst of the thunder-storm is nothing compared to the terrible silence prevailing in Shepherd's hotel at Cairo this first Friday in October, 18—. The lull is not merely the result of the great heat. No! it is the unnatural calm preceding the arrival of the Overland Mail from India.

This huge stone barracks, once a military college, now an hotel, no longer the home of the "shepherd kings" of Egypt, but the domain of one Zech, an Hungarian, is the celebrated half-way house, as all old Indians know, and it is here those going out to, and those returning from the said country, meet and exchange news and pleasant greetings. This very night, forty or fifty of our rosy cadets fresh from England, will meet forty or fifty old yellow veterans from Calcutta, Delhi, Benares, and the hills. We, the outward bound, are longing for the hour that will bring the homeward bound to Egypt, and the hour is now all but come.

We are already tired of Cairo, and want to push on to our torrid destination. We feel quite at home by this time at Shepherd's. We call the waiters George and Tom, and Ali and Hassan. We know all the ways of the place, and all the odd English and knavish tricks of the dragomans. The fleas in the floor-mats and the mosquitoes inside the bed-curtains have long ago whispered to each other, "Come along, let us tap this new Englishman; I have tasted him, and can highly recommend him."

Every morning before breakfast, the flock of donkey-boys have yelled at our approach, and fought for us. We have seen the moon rise four times above the trees of the Usbeckeyeh garden, as we sat smoking our gurgling water-pipes on the stone platform outside the hotel-door. To-

gether we have seen Coptic brides carried in torchlight procession, and together have watched the snake-charmer twine the hissing snakes round his bare arms; together we have seen the dervishes howl and sway, and now together we sit in divan, smoking and waiting for news of the arrival of the mail.

The ink is yet scarcely dry (and it doesn't take long drying in Cairo, I can tell you), on the notice stuck up over the letter-box in the hall,

"The homeward-bound passengers arrived at Suez last night. They will sleep to-night in Cairo, and go on to-morrow evening to Alexandria. The outward-bound passengers must therefore be ready to start to-morrow morning by the 7 A.M. train to Suez—A. Zech."

The silence of Cairo at four o'clock in the day is intense; it may be busy in the bazaars where the ebb and flow is always as if for life and death, but here the stillness is death-like. The waiters sleep about on benches. The dragomen are all up the Nile, I suppose, fleecing and worrying travellers. There is nothing doing at the bar. No one ascends or descends the great stone staircase. The papers in the reading-room are not being read, and every sofa has an outward-bound dreaming and snoring of home upon it. The donkey-boys rest under the sycamore trees in gipsy-like groups, sleeping or gambling. Our own special boys are gone, I suppose, to their cafés to spend their earnings. Only now and then a poor Arab woman, clad in her lank dark-blue garment, passes, carrying a flapping bundle of long damp sugar-canes upon her head, or a sturdy Nubian groom, arrayed in robes white as sea-froth, struts by on his way to some pacha's stables. Suddenly a long intense steam-whistle sounds faintly from the direction of the railway-station. Instantly the donkey-boys leap on their donkeys and disappear in a whirl of dust. Then four or five waiters, looking like indigent and rather disreputable curates, regardless of expense, rush into open carriages and tear off also to the station.

*The mail has arrived.* At once the hotel wakes to life; it swarms suddenly with dragomen—dragomen in shining sable shoes, dazzling scarves and gay turbans; dragomen with turquoise rings for sale on their chapped dirty fingers; dragomen with heavy pocket-books, of greasy testimonials and brass-headed staves; dragomen bowing, chattering, smirking, hopeful, shy and abject.

Presently a cloud of dust flies up the road, and scattering a throng of Arabs, out burst our Indian chivalry. Six homeward-bound appear on galloping donkeys, the donkey-boys shouting and running for their lives, and calling out:

"This very good donkey, master; this Billy Baulow, master, very good. A-orah, English donkey!"

And after them tear three open carriages, full of nankeen-coloured, and rather lack-lustre ladies, and after them more donkeys, and more open carriages, and pyramids of luggage, and more dragomen, and then ayahs and children, and Hindoo servants, in a rabble host.

All Hindostan is let loose upon us. Englishmen, Indianised as timber is kyanised, come pouring in with wives, and daughters, and chil-

dren, all tawny yellow, burnt, pale, dry, lean, or shrivelled. They have all an invalid, exhausted look, and are languid in their movements, and thin as to their voice. They wear wonderful expedients to guard their heads from the sun, and always the smaller the man, the bigger is the hat. There are washing bowls, and firemen's helmets, and other hideous devices, some of which have tubes like the tubes of a cigar-case, or some horrible musical instrument inside the brim and all round the head, and heavy quilted capes. Other men have brown scarfs, called "puckerees," or some such name, wound round their wideawakes, and the ends dangling down their backs. They all wear loose paletôts of nankeen-coloured, thin, gauzy stuff, and generally of a neutral, summery, and gossamer character. Surely those yellow men, with the sickly smile and low voices, taking a languid interest in the new place as being a relief after shipboard, and, at all events, one step nearer England, cannot be kinsmen of us outward-bound men, with the strong limbs, pleasant red and white faces, and roaring laugh—men who could actually pinch a Bengalee to death between their arms and their sides.

Yes, they are brothers, and sons, and nephews, and officers of the same regiment—only these are bound to India and those to England.

Observe the three distinct classes among the outward and homeward—the yellow men, who are all in a state of languid pleasure, for though very ill, they are all going home for a holiday, a long furlough.

The glum, yellow men: these are men whose holiday is over, and who are returning to their different presidencies, and fancy themselves ill again, and smell the hot air of the Red Sea already with morbid anticipation.

Thirdly the rosy bluff men, generally young and noisy. These are cadets, going out for the first time; that colour on their young cheeks is called by some *couleur de rose*—a colour generally found to be a fugitive one, and one that will not stand much washing, not being a fast colour. They derive no moral from those yellow shadows, but go on their roadway, drinking their four-and-twenty glasses of brandy-and-water daily, and getting into scrapes at mosques, and pulling off the turbans of old Mohammedans, and generally affecting that grand conquering manner that makes this sort of Englishman so popular all over the world; another month and these youths will be scattered never to meet again, some on the hills, some round the Persian Gulf, some in the Punjab, and some among the furthest fortresses towards the Affghan.

By this time the confusion of the new arrival is at its height. The open carriages come dashing in from the station more like war chariots than decent hack vehicles. The bowing and grinning dragomen, who take you in a corner and show you letters drawn from greasy pocket-books, form quite an oriental regiment in the corridors and in the hall of Shepherds. The seedy clerical waiters run and cry "coming" and do not come, and "yes, sir," when they mean "no, sir," and are greeted by old friends, who are glad to see even a waiter who reminds them of England. There is

much work, too, with curious bamboo boxes, and light abnormal luggage, which the ladies convey upstairs, and much languid laughter, which is but as the echo of English laughter. But the bulk of the passengers, with that true English energy that no solar heat can ever dry up, have already leaped into carriages, and torn off to see the old Eastern city. Indeed, if you happen to be in the bazaars the day the Suez mail arrives, you soon become acquainted with the fact. You are perhaps cheapening an old sword-blade, or buying some striped borseine, or a leopard's skin fresh from Nubia, or some rare perfume, or some gold embroidery, when the English appear. The crowd is tremendous under the awning-roof of the narrow bazaar, there is one vast tossing sea of parti-coloured turbans. The grave dealer is imperturbably fraudulent. Every moment you are in danger; now the horns of a bullock threaten you, now the wheels of a dray, or the heels of a soldier's horse. Suddenly there comes a shout of "*Garde-a-a-ah!*" a shout, no a yell, then a smart Nubian in snowy robe, well girt up, and with bare, muscular legs, races by, shouting that insolent and reckless warning. The crowd divides, there is a lane quickly made, and through that dashes an open carriage full of Englishmen, all in sun-helmets, all lean, dry, and yellow, and in the thinnest of nankeen-coloured envelopes. They see us and greet us with a smile, a nod, or a shout, according to their age, vivacity, or heartiness. There is no moving without meeting them between the time of their arrival and dusk. They have literally taken possession of the city. They are on the citadel hill looking down on the distant stone tents of the pyramids, and on the Pasha's encampment of dromedaries. They are peeping into mosques, looking at the pendent ostrich eggs and the chains of lamps. They are riding between the sugar-canes on the old Cairo road: they are looking at the green and red Nile boats at Boulak. They are threading the drug bazaar and the Jews' quarter: they are rushing about on donkeys on the shady road to the Shoobra gardens. They are buying hatsful of scented, loose-skinned, Mandarin oranges, or sticking crimson pomegranate flowers in their hats. Gay, reckless, careless of Arab public opinion, they are like boys fresh from school, or sailors ashore after a long cruise.

The talk of the outward bound to the homeward bound is of everything cockney, conservative, local, and English; how the subterranean railway gets on; how Olmar walks head downwards; how London windows are bristling with knives, daggers, whistles, and knuckle-dusters. The talk of the homeward bound is of the surf at Madras, the heat at Peshawur, the pleasant life at the Hills, of Colonel this, and Captain the other, and "our Presidency," of the 50th, and the 70th, and the 140th, and the 150th; and this unexpected marriage, and that expected death. And on they talk of their mutual hopes, fears, regrets, and anticipations. The poor wife, whose husband died last year at Dum-Dum, looks with interest and sympathy at the young wife, who, bright and hopeful, is going out, for the first time, and knows nothing of the dangers and bereavements she has to en-

counter. Side by side ride and walk the young cadets, with the peach bloom still on their cheeks, and the old veterans who are about to retire on half-pay, and thankful enough to do it.

And now the dusty carriages come dropping in one by one; and one by one the tired riders dismount painfully from their untameable donkeys. Then comes the refreshing wash, and the pleasant chat with old comrades before dinner. How glad the Englishman is to throw off the officer! I see no epaulettes, no sword, no orders, no medals; yet every second man is a soldier and a hero.

If there is one thing at Shepherd's that delights the homeward-bound and the outward-bound, it is the old-fashioned bar. Yes, in that great palace hall, far down on the left-hand side, there is actually a counter where bottled beer, lemonade, soda water, and cognac are sold, and where a real barmaid presides—a real, chatty, coquettish barmaid. After years of turbans, and punkah pullers, and helpless creatures in white robes, it is as good as seeing England to see a real barmaid; and this accounts, I suppose, for the enormous quantity of bitter beer drunk on these occasions to wash down the dust of the Suez desert and the recollections of the lurid heat of that horrible Red Sea. Everyone is, in fact, so thirsty that I begin almost to believe the horrible falsehood that Herodotus tells us about the army of Xerxes drinking a river dry on their way to Greece. Poor outward-bound! the Red Sea and India is before them, and who knows when they may taste again bitter beer the least cool. Yes, that vibrating roar is the dinner gong sounding solemn, and warning us of a sacrifice to Juggernaut. The doors are flying open, all down the barrack-like corridors of Shepherd's. O wonderful art of woman! A short hour has removed all traces of the sea voyage, fatigue, and desert heat. The ladies re-appear floating on muslin clouds, beautiful as day-break in the tropics. Rosy or yellow they blend, and join beautifully by contrast. They are all smiles and pretty babble about "punkawallahs," and all that sort of "Indian shop-talk," as an irreverent naval surgeon near me calls it. How the dear creatures enjoy the quiet retirement of the huge hotel after Red Sea and shipboard. They have revived as the rose of Jericho does when it is dipped in water. The thought of dear England has restored them at once to youth. The long home-sickness at the lonely station is forgotten. The whirlwind of the mutiny seems now they are among old friends, and looking towards England, but as a dream when one awakens. Even old rivals on board ship greet each other with good-nature. Young ladies going out to India to marry, look with approval on the young married lady returning with her prize to England. Old majors, with leather faces, are preposterously gallant. Blooming striplings blush more even than they were wont to blush; but as for the old residents of the hotel (Rev. Mr. Blaureau, for instance, from Aden), they alone, jostled and disregarded, look forlorn, fallen, and glum; they don't like this inroad of barbarians into the "caravanserai," as they rudely call the hotel that has so long been their pleasant retreat. This day they know they will not be waited on well, nor will they get too much to eat if they do

not take special care; observe how cruelly they regard the indifferent waiters, and how they scowl on the gallant Major Timpson, who perhaps does savour a little of the pantaloons, which is what we must all come to even if we are statesmen, provided we live long enough. Dreadful are the observations of Blaireau on the Indian wife-market, and scorching his glances at that burly bagsman in the Fez cap and dirty shirt cuffs, who drags all the dishes to him, talks loud, eats with his knife, and roars for a distant joint like a starving giant.

About an hundred and fifty people are dining in one room; there are three long tables full of English people either going to India or returning with livers injured or to be injured; with rupees or without rupees; browned and to be browned; roasted and to be roasted, until further orders.

The dragomen in the gay turbans stand behind their masters' chairs, securing the food by dexterous dashes at dishes, and subtle swift conveyings, to the infinite wrath of Blaireau, and the other servantless. The champagne corks fly about like bullets, and the pop-pop from left to right of subdivisions is a perfect compliment to the army, and is grateful to the old soldiers' ears, to judge by the brightening of their old eyes; shouts of congratulations and ship-board jokes pass freely round to the indignation of Blaireau, who is peeling an orange as spitefully as if he was slaying the now rarer garrulous Major.

The noise of clattering plates and falling spoons is deafening. All at once "twang.twang" goes a harp; "zoon-zoon" goes a bass violin. It is a German band from an Alexandria café—three women and two men—come on purpose to cheer and welcome the Overland Mail, for Indians returning to England are notoriously generous even to lavishness. They play that pretty regretful "Che faro senza Euridice," then a Bohemian dance, and a Varsoviana; then a polka. The "punka-wallah," and "Indian shop talk," blends with the music, together with all sorts of utterances that reach one by fits,—as "Major Timpson, your health." "My dear boy, I never felt better in my life." "How were the Neversages when you last heard?" "The tide at Madras, sir, rises fourteen—" "The climate up the country is charming." "Is the Dromedary a fast boat." "Captain Plunger has got his step." "Rum hole this," and so on. "Waiter, more champagne; and, waiter, a pomegranate," &c. &c.

Finally the soup, flabby Nile fish, meat, gazelle, turkey, grapes, pomegranates, &c., disappear, and "God save the Queen" is played, as the prettiest of the band comes round with a bottle stand, artfully sprinkled with silver bait, and smiling, shakes it before you. But at that tune, so suggestive of old times and the old country, Major Timpson rises, all rise and cheer the pompous good old time; and the cadets, exhilarated with champagne, go on cheering till Blaireau goes nearly mad, and the proprietor has to come in and stop them.

Then the ladies sweep off with conquering Parthian smiles, and more champagne is drunk; and lastly in cluster, the homeward-bound and outward-bound retire to the platform outside the hotel, and though it is October, sit out and smoke in the white moonlight, or stroll up and down across

the silver striped shadows of the trees, discussing the past or guessing at the future.

It will be near midnight, and the moon half across the square, before the last tired waiter will take in the last chair, and water-pipe and charcoal-stand, and sleepily bar the great doors of Shepherd's Hotel. But long before those doors are shut, and long after when they are, will steal in with the thin moonbeams, through every window, spite of curtains, shutters, and mosquito nets, dreams of dear old English places, beloved by those homeward-bound and outward-bound sleepers—dreams of quiet close shaven lawns, and ivied terraces, and little cottages, smiling through roses and coverts of dwarf oak, alive with restless dogs, and sloping downs where the greyhounds sweep and twist, and solemn old churches and rustic bridges, and chocolate coloured fallows smelling sweetly of fresh turned earth, and summer meadows rank with flowers, and everywhere round and among these scenes some loved face will move in the dark shadow of fear, or in the happy sunshine of hope.

To-morrow the relentless gong sounds soon after daybreak, and the great caravanserai will again return to life. The happy will awake to the reality of their happiness. The unhappy to the gloom of renewed misery. There will be a wailing of children, hurried dressing, hurried packing,—and much of that small anxiety about stray hat-boxes and runaway dressing-cases that tends to lessen the sorrow of a traveller's parting. The breakfast is swiftly eaten. The carriages and horses are at the door. The homeward-bound and outward-bound part with good wishes and hand-shaking and touching of hats.

In half an hour more the train plunges into the desert, and Cairo's minarets and palm-tree domes grow smaller and smaller till they disappear from the eyes of the outward-bound. Soon all will be desert on either side, and nothing living but an Indian file of gazelles seen till they reach the first station. That night they will be borne across the Red Sea in a steamer that is as hot as if it was a floating furnace—and so they go to India.

In the meanwhile a reserve train will bear off the happier homeward-bound in fire and vapour of smoke towards Alexandria, through cotton-fields downy-white, and roods of Indian corn, and bunchy sesame, and past myriads of mud huts, and plumed palm-trees.

There is a scamper to Pompey's pillar; much falling off donkeys, then a hurried dinner, and a scuffling embarkation. The oars dip and drip, and feather and splash. The great steamer looms out larger and larger, and slowly grows to a stupendous reality. Hearty English faces smile over the bulwarks, and from the pendent steps and the grated platform on to which the homeward-bound, tawny and of a curry powder colour, will contrive to leap, with again something of the old vigour. Now the sailors stamp round and get up the anchor. The fife plays "The Roast Beef of Old England." The busy Captain touches his hat, and welcomes them. The great ship moves, it begins to breathe hard and fierce. The glaring sand-hills on shore recede. The lighthouse is now but a white bodkin. Hurrah! we're out of the harbour and on our way to dear old England.



ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.



CHAPTER XXXIX. LAUNCELOT'S COUNSELLOR.

MR. DARRELL, and his friend the commercial traveller, did not linger long at the garden gate. There was nothing very cordial or conciliatory in

Gilbert Monckton's manner, and he had evidently no wish to cultivate any intimate relations with Monsieur Victor Bourdon.

Nor was Launcelot Darrell by any means

anxious that his companion should be invited to stop at Tolldale. He had brought the Frenchman to the Priory, but he had only done so because Monsieur Bourdon was one of those pertinacious gentlemen not easily to be shaken off by the victims who are so unfortunate as to have fallen into their power.

"Well," said the artist, as the two men walked away from the Priory in the murky dusk, "what do you think of her?"

"Of which *her*? *La belle future*, or the *otha-ir*?"

"What do you think of Mrs. Monckton? I don't want your opinion of my future wife, thank you."

Monsieur Bourdon looked at his companion with a smile that was half a sneer.

"He is so proud, this dear Monsieur Lan—Darrell," he said. "You ask of me what I think of Mrs. Monck-a-tonne," he continued in English; "shall I tell you what I think without reserve?"

"Yes, of course."

"I think then that she is a woman of a thousand—in all that there is of resolute—in all that there is of impulsive—in all that there is of daring—a woman unapproachable, unsurpassable; beautiful to damn the angels! If in the little business that we came to talk about lately, this woman is to be in the way; I say to you, my friend, beware! If there is to be any contest between you and her, beware!"

"Pray don't go into heroics, Bourdon," answered Launcelot Darrell, with evident displeasure. Vanity was one of the artist's strongest vices; and he writhed at the notion of being considered inferior to any one, above all, to a woman. "I knew Mrs. Monckton, and I knew that she was a clever, high-spirited girl, before to-day. I don't want you to tell me that. As to any contest between her and me, there's no chance of that arising. *She* doesn't stand in my way."

"And you refuse to tell your devoted friend the name of the person who does stand in your way?" murmured Monsieur Bourdon, in his most insinuating tones.

"Because that information cannot be of the least consequence to my devoted friend," answered Launcelot Darrell, coolly. "If my devoted friend has helped me, he will expect to be paid for his help, I dare say."

"But, certainly!" cried the Frenchman, with an air of candour; "you will recompense me for my services if we are successful; and above all for the suggestion which first put into your head the idea—"

"The suggestion which prompted me to the commission of a—"

"Hush, my friend, even the trees in this wood may have ears."

"Yes, Bourdon," continued Launcelot, bitterly, "I have good reason to thank you, and to reward you. From the hour in which we first met until now, you have contrived to do me some noble services."

Monsieur Bourdon laughed a dry, mocking laugh, which had something of the diabolically grotesque in its sound.

"Ah, what a noble creation of the poet's mind

is Faust!" he exclaimed; "that excellent, that amiable hero; who would never, of his own will, do any harm; but who is always led into the commission of all manner of wickedness by Mephistopheles. And then, when this noble but unhappy man is steeped to the very lips in sin, he can turn upon that wicked counsellor and say, 'Demon, it is for your pleasure these crimes have been committed!' Of course he forgets, this impulsive Faust, that it was he, and not Mephistopheles, who was in love with poor Gretchen!"

"Don't be a fool, Bourdon," muttered the artist, impatiently. "You know what I mean. When I started in life I was too proud to commit a dishonourable action. It is you, and such as you, who have made me what I am."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Frenchman, snapping his fingers with a gesture of unutterable contempt. "You asked me just now to spare you my heroics; I say the same thing now to you. Do not let us talk to each other like the personages of a drama at the Ambigu. It is your necessities that have made you what you are, and that will keep you what you are so long as they exist and are strong enough to push you to disagreeable courses. Who says it is pleasant to go out of the straight line? Not I, Monsieur Lance! Believe me, it is more pleasant, as well as more proper, to be virtuous than to be wicked. Give me an annuity of a few thousand francs, and I will be the most honourable of men. You are afraid of the work that lies before you, because it is difficult, because it is dangerous; but not because it is dishonourable. Let us speak frankly, and call things by their right names. You want to inherit this old man's fortune."

"Yes," answered Launcelot Darrell. "I have been taught from my babyhood to expect it. I have a right to expect it."

"Precisely; and you don't want this other person, whose name you won't tell me, to get it."

"No."

"Very well, then. Do not let us have any further dispute about the matter. Do not abuse poor Mephistopheles because he has shown the desire to help you to gain your own ends; and has already by decision and promptitude of action achieved that which you would never have effected by yourself alone. Tell Mephistopheles to go about his business, and he will go. But he will not stay to be made a—what you call—an animal which is turn out into the wilderness with other people's sins upon his shoulders?—a scapegoat, or a paws-cat, which pull hot chestnuts from the fire, and burn her fingers in the interests of her friend. The chestnuts, in this case, here, are *very* hot, my friend; but I risk to burn my fingers with the shells in the hope of sharing the inside of the nut."

"I never meant to make a scapegoat of you, nor a cat's-paw," said Launcelot Darrell, with some alarm in his tone. "I didn't mean to offend you, Bourdon. You're a very good fellow in your way, I know; and, if your notions are a little loose upon some subjects, why, as you say, a man's necessities are apt to get the upper hand of his principles. If Maurice de Crespigny has chosen to make an iniquitous will, to the ruin of

his rightful heir, and for the mere gratification of an old madman's whim, the consequences of his injustice must rest on his head, not on mine."

"Most assuredly," cried the Frenchman, "that argument is not to be answered. Be happy, my friend, we will bring about a posthumous adjustment of the old man's errors. The wrong done by this deluded testator shall be repaired before his ashes are carried to their resting-place. Have no fear, my friend; all is prepared, as you know, and, let the time come when it may, we are ready to act."

Launcelot Darrell gave a long sigh, a fretful, discontented inspiration, that was expressive of utter weariness. This young man had in the course of his life committed many questionable and dishonourable actions; but he had always done such wrong as it were under protest, and with the air of a victim, who is innocently disposed, but too easily persuaded, and who reluctantly suffers himself to be led away by the counsels of evil-minded wretches.

So now he had the air of yielding to the subtle arguments of his friend, the agent for patent mustard.

The two men walked on in silence for some little time. They had left the wood long ago, and were in a broad lane that led towards Hazlewood. Launcelot Darrell strolled silently along with his head bent and his black eyebrows contracted. His companion's manner had its usual dapper airiness; but every now and then the Frenchman's sharp greenish blue eyes glanced from the pathway before him to the gloomy face of the artist.

"There is one thing that I forgot, in speaking of Mrs. Monckton," Monsieur Bourdon said presently; "and that is that I fancy I have seen her somewhere before."

"Oh, I can account for that," Launcelot Darrell answered carelessly. "I was inclined to think the same thing myself when I first saw her. She is like George Vane's daughter."

"George Vane's daughter?"

"Yes, the girl we saw on the Boulevard upon the night—"

The young man stopped abruptly, and gave another of those fretful sighs by which he made a kind of sulky atonement for the errors of his life.

"I do not remember the daughter of George Vane," murmured the Frenchman, reflectively. "I know that there was a young girl with that wearisome old Englishman—a sort of overgrown child, with bright yellow hair and big eyes; an overgrown child who was not easily to be shaken off; but I remember no more. Yet I think I have seen this Mrs. Monckton before to-day."

"Because I tell you Eleanor Monckton is like that girl. I saw the likeness when I first came home, though I only caught one glimpse of the face of George Vane's daughter on the Boulevard that night. And, if I had not had reason for thinking otherwise, I should have been almost inclined to believe that the old schemer's daughter had come to Hazlewood to plot against my interests."

"I do not understand."

"You remember George Vane's talk about his

friend's promise, and the fortune that he was to inherit?"

"Yes, perfectly. We used to laugh at the poor hopeful old man."

"You used to wonder why I took such an interest in the poor old fellow's talk. Heaven knows I never wished him ill, much less meant him any harm—"

"Except so far as getting hold of his money," murmured Monsieur Bourdon, in an undertone.

The young man turned impatiently upon his companion.

"Why do you delight in raking up unpleasant memories?" he said in a half-savage, half-peevish tone. "George Vane was only one amongst many others."

"Most certainly! Amongst a great many others."

"And if I happened to play *écarté* better than most of the men we knew—"

"To say nothing of that pretty little trick with an extra king in the lining of your coat sleeve, which I taught you, my friend.—But about George Vane, about the friend of George Vane, about the promise—"

"George Vane's friend is my great-uncle, Maurice de Crespigny; and the promise was made when the two were young men at Oxford."

"And the promise was—"

"A romantic, boyish business, worthy of the Minerva Press. If either of the two friends died unmarried, he was to leave all his possessions to the other."

"Supposing the other to survive him. But Monsieur de Crespigny cannot leave his money to the dead. George Vane is dead. You need no longer fear him."

"No, I have no reason to fear *him!*"

"But of whom then have you fear?"

Launcelot Darrell shook his head.

"Never you mind that, Bourdon," he said. "You're a very clever fellow, and a very good-natured fellow, when you please. But it's sometimes safest to keep one's own secrets. You know what we talked about yesterday. Unless I take your advice I'm a ruined man."

"But you will take it? Having gone so far, and taken so much trouble, and confided so much in strangers, you will surely not recede?" said Monsieur Bourdon, in his most insinuating tones.

"If my great-uncle is dying, the crisis has come, and I must decide, one way or the other," answered Launcelot Darrell, slowly, in a thick voice that was strange to him. "I—I—can't face ruin, Bourdon. I think I *must* take your advice."

"I *knew* that you would take it, my friend," the commercial traveller returned, quietly.

The two men turned out of the lane and climbed a rough stile leading into a meadow that lay between them and Hazlewood. The lights burned brightly in the lower windows of Mrs. Darrell's house, and the clock of the village church slowly struck six as Launcelot and his companion crossed the meadow.

A dark figure was dimly visible, standing at a low wicket-gate that opened from the meadow into the Hazlewood shrubbery.

"There's my mother," muttered Launcelot,

"watching for me at the gate. She's heard the news, perhaps. Poor soul, if I didn't care about the fortune for my own sake, I should for hers. I think a disappointment would almost kill her."

Again a coward's argument,—another loophole by means of which Launcelet Darrell tried to creep out of the responsibility of his own act, and to make another, in a manner, accountable for his sin.

CHAPTER XL. RESOLVED.

ELEANOR MONCKTON walked slowly back to the house, by the side of her husband, whose eyes never left his wife's face during that short walk between the garden-gate and the long French window by which the two girls had left the drawing-room. Even in the dusk, Gilbert Monckton could see that his wife's face was unusually pale.

She spoke to him as they entered the drawing-room, laying her hand upon his arm as she addressed him, and looking earnestly at him in the red firelight.

"Is Mr. de Crespigny really dying, Gilbert?" she asked.

"I fear that, from what the medical men say, there is very little doubt about it. The old man is going fast."

Eleanor paused for a few moments, with her head bent and her face hidden from her husband.

Then, suddenly looking up, she spoke to him again; this time with intense earnestness.

"Gilbert, I want to see Mr. de Crespigny before he dies; I want to see him alone—I must see him!"

The lawyer stared at his wife in utter bewilderment. What in Heaven's name was the meaning of this sudden energy, this intense eagerness, which blanched the colour in her cheeks, and held her breathless? Her friendly feeling for the invalid, her womanly pity for an old man's infirmities, could never have been powerful enough to cause such emotion.

"You want to see Maurice de Crespigny, Eleanor?" repeated Mr. Monckton, in a tone of undisguised wonder. "But why do you want to see him?"

"I have something to tell him—something that he *must* know before he dies."

The lawyer started. A sudden light broke in upon his bewildered mind,—a light that showed him the woman he loved in very odious colours.

"You want to tell him who you are?"

"To tell him who I am? yes!" Eleanor answered absently.

"But for what reason?"

Mrs. Monckton was silent for a moment, looking thoughtfully at her husband.

"My reason is a secret, Gilbert," she said; "I cannot even tell it to you—yet. But I hope to do so very, very soon. Perhaps to-night."

The lawyer bit his under lip, and walked away from his wife with a frown upon his face. He left Eleanor standing before the fireplace, and took two or three turns up and down the room, pacing backwards and forwards in moody silence.

Then, suddenly returning to her, he said, with an air of angry resolution that chilled her timid confidence in him, and cast her back upon herself,

"Eleanor, there is something in all this that wounds me to the very quick. There is a mystery between us; a mystery that has lasted too long. Why did you stipulate that your maiden name should be kept a secret from Maurice de Crespigny? Why have you paid him court ever since your coming to this place? And why, now that you hear of his approaching death, do you want to force yourself into his presence? Eleanor, Eleanor, there can be but one reason for all this, and that the most sordid, the most miserable and mercenary of reasons."

George Vane's daughter looked at her husband with a stare of blank dismay, as if she was trying, but trying in vain, to attach some meaning to his words.

"A sordid reason—a mercenary reason," she repeated slowly, in a half whisper.

"Yes, Eleanor," answered Gilbert Monckton, passionately. "Why should you be different from the rest of the world? It has been my error, my mad delusion to think you so; as I once thought another woman who deceived me as God forbid you should ever deceive me. It has been my folly to trust and believe in you, forgetful of the past, false to the teaching of most bitter experience. I have been mistaken—once more—all the more egregiously, perhaps, because this time I thought I was so deliberate, so cautious. You are *not* different to the rest of the world. If other women are mercenary, you too are mercenary. You were not content with having sacrificed your inclination for the sake of making what the world calls an advantageous marriage. You were not satisfied with having won a wealthy husband, and you sought to inherit Maurice de Crespigny's fortune."

Eleanor Monckton passed both her hands across her forehead, pushing back the loose masses of her hair, as if she would by that movement have cleared away some of the clouds that overshadowed her brain.

"I seek to inherit Mr. de Crespigny's fortune," she murmured.

"Yes! Your father no doubt educated you in that idea. I have heard how obstinately he built upon the inheritance of his friend's wealth. He taught you to share his hopes: he bequeathed them to you as the only legacy he had to give—"

"No!" cried Eleanor, suddenly; "the inheritance I received at my father's death was no inheritance of hope. Do not say any more to me, Mr. Monckton. It seems as if my brain had no power to bear all this to-night. If you can think these base things of me, I must be content to endure your bad opinion. I know that I have been very forgetful of you, very neglectful of you, since I have been your wife, and you have reason to think badly of me. But my mind has been so full of other things; so full, that it has seemed to me as if all else in life—except those thoughts, that one hope—slipped by me like the events of a dream."

Gilbert Monckton looked half-fearfully at his wife as she spoke. There was something in her manner that he had never seen before. He had seen her only when her feelings had been held in check by her utmost power of repression. That

power was beginning to wear out now. The strain upon Eleanor's intellect had been too great, and her nerves were losing their power of tension.

"Do not say anything more to me," she cried, imploringly; "do not say anything more. It will soon be over now."

"What will soon be over, Eleanor?"

But Eleanor did not answer. She clasped her hands before her face; a half-stifled sob broke from her lips, and she rushed from the room before her husband could repeat his question.

Mr. Monckton looked after her with an expression of mingled anguish on his face.

"How can I doubt the truth?" he thought; "her indignant repudiation of any design on Maurice de Crespigny's fortune exonerates her at least from that charge. But her agitation, her tears, her confusion, all betray the truth. Her heart has never been mine. She married me with the determination to do her duty to me, and to be true to me. I believe that. Yes, in spite of all, I will believe that. But her love is Launcelot Darrell's. Her love, the one blessing I sought to win,—the blessing which in my mad folly I was weak enough to hope for,—is given to Laura's betrothed husband. What could be plainer than the meaning of those last broken words she spoke just now: 'It will soon be over; it will soon be over'? What should she mean except that Launcelot Darrell's marriage and departure will put an end to the struggle of her life."

Mingled with the bitterness of his grief, some feeling akin to pity had a place in Gilbert Monckton's heart.

He pitied her—yes, he pitied this girl whose life it had been his fate to overshadow. He had come between this bright young creature and the affection of her innocent girlhood, and, presenting himself before her in the hour of her desolation, had betrayed her into one of those mistakes which a life-time of honest devotion is not always able to repair.

"She consented to marry me on the impulse of the moment, clinging to me in her loneliness and helplessness, and blinded to the future by the sorrow of the present. It was an instinct of confidence and not love that drew her towards me; and now, now that there is no retreat—no drawing back—nothing but a long vista of dreary years to be spent with a man she does not love, this poor unhappy girl suffers an agony which can no longer be concealed, even from me."

Mr. Monckton paced up and down his spacious drawing-room, thinking of these things. Once he looked with a sad, bitter smile at the evidences of wealth that were so lavishly scattered about the handsome chamber. On every side those evidences met his eyes. The Guido, upon which the firelight gleamed, kindling the face of a martyr into supernatural glory, was worth a sum that would have been a fortune to a poor man. Every here and there, half hidden amongst the larger modern pictures, lurked some tiny gem of Italian art, a few square inches of painted canvas worth full a hundred times its weight of unalloyed gold.

"If my wife were as frivolous as Laura,"

thought Mr. Monckton, "I could make her happy, perhaps. Fine dresses, and jewels, and pictures, and furniture, would be enough to make happiness for an empty-headed woman. If Eleanor had been influenced by mercenary feelings when she married me she would have surely made more use of my wealth; she would have paraded the jewellery I have given her, and made herself a lay figure for the display of milliner's work; at least while the novelty of her position lasted. But she has dressed as plainly as a village tradesman's wife, and the only money she has spent is that which she has given to her friend the music-mistress."

The second dinner-bell rang while Gilbert Monckton was pacing the empty drawing-room, and he went straight to the dining-room in his frock-coat, and with no very great appetite for the dishes that were to be set before him.

Eleanor took her place at the top of the table. She wore a brown silk dress, a few shades darker than her auburn hair, and her white shoulders gleamed like ivory against bronze. She had bathed her head and face with cold water, and her rippling hair was still wet. She was very pale, very grave; but all traces of violent emotion had passed away, and there was a look of quiet determination about her mouth.

Laura Mason came rustling and fluttering into the room, as Mr. and Mrs. Monckton took their places at the dinner-table.

"It's my PINK," said the young lady, alluding to a very elaborate toilette of blush-rose coloured silk, bedizened with innumerable yards of lace and ribbon.

"I thought you would like to see my pink, and I want to know how it looks. It's the new pink. Launcelot says the new pink is like strawberry-ices, but I like it. It's one of the dinner dresses in my trousseau, you know," she murmured, apologetically, to Mr. Monckton; "and I wanted to try the effect of it, though of course it's only to be worn at a party. The trimmings on the cross sit beautifully; don't they, Eleanor?"

It was fortunate, perhaps, on this occasion at least, that Miss Mason possessed the faculty of keeping up a kind of conversational monologue, for otherwise there must have been a very dreary silence at the dinner-table upon this particular evening.

Gilbert Monckton never spoke except when the business of the meal compelled him to do so. But there was a certain tenderness of tone in the very few words he had occasion to address to his wife which was utterly different to his manner before dinner. It was never Mr. Monckton's habit to sit long over the dismal expanse of a dessert-table; but to-night, when the cloth had been removed and the two women left the room, he followed them without any delay whatever.

Eleanor seated herself in a low chair by the fire-place. She had looked at her watch twice during dinner, and now her eyes wandered almost involuntarily to the dial of the clock upon the chimney-piece.

Her husband crossed the room and leant for a few moments over her chair.

"I am sorry for what I said this afternoon,

Eleanor," he murmured in a low voice; "can you forgive me?"

His wife lifted her eyes to his face. Those luminous grey eyes had a look of mournful sweetness in them.

"Forgive you!" exclaimed Eleanor, "it is you who have so much to forgive. But I will atone—I will atone—after to-night."

She said these last words almost in a whisper, rather as if she had been speaking to herself than to her husband; but Gilbert Monckton heard those whispere syllables, and drew his own conclusions from them. Unhappily every word that Mrs. Monckton uttered tended to confirm her husband's doubts and to increase his wretchedness.

He seated himself in a reading-chair upon the opposite side of the hearth, and, drawing a lamp close to his elbow, buried himself, or appeared to bury himself, in his newspapers.

But every now and then the upper margin of the "Times," or the "Post," or the "Athenæum," or the "Saturday," or whatever journal the lawyer happened to be perusing—and he took up one after the other with a fretful restlessness that betokened a mind ill at ease—dropped a little lower than the level of the reader's eyes, and Mr. Monckton looked across the edge of the paper at his wife.

Almost every time he did so he found that Eleanor's eyes were fixed upon the clock.

The discovery of this fact speedily became a torture to him. He followed his wife's eyes to the slowly moving hands upon the enameled dial. He watched the minute-hand as it glided from one figure to another, marking intervals of five minutes that seemed like five hours. Even when he tried to read, the loud ticking of the wretched time-piece came between him and the sense of the page upon which his eyes were fixed, and the monotonous sound seemed to deafen and bewilder him.

Eleanor sat quite still in her low easy-chair. Scraps of fancy-work and open books lay upon the table beside her, but she made no effort to beguile the evening by any feminine occupation. Laura Mason, restless for want of employment and companionship, fluttered about the room like some discontented butterfly, stopping every now and then before a looking-glass, to contemplate some newly discovered effect in the elegant costume which she called her "pink;" but Eleanor took no notice whatever of her murmured exclamations and appeals for sympathy.

"I don't know what's come to you, Nelly, since your marriage," the young lady cried at last; after vainly trying to draw Mrs. Monckton's attention to the manifold beauties of gauze puffings and floating streamers of ribbon; "you don't seem to take any interest in life. You're quite a different girl to what you were at Hazlewood—before Launcelot came home."

Mr. Monckton threw down the "Athenæum," and took up "Punch," at this juncture. He stared with a stony face at one of Mr. Leech's most genial cartoons, and glanced almost vengefully at the familiar double columns of jokes. Eleanor looked away from the clock to answer her companion's peevish compliment.

"I am thinking of Mr. de Crespigny," she said; "he may be dying while we are sitting here."

Mr. Monckton dropped "Punch," and looked, openly this time, at his wife's face.

Could it be, after all, that her abstraction of manner really arose from no deeper cause than her regret for the loss of this old man, who was her dead father's friend, and who had displayed an especial affection for her?

Could it be so? No! Her words that night had revealed more than a common sorrow such as this. They had betrayed the secret of a hidden struggle—a woman's grief—not easily to be repressed or overcome. There is no knowing how long the lawyer might have sat brooding over his troubles under cover of the newspapers, but presently he remembered some papers which he had brought from London that afternoon, and which it was his imperative duty—in the interests of a very important client—to read that night.

He pushed away the lamp, rose from his low chair, and went to the door of the drawing-room.

"I am going to my study, Eleanor," he said; "I shall most likely spend the rest of the evening there, and I may be obliged to be very late. You won't sit up for me?"

"Oh, no; not unless you wish it."

"On no account. Good-night. Good-night, Laura."

Even while his wife wished him good-night, her eyes wandered uneasily back to the clock. A quarter to ten.

"And he hasn't once looked at my pink!" murmured Miss Mason, as her guardian left the drawing-room.

Scarcely had the door closed when Eleanor Monckton rose from her chair.

Her flushed cheeks flamed with crimson brightness; her eyes were lighted up as if a fire had burned in their dilated pupils.

"I am going to bed, Laura," she said abruptly; "I am very tired. Good-night!"

She took a candle from a table near the door, lit it, and hurried from the room before Laura could question her or remonstrate with her.

"She doesn't look tired," thought Miss Mason; "she looks as if she were going to a ball; or going to have the scarlatina. I think I looked like that when I was going to have the scarlatina; and when Launcelot proposed to me."

Five minutes after the stable-clock struck ten, the great door of Tolldale Priory was opened by a cautious hand, and Mrs. Monckton stole out of her house with a woollen cloak wrapped about her, and her head almost buried in the hood belonging to the thick winter garment. She closed the door softly, and then, without stopping to look behind her, hurried down the broad stone steps, across the courtyard, along the gravelled garden pathway, out at the narrow wooden door in the wall, and away into the dreary darkness of the wood that lay between the Priory grounds and the dwelling-place of Maurice de Crespigny.

(To be continued.)

## MOCK DIPLOMACY.

ONE of the anxieties of sincere and practical friends of the people is the ignorance of the law, and of the additions annually made to it, which prevails all over the country. The citizens are subjected to the law on the supposition that they all know whatever concerns them of the provisions of the law; and ignorance is never admitted as an excuse for any offence under the law. In consequence of the Lord Chancellor's proposal that the statute law shall be taken in hand, in order that whatever is obsolete, or by any cause rendered useless, shall be thrown out, and the useful remainder then classified and consolidated, we have heard more than usual of late about the impossibility of any Englishman becoming acquainted, in the longest life-time, with the requirements of the law he is bound to obey. If the Lord Chancellor's scheme were already accomplished (and no living man will see that event) few but professional lawyers and well-read gentlemen would know much more than they do now of the legal conditions under which they are living: and the hopelessness of this department of citizen education has led some of my friends (and I should hope many others), to consult and consider whether something cannot be done, in a homely and practical way, to keep the public up with the changes in the law which take place in every session of Parliament.

There are too many educated persons—men of leisure, even,—who satisfy themselves with listlessly glancing over the "Review of the Session," which the leading newspapers present a day or two after its close. A few more may look over the "Abstracts of the Acts of the Session," which appear in the "Annual Register," and other chronicles of the time. But such reading takes little hold on the mind, unless some particular interest is connected with it. The question is, whether such an interest can be connected with it in the case of the occupied classes, who can only just spare time for picking up the news of the day as the session proceeds, and can have no clear idea at the end what Parliament has done or left undone. I have been asked whether it might not be a good experiment, growing into an established practice, for intelligent citizens, qualified for such an office, to collect their neighbours to a sort of lecture, or set of lectures, in the autumn, in which should be explained, in the fullest and clearest manner, all material alterations in the laws, or additions to them, since the year before. There must be gentlemen in every town well able to do this: and in the country the parson, the lawyer, the squire, the banker, and the head shopkeeper could surely manage it among them. They could tell the city gentry who are less acquainted with the popular mind, how eagerly every man listens to any account of the law which particularly concerns himself—how any new Game Act has such an interest in any sporting district that one may pick out the poachers in a crowded lecture-room by the keenness of their attention to any remarks upon it. In the same way a Drainage bill, Highway Act, Public-house Act, repeal of duties, or law for the regulation of labour, will bring an eager

audience to hear about it in a neighbourhood in which it is applicable. It will not be denied that the order and comfort of society, and the social character of multitudes of the citizens would be prodigiously improved if, all over the kingdom, some cheerful and pleasant voice could, one day in the year, tell all listeners what vexations have been removed from laws which galled them, and what new rules have been made for their guidance and protection in their business, and their affairs of every kind. I leave this suggestion to those whom it may interest, only adding that if I were twenty years younger, there would be few things that I should like better than to assemble the villagers—all the men, and as many of their wives as could come,—under the great oak in yonder field, or in the school-room, or in the church, and to inform them, with the sanction of the lawyer, of what the legislature has done, during the past session, for them and their fellow-citizens.

It will be alleged that this supposes too advanced a state of political knowledge in the people: and the only answer to this is that hearers otherwise very ignorant can yet understand and feel an interest in regulations affecting themselves. The fact, however, indicates the further duty of giving the commonest political information wherever, and by whatever means it may be conveyed. There is little fear of overrating the prevalent ignorance, while sectarian divisions prevent the teaching of the very elements of political history in our schools, so that the stories of the Spanish Armada, and the Gunpowder Plot, and the Commonwealth, and the Revolution of 1688 are slurred over, or treated in mere chronicle style; and while many ladies, and a few gentlemen, complacently declare that they "know nothing about politics,"—"take no interest in politics." I remember the sort of shock that was felt when, not long after the Queen's accession, a letter of inquiry appeared in a newspaper, and was copied into others as a curiosity,—whether the Queen was of the Whig or Tory party,—bets depending on it! It was a useful illustration of popular political ignorance. So was another letter of the same character, wherein the question was asked why women did not give their votes for members of parliament at the poll as men do, and when and where they do it. This was no joke, as might be supposed. There were evidences of its being sheer ignorance. I fear there are many such, daily thrown into the editors' waste baskets in every newspaper office, in town and country. One of the most astounding instances of this sort of ignorance that I have met with was when the Prince of Wales a few years since came into my neighbourhood. Of course, he was made much of; and for some days everybody was running hither and thither, and looking abroad for "our future king." Every touch of his whip, every buttoning of his coat, every turn of his head, was noted; and every step he took was followed, bodily or by the telescope. We heard of nothing all along the road, but "our future king;" and yet, when he was gone, a neighbour of mine, a leader at the Methodist prayer-meetings, a member of the Odd Fellows, and of the Temperance Society, in speaking of "our future king," asked me whose son he was! Such an incident throws one out of all one's calcu-

lations, and sets one adrift in a sea of perplexity. It is no great comfort that the same phenomenon is to be found under all forms of government. In France the peasantry voted, on the first occasion of universal suffrage, on suppositions of inconceivable absurdity, as—for the old Emperor: when told he was dead, then for the son; and when told that *he* was dead,—“then for the Holy Ghost.” Some of the Germans in the United States have cut as strange figures as this at many an election. But there is no consolation in this when we consider what a critical political period we are living in, and how tremendous is the danger from popular political ignorance in an age of increasing popular power.

The last few years, and even the last few weeks, have afforded striking illustrations of this ignorance in one particular direction.

There is no free country in which the middle class, on the whole intelligent and educated, and in possession of the franchise, should not understand enough of the origin of any political institution to appreciate its purpose and its function, even if unable to recite the story of its operations. Thus, every middle-class Englishman, every middle-class, Frenchman (in virtue of past representative institutions), and every American of any voting class, should be aware that kings had lost some of their power when they committed military affairs to generals, and how and why standing armies grew up, both as effect and cause of society ceasing to be military. The nature of Parliamentary Representation is, we may hope, fairly and generally understood in these countries; but what are we to say about the Diplomatic function, after what has recently passed before our eyes?

Citizens who have learned anything of their public duty ought to know very well how there came to be ambassadors at the courts of all countries. They cannot but know that the Pope once managed all the politics of Christendom, and that the first ambassadors, in the modern sense of the term, were great churchmen from Rome, who negotiated between the Pope's quarrelsome children, the sovereigns of the civilised world. When the supremacy of Rome was over, the monarchs necessarily chose for the business of diplomacy men who were not only able, but so placed as to be free from the prejudices of lower men, and qualified by their largeness of view and of knowledge to consult on international affairs with foreign statesmen, and make binding arrangements with the differing rulers of various nations. Thus, while there have been diplomatists of many degrees of merit, the class holds a very high place in the ranks of civilised intelligence, and is characterised by high honour, discretion, and moderation of views and temper.

Further: any one who has considered more or less what these men and their business are, must be aware that the one conspicuous fact about them is, that they are the channel of communication between nations and their governments on matters of public policy. They exist for the express purpose of communicating with foreign rulers; and, however it may be with despot-ridden peoples, no others have any sort of right to address a foreign Power through any other channel than their own

accredited minister at the court of that Power. One can hardly imagine such an excess of ignorant conceit as would lead individuals to press their private views on a foreign sovereign, or to pretend to speak for the nation to which they belong. One can hardly conceive of Englishmen or Americans neglecting to speak to their own sovereign through their own representatives in Parliament, and hiding from their own ambassador at a foreign court, to earn the contempt of that court by their pushing impertinence, or to mislead its counsels by the very audacity of that impertinence. Yet, as I write, some half-dozen instances within ten years occur to me, in most of which incalculable mischief has been, or may be, the inevitable consequence. It seems as if the instances were growing more frequent and more mischievous; and I shall therefore use no reserve in speaking of them as the disgrace to our time and its political training which all duly qualified citizens feel them to be.

At Easter, 1853, public sentiment in England (and everywhere else) was still throbbing painfully with the anguish caused by the usurpation of sixteen months before, and the cruel extinction of political liberty in France. It answered the purpose of certain intriguers to assume and proclaim that the indignation and disgust of the English about the usurpation, were hostility to the French people, with whom, on the contrary, they were heartily sympathising. The attempts at agitation on this ground were alarming to some members of the timid commercial class; and a considerable number of them in London went to work to declare our friendship towards our neighbours,—choosing for that purpose a method so objectionable as to rouse a wholesome general indignation. The errand was not properly to the French ruler; for the very ground of our sympathy with our neighbours was that he and they were not one. If our merchants had anything to say to the French government, they should have done it through our own government and its representative at Paris; and if their affair was with the people of France, they had no business in the Emperor's presence. Yet they went to him, audaciously answering for the opinions and feelings of the people of England; and the Emperor was delighted, of course, with the opportunity of identifying himself with the subjects he had outraged, and appropriating the friendliness of sentiment which the people of England certainly never dreamed of entertaining towards himself. Most of us will remember the surprise and disgust excited by this move, and the vigorous denunciation of it in the House of Lords, and in newspapers of the time; the mockery at the court dinners accepted by the deputation, and the shame expressed that any gentlemen of our nation should put it in the power of the cynical usurper to smile at the lowness of political knowledge and constitutional spirit which may exist in England. But the immediate discredit was not the only mischief, nor the worst.

It was on Easter Monday, 1853, that these sapient and patriotic merchants of London made their obeisance at the Tuileries. Next February, the same movement was tried at another Court,



creating less disgust perhaps at home, but much greater mischief abroad.

Any foreign sovereign, born and bred to the throne, is not only excusable for supposing any English applicants for an audience on affairs of national policy to be authorised by some great national party or opinion, but must inevitably proceed on such a supposition. It is only as national representatives that he can have any political communication with them. When, therefore, the three Quaker gentleman who waited on the Czar Nicholas on the 10th of February, 1854, listened to the Emperor's prepared reply to their address, they ought not to have been surprised that it was altogether of a political character; nor should they have expected that he would receive and understand their explanations that they came only as moralists, though their theme was political. Those three men, and those who sent them, did an act which was not only ignorant in its conception, impertinent in its spirit, and audaciously unpatriotic in its carrying out, but fatal in its consequences beyond all estimate in all time to come. A sovereign, and especially an ignorant, narrow-minded, and egotistical sovereign like Nicholas, could understand the visit of these Quakers only in one way. He supposed them to be the representatives of the great body of English sentiment against the war; and the whole affair was from this point one great and disastrous bungle. He listened to them, imagining he was receiving an engagement from England not to go to war with him. They listened to him,—puzzled at the political character of his reply, but hoping at last that they had made him understand that they were not politicians. When he had introduced them to the Empress as good friends of Russia, they were charmed with admission to the domestic privacy of the man so much dreaded; and he, on his part, made himself easy when their backs were turned, in the supposed assurance he had received that he need fear no war with England. Before the mistake into which these ignorant meddlers had led him was cleared up to his mind, the mischief was done. He was at war with England; there had never been any reason why he should not be, if he chose to provoke it: his heart was broken; and sectarian zealots had a lesson, if they could but receive it, that private convictions and individual good intentions are no warrant for interfering in affairs of general policy on false pretences:—and it is a false pretence when any applicant appears before a foreign potentate as if the national diplomatic representative was not adequate to the business.

The practice of pushing and meddling in international affairs, and snatching at a gratification of vanity or of a partisan spirit, by coming between the Foreign Office and its work, had now become so mischievous that it was strongly denounced on this occasion: but it takes a long time to put down an abuse in which vanity and self-opinion are involved. All the world now pities the three Quaker gentlemen who went to St. Petersburg; but for a time there was a disposition among persons of little sense and bad taste to imitate them. I need not go fully into the story of the four (so-called) Liverpool merchants, who thought

fit to address the Emperor of the French in a spirit highly offensive to their own countrymen. They undertook to comfort him about the harmlessness of our Volunteer movement. They got an answer from the Emperor, through his private secretary; and they got something else,—a repudiation by the merchants of Liverpool, and a lecture from the whole newspaper press of the country, one effect of which was to show the Emperor that he had spent his time in writing to persons too insignificant to deserve such notice.

Another recent incident has some amusing aspects; but it is on the whole highly vexatious, irritating, and injurious. I need not repeat here the story of Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Lindsay going to Paris, and on to Fontainebleau, to do our ambassador's work for him, without leave, in the most important point of national policy now under discussion. It is not necessary to explain Mr. Roebuck's weaknesses. We all know Mr. Roebuck's ungovernable craving for notoriety, and his womanish inclination for scenes,—so repugnant to the taste of Englishmen, and especially to the English House of Commons. We have seen him work his way into the presence of an emperor before; and we are but too familiar with his sensation scenes in the House. The serious part of the case is that these things may not be known out of England,—and especially at Washington and at Richmond. It will soon be made clear to both that Mr. Roebuck is not much accustomed to success in his political projects, and that causes taken up by him, and left in his hands, are usually considered doomed. All that needs to be known about him will soon be known by all whom it concerns; and I need here only record my protest, as every fellow-citizen of these amateur diplomatists has a right to do, against any trick of intrigue, or meddling, or mere vanity, by which the office of our ambassador at any foreign court is encroached upon,—by which any party at home is misrepresented, and any foreign sovereign misled, or subjected to impertinent intrusion and inquisitive speculation. Every citizen has a right to protest against any meddling of a foreign sovereign with the English parliament, and any intrusion on a foreign sovereign in the name of the English parliament. As for the act of intrusion being ventured upon by a man who has used such language as Mr. Roebuck has, repeatedly and publicly, of the Emperor of the French,—that may be called his own affair: and it is so; but it affects the estimate of the act generally, in the judgment of all honourable men. Whether the Emperor admitted him to his presence in ignorance or indifference about Mr. Roebuck's former revilings, every honest Englishman thinks the request for an audience an act of meanness which he would not be supposed to countenance.

The practical question is,—what is to be done to put a stop to this practice of mock diplomacy? We have surely had warnings enough within ten years to induce us to consider and consult about a remedy. On the one hand, foreign courts may be advised of the true character of self-constituted diplomatists: and on the other, we may—not deter such pretenders by any appeal to a sense or a modesty which they do not possess,—but so

foster the growth and spread of political knowledge and principle in our own country as to create a contempt and reprobation of mock-diplomacy which no one, however presumptuous, will have the hardihood to defy.

### THE PRESS-GANG.

FROM THE CHINESE OF THOU-FOU, A POPULAR POET  
OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY.

The summer sun was sinking low  
As I went up and down,  
To find a place where I might rest  
Within Chekiao's town.

The Royal Press-gang, at that hour,  
Came up the self-same way,  
Who in the time of darkness make  
The sons of men their prey.

An old man saw, and fled in haste,  
Vaulting the village gate;  
From the same house an aged crone  
Marched out to meet them straight.

Their leader shouted in his wrath,—  
How savage were his tones!  
The woman poured her sorrow forth  
With shrill and bitter moans:—

Quoth she—"Mark well the words of her  
Who cometh at your call:  
Three sons I had, the Emperor's camp  
Has now devoured them all.

"From the last left a letter came,  
To say his brothers twain  
On the same battle-field were laid,  
Among the heaps of slain.

"Not long can *he* elude Death's grasp,  
Who liveth yet in gloom;  
And for the two, their lot is fixed  
Unchanging in the tomb.

"In our sad house no male is left  
For war to claim and kill,  
Except my little grandson, whom  
His mother suckles still.

"That mother would have fled long since,—  
Fled to return no more.—  
But that she has not fitting clothes  
To pass beyond the door.

"I have grown very old, my limbs  
Are wasted now and weak;  
Still I can follow in your track,  
And join the camp ye seek.

"Among the troops I shall not be  
Idle or useless there;  
For I can cook them rice, and well  
The morning meal prepare."

On rolled the night—both shouts and screams  
Died off to silence deep;  
Still, ever and anon, I heard  
Choked sobbings round me creep.

But when the morning dawned, and I  
My journey thence began,  
Nought living did I leave behind  
But that forlorn old man.

F. H. DOYLE.

### A DAY AT SAN GIMIGNANO.

It was still the early dawn of an autumn day in September, 1860, as our party drove out on the Florentine road away from Siena towards San Gimignano. A moist coldness was in the air, and the heights about Siena were only just visible through the dense veil of vapour which filled the valleys. The broad smooth road rejoiced the hearts of the horses, who trotted along with great animation, and the jingle of their bells accompanied our conversation like music. As we advanced the country gradually assumed a less prosperous aspect. It was well irrigated and diligently cultivated, but was barer and more deserted. The road became a kind of raised causeway, and on each side the fields were sunk far below it. After a drive of five or six miles we passed Monte Righini, a village fortress, crowning a sloping elevation to our right. The battlemented walls only were visible over the brow of the hill, but these were of majestic proportions. On the other side, invisible to us, for the hill dropped down abruptly, was (as our guide-book told us) a piazza, with its duomo, a café, and offices of different kinds, but all now tenantless and falling into ruin. Through the arched gateway we could detect the moss-grown roofs of some time-worn crumbling buildings, while over them the ever-fresh, ever-young sky, set in its stone frame, glowed like a sapphire. We quitted Righini with reluctance, and proceeded on our road along the branch road which leads to Colle.

Few towns are more picturesquely situated than Colle. There are, in fact, two towns. As you cross the bridge over the river which flows at the foot of the lofty rock along which it is situated, it is strange to see how the exigencies of daily life and the influences of peace have called down from their air-built eyrie the dwellers of the rock above. There are two churches, of such equal importance that the bishop, who comes to perform mass on high days and holidays, officiates at both; and this is sufficient to prove the equal importance of the lower and upper town. We crossed the bridge, and drove on through the busy suburb, with its paper mills and dyeing vats and wool-carders, and then ascended to the upper town. Here the houses looked dark, and aristocratic, and dull. After passing through the gates, we issued upon a narrow, steep highroad, at the edge of a ravine which fell straight down beside it, wooded to the very bottom, where flowed the turbulent and tawny-coloured stream. The tops of the old trees which clung to its side waved just beyond the reach of our hands, as we slowly drove on. The lofty rock rose on the other side of us, with its curtain of mosses and ferns veiling its bareness, and crowned with bastion and parapet and terrace, built out from the stately-looking houses placed there. One small circular-shaped terrace supported a close range of large flower pots, and standing between them, with a tall oleander behind her, looking down on us as we drove past, was one of those supremely beautiful women whom one rarely finds out of Italy. Beauty in the North is spread among a whole

population, and there is a general sense of it, from the beautiful white and pink complexions and blue eyes which perpetually attract us; but in Italy there is, as it were, a concentration of beauty in one favoured individual. Out of a mass of swarthy skins, dull hair, and dead black eyes, one human being steps forward with all the dark transformed into light, with features clearly cut as a statue's, and with an amber glory shining through the bronze cheek which transfigures that kind of skin into the rarest and most attractive beauty. So *she* stood, with her braided hair shining in the sun, as her noble head was bent to look down on us!

We did not stop at Colle, but went on, casting many a lingering look back at its beauty, as it uplifted itself so loftily, with its modest tributary at its feet, and the green sweep of its trees drooping downwards to the water below.

About noon we arrived at San Gimignano. The country is much wilder, after Colle, and the ascent is continuous. Long before we reached it, we could see its strange-looking towers far off in the sunshine, with a billowy sea of plains and valleys around them.

At last we rattled in under the gateway, and had no difficulty in finding the hotel (there is but one), but had some difficulty in entering it. The porch was filled with sacks of grain, heaps of pine cones and yellow maize were piled in dark corners, and the refuse of numerous vegetable carts covered the ground. A way was cleared for us at last, and we ascended a flight of broad, steep, broken stairs, passed a kitchen, ascended still higher, and at last came to an ante-room with different doors, one of which opened into a gaunt-looking dining-room. In this room were two tables, with coarse but clean table-cloths on them, a few glasses and plates. We ordered luncheon, and went out to fulfil our sightseeing duties.

Few towns have a stranger appearance than this of San Gimignano. The humble, mediocære, mediæval appearance of the houses, and the bare, rude, yet lofty towers that rise from them, look so incongruous as to be almost ludicrous. But the men of Gimignano were very proud of their town lying so high above the sunny plains of Tuscany, and looking down on so many cities, and they were pleased, in their simplicity, to give it this Cybele crown. There are thirteen towers still standing; in the sixteenth century there were twenty-five. They are all built of brick, with an internal winding stair, and were never allowed to exceed a certain height. The little piazza, with its duomo and sala, on the left-hand of the hotel, seemed to us very dreary; but this is the description given by a San Gimignanese of his native town, and it is but fair to quote it: 'Both Nature and Art combined in the happy lays of San Gimignano (happy days which were her reward of the industry and magnanimity (?) of its inhabitants) to render it a very jewel, as Saccheri, in his chronicle, calls it; while its careful climate, fertile soil, and picturesque position entitled it to the name it also bore, Castello\* florido,' the Village of Flowers.'

The contrast of that past with this present is very melancholy. The shops were all closed, for it was the Feast of St. Michael. On the bench in front of the café two soldiers and a few men were lounging, smoking, and spelling the *Nazione*. They were discussing loudly the merits of "Garibaldi," as the people call him. There was a greengrocer's stall opposite, and we saw our hostess purchasing provisions for our future meal, and touching and selecting most suspicious-looking vegetables. In the distance a burly man was striding on, followed by a small boy carrying an easel, towards the most picturesque tower; but besides these, no one else was to be seen in the deserted and forlorn piazza.

We entered the church: it was very old, and its adornments were very rude. It is built in the form of the Latin Cross, and the walls and arches are covered with dilapidated frescoes. The names of the painters are said to be Taddeo Bartolo and Benozzo Gozzoli. On each side of the nave the subjects of these frescoes are from the Old and New Testament. But they are almost effaced, and could never have been very good. One panel, however, struck me. It was the raising of Lazarus. Our Saviour is seen standing in a majestic attitude; He has just spoken the words "Lazarus, come forth," and His hand is raised with a commanding gesture. His disciples are crowded behind Him in attitudes which express awe and fear. The door of the sepulchre is open, and the upright figure of Lazarus, though still swathed by his grave-clothes, is standing within, as if evoked at once by the will of God. Rudely designed, and worse coloured, there is yet great power and vigour in the figure of our Lord.

While the mass was being performed, we went into the sacristy and saw the "Annunciation," attributed by some to Ghirlandajo. If really his, it is not worthy of him. After mass we were shown the chapel, which contains his two frescoes. These are beautiful. "Santa Fina favoured while on her death-bed with a vision of St. Gregory, who announces to her the moment of her dissolution," is the subject of the first. "Santa Fina borne in triumph after death through the streets of San Gimignano," is the subject of the second.

Santa Fina looks a girl of about fifteen; her fair hair is parted, and hangs down on each side of her face. She is lying on a narrow plank of wood, cross-shaped, on the ground, and two women are sitting beside her. Her soft rapt eyes gaze upwards, and she is evidently lost to all but the vision vouchsafed to her. The room is barely furnished. On the table is a cruet with oil, and a pomegranate cut in half on a plate, mystic and yet natural accessories. The women are in the dress of the period. There is nothing in these figures but the most ordinary portraiture of real life, and yet what a touching, beautiful picture it is. The dying girl is so young, has such a saint-like patience impressed on her child-like brow and composed mouth, that the tenderest pity is mingled with our admiration.

In the other fresco there is the same girlish sweetness, but hushed to solemn peace; the bright eyes are closed, the gentle hands clasped, and "umile in tanta gloria" she lies unheeding all the

\* The word "Castello" is always applied to a walled village.

pomps of the funeral show, deaf to the grief and affection lavished on the frail body she has left, received, sheltered, safe with God!

Fina de' Ciardi belonged to a noble but impoverished family. She lost her father while she was an infant, and lived in the most abject and laborious indigence with her mother, and on the death of her mother, which took place while she was yet a child, she was left entirely destitute. From the age of ten until she died, a period of five or six years, she was deprived of the use of her limbs, partly from disease, partly from the ascetic privations to which the poor little girl in her blind gropings after the only perfection she had ever heard of, condemned herself. On the charity of a lady named Bonaventura, and on the tender care of her nurse Beldia, she depended for bare existence, yet she was always patient, resigned, and grateful. Here there is nothing of outward splendour or romantic interest to attract the imagination. Disease, dependence, poverty, would seem unpromising conditions to win the world's favour, yet from these was woven the palm which the fair young saint upholds before our eyes. Disease taught patience; dependence, humility; poverty, self-denial.

Without a word as to the supernatural adjuncts of the legend, it must be allowed that there is something touching in the consecration of this youthful goodness: a young girl's memory floating down the tide of time, till we in the nineteenth century, strangers and wayfarers, come to render our heartfelt homage to the art which has immortalised her, and to be affected by the history of her innocent, suffering, and pious life. That brief epitaph on a slab in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, "Deare childe," is more powerfully suggestive in some ways,—for who can pass it without a tightening of the heart, as one thinks of the treasure of love which must be there enclosed? but it is more limited. The "deare childe" was beloved, but we know no more. Here the memory is of one loving and suffering, as well as loved. The beatification of Santa Fina was a protest, even in that dark age, in favour of those heroic victories (though rarely thus acknowledged) of the invisible over the visible, and of the divineness of that power often manifested by the feeblest and gentlest of the earth, "to suffer and be strong!"

The exquisite simplicity with which it is painted is worthy of the subject and of our reverence.

Afterwards we went to the adjoining Sala Publica, where there are the remains of a most majestic fresco, by some supposed to be by Simone Memmi, by others (and this is borne out by the inscription beneath) by Lippo; by others, an earlier Byzantine origin is attributed to it. A pulpit, from which Dante spoke on an occasion when he was sent on an embassy from Florence to San Gimignano, was the most interesting relic to us, with this inscription on a tablet above. What solemn and triumphal music there is in it!—

Dante Alighieri, Ambasciatore per la Repubblica Fiorentina, Il giorno VIII. di Maggio MCCXCIX. In questa sala Al comizio Sangimignanese Parlò, Per la Lega Guelfa, E Trionfò. All' solenne avvenimento Mancava la memore scritta Cui posero Nel MDCCCXLVII. Festeggiando i nipoti.

From thence we strolled to the church of Sant' Agostino, adorned with the frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli, delineating the life of the saint. The same bright colours and thoughtful heads which give so much beauty to the chapel in the Riccardi palace, are here. We then visited several other churches, but without much to reward us. After stepping in for a moment into a little chapel supposed to have belonged to the Knights Templars, at present white-washed and bare, we walked on to one standing on a small platform just beyond one of the gates. It is supposed to be built on the site of the first Christian church in San Gimignano, but our guide became so confused in his dates that it was difficult to ascertain who worshipped or was worshipped here. He said it had been built and dedicated to Gesu a thousand years before the year one! I think the unknown God to whom it was dedicated was Nature, for the view is a panorama of wonderful beauty, and is in itself a worship and a prayer. It is a strange pleasant feeling to halt for a moment in such a spot, and take in the wide range of loveliness spread as a banquet before us,—prepared as it would seem during centuries to fill our eyes and hearts, gazed on for a moment and then left for ever, but adding one to the imperishable pictures in our gallery of memory.

We then went over the schools and other public buildings, and we noticed one fact, that the man to whom San Gimignano was most indebted for its civic decorations and prosperity was one of her own people, Onofrio, the "operaio." Traces of his good works are to be found everywhere, and the whole town may be said to be a monument to his memory. We then fulfilled in the most exemplary way the rest of our sight-seeing duties, but without much to reward us, except that we also obtained a few glimpses of national character and customs in the course of our explorings.

I had noticed once or twice, as we passed and re-passed the same streets, a strange figure in a costume something between a priest's and a groom's, and had noticed that in spite of the extreme coarseness of his dress, and the weather-tanned colour of his face, there was an indescribable look of good birth about him, a certain confidence and ease in his air and decision in his bearing which did not suit his dress; and when we were taken to see a fresco in a house belonging to the Pratellesi family, I met with him again.

The house was in a wretched street, and in no ways distinguished from the other poor dwellings near it, except from its large and heavy door. We knocked and were admitted. A narrow passage widened into a large kitchen, where a very dirty woman was cooking, and a middle-aged man was talking to her. By his side was the jockey priest, and from the likeness I saw they must be brothers. The kitchen led into a yard where stood some barrels of fresh-made wine, and little dark red streams oozing from them in every direction. We were conducted across this yard through a mess of cats, fowls, dogs, and vegetable refuse, up some broad steps to a little square plot of ground, half-kitchen, half-court, into a veritable abomination of desolation, half-stable and half-granary. Some sacks were removed, a broken shutter was

set wide, and there on the opposite wall was the fresco, by Tamagni.

The dirty servant told us that this part of the house had been inhabited by a religious order, and that this had been the refectory. The air was however too close, and the effluvia too nauseating, for us to remain, and we picked our way out again, not surprised to hear that the community had been established by Sta. Caterina. The saint's abhorrence of cleanliness had evidently clung to the place. Such filth I never saw in the habitation of any human being. The woman talked grandiloquently of the grandeur of the family whom she served, but hinted at the decadence of their fortunes. On repassing the kitchen we met the priest going out, with his unclerical quadruped at his heels. He touched his hat as we passed him. There was something in his face which interested me. Spirit and courage were in every line of it, but blent with these was a kind of melancholy disdain. The stern exigencies of family pride had evidently forced him into the priesthood. As the younger brother, he had been resolutely set apart for it. What other profession was open to the cadet of a poor, proud family at San Gimignano? Had he been "villain, très villain," as Béranger says, he could have chosen for himself. That man's face, with its look of thwarted purpose and passion, made a greater impression on me than the fresco. He was no priest at heart, and evidently rebelled even at the poor necessity of the costume, from the way he wore it.

We then returned to the inn, found the gateway empty and clean, and our carriage drawn up under it. Even the stairs had been feebly swept and garnished, and the whole place had been arranged to do us honour. After luncheon two of the party went to see the Oliveto, a convent three quarters of a mile from the town, which contains a beautiful fresco by Pinturicchio, and we remained to rest in the inn till it was time to recommence our journey.

We had only guide-books, and amused ourselves with them, and with looking at the towers we could see from the window, and wondering what life was like at San Gimignano. Our reflections were interrupted by our host. He and his wife and one servant formed the whole establishment, which was of the poorest and most primitive kind. He entered immediately into conversation with us. With the ready politeness of an Italian, he felt it was his duty to endeavour to entertain the two guests under his roof. His manner was courteous, and, if I may so term it, deferentially affable. He began praising the beauty of his native town; its unique adornments, its treasures of art, and the excessive purity and salubrity of its climate. With the last assertion I entirely agreed. He confided to me that he sometimes went to Florence to deposit money in the bank, "Yes, as much as 300 scudi at a time;" but he confessed he wondered how people could breathe down in such a well. He had a podere five miles from San Gimignano. He had just come home when we arrived. The grain we had seen in the entrance was from his own land.

"I walked there at five this morning, worked there till ten, and then I walked home."

"How old are you?"

"Seventy-six."

He certainly did credit to the air, for he was a hale, wiry-looking old man, with abundance of health and work still left in him. He told me that his wife and himself were both very strong, but he did not know how it was, his children were not like their parents, they had all died but one. His daughter had died two months ago of consumption in that room (he opened the door of the bedroom which led from the one we were in).

"You need not be afraid," he said; "the room has been whitewashed, and everything that belonged to her, or that she used during her illness, has been burnt. Will you go in?"

I did so. He pointed out that a new bed had been placed in the room, but the two long low trestles which belonged to the former bed were still there. He assured me, however, that no infection could possibly be feared from these. There was something ghastly in the reiteration of this assertion, and it certainly spoke more for the prudence of the innkeeper than for the feelings of the father. There is an absolute mania in Italy as to the infectious nature of consumption.

There was no trace left of his child in the room in which she had lived and died, and he gloried in it. There were, however, two relics which had escaped the general sacrifice: the first was a pocket edition of "Tasso." The other relic was on the wall. A spirited sketch of a very handsome head, with a German name beneath it. The whole framed in carved wood. "That was also hers," the father said. "It was given to her by one of the artists who come here to sketch the beautiful scenery and copy our famous pictures. He stayed three months here, two years ago. He lodged here, and dined here, and seemed like one of the family. She often watched him painting, and he taught her to draw a little. She was so clever—all my children are clever and handsome . . . but they die." This was said as if it was a moral fault in them, which he parentally but justly deplored, and in a tone of deprecation.

"She, Nanina," he continued, "was like a Madonna. You should have seen her as she lay on that bed opposite this sketch; she would look at it for hours together. With her beautiful colour, and her long dark hair hanging down, she looked like a picture herself. When she was dead, her face seemed as innocent as a child's. The doctor said the air was too 'fine' for her; yet she was born here. She was quite well all the summer. She and my son Michael used to go out with the German gentleman when he was sketching, and walk for miles. It was not till the winter that she began to complain. I thought at first she was dull, for we were alone, and it had been more merry when Signor Reinhof was here. Then my son Carlo came to us, ill, from Florence, and she then seemed to get a little better. She would have returned to Florence with him, but he died here, and I could not go with her, or send her alone. She never held up her head afterwards, and died this summer."

"Did the German artist ever return?"

"Oh, no, we never heard of him after he left."

He went to France, I think. My poor Nanina! She was decidedly 'tísica.' It would not have cured her to go to Florence."

I thought I could trace some other malady than consumption in her case: the slow heartbreak which follows a delusive dream. Life itself given by her in exchange for his summer holiday.

"My second son died two years ago. He was a priest and a clever lad, but the flower of my family was Carlo. He was a genius. I was told that he would have been one of the most famous men in Tuscany. He gained every prize at school, and I was advised to send him to study medicine. I could afford it," said he, with modest dignity, "and I sent him. The testimonials he received I will show you." He went away and returned in an incredibly short space of time, from a journey to the very top of the house. "Here they are," and he slipped into my hands a quantity of written and printed testimonials, two diplomas, and last of all a portrait! A hideous daub of his beloved Carlo. It was out of all drawing, coloured like a caricature, the nose at variance with the eyes and the eyes with each other. "You see," he said, "he looks like a perfect gentleman; he went into the best society. They say he would have been the best physician in Florence, and in Florence are the greatest physicians of the world. He had studied too much, and was sent home for change of air and repose; it was just after his sister began to be ill; they were inseparable, but he died two months after he returned. His funeral was the handsomest that has been seen for years in San Gimignano, and we are famous here for our splendid funerals. He was so impatient to get well and continue his studies that he was imprudent, and got worse every day. Poor Carlo!" There was something touching yet ludicrous in the mingled regrets and vanity of the old man. His voice quite changed as he pointed to his only living child, a man dressed like an ostler, whom we saw in the piazza below, smoking and talking with our coachman. "That is Michael; he is strong and well, but has no brains. He is not like the others, but he is his mother's favourite. He works for me in the stables," and the old man nodded his head significantly, "he is good for that; but his mother loves him better than all the others put together. She says he is satisfied with San Gimignano, and with his poor old mother; the others she could not understand,—they were like Signori. 'Cosa vuole;' she thinks there is no place like this, for she has seen no other; I know better, for I have seen Siena, Livorno, and Firenze, but I must remain here, for I have property here. After all I have seen, I can tell you I prefer this house to Ricasoli's. It is a corner house, and from it you can see both the piazze. There is no house better situated anywhere."

"Content is richer than a king," says the old song, and it was well for the old man he was so satisfied; but when he had taken me all over, up and down, his large, many-storied, dirty, cold, ugly house, I could not be surprised at the anxiety of his poor son to leave it. Widely severed from all his native associations by the force of education and habits, he must have found himself as out of place here as would the graceful marble Campanile

of Florence, if it were to be suddenly transported by the side of the brick Torre de Ardinghelli. The carriage was now announced, and we took a friendly farewell of our communicative host and drove out to meet our friends.

While we waited for them on the road we were surrounded by beggars, who were of course delighted to levy contributions on chance "forestieri." One of these beggars was a young woman with an infant asleep in her arms. I asked its name.

"It is a girl," she said, "and we could not, therefore, call it Victor Emanuel, or Cavour, or Garibaldi, so we have called it 'Italia.'"

The word sounded like music, and I stooped down to kiss the little sleeping babe, and blessed the name-bearer and the name.

It was now about half-past four, and we chose the Poggibuosi road for our return. On referring to our guide-books we found that in the old chronicles it was thus affectionately described. "Once one of the fairest and strongest forts in Italy, with fine walls and towers, beautiful churches, rich abbeys and glebes, and lovely marble fountains; populous and full of pleasant dwellings, like a good city (una buona città), now deserted and ruined." The last phrase is no longer true. The railroad to Siena from Florence has a station here, and in the progressive march which all Italy is now making, I doubt not that in a few more years this rapidly rising and improving town will merit its ancient name of "una buona città."

We were all a little tired, and content to lean back in silence and try to individualise the impressions we had received, and so stereotype them on our memory. On comparing notes, we found we were all agreed on one point. In all we had seen and in all we had read (we had taken with us the elaborate and minutely-descriptive work of Canone Pecori), through the details of wars and divisions, and heresies and revolts, the only two names which lived, life-like in our recollections, were those of Sta. Fina, the poor little crippled girl, and of Onofrio, the "operaio," to whose judicious guardianship the embellishment of his native town was entrusted. Foster says that the names of Sesostris, Semiramis, &c., are distinguished through the dying glimmer of ancient history from the ocean of blood which surrounds them; here, on the contrary, Guelphs and Ghibelines, abbots and abbesses, warlike achievements and change of dynasties, have been confused together by time, but the halo of the saint and the work of the craftsman remain. And it is possible that as no legend invests it with miraculous properties Onofrio's, is the dearest to us.

The road where it turned off from the one we had travelled in the morning was far flatter and less varied. There were long stretches of green fields with lines of tremulous poplars, and cattle lazily pasturing among them. We passed through Poggibuosi, and left Certaldo behind us, with its castellated monastery just visible. The quiet was unbroken; a few labourers were in the fields stripping the last grapes from the vines; but in the road we met no one. The shades of evening had now drawn in, and at ten o'clock at night I was driving alone, along the lovely circuitous lane which led to my own villa.

I. B.

AN ADVENTURE IN RHODES.

BY AN OLD WANDERER.

A GOOD many years ago it was my lot to visit Rhodes. It seems odd to me now, it seemed very odd then, that I of all people should come to be so circumstanced. It is over an interval of some fifty years that I am taking my retrospect. As matters stand at this present moment I should scarcely be surprised at having to visit any part of the habitable globe. I am quite aware that for all that has come and gone, I may turn up some fine day as ambassador at the court of Dahomey. But as all the world knows, things were not so ordered fifty years ago, when travelling, *pur et simple*, was the luxury of the few, and, so far as commercial purposes were concerned, the demand for individuals as agents abroad was very limited.

My start in life was as a clerk in the great mercantile firm of Robson and Dick, of Crutched Friars. Robson, the senior partner, was some sort of Scotch cousin to my aunt Priscilla. It was a very far-fetched relationship, and did not authorise anything like familiarity between my employers and myself; but it was worth something, for it procured me my situation in the house, which was the first step in that very tolerably prosperous career which has eventually conducted me to this my pretty villa at Ball's Pond, and the comforts generally of my retirement. I remember, as if it were yesterday, all about my coming to town. There was the letter from my Aunt Priscy; there was the anxiety of feeling that we were at the moment which was to decide whether or not her grand relation would notice her petition; and then came my mother's tears and my father's hearty congratulations. I saw the question was settled in my favour, before I heard a word of the letter itself; and I never shall forget the exultation of the moment. With many a warning from my parents as to my conduct, I started for London. It was particularly enjoined on me that I must avoid anything like forwardness or familiarity with Mr. Robson, and I was made to get by rote the precise formula in which my thanks were to be returned. My poor parents gave themselves a deal of unnecessary trouble. They knew little of the economy of one of our large houses. There was little fear of my troubling the senior member of the firm, for this good reason, that I never had the opportunity. I will not say that he was otherwise than cognisant of the fact of my occupying a stool in his counting-house; but he certainly gave no outward token of having observed me, at least not for many months, and then it seemed to come about quite in the way of business. We had large dealings with the Levant, and at certain seasons were in the habit of making direct shipments there, to various foreign ports, chiefly South American, round the Horn. We had a duly accredited local agent, who resided principally in one of the towns on the Dardanelles. It was his business to collect produce from the surrounding

district, and to have it brought in from the various islands and points of the coast. This service was performed in country boats, so that at times he would have a veritable fleet under his orders. Of course these proceedings necessitated an enormous amount of correspondence, which correspondence was apt to be of a most polyglot character. Signor Litti (so was our agent named) was an Italian who had dwelt so long in the East, that he was able to deal with all likely requirements of this kind. He could converse and write in Turkish, Greek, Spanish, or Dutch. But he did not understand a word of English. This may seem strange in a commercial agent for an English house, but so it was. His communications with us were carried on in French, and it was but rarely that we had to call into requisition any other language. Sometimes complications on the spot would arise, rendering it necessary to transmit to us vouchers or applications from the native merchants. We had no one in our establishment capable of dealing with the documents, and, therefore, on such rare occasions, were obliged to have recourse to the services of an old Armenian, whom we called John, though, of course, that was not his real name. He was a bill-broker in the City, and a very honest man, and for many years his assistance had been found most valuable.

In preparing me for commerce, my parents had had the forethought to make me pay particular attention to the French language while at school, and this qualification of mine had been quoted by my Aunt Priscy in her letter of application. She was not likely, good old soul, to lose any opportunity of singing my praises. I only wish (if it's worth while wishing about such old by-gones) that she would have learned to spare my blushes, on occasions when I was a present auditor. Perhaps, however, this once her praises may have been of real sterling value, and turned the scale in my favour at the critical moment.

I was yet raw in the office when I became acquainted with Signor Litti's caligraphy. I remember the dismal sense of incompetence that came over me when brought to this test. It was a most detestable scrawl, quite illegible at first sight. Which was the top and which the bottom I could not have confidently asserted, save for the broken line which marked the beginning. Truly, they had taught us at school to read French, but not to decipher the scrawl in which foreigners are apt to express their intentions. I think it would be a good thing if commercial schoolmasters would be at the pains to provide themselves with autograph specimens for their pupils, as preliminary exercises of their ingenuity. As this had not been done in my case, I was at first and for a long time all abroad in the exercise of my speciality. But perseverance overcomes most difficulties; and so, at last, after infinite trouble, I proved myself

equal to the demand on my faculties, and pretty nearly the entire foreign correspondence of the house passed through my hands. I thus came, in due course of things, to be thoroughly trusted, and was recognised as a confidential person on probation for advancement. So matters pursued their even tenor; I, the while, mounting up in the world, and thinking of taking a house, perhaps a wife—of anything, indeed, rather than of travelling among Greeks and Mahometans.

One fine summer's day—it rises before me now as though it were yesterday!—I had scarcely arrived at the office before I was summoned into Mr. Robson's room. I felt sure that something uncommon must be in the wind to have brought our senior partner to the City so early. I knew indeed that things had not been going smoothly in the Levant. We had had of late an unusual influx of those vernacular documents of which I have already spoken, and our interpreter, John, had been in constant request. From him I received only occasional and partial intimations of what was going on within his field of observation, and felt that I had no right to make particular inquiries. My business was with Litti's letters, and they appeared to me to be satisfactory. So, while I could take a wide guess at the whereabouts of a likely hitch, I was all in the dark as to its precise nature.

I will spare the details of this, to me, most interesting interview. It will be enough to say that the House had been rendered uneasy by apparent discrepancies in Litti's accounts, which had not been explained away on further inquiry. The imbroglio had been thickened by the papers which had been sent home, professedly for elucidation's sake; and at the then present speaking there had cropped up to the surface disputes about insurance dues, customs, and, in one case, even about an entire cargo of valonea, which might, could, should, and certainly ought, to have found its way from Adaliah on the Karamanian coast to Voullah, there to be transhipped for exportation. With our customs and dock system, such mystification could not take place, nor could there be room for such counter-statements. I know there was room for any amount of confusion under the old Turkish *régime*, and only hope that all I now hear of their amended ways may be true. I dare say, if the truth were known, they go on much in their old style. Well, our people felt themselves in a fix. Many a time had they accommodated themselves to circumstances, and taken for granted what they could not understand. But this was a question seriously affecting the trustworthiness of their agents. The matter must be looked to. Correspondence seemed only to render confusion more confounded. Somebody must intervene personally; and on the spot, bring individuals face to face, and make authoritative inquiry. That somebody was to be your humble servant.

"You are young," said Mr. Robson, "but you possess our confidence. You are fully acquainted with Litti's representations, and, with the help of a dragoman on the spot, will be able to communicate with all parties concerned. We shall send you with full powers to act on our behalf, and

have every confidence that it is for our best interest so to do."

This was all satisfactory. I was of course delighted to receive so convincing a proof of the esteem in which I was held by my superiors. But it was rather overwhelming, too. A fine barque, chartered by the firm, was about to sail for Smyrna in some ten days or a fortnight, and in her I was to have a berth. This gave me plenty of time to get ready all my traps. I wrote an affectionate farewell to my parents, said good-bye to my landlady, and at the appointed hour took a hackney coach down to the London Docks, and so I set off on my travels.

I pass by everything connected with the voyage, (though it was interesting enough to me at the time), and also with the mercantile part of the business. It will be enough for my purpose to have it understood that I conducted the required investigations satisfactorily, and that Signor Litti came out of the inquisition blameless in the main, and chargeable only with a slight lack of discretion. Moreover, I am proud to say, little or no loss accrued to the firm.

But it is quite necessary that I should explain that it became my duty in the course of these proceedings to visit Mitylene, and one or two other islands, and then go to a certain point of the Karamanian coast, much frequented as an *entrepôt*. This could only be done for the most part in country boats at a great cost of discomfort. I therefore congratulated myself on my good luck when I found that an opportunity was open to me of getting a passage as far as Rhodes in a comfortable and well-appointed schooner, commanded by a well-known skipper—known to myself, I mean, and that in a favourable light. He happened to have friends living out in my direction, so that my slight city knowledge of him had served as the introduction to something very like friendship between us, and I was truly glad to find that the passage was to be under his guardianship. The skippers in those days (perhaps it may be the same in these days) were rather an unpolished set, and many a queer story have I heard of their pranks when afloat. But Captain Quillet (we always scrupulously gave them their brevet titles) was a man of reason and moderation, who was never tempted by circumstances to forget himself. He behaved as well on board the Mary Jane as he did in Cornhill.

Indeed, circumstances were of a character, during that particular cruise, to keep him in check, had he been disposed to misbehave himself. I was not the only passenger on the occasion. I had not been on board ten minutes before I observed evidence of the presence amongst us of the great civilising element of society. Certainly I had been quite unaware that any such advantage had been included in my bargain. But under an awning on deck I espied a chair, and on that chair was a pretty little blue parasol, which might have come spick and span out of Regent Street, so neat did it look. Now Quillet was not likely to have been making purchases just there and then, so I guessed that the owner of the parasol must have brought it aboard herself, and be aboard; and I was delighted accordingly.



Presently out came the explanation. Quillet's sister-in-law had a little daughter, whose health had been causing anxiety to her parents, and who had been recommended to try change of air. Of all things in the world it was thought that a sea-voyage would be likely to do her good. But in those days there were difficulties in the way of sending invalids to sea which have now disappeared. Quillet thought the best plan would be for her to go with him. With a little extra care and management it was possible, he thought, to prevent her wanting necessary supplies for a single day. At all events, he could depend on himself, and they all could depend on him for taking the tenderest care of his pet niece. The idea was voted excellent, and adopted with this amendment—that the mother should be of the party. They all had had reason to be satisfied with their determination, and up to that present speaking the plan had worked in all respects well. The little girl had visibly improved in health, and the voyage had been one of much enjoyment, without drawback.

"So I hope," said Quillet, when he had finished giving me this account, "that you will enjoy yourself. We've been jolly so far, and if things don't end as they've begun, why I shall call you the Jonah that has spoilt our luck."

I remember the words well, because they had on me a disagreeable effect. I hoped there was nothing of the Jonah about me, and was quite sure that I brought with me only good wishes. At the same time I would rather that he had kept his observation to himself.

In due time I was presented to Mrs. Quillet—the sister-in-law, be it remembered, not *wife*, of the skipper. A lady-like, agreeable person she was, as one would desire to meet among hats and feathers, let alone coasting schooners. Along with her was her little girl, Bessie, a sweet little angel of about six years old.

And so was our little society constituted on board the Mary Jane—an awful name, but it was registered that of our schooner. I went to them some days before sailing, as it happened to be the most convenient plan with respect to my own movements. We thus became acquainted before putting to sea. During the day the skipper was naturally occupied pretty closely, and the responsibility of taking care of Mrs. Quillet and the little one fell mainly to me. While he was off to the stevedore's, or settling some row with the crew of a Trabaccolo, I was reading to my new friends, or sketching for them (a great card of mine by-the-by), or strolling with them on shore. I drew for my little friend the boats, and the schooner herself, and the queer figures of the boatmen that were constantly communicating with us. All this amused her vastly, and made us grow better and better friends continually. I suppose, too, I was helped on in the ways of intimacy in that I had no very embarrassing number of competitors. The little creature took to me wonderfully. I should certainly have loved her anywhere and everywhere: under actual circumstances she soon became the very joy and charm of my existence.

Well, in due time we found our way to Rhodes. We anchored off the town, and as my business

was not of a nature to press for a day or two, I determined to stop with my friends some four-and-twenty hours and make a preliminary investigation of the island, hoping that on my return I might yet find them stationary. So resolved, so carried out. I arranged for transit to the mainland on the morning of the next day but one, and determined meanwhile to enjoy myself with all possible assiduity.

They who have visited Rhodes—a more numerous company now than in the days of which I write—will understand how perfectly delighted we all were with the spot. The very climate affords a pleasing contrast with that of every other place in the neighbourhood. A perpetual breeze fans the air, and keeps down the temperature to a bearable point; at least, such a breeze we had perpetually during my stay. Windmills stuck thickly over the long spit of coast that stretches into the Mediterranean, demonstrate the aptness of the Rhodians to utilise the resources of nature. They would seem to be the Millers-general of the Levant. The Port itself is very pretty, and affected by only a slight *nuance* of Frankdom. And beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the town there stretches a most smiling country.

We were to make our excursion into this beautiful interior in the usual fashion, on donkeys. Quite a cavalcade we formed, and full of fun we were. Little Bessie had been accustomed to ride a donkey at home. Mrs. Quillet was not the woman to be afraid of a few bumps; and as for the skipper and myself, we were of course warranted to ride anything. Our route lay in a great measure along the sea-shore, so that there were no great difficulties of road to try us.

The first thing we did was to call on the representatives of the Powers that be. Our own consul (remember this was years ago, so that it will be of no use trying to identify the name from any present list) took us—the men of course I mean—to wait on the Pacha. Then we went, ladies and all, to the houses of some of the other consuls. We found them very kind. Such youthful travellers as little Bessie were rare, and they lavished endearments on her. One lady in particular—we will call her Madame Richard—seemed wonderfully taken with the child. The house was ransacked for everything that might be likely to amuse, and sweetmeats were produced in quantities sufficient to make sick a dozen nurseries. I thought the playthings rather antiquated and out of working order. This was explained to me aside by a female servant, who told me that for many years Madame Richard had been childless, and that her little ones, taken in early childhood, reposed in the quiet plantation used as the Frank burying ground.

Madame Richard could not reconcile herself to our departure. She earnestly pleaded first that we would all stop, and then that the little one might be allowed to stay somewhat longer. We could not hope to make the excursion in company unless we continued our progress at the moment, and we could not afford to dispense with our little darling on the occasion. Her mother naturally enough wished the child's future recollections of this beautiful scene to be associated with recollec-

tions of herself. So the matter was compromised. Bessie would go on with us; but on the next day she was to be allowed to visit Madame Richard, who was then to entertain the mother and daughter for the few days of their stay in the Port. Of course it will be understood that in such a spot as this, so secluded from the great world, and of such scanty Frank population, every individual was well known, so that there was nothing rash in committing themselves to the hospitality of a stranger. So was it settled, and we incontinently pursued our ride, our party being increased by the adhesion of an old gentleman well versed in the ways of the islanders, and the topography.

Much did we see that was beautiful and worthy of mention, but which for the moment I pass by unmentioned. Perhaps I may some day recur to the description. But one feature of that reminiscence stands out far otherwise than beautiful. It is hideous, dark, loathsome, and, I hope, unique. Its presence casts a shadow on what would otherwise be accepted as the most beautiful shore of that lovely region.

I am speaking of the leper village. Now elsewhere you may find leper-houses—houses whither afflicted individuals are sent for treatment. These are isolated by a sanitary cordon, and, inasmuch as these establishments are tenanted by incurables, they may be said, in a certain sense, to be the abodes of despair. Still the patients are men and women who have had their portion, more or less, of interest in the doings of the great family of man. They have had their season of health, and must be able to find some consolation in the recollection of how it has been with them once upon a time. Moreover, they are every one marked out for seclusion by disease, actually incapacitated for active life before they are withdrawn from it. Their case is, therefore, so far not essentially different from that of certain other incurables.

But the leper village of Rhodes is not a therapeutic establishment. It is not a friendly asylum opening its gates to receive those whom all other mortals shun, save the devoted members of religious orders especially dedicated to this service. It is rather a horrible conservatory of the disease, a storehouse wherein are garnered the seeds of infection. Into it are received, not men and women who actually are lepers, but such as, without actual disease, have the taint upon them. Its population, dreadful to say, is maintained by births within the precincts. Thus, with few exceptions, it is tenanted by those who have had no intercourse with the human family, and who know of the outer world nothing more than they can gather by exercise of their senses, as from their walls they gaze on passers by.

It was a dreadful story to hear from our companion—too dreadful almost to be true. He told it quite in a matter-of-fact tone, as one who had long been used to the idea, and had ceased to regard it as remarkable.

It was enough to stop our appetite for sight-seeing, and I do not think that any of us cared much about anything after that.

Mrs. Quillet was so overcome that she wept. Little Bessie did not understand the state of the case, but she looked very grave, and I could feel

my face decidedly assuming an unwonted expression.

Our conversation had been carried on in French, so that Bessie could not understand what it was that made her mamma cry.

"What's the matter, mamma? Why do you cry?" she asked.

"Oh, Bessie! I have been listening to a dreadful story—too sad almost to think about."

"Mamma, dear mamma, are you afraid? Is anybody going to hurt you? Is anything going to happen to us?"

"No, darling, no; it is all about the poor people who live in that place up there. They are all miserable, and many of them very sick. They must never go out to see anybody. They are shut up all day and all night, and all their life long, and there must stay till they die."

"Poor people!" said Bessie; "how glad they must be to die, and go to heaven!"

I thought so too; but, on second thoughts, I must confess that I doubt whether such would be the predisposing influence of the circumstances at work in their instance. One would fear their liability to fall into a state of desperation and universal hatred.

"What have they done," asked little Bessie, "to be treated so cruelly?"

I put the question on my own account. "What, in good sooth, was the justification of such an incarceration? What was the degree of affinity to the infected in which one must stand in order to come under this deadly penalty? What was the danger to the community contingent on the permitting persons of hereditary taint to mingle with society, until at least the tokens of actual disease should have been developed in them?"

Mr. — shrugged his shoulders, and took my last question first. Not being a medical man, he could not speak authoritatively; but he was inclined to believe that there would be no danger whatever in such permission, if the due limits of the permission were observed—if the patient were actually to be surrendered on the first indication of disease. But such conscientious action was not to be expected from mortal infirmity. Relations would never make the denunciation while concealment remained possible. Then hope was a great deceiver. Symptoms must be something more than threatening before the persons concerned would make up their minds as to the stern reality. Perhaps this defect of sanitary police might act to the detriment of the community, by keeping a certain number of diseased persons in only partial seclusion. But if so, the evil appeared to be unavoidable. He could only say that when the leprosy became indisputably apparent, the patient was handed over to the authorities, and that under severe penalties.

"But," I said, "this does not touch the question of suspected consanguinity. What degree of consanguinity is held to justify forcible incarceration?"

"Only that of child to parent," replied Mr. —, "at least, so I believe. But you must understand that regulations of this sort would scarcely be of practical application, since all the known lepers are shut up, and of course, with

scarcely an exception, their children are born within the infected precincts."

"Whence," I observed, "it is to be concluded the disease generally shows itself early in life."

"Just so. Where the taint is hereditary, the development is seldom deferred beyond the eighteenth year. Some capricious and sporadic cases there are, not conformable to this rule; but on examination they turn out to be such as tend to show that there has been no hereditary taint, but that the infection has been, so to speak, accidental."

"And that supports the idea of the danger of contact with the diseased."

"Yes: though for my part I must say that I utterly discredit the notion. If the liability to infection, or contagion, were anything like so great as it is assumed to be, the evil would prevail far more extensively than it does. With all precaution, there will always remain a certain number of non-isolated cases; and I have never been able to make out that peculiar penalties have fallen on the households where they have been secreted. Besides, in some parts of this very empire, lepers may be seen as roadside beggars, guarded from contact with passers-by only by the natural horror which their condition inspires."

This conversation had taken some time, and caused a halt on the road. It had to be explained, bit by bit, to little Bessie. We all were deeply affected at the account. It is had enough to read of such things; but it was terrible to hear them told *in vivo*, with the practical illustration of the place itself before our eyes. We could not lose ourselves in generalities. It was not only that "such things were," but there we had them before our eyes. It was only to go up that little hillock, and you might then look down on the main street of the town.

We had not even to do so much. Our halt had attracted their notice, and one after another they came crowding to the wall, for they have a regular wall of enclosure. Ten, a dozen, twenty heads were soon to be counted. There they were in the blank, dismal reality of their affliction. Pale and wan faces, bundles of rags, painful crawling bodies hoisted by the aid of those below. Dismally they looked forth upon us, and I remember that one prevailing sentiment within me at the moment was wonder that, under their circumstances, they should retain sufficient interest in human affairs to give themselves the trouble to climb or to look.

But not all there were sickly and sad. Among the hideous spectres on that wall were faces, more than one, rosy with apparent health. Alas! alas! how sick did I turn as I clearly made out the features of a pretty girl of some seventeen or eighteen years of age. More terrible still, under the circumstances, there came clearly ringing on the ear from out of that dark misery, the joyous chirrup of childhood. We looked, and there was the girl holding up a beautiful child of perhaps four years of age. Others we heard whose little voices were loud, probably in supplication to be lifted up also, that they might see the passers-by.

It seems indeed that the active symptoms of

this disease do not always interfere with the personal appearance. Sometimes the morbid manifestations are for years under cover of the clothes; so that you may have the Siren's head joined on to the body of death. Frequently cases will occur in which health is enjoyed up to the age of eighteen or twenty. In the instance of young women, I am told that they frequently are of attractive appearance up to that time of life. I had no opportunity of judging from experience.

Who would not have been touched with the sight of the little children! In their living tomb they enjoyed the happy immunity of ignorance, and proved that abstractedly from all adventitious aid, joy is the portion of childhood.

I think I have said that, after having seen the lazar village, we did not feel much disposed to appreciate the other sights of the locality. There was a great deal else in Rhodes worthy of notice; indeed, I should think there can scarcely be in the world an island more abounding in objects of interest. Were I not constitutionally lazy, I might, no doubt, have written some account of these matters at large. But this must do for the present, and this it is which furnishes the main recollection of that otherwise happy day, spent with my new friends.

Our expedition occupied pretty nearly the whole day, and in the evening we were reunited in the snug cabin of the Mary Jane. These lodgings we much preferred to anything in the shape of hotel or other accommodation that the town could offer.

Bessie was sent early to bed, and the rest of us sat up, in somewhat saddened mood, talking over our plans. It appeared that, in the course of the day, Quillet had made arrangements for my well-being during my trip to the mainland. A country boat had been engaged for me, and a sharp fellow bespoken to accompany me as dragoman. The offer of his services was valuable, but attended with one drawback—he was limited to time. My need was not likely to extend over a day or two, so that we should agree well enough. It came out in the course of explanation that the reason of his being thus restricted was that he was a Jew, and anxious to be back at Rhodes in time to celebrate their festival of the Passover. So we made our bargain; I only too glad to get an assistant recommended as being thoroughly honest, and he, no doubt, well content to have the opportunity of turning a penny.

Here, perhaps, I ought to pause, and put in a line or two of asterisks, or give some other objective intimation of a wide gulf, as set between the parts of my narrative before and after this point. At all events let it be understood that here is the line of demarcation. I performed my expedition, transacted my business, and, in due time, with every reason to be satisfied with my extemporised prime minister, was returning to Rhodes and nearing the schooner.

The evening was beautiful, the sky lovely, the sea pure ultramarine. Nature looked her best, and gave no note of aught extraordinary. We both (at least I will answer for myself) were without presentiment, and prepared to take up the thread of experience where we had left it. But not so was it to be. We were perhaps half-a-mile

from the anchorage when a small boat was to be seen making its way towards us. A single man occupied it, rowing with might and main. I had acquired sufficient power of discrimination to recognise by his dress and appearance that he was a co-religionist of my new companion. As he came nearer it was evident that terror and perturbation were stamped on his features. Like Priam's or Lady Percy's messenger he forestalled utterance.

Presently he sent forth a cry on the waters, shouting as sailors are wont to shout, and in a style totally unintelligible to me.

What could have been the words? They were few and brief, but had produced a manifest effect on my companion. He seemed to be stricken with sudden fear, and, at the same time, with astonishment and perplexity. Our one boatman pricked up his ears and began to look excited, though not frightened. From neither of them could I obtain any explanation: one could not speak any Frank tongue, and the other appeared for the moment to be dumb.

At the same time unusual symptoms were manifested on the Molo. I saw that it swarmed with people, many of whom were gesticulating fiercely, and all in great commotion. They seemed to be shaking their fists and performing a regular wardance.

"Daniel, my good friend," said I, "what on earth is the matter?"

"Ah, your excellence"—(it was a disagreeable feature of conversation with these fellows that they would be giving one titles)—"dreadful news!"

Much more communication had passed between the friends all this time, and the boatman had fired up to the most vivid interest.

It was, however, an interest of no very pleasing character, for I heard him muttering words which were among the few I had learned to know by sound, and which were words of imprecation:

"Dogs! and the sons of dogs!" was about the equivalent of what he ground between his teeth.

And now I began to obtain some light on the matter. It was only, however, after considerable explanation by Daniel, that I came to have a distinct notion of what was in progress.

A great calamity was threatening the Jewish population of Rhodes. One of those violent outbreaks of superstitious hatred to which they are exposed in semi-civilised countries, was at that moment culminating. The event is historical, so that some who read may remember the fact, or remember to have heard the tradition. Alas! such is human nature, that since that time there may have been other similar scenes enacted. There will always, I fear, be the liability to them so long as the antagonistic characteristics of Greek Christians and Jews are brought into contact under oriental rule.

I mentioned that it was just at the time of the Passover. There seems to be a fatality about this particular festival, for the poor children of Abraham. Whether it be that at this season there is an especial quickening of zeal among the orthodox, which zeal is supposed to find its legitimate expres-

sion in persecuting the Jews, I cannot say—but it is likely enough. They who have witnessed the working of the feuds at Easter between Latins and Orthodox, may conceive what would be the likely virulence, on any decent pretext, against such a defenceless set of religious foes as the Jews.

Christians in the East are generally ready to charge crimes on the Jews. Murder and kidnaping are not uncommon counts in their indictments. But they do not stop at mere murder. They charge them with positive cannibalism—cannibalism as a direct consequence of their religion, and as an act of high obedience to their Doctors. The allegation is that at Passover time they will always, if possible, kidnap a Christian child, and sacrificing him, mingle his blood with their Passover cakes. It is in vain that one may urge the manifest folly of such an accusation, since the Jews are not permitted to eat the blood of any animal whatsoever. It is in vain that you challenge them to cite the passage in the Law of Moses enjoining this practice. They cover themselves from all attacks by asserting, that the injunction does not come from Moses, but from the supplementary writings of the Rabbis,—that it is in the Talmud. As very few of us have ever seen the Talmud, or know anything of the Rabbinical writings, they are but few who can establish the negative on their positive knowledge. It would be but of little use if they could; for the refuted of to-day, would to-morrow take their theory elsewhere; and before fresh auditors produce it as incontrovertible.

I had heard something of all this before, and remembered reading in the public papers about disturbances in Syria on this very account. This was however some years since, and one hoped the world was growing wiser. A child had disappeared, and the whole population, Christian and Mahometan, had conspired to accuse the Jews of kidnapping and murder. The unfortunate people were kept in their quarter, in a state of obsession, and the most serious results would no doubt have followed on this popular exasperation, had not the missing child turned up in the very nick of time.

Now the same madness had fallen on the people of Rhodes. How it was, and who it was that was missing, Daniel's friend could not tell. All he knew was that the entire population was in uproar, and giving vent to words and acts which might well be the prelude of a massacre. The account he gave of himself was that, being unable to reach the Jews' quarter before retreat was cut off, and knowing also that Daniel was likely to be returning about that time, he had watched for the boat, and managed to steal off to warn him against the danger of attempting to land on the Mole under present circumstances.

I could judge myself what this danger would be. The Greek boatman looked as if he would fain have pitched the pair of them into the sea,—this, though it was one against two, with myself presumed to be neutral. At Daniel's entreaty I had ordered the boat's head to be put off from shore. It would have been conniving at murder to allow them to venture among the madmen we there saw. I therefore determined to venture to claim Quillet's hospitality for the two Israelites, till better times haply should arrive. We neared the vessel, and

my intention was, after having committed the two Jews to safe guardianship, to go myself among the people and see whether I could be of any use. As I was tolerably cool, and everybody else appeared to be taken frantic, it seemed likely that I might be able to do some good. At least I should be able to get some trustworthy information.

The two Jews, poor fellows, were most thankful for my offer. The ungracious Gentile seemed to grudge them their refuge; but I reminded him that I was the patron of the boat for the time being, and that I must direct her course, if I was eventually to pay. So he sulkily lent himself to my behest, and brought us alongside of the Mary Jane. I believe that nothing could have given him a worse opinion of my religious standing, than the apparent fact that I sympathised with these persecuted victims. Certainly the zeal of the Eastern Christians is of the demonstrative kind.

As we drew near I perceived that the commotion of the moment was not confined to the good folks on shore. Allowing for difference of temperament, I do not know that the state of our own people did not show even more excitement than did that of the others. There was no gesticulating, no dancing about the deck, no audible cursing. But all hands were gathered together in earnest conclave, and in disregard of conventional distinctions of rank and standing. The cook, and the carpenter, and the mate, and the captain were there, with long faces. Quillet looked as I had never known him look before. Bitter anguish was in his expression, and dogged, fierce determination. He had pistols in his belt, and really altogether looked more like a theatrical pirate, than a respectable skipper. His boat was alongside, so that evidently he was preparing for the shore, and that, judging by his costume, in no amicable spirit. Everybody was there save the two females. The mother and daughter, I took it for granted, were down in the cabin, to be out of the row.

One seaman was haranguing the company. He appeared to have somehow acquired a private stock of information, and to be serving it out *pro bono publico*. I could not catch many words, nor much of the sense, but made out plainly enough that he was expatiating on some tremendous misdeed, and inviting all and everybody to a purpose of vengeance.

I must confess that I was beginning myself to feel somewhat off the equilibrium. The manifestation on board the vessel seemed to bring matters painfully near to oneself. I hope that I am not deficient in philanthropy. Still I cannot pretend to say that I felt stirred to the same depth by the view of danger threatening strangers, as by that of danger threatening ourselves. It was being brought near to us in my apprehension, little as I could understand how this was to be. I had an instinctive and uncomfortable misgiving that nothing short of personal interest could have so stirred the people.

They were too busy to see me at first, and it was not till I hailed that some one threw me a rope (a painter, by the bye, they call it in nautical language, an etymology that I never could trace out). The commotion seemed to receive a decided

access when they made out who it was. When Daniel loomed full on their vision, two or three of the number greeted him in terms far other than polite. One fellow made a demonstration of jumping into the boat with hostile purpose, and from the whole body on deck arose a shout, warning him not to venture among them unless he wished to get his deserts. I felt that if the poor fellow only could be sure of this, of getting no more than the harm that he deserved from us, he would be well enough off; for he was an honest, good fellow, and particularly well-disposed towards Englishmen. But there was little chance of fair dealing at the moment. Evidently he had fallen under suspicion of complicity with the evil-doing of his fellows, and, among these impulsive sailors, was in danger of coming to grief.

It was a moment for energetic action, and my friends told me afterwards I came out well under the circumstances.

I first stopped my friend who wanted to invade the boat. By a judicious application of force, and by placing myself in such a position that he could not get in amongst us without first pushing me overboard, I retarded his progress. The moment's delay was enough. I stepped out, and in the act of doing so gave the boat a shove off, and left it to their sagacity to maintain the advantage of position.

"Now, then, my men," I said, "what's the matter?"

They positively scowled at me. They, the best tempered set of the best tempered class of men, scowled at me as though something of their overflowing wrath had been directed in my direction.

"The matter is," growled one of them, "that we mean to break that Jew fellow's neck to begin with."

"We don't like them as stick up for murderers and kidnappers," said another.

"And blessed if we don't break his neck," said a third. "We ain't going to be gammoned by any swells of passengers."

All this time Quillet hung back, and said nothing, which struck me as the most serious symptom of all. I knew that a trifle would set the sailors in a ferment, but Quillet was a sober-minded person. I began to feel queer. The vessel was in a state of anarchy—mutiny it was scarcely to be called, since the captain seemed to be going with the tide of opinion. But it was a dangerous and instantly threatening anarchy.

"Captain Quillet," I said, assuming as firm a countenance as I could, though I heartily confess that I was in a fright. "Captain Quillet, I appeal to you for protection for the men in that boat who are in my service. If any of them is hurt, I will take care that you answer for it before the proper tribunal."

"Young man," was the captain's rejoinder, "you are committing yourself to more than you bargain for. That man Daniel is a black-hearted rascal. He deserves to be hung at the yard-arm."

What madness could have seized them! How could Daniel have done anything to deserve these maledictions, when he had been absent with me?

"Be it so," I said, "still for the moment you owe him protection and safe custody. The whole

thing is a mystery to me, and I cannot conceive how the man who has the most undeniable alibi pleadable, can be accused of participation in anything that has been going on here."

Then I said how disappointed I was at the excitement prevailing among them. How it had come to pass that news of the row on shore had been brought off to us, and that I had in a manner pledged the honour and faith of Englishmen to these Jews. It was almost certain that their lives would have been sacrificed, had they ventured to the ordinary landing-place; and I felt bound in common humanity (to say nothing of the obligation of our temporary fellowship,) to do what I could to help them.

"You know, my good fellows, that, in this place and all hereabouts, they are not too particular about getting hold of the right man to hang. If Daniel had fallen into their hands now, he would soon have been done for, and it would have been no use crying over him when we had all found out our mistake, as find it out I am positive we shall."

"Now, then," I went on, after a rather spasmodic harangue, "will you give this fellow fair play? Hang him, by all means, if he deserves it; only, as you cannot undo such work as that, make sure of your game before you begin. All I ask is that you will keep him safe to answer for himself. Captain Quillet, I appeal to you to protect him from all dangers, and refuse him to all challengers, till facts have been examined."

This, and a good deal more to the same tune, if it was not eloquence, at least was sufficiently like it to produce much of the effect due to the real article. The men began to be ashamed of their violence, and gradually were brought to the point for which I was contending. Both Jews were to be received on board, and kept in hard and fast security, that they might be forthcoming on the demand of responsible prosecutors. Poor fellows! this was for them no little boon. It has been the fate and remains the danger of their race, to suffer from popular paroxysms. To be reserved for deliberate judgment is for them, in a vast majority of cases, to be saved.

"And now," said I, "will some one be good enough to tell me what all the row is about?"

A chorus of voices burst forth in reply, but I could make nothing out of them. Quillet moved his hand for silence.

"I will tell you in two words," said he. "Look around, and see who it is that is missing."

I have already said that the mother and daughter were absent. This had seemed natural enough, but now that attention was particularly challenged to the fact, in a moment it became connected with the idea of calamity:

I turned sick, and was hot and cold at once. Nonsense. I would shake off the thought. But Quillet's look would not allow me so to do. His eye fixed mine, and by that wonderful process of mental telegraphy by which, without spoken word, ideas are flashed from one mind into another, made me feel that he had divined my apprehension, and that it was well founded.

"Yes," he said, "all stand here but two, and they the best and dearest. Little Bessie has fallen into the hands of fiends, and her mother

has to be kept by main force from rushing to destruction on her traces."

I cannot pretend, at this distance of time, to recollect minutely the passages of that dismal history, nor should I like to dwell on them lingeringly. I can, however, remember that, stunned as I was by the intelligence that our little darling was missing under alarming circumstances, I did not give in to the popular delusion, nor release the stringency of my protectorate over Daniel and his friend. I knew that so far as they were concerned, there could be no complicity. Perhaps it was my certain conviction on this point which made me sceptical as to the evil intentions of any of the accused.

The story at full (though I was long getting at it) amounted to this. Little Bessie had, according to arrangements, been sent for her promised visit to Madame R. It seems that some cabin repairs were required on board the vessel, and Mrs. Quillet had been induced to remain at Madame R.'s longer than had been intended, in order that she might be out of the confusion. This same cause had led her to return alone in the first instance, that she might re-establish order in their little domain before her little one's coming. Thus the dear child had been left by herself, left with her perfect consent, and at the most earnest entreaty of their kind entertainer. She was not a shy child, and seldom made a difficulty of taking to new friends. With Madame R. she seemed perfectly happy.

The first mixing up of the Jewish element in the story was this. Daniel had some subordinate connection with Madame R.—. I believe he was what we should call a bailiff, or manager of a certain property belonging to her. This brought him, and sundry of those belonging to him, a good deal into her neighbourhood, and even into her house. Strong as was the religious prejudice against the Jews, and apt though it undoubtedly was to be fanned, on occasion, into flame, it did not seem to involve social antipathy, in the normal state of things. Daniel, as I have said, was much about the house and place, and he was in the habit of bringing with him two or three children at a time. These children had naturally enough wanted to see the little stranger, and had for the time being been her especial favourites. Children do not take long to contract friendships, and experience proves that with them even the want of a common language is no insuperable stumbling-block. They had together ransacked their stores of toys, and had been allowed, under inspection, to play on the beach. Where there are no tides, this permission is not attended with the same danger as with us.

Time had passed on much to the satisfaction of everybody concerned with the doings of the household, till the evening that was to be the last of the visit. There had been the usual fun and play during the day, and no cloud threatened calamity, when all of a sudden it was discovered that the little visitor was missing. Of course, no alarm was felt at the first, nor till after she had been searched and shouted for inside and outside of the house. But then they did get frightened, and seem to have given free

course to their speculations. Who was the original propounder of the particular suggestion that had driven them mad, was not very clear: but hit on the notion they somehow did.

"Who had seen her last? Who had been her companions?" were questions inevitable. Her little playfellows were called for, but they did not answer the summons. They too had disappeared. Aspasia, the waiting-maid, had seen them all sallying forth together in the direction of Daniel's habitation. When catechised, the children had asserted that after accompanying them about half-way—and that was nothing in respect of actual distance—Bessie had left them to return to Madame R——'s. This was all that could be elicited by the most careful cross-examination.

Unfortunately the older members of Daniel's family had evinced tokens of mental disturbance, and exhibited a suspicious eagerness to acquit themselves of all blame in the matter. This would not perhaps have been wonderful in the eyes of their interlocutors had they considered that the burnt child dreads the fire—that the memory of past violences is necessarily connected with the thought of future possibilities. The women of Daniel's household knew only too well what terrible consequences to themselves and their people might be involved in just this sort of accident. So as I have said they were too eager to vow and protest that they knew nothing about the little Frank damsel.

Some unlucky individual at last gave utterance to the foul suspicion that it was (another?) case of kidnapping for superstitious purposes, and in a moment the idea blazed from one end of the island to the other. The particulars of a plot were furnished off-hand, and it must be confessed that circumstances seemed to adapt themselves wonderfully to the charge. This charge in its matured state amounted to this: that the Jews having been long deprived of the necessary means of celebrating their Passover orgies, had been anxiously watching opportunities. Any attempt on the well-known and settled inhabitants would have been fraught with danger, as well they knew to their cost. Here in the nick of time—i. e., just as the festival was approaching, had arrived a little Christian child, without kith or kin on the spot. No one bound by ties of consanguinity to take upon himself the office of her avenger would be found in the island in a few days. It was not likely that anybody else would care much for, or long remember, a little stranger. So the victim had been fixed upon. Daniel had contrived to get me out of the way, whom they supposed to be one natural protector, and the children had been set on to act as decoys. Eventually in the mother's absence the prey had been secured. To this bore witness the fact, that when last seen the poor child had been in company with her new play-mates, making away from Madame R——'s house.

This all seems perfect nonsense now; but I am persuaded that very few people in Rhodes did not believe it. They had before their mind's eye a picture of little Bessie, either already murdered, or shut up in some dismal hole awaiting the unholy sacrifice.

I need scarcely say, that the moment I came to

understand the posture of affairs, I determined to proceed to the scene of action. A cool head was evidently wanted among them. Quillet had calmed down so far, after a little while, as to forego the purpose of personal vengeance for the present. But I saw that he still maintained his suspicions in force, and that if he was content to keep Daniel in safety, it was as the gaoler guards his captive. As for the ship's crew and the mob on shore, they were simply mad.

"Quillet," I said, "give me a couple of hands in the dingy, and set me ashore as near as possible to Madame R——'s house. I will do my best to bring you off intelligence, and I feel as if I should succeed."

He shook his head. He evidently retained little hope. I fear it was an impulse of vengeance that animated him.

"Take the boat," he said, "and good luck be with you—but your trouble will be thrown away. However, we have the chief rascal hard and fast, that's one comfort."

"And mind," I added, "that you keep him. He would not have a long lease of life, if some here had their way."

I made him feel that it would be a burning shame if anything contrary to law and right should happen to anyone under his charge. To guard against contingencies I prevailed on him to remain on board, where he would in this respect be of great use, whereas in his then state he could do no good on shore.

I proclaimed my absolute conviction that the charge against the Jews was an absurd lie—a thing in itself incredible and impossible—the bare suggesting of which involved an insult to a man's common sense.

There was enough of solid ground for fear, without falling on fancies. That little Bessie might have fallen into some serious peril was only too possible, but if mortal hands could rescue her, there were we to rescue.

Hurried as I was, I went below for a moment to bid good bye to Daniel and his friend—and to assure them of protection. They were much cast down. It was impossible to say whether or not the child would be found, and in what condition.

As I talked with them a woman came up. She was a Greek, the wife of the boatman who came off every day to look after the wants of the men. I had more than once noticed her, as a mild, kind, motherly person. I thought she must be coming to console.

I was mistaken. She walked straight up to Daniel, and without preface *spit in his face*.

"Dog! sorcerer! murderer! Jew!" she screamed, and then poured out a torrent of imprecation into which I could not follow here. Her gesture, however, was savagely expressive of a desire to cut his throat. The poor fellows both of them crouched before her wrath.

"Halloh! mistress!" I cried, "get out of this. These men are prisoners, and you must not interfere with them."

She seemed to understand me, for she had a certain amount of broken English at command. Perhaps she was pretty nearly as accessible to one language as another just then.

I got her out, and reporting the occurrence to Quillet, begged him to provide against the possibility of such visitations for the future. But the incident was not lost on me. It served to show how bitter was the animosity which could stir up even women to such demonstrations.

And then I departed on my errand, and a most extraordinary scene it was on which I entered. Never was a mob more unanimous than that raging on the Marina. They had thoroughly made up their minds touching the charge against the Jewish community, and seemed astonished at my reappearance. Whether or not my murder entered into the popular programme, I cannot say. But at all events, and most evidently, they were disconcerted at seeing me there in person. This was the first check in their career of mad assumptions. Then came my explanation, which I hope had some weight. I assured them that my absence was in pursuance of plans laid before my coming to Rhodes, before Daniel could have seen or heard of me, so that there could have been no plotting here.

Then I proposed that two selected individuals should accompany me in a perquisition from house to house in the Jews' quarter. These unfortunates had, of course, resisted a visitation *en masse*, and were prepared to do so, if necessary, by force. But they would be only too happy to avail themselves of any non-perilous means of rebutting the charges against them.

Well, two respectable Greeks were chosen, and we set to work immediately. Every house, every cupboard, every cellar was open to us—not, by-the-by, that their houses do contain many cellars—but I mean that we were invited to search every possible lurking-place. Of course we found nothing; and with tears in their eyes the poor women assured us (as interpreted to me), that they would give their own blood to find traces of the little one. Alas! they knew that their blood was likely to pay the penalty of a failure.

Our search being over, my associates departed to report progress. I remained behind, and asked to see the children who had been the last with Bessie. There was a long demur, but eventually, and on my repeated assurance that my intentions were the very opposite of hostile, two little girls were produced as being the children in question. Nice-looking things they were, though in a state of abject terror. I set myself (always through an interpreter) to get at the full particulars of the story. They told where they had been, and what they had done, and where they lost sight of Bessie. It was at a point near home, but she had not set about walking in a homeward direction. She had turned towards the beach. They thought nothing of it at the time, but remembering it subsequently, wondered that they had not followed after her. That was all they knew about it.

I determined to follow up the track. Perfectly convinced as I was that she was not secreted anywhere in the town, the only supposition I could hit upon was that she had wandered, poor little thing, somewhere into the country. I started alone. The two children would have come with me, had it been safe for them to venture; but I

had to be content with descriptive indications of the line of departure.

I soon arrived at the described point, and verified the course laid down for me. The hubbub in the town continued to rage, as the failure of all the searches was ascribed to the cunning of the accused. No one noticed me; no one seemed to think that I had the slightest chance of success. They were too entirely pre-occupied with their one idea. Besides they had already searched in this very track. They could scarcely have been so stupid as to omit such an obvious probability. But, for all this, I proceeded not the less confidently. Perhaps it was because I felt that, with minds ready made up, they would not be likely to search as I should. There was no heart in their work; there was in mine. So on I went.

Searching every nook, looking behind every crag and rock, I passed on farther than it was likely a child of tender years could have wandered. No hat, no shoe, no ribbon was found. I began to fear that she might have been carried off by some piratical visitant from the seaward.

Much discouraged I turned homeward. Night was coming on, and continued effort seemed likely to be at random. Slightly altering my route I came to the very ground over which our happy cavalcade had passed joyously but a few days since. There was the ilex we had admired—there the fantastic rock. And there, in its grim desolation, was the leper village.

I stopped at the very spot where we had halted before, and recalled the former thoughts. The encircling wall was bare of heads. Poor things, no doubt they went to bed early. Still I thought there was one person standing at the post of observation. Yes, I made him out plainly.

In the fading light it was not easy to make sure of objects, but it really seemed as if the poor fellow was watching me as intently as I was watching him. Yes, there was no mistake about it. He was gesticulating, and that in a manner evidently intended to invite my approach.

I had a moment's hesitation. Repugnance and fear held me back, but divine charity urged me forward. Should I refuse to listen to the afflicted? That much I might do without pains and penalties,—certainly without actual risk.

So I advanced cautiously within ear-shot. What was it that the pale, muffled-up spectre shouted out? The language was known to my ear; but the idea was of the utterly impossible.

"*Monsieur, la voici votre petite!*"

A horrible dread came over me. I gasped for breath,—was sick and trembled.

That living grave, and poor Bessie! The association was too dreadful.

I tottered towards the speaker, and, in the excitement of the moment, might have seriously compromised myself, had not his voice arrested me.

"*Halte là, monsieur, il me faut pas dépasser les limites.*"

I must not go beyond, and yet poor Bessie was there, within the devoted inclosure.

I stopped as ordered, and in a few words begged to be informed as to the state of the case, and



how I was to get back the poor child. Alas! I knew that if the fact of her whereabouts should be ascertained, she would be doomed to lifelong detention.

By combining what I was then told with what I subsequently learned from the poor little thing herself, I am enabled to give this reading of the riddle. Bessie had been deeply moved by seeing the lepers, and hearing what had been told her of their condition. On the intended last evening of her visit, she had been strongly impelled to go and have one more look at the place. Though generally most frank and open, she had, on this occasion, acted with a caution beyond her years. So it will sometimes be with children. It may be presumed that she had a general notion of being about to do something wrong—something at least which would be forbidden were its purpose detected. She had not let even the children know what she was about. On leaving them she had made her way directly to the village. What her purpose was she could not herself say. I can imagine that it was just that undefined impulse of benevolence which so often leads kindly hearts, in the first instance, into the midst of suffering. They go because the impulse is in that direction. They act as occasion offers itself. My informant happened to be the particular person who first discovered her presence. In the stillness of the evening he perceived her approaching. No time for warning was given, for she was well within the doomed precincts when he first saw her. He said that at first he had taken her for a little angel, but that in a moment he recognised her as the Frank child who had passed by a day or two before.

The full peril of her position flashed before his mind, but he determined at once to do his best to restore her to her friends. There were the legal perils to be guarded against, as well as the real dangers to herself from the juxtaposition into which she had fallen. Her wandering must be kept from the knowledge of the people outside, and she must be scrupulously guarded from all contact with the infected community.

So they had agreed among themselves not to touch her, nor anything that she was to handle, and to keep all children out of her presence. They would no doubt have sent her away at once, had it been possible for any one to accompany her. But this could not be, and it was out of the question to let her go alone. The only thing to be done was to keep her till some opportunity should occur of letting her friends know where she was, that they might quietly remove her.

An unoccupied outhouse, on the very line of enclosure, afforded the means of separate entertainment. It was near the place where contributions in kind were wont to be laid by the friends of those under detention. These were fetched away by the sick day by day. To this little Bessie was pointed, and from it bidden to fetch what she wanted.

She told me afterwards that they had been so good to her. The women, especially, stood around and watched her with smiles. She would have kissed them if they would have let her; but they religiously kept their distance. One man was

found with sufficient broken English at command to make her understand that she must keep quiet, and no harm would happen to her, and that by-and-by her friends would come and fetch her. All through the dreary night she was preserved from fear by the consciousness that kindly souls were watching her.

And here, at last, I was come. Bessie caught the sound of my voice, and was at my side. Her exit was no more impeded than had been her entrance. Whether at any time the communications were guarded by sentries, I do not know. Perhaps the lepers were kept within their limits by the certainty of being shot if found straying. I fancy that subsequently to this period a system of improved caution was instituted, in consequence, probably, of some inkling of this, our adventure, having got abroad. But nothing then was in the way to stop her. Freely she had passed, and freely she came forth, and I had nothing to do but to make off with her to a place of safety.

How could I thank those generous preservers, who, being themselves in the vortex of calamity, had yet put forth their strength and ingenuity to thrust out a volunteering, though unwitting recruit? Two or three were gathered together to watch, and to hasten our departing. It was evident in the manifestations of their experience that the luxury of benevolence never loses its virtue. It must bring happiness under all human circumstances. Joy beamed forth from the eyes of all present. But time pressed. There was no real safety for us anywhere on shore, and our vessel must therefore be regained at once.

They urged me to depart, and to guard my secret, the divulging of which would be attended with penalties to themselves as well as to us. They sent us off with motions of tenderest farewell. Bessie would have kissed them, but I held her back. They were too well drilled to require any caution.

So we sped, expressing our thankfulness as well as we could. I hurried her down to the beach, where I knew that Quillet's gig would be waiting for me. It was necessary to repress the joyous exclamations of the men, who would have roused the populace with three cheers. But we got on board first, and then let our news be known.

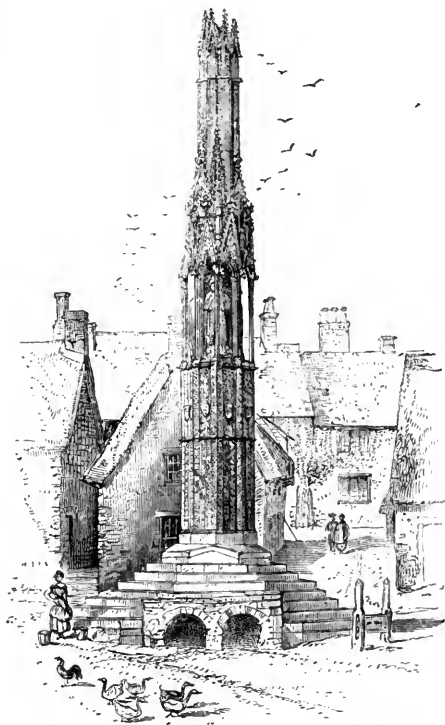
I simply announced that I had found her in the course of my search along the beach, and that all the mischief had arisen from the accident of her having gone astray in her ramble. Madame R. and two or three leading inhabitants soon came off to see her, and they were followed by a sufficient number of witnesses to authenticate the fact of her re-appearance, and to release the unfortunate Israelites from persecution. In twenty-four hours we sailed on our homeward voyage.

Whether since that time there have been any similar outbreaks at Rhodes, I do not know. I think, however, it is reasonable to hope that the lesson of this occasion has not been lost on them.

Bessie is now a grandmother—a bright, hale, useful, energetic old lady. She retains only a very dim recollection of her early adventure, and has never been able fairly to explain what was the nature of the impulse that led her into danger. She

dimly recollects—I never—never can forget how nearly she who has been the delight of three generations, as child, wife, and mother, was brought to desolation; how nearly consigned to hopeless captivity among the lepers of Rhodes.

### GEDDINGTON CROSS.



THERE are few readers who have not some knowledge, however slight, of the romantic incidents connected with the history of Queen Eleanor, the loving wife of Edward I., and which, but for the corroborative testimonies of contemporary writers, would read like so many pages from the novels of Scott or Bulwer, rather than as dry leaves from the annals of history. A touching air of sadness pervades the traditional accounts of the various circumstances connected with the death of Eleanor at Hardby, in Lincolnshire; and of the uncontrollable grief displayed by the royal widower, as he knelt by the lifeless body of his beloved queen, and refused to be consoled. The records of our monarchical history are so crowded with details of the many ambitious struggles and devastating wars of our early rulers, that the simple and unpretending character of Edward's queen shines forth with a strange and unwonted lustre from amongst the dark scenes of strife and bloodshed which tainted the epoch in which she lived: and it would be a cruel blow to our dreams of the pure and beautiful, should it

ever occur that some learned and prosaic pedant stumbles over some awkward facts, tending to destroy our faith in the pathetic legend for ever indelibly associated with the name of Eleanor. But such a catastrophe would be difficult to arrive at so long as the crosses at Waltham, Northampton, and Geddington remain to testify to the affection borne by an English monarch to the memory of his deceased queen.

Though archaeologists admit the existence of these three crosses only, yet the inhabitants of Dunstable claim the possession of a fourth; but, while admitting that one of the Eleanor crosses was erected in that town, there exists nothing to show that the fragments alleged to belong to the memorial-structure are not, in reality, the remains of the ancient market-cross.

A cross seems to have been erected in every place where the royal bier rested for the night during the slow progress made by the funeral *cortège* in its journey from Lincoln to London. After Eleanor's decease at Hardby, the body was embalmed, and, in his recent address before the members of the British Archeological Association, during their flying visit to Northampton, the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne stated that he could remember reading in the queen's wardrobe account, recently sold in London, the entries relating to this process, the cost of the myrrh and frankincense; and, what struck him as more remarkable, a charge for barley for stuffing the body! The viscera were deposited in the ancient cathedral at Lincoln, while the heart was conveyed, in compliance with the dying request of Eleanor, to the Church of the Blackfriars, in London, for the purpose of interment within the precincts of the sacred edifice.

The body itself was carried with great pomp and solemnity from Lincoln to Westminster, the inhabitants of the towns and villages on the route displaying every possible sign of sorrow and respect, as the sombre procession passed through their quaint and ancient streets. At each place where the cavalcade halted for the night, the bier was taken to the church and guarded by the priests and regal attendants until the following morning, when, previous to its departure, it was deposited in the market-place until the king's chancellor, and other officials then present, had marked out a suitable site where a memorial-cross might afterwards be erected. The number of crosses thus built has been variously estimated, but the most reliable accounts only mention those at Lincoln, Geddington, Northampton, Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Alban's, Waltham, Cheap, and Westminster; those at Leighton Buzzard and elsewhere being merely ordinary market-crosses. Mr. Hartshorne, who has devoted much time and study to the investigation of the question respecting these monumental remains, furnishes many curious and exceedingly interesting details connected with the erection of these chaste and beautiful structures, of which only those at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham are now remaining. A certain John de Bello was the builder, if not the architect, of the crosses at Northampton, Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, and St. Alban's; that at Lincoln being

erected by Richard de Stowe; Waltham, by Roger de Crundale and Dymenge de Leger; while Cheap was commenced by Michael de Canterbury, and completed by Roger de Crundale. The ornamental portions of the various structures appear to have been principally finished in London; the graceful effigies of the queen, or at least a portion of them, which ornamented the crosses being the work of William de Ireland.

The crosses at Waltham and Northampton have at times been repaired, and a fierce controversy has taken place between Mr. Roberts, of the British Archaeological Association, and several local archaeologists and architects of eminence, with respect to an assertion made by the former gentleman, to the effect that the Northampton cross had been restored in a manner at variance with its original appearance; but, whatever may be the merits or demerits of the issue thus raised, there can be no question as to the fact that the cross at Geddington displays to this day, excepting the discolorations effected by the hand of time, the same appearance presented by it during the lifetime of Edward. The top is supposed to have been surmounted with a cross, or by a statue of the Virgin and Child. These are gone, but every other detail remains in a perfect state of preservation. The steps surrounding the base have been renewed at various periods; and the last time at the cost of the Duke of Buccleuch. The structure itself is very simple in design, being of triangular shape, with figures at the angles instead of the sides. This arrangement certainly mars the beauty of the cross when beheld from certain points of view, and hides much of the graceful and classical appearance of the statues; but, at the same time, it has undoubtedly conduced to preserve them from the mutilations and disfigurements which became the fate of many of their contemporaries. Those who have seen the effigy of the queen in Westminster Abbey, and compared it with those belonging to the Northampton and Geddington crosses, can scarcely have failed to observe the similarity of features which pervades them all. It is stated that Flaxman was of opinion that the statue of Eleanor in Westminster Abbey partook of the characteristics which distinguished the school of Pisano; and Mr. Hartsborne considers it not at all unlikely that the various statues at Northampton and Geddington are the work of several of Pisano's numerous scholars. He states that "The Executorial Rolls, printed by Mr. Botfield bear out this conjecture, as they state that the designer of the effigies at Westminster and Lincoln was William Torel, a goldsmith." The queen's statue was modelled in wax, and there is an entry for bringing 726 lb. from the house of Torel. This may serve to account for the resemblance existing in the countenances of the statues yet preserved.

It may seem strange that a little country village like Geddington should have been selected as a locality for the erection of one of these tasteful and elegant structures, in an age when the study of architecture was followed more from an innate love of the art itself, than from the desire of reaping pecuniary profit; but Geddington formerly contained a royal palace, to which the early

English monarchs were wont to resort, and where they often pursued the deer in the neighbouring chase. No vestiges of the regal building are now discoverable: everything has disappeared except the church, and the silent memorial of an English monarch's affection for one of the worthiest queens that ever graced an English throne.

JOHN PLUMMER.

### CLYTÈ.

On the sea-shore at Cyprus stood  
A little shelter'd rustic altar,  
Where those whom Venus loved could come  
And pious prayers and praises falter.  
'Twas humble, yet the Golden Age  
Ere tyrants were, had kept it guarded,  
And centuries long that little fane  
A sheltering plane had gracely warded.

Up to its marble steps the waves  
Came creeping, courtier-like, in whispers  
The Zephyrs spoke among the boughs,  
Like lovers, or like infant-lispers;  
Dark violets purpled all the turf  
Beneath that plane-tree's soft green shadow,  
Nowhere the amaranth grew so fair  
As just within that sea-side meadow.

Phædon, a sculptor, Lemnian born,  
Had toil'd for years to deck that altar  
With his best art; no lust for gold  
Or bad men's scorn could make him falter;  
So he had carved his dead love's face  
As Clytè—praying still in anguish  
That for one hour she might return  
From those dark shades where sad souls languish.

"'Tis done!" one eve the sculptor cried,  
And knelt in prayer to Aphroditè.  
His dream stood petrified at last,  
That marble nymph—his gentle Clytè.  
The goddess heard him as he knelt,  
And smiled from rosy clouds, consenting;  
The maid was ferried back to earth,  
Pluto for one short hour relenting.

That swelling breast—the lover's pillow—  
Was now of Parian crystal whiteness;  
Those Juno arms, that Jove might fold,  
Were of a smooth and radiant lightness;  
Her hair in rippling wave on wave  
Crown'd a fair head so sweetly mournful,  
The eyes were full of tender grief,  
The full-lipp'd mouth was witching scornful.

The room was dark where Phædon knelt,  
But as he prayed the moonbeams entered,  
And, like a crown of glory pure,  
Upon the brow of Clytè centred;  
Then down her face they gently stole,  
With silver all her raiment sheathing.  
His prayer was answered; Phædon cried,  
"She lives! she lives! I hear her breathing!"

Like one who, rousing from a trance,  
Reluctant wakes, and half in sorrow,  
Clytè stepp'd from that pedestal—  
Death had been vanquish'd till the morrow.  
She kiss'd her lover's burning brow,  
Her soft white arms around him lacing;  
Venus had sent her from the dead  
To soothe him with her sweet embracing.



But when day dawn'd and he awoke,  
 That rainbow-dream had pass'd for ever—  
 The nymph had turn'd to stone again,  
 To wake to life and beauty—never.  
 With a deep sigh he kiss'd the lips  
 Of that sweet nymph, once more re-  
 posing ;  
 Then seized his shaping-steel and clay  
 To toil till life's long day was closing.

He wept not, but, in patience strong,  
 Thought of the blissful re-uniting,  
 As soldiers do of rest and sleep  
 After a long day's toilsome fighting ;  
 And in his art content he toil'd  
 To deck that fane of Aphrodite,  
 And by him, as he laboured, stood  
 His statue of the gentle Clytè.

WALTER THORNBURY.

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XL. A TERRIBLE SURPRISE.

WITH the chill winds of February blowing in her face, Eleanor Monckton entered the wood between Toll-dale and Mr. de Crespigny's estate.

There were no stars in the blank grey sky above that lonely place; black masses of pine and fir shut in the narrow path upon either side; mysterious noises, caused by the capricious moaning of the winter wind, sounded far away in the dark recesses of the wood, awfully distinct amid the stillness of the night.

It was very long since Eleanor had been out alone after dark, and she had never before been alone in the darkness of such a place as this. She had the courage of a young lioness, but she had also a highly nervous and sensitive nature, an imaginative temperament; and the solemn loneliness of this wood, resonant every now and then with the dismal cries of the night-wind, was very terrible to her. But above and beyond every natural womanly feeling was this girl's devotion to her dead father; and she walked on with her thick shawl gathered closely round her, and with both her hands pressed against her beating heart.

She walked on through the solitude and the darkness, not indifferently, but devotedly; in sublime self-abnegation; in the heroic grandeur of a soul that is elevated by love; as she would have walked through fire and water, if by the endurance of such an ordeal she could have given fresh proof of her affection for that hapless suicide of the Faubourg Saint Antoine.

"My dear father," she murmured once, in a low voice, "I have been slow to act, but I have never forgotten. I have never forgotten you lying far away from me in that cruel foreign grave. I have waited, but I will wait no longer. I will speak to-night."

I think she believed that George Vane, divided from her by the awful chasm which yawns, mysterious and unfathomable, betwixt life and death, was yet near enough akin to her, in his changed state of being, to witness her actions and hear her words. She spoke to him, as she would have written to him had he been very far away from her, in the belief that her words would reach him, sooner or later.

The walk, which in the daytime seemed only a pleasant ramble, was a weary pilgrimage under the starless winter sky. Eleanor stopped once or twice to look back at the lighted windows of Toll-dale lying low in the hollow behind her; and then hurried on with a quicker step.

"If Gilbert should miss me," she thought, "what will he do? what will he think?"

She quickened her pace even more at the thought of her husband. What unlooked-for difficulties might she not have to combat if Mr. Monckton should discover her absence and send or go him-

self in search of her? But she speedily reassured herself upon this point.

"If he should come to Woodlands after me," she thought, "I will tell him that I wanted to see Mr. de Crespigny once more. I can easily tell him that, for it is the truth."

Eleanor Monckton had reached the outskirts of the wood by this time, and the low gate in the iron fence—the gateway through which she had passed upon the day when, for the first time, she saw her father's old friend, Maurice de Crespigny.

This gate was very rarely locked or bolted, but to-night, to her surprise, she found it wide open.

She did not stop to wonder at this circumstance, but hurried on. She had grown very familiar with every pathway in the grounds in her walks beside Mr. de Crespigny's invalid chair, and she knew the nearest way to the house.

This nearest way was across a broad expanse of turf, and through a shrubbery into the garden at the back of the rooms occupied by the old man, who had for many years been unable to go up and down stairs, and who had, for that length of time, inhabited a suite of rooms on the ground-floor, opening with French windows on to a tiny lawn, shut in and sheltered by a thick belt of pine and evergreens. It was in this shrubbery that Eleanor paused for a few moments to recover her breath after hurrying up the hill, and to reassure herself as to the safety of the papers which she carried in the bosom of her dress—Launcelot Darrell's water-colour sketch, and her father's letter. The picture and the letter were safe. She reassured herself of this, and was about to hurry on, when she was arrested by a sound near her. The laurel branches close beside her had rustled as if parted by a man's strong hand.

Many times, in her journey through the wood, Eleanor had been terrified by a rustling amongst the long grass about the trunks of the trees; but each time the sight of a pheasant flying across her pathway, or a frightened hare scudding away into the darkness, had reassured her. But this time there could be no mistake as to what she had heard. There was no game in Mr. de Crespigny's garden. She was not alone, therefore. There was a man lurking somewhere under the shadow of the evergreens.

She stopped; clutched the documents that she carried in her breast, and then emerged from the shrubbery on to the lawn, ashamed of her fears.

The man whose presence had alarmed her was, no doubt, one of the servants—the gardener, most likely—and he would admit her to the house and save her any encounter with the maiden sisters.

She looked about the garden, but could see no one. Then, in a low voice, she called to the man by name; but there was no answer.

Lights were burned in Mr. de Crespigny's bedroom, but the windows of the room which the old

man called his study, and the windows of his dressing-room, a little apartment between the bed-chamber and the study, were dark.

Eleanor waited a few minutes in the garden, expecting to hear or see one of the servants emerge from the shrubbery; but all was quiet, and she had no alternative except to go round to the principal door of the house, and take her chance of being admitted.

"I am certain that there was some one close to me," she thought. "It must have been Brooks, the gardener; but how odd that he didn't hear me when I called to him."

The principal entrance to Mr. de Crespigny's house was by a pair of half-glass doors, approached by a double flight of stone steps, either from the right or the left, as might suit the visitor's convenience. It was a handsome entrance; and the plate glass which formed the upper halves of the doors appeared a very slight barrier between the visitor waiting on the broad stone platform without, and the interior of the house. But, for all this, no portcullis of the Middle Ages, no sturdy postern gate of massive oak studded by ponderous iron nails, was ever more impregnable to the besieger than these transparent doors had been under the despotic sway of the rich bachelor's maiden nieces. Despairing poor relations, standing hopeless and desperate without those fatal doors, had been well-nigh tempted to smash the plate-glass, and thus make their way into the citadel. But, as this would have scarcely been a likely method by which to ingratiate themselves into the favour of a testy old man, the glass remained undamaged; and the hapless kinsfolk of Maurice de Crespigny were fain to keep at a distance, and hope—almost against hope—that he would get tired of his maiden watchers, and revenge himself upon their officiousness by leaving his money away from them.

It was outside these glass doors that Eleanor Monckton stood to-night, with very different feelings in her breast to those which were wont to animate the visitors who came to Woodlands.

She pulled the brass handle of the bell, which was stiff from little usage, and which, after resisting her efforts for a long time, gave way at last with an angry spring that shook the distant clapper with a noisy peal which seemed as if it would have never ceased ringing sharply through the stillness.

But, loud as this peal had been, it was not answered immediately, and Eleanor had time to contemplate the prim furniture of the dimly-lighted hall, the umbrella-stand and barometer, and some marine views of a warlike nature on the walls; pictures in which a De Crespigny of Nelson's time distinguished himself unpleasantly by the blowing up of some very ugly ships which exploded in blazes of yellow ochre and vermilion, and the bombardment of some equally ugly fortresses in burnt sienna.

A butler, or factotum,—for there was only one male servant in the house, and he was old and unpleasant, and had been cherished by the Misses De Crespigny because of those very qualifications, which were likely to stand in the way of his getting any important legacy,—emerged at last

from one of the passages at the back of the hall, and advanced, with indignation and astonishment depicted on his grim features, to the doors before which Eleanor waited, Heaven only knows how impatiently.

"Launcelot Darrell may have come here before me," she thought; "he may be with his uncle now, and may induce him to alter his will. He must be desperate enough to do anything, if he really knows that he is disinherited."

The butler opened one of the hall doors, a very little way, and suspiciously. He took care to plant himself in the aperture in such a manner as would have compelled Eleanor to walk through his body before she could enter the hall; and as the butler was the very reverse of Mr. Pepper's ghost in consistency, Mrs. Monckton could only parley with him in the faint hope of taking the citadel by capitulation. She did not know that the citadel was already taken, and that an awful guest, to whom neither closely guarded doors nor oaken posterns lined with stoutest iron formed obstacle or hindrance, had entered that quiet mansion before her; she did not know this, nor that the butler only kept her at bay out of the sheer force of habit, and perhaps with a spiteful sense of pleasure in doing battle with would-be legatees.

"I want to see Mr. de Crespigny," Eleanor cried, eagerly; "I want to see him very particularly, if you please. I know that he will see me if you will be so good as to tell him that I am here."

The butler opened his mouth to speak, but before he could do so a door opened, and Miss Lavinia de Crespigny appeared. She was very pale, and carried a handkerchief in her hand, which she put to her eyes every now and then; but the eyes were quite dry, and she had not been weeping.

"Who is that?" she exclaimed, sharply. "What is the matter, Parker? Why can't you tell the person that we can see nobody to-night?"

"I was just a-goin' to tell her so," the butler answered; "but it's Mrs. Monckton, and she says she wants to see poor master."

He moved away from the door, as if his responsibility had ceased on the appearance of his mistress, and Eleanor entered the hall.

"Oh, dear Miss Lavinia," she cried, almost breathless in her eagerness, "do let me see your uncle. I know he will not refuse to see me. I am a favourite with him, you know. Please let me see him."

Miss Lavinia de Crespigny applied her handkerchief to her dry eyes before she answered Eleanor's eager entreaty. Then she said very slowly,—

"My beloved uncle departed this life an hour ago. He breathed his last in my arms."

"And in mine," murmured Miss Sarah, who had followed her sister into the hall.

"And I was a-standing by the bedside," observed the butler, with respectful firmness; "and the last words as my blessed master said before you come into the room, Miss Lavinia, was these: 'You've been a good servant, Parker, and you'll find you're not forgotten.' Yes, Miss, 'You'll

find you're not forgotten, Parker,' were his last words."

The two ladies looked very sharply and rather suspiciously at Mr. Parker, as if they were meditating the possibility of that gentleman having fabricated a will constituting himself sole legatee.

"I did not hear my dear uncle mention you, Parker," Miss Sarah said, stiffly; "but we shall not forget any one he wished to have remembered; you may be sure of that."

Eleanor Monckton stood, silent and aghast, staring straight before her, paralysed, dumb-founded, by the tidings she had just heard.

"Dead!" she murmured at last. "Dead! dead!—before I could see him, before I could tell him—"

She paused, looking round her with a bewildered expression in her face.

"I do not know *why* you should be so eager to see my uncle," said Miss Lavinia, forgetting her assumption of grief, and becoming very genuine in her spiteful feeling towards Eleanor, as a possible rival, "nor do I know *what* you can have had to say to him. But I do know that you have not exhibited very good taste in intruding upon us at such an hour as this, and, above all, in remaining, now that you hear the sad affliction!—the handkerchief went to the eyes again here—"which has befallen us. If you come here," added Miss Lavinia, suddenly becoming spiteful again, "in the hope of ascertaining how my uncle's money has been left—and it would be only like *some* people to do so—I can give you *no* information upon the subject. The gardener has been sent to Windsor to summon Mr. Lawford's clerk. Mr. Lawford himself started some days ago for New York on business. It's very unlucky that he should be away at such a time, for we put every confidence in him. However, I suppose the clerk will do as well. He will put seals on my uncle's effects, I believe, and nothing will be known about the will until the day of the funeral. But I do not think *you* need trouble yourself upon the subject, my dear Mrs. Monckton, as I perfectly remember my beloved relative telling you very distinctly that he had no idea of leaving you anything except a picture, or something of that kind. We shall be very happy to see that you get the picture," concluded the lady, with frigid politeness.

Eleanor Monckton stood with one hand pushing the glossy ripples of auburn hair away from her forehead, and with a look upon her face which the Misses de Crespigny—whose minds had run in one very narrow groove for the last twenty years—could only construe into some disappointment upon the subject of the will. Eleanor recovered her self-command with an effort, as Miss Lavinia finished speaking, and said, very quietly:

"Believe me, I do not want to inherit any of Mr. de Crespigny's property. I am very, very sorry that he is dead, for there was something that I wanted to tell him before he died; something that I ought to have told him long ago. I have been foolish—cowardly—to wait so long."

She said the last words not to the two ladies, but to herself; and then, after a pause, she added, slowly,

"I hope your uncle has left his fortune to you

and your sister, Miss Lavinia. Heaven grant that he may have left it so!"

Unfortunately the Misses de Crespigny were in the humour to take offence at anything. The terrible torture of suspense which was gnawing at the heart of each of the dead man's nieces disposed them to be snappish to any one who came in their way. To them, to-night, it seemed as if the earth was peopled by expectant legatees, all eager to dispute for the heritage which by right was theirs.

"We are extremely obliged to you for your good wishes, Mrs. Monckton," Miss Sarah said, with vinegary politeness, "and we can perfectly appreciate their sincerity. Good evening."

On this hint, the butler opened the door with a solemn flourish, and the two ladies bowed Eleanor out of the house. The door closed behind her, and she went slowly down the steps, lingering without purpose, entirely bewildered by the turn that events had taken.

"Dead!" she exclaimed, in a half-whisper, "dead! I never thought that he would die so soon. I waited, and waited, thinking that, whenever the time came for me to speak, he would be alive to hear me; and now he is dead, and I have lost my chance; I have lost my one chance of avenging my father's death. The law cannot touch Launcelot Darrell; but this old man had the power to punish him, and would have used that power, if he had known the story of his friend's death. I cannot doubt that. I cannot doubt that Maurice de Crespigny dearly loved my father."

Eleanor Monckton stopped for a few minutes at the bottom of the steps, trying to collect her senses—trying to think if there was anything more for her to do.

No, there was nothing. The one chance which fortune, by a series of events, not one of which had been of her own contriving, had thrown into her way, was lost. She could do nothing but go quietly home, and wait for the reading of the will, which might, or might not, make Launcelot Darrell the owner of a noble estate.

But then she remembered Richard Thornton's visit to Windsor, and the inferences he had drawn from the meeting between Launcelot and the lawyer's clerk. Richard had most firmly believed that the property was left away from the young man; and Launcelot Darrell's conduct since that day had gone far towards confirming the scene-painter's assertion. There was very little doubt, then, that the will which had been drawn up by Mr. Lawford and witnessed by Gilbert Monckton, was a will that left Maurice de Crespigny's fortune away from Launcelot Darrell. The old man had spoken of a duty which he meant to perform. Surely he must have alluded to his two nieces' devotion, and the recompense which they had earned by their patient attendance upon him. Such untiring watchers generally succeed in reaping the reward of their labours; and why should it be otherwise in this case?

But then, on the other hand, the old man was fretful and capricious. His nerves had been shattered by a long illness. How often, in the watches of the night, he might have lain awake, pondering

upon the disposal of his wealth, and doubtful what to do with it, in his desire to act for the best! It was known that he had made other wills, and had burned them when the humour seized him. He had had ample opportunity for changing his mind. He had very likely destroyed the will witnessed by Gilbert Monckton, in order to make a new one in Launcelot's favour.

Eleanor stood at the bottom of the broad flight of steps with her hand upon the iron railing, thinking of all this. Then, with a regretful sigh, she walked away from the front of the house.

#### CHAPTER XLII. IN THE PRESENCE OF THE DEAD.

THE rooms that had been occupied by Maurice de Crespigny were at the back of the house, and Eleanor, returning by the way that she had come, had occasion to pass once more through the garden and shrubbery upon which the windows of these rooms looked.

Mrs. Monckton paused amongst the evergreens that grew near the house, sheltering and darkening the windows with their thick luxuriance. The Venetian shutters outside the windows of the room in which the dead man lay were closed, and the light within shone brightly between the slanting laths.

"Poor old man," Eleanor murmured, as she looked mournfully towards this death-chamber, "he was very good to me; I ought to be sorry for his death."

The evergreens which grew in groups on either side of the windows made a thick screen, behind which half-a-dozen people might have safely hidden themselves upon this moonless and starless February night. Eleanor lingered for a few moments amongst these clustering laurels before she emerged upon the patch of smooth turf which was scarcely large enough to be dignified with the title of a lawn.

As she lingered, partly because of a regretful tenderness towards the dead man, partly because of that irresolution and uncertainty that had taken possession of her mind from the moment in which she had heard of his death, she was startled once more by the rustling of the branches near her. This time she was not left long in doubt: the rustling of the branches was followed by a hissing whisper, very cautious and subdued, but at the same time very distinct in the stillness; and Eleanor Monckton was not slow to recognise the accent of the French commercial traveller, Monsieur Victor Bourdon.

"The shutters are not fastened," this man whispered; "there is a chance yet, *mon ami*."

The speaker was within two paces of Eleanor, but she was hidden from him by the shrubs. The companion to whom he had spoken was of course Launcelot Darrell; there could be no doubt of that. But why were these men here? Had the artist come in ignorance of his kinsman's death, and in the hope of introducing himself secretly into the old man's apartments, and thus out-manœuvring the maiden niece?

As the two men moved nearer one of the windows of the bedchamber, moving very cautiously, but still disturbing the branches as they went, Eleanor drew back, and stood, motionless,

almost breathless, close against the blank wall between the long French windows.

In another moment Launcelot Darrell and his companion were standing so close to her, that she could hear their hurried breathing as distinctly as she heard her own. The Frenchman softly drew back one of the Venetian shutters a few inches, and peeped very cautiously through the narrow aperture into the room.

"There is only an old woman there," he whispered, "an old woman, very grey, very respectable; she is asleep, I think; look and see who she is."

Monsieur Bourdon drew back as he spoke, making way for Launcelot Darrell. The young man obeyed his companion, but in a half-sulky, half-unwilling fashion, which was very much like his manner on the Parisian Boulevard.

"Who is it?" whispered the Frenchman, as Launcelot leant forward and peered into the lighted room.

"Mrs. Jepcott, my uncle's house-keeper."

"Is she a friend of yours, or an enemy?"

"A friend, I think. I know that she hates my aunts. She would rather serve me than serve them."

"Good. We are not going to trust Mrs. Jepcott; but it's as well to know that she is friendly towards us. Now, listen to me, my friend, we must have the key."

"I suppose we must," muttered Launcelot Darrell, very sulkily.

"You suppose we must! Bah!" whispered the Frenchman, with intense scornfulness of manner. "It is likely we should draw back, after having gone so far as we have gone, and made such promises as we have made. It is like you Englishmen, to turn cowards at the very last, in any difficult business like this. You are very brave and very grand so long as you can make a great noise about your honour, and your courage, and your loyalty; so long as the drums are beating and the flags flying, and all the world looking on to admire you. But the moment there is anything of difficult—anything of a little hazardous, or anything of criminal, perhaps,—you draw back, you have fear. Bah! I have no patience with you. You are a great nation, but you have never produced a great impostor. Your Perkin Warbecks, your Stuart Pretenders, they are all the same. They ride up hills with forty thousand men, and,"—here Monsieur Bourdon hissed out a very big French oath, to give strength to his assertion,— "when they get to the top they can do nothing better than ride down again."

It is not to be supposed that, in so critical a situation as that in which the two men had placed themselves, the Frenchman would have said all this without a purpose. He knew Launcelot Darrell, and he knew that ridicule was the best spur with which to urge him on when he was inclined to come to a stand-still. The young man's pride took fire at his companion's scornful banter.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"I want you to go into that room and look for your uncle's keys. I would do it, and perhaps do it better than you, but if that woman woke and



found me there, she would rouse the house; if she wakes up and sees you, any sentimental story of your desire to look for the last time upon your kinsman and benefactor will satisfy her and stop her mouth. You must search for the keys, Monsieur Robert Lance, pardon!—Monsieur Launcelot Darrell."

The young man made no immediate answer to this speech. He stood close to the window, with the half-open shutter in his hand, and Eleanor could see, by the motion of this shutter, that he was trembling.

"I can't do it, Bourdon," he gasped, after a long pause; "I can't do it. To go up to that dead man's bed-side and steal his keys. It seems like an act of sacrilege—I—I—can't do it."

The commercial traveller shrugged his shoulders so high that it almost seemed he never meant to bring them down again.

"Good!" he said, "*C'est fini!* Live and die a pauper, Monsieur Darrell, but never again ask me to help you in a great scheme. Good night."

The Frenchman made a show of walking off, but went slowly, and gave Launcelot plenty of time to stop him.

"Stay, Bourdon," the young man muttered; "don't be a fool. If you mean to stand by me in this business, you must have a little patience. I'll do what must be done, of course, however unpleasant it may be. I've no reason to feel any great compunction about the old man. He hasn't shown so much love for me that I need have any very sentimental affection for him. I'll go in and look for the keys."

He had opened the shutter to its widest extent, and he put his hand upon the window as he spoke, but the Frenchman checked him.

"What are you going to do?" asked Monsieur Bourdon.

"I'm going to look for the keys."

"Not that way. If you open that window the cold air will blow into the room and awaken the old woman—what you call her—Madame Jecpott. No, you must take off your boots, and go in through one of the windows of the other rooms. We saw just now that those rooms are empty. Come with me."

The two men moved away towards the windows of the sitting-room. Eleanor crept to the Venetian shutters which Launcelot had closed, and, drawing one of them a little way open, looked into the room in which the dead man lay. The house-keeper, Mrs. Jecpott, sat in a roomy easy-chair, close to the fire, which burned brightly, and had evidently been very lately replenished. The old woman's head had fallen back upon the cushion of her chair, and the monotonous regularity of her snores gave sufficient evidence of the soundness of her slumbers. Voluminous curtains of dark green damask were drawn closely round the massive four-post bed; a thick wax candle, in an old-fashioned silver candlestick, burned upon the table by the bedside, and a pair of commoner candles, in brass candlesticks, brought, no doubt, from the housekeeper's room, stood upon a larger table near the fireplace.

Nothing had been disturbed since the old man's

death. The maiden ladies had made a merit of this.

"We shall disturb nothing," Miss Lavinia, who was the more loquacious of the two, had said; "we shall not pry about or tamper with any of our beloved relative's effects. You will take care of everything in your master's room, Jecpott; we place everything under your charge, and you will see that nothing is touched; you will take care that not so much as a pocket-handkerchief shall be disturbed until Mr. Lawford's clerk comes from Windsor."

In accordance with these directions, everything had remained exactly as it had been left at the moment of Maurice de Crespigny's death. The practised sick-nurse had retired, after doing her dismal duty; the stiffening limbs had been composed in the last calm sleep; the old man's eyelids had been closed upon the sightless eyeballs; the curtains had been drawn; and that was all.

The medicine bottles, the open Bible, the crumpled handkerchiefs, the purse, and paper-knife, and spectacles, and keys, lying in disorder upon the table by the bed, had not been touched. Eager as the dead man's nieces were to know the contents of his will, the thought of obtaining that knowledge by any surreptitious means had never for one moment entered into the head of either. They were conscientious ladies, who attended church three times upon a Sunday, and who would have recoiled aghast from before the mere thought of any infraction of the law.

Eleanor, with the Venetian shutter a very little way open, and with her face close against the window, stood looking into the lighted room, and waiting for Launcelot Darrell to appear.

The great four-post bedstead stood opposite the windows, the door was on Eleanor's right hand. About five minutes elapsed before there was any sign of the intruder's coming. Then the door was opened, very slowly, and Launcelot Darrell crept into the room.

His face was almost livid, and he trembled violently. At first he looked helplessly about him, as if paralysed by fear. Then he took a handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, still looking helplessly right and left.

But presently the Frenchman's head appeared round the edge of the door, which Launcelot Darrell had left a little way open, a fat little hand pointed to the table by the bed, and Monsieur Bourdon's hissing whisper vibrated in the room.

"V'là,—the table—the table—straight before you."

Following this indication, the young man began with trembling hands to search amongst the disorder of the littered table. He had not occasion to seek very long for what he wanted. The dead man's keys lay under one of the handkerchiefs. They jingled a little as Launcelot took them up, and Mrs. Jecpott stirred in her sleep, but she did not open her eyes.

"Come away, come!" whispered the Frenchman, as Launcelot stood with the keys in his hand, as if too much bewildered even to know that his purpose was accomplished. He obeyed Monsieur Bourdon, and hurried from the room. He had

taken off his boots at his companion's instigation, and his stockinged feet made no sound upon the thick carpet.

"What is he going to do with those keys?" Eleanor thought. "If he knows the contents of the will, as Richard believed, what good can the keys be to him?"

She still looked into the lighted bed-chamber, wondering what could happen next. Where had Launcelot Darrell gone, and what was he going to do with the keys? She crept along by the side of the house, past the window of the dressing-room, which was still dark, and stopped when she came to the window of the old man's study. All the windows upon this floor were in the same style — long French windows, opening to the ground, and they were all sheltered by Venetian shutters. The shutters of the sitting-room were closed, but the window was open, and through the bars of the shutters Eleanor saw a faint glimmer of light.

She drew the shutter nearest her a little way open, and looked into the room. The light that she had seen came from a very small bull's-eye lantern, which the Frenchman held in his hand. He was standing over Launcelot Darrell, who was on his knees before the lower half of an old-fashioned *secr taire*, at which Mr. de Crespigny had been in the habit of writing, and in which he had kept papers.

The lower half of this *secr taire* contained a great many little drawers, which were closed in by a pair of inlaid ebony doors. The doors were open now, and Launcelot Darrell was busy examining the contents of the drawers one by one. His hands still trembled, and he went to work slowly and awkwardly. The Frenchman, whose nerves appeared in no way shaken, contrived to throw the light of the bull's-eye always upon the papers in the young man's hand.

"Have you found what you want?" he asked.

"No, there's nothing yet; nothing but leases, receipts, letters, bills."

"Be quick! Remember we have to put the keys back, and to get away. Have you the other ready?"

"Yes."

They spoke in whispers, but their whispers were perhaps more distinct than their ordinary tones would have been. Eleanor could hear every word they said.

There was a long pause, during which Launcelot Darrell opened and shut several drawers, taking a hurried survey of their contents. Presently he uttered a half-smothered cry.

"You've got it?" exclaimed the Frenchman.

"Yes."

"Put in the substitute then, and lock the cabinet."

Launcelot Darrell threw the document which he had taken from the drawer upon a chair near him, and took another paper from his pocket. He put this second paper in the place from which he had taken the first, and then shut the drawer, and closed and locked the doors of the cabinet. He did all this in nervous haste, and neither he nor his companion perceived that a third paper, very much like the first in shape and size, had

fallen out of one of the drawers and lay upon the carpet before the cabinet.

Now, for the first time, Eleanor Monckton began to comprehend the nature of the conspiracy which she had witnessed. Launcelot Darrell and his accomplice had substituted a fictitious paper for the real will signed by Maurice de Crespigny and witnessed by Gilbert Monckton and the lawyer's clerk. The genuine document was that which Launcelot Darrell had flung upon the chair by the side of the *secr taire*.

(To be continued.)

## THE GRASS OF THE FIELD.

In the early summer, our woods and meadows are feathered by numerous flowering grasses, which form objects of great interest to the botanist and the artist. Yet comparatively few avail themselves of the great pleasure which these elegant plants offer. Flowers are eagerly culled for the tasteful bouquet, but seldom does a group of flowers present so light and graceful a contour as a group of grasses. Ferns and sea-weeds are patiently studied, and grasses are neglected, though these latter are much more easy of classification, more beautiful as dried specimens, and as valuable in cultivation and in our drawing-room vase. These graceful plants, however, are gradually receiving more attention from the fancy gardener; bunches of Pampas grass wave their pennons on our lawns, and lift high their panicles of glossy florets; and the Hare's tail, Panick, and Quaking-grasses alternate with flowers in the gay borders. In Germany and Switzerland we find grass bouquets in every drawing-room, and dried ones for the winter, retaining their own soft colouring, not disfigured by gaudy tints, as we see in the dyed bunches sold in our bazaars.

Hoping to tempt the lovers of nature to turn their attention to this much-neglected tribe of plants, I venture to offer them some remarks on their history. A grass is the simplest form of a perfect plant. From a fibrous root a slender stem shoots up, clothed with alternate leaves, which are long and narrow, and have the veins running side by side from one end to the other. In the true grasses the stems are round and hollow, and the sheaths of the leaves open at one side; but in their cousins the sedges, the stems are solid and angular, and the leaf-sheaths form perfect cylinders. The highest leaf on the stem of the grass acts as a cradle for the buds until they are sufficiently formed to emerge to the open day. In the sedges the male and female parts of the flower, that is, the stamens and pistils, are on separate spikes, or, at any rate, in separate florets. Both sedges and grasses have three stamens, and most of them two pistils. The sedges have no calyx or corolla; the male flowers are accompanied by a tiny leaf or *bract*, and the female by a few bristles.

The graceful forms adorning our woods and river margins,—bending and drooping in every variety of easy curve under the weight of pendulous catkins, or rising into stronger independence where the seed-spikes are erect, and their increasing

size requires support—belong to this sedge family, as do also the lordly bullrushes, lifting their proud heads from the river's depths, and the dark-tinted catkins called by the poets "Long Purples." Their past history is more important than their present one; they supplied the paper of the Egyptians, the ark of Moses, and the boats of Abyssinia; now their qualities are chiefly celebrated by the Waterhen and Sedge Warbler, excepting when a tasteful hand groups them with flowers and grasses for the decoration of a sitting-room.

The Wood-sedge, with its delicate green leaves and loose pendulous catkins; the larger and still more drooping pond-haunter, the *Cyperus*-sedge, and the erect common sedge, are familiar examples of this widely-extended family; in all of these the female flowers occupy the lower catkins, and the male ones are placed on that at the summit.

The well-known family of the Cotton-grasses belong to this sedge order. Here the bracts wrap over one another, protecting the florets, in which both the stamens and pistils are contained; in this family there is but one pistil to a floret. But it is not in its flowering time that the Cotton-grass attracts our attention,—the little yellow stamens shed their pollen unheeded,—it is when the seed is formed, accompanied by its long tufts of white silky hairs, that it becomes an emblem for poet's fancy, and all human fairness is supposed to gain in charm by being likened to the "Cana-grass of the Moor." The downy tufts of the single-headed species (*Eriophorum vaginatum*) are highly ornamental, dotted among the purple Ling; but still more attractive is the clustering beauty of the narrow-leaved cotton-grass (*E. angustifolium*), scarcely less frequent than the other where the ground is swampy. There are several smaller and rarer species, but these are the most important.

In the true grasses the flower consists of *glumes* and *palea*, answering to the calyx and corolla of other plants; both may be described as *chaffy scales*. The stamens are always three, with one exception, and form a prominent feature of

the flower, giving the spike or panicle an appearance of extraordinary beauty during their brief continuance. The pistils are generally two. One other appendage accompanies the flowers of grass, a bristle or *awn*. The one exception to the three stamens is in the case of the sweet vernal grass. Here there are two stamens and two pistils. The florets are longer than their awns, the stamens longer still, bearing purple anthers; and the spike gives out sweet fragrance in drying.

The Mat-grass (*Nardus stricta*) forms the one exception to the two pistils; it has narrow leaves growing in a thick mat, and narrow spikes containing one row of florets, which throw out a fringe of purple anthers. It frequents moors and hill pastures.

All the other grasses have three stamens and two pistils, and we must look for their distinguishing marks in the *glumes* and *palea*.

First we have a large group where the two or three glumes enclose a single floret only. To this belong the rounded spikes of the Fox-tail grasses (*Alopecurus*), raised proudly, all covered with orange anthers, and lording it over meadow or cornfield or sludgy marsh; the similarly-formed Cat's-tails (*Phleum*) of lower growth and purple anthers, tenants of the meadow, the

pasture, and the sea-shore; the Canary grasses (*Phalaris*), the one with its rounded head and broad, overlapping, beautifully-striped glumes; the other with its panicles of soft florets waving by the river-side among the sedges, its relatives; the green Beard-grasses (*Polypogon*) of the sea-shore and salt marsh; the feathery Millet-grass (*Milium*), raising spreading panicles in such abundance as to form a green cloud over the brushwood; the Bent-grass (*Agrostis*), with its silky panicles adorning the field-path and hill-side and woodland; the Finger-grass (*Digitaria*), with its many spikes and purple glumes; and the Dog's-tooth-grass (*Cynodon*), of similar habit, shyly frequenting our southern shores.

Next comes a group with two or three florets to



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|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Common Sedge.         | 6. Meadow Grass.        |
| 2. <i>Cyperus</i> Sedge. | 7. Cock's-foot Grass.   |
| 3. Meadow Fox-tail.      | 8. Meadow Fescue Grass. |
| 4. Canary Grass.         | 9. Quaking Grass.       |
| 5. Millet Grass.         | 10. Rough Brome Grass.  |

each pair of glumes. Here we have the elegant Hair-grasses (*Aira*), with such fine stems and airy panicles, that pencil can hardly imitate their lightness; these have members of great beauty in the woods, the fields, and on the river-bank: the Melic-grass (*Melica*), one of our earliest grasses, remarkable for its broad, delicately-tinted foliage and purple fly-like florets; the Soft-grass (*Holcus*), with a crowded panicle of pink-tinged downy florets, and soft, hairy leaves; the green Panick-grasses (*Panicum*), with elaborate and compact panicles, often cultivated in gardens for their verdant appearance; the early flowering blue Sesleria, the tenant of chalky hills; the familiar Quaking-grass (*Briza*); the no less familiar Meadow-grass (*Poa*), common as a weed in our gardens, and, in many species, an important contributor to the richness of the meadow; the nearly allied Sweet-grass (*Glyceria*), its many florets headed by the two glumes, and forming little spikelets on the panicle,—these frequent chiefly watery places, though there are species which prefer the hill-side, or dry wall; the Cock's-foot-grass (*Dactylus*), with its coarse herbage and distantly-branched panicle, the stem resembling the claws of a cock's foot; the Fescue-grass (*Festuca*), with its graceful panicles adorning meadow, pasture, wood, and waste ground; the Dog's-tail-grass (*Cynosurus*), with its one-sided spike; the Brome-grass (*Bromus*), its solid spikes in erect or most gracefully drooping panicles, often attaining great height, and vying with the Cyperus-sedge in elegance of curve; the Oat-grass (*Avena*), represented by the true oat, and, with members of various size, tenants of the meadow, the corn-field and the woodland; and the Reeds (*Arundo*), the graceful ornaments of our ponds and river-banks, with their large panicles of glossy florets, the paleo surrounded by long, soft hairs, which give a woolly appearance to the clusters when in seed, almost vying with those of the Cotton-grass.

Lastly, we have a group where the florets are fixed on a jointed common stalk, one pair of glumes containing many florets. To this group belong the Darnel-grass (*Solium*), with its long spike beset by little spikelets on either side the stem; the Hand-grass, with its spike tapering, and its stem twisted into angular elbows, an inhabitant of sea-side pastures; the Wheat-grass (*Triticum*) raising its rounded spikes in the meadow or corn-field, or on the sea-shore; the Barley (*Hordeum*), of bearded respectability, its meadow and waste-ground species claiming relationship with the dignified occupant of the cultivated field; and the Lyme-grass (*Elymus*), whose lordly spikes adorn the sand-banks, while its roots form them into sea-barriers.

Among these numerous genera, each with their group of species bearing a family likeness, while possessed of individual beauties, we have many members of interest and utility. The rounded head of the Canary-grass affords food for the domestic birds so (sometimes over) liberal with their song, while a striped variety of its brother, the Reed-canary-grass, is a familiar and welcome garden-plant, affording us beautiful flags of "ribbon-grass" for our nosebags.

The Dog's-tooth-grass, though only interesting here as a rare plant, is of high value in India, being held sacred as "Doob-grass" by the Brahmins; it is the only grass there at all calculated for lawns, and the European settlers employ the natives to collect the plants from the plains for this purpose.

The Panick-grasses, found rarely in our fields, but cultivated in our gardens, are charming for bouquets, making a perfect contrast with the more diffuse and pink-tinted panicles of the soft grass; but their great interest consists in their near relationship to the Millets of India, important there as our corn is here; and the Panick-grasses of Brazil and Jamaica are valuable as pasturage.

Of the wide-spread uses of the Cereal grasses we hardly need to speak. From the time of the Exodus, wheat has furnished the staff of life to man, and received frequent mention in the history of all temperate climates, affording to the inhabitants of such countries the most reliable article of food. Even its "good-for-nothing brother," the Couch-grass, though generally execrated as a troublesome weed, has so nutritious a root that it afforded nourishment to our forefathers in time of famine, and when boiled will always form good food for pigs.

Barley was much more universally used in ancient times than it is now. It is valuable as being able to bear great extremes of temperature. In hot countries two crops are grown in one year. On the Continent it is still much used for bread, but we prefer it as malt.

The oat is the grain easiest of cultivation; a cold climate suits it best, and we get our best oatmeal from Scotland and Friesland. It is much used in these countries for porridge and oat-cake.

Rye is chiefly grown as a green crop here, but a portion of the meal mixed in brown bread is a great advantage; it is subject to the fungus-disease, called ergot, terrible maladies, and even death, resulting from eating ergotted rye. The fungus swells the grain to twice its natural length, causing it to assume the form of a black horn.

The common rice (*Oryza sativa*), belongs to the grass family, and holds as important a place in the economy of nature in the tropics, as wheat does in temperate regions. It produces a very large crop, one acre affording from thirty to sixty bushels. Rice flourishes best on low lands where the moisture is abundant.

Noble as is the stature of the Pampas and Tussac grasses, they are out-done by the lord of grasses, the Sugar-cane,—handsome plants attaining a height of sometimes twenty feet. The stem is divided by the joints with which we are familiar, and from each of which sprouts a long narrow leaf. The florets are feathery, like those of our reeds.

Many species of cane are of great utility, their sap yielding sugar, their stems forming furniture, thatch, and, in the smaller species, pens. The cane is propagated by cuttings; these, planted about March, are fit to be cut in September or October. The plants only need to be renewed once in four or five years.

Thus we find grasses most important to man and beast, and, though humble in name, distinguished in beauty and grace, varying but slightly in general characteristics, and therefore easy to study, changing little by time, and so easy to preserve. Dear public, deign to look upon modest worth; take a little pains and trouble, and let our Grasses have a fair share of attention.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISING.

If I were the proprietor of a prosperous newspaper, I could never look upon my own publication without a sense that I was an impostor and a humbug. I could read the leaders and the foreign intelligence without blushing. Supposing there were errors—and in any well-regulated paper there always will be errors—I don't know that I should feel much troubled. If my grave political contributor did state that Timbuctoo was an island in the South Pacific, and my smart slashing *littérateur* happened to ascribe "To be, or not to be?" to Macbeth instead of to the Prince of Denmark, I should bear the discovery with philosophical equanimity. Very few persons would ever observe the mistake; and of the few who did, fewer still would trouble themselves about it. Of course, some ill-natured critic, who had plenty of time and bile to spare, would write to express his astonishment at the astounding ignorance of a paper which professed to represent public opinion; but experience would have made me callous to this class of censure, and I should throw the communication into the waste-paper basket without attention. And even, if subsequent reflection led me to believe that I had, through my paper, supported the wrong men, or the wrong measures, I could still find comfort in the thought that perhaps, after all, things would have gone on very much the same, even if the series of crushing articles which so electrified the public mind had never appeared in print. All this I could recall with equanimity, but I am certain I could not look unblushingly at the advertisements. In the small hours of the night, when people wake up and begin at once to speculate unpleasantly on their sins, I should think of those columns upon columns, and feel weighed, as it were, to the ground with a nightmare of letter-press.

For, if I must make the confession, I should know that I had been taking money under false pretences. If ever you talk, concerning his pursuits, to a sporting prophet, he will tell you forthwith about the fortunes he has made for others; you will hear how—thanks to his information—Lord Handicap has redeemed the mortgages off the Winnington estates; how Captain Steeplefield has purchased his commission; and how Shortodds, the butcher, now drives his mail phaeton like a gentleman; but you never hear a word of the thousands who have lost their money, and, in the expressive Yankee phrase, "gone under." So in the same way, supposing I represented a great advertising medium, I should talk glibly of the men who had made fortunes by advertisements. I should point proudly to the mansion of the famous chiropodist, whose world-known motto of

"Crop your corns early" you must all remember. I should dilate fondly on the entertainments of the illustrious vendor of the anti-sudiferous shirt-front. I should glory in the triumphs of the spirited proprietor of the Patagonian pills, and I should say with self-conscious satisfaction, I am the maker of these men's fortunes. But to myself I should have to own with shame, that, for one I had made, I had ruined ten. The real, plain, unvarnished truth is, that advertising is a lottery, and that for one who draws a prize, there are scores and hundreds who draw blanks. Just let anybody who doubts the truth of my assertion, cast his eyes over the advertising pages of the "Times," or the "Daily Telegraph," or any great provincial paper, and ask himself how many of the advertisers can possibly get anything in return for their money?

The intelligent observer will soon perceive that advertisements come under two heads. The first class informs, the second suggests. To the former belongs the genuine old-fashioned advertisement. If you have a horse to sell, or a house to let, there is no way of calling the attention of purchasers or hirers to your article more legitimate than that of advertising. In fact, there is no other way by which the vendor and the buyer can be so well or so cheaply brought together. This was the class of announcements which filled the scanty columns of the press in the days of our fathers. But now, a very small portion of modern advertisements can be classed under this section. The advertisement pure and simple has been driven out of the field by the puff genus. This class has before it a far higher ideal than that of supplying wants: it aims to create wants, to call consumers into being. The French have baptised it with the name of the "réclame," and Balzac describes its birth, growth, and development in the history of "Gaudissart," the illustrious. To any one whose mind is too ingenious to grasp at once the character of this conception, it will be explained by the following remark which I once heard made to a young author by a very successful publisher: "My dear sir, nobody ever wants to buy books. We have to seduce them, by advertising, into fancying they want to do so."

And in this profound remark the whole philosophy of the modern art is contained. You fish for purchasers as you do for trout. You bait your hook so as to suit their fancy, and the most successful advertiser is he who baits his hook most cunningly. The fish can find plenty of food in the waters, but the artificial fly tickles their fancy, and they are seduced into biting. So it is with the human prey who is angled for, fished for, and advertised at. Happily, by the law of compensation, advertisers lose their money, just as anglers lose their time. The process of puffing does not create new consumers, or supply them with any additional cash to spend. It simply offers them a bait more tempting than those already at their disposal. One vendor succeeds by driving another out of public favour. Advertising always reminds me of a roulette-table. I stake my money on the odd numbers, and my neighbour on the even. If I win he loses, if I lose he wins; but, in either

case, the bank—which, in the present instance, is represented by the press—gains its commission. And, indeed, there are other resemblances between the game of advertising and that of the green baize tables. If you must gamble, the first rule is—Go in heavily, and play high. In that event, you may win a great “coup”; but if you go on with peddling stakes and a cautious system, you are absolutely certain to lose. So, if you must resort to puff advertising—advertise, everywhere and anywhere, to the utmost of your means, or your credit, and you will end in the House of Lords or—in the Gazette. But if you trifle with advertising, you will lose your money without a doubt. As the majority of mankind have not the courage to play a bold game in any pursuit, it is certain that, as a rule, advertisers make small ventures, and waste their substance foolishly.

However, it is no use preaching against the system. As long as sudden fortunes are made by successful advertisers, thousands will try their luck, just as they would put into lotteries if they were allowed to do so. The true philosopher will find food for curious speculation in observing the arts by which advertisers seek to secure custom, just as he would in any other exhibition of men's weakness. Nobody, I am aware, can fathom the mysteries of the human heart, but that heart is even more unintelligible to me than I believed, if it is influenced by some of the devices laid out to attract it. For instance, some weeks ago I happened to be passing along the Strand, at a very early hour. At that season it was broad daylight by three o'clock, and the street was almost deserted. On my way I came across a man engaged in painting on every sixth stone an advertisement, addressed to persons in want of an iron safe. This process, as far as I could observe, he was repeating from Charing Cross to the foot of Ludgate Hill. Now, what conceivable motive could have induced the vendor of these safes to resort to such an unprofitable outlay? The class of persons, male and female, who frequent the Strand in the small hours of the night, are not likely to feel a keen anxiety on the subject of safes. Fast young men, newspaper compositors, and obscure “incognitas” have not much money to lose, and certainly none to keep. Before morning came, and wealthy men began to drive citywards, the scraping of the hundreds of thousand feet that pass along the great central thoroughfare of London, was certain to have rubbed off the announcement of the fire-and-robber-proof safe. Supposing, by any remote chance, that any belated banker, or a merchant driving to catch an early train, did catch sight of the short-lived announcement, is it conceivable that his mind was influenced by it? To own a safe you must be a man of wealth, gravity, and respectability; and if I were such, I should as soon think of buying a depository of my treasures because I had seen the maker's name dabbled on the stone pavement, as I should think of opening an account at a particular bank or taking a pew in church from similar motives. If—which is most improbable—I gave two thoughts to the matter, I should make a mental note not to buy my safe of a manufacturer who so

little appreciated the gravity of his important functions.

Then there used, last year, to be another advertisement which filled my unlearned mind with wonder. We must all remember the remarkable assertion that for months appeared on every blank wall in London:—“I have seen the Peep o' Day, and want to see it again.” Now, what could have been the mental process by which this advertisement drew crowds to the Lyceum Theatre? Is it possible that there are persons to whom any formula is welcome, and who are glad to act in accordance with any advice that anybody is kind enough to give them? The bucolic intellect is not of a rapid order; but still even the most ponderous of agricultural visitors to the metropolis would hardly have been induced to go and see the “Peep o' Day” on account of this solicitation.

Then there is another form of advertisement which is also a wonder to me, and that is the Insurance class. It is—at least so I should think—rather a serious matter, insuring your life. The act of doing so implies a certain amount of prudence, self-denial, and forethought. And yet people are supposed to be stimulated to such a proceeding by finding inserted between the leaves of a shilling novel a glowing pictorial prospectus of the Utopia and Arcadia Fire and Life Insurance Company, where half the premiums are returned with interest, in the shape of profits.

I am sorry, too, to see that this puffing system is gradually coming into vogue with regard to literary advertisements. I am prejudiced enough not to like sensation advertising, as applied to books. For instance, every now and then I take up my daily paper, and see that the proprietors of a semi-religious publication have filled a whole page with a string of selections from their own periodical. I feel inclined to reverse the old dictum about keeping silence from bad words, and wish that “Good Words” would keep silence themselves. I—speaking, I believe, purely as one of the reading public—am not a bit more inclined to buy a copy of this publication, because I see its proprietors have gone to the expense of purchasing a whole page of the “Times” for their advertisements. On the contrary, my feeling is that a periodical which courts such pushing is not likely to have great merits of its own. Knowing absolutely nothing of the publication in question, I may very possibly be wrong in my judgment, but I only state that this is the impression left on my mind, and, I should have thought, on the minds of ninety-nine persons out of every hundred who caught sight of this monster advertisement.

It is curious to observe how the advertisers of different nations avail themselves of the press. In France, where the “réclame” had its birth, the sensation system is still kept within bounds. The backs of the meagre four-page Parisian papers are constantly taken up with an advertisement in gigantic black letters of the Baths of Teufels-Bad, or the Pillules dorées of M. le docteur Rothomago. But still, even in these advertisements, there is a sort of propriety. The rows of letters are arranged in parallel lines, and there is nothing absolutely monstrous about their arrangement. In America,

on the other hand, the sensation advertisement runs to absolute riot. Every contortion and combination that type is capable of is resorted to in order to attract attention. The advertisements are placed at every angle to the letter-press, and disfigure the look of even the first papers in the country to a most marvellous degree. One discovery that Transatlantic puffers appeared to have made is, that iteration of the most objectionable order has a peculiar charm for the native mind. The same paragraph is repeated line after line and column after column without the slightest change or variation, till the classical formula, "Buy the Plantation Bitters," literally dances before the weary eyes of the reader. I have a presentiment that this fashion will come into grace in England. We shall live to see the day when the "constant reader" will take up his "Times" and see with horror an advertisement, after this form and fashion, sprawling across the page :

B U Y B U Y  
 B U Y B U Y  
 B U Y B U Y  
 B U Y B U Y  
 B U Y B U Y

and so on, *ad infinitum*. I can conceive and sympathise with his horror, but I know we must come to that. The rapacity of advertisers respects nothing, and the virtue of newspaper proprietors will not be proof against the assaults waged upon it. Already spasmodic typography is appearing in country papers. The most respectable provincial journals will allow engravings of tea-caddies, and ploughs, and Worcester sauce bottles, to be inserted in prominent positions in the very midst of the regular old-fashioned advertisements. It is very sad, and I would recommend any old compositor, who has saved a little money, to retire from his profession. A good workman who is proud of his work would, I am certain, feel it a bitter humiliation to have to head his page with sensation type headings.

Indeed, I consider that the whole system of advertising is still in its infancy. It is a science which has yet to be studied. At present our knowledge of its rules are purely empirical. Men who have had great practical experience of the subject have assured me that if you have a good article to sell, and if you advertise largely enough, you must make a fortune. It may be so, but my informants have always been the owners or agents of advertising mediums. The traders who have been most fortunate as advertisers, cannot tell themselves to what their success is due. All they know is, that if they leave off thrusting their goods under the eyes, and up to the mouths, and into the pockets of the public, their sales fall off at once. But whether one form of advertisement attracts more than another, they cannot discover. In fact, this branch of the piscatory art is still little advanced. We don't know what baits to use, or what fish to angle for. All we can do is to spread our nets, and fill them with all manner of flies and worms, and when we draw them up we are sure to find some fish at the bottom; but how many is as yet the result rather of luck than

skill. Meanwhile it is also an open question whether the profit on puff advertising is commensurate with the trouble and outlay, even in the cases of the most successful followers of the art. I have heard from the vendor of an article on which the sale was almost all profit, and which he advertised formally through the length and breadth of England, that he had to spend 25,000*l.* a year in advertisements, to get a net profit of 5000*l.*, and for the first few years he actually lost money. Then, if you begin the system, you must go on with it. If the public are once accustomed to see your name thrust before them on every occasion, they think you have died, or retired, or become bankrupt, as soon as you cease obtruding yourself on their notice. I doubt whether a permanent business is often made by advertising; or, at least, I cannot recall any great house of business which owes its position to a name acquired by puffing, and which is now able to dispense with the ladder by which it rose to fortune. This much, at any rate, I am convinced of, that if it were possible to strike a balance between the sums expended annually on puffing, and the profits made by the puffers, it would be found very much the wrong way. However, it is an ill wind which blows nobody any good. The advertisers, not the subscribers, support the press; and if every trader were a prudent man, the public would not have newspapers of the present quality at the present price. So everything, perhaps, is for the best in the best possible of worlds.

ITALIAN SKETCHES.

No. II.

PASS OF THE TORRE DEL CHIUNSE, AMALFI, SALERNO.

WE had been advised by a friend, who was well acquainted with all the beautiful country in the neighbourhood of Naples, to go over a mountain pass leading from what is called the Campagna Felice to Amalfi, instead of pursuing the usual coast road. He assured us that we should meet with no difficulties worth naming; while, on the other hand, the scenes through which this pass would lead us were most varied and striking. We went part of the way by railroad, having engaged our donkeys with their attendants to meet us at the station where we left the train; and accordingly there we found them in readiness; and, in the midst of a degree of noise and uproar that none but Italians of the lower orders can make, we were soon mounted, and on our way. The first mile led us through the hot dusty street of the little town of Nocera; we then passed through a rude gate which led us into a meadow in which the peasants were already cutting a very luxuriant crop of grass (the second week in May); from this meadow the ascent of the mountain begins at once, very steep even at first; the path was nothing but a green turf road, very narrow in some places, with a deep precipice going sheer down on one side; and as one turned and twisted round the sharp angles of the mountain, the donkey's feet, seeming to touch the extreme verge, it required no small degree of coolness to feel

perfectly at one's ease; but these moments were never of long duration, and the guides were always at hand to cheer and encourage one with the oft-repeated, "Va bene, signora, benissimo."

At length we found ourselves at the highest point of the ascent, where stood a half-ruined tower which gives its name to the pass (Torre del Chiunse"). In the lower room lives a peasant with his wife; most picturesque-looking people; the woman's dress (a snowy bodice, bright red petticoat, and blue jacket) was most becoming and pretty; and I found her very ready to converse in her soft Italian patois, and very proud of my notice of her little brown baby, with bright black eyes, which, according to the fashion of the country, was so tightly swathed up that it resembled nothing but an odd-shaped bundle, leaving only the bright eyes to testify to its natural liveliness. They brought out some deliciously cool wine, which was most welcome after the intense heat, and while we were resting she gave me some account of their winter-life in this lonely spot. They have to descend to Nocera, or more frequently to Majori, the village on the other side of the mountain, for all the small commodities they require; and, in winter, the path is almost impassable, owing to the frequent torrents which, rushing down from the heights, wholly obliterate every trace of pathway.

I asked her if she did not find it very dull. She looked surprised at the question, and had evidently not a wish for a change in her lot. She was a very pretty young woman in the first freshness of that very short-lived charm—Italian bloom. With women of that country it is gone while they are still in early youth, and they turn all at once into old women, and finally into something so hideous and repulsive that they resemble nothing but witches. I suppose it is partly owing to climate, and partly to the fact that they do all the out-door work which usually falls to the share of men.

My pretty friend, Caterina, told me that she cultivated their patch of ground; got in the crop of Indian corn; took care of the goats, and of the beautiful poultry we saw pecking about round the tower; dressed the vines, and so on; while her husband spent the greater part of his time at Majori, where he had a boat, which, in summer, was a source of profit to him, being constantly used by artists frequenting the neighbourhood for the sake of the beautiful scenery with which it abounds.

After a two hours' rest, we remounted our donkeys and began the descent of the mountain; the heat was really intense, and it was with feelings of great satisfaction that we caught glimpses of the blue sea, and found ourselves entering the beautiful chestnut woods which cover this side of the mountain. The shade was most delightful: beautiful plants nodded here and there, as if dreaming under the deep shadows; huge fig trees, of the most picturesque forms, sometimes bent right across our path, plainly proving how little it was frequented; the ground was carpeted with beautiful mosses, studded with the deep crimson flowers of the cyclamen, with their white-veined

leaves; pink and white rose trees climbed from branch to branch of the large trees; the ferns were rare and beautiful, convolvuli of every shade of pink and purple lent their aid to brighten the brilliant scenes, while the distant view increased in loveliness at every step.

At length a sudden turn brought us within view of Majori, nestled in a deep ravine between two wooded hills, the sea forming a very deep bay, while on the shore the peasants and boatmen were assembled, watching an English cutter which had just glided into the bay. I was the first to arrive, and, quickly dismounting, I turned back to gaze at the scene; the wooded heights we had descended forming the background, their summits seeming lost in the soft summer haze (the mountain we had just crossed was of considerable height), a silvery stream falling from one of the high rocks, glittered and sparkled in the sunshine, the long cavalcade of donkeys winding down the hill, with all their picturesque accompaniments, the ravine studded with cottages, the bright golden Indian wheat hung all over the front, as is the custom in all this country; and what could be wanting to make the picture perfect?

The boatmen assembled on the landing chanted in low tones the Ave Maria, or evening hymn,—a universal practice. A good-sized boat was in readiness, in which we embarked for Amalfi. Most delightful was the change from the uneasy motion of the donkeys, and the oppressive heat, to the repose of sitting in the boat, gliding along, refreshed by the cool evening breezes, and with every sense gratified! The moon rising over the wooded cliffs, fire flies flitting about everywhere, and the phosphoric lights shining on the water with a bright unearthly splendour.

When we arrived just opposite Amalfi the boatmen told us that we could not get close in shore owing to the rocks under the water, and they proposed to carry us the short distance, which they did with great dexterity, and no discomfort even to the ladies of the party.

As we were to remain two nights at Amalfi, we deferred all sight-seeing till the next day, when we were out at a very early hour, as we wished to see the sun rise. When we left the inn the whole scene still lay buried in as much of darkness as ever visits these favoured regions at any part of the night; but just as we arrived at the entrance of Le Val des Montins, the first faint tinge of rosy light appeared in the east, and gradually as we advanced it deepened and spread till the whole sky was one mass of rose-coloured clouds. The valley in all its loveliness lay around us, bright with the beautiful light, the sound of rushing waters falling on the ear: every leaf and tiny blade of grass glittering with the abundant dew that is so grateful to the thirsty vegetation in these hot countries, acacia trees filling the whole air with their perfume, while now and then a glimpse of the sea completed the matchless charm of the scene! Such colouring as can only be seen in southern skies was now displayed; no painter would dare to imitate it, even were it possible to catch the delicate tints; the singular half-rosy, half-golden clouds looked like floating islands from the Garden of Paradise, while the soft masses

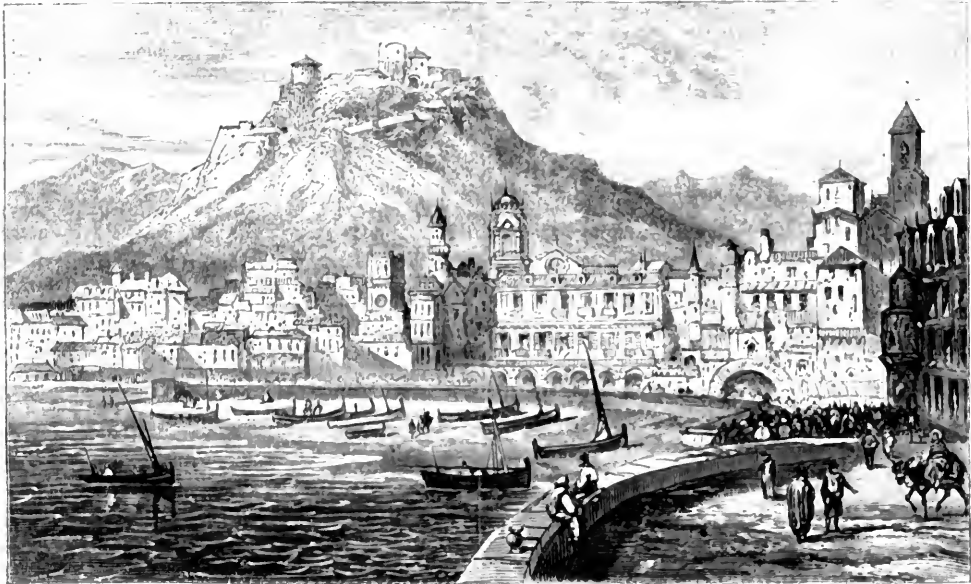


of rosy vapour just caught the golden light here and there; then again the rosy clouds turned to the most vivid crimson, and glowed like jewels set in a golden ground, purple, gold, crimson, and softest blue, all blended together in one gorgeous mass. What a sight it was! The Tower of Amalfi is built on so steep a rock that the houses seem piled one on the other; the streets are narrow passages between tall houses; lanes with high walls of rock on either side intersect the streets; steps up, steps down, wonderful labyrinths of curious passages: such is the interior of the town. In most places lamps were burning; had it not been so, it would have been quite dark in the interior parts of the town.

We ascended to a small picturesque tower, from

whence is to be seen the lovely bays of Majori and Minori; from the tower a narrow little path winds between aloes and myrtles: following it we were soon overshadowed by luxuriant vines trained over an arched walk, near which were some perfectly beautiful remains of ancient sculpture let into the stone wall, as is frequently the case in these old towers; there were wreaths of leaves carved in marble, most finished and beautiful, and a clasped hand, with part of the arm, the fingers holding a delicate spray of that lovely fern called Maiden-hair, that was as perfect in the design and execution as any sculpture I have ever seen. There were other exquisite morsels also let into the wall, surrounding a small burial-ground.

On our return through the Val des Montins we



Amalfi.

stopped to see one of the largest macaroni manufactures that is to be found in Italy. Let no one fancy the exquisite scenery I have described marred by the unsightly buildings, the discordant sounds of a manufactory, such as we see it in England, as there is nothing of the kind to be found here, only a very extensive group of rather picturesque low buildings, where this much sought-after article of food is prepared. I was too much pressed for time to make any lengthened stay in the manufactory. The process seemed a very simple one; to a certain extent it is carried on in all southern Italian villages. It is made of the beautiful flour that comes from the Indian corn, and when first run off in the liquid state into the grooved trays where it assumes its pipe-like form, it is of the most beautiful golden primrose

colour; this fades by degrees as it goes through one process after another till it becomes the colour we see it as it arrives in England. In all the Neapolitan villages one sees wooden frames standing outside the doors, on which the macaroni is hung in all its different stages for the benefit of drying in the sun; some of the strips are two, three, and even four yards long—not only the macaroni, but vermicelli—so fine as to render the threads scarcely visible—is placed on these frames; and I was told by those conversant with the subject that it is the want of this drying process which has caused the failure of all attempts to produce macaroni in England. It is after it comes from the manufactory that it goes through this baking process under that burning sun. Even before the corn is ground it goes through this drying process. All

the cottages have frames against the walls where the golden heads of corn are placed; and the effect is strikingly ornamental, as they cover the whole front of the dwelling with this glowing façade.

Towards eleven o'clock on the second morning we were again on our way; and, entering our boat, we rowed along the coast, hoping to reach Salerno by twelve o'clock. Pastum we had already seen, and I propose to give an account of it elsewhere. We could not have seen the enchanting scenery of the coast to greater advantage; and the pleasure of the excursion was greatly enhanced by the harmonious singing, or rather chanting, of our six boatmen, who gave us a succession of beautiful old Roman Catholic chants and hymns, and, being accustomed to sing together, the harmony was perfect.

Onwards we glided softly over the deep blue sea; the very sky above us looked pale, as though that glittering sea had robbed it of its brightness. How beautiful Salerno looked as we approached it! The whole coast to the right was one mass of brilliant colouring—a beautiful confusion of objects, as it were—while the vast open lanes lay like colonnades down in the sea, within which played the heavy billows. Upon the projecting point of rock stood a castle with turreted walls, on whose summit floated a small cloud.

We left our boat, and made our way through the usual crowd of boatmen, lazzaroni, peasants, men, and boys,—indeed, a greater crowd than usual, for the flower feast of the season was to be held that very day. The entire long, gently-ascending street of the town was covered over with flowers, the ground colour blue, and over these lay, in long strips, green leaves, alternated with the most gorgeous crimson and rose-coloured blossoms; at some distance, again, another similar strip, and between these a layer of dark purple flowers, so as to form, as it were, a broad border to the whole flower carpet. The middle was a mass of yellow, round, star-like flowers. The whole was a living flower mosaic floor, richer in gorgeous colouring than the most luxuriant fancy can dream of. The sun shone intensely hot over our heads, the bells rang, while the processions of the different flower-girls in their picturesque dresses moved along this exquisite flower carpet.

The people of Salerno certainly had every advantage in their command of flowers, which filled the air with a luscious perfume; and let it be borne in mind that all this brilliant display was seen on the 4th of May. And yet the natives called it a very backward season. The railway, to which we now returned, passes through the Campagna Felice; and, though I had seen it before, its wondrous fertility seemed to strike me anew. Not a spot of ground was wasted; the whole earth seemed to teem with produce.

The sun was slowly sinking beneath the horizon as we drove up to the Hôtel de Rome, and again found ourselves in our comfortable quarters there. But I had scarcely retired to my room half-an-hour, thinking with pleasure of a good rest after all our fatigues, when there came a vigorous

knock at my door, and then a voice calling to me to come at once to the top of the house, as the Mountain (it is never spoken of in any other terms at Naples) was in a state of great activity. So they describe a coming eruption.

I was not long in obeying the summons, and soon found myself, with the rest of our party, on the flat-terraced roof of the hotel, and immediately facing the mysterious mountain.

A sudden change had occurred in the weather, and the whole sky was dark with heavy gathering clouds. Distant thunder was already heard, and against the dark background of the gloomy sky the bright flames pouring forth from the mountain shot up clear and bright into the heavens like a magnificent column of fire, flashing and glowing—now golden, now red—in the midst of the inky darkness.

We gazed in awe-struck admiration, the flames at times giving place to showers of red-hot stones and cinders, the red torrent making its way down the sides of the mountain. All Naples seemed in a commotion, and we saw from our elevated position crowds hurrying along in the direction of Vesuvius. It was a glorious sight, and nowhere could we have seen it to greater advantage than where we were. At times the whole mountain seemed enveloped in flames, then volumes of murky smoke and vapour burst forth, and the flames died away for a time, while the angry torrents only glowed the more fiercely from the surrounding gloom. And then, again, while we watched intently, such a mass of flame burst forth from the crater that one closed one's eyes, fairly dazzled for a time by the overpowering brightness. For four hours the eruption continued with unabated fierceness; then, as if this had only heralded the coming storm, it burst forth with a degree of violence startling even to those used to these southern storms. The wild tornado of wind seemed as though it would sweep everything from the face of the earth in its furious gusts; the lightning came not at intervals, but in one blinding, continued sheet of blue and livid light; the thunder roared and cracked all round, and all nature was in a state of the wildest tumult. We could see the white crests of the waves as they heaved themselves against the rocks; and one could scarcely believe that raging, stormy sea was the transparent blue water we had so lately seen in all its calm loveliness. At length, to the relief of all those who were watching this conflict of the elements, the rain began to fall—not in drops or showers, but in literal sheets of water, extinguishing the fiery torrents rolling down the mountain, and telling all the experienced witnesses of the scene that the danger of the eruption was over for the present.

Awful as it was to witness, there was something inexpressibly grand in this magnificent sight. It had not been wholly unexpected, for the knowing observers of the mountain had told us that the entire absence of all smoke or flame from the crater for many weeks past portended some outbreak of the fierce elements sooner or later; and so it came to pass.

And thus ended our visit to Naples and its beautiful environs.

THE STATION-MASTER AT LONGLEY.



I AM not an old man, you say? Well, you are right there; one is not usually considered old at the age of forty-five. Why am I so bald, then? Ah, friend, you may well ask. Men do not usually lose their hair so early in life; and my scalp was polished, in this shining fashion, some fifteen years ago. It took only one grim night's work to do it all.

A story? Yes, comrade, there is a story anent this same poor bald pate of mine; and, if you wish to hear it, I will tell it you. It is an old story now, and over familiar to our friends about here, for I fear I have gabbled it somewhat too often when the bottle has been going round; but, as you never heard it before, you will find it as good as new. The up-train is not due for a full

hour yet ; and perhaps my story may help as well as anything else to kill time. Fill your glass, then, and draw nearer to the fire ; for that drifting snow outside does not make this winter night too warm.

You say you knew at once, when first you saw me, that I had served. Well, no doubt the soldier who has been in active service always bears the stamp of his profession about him. I have smelt powder on more than one field. I was nine years in the —th Fusiliers. I served in Canada ; and, after reaching the grade of sergeant, I was dangerously wounded in a rencontre with the Kafirs at the Cape, and was sent home with a pension. The restoration of health brought back my constitutional antipathy to idleness ; and, after knocking about in sore discontent for some time, I at last succeeded in procuring occupation as ticket-clerk at the Longley station on this line.

You don't know the country about Longley ? No. You lose nothing thereby ; for a more miserable district of bleak hills and wild barren moor is not to be found from this to John o' Groats ; and the population, rude and churlish, are as little attractive as the country they dwell in.

Amongst the few acquaintances I made during the one year I spent there, was a young fellow named Carston, the son of a wealthy sheep-farmer, who lived some six miles from the station. A clever fellow he was—the real manager of the farm—and on market-days, and such like, he was a frequent traveller on our line. Young Carston and I had come to be great friends, and more than one pleasant holiday I spent with him (for even we railway officials have holidays now and again) up amongst the hills, bleak and barren as they were. I dwell upon all this (rather tediously, perhaps) because it is to Frank Carston I owe this bald crown.

It was a cold, cheerless winter evening, as I stood upon the platform waiting for the mail train from the north, which was a little behind its time. There was no passenger from Longley : the train would not wait two minutes, and my work would be over when it had passed on. I was pleasantly anticipating a quiet night by my own fire-side, with a hot cup of tea and the London morning paper, when the train came dashing in and pulled up with a shriek, and a head was thrust out from one of the carriages, whilst the familiar voice of my friend Carston hailed me.

"Ned, old fellow," he said, as I hurried up to him, "I want you to do me a great favour. You see this bag : it contains two hundred sovereigns. To-morrow is rent-day, and I got this cash for the old man this morning. You know the craze he has for paying in gold. I am going through to London on urgent business, and what I want you to do for me is to take charge of the money and this letter, and carry them out to our place. Get any sort of conveyance and drive out : don't mind the expense—I'll settle all that. I know that, as a friend, you'll do this carefully for me. Tell father I'll be home to-morrow night, if possible."

Off went the train, and, before I could utter a word, I was left alone on the platform with the heavy bag of gold in my hand. The commission

with which I had been so unexpectedly entrusted was a very disagreeable one that bleak winter night ; but it would be churlish to disappoint a friend. I went to my lodgings, got some tea, loaded a small double-barrelled pistol (an unusual precaution suggested by the thought of the gold), put it in my pocket, and wrapped my great-coat round me. It was no easy thing to get carriage, fly, or gig, in a little place like Longley at that hour ; and what was a walk of four miles to me, when I was sure of a stiff glass of something warm and a good bed, that night, and a pleasant canter on a sure-footed nag back to the station in the morning ?

The night, though cold, was dry, and the moon was up. To be sure, some ominous clouds were gathering round her, and she was, not rising, but steadily sinking, and would soon be hidden behind the hills. No matter : I should be far on my way before her light was gone, and those clouds, I thought, were not likely to change into what they promised—a snow-shower—till I was safely ensconced by old Carston's hospitable fire-side. All went well enough for the first half-hour ; and as the brisk walk made the blood course warmly through my veins, I thought how much pleasanter this was than to be jolted and bruised in some such crazy lumbering old vehicle as the Longley Inn was capable of supplying, over that rough, wild, mountain road. But my anticipation of the weather proved sorely deceptive. Before the half-hour had well gone by, the snow-storm came down fierce and fast, and the moon was no longer visible. There was no help now, however, but all the more need to get to my journey's end as soon as possible ; so I clutched my stick with a firmer grasp, and quickened my pace. But the thick, steady fall of snow so darkened the air that I could not see twice my arm's length before me ; and I had not been walking many minutes when the apprehension stole upon me that I was fast losing my way. It was a dangerous locality I was in just then, in the midst of that snow-storm ; for the road wound over hill and moor, without wall or fence ; and, where the snow was rapidly covering heath and path alike, to trace my route with accuracy became impossible. Human life had been sacrificed more than once, amid the snow-drift, on that wild moor-land, and sheep innumerable had been lost. To make my danger greater, the place was full of pits and hollows, where mining speculators had tried to sink shafts in former years. Should I wander off the beaten track, the chances were I might meet a broken neck in one of those confounded holes.

I stumbled on at random. I had lost my bearings utterly ; and in a few minutes I knew as little where I was as if I had been suddenly set down bound and blind-folded in the middle of the moor. I was making way, surely, as best I could, through the snow-drift ; but, for all I knew, I might be going in any direction but the right one. Was I on the beaten road, or was I on the heath ? Another moment cruelly settled my doubts. One step more—my foot found no rest ; and I fell headlong into a broad, deep pit. Stunned by the fall, I lay there I know not how long. Bruised and giddy, I tried at last to regain my

feet, when a pang of exquisite pain shot through my left arm: the bone was broken. As with my right hand I now tried to steady myself and grope my way out of the hole, the agony I suffered was indescribable; yet my first thought was to feel for the bag of gold, which was still safely suspended from my neck. I crawled out of the pit, and pushed forward on chance: more slowly this time, though, and cautiously, for the terror of those vile holes was strong upon me now. But I grew weaker every moment, and a vague and sickly alarm seized me. Suppose I should swoon upon that moor—my head was giddy and my limbs unsteady already: what but a dreadful death under the fast-falling snow awaited me? At this horrible thought, a cold sweat suffused my whole body, and my parched tongue clove to my palate: to my last hour I shall not forget the horror of that picture of death which rose before my mind's eye that night. The pain of my arm grew more excessive every moment; it hung by my side like a leaden weight. But, strange to say, even with the grim terror of death before me, a wild desire began to creep over me to lie down upon the snow and rest. Had I done so, no doubt, my last sleep would have followed. But luckily just then a faint glimmer of light caught my eye, and with the eagerness of awakened hope I hurried towards it. In a few minutes I found myself at the open door of a wretched cabin, on the hearth of which a wood fire was burning.

"Hallo!" was the greeting I received from a rough voice, "who the —— are you, and what d'ye want here such a night as this?"

The wood which burned on the hearth was fresh and damp, and filled the cabin with smoke as well as with a pungent odour. It took some little time to discover in the far corner from which the voice proceeded, the figure of a man, large, gaunt, and broad-shouldered, raggedly clad, with dark scowling face, and bullet-head covered with coarse, black, matted hair. I hurriedly explained to this person my misadventure. He rose and pushed towards me the stool on which he had been seated.

"Sit you down, man," he said, somewhat less roughly, "you look weak, and a broken arm is no trifle. Though what we can do for you, hang me if I know. But what errand took you out upon the moor such a night as this?"

"I was going from Longley, on important business, to Farmer Carston's."

"From Longley to old Carston's!" he exclaimed. "Whew! Why, man, you chose a very round-about way to get to your journey's end."

"Round-about? What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that Carston's is nearly in the opposite direction," was his answer. "And you have been steadily walking away from it for the last half-hour at least."

"And how far am I from it now?"

"Some four good miles at least."

Here was a discovery; but what was to be done? I asked the man to guide me to Carston's, and offered to pay him well.

"Not for all the money they say old Carston has in the bank," he answered, "would I attempt

to go over the moor to-night. Why, man, the snow is falling so thick you couldn't see a yard before you. It would be as much as our lives are worth. Men have met their doom upon that moor outside, before now, on such a night as this."

All this time the pain of my arm was growing intolerable, and help of any kind was impossible there. What was I to do? Stay in this wretched place till morning, and endure my agony till daylight should bring the chance of aid? There was no alternative.

"All you can do," said the man, "is to keep where you are to-night; and be thankful that you have the shelter of even these miserable walls on such a night as this is. It will be well even, if this infernal snow-storm does not bury the cabin itself before morning. If you want anything to eat, you can have a crust of bread—that's all we have—and in that room inside you may lie down on the straw till morning comes. But you do look horribly beaten up; here, Sally, up with you, lass, and get us the black one."

I turned to the other corner, beside the fire, to which these words were addressed, and now beheld, for the first time, a young woman sitting beside a child that lay asleep upon the ground. I turned and found her eyes fixed upon me with a strange eager glare. She was miserably clad, and looked sickly and thin, yet her face showed the traces of much personal beauty. She was delicately fair: every feature was beautifully moulded; and her long dishevelled hair, of a golden tinge, actually glistened in the blaze of the fire. But what struck me most about her was the hungry, wolfish glare of her eyes, so unnaturally large: fastened as it was upon me, that wild, eager look made my heart sick with a vague feeling of dread and dislike. The woman did not speak; but she went to a large chest at the other end of the room (almost the only article of furniture in the place, except a rickety deal table and a couple of stools), and took from it a large black bottle and a broken cup.

"Come," said the man, taking the cup and the bottle, and pouring some of the contents of the one into the other, "you did not expect, perhaps, to see anything like this in a shepherd's hut on the moor. No matter; it came to us some way. Try it; the brandy is good, and you could not take better physic to-night."

Most gratefully did I seize the cup and drink off its contents; and never was cordial more welcome. The blood came coursing warmly through my shivering frame again, and for awhile I even forgot the excessive pain of my broken arm. Declining the bread which the man offered me, I drew nearer to the fire. I took the pistol from my breast-pocket and laid it on the ground beside me; and as I stooped to do this, the bag of gold struck against the stool with a musical clink of the coins within. The next moment, when I raised my head, I found the terrible eyes of the woman fastened upon me with a glare more hungry and wolfish than before. I was startled and (almost mechanically) thrust the bag into my breast. She turned away, muttering something about my bed, and went into the other room of the cabin.

In the meantime, the man sat down at the other side of the fire, where the child was sleeping, and (he had taken some of the brandy and was less rough and more communicative now) began to talk about the snow-storm, the probable loss of sheep it would cause, and the similar visitations of former years. In about a quarter of an hour, the woman came to the door of the other room and called him to her. He went; and, for several minutes after, I heard them conversing in low, eager tones. Their words I could not catch; but the woman seemed to be vehemently urging something upon her companion, whilst his answers were brief and hesitating. Gradually, the voices grew confused—a drowsy feeling crept over me—and I remembered no more. Whether one minute or an hour had passed I knew not, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a hoarse voice sounded in my ear:

“Come, friend, you’re tired, I see; you had better throw yourself on the bed inside, and sleep till morning.”

I started up, and was soon recalled to perfect consciousness by the sharp pain of my broken arm. The man was standing beside me.

“My wife has shaken out the straw,” he said, “as softly as possible; and I mistake if, after to-night’s tramp, you don’t find it as pleasant as a bed of down. But take this by way of a night-cap before you go.”

I drank the brandy, and, muttering a few words of thanks, was turning away, when he stopped me.

“See,” he said, “you are forgetting your pistol. You had better take it with you.”

I did so, and, bidding them good night, went into the other room. My bed was a heap of straw covered with a piece of coarse sacking; but, had it been of choicest feathers, it could not have been more welcome then. I stretched myself upon it, and was soon fast asleep. But sleep brought with it confused and distressing dreams, with which the glare of those wild, hungry eyes was strangely mingled: I awoke with a sense of pain intolerable, and found that I had turned over on my left side, pressing my wounded arm under me. How long I had been sleeping, of course, I could not tell; but the first sound that fell upon my ear was the confused murmur of voices from the other room. Immediately the voices grew more distinct, and some words reached me that speedily brought me to a terrible consciousness of my position. One of those words was “gold”; and, at the sound, my hand searched for the bag: it was there safe. With a grim terror at my heart, I rose and crept toward the door. Through a chink between the shrunken boards I could see the man and woman seated at the fire. The latter, whose face was almost completely turned towards me, sat with her elbows on her knees—and her chin resting on her palms. Those eyes of hers were fixed upon the man, and they glowed with a hellish fire. I sickened at the look of that face, so handsome, so delicate, so fiend-like. The man was speaking at the moment; and as the sound of his voice drew my eyes towards him, I beheld beside him an object that made my blood run cold—a large, shining hatchet or cleaver.

“I can’t help it, lass,” he was saying; “I don’t like the job; and I wish the thing could be done some other way. About taking the gold I’m not particular to a hair, and in a downright tussle I shouldn’t much mind knocking a fellow on the head. But to murder a man in his sleep—dang me, but it goes against my kidney.”

“But those beautiful golden coins, Bill dear,” the tempting fiend rejoined; “the lovely gold that would take us out of this hell at once. What is one miserable life compared to that? And who will know about it? The snow-storm is most lucky. We can put him deep down beneath the piled-up snow in one of those holes outside, and we shall be many a hundred miles from this,—ay, across the Atlantic itself—before any trace of him is found.”

How my blood curdled and my hair grew stiff with horror, as I listened to the words of this female devil, and watched the gorgon-like glance of her eye, and the hideous smile that curled her lips. I have been in deadly peril of life and limb in more than one fierce fight, as these medals show. I remember once when the knife of a gigantic Kaffir was at my throat, and I thought all was over with me, till a comrade’s rifle brought that savage down. But never, in deadliest hour of danger, did I feel anything like the sickly terror and loathing which crept round my heart as I listened that night to the murderous words that woman uttered.

“It’s all the same,” replied her companion—“’tisn’t the danger of discovery I’m afraid of. ’Tis the job itself I don’t like: the murder of a sleeping man in cold blood—iph!”

With fury flashing from her eyes she sprang to her feet and seized the hatchet.

“Coward and fool!” she hissed, “do you call yourself a man? You see your wife and child starving before your eyes, and you have not the manhood to do the deed which will save them from the death of dogs. I will do it, myself.”

“Easy, lass,” he said, catching her by the wrist, and drawing her back to her seat again. “You’re a plucky girl, Sal, but d’ye think I’d let a woman do what I had not the courage to attempt myself? I told you I did not like the job: I had rather get at the money any other way; but I didn’t tell you that I wouldn’t do it. Sit you down, and let’s talk it over. The chap is fast asleep now—the fatigue and the brandy have done for him, and you can hear him moaning as he sleeps. This ugly bit of steel may be useless, after all. A cloth upon his mouth and my hand upon his windpipe may be enough. There will be no signs of blood; and when they do find him after the snow melts, they will say he perished in the storm.”

“Now, Bill,” said the woman, with a horrid show of admiration, “you talk like a man, and a wise one. I begin to know you again.”

“Well, lass,” he said, “consider the thing as done. Just give me the bottle.”

He took it, raised it to his lips, and drank a deep draught. With trembling hand I felt up the door for bolt or lock. There was a wooden bolt only. Gently and silently I pushed it home, then crept back to my bed and searched for my pistol, resolved to sell my life dearly. I got the pistol,

drew back the hammers—and felt the nipples: the caps were gone! I tried the barrels: they were drenched with water. I saw it all: the pistol had been dealt with whilst I slept at the fire; and I was now utterly at the mercy of those fiends. But I had little time to waste in thought, for the next moment the door was shaken by a heavy hand. I lay back and moaned and snored like one in a troubled sleep.

“The door is bolted on the inside,” I heard the man whispering; “the fellow fastened it before he went to sleep.”

“Then burst it open,” said the woman.

“No,” was the rejoinder, “that would waken him up, and he might show fight. We must adopt some quieter course.”

“There’s the window,” she said; “can you not get in through that?”

“Quite right, lass: I had forgotten.”

I looked to the window: it was an aperture some two feet square or more, with a crazy sash of four panes, every one of which was broken. I crawled towards it and felt the sash: the hand of a child might have pulled it out. What was I to do? What chance of a struggle had I now? Faint and weary, with that broken arm, what resistance could I offer to this man of gigantic strength? Crushed by the prospect of my inevitable doom, I staggered back from the window and fell against a projection of the gable-wall. I thrust out my right hand to save me from sinking to the ground: it did not touch the projection, but stretched far into some hollow space. A pang of hope shot through my heart: here was a large open chimney like that at the other end of the cabin; and I felt the snow, which had fallen down through it, crackling under my feet. Could I escape through this? Was there still a chance of life? I stooped under and thrust up my head. The aperture was wide and deep, and the large stones of the rude masonry projected on every side. These were steps by which it was easy enough to climb. To think of all this, and to act upon my thought, occupied less time than I have taken to tell it. In spite of the helplessness of my left arm, and the excruciating pain I felt from it, I was up through the chimney and out on the roof before I heard the frail sash below forced in. To slide to the ground was easy enough; and, blessing God for my deliverance, I crawled round to the other end of the cabin, and from this starting-point I hurried away across the moor as fast as my feeble limbs could bear me. Looking back, I saw the glare of light from the open door of the cabin, and heard the shout of a fierce, angry voice. The snow-drift had almost ceased to fall, and the whitened ground gave out some faint light through the winter darkness. What I longed for now was some pit or hollow to creep into and burrow there till immediate danger was over. I was not long in finding one. I slid down into it, and with my right hand gathered the snow around me. Not ten minutes had I lain there when I heard a heavy footstep crunching the snow above. It was my pursuer, the intending assassin; and I could hear his muttered curses as he passed on. In a few moments more I heard him coming back again, and then all was silent

and still as death. At length I crept out from my hiding-place, with cramped and aching limbs. I knew no more in what direction to turn now than I had known before I had entered that accursed cabin; but I struck right ahead, knowing that there must be a human habitation somewhere before me, should I only have strength enough to reach it.

I was fearfully exhausted, and I dragged my feeble limbs along as if they were weighted with lead. For a time the consciousness of danger, and the excitement of the fearful scene I had gone through, sustained me; but, by-and-by, strength and reason alike seemed to desert me, and I staggered along like one in the delirium of fever. How long this continued I cannot tell, for I made no count of time that terrible night; but I remember how, at last, in utter exhaustion, I fell prostrate on the snow.

As I lay there, unable to rise, and unable to move a limb, a long piercing shriek, the horrible import of which I knew too well, rang in my ears. I looked up: that eye of fire was right before me. How can I tell you the horror of my situation?—a life’s agony compressed into the compass of one awful minute. The goods train, which always passes Longley about three o’clock in the morning, was coming, and I was lying helpless on the rails! With a cry of agony I tried to rise, but I fell back in utter exhaustion. Even the terror of approaching death did not give me energy enough to crawl from where I lay. But my mind was active enough for the one thought: to stretch myself out with my head towards the engine,—my only chance of safety. Commending my soul to God, I lay prostrate and closed my eyes. The next instant the shriek of the engine, loud and terrific, blended with the rattle of the carriages and the grinding sound of the wheels upon the snow that covered the rails, and then—and then I looked up to heaven, with a feeble laugh of speechless gratitude; and all danger was over. The train had passed along the other line of rails, not over those between which I lay: the snow had prevented me from distinguishing the one from the other; but had I had strength enough to crawl in the direction I had intended, the engine and carriages would have inevitably passed over me, and left me there a mangled corpse. It was my utter weakness which saved my life. The joy of my delivery from a horrible death was followed by a natural reaction. I sank back in a swoon; and, when consciousness came back to me again, I found myself, weak and wasted, in my own bedroom, and in my own bed, where (they told me) I had lain for eleven days in raging fever. It seems that, in the morning, one of the railway porters found me lying insensible in the snow; and thus I was, a third time within a dozen hours, saved from death. But this bald pate was the price I paid.

“But the bag of gold?”—

Was found suspended from my neck, and, with the letter found in my pocket, was delivered in the proper quarter.

“And the intending assassins?”

I know nothing of them. They did not belong to that part of the country. They had disappeared

from the cabin on the moor several days before I recovered from my fever, and, therefore, before suspicion could have fallen upon them; and they were never heard of after.

"The Carstons, I hope, were grateful?"

Do you see where that light is burning faintly, in that window across the line there? Frank Carston's sister is sleeping (peacefully, I should hope), in that room. She is mother of three of the finest young Britons in this big shire, and I am their father. But here comes the mail train, and it makes no long stay here: you had better look after your luggage.

H.

### THE HEAD-GARDENER.

At the first glimpse, we should feel inclined to pronounce the post of head-gardener at a nobleman's or other great country mansion, where the gardens were extensive and well-cared for, to be as delightful and healthful a situation as could fall to the lot of any man who has to work for his livelihood. In the first place, his temporal wants would be sufficiently provided for; for he would live rent free in a comfortable house, and he would have an annual income varying from two hundred to a thousand pounds. Then he would have under him a large staff of assistants who would do all the manual labour; he would purchase with his employer's money everything that was needed for the gardens and green-houses; and all that he would have to do would be to walk about and give orders, and pass his time amid the loveliest flowers and most luscious fruits. On the first glimpse, therefore, such an occupation (more especially during the pleasant days of summer) would seem to offer unalloyed happiness and all that the heart could desire.

For, certainly, no more innocent recreation could be found than occupation in a garden, where we can look through Nature up to Nature's God, and in the bright flowers see His glorious revelation written over the whole world.

"My God, my garden, and my grave is now all that I have to live for!" was once said by a pious Churchman who had spent a toilsome life and was ready to depart, with Simeon's prayer upon his lips. In the quiet of his garden there was much to attune his heart to the great change through which he must soon pass; there was much to remind him of that which was written two hundred years ago by Milton's friend, Andrew Marvell, when he thus addressed his garden,

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,  
And Innocence, thy sister dear?  
Mistaken long, I sought you then  
In busy companies of men.  
Your sacred plants, if here below,  
Only among the plants will grow.  
Society is all but rude  
To this delicious solitude.

In his garden he would be surrounded by "floral apostles" (as Horace Smith called them) who could silently preach to him many lessons of truest wisdom; for, in the words of Allan Cunningham,

There is a lesson in each flower,  
A story in each stream and bower;

In every herb on which you tread,  
Are written words, which, rightly read,  
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,  
To hope, and holiness, and God.

Indeed, the occupation that is to be found in a garden brings not only health to the body but to the mind also; and where, from the nature of the case, it is impossible to have even the smallest garden space close to one's own doors, we should encourage the establishment of allotment grounds—those sworn foes to the public-house and gin-shop—where the working-man can profitably and healthfully employ his spare time, benefit himself and family, and be the head-gardener of the household. So salutary is the effect that a garden may produce on the morals, that, in the Eastern suburbs of London, a professional horticulturist has long since adopted the benevolent and praiseworthy scheme of giving employment in his gardens to those young thieves who wish to leave off their sinful course of life and take to honest labour—labour which no one feels disposed to give them, and the lack of which, therefore, throws them back into their old evil ways. This humane person comes to the rescue of these outcasts, and sets them to work in his gardens, where there is no sedentary occupation in a close and stifling atmosphere to repel them at the outset of their undertaking, but where there is plenty of fresh air, labour enough to procure an appetite for meals, sufficient society to be pleasant without being pernicious (for, there are wise rules on this point, to prevent the boys from herding and plotting together and keeping up the contaminations from which they have been rescued) and sufficient freedom to make them feel otherwise than prisoners. After a time of probation satisfactorily passed, they are entrusted upon errands, and sent to pay and receive bills; and there is scarcely an instance in which the trust reposed in them has been found to be misplaced; but, in the majority of cases, the judicious treatment and the gentle delights of the garden have completely humanised the little outcasts, and have fully reclaimed them from those "guilt gardens" in which their early years were passed. And who would not applaud their head-gardener for his truly valuable and Christian work!

But such a head-gardener as this is one of a thousand; although, certainly, every gardener has to deal with little thieves, and two-legged ones too; but they come chiefly in a feathered shape, and claim toll of fruit rather than flowers. With such thieves as these does the head-gardener wage war, coming out to battle, even as the Chinese do, with hideous "mawkins," and other devices, wherewith to terrify and scare them from his enclosures; and, if these plans do not avail, he is compelled to deal with his enemies in a more summary manner. But, I began by speaking of the situation of a head-gardener at some mansion, hall, or castle, where there are what are commonly called "show gardens."

Now, suppose yourself to be in the company of such a head-gardener, who is showing you over the spacious grounds entrusted to his care. Throughout the country there are many such gardens belonging to the nobility and landed



gentry, to which, on certain days, people are allowed free access, and where many thousands of those whose lot is cast amid the toil and turmoil of great towns have thus the privilege of refreshing their eyes and senses with the floral and other treasures on which so much cost and care have been expended. The grounds over which the head-gardener is taking you are very extensive; and nature has given such a romantic diversity to the situation, and varied it with such beautiful slopes, soft lawns, deep valleys and bold hills, that it must have been a pleasing task to introduce art to give the crowning grace to Nature's work. This task fell to the care of the head-gardener. His was the brain to plan; his was the experience to carry out the plans; his was the fostering care that crowned those plans with such complete success; and the satisfactory effect of the gardens must, in a great measure, be attributed to his cultivated taste and artistic eye for pleasing combinations of forms and judicious distribution of colours. Woods, lakes, pools, fountains, clumps of trees, single trees, masses of shrubs, all have to be duly arranged for, and, as it were, made to fall into their respective positions in the landscape; and no slight experience or imperfect knowledge of the harmonies of colours could lay out an upland undulating lawn of fifty or a hundred acres, so that the wood and water should be made to assume their most picturesque forms, and a million bright blossoms of every hue be gathered into their proper places. The head-gardener has to look to this, and to take full advantage of the capabilities of the ground; and the result of his labours is a triumph of landscape gardening, creditable alike to his fine taste and practical skill. And, thanks to the kindness of heart and uncommon liberality of the noble owners of such gardens, their beauties are freely shown to thousands of the industrious classes, whose long days of toil amid brick and smoke and steam make a visit to the fresh loveliness of the country a healthy medicine to mind and body.

As we stroll through such gardens as these, and gaze upon the many flower-beds, each, for the most part filled with but one particular kind of flower, but all one blaze of beauty; and, as we admire the undulating ribbon-borders, as they are called, composed of thin lines of flowers, crimson, orange, blue, white, purple, and scarlet, all lying closely one behind the other, and, with their parti-coloured stripes, winding waving lines of floral loveliness between the level spaces of smooth turf and the dark masses of shrubs,—as we feast our eyes upon these glowing colours and rich masses, the head-gardener gives us some little idea of the quantity of bedding-plants that he has used to make this show. They are no less (he says) than one hundred and fifty thousand, and their very lowest cost would be seven thousand pounds; but they have nearly all been raised in the gardens. He also points out to the visitor valuable specimens of the Pine tribe, small plants of which have cost thirty pounds; and also of the *Pinus macrocarpa*, from the Rocky Mountains, and of the *P. nobilis*, in his quest for which Mr. Douglas, the collector, met with a more horrible death than could, perhaps, be conceived by the brain of a "sensation" novelist

for the destruction of the villain of his romance—the falling into a pit in which wild oxen had been entrapped, who, savage by nature, and maddened by captivity and hunger, fell upon the unfortunate martyr of science and gored him to death.

Who loves a garden, loves a green-house too, says the poet Cowper; and it is in the green-houses and conservatories that a chief portion of the head-gardener's labours can receive their due meed of appreciation. Indeed his labour and skill are by no means at an end when the flowers have been raised and brought into bloom; for their effect may be marred by an injudicious arrangement. The "grateful mixtures of well-matched and sorted hues," is indispensable; and such a labour "asks the touch of taste." But, when the visitor views the perfected work, he can scarcely help thinking how delightful must be the office of that man whose daily duties are discharged amid all that is so bright and beautiful. And, certainly to one, who on a lovely summer's day, looks upon the flower-knots, each filled with its own peculiar colour, and scattered like rainbow drops over the wide expanse of velvet lawn—to one who observantly rambles through such gardens, drinking in deep draughts of delight at every step, as the varied beauties of the spot pass before him—its pools and lakes and fountains, its rockeries and statuary, its clumps of giant timber, its stately chestnuts and swarthy copper-beeches, its thickets of rhododendrons and azaleas, its undulating ribbon-borders, its great conservatory crammed with bloom, with climbing plants wreathed around its pillars and girders, and swinging their festoons on high; the orange-house with its living bridal bouquets and golden globes; the green-houses, with their roses and heaths and begonias, and gloxinias, and camellias, and a thousand and one floral attractions; the vinceries, and pineries, and peacheries, and orchard houses rich with luscious fruit; and the stoves, hot and damp, and overpoweringly fragrant with the odour of Cape jessamine and delicate exotics, with fairy-like ferns and rare lycopodiums, with water lilies and other aquaria floating in their hot tanks, with dwarf trees and tussack grasses, and prickly cactuses, and strange orchids with their curious blossoms like winged birds, butterflies and insects—to one who gazes with pleased surprise on all these beautiful objects, and sees how

All rare blossoms, from every clime,  
Grow in that garden in perfect prime,

and finds everything so successful and complete, so neat and trim and orderly, no dead leaves or parasites, or

Killing insects and gnawing worms,  
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,

(such as the lady of *The Sensitive Plant* would have removed in her basket of Indian wool,) to mar the perfect beauty of the plants—to one who sees this on a lovely summer's day, the view of a head-gardener's situation is tinged with a roseate hue. The idea harmonises with the odorous beauties around. To be daily among such an accumulated wealth of loveliness must be a privilege, and the proud possessor of that privilege is a man to be envied.

And, indeed, such an idea is in the main correct; but, a few minutes' thought will reveal to our minds the various toilsome steps that must be surmounted before the pinnacle of success can be gained. What method, tact and skill must be required to drill so large a number of subordinates, and assign to each their several duties about the fruits and flowers! What care and thought must be bestowed ere those fruits and flowers can come to perfection! How many sleepless toilsome nights must be passed during the wintry frosts and snows, when an hour's relaxation of vigilance, a single disobedience of orders, or a slight variation in the height of the thermometer, may undo the daily toil of many months. All these, and many other circumstances, combine to render the post of head-gardener at a large establishment, although in many respects an enviable and delightful situation, yet one that is fraught with much care and anxiety, and with great responsibilities. Well did the poet Cowper advise the wealthy to "grudge not the cost" of their gardens; for, said he,

Ye little know the care,  
The vigilance, the labour, and the skill  
That day and night are exercised, and hang  
Upon the ticklish balance of suspense.  
Ten thousand dangers lie in wait to thwart  
The process. Heat and cold, and wind, and steam,  
Moisture and drought, mice, worms, and swarming  
flies,  
Minute as dust, and numberless, oft work  
Dire disappointment, that admits no cure,  
And which no care can obviate.

In short, the post of a head-gardener is much the same as any other office where work and skill and responsibility are required; and there are thorns thickly set about the roses of his life, no less than about those that make his gardens so gay. Yet his lot has much in it that begets healthy contentment and innocent thoughts; and his daily occupations amid the lovely creations of God's hand may aptly suggest to him the reflection contained in that verse of Montgomery,

If God has made this world so fair,  
Where sin and death abound,  
How beautiful beyond compare  
Will Paradise be found!

CUTHBERT BEDE.

### A SHORT VISIT TO AN INDIAN RESERVATION.

ON Saturday, the 8th of June, 1861, in the course of a year's tour through the States, I found myself at St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota, and at the head of regular steamboat navigation on the Mississippi. I had not been there long before my attention was drawn to the following advertisement in a St. Paul paper:

#### GRAND PLEASURE EXCURSION TO THE SIOUX AGENCY.

The Two Steamers, FRANK STEELE, Capt. Hatcher, FAVOURITE, Capt. Bell, of Davidson's Line, will make an Excursion Trip to the

#### LOWER SIOUX AGENCY,

ON MONDAY, THE 17TH DAY OF JUNE.

Leaving St. Paul at 4 p.m., and arriving at the Agency in time to WITNESS THE PAYMENTS, which will come off on the 19th and 20th.

This will afford a good opportunity to persons wishing to visit this SPLENDID REGION OF COUNTRY, and of witnessing the ceremonies of the payment of nearly  
FIVE HUNDRED INDIANS.

State Rooms can be secured of TEMPLE & BEAUPRE, Agents, on the Levee.

As the excursion would be to me a novel one, I decided on joining it. On the Monday following I was fortunate enough to meet with a fellow-countryman, whom I will call Brown, who, like myself, was travelling through the country for pleasure, and with whom I had previously made acquaintance in the South. He agreed to go with me, and accordingly, after securing a state-room, and spending the intervening week very pleasantly in fishing-expeditions to some of the neighbouring lakes, we went on board the Frank Steele, the larger of the two boats advertised, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th.

The Frank Steele, though rather small of its kind, was a type of that peculiar build of steamers which navigates the Mississippi and its tributaries—a sort of house-boat in stories—for everything was above deck. There was the deck itself, or ground-floor, for instance, not more than some three feet above the water, on which the machinery was placed, and on this also was stowed away fuel (which was used in large quantities, and renewed from time to time on the voyage), as well as freight, which forms at least as important a branch of the ordinary business of the river-steamers as the passenger-traffic. Above this the first floor was mainly occupied by the saloon, reaching nearly from stem to stern, painted white, and lined on each side with a row of state-rooms. Each room was fitted with two berths and opened by one of two doors into the saloon, and by the other into the "guard," a passage which stretched round the saloon and formed a promenade. The after-end of the saloon was appropriated to the ladies, and could be shut off from the rest by folding-doors, at pleasure. Over this lay the officers' quarters, which covered a much smaller area, leaving around them abundant space from which to enjoy a good look-out on the scenery. The whole was crowned with a sort of square box, in which the helmsman, or "wheelsman," as he is termed, sat at the wheel. The draught of water of a boat of this kind is so light as to enable her to run with safety to within a few feet of the bank, and so to obviate the necessity of anything in the shape of a pier at the landings; when the vessel is lightly laden, it is often not more than twenty-six inches. Americans are apt to speak of these vessels as "floating palaces," but with the exception of some in the South, in which higher fares are charged and proportionably better treatment given, they are nothing of the kind. You are provided in them, it is true, with three meat meals a day, but the food is greasy and badly cooked, and you are invariably placed in the dilemma of being obliged to bolt your dinner (with the rest) in a quarter of an hour, or leave the table with an appetite. Another drawback exists in the fact that the state-rooms are extremely small, and are unprovided with any washing-apparatus whatever. The passenger is dependent for his morning's ablutions on waiting his turn for a damp rub at one of three basins in

the barber's shop. Even clean sheets are to be regarded as a luxury not always met with. On one occasion I had the misfortune to join a boat at an intermediate landing, and was assigned the second berth in a state-room in which one was already appropriated. Finding, in spite of a careful comparison, some difficulty in deciding which of the two was the unoccupied one, the first time I met my room-fellow (an average Western man), I appealed to him, asking him to be kind enough to point out his own. He said he "guessed it didn't matter much—he'd slept in both." But against all these disadvantages must be set off the low rate of fare, which rarely exceeds two cents a mile, and in long distances often falls materially short of that sum. This includes board and everything but boot-cleaning, a luxury dispensed with by most of the passengers, but, if indulged in, is charged by the porter at the modest rate of 10 cents (5*cl.*) for every pair of boots. The fare on the present occasion was 10 dollars (2*l.*) for a distance of some 600 miles and a week's board.

But to the excursion itself. It was of course crowded, as excursions are the world over. Two boats had been advertised, at least two boat loads of passengers were anxious to go, but they were all economically stowed away into the unhappy Frank Steele. My friend and myself had good reason to congratulate ourselves on having secured berths. At night the saloon was strewn with passengers who had come too late for state-rooms. Many even had to sleep outside in the "guard." To get a seat at the first set of tables at each meal was a study with those who attempted it, and the requisite hanging about in the neighbourhood to achieve a place even at the second set (beyond which we soon ceased to aspire), was no trifling tax on patience. But such discomforts were not without mitigation. We had the good luck to suffer in common with three fellow-countrymen, two of whom—Black and White—were travelling together, while the third, Blue (he had a weakness for looking at the blue side of things), was for the time being travelling alone, and we managed together to make time pass pleasantly enough, rubbing much of it away in whist. For the scenery, though pretty, was monotonous—a low line of green sloping bluffs at a little distance from the river on one side, the other bank flat and tolerably wooded—and compared poorly with the glorious variety of the Upper Mississippi. But in addition to our English party of five, I may mention another gentleman on board, from five-and-thirty to forty years of age, whose English dress, combined with a dragoon's moustache and a fashionable drawl, induced us to regard as an Englishman, in spite of one or two points that puzzled us rather. The passengers generally were evidently of our opinion. A report soon reached our ears that there was an "English lord" on board, and before long took a more definite shape, an apoplectic coloured barber remarking to one of us on the second day out (in allusion to the passenger in question), that he was "surprised to find Lord Palmerston so young a man." So he became known amongst us as "Pam." We afterwards made acquaintance with him and found we had been mistaken. He proved to be an American, who had, however, spent twelve

years of his life in Europe. He was subsequently kind enough to make himself of much use to us at the Agency.

And so we went on, steaming semicircles up the winding course of the stream, now and then touching at some settlement by the way, the whole population of which, attracted by the thrilling strains of the band we carried on board, would come forth to a man, woman, and child to stare us a greeting. But it seemed our fate to be always taking in passengers and never putting any off, and we became more crowded at every landing. Now and then, as we got higher up the river, we varied the monotony of our life by running aground, and so sticking for an hour or so, for the water was falling rapidly; and there was even some question as to whether it would remain deep enough to allow us to reach the Agency. But by the evening of Wednesday (19th), we found ourselves at Fort Ridgeley, a frontier post about thirty miles from our destination, one which has since gained a sad renown as the scene of the recent massacres. Here, though we were glad to rid ourselves of a painfully dirty detachment of volunteers, brought up to relieve the regular garrison, whose services were wanted elsewhere for the war, our troubles came to a climax. The river above this point being narrow and not free from obstructions, we lay off the Fort till daylight. So, in the first place, the mosquitoes, hitherto kept off by the motion of the boat, make a dead set at us, driving some from their berths on to deck, and deterring others from seeking theirs. By about two in the morning, feeling drowsy enough to defy the troublesome insects, we are fairly under way for the land of dreams. But by this time the band is drunk, and will play the liveliest tunes overhead to the confusion of slumber, till, seized by a sudden desire to refresh themselves by a walk in the night air, and rejoin the boat some miles a-head, they tramp off, and the noise of their instruments dies gratefully away in the distance.

To sleep at last—only to be awoke by the pattering rain of a thunderstorm, which comes down in such force as to make a way for itself into the next state-room to Brown's and mine, washing White out of it, and leaving Black to extract what comfort he can within for the rest of the night out of the floor and an umbrella. However, by daylight on Thursday morning we were off again, and by ten had safely reached our stopping place, the Lower Sioux Agency. We had had warning of our near approach to it for the last mile or so of the way, from a number of swarthy young vagabonds in ragged blankets, who from time to time as they sighted the steamer would give chase for a few yards along the bank, and we were now scarcely well up to the landing before we were boarded by numerous members of the tribe, who at once began to examine everything with the greatest curiosity, and were soon engaged in driving bargains with the passengers.

We had learnt, soon after leaving St. Paul, that the captain had no intention of fulfilling the implied terms of the advertisement by remaining at the Agency a couple of days, but that he would stay a few hours only, and indeed that the date of

the payment was very uncertain, depending on the agent's ability to get everything in readiness. We now heard for certain that the payment would not take place for some days at least, and the captain gave notice that he should return in the evening. So we landed with the intention of procuring what accommodation we could at the Agency for a few days, and of getting back to St. Paul in the best way we could. The Agency is situated on the right bank of the Minnesota, at a height of perhaps two hundred feet above the landing, overlooking on one side the beautiful valley of the river, and on the other three one vast green field of rolling prairie stretching away to the horizon. What few houses there are are of the simplest kind, and belong chiefly to the Indian traders, who buy skins and furs of the Indians, and sell them flour, blankets, or anything they require, frequently taking, in default of money, from those who are hard up, even pipes and personal ornaments, which they make a profit of, either by reselling to their former owners when flush of cash, or to any stray traveller curious in such matters, who, like ourselves, might chance to visit the Reservation. These traders' stores are served by half-breeds who speak both languages. Scattered thinly about the neighbourhood are the bark huts of those Indians who, though absent for a great portion of the year, yet regard the place as central quarters, and return to it at sowing and harvesting seasons, while here and there are a few clapboard cottages, built by the government for those who can be induced to settle and farm a grant of land. There were comparatively few tents to be seen at this time, though the Indians about the place were in greater numbers than usual, owing to the near approach of the payment. They consist of two classes—the "civilised," or farmer Indians, and the "blanket," or wild Indians. The so-called "civilised" are those who have consented to discard their wild dress in favour of that of the whites, and have thus made themselves eligible to receive a government grant of land, to which are generally added a cottage, the fencing of the soil, a yoke of oxen, and a few agricultural implements. The exchange of blankets and leggings for coat and trowsers is insisted on as the one essential qualification for the receipt of this bounty; but it was decided in one of the Minnesota courts about this time, that, to render himself capable of voting in the elections, the Indian must go a step farther and be conversant with one of the languages of civilisation. The "civilised" class are greatly in the minority, and, indeed, it must require no slight moral courage in the Indian to enter it, for those who do so are regarded with some contempt by the remainder as playing false to their tribe, and with not a little jealousy into the bargain, as, owing to a considerable portion of the annual payment being set aside as an agricultural fund to meet the wants of those who farm, they have a larger proportionate share of the money expended on them; and, in case of any discontent arising amongst the wild class on the subject of the payment, trouble is sure first to show itself in a series of depredations on the property of the "white Indians," as the farmers are nicknamed by the

rest. The Indian, accustomed to wear no kind of head-covering himself, considers the hat the most distinctive feature of the white man's dress, and several, who had made up their minds to become "civilised," were at this time waiting only till some hats could be procured, there being none at that time to be got in the place. Nothing would induce them to adopt *pro tem.* the remainder of the dress without the hat. On the other hand, they will not part with their moccasins, the easy freedom of which they are naturally loath to exchange for the confinement of a boot. In this point the exchange is the other way, for moccasins are worn generally by the whites. The Indians, whether wild or civilised, associate mostly with members of their own class, and a civilised Indian is obliged to give up whatever authority he may have held in his band. But the line which divides the two classes is, in reality, a very narrow one—a mere burlesque on civilisation. The interior of the civilised Indian's cottage is fully as wild as that of his wild neighbour's hut or tent, the more so in appearance from being out of keeping with the more pretentious outside. The women appear to be regarded as civilised *ipso facto* by the civilisation of their lords and masters, and without the form of a change of dress.

The Indian agent is appointed by the President on his taking office, for the term of his presidency, and quits office with the President at the end of that time, like every other government officer, down to a country postmaster with a salary of 20*l.* a-year, to make way for an adherent of the party in power. He has a house at the Agency to which he is appointed, and out of a salary of but 1500 dols. (300*l.*) a-year, contrives in nine cases out of ten to solve the problem of retiring with a fortune at the end of his four years' term. Though the salary is small, the "stealings" are large, and are carried on at the expense of the unfortunate Indian, and the "stealings" are alone thought to render the appointment worth the having by such men as possess influence enough to get it.

"Is it likely," an American on the Reservation put it to me, "that what d'ye call him," (naming the agent recently appointed by Lincoln), "would throw up a good lawyer's business at St. Paul, that brought him an income of five thousand dollars, a year, for the sake of a four years' salary of fifteen hundred dollars, unless he expected to make something more out of it?"

The agent exercises a sort of arbitrary power on the Reservation under his charge. Strictly speaking no stranger is allowed to set foot on it without his permit, but the rule is not enforced without special cause. If an Indian commits any offence demanding notice, the agent summarily sentences him to imprisonment with ball and chain at the nearest fort. Nor is there usually any difficulty in enforcing the sentence. The Indians appreciate their own interests too well to throw any obstacle in the way. I saw, myself, one who had been caught shooting his neighbour's ox with an arrow, driven off to Fort Ridgely without the slightest disturbance. And the agent, being authorised by government to do everything in his power to keep the Indians on the Reservation, and induce them to farm, is able to stop the payment of any who

leave it on war, if not on hunting parties, a policy, if report speaks truly, very frequently adopted, as tending to combine moral welfare (on the part of the Indian), with pecuniary profit (on the part of the agent).

Beyond the agent for each tribe there is a higher official termed a superintendent, whose duty is to exercise a general supervision over, perhaps, three or four agencies, and to be present at each annual payment, and who outranks the agent when the two are together. He, too, like the agent, is appointed for the four years' term of the presidency, and is popularly supposed to be attracted to the office by the same motives.

I have as yet said nothing of the source from which the requisite funds are derived for the payments, but it must not on that account be supposed that the United States government annually indulges a generous impulse, by distributing gratuities amongst the wild tribes on its borders. As emigration sets further westwards, the government, recognising for form's sake, the title of the Indians to the land they occupy, makes treaties from time to time with those tribes on whose property the settlers are encroaching, and buys up their land at the rate of about ten cents. (fivepence) an acre, at the same time reserving out of the purchase a certain district for their use, which hence receives the name of Reservation. But the capital of the purchase-money, instead of being paid over at once, is invested, and the interest divided amongst the members of the tribes in question once every year, some in cash, some in provisions, some in dry goods or clothing, while part also is set aside as I have mentioned, as an agricultural fund, and of this, in addition to their regular share of the remainder, the civilised class reaps the benefit.

Having succeeded, I trust, in explaining to a certain extent the system which the United States pursue in their dealings with the Indians, let me return to the day we came to the Agency, and the way in which we spent it.

Our first thoughts were directed towards making sure of some sort of accommodation in the place for a day or two. And this appeared a matter of no small difficulty. There was indeed a farmhouse, that did duty as a sort of inn, or "boarding-house," in which the whites of the place were in the habit of taking their meals, but this was full. Every bed in the place, we were told on all hands, was occupied. But thanks to "Pam," who was kind enough to introduce us to the superintendent, we found that the difficulty was not insuperable, and so agreed to stay, the superintendent making himself responsible for our getting a roof to sleep under. Having settled this point, we had time to turn our attention to the Indians and the day's programme. The weather was glorious, and the day was a sort of holiday with the tribe. Indians came flocking in from every quarter, attracted by the report of the arrival of a steamer, a rare sight to most, and to some a novel one, for though, during those few months in the year which follow the break-up of the ice, when the water is high enough, a weekly steamer makes its way to the Agency, it must be remembered that but few of the tribe are resident there throughout the year, and that the great majority of those present at

this time had been drawn thither by the payment. In they came, a mixed crowd of men, women, and children, lit gaily up by the bright colours—blue, green, and red—of the blankets which many of them wore, bustling about in a state of restless curiosity at the sight of so many strangers.

But after awhile, the attention of all, white and red, was turned to a council, in which the tribe proposed to lay its grievances before the new agent for redress. The agent presided in a chair, while the men who took part in the council sat facing him on the ground in three or four semi-circular rows, one behind the other. The orator, an appointed officer, who speaks for the tribe on such occasions, from the centre of the open space in front of the semicircle, addressed the agent in the Sioux or Dakota language, with all due emphasis and gesticulation, squatting down on his haunches at intervals to allow the interpreter (a white) to explain what he had just been saying. Outside the council stood squaws and whites, watching the proceedings. The men in council were for the most part smoking, passing their pipes from one to the other according to the custom amongst them, and every now and then would express approval of the orator's words by a "Ho!" an equivalent to "Hear! hear!" with ourselves.

The council over, we adjourned to the "boarding-house," where, after waiting till one set of hungry people had made way for us, we squeezed ourselves down to dinner at a crowded table. It were hard to say whether the dinner or our fellow-guests were the dirtier. But the slovenly meal is more especially impressed on my memory by the fact that some of us were inadvertently leaving, without settling the score, when we were arrested by the voice of the landlord shouting to us from the other end of the room: "Guess you fellers may as well pay for your dinners." And yet this style of address was by no means new to me. I had learnt long ere this that in the West the rougher the man the more generally recognised were his claims to the name of a gentleman, and that to be spoken of as "this man," or addressed as "you feller," should be regarded in the light of an unconscious tribute to respectability. In the afternoon there was an ox (which had been given to the Indians, it was said, by the governor of the State, who had been our fellow passenger from St. Paul) to be cut up and distributed, after which an Indian dance was to come off in honour of the gift. So we sauntered forth to see what was going on. The beast had been slaughtered, and was being cut up. The Indians sat near in groups, chatting and smoking, and watching the operation with a degree of lazy interest; those who possessed such articles of luxury sheltered under umbrellas, while others would screen themselves from the sun under the shade of some leafy boughs, fixed close to them in the ground. Many of the visitors took the opportunity of driving bargains with them for their pipes and other curiosities, and a great deal of business was done in that way, but the usual result of a heavy demand was apparent in the extravagant prices asked. We, having made up our minds to remain, waited for a cheaper market on the morrow. The Indians themselves would not unfrequently make a bid for

an umbrella, an article of which they seemed to have the highest appreciation.

The distribution of the ox was followed, in due course, by the dance, which at once became the centre of attraction, and it was truly a most curious performance. It was confined to a body of men, who had divested themselves of their blankets, and were got up entirely for the occasion in the most fantastic style. A short printed cotton shirt (deriving what extra embellishment it could from daubs of paint smeared across the pattern), with a cloth round the loins, and a cap of some fanciful shape, were the features of dress common to most of them, while some added to these a pair of leathern leggings, reaching perhaps halfway above the knee, and looped up to the waist; others appeared with bare legs profusely painted, as were the faces of all. A few, dressed after the same fashion, and armed with various rude musical instruments, squatted down on the ground as an orchestra, and sent forth a low, moaning, but not inharmonious noise, to the time of which the dancers moved round and round them in a circle, yelling, howling, and throwing up their arms, with gestures and grimaces that defy description. The dance itself was, clearly, genuine enough; the motive of it not so much so, as it proved. We had not been watching the scene long, before (to our chagrin) somebody came round for subscriptions towards the expense of the ox which had purchased the dance. So, after all, the affair had been "got up" for the amusement of the visitors. But it made little difference. The performers certainly gave us our money's worth, and we had already, before the conclusion of the dance, begun to weary of its monotony, when we learnt that the steamer, whose captain had decided some hours ago to prolong his stay till the dance was over, was going to start. Accordingly Black and I were on our way down hill to remove what little luggage we had on board, when the others came shouting after us to say that they were satisfied with what they had seen, and were for going back in the boat. Black and I were still for staying, so we all came to a friendly agreement, by which we two were to remain, while the rest should return to St. Paul and wait for us to rejoin them there, or in the neighbourhood, within a few days. So we bade them good-bye, saw them off, and remounted the hill with our traps.

Our first object was to make sure of our night's lodging. Through the superintendent, who was good enough to use his influence on our behalf with the landlord of the boarding-house, we were shown at bed-time into a double-bedded room. One bed was already occupied, while the agent was lounging in his clothes on a neighbouring sofa, and the other bed was pointed out as the one assigned for our joint accommodation. Not holding by the American doctrine that for two to sleep in one bed is one of the essential characteristics of disinterested friendship, we ventured to suggest that it would be more agreeable that one of us should shake himself down with a blanket and pillow on the floor. Our host, however, pardoning the whim, was kind enough to turn the agent over to share the other bed with its present occupant, and gave us the sofa as well,

and so we passed the night in comparative comfort.

The next morning, as before, Indians came flocking in from all sides to the Agency, which they seemed to regard for the present as a general rendezvous, and being undisturbed by any special cause of excitement, squatted down in groups under the shelter of their boughs and umbrellas, and fell at once to their own amusements. We thus had an opportunity of making acquaintance with them at leisure, as we sat ourselves down amongst them.

The men were a fine athletic set of fellows, and all, men and women, were endowed with a more or less pleasant cast of features, which, in the case of some of the women, almost merited the name of good looks. I cannot, however, call to mind that, either then or afterwards, I once saw a pure-blooded Indian woman who could be called either pretty or handsome, though fine-looking women were not unfrequently to be met with. But their beauty, such as it is, is, apparently, admired by the whites of the neighbourhood, many of whom take them to wife. The half-breed class, which springs from the union, occupies a most useful position between the two races, and some of the half-breed women have considerable claims to beauty.

The squaws (poor creatures!) are compelled to do all the hard work and drudgery of life, and you may frequently see a poor woman trudging slowly home, half bent beneath the weight of some heavy load, while her jovial lord trots cheerily by on his nag; or thrashing out a heap of Indian corn, while he lounges lazily near with a pipe to his mouth.

Though the Indians are so often spoken of as Red men, their skin is rather bronze in tone than red, and the term is a misnomer.

Not only are their features pleasant, but their manners are frank and good-natured. They always received us sociably, seeming to regard as a matter of course that we should come and look at them, and would examine us with as much curiosity as we expended on them. They appreciate a shake of the hand as a "white" custom which means friendship, and pass their pipes by way of offering a welcome of their own. Here and there a group was busily engaged with a well-thumbed pack of playing-cards, in the popular American game of "poker," gambling with all the earnestness and calculation of old hands. So well known is their love of play, that the majority of those who crowded our boarding-house were card-sharpers, who had come to speculate on it, and to swindle them out of their money. They can hold their own against fair play. Now and then we drove a bargain for a pipe, or bow, or some such thing, and found, as we had expected, a much cheaper market than on the previous day.

On the next day (Saturday, 22nd), after spending the morning in much the same fashion, we hired a "team" (which, in the States, is another name for a pair of horses), and a long, light, shallow sort of van without springs (which represents the popular form of conveyance in the West), and making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, jogged across the

prairie to a place some ten miles further up the country, called Redwood, and lying on the direct road to the Upper Agency, to which we intended to continue our journey on the morrow. It was a settlement of but a single "frame" cottage, occupied by a man and his wife, who had come there as schoolmaster and mistress to teach, so far as they could, the children of the Indians who lived around them. It was a little after sunset when we reached the house, and as night was fast gathering, we at once strolled forth to a knoll, but a few yards off, on the opposite side of the road, to examine what we had just passed, a Sioux burying-place. Four rude stems, about eight feet each in height and forked at the top, are planted in the ground, so as to form the corners of a small square, while a couple of wooden cross-bars laid in the forks of two opposite sides, form a rest, on which is placed the rude coffin that contains the dead, wrapped with a piece of red cloth or a blanket. Here it remains exposed for, perhaps, a couple of years, at the end of which time it is taken down, and buried.

On returning to the cottage, we made acquaintance with our landlord and landlady. The landlord was a heavily-built man of middle height, and about fifty years old. Black eyes, deeply set, and half-hidden beneath a pair of shaggy black brows, and a chin that had not for some days come in contact with a razor, combined with the mass of long, black, uncombed hair that thatched his head, to give him an appearance that was not, to say the least, prepossessing. Notwithstanding, and with the assistance of his wife (a tall, thin, middle-aged Yankee woman of sharp features, but withal a pleasant expression), he did what he could to make us comfortable, so far as the limited resources of the establishment would permit, but they were limited. On being shown to the room in which we were to sleep, we found ourselves in a good-sized garret, with much the appearance of a loft, one end of which was crowded with lumber, while on each side of the room at the other end was a double bed made up on the floor. Our host pointed out one of these as ours, the other, he added, was for himself and his man. With a sheet and a pillow I made a separate bed for myself, much to the surprise of the schoolmaster, and should have slept comfortably enough, if we had not, unfortunately, for the sake of cooling with a breath of fresh air the sultry atmosphere of the room, left the window open. So, of course, we awoke simultaneously, all four of us, in the middle of the night, each to find the other three using strong language towards the mosquitoes, which were persecuting us unmercifully.

After breakfast next morning, we accepted the services of a good-humoured, middle-aged Indian, which were willingly given for half a dollar, and, under his guidance, made our way to some falls a few miles off, in the woods. "Sholto," our guide, was a sort of pensioner on the hospitality of the schoolmaster, and was in the habit of making frequent visits to the cottage for the sake of what he might pick up in the way of a meal. He was, technically speaking, civilised, but apparently

thought it permissible, in the seclusion of his country life, to lay aside for the while the pomps and vanities of civilisation, and to adopt a dress severe in its simplicity—a printed calico shirt and the dirtiest of blankets. He appeared even to disregard what might be deemed the decencies of savage life, in discarding the use of leggings and moccasins, and his legs and feet suffered not a little in our walk from the nettles in consequence. His blanket he threw off after a while, and carried on his arm. The falls to which he led us, though small, were wild and beautiful, and a couple of Indians chopping wood on the bank of the stream added to the picturesque character of the spot. We refreshed ourselves with a swim in a cool deep pool above the falls, and then returned.

After a dinner of salt pork, which was almost the only kind of meat we fell in with in these parts, we resumed our journey to Yellow Medicine, where the Upper Agency is situated, twenty-five miles away. I should rather say "The Agency," without qualification, for what is called the Lower Agency, though containing a somewhat larger white population, is, strictly speaking, but a branch of the Upper. It is at the Upper Agency that the agent's house is placed. The place takes its name of "Yellow Medicine" from some medicinal root or herb which the Indians find there.

The Agency itself is on high ground, while a few traders' huts and some other dwellings lie in a snug little valley below. We managed to get a rough accommodation in a small house in the valley, our lodging being of much the same character as that of the previous night, except that we had our loft to ourselves.

Next morning we walked out to the Indians' quarters, some three miles away on the prairie. Huts of any kind there were few to be seen, but encamped here was a population of perhaps a thousand, and tents were numerous—one here, two there, a dozen grouped yonder—the plains were spotted with them. The people assembled under them, though all Sioux, were of various tribes, for the Sioux Indians are rather a race than a tribe, comprising divisions whose only bond is a common language, and which own no nearer connection with each other than, for example, we ourselves do with the Americans. Nor does even the whole of each tribe yield allegiance to a common chief. A tribe consists of separate bands, each of which is governed by its own head, and the man who wields most influence in a tribe is simply the ablest chief of a powerful band.

We entered many of the tents, and made acquaintance with their inmates. We found them altogether a wilder set of people than their brethren at the other Agency, not a family in the whole encampment having any permanent residence in the place, but they received us with the same frank good humour. Sometimes, as we were passing a tent, a shout from within would invite us to enter, but, invited or not, we were always made welcome. The tents consist of a covering, sometimes of buffalo hide, but more often of canvass, thrown round a conical framework of

poles, a corner at the top being turned back, to allow an exit to the smoke of the wood fire which is always kept burning below. Within, one would often find the head of the family stretched lazily on the ground, and half asleep, with nothing to cover his nakedness but a cloth round the loins, while the female members of the household were busily employed in cooking, or other domestic duties. But the squaws were always fully clothed. Themselves, when in an industrious frame of mind, were generally engaged in the manufacture of a bow, or arrows, or in cutting out a redstone pipe, in the carving and ornamenting of which the Sioux shows much ingenuity.

But in all the tents which we entered, we squatted down, without challenge, as members for the time being of the family circle, and were soon at home with the rest, chatting and bargaining, so far as the few words of Sioux we had picked up would allow us, with the help of signs. There is no portion of an Indian's property that has not its price, and you have only to bid high enough to buy everything he has, from a bead necklace to a squaw. The offer of a squaw we had on more than one occasion politely to decline.

It seems strange that these people, in whose tents we spent in this friendly way some six or seven hours, without a suspicion of harm on our part, or, apparently a thought of harm on theirs, should have since been guilty of those fearful massacres which have almost exterminated the whites of the neighbourhood. And yet their victims, though the attack may have taken them unexpectedly at the moment, had little ground for surprise that an attack should come. The extensive plundering of the Indians, which had been carried on for years under the cloak of authority, by each successive agent, was well known to have created great discontent amongst them. This feeling was kept in abeyance by promises held out from time to time that a change of agent would bring with it a redress of grievances, and in some measure also, doubtless, by a wholesome fear of the regular garrison of Fort Ridgely. But agents were changed, and still there was no redress forthcoming, while their fears had now been in great part removed by the substitution of volunteers for regulars at the fort, for volunteers were held by them in no great consideration. The whites at the Upper Agency regarded the approaching payment there (which was to follow that at the Lower) with considerable apprehension, and expressed great anxiety that there should be a detachment of troops on the spot to prevent a disturbance.

On the next day (which was Tuesday, the 25th), we returned to the Lower Agency. The Indians there had considerably increased their numbers during our absence, the payment being expected to come off the next morning. "Sholto" we met, but scarcely recognised our old friend in the "reach-me-down" check suit with which he now paraded his civilisation, the metamorphosis was so complete.

We made two out of a party of six in our old bedroom that night. When morning came there were still further preparations necessary, which would

postpone the payment till the middle of the day, or perhaps the afternoon, and having waited till nearly two without seeing it commence, we drove off on our way back to St. Paul, being now in a hurry to rejoin our friends, the more so as we understood that there was little interest in the ceremony itself.

So we moved forward across the prairie in a van of the same kind as that which had carried us to Yellow Medicine, and after a drive of thirty miles came to a halt for the night at a German settlement, called New Ulm. A further stage of thirty miles brought us by about the middle of the next day to Mankato, a larger settlement, mostly German, and the scene of the execution of the thirty-eight leading criminals in the massacres. Here we were unfortunate enough to miss a steamer, and were induced, by the misrepresentations of our landlord, to wait two days in the vain expectation of another. The river was getting low, and few boats now ascended so far.

So, on Saturday the 29th, we drove on to St. Peter, a small place lower down the river, joined a boat, slept on board that night, started on Sunday morning, reached St. Paul sometime on Sunday night in a state of sleep, and, on waking, rejoined our friends in the early morning of Monday the 1st of July. And so ended our rough, though pleasant, excursion.

### "ONE IN A THOUSAND."

ROSES, roses, oh ! brilliant and bright  
In the gorgeous month of June,  
Raising your blushing queenly heads  
In the glare of summer noon.

There are roses crimson, roses red,  
Roses of amber hue,  
Gazing with upturned loveliness  
On heaven's deep azure blue.

Stately in presence, dazzling in tint,  
Shaming the setting sun,  
From the rounded cup of the open flow'r  
To the bud but scarce begun.

Too bright are ye in your conscious pride,  
And your wealth of summer hue ;  
No bond, no tie, could ever unite  
This weary heart and you.

There's a little rose, by a little house,  
On a little plot of ground,  
Whose every root, and every branch,  
Around my heart is wound.

'Tis a fair small thing of tender pink—  
With no flaunting crimson dye—  
And a world of sunny sweetness looks  
From out its modest eye.

Unseen, maybe, by many who pass,  
And known, perhaps, by few—  
Oh ! little rose, thou know'st full well  
The tie betwixt me and you.

Oh ! roses brilliant, and roses bright,  
All lovely though ye be,  
That little rose by the little house  
Is the only rose for me !



## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &amp;c.



## CHAPTER XLIII. A BRIEF TRIUMPH.

ELEANOR MONCKTON'S first impulse was to rush into the room and denounce Lameclot Darrell in the presence of those who would be sure to come in answer to her call. He would be scarcely

likely to find much mercy at the hands of his aunts: he would stand before them a detected wretch, capable of any crime, of any treachery, for the furtherance of his own interest.

But a second impulse, as rapid as the first,

restrained the impetuous girl. She wanted to know the end, she wanted to see what these two plotters would do next. Under the influence of her desire to rush into the room, she had moved forward a few paces, rustling the leaves about her as she stirred. The Frenchman's acute hearing had detected that rustling sound.

"Quick, quick," he whispered; "take the keys back, there is some one in the garden."

Launcelot Darrell had risen from his knees. The door between the study and the dressing-room had been left ajar; the young man pushed it open, and hurried away with the keys in his hand. Victor Bourdon closed his lantern, and came to the window. He thrust aside the venetian shutters, and stepped out into the garden. Eleanor crouched down with her back flat against the wall, completely sheltered by the laurels. The Frenchman commenced his search amongst the bushes on the right of the window, Eleanor's hiding-place was on the left. This gave her a moment's breathing time.

"The will!" she thought in that one moment, "they have left the genuine will upon the chair by the cabinet. If I could get that!"

The thought had flashed like lightning through her brain. Reckless in her excitement, she rose from her crouching position, and slid rapidly and noiselessly across the threshold of the open window into the study, before Victor Bourdon had finished his examination of the shrubs on the right.

Her excitement seemed to intensify every sense. The only light in the room was a faint ray which came across the small intermediate chamber from the open door of Maurice de Crespigny's bedroom. This light was very little, but the open door was opposite the cabinet, and what light there was fell upon the very spot towards which Eleanor's dilated eyes looked. She could see the outline of the paper on the chair; she could see the other paper on the floor, faint and grey in the dim glimmer from the distant candles.

She snatched the will from the chair, and thrust it into the pocket of her dress; she picked up the other paper from the floor, and placed it on the chair. Then, with her face and figure obscured in the loose cloak that shrouded her, she went back into the garden.

As she drew back into the shelter of the laurels she felt a man's garments brushing against her own, and a man's hot breath upon her cheek. The Frenchman had passed her so closely that it was almost impossible he could have failed to perceive her presence: and yet he had seemed utterly unconscious of it.

Launcelot Darrell came back to the study almost the moment after Eleanor had left it. He was breathing quickly, and stopped to wipe his forehead once more with his handkerchief.

"Bourdon!" he exclaimed, in a loud whisper, "Bourdon, where are you?"

The Frenchman crossed the threshold of the window as the young man called to him.

"I have been on the look-out for spies," he said.

"Have you seen any one?"

"No; I fancy it was a false alarm."

"Come, then," said Launcelot Darrell, "we have been luckier than I thought we should be."

"Hadh't you better unlock that door before we leave?" asked Monsieur Bourdon, pointing to the door which communicated with the other part of the house. Launcelot had locked it on first entering the study, and had thus secured himself from any surprise in that direction. The two men were going away when Monsieur Bourdon stopped suddenly.

"You've forgotten something, my friend," he whispered, laying his hand on Launcelot's shoulder.

"What?"

"The will, the genuine will," answered the Frenchman, pointing to the chair. "It would be a clever thing to leave that behind, eh!"

Launcelot started, and put his hand to his forehead.

"I must be mad," he muttered; "this business is too much for my brain. Why did you lead me into it, Bourdon? Are you the Devil, that you must always prompt me to some new mischief?"

"You shall ask me that next week, my friend, when you are the master of this house. Get that paper there, and come away: unless you want to stop till your maiden aunts make their appearance."

Launcelot Darrell snatched up the paper which Eleanor had put upon the chair by the cabinet. He was going to thrust it into his breast-pocket, when the Frenchman took it away from him.

"You don't particularly want to keep that document; or to drop it anywhere about the garden; do you? We'll burn it, if it's all the same to you, and save them all trouble at—what you call your law court,—Common doctors, Proctor's Commons, eh?"

Monsieur Bourdon had put his bull's-eye lantern in his coat-pocket, after looking for spies amongst the evergreens. He now produced a box of fuses, and setting one of them alight, watched it fizz and sparkle for a moment, and then held it beneath the corner of the document in his left hand.

The paper was slow to catch fire, and Monsieur Bourdon had occasion to light another fuse before he succeeded in doing more than scorching it. But it blazed up by-and-by, and by the light of the blaze Eleanor Monckton saw the eager faces of the two men. Launcelot Darrell's livid countenance was almost like that of a man who looks on at an assassination. The commercial traveller watched the slow burning of the document with a smile upon his face—a smile of triumph, as it seemed to Eleanor Monckton.

"V'là!" he exclaimed, as the paper dropped, a frail sheet of tinder, from his hand, and fluttered slowly to the ground. "V'là!" he cried, stamping upon the feathery grey ashes; "so much for that; and now our little scheme of to-night is safe, I fancy, my friend."

Launcelot Darrell drew a long breath.

"Thank God it's over," he muttered. "I wouldn't go through this business again for twenty fortunes."

Eleanor, still crouching upon the damp grass close against the wall, waited for the two men to

go away. She waited, with her hands clasped upon her heart; thinking of her triumph.

The vengeance had come at last. That which she had said to Richard Thornton was about to be fulfilled. The law of the land had no power to punish Launcelot Darrell for the cowardly and treacherous act that had led to an old man's most miserable death: but the traitor had by a new crime placed himself at the mercy of the law.

"The will he has placed in the cabinet is a forgery," she thought; "and I have the real will in my pocket. He cannot escape me now,—he cannot escape me now! His fate is in my hands."

The two men had walked past the laurels out on to the grass-plot. Eleanor rose from her crouching position, rustling the branches as she did so. At the same moment she heard voices in the distance, and saw a light gleaming through the leaves.

One of the voices that she had heard was her husband's.

"So much the better," she thought. "I will tell him what Launcelot Darrell is. I will tell him to-night."

The voices and the lights came nearer, and she heard Gilbert Monckton say:

"Impossible, Miss Sarah. Why should my wife stop here? She must have gone back to Tolldale; and I have been unlucky enough to miss her on the way."

The lawyer had scarcely spoken when, by the light of the lantern which he held, he saw Launcelot Darrell making off into the shrubbery that surrounded the glass-plot. The young man had not succeeded in escaping from the open space into this friendly shelter before Gilbert Monckton perceived him. Monsieur Bourdon, perhaps better accustomed to take to his heels, had been more fortunate, and had plunged in amongst the evergreens at the first sound of the lawyer's voice.

"Darrell!" cried Mr. Monckton, "what in Heaven's name brings you here?"

The young man stood for a few moments, irresolute, and sullen-looking.

"I've as good a right to be here as any one else, I suppose," he said. "I heard of my uncle's death—and—and—I came to ascertain if there was any truth in the report."

"You heard of my beloved uncle's death!" cried Miss Sarah de Crespigny, peering sharply at her nephew from under the shadow of a penthouse-like garden-hood, in which she had invested herself before venturing into the night-air. "How could you have heard of the sad event. My sister and I gave special orders that no report should go abroad until to-morrow morning."

Mr. Darrell did not care to say that one of the Woodlands servants was in his pay; and that the same servant, being no other than Brooks the gardener, had galloped over to Hazlewood, to communicate the tidings of his master's death, before starting for Windsor.

"I did hear of it," Launcelot said, "and that's enough. I came to ascertain if it was true."

"But you were going away from the house when I saw you!" said Mr. Monckton, rather suspiciously.

"I was not going away from the house, for I had not been to the house," Launcelot answered in the same tone as before.

He spake in a sulky grudging manner, because he knew that he was telling a deliberate lie. He was a man who always did wrong acts under protest, as being forced to do them by the injustice of the world; and he held society responsible for all his errors.

"Have you seen my wife?" Gilbert asked, still suspiciously.

"No. I have only this moment come. I have not seen anybody."

"I *must* have missed her," muttered the lawyer, with an anxious air. "I must have missed her between this and Tolldale. Nobody saw her leave the house. She went out without leaving any message, and I guessed at once that she had come up here. It's very odd."

"It is very odd!" Miss Sarah repeated, with spiteful emphasis. "I must confess that for my own part I do not see what motive Mrs. Monckton could have had for rushing up here in the dead of the night."

The time which Miss Sarah de Crespigny spoke of as the dead of the night had been something between ten and eleven o'clock. It was now past eleven.

The lawyer and Miss de Crespigny walked slowly along the gravelled pathway that led from the grass-plot and shrubbery to the other side of the house. Launcelot Darrell went with them, lounging by his aunt's side, with his head down, and his hands in his pockets, stopping now and then to kick the pebbles from his pathway.

It was impossible to imagine anything more despicable than this young man's aspect. Hating himself for what he had done; hating the man who had prompted him to do it; angry against the very workings of Providence—since by his reasoning it was Providence, or his Destiny, or some power or other against which he had ample ground for rebellion, that had caused all the mischief and dishonour of his life—he went unwillingly to act out the part which he had taken upon himself, and to do his best to throw Gilbert Monckton off the scent.

His mind was too much disturbed for him to be able clearly to realise the danger of his position. To have been seen there was ruin—perhaps! If by-and-by any doubts should arise as to the validity of the will that would be found in Maurice de Crespigny's *secrétaire*, would it not be remembered that he, Launcelot Darrell, had been seen lurking about the house on the night of the old man's death, and had been only able to give a very lame explanation of his motives for being there. He thought of this as he walked by his aunt's side. He thought of this, and began to wonder if it might not be possible to undo what had been done? No, it was impossible. The crime had been committed. A step had been taken which could never be retraced, for Victor Bourdon had burned the real will.

"Curse his officiousness," thought the young man. "I could have undone it all but for that."

As the lawyer and his two companions reached

the angle of the house on their way to the front entrance, whence Mr. Monckton and Miss de Crespigny had come into the garden, a dark figure shrouded in a loose cloak emerged from amidst the shrubs by the windows of the dead man's apartments, and approached them.

"Who is that?" cried the lawyer suddenly. His heart began to beat violently as he asked the question. It was quite a supererogatory question; for he knew well enough that it was his wife who stood before him.

"It is I, Gilbert," Eleanor said quietly.

"You here, Mrs. Monckton!" exclaimed her husband, in a harsh voice, that seemed to ring through the air like the vibration of metal that has been struck,—“you here, hiding in this shrubbery.”

"Yes, I came here—how long ago, Miss Sarah? It seems half a century to me."

"You came here exactly twenty minutes ago, Mrs. Monckton," Miss de Crespigny answered icily.

"And by a really remarkable coincidence," cried Gilbert Monckton, in the same unnatural voice in which he had spoken before, "Mr. Darrell happens to be here too: only I must do you the justice to say, Mrs. Monckton, that *you* appear less discomposed than the gentleman. Ladies always have the advantage of us; they can carry off these things so easily; deception seems to come natural to them."

"Deception!" repeated Eleanor.

What did he mean? Why was he angry with her? She wondered at his manner as she walked with him to the house. No suspicion of the real nature of her husband's feelings entered her mind. The absorbing idea of her life was the desire to punish her father's destroyer; and how could she imagine that her husband was tortured by jealous suspicions of this man: of this man, who of all the living creatures upon the earth was most hateful to her? How could she, —knowing her own feelings, and taking it for granted that these feelings were more or less obvious to other people,—how could she imagine the state of Gilbert Monckton's mind.

She went into the hall with her husband, followed by Miss Sarah de Crespigny and Launcelot Darrell, and from the hall into the sitting-room usually occupied by the two ladies. A lamp burned brightly upon the centre table, and Miss Lavinia de Crespigny sat near it; with some devotional book in her hand. I think she tried her best to be devout, and to employ herself with serious reflections upon the dread event that had so lately happened; but the fatal power of the old man's wealth was stronger than any holier influence, and I fear that Miss Lavinia's thoughts very often wandered away from the page on which her eyes were fixed, into sundry intricate calculations of the cumulative interest upon Exchequer bills, India five per cents, and Great Western Railway shares.

"I must have an explanation of this business," Mr. Monckton said: "it is time that we should all understand each other. There has been too much mystification, and I am most heartily tired of it."

He walked to the fire-place and leaned his

elbow upon the marble chimney-piece. From this position he commanded a view of every one in the room. Launcelot Darrell flung himself into a chair by the table, nearly opposite his aunt Lavinia. He did not trouble himself to notice this lady, nor did he bow to Eleanor; he sat with his elbow resting upon the arm of his chair, his chin in the palm of his hand, and he employed himself by biting his nails and beating his heel upon the carpet. He was still thinking as he had thought in the garden, "If I could only undo what I have done. If I could only undo the work of the last quarter of an hour, and stand right with the world again."

But in this intense desire that had taken possession of Launcelot Darrell's mind there was mingled no regretful horror of the wickedness of what he had done; no remorseful sense of the great injustice which he had plotted; no wish to atone or to restore. It was selfishness alone that influenced his every thought. He wanted to put *himself* right. He hated this new position, which for the last few minutes he had occupied for the first time in his life; the position of a deliberate criminal, amenable to the laws by which the commonest felons are tried, likely to suffer as the commonest felons suffer.

It seemed to him as if his brain had been paralysed until now; it seemed to him as if he had acted in a stupor or a dream; and that he now for the first time comprehended the nature of the deed which he had done, and was able to foresee the possible consequences of his own act.

"I have committed forgery," he thought. "If my crime is discovered I shall be sent to Bermuda to work amongst gangs of murderous ruffians till I drop down dead. If my crime is discovered! How shall I ever be safe from discovery, when I am at the mercy of the wretches who helped me."

Eleanor threw off her cloak, but she refused to sit down in the chair which Miss Sarah offered her. She stood divided by the width of half the room from her husband, with her face fronting his, in the full glare of the lamplight. Her large gray eyes were bright with excitement, her cheeks were flushed, her hair fell loosely about her face, and, brown in the shadow, glittered like ruddy gold in the light.

In all the beauty of her girlhood, from the hour in which Gilbert Monckton had first seen her until to-night, she had never looked so beautiful as she looked now. The sense that she had triumphed, the thought that she held the power to avenge her father's death, lent an unnatural brilliancy to her loveliness. She was no longer an ordinary woman, only gifted with the earthly charms of lovely womanhood: she was a splendid Nemesis radiant with a supernatural beauty.

#### CHAPTER XLIV. LOST.

"You asked me why I came here to-night," she said, looking at her husband. "I will tell you, Gilbert: but I must tell you a long story first, almost all the story of my life."

Her voice, resonant and musical, roused Launcelot Darrell from his gloomy abstraction. He looked up at Eleanor, and for the first time began to

wonder how and why she had come there. They had met her in the garden. Why had she been there? What had she been doing there? Could it be possible that she had played the spy upon him? No! Surely there could be no fear of that? What reason should she have for suspecting or watching him? That terror was too cowardly, too absurd, he thought; but such foolish and unnecessary fears would be the perpetual torment of his life henceforward.

"You remember, Gilbert," Eleanor continued, "that when I promised to be your wife, I told you my real name, and asked you to keep that name a secret from the people in this house; and from Launcelot Darrell."

"Yes," answered Mr. Monckton, "I remember."

Even in the midst of the tortures which arose out of his jealousy and suspicion, and which to-night had reached their climax, and had taken entire possession of the lawyer's mind, there was some half-doubtful feeling of wonder at Eleanor's calm and self-assured manner.

And yet she was deceiving him. He knew that. He had long ago determined that this second hazard of his life was to result in ignominious failure, like the first. He had been deceived before; gulled, hoodwinked, fooled, jilted: and the traitress had smiled in his face, with the innocent smile of a guileless child. Eleanor was perhaps even more skilled in treachery than that first traitress; but that was all.

"I will not be deluded by her again," he thought, as he looked gloomily at the beautiful face opposite to him: "nothing she can say shall make me her dupe again."

"Shall I tell you why I asked you to keep that secret for me, Gilbert?" continued Eleanor; "I did so because I had a motive for coming back to the neighbourhood of this place. A motive that was stronger than my love for you—though I did love you, Gilbert, better than I thought; if I thought at all of anything except that other motive which was the one purpose of my life."

Mr. Monckton's upper lip curled scornfully. Love him! That was too poor a fancy. What had he ever been but a dupe and a cat's-paw for a false woman; fooled and cheated many years ago in his early manhood; fooled and cheated to-day in his prime of life. He smiled contemptuously at the thought of his own folly.

"Launcelot Darrell," cried Eleanor, suddenly, in an altered voice, "shall I tell you why I was so eager to come back to this neighbourhood? Shall I tell you why I wanted the secret of my name kept from you and from your kindred?"

The young man lifted his head and looked at Eleanor. Wonder and terror were both expressed in his countenance. He wondered why Gilbert Monckton's wife addressed him with such earnestness. He was afraid without knowing what he feared.

"I don't know what you mean, Mrs. Monckton," he faltered. "What could I have to do with your false name,—or your coming back to this place?"

"EVERYTHING!" cried Eleanor: "it was to be near you that I came back here."

"I thought as much," muttered the lawyer, under his breath.

"It was to be near you that I came back," Eleanor repeated, "it was to be near you, Launcelot Darrell, that I was so eager to come back: so eager, that I would have stooped to any stratagem, encountered any risk, if by so doing I could have hastened my return. It was for this that I took the most solemn step a woman can take, without stopping to think of its solemnity. It was to deceive you that I kept my name a secret. It was to denounce you as the wretch who cheated a helpless old man out of the money that was not his own, and thus drove him to a shameful and a sinful death, that I came here. I have watched and waited long for this moment. It has come at last. Thank Heaven, it has come at last!"

Launcelot Darrell rose suddenly from his chair. His white face was still turned towards Eleanor; his eyes were fixed in a stare of horror. At first, perhaps, he contemplated rushing out of the room, and getting away from this woman, who had recalled the sin of the past, at a moment when his brain was maddened by the crime of the present. But he stopped, fascinated by some irresistible power in the beautiful face before him. Eleanor stood between the coward and the door. He could not pass her.

"You know who I am now, Launcelot Darrell, and you know how much mercy you can expect from me," this girl continued, in the clear, ringing voice in which she had first addressed her enemy. "You remember the eleventh of August. You remember the night upon which you met my father upon the Boulevard. I stood by his side upon that night. I was hanging upon his arm, when you and your vile associate tempted him away from me. Heaven knows how dearly I loved him; Heaven knows how happily I looked forward to a life in which I might be with him and work for him. Heaven only knows how happily that bright dream might have been realised—but for you—but for you. May an old man's sin rest upon your head. May a daughter's blighted hope rest upon your head. You can guess now why I am here to-night, and what I have been doing; and you can guess, perhaps, what mercy you have to expect from George Vane's daughter."

"George Vane's daughter!"

Sarah and Lavinia de Crespigny lifted up their hands and eyes in mute dismay. Was this woman, this viper, who had gained access to the very heart of the citadel which they had guarded so jealously, the very creature who of all others they would have kept remote from the dead man?

No! it was impossible. Neither of Maurice de Crespigny's nieces had ever heard of the birth of George Vane's youngest child. The old man had received tidings of the little girl's advent in a letter sent by stealth, and had kept the intelligence a secret.

"It is too absurd!" Miss Lavinia exclaimed; "George Vane's youngest daughter is Hortensia Bannister, and she must be at least five-and-thirty years of age."

Launcelot Darrell knew better than this. *He*

could recall a dismal scene that had occurred in the pale gray light of an August morning. He could remember a white-haired old man, sitting amidst the sordid splendour of a second-rate coffee-house, crying about his youngest daughter, and bewailing the loss of the money that was to have paid for his darling's education; a wretched, broken-hearted old man, who had held his trembling hands aloft, and cursed the wretch who had cheated him.

He could see the figure now, with the shaking hands lifted high. He could see the wrinkled face, very old and worn in that gray, morning light, and tears streaming from the faded blue eyes. He had lived under the shadow of that curse ever since, and it seemed as if it was coming home to him to-night.

"I am Eleanor Vane," Gilbert Monckton's wife said, in answer to Miss Lavinia. "I am Hortensia Bannister's half-sister. It was because of her foolish pride that I came to Hazlewood under a false name. It was in order to be revenged upon Launcelot Darrell that I have since kept my real name a secret."

Eleanor Vane! Eleanor Vane! Could it be true? Of all whom Launcelot Darrell had reason to fear, this Eleanor Vane was the most to be dreaded. If he had never wronged her father, even if he had not been indirectly the cause of the old man's death, he would still have had reason to fear Eleanor Vane. He knew what that reason was, and he dropped back into his chair, livid and trembling, as he had trembled when he stole the keys from his dead uncle's bedside.

"Maurice de Crespigny and my father were bosom friends," continued Eleanor. Her voice changed as she spoke of her father, and the light in her face faded as a tender shadow stole over her countenance. She could not mention her father's name without tenderness, speak of him when or where she might. "They were bosom friends, everybody here knows that; and my poor dear father had a foolish fancy that if Mr. de Crespigny died before him, he would inherit this house and estate, and that he would be rich once more, and that we should be very happy together. I never thought that."

Launcelot Darrell looked up with a strange, eager glance, but said nothing. The sisters, however, could not suffer Eleanor's words to pass without remark.

"You never thought that; oh, dear no, I dare say not," Miss Lavinia observed.

"Of course you never entered this house with any mercenary ideas upon the subject of my dear uncle's will," Miss Sarah exclaimed, with biting irony.

"I never built any hope upon my dear father's fancy," resumed Eleanor, so indifferent to the remarks of the two ladies that it seemed as if they had been unheard by her; "but I humoured it as I would have humoured any fancy of his, however foolish. But after his death I remembered that Mr. de Crespigny had been his friend, and I only wanted to convince myself of that man's guilt"—she pointed to Launcelot Darrell as she spoke—"before I denounced him to his great-uncle. I thought that

my father's old friend would listen to me, and knowing what had been done, would never let a traitor inherit his wealth. I thought that by this means I should be revenged upon the man who caused my father's death. I heard to-day that Mr. de Crespigny had not long to live; and when I came here to-night I came with the intention of telling him the real character of the man who was perhaps to inherit his fortune."

The maiden ladies looked at each other. It would not have been a bad thing, perhaps, after all, if Eleanor had arrived in time to see the dying man. It was a pity that Maurice de Crespigny should have died in ignorance of his nephew's character, when there was just a chance that he might have left a will in that nephew's favour. But on the other hand, George Vane's daughter was even a more formidable person than Launcelot. Who could tell how she might have contrived to tamper with the old man?

"I have no doubt you wished to denounce Mr. Darrell; and to denounce us, too, for the matter of that, I dare say," observed Miss Sarah, "in order that you yourself might profit by my uncle's will."

"I profit!" cried Eleanor; "what should I want with the poor old man's money?"

"My wife is rich enough to be above any suspicion of that kind, Miss de Crespigny," Gilbert Monckton said, proudly.

"I came too late," Eleanor said; "I came too late to see my father's friend, but not too late for what I have so long prayed for—revenge upon my father's destroyer. Look at your sister's son, Miss de Crespigny. Look at him, Miss Lavinia; you have good reason to be proud of him. He has been a liar and a traitor from first to last; and to-night he has advanced from treachery to crime. The law could not punish him for the cruelty that killed a helpless old man: the law can punish him for that which he has done to-night, for he has committed a crime."

"A crime!"

"Yes. He has crept like a thief into the house in which his uncle lies dead, and has introduced some document—a will of his own fabrication, no doubt—in the place of the genuine will left in Mr. de Crespigny's private secretaire."

"How do you know this, Eleanor?" cried Gilbert Monckton.

"I know it because I was outside the window of the study when he changed the papers in the cabinet, and because I have the real will in my possession."

"It is a lie!" shouted Launcelot Darrell, starting to his feet, "a damnable lie, the real will—"

"Was burnt, as you think, Mr. Darrell; but you are mistaken. The document which your friend Monsieur Victor Bourdon burnt was a paper which you dropped out of the secretaire while you were searching for the will."

"And where is the genuine document, Eleanor?" Gilbert asked.

"Here," answered his wife, triumphantly.

She put her hand into her pocket. It was empty. The will was gone.

(To be continued.)

## OPENING OF A CONTINENTAL PARLIAMENT.

A SKETCH.

BAVARIA has enjoyed for many years a constitutional form of government; and it cannot be denied that the present system has developed itself more freely, and been carried out more efficiently, there than in any other German state. The Lower Chamber has taken more than once in late years, a very decided stand on its guaranteed rights, and refused to allow the executive that independent action which ministers adopt whenever they can. The attitude maintained was firm but respectful; and the consequence was a cession of the unwarrantable authority usurped by the advisers of the Crown.

It would be an injustice not to own that in Bavaria the sovereign in no way interferes unconstitutionally with the business of government or the progress of affairs. But monarchs yield most unwillingly to certain necessities which a new régime imposes. Though outwardly they cede with a good grace, the forms they have to go through are at heart repugnant to them; and they doubtless inwardly vow that, at the first opportunity all such matters shall be changed. They cling to the reminiscence of their absolute dominion; and dwell fondly upon that time by no means as upon a Utopian state that once existed, but has now passed away. Although the concessions are made which constitutional government requires, still, if possible, any form, no matter how insignificant, that may seem even to convey an idea of supremacy, is clung to with tenacity; and no opportunity is lost of making it understood that there is yet a sovereign power *above* the sovereign people. Thus in Berlin the King, like Napoleon III., calls his "faithful Commons" to himself: he does not go to them on the opening of the Chambers, but summons them to his residence, that they may hear in his palace what he has to say.

So in Bavaria. Although the former sovereign did occasionally open the Chamber in the Senate House, the present King has never done so. He has either been represented there by a deputy, or has assembled the members of the two Houses around him in the throne-room of his palace.\*

It may be thought that acts like these are unimportant. In themselves they may be so, but at all events they are significant. They are proofs that the *spirit* of that form of government which the ruler has been forced to adopt has not been fully comprehended, or that the change from absolutism was but the result of a compulsion that could no longer be evaded.

At eleven o'clock on the 23rd June the King seated alone in a state carriage drawn by eight horses, and preceded by three coaches and six containing different officers of the household, pro-

ceeded to church, attended by half a squadron of the militia. The streets through which the procession passed were not more peopled than ordinarily; and all the parade and gilding seemed slightly ridiculous when there was scarcely anybody save the passers-by to take notice of it. At the church was assembled all that there was of royalty in the town to receive the sovereign, as well as the ministers, the officers of the garrison, even to the second lieutenants, and all the civil officers employed in the government offices, secretaries and all, or, as we should call them, clerks and under clerks. Every employé in Bavaria, however, has a uniform of some sort; therefore the more there are present, the more show is made.

At one o'clock the grand throne-room in the palace—a noble work called into existence by King Lewis—was opened to receive all persons authorised to be present at the ceremony. Any one in uniform or in official dress might dispense with a card and enter without ceremony. A large number of military officers, whose duty it was to be present, came dropping in and took their places *round the throne*. Civil officers, university professors, &c., also made their appearance; the latter in uniforms not unlike those of our naval service. Then the members of the Lower Chamber, headed by their president and preceded by two ushers, walked into the body of the hall, where seats were arranged for them. Soon afterwards the few members of the Upper Chamber advanced up the centre of the room and took their places before the throne. Considerable as was the number of persons already assembled, the hall had still a great deal of empty space, so vast are its proportions. The whole of the interior is in white and gold. Between the columns which support a gallery on either side stand, in life-size on marble pedestals, bronze statues, gilded with pure gold, representing the most famous ancestors of the House of Wittelsbach. To these figures King Lewis, at the opening of the Chambers, once made an allusion which rather took his audience by surprise. He began his speech by saying how proud and pleased he was to see himself surrounded—every one of course expected him to add "by his faithful Peers and Commons," but instead of this he continued—"by his illustrious ancestors." A side door now opens, and there streams in a perfect torrent of new-comers, nearly all in military uniform, and each with at least one order: some of them have a dozen. To see the broad ribbons of the Grands Cordons, the stars, and other decorations, you would fancy that on this particular occasion all the wit and intellect and genius of, at least, the whole of Germany was assembled there and then within those four walls. One wears the ribbon of a grand cross, and has his breast literally covered with decorations, for having satisfactorily held the office of manager of the household, and especially for having with touching fidelity dined for years regularly at the royal table. Another officer, who, young still as he is, has positively no room on his general's uniform for another decoration, has been thus rewarded for his constant attendance on majesty when taking a walk or drive, when travelling, or

\* As a reason for this, it is said: "There is not room enough in the Chamber." This is true, if the sovereign comes there escorted by an army of military officers and court attendants. But all these are unnecessary; and, in reality, have no business there on such an occasion as the opening of the Chamber.

when out deer or pheasant shooting. These gentlemen belong to what is called the *cortège*, and take their places immediately behind the throne and close to it on either side. After them come the King and the royal princes, his brothers and cousins. His Majesty enters uncovered, but, after mounting the raised dais and bowing to the assembly, he looks round him with a royal air, puts on his cocked hat, and, taking it off again, seats himself on the throne with his relations beside him, at the same time commanding the members of both Chambers to be seated.

The King, still seated, then proceeded to read his speech, when at the same moment all the members rose, though they had just before been told to be seated. In reality they ought not to have risen; but deference to royalty is so part and parcel of a German's nature that, although not required or expected to get up, they unanimously stood while the sovereign read his address. At its conclusion there was a pause; when the President of the first Chamber proposed that they should all give three cheers for his Majesty the King of Bavaria; and three cheers were accordingly given, the President directing the operation.

It was a cold affair, and, in spite of uniforms and stars and decorations, not at all imposing. There was nothing whatever to remind you of the council-chamber of a nation where important discussions are carried on, and issues determined that decide the weal or woe of thousands. The room itself was indeed a magnificent reception-room. It was a cheerful festal place, calling up visions of levees and fêtes and fair women. In no way was it connected in your mind with earnest political endeavours; there was not that association of ideas which alone invests a spot with serious interest.

It is, after all, a strange notion to have an inaugurating ceremony elsewhere than at the place connected with such ceremony. It would have been rather absurd, for example, if the opening of the Great Exhibition had taken place at Windsor Castle instead of at Brompton. And to an Englishman it would be an incomprehensible act if the Queen were to summon the council of the nation to Buckingham Palace, there to read her speech and announce to them that Parliament was now opened. Such a thing would be so foreign to English feeling, that we doubt very much if the Queen herself would consent to do it.

The fact that the *Sovereign goes down to the House* has doubtless its meaning; and it is just this very meaning which continental potentates are desirous to ignore.

In our judgment on such questions, however, we must take into account the different feeling of the different people on these and similar matters. To the forms in which the Englishman would see the representation of a right jealously to be guarded and carefully maintained, the Bavarian perhaps would be indifferent. Indeed in most cases the German is ready to bow to any act of those in authority. As an instance of this indifference we may add that, on remarking to several Munich citizens on the anomaly of opening the Chambers elsewhere than in the Chamber itself, the answer

invariably was: "Yes, it is true: but then, if the throne-room were not made use of for that purpose and for prerogatives, the King would never be able to make use of it at all." And that consideration satisfied every one. That the ceremony proved an occasion for throwing open the hall was ample reason for the Chamber to dispense with a privilege, which definitively stamped the character of the popular assembly, and marked the position in which it stood to the crown.

But rulers act otherwise. For them no acquisition, real or only apparent, is too insignificant to be retained. Like the present King of Prussia, who, at the coronation, took the crown "from the table of the Lord," and *crowned himself*, they all well know the value of a "mere form." They are aware of its influence, and know that it may possibly, at a well-chosen moment, serve as a point of departure for new conquests; and that thus eventually, by slow degrees, the lost autocratic power may be recovered.

## A "FIRST-CLASS" STORY; OR, THE PERILS OF TRAVELLING ALONE.

### CHAPTER I. IN WHICH THE TRAVELLER CONSULTS HER FRIENDS.

THE *table d'hôte* at the "*Halbe Mond*" (Half Moon) Hotel in the little town of Eisenach, which, though no bigger than Hampstead, is one of the principal "*Residenz*" cities belonging to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and famous for the neighbouring Castle of the Wartburg, where Martin Luther wrote his translation of the Bible, while secreted within its walls under the disguise of "Younker George,"—the *table d'hôte*, we say, at the best hotel of this tiny Saxon capital is an agreeable scene at all times of the year. It is agreeable enough in the season when visitors swarm thither like swallows from other climes; some to gape at the frescoes on the walls of the "Singers' Hall" at the Wartburg, while others make a special trip to the town on purpose to feast their eyes with the sight of the quaint little "Luther chamber" in the old cottage-like "Knight's-house" adjoining the castle. Others, again, are there, not to see merely the artificial "lions" of the place, but to enjoy the natural beauty of the exquisite mountain and forest scenery in the neighbourhood. Indeed all manner of tourist folk are here to be met with in the tour-making season, and a more motley cosmopolitan group can hardly be seen even at the great fair of Leipzig. There are Jews and Gentiles, Poles, Russians, dark Italians, and fair-haired Swedes, dandy Frenchmen and burly Netherlanders, long-haired artists on a sketching tour, and bright-coloured "muffin-capped" students making a walking "*partie*" through the Thuringian forest, sedate untidy-looking professors, and expensively "got-up" Berlin tailors; be-ringed, be-chained, and be-studded commercial travellers, who have left their little square parcel of samples in the lobby; and stolid, untalkative Englishmen, costumed for the tour in suits of raspberry-cream-coloured tweed, and who saunter into the dining-hall with their opera-glass slung in a patent leather pouch at their side.



Such is the curious ethnological assembly at the "Halbe Mond" dinner, at the primitive hour of one, in the holiday season of the year; and, though, in the winter time, when the villages in the neighbourhood of the town are many of them snowed up, so that the provisions of the peasantry have to be hoisted in at the dormer-windows in the roofs, and when the starved and frozen-out deer come down to the cities to be fed, and the market-carts are all taken off their wheels, and the vegetables, butter, and cheese have to be brought to the "Stadt" upon sledges—though, at such a time, but few travellers can naturally be expected to dine there, nevertheless there is always a goodly muster of townfolk who make a practice of taking their "mid-day meal" at the hotel; for when the cost of regaling oneself with some dozen courses and a dessert is but eightpence a head to regular subscribers (for it is the custom with residents to take a given number of "billets," as if one was contracting for so many dips at the sea-side, instead of so many tickets for soup, poultry, meat, fish, pastry, or *d'œuvres*, *entremets*, dessert, and heaven knows how many other dishes besides), and when we add that the cooking moreover is by no means unpalatable, the London epicure upon a moderate income will readily understand that the attractions are sufficient to draw "good houses," the entertainment being generally excellent, the performers mostly respectable, and the prices extremely moderate.

True, the lover of English fare will be occasionally offended with the sight of such dishes as boiled beef and cherries, roast pork and preserved oranges, stewed mutton and pickled "sticklebacks," carp and horse-radish sauce, fieldfares and juniper-berries, and raw herrings served with cream, raw onions, capers, and sliced apples. True, again, the meat, owing to its having been all boiled for soup before being baked to do duty as a roast joint, has no more flavour left in it than in a mouthful of papermaker's pulp, so that one really has to inquire whether it be stag or roebuck, or goose, pork, beef, or veal that we are eating; nevertheless, the sauces with which they are smothered are sufficiently savoury to make them toothsome, so that for a month or two the mere novelty of the fare is enough to give it a zest to the hungry and smoke-dried traveller.

At this hotel, in the winter time, the company, if not numerous, is, at least, select. At the head of the table is invariably to be seen the little round figure of Professor M., the teacher of painting at the principal public school of the town, who has eaten his twelve courses there day after day for seven and thirty years, and whose bulky little body and fat round cheeks are glowing results at once of the excellence and nutritive qualities of the food,—for, good cheery little soul, his face is as pleasant and as ruddy as the sun in the winter time,—and who, though numbering nearly sixty years, is as full of hope as a young poet, for it was only last year that he was busy covering an acre of canvas that he had to mount a ladder to paint, for his 999th grand tableau of "Christ and his Apostles." Then there is the young

and sharp-witted Professor H., whose features remind one somewhat of Louis Napoleon, and who, like the French Emperor, has been the architect of his own fortunes, for, though not a man of the schools, he has taught himself to make what he delights to call the finest microscopes in Europe, and is famed all over Germany for his splendid illustrations of the polarisation of light by means of the oxyhydrogen apparatus. Besides these is a group of Saxon officers, good-humoured jolly fellows, who every year believe that there is a chance of war breaking out with France, and are longing for another brush with the imperial army, or else as anxiously awaiting the festivities of the next ball at the Klemda, or arranging the details of their next grand sledging party with the band of music to Ruhla. Moreover, here may be found the polite silver-headed old courtier, the Baron von H., who is the head forester of the Duchy, and is ever pleased to point out to strangers where the choicest beauties of the forest scenery lie. Again, the lively and kindly-natured commandant of the Wartburg, the Major von A., occasionally forms one of the party; and then how merrily the time passes, and how the glasses are sure to clink! For he is "the best of all good company," and has always a good tale to tell, either of the ghosts he has himself seen up at the Wartburg, or else some pretty Thuringian legend to narrate, or one of his last clever little sketches to show; for the Major paints as tastily as he sings, and his old Thuringian songs, when accompanied by himself on the "zitter," the national instrument of the country, are things quite unique, as well for the gracefulness of the execution as for the quaintness of the simple ditties. Nor are ladies, at such a time, entirely absent from the company; for here dines daily the Fraulein K., who was formerly the head governess to the young princesses of Saxe Weimar, but who is now the principal teacher at what is termed the "higher daughters' school" in the town, and who still delights in all the manners of the Court, and sits at home appressed in black velvet, waiting to receive her friends on the nights of her receptions. How fluently she passes from one language to another! Now she is speaking French, and excellent French, too, with the accomplished Commandant; now she is talking English with the two worthy Scotch ladies next her, and now she converses in German with the Baron von H. concerning the studies and quickness of his little grandchildren. There is also a slight sprinkling of English ladies at the table, for, though the British inhabitants in the town hardly exceed half a dozen, the greater part of these meet regularly at the *table d'hôte*. It would be unfair, however, to speak more particularly of them in a paper intended for English eyes; suffice it, the two Scotch ladies, above alluded to, were a couple of the best and most graceful-minded women it has ever been the writer's lot to meet with—the one as wise as she was pleasant, and as pleasant as she was kindly; and the other, clever in all things, clever in painting, clever in music, aye, and we have a shrewd suspicion, clever at writing too.

Of the other *Engländerinnen* (as the Germans call

our countrywomen), as they are to constitute the principal characters in the narrative which is to follow, we shall leave the ladies to speak for themselves. They were two cousins, originally of Irish extraction, and the one many years older than the other. The elder lady had been married to a Bremen merchant, who had died young and left her with a small independence, which she had come to eke out by a residence in the town of Eisenach, where, owing to the cheapness of provisions and rent, her income was sufficient to keep her in the state of comfort to which she had been accustomed. She could hardly be called a young widow, though on the other hand she was many years below the middle age of life, and there was a kind of statuesque character about her features which, though it had grown into somewhat of a masculine style as she had advanced in years, was still sufficient to assure the beholder that she must have possessed no slight beauty when the face was rounder and the cheeks plumper and rosier with the charms of youth. You had but to meet her and converse with her occasionally to find out ere long that the peculiar characteristic of her mind was worldly prudence; and one could soon see that she was distinguished by all that scrupulous care of young women which is so marked an attribute of the Irish character, and which makes the chastity of the females of that nation famous over all the world. The younger cousin was so unlike the elder one, that it was difficult to imagine any tie of kindred to exist between them. Her features, indeed, were far from regular, and her face more square than oval. But though she was neither handsome nor pretty, she was what was more striking, perhaps: she was interesting. It was impossible to look at her once and then turn away with absolute indifference. The reason of this was that the girl had a pair of most remarkable full black eyes—too lustrous and large indeed for anything like regular beauty, but still so full of fire and so penetrating, that they were as fascinating as those of the rattle-snake are said to be; so that a stranger, however well-bred, could hardly help staring at her. Moreover, there was a fawn-like tenderness in their expression that told the quick-sighted that though the girl was a person of violent emotions, she was at the same time a creature of such high nervous susceptibility, that it was impossible to say whether in the hour of danger she would display the highest heroism or be overcome, even to stupor, by the fright.

The elder lady we shall call Madame Steindorf (for as the circumstances we are about to relate are founded in truth, it is superfluous to say that the name must necessarily be a fictitious one), and the younger one Miss Boyne. At the time of the opening of our story, Madame Steindorf had succeeded in obtaining for her cousin a situation as companion to the wife of a rich Hamburg merchant; for owing to her crippled means since the death of her husband, she was unable to keep the young lady with her any longer, and the main object of her visit to the *Halbe Mond* that day was to consult the gentlemen whose acquaintance she had made at the *table d'hôte*, as to the most prudent and safe mode of getting a young lady,

unprotected as she was, to her destination, especially as she herself could not afford the expense of accompanying her.

When the almonds and raisins, the "sand-cake," the meringues, had been handed round, and the other ladies had taken their bonnets and cloaks from the hat-stand and had slipped on their felt over-shoes to guard against falling in the snow, previous to making their bow before leaving the company at the table, Madame Steindorf drew her chair towards the gentlemen at the upper end of the room, and said, in German, as the waiter deposited the silver spirit-lamp on the table for the smokers to light their cigars.

"I beg, gentlemen, that you will not let our presence interfere with your enjoyment, for I wish to consult you upon a point that you, as natives of the country, must be better acquainted with than I possibly can."

"Was the Fraulein out skating to-day on the Orleans pond?" said one of the officers to Miss Boyne, as he leaned behind Madame Steindorf's chair to address the black-eyed young lady, who merely shook her head and whispered "Nein" in reply.

"Now, do I beg, light your cigars, gentlemen," continued Madame S—, as the waiter made his appearance with the cups of "black coffee" that had already been ordered for the German post-prandial entertainment.

Hereupon Lieutenant Von T— rose from his chair, and raising his hand to his ear by way of military salute, bowed slightly as he said:

"If you ladies will be good enough to give us your permission,"—to which Madame Steindorf answered jocularly,

"We will not only give you our permission, but a light also," and so saying she drew the sponge from the centre of the stand, and applying it to the flame below handed it burning blue to the officer.

"Oh, I beg—I beg, Madame," cried some half-dozen simultaneously.

The ice of foreign ceremony being thus pleasantly broken, the elder lady immediately returned to the subject she had just touched upon.

"I want to learn from you gentlemen which class you consider the safest for a young lady to travel by in Germany when journeying alone by rail. Some tell me," she added, "that in the third class a young lady is less liable to meet with insult, because the carriages there are undivided into compartments, and some one is certain to be present to protect her."

"For myself," said Professor H—, "I travel some thousands of miles by rail regularly every year, and I never knew an instance of any female having been rudely treated, but then I always take a second-class ticket; and you know, Madame Steindorf, our second-class carriages are as good as your first, and the company one meets in them quite as respectable."

"Oh, yes!" chimed in the officers, "we all travel second-class."

"Besides," added the Baron von H—, "I believe I may say without offence to so clever a lady of the world as yourself, Madame Steindorf, that our people are more polite than yours," and the couple bowed to one another with extreme deference.

"I don't know that," cried Professor M——, from the top of the table, as he looked up from the large china bowl in which he was busily engaged in brewing "May drink"; now emptying bottle after bottle of "Forster Traminer" into the vessel, then throwing in handfuls of sugar, and lastly sprig after sprig of dried "woodruff," with a tiny green orange or two to give it an extra flavour. "I don't know that," he repeated. "The English people are not so ceremonious as ours, but when I went over to the Manchester Exhibition of Art, I found them quite as civil to me. Besides, look at their public gardens; there the people are *requested* not to pluck the flowers, and here we say it is *forbidden by fine* to do so. Which is the politer of the two?"

"Ah! but you artists, Herr Professor," urged one of the scientific teachers at the principal Eisenach school, "always delight in foreign works, but I have a theory that owing to the great prevalence of fogs in England—and I have seen a statement by Professor Faraday in our papers, that there are no less than 250 odd fogs in London every year,"—and the learned gentleman looked round to mark the astonishment produced upon those present: "I have a theory, I repeat, that such a climate, where a bit of blue sky is almost as great a rarity as a water-spout here, the people cannot possibly be as vivacious and affable as ours. You see the sulphurous acid present in the London atmosphere prevents the oxygen or vital gas,"—and the Professor crossed the tips of his two fore-fingers as he was about to enter into the chemico-physiological details of the subject, when fortunately for the company, the courteous Baron von H—— interposed by saying,

"But, Herr Professor, we are forgetting the ladies, and they didn't come here to listen to one of your extremely clever scientific lectures, but to have a simple answer to a simple question—at least, so it strikes me, though I may be mistaken, Herr Professor," and the Baron bowed his white head to the learned gentleman across the table.

"But who travel in the first-class carriages?" enquired Madame Steindorf, after a slight pause.

"We have a saying here," said the good-tempered maker of the best microscopes in Europe, "that our first-class is kept only for Englishmen and madmen," and he laughed as he said the words, but immediately added, "though you know, Madame, we all look upon you here as a German lady.

"Badinage apart, however, Herr Professor, do you really mean to say that you never saw any but English in them?" asked the elder lady.

"Well, I travel more than most people," returned the gentleman, and I generally find them filled with gentlemen with whiskers as long as a fox brush, and each with the invariable red book in their hands. Once to be sure I did see a German, but he had the gout, and he had gone there to prevent the possibility of any person entering the carriage and treading on his toes."

"And I," said the Lieutenant von T——, "once knew a real German who always travelled by rail that way."

"It cannot be!" cried the others, laughing.

"Was he a hermit or a hyphochondriac?" asked one of the party in a bantering tone.

"Neither," answered the officer, "but I found out at last that he was one of the principal tragic actors at the Dresden Theatre, and always chose that class when travelling, so as to be able to rehearse his part in private on the way."

"Very good," cried the others, "if he had gone into the woods he couldn't have had greater solitude."

The information was enough for Madame Steindorf, so thanking the gentlemen for what she had learnt from them, the ladies rose from table, whereupon all the gentlemen present stood up and bowed to them as they curtsied before leaving the room; while the young lieutenant flew to the door, and throwing it open, held it back as he said,

"A pleasant journey to you, Fraulein. Adieu, ladies, I bow to you."

As soon as the couple had reached the gate-way of the hotel, Madame Steindorf said to her cousin, "I have made up my mind, Helen, you shall travel first-class, and then no harm can befall you."

### TIMBROMANIE.

"HAVE you a blue Sardinian?" "I'll give you a black Prussian for a Russian." "I want a yellow Saxon." Such is the incomprehensible jargon that frequently puzzles grave fathers of families at their own breakfast-tables, or startles the propriety of decorous matrons and maiden aunts in their after-dinner retirement with a circle of precocious youngsters. What, in the name of this present year of grace, does it all mean?

A magazine\* on our writing-table endeavours to inform us. The numbers date from the commencement of the current year; they are very neatly printed, and ornamented by a frontispiece representing animated groups of all nations reading and writing letters and despatching tales, and otherwise encouraging good-fellowship and constant inter-communication. These journals are issued monthly, and the price is four shillings per annum. Each number of the periodical presents its subscribers with "an unobliterated foreign or colonial postage-stamp."

So—the murder is out. The key to the whole is contained in this single announcement. These magazines are merely the representatives of a widely-spread mania for stamp-collecting; which, running through all classes of the community, even as did the lottery-fever or frank-mania of old times, has succeeded in elevating itself to the rank of a remunerative and respectable business; capable of being conducted alike by tradesmen in their shops and warehouses, or by private parties, who, wishing to increase their little means, can bargain with their customers through the medium of advertisements or letters.

The traffic in used and unused postage stamps of various colours and countries, for the purpose of forming collections and stocking albums, first commenced in Belgium, among the girls and boys at the numerous schools or *pensions* in that country. Their elders, amused at the outset by their earnestness and enthusiasm in so apparently

\* The "Stamp-Collector's Magazine."

trivial a fancy, ended by imbibing the infection ; which rapidly spread throughout France and Germany. Soon there was a kind of regular exchange held on the Boulevard Sebastopol, in Paris, for the buying and selling of postage-stamps. This was speedily suppressed by the local authorities ; but even at the present moment, in defiance or evasion of a law which prohibits all traffic in the gardens of the Tuileries, amateurs assemble there every Sunday and Thursday, and manage to carry on this new species of traffic " under the rose."

When the mania reached London, its victims established a temporary exchange in Birchin Lane, in the City, and in several of the alleys leading therefrom. This was in the spring of 1862, when, during the pleasant twilight of the short evenings, a most animated scene was presented for the amusement of the philosophical observer. From fifty to a hundred individuals, old men, youths, and mere boys, middle-aged persons of unimpeachable respectability, ladies of modest and decorous presence, even more than one personage of exalted rank, bargaining and contending in this singular traffic with the utmost eagerness and vivacity,—such was the *tableau vivant* which stayed the steps of the least interested passer-by. The value of stamps in this exchange, being wholly supposititious, was subject to considerable fluctuations ; single stamps being rated on one and the same night at a penny or twopence to sixpence or a shilling in value ; or a small collection would pass from hand to hand, increasing in price in the course of an hour or two from two shillings to four, eight, or even ten shillings. The Birchin Lane exchange, like its prototype in Paris, was eventually put down by the police ; and any later dealings there have necessarily been surreptitious.

Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, and other writers on the subject—which has already an established literature of its own—enumerate various advantages, mental and moral, to be derived from the hearty prosecution of this whimsical species of commerce. According to these eminent amateurs of the science, the sedulous collecting and classification of postage-stamps teaches geography, history, the statistics and political position of distant countries ; inculcates business habits, commercial confidence, order, honour, and punctuality ; and affords room for the display of much artistic taste and skill in the arrangement of the many-tinted and often beautifully-engraved stamps in the albums specially contrived for that purpose.

Admitting the British colonies into our calculation, there are more than forty modifications of Queen Victoria's portrait, in several different shades of colour. The postage-stamp of the lowest money value at its ordinary rate is the *centime* of France, worth a fraction less than two-fifths of an English farthing ; the highest being the four-dollar California Pony Express, representing the sum of sixteen shillings and fourpence. For beauty of form and hue, the postage-stamps of France and Greece, and among our own dependencies, those of Nova Scotia, bear away the palm ; while the English penny postage-stamp and the postage-stamps of Belgium are about on

a par, as far as ugliness is concerned. Siberian stamps are of the largest size issued ; and those of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin take rank as the smallest. For scarcity and daily increasing value, the old issues of the Isle of Bourbon and New Caledonia, and those of Spain, Portugal, British Guiana, and Van Diemen's Land, may be especially particularised. So may the stamps of the Sandwich Islands, Nicaragua, and the Philippines, which are extremely rare ; as are also those of the Italian Duchies. Such of our readers as may wish to turn " an honest " future " penny," should hasten forthwith to make a large investment in Roman Pontifical stamps ; which are with good reason expected, at no very distant date, to attain an almost fabulous value.

Temporary issues are always rare and valuable. Some time ago, the supply of postage-stamps failed in the British colony at the Cape of Good Hope. There was a delay in procuring " the needful " from the mother-country ; and pending its arrival native artists produced some poor imitations of the requisite stamps. These spurious stamps are now almost impossible to be procured, especially the threepenny and fourpenny ones. Local stamps employed within narrow limits invariably fetch high prices. Those of the Confederate States are much in demand.

Among the various modes of disposing of postage-stamps, they are sometimes made the object of a raffle. A number of individuals will subscribe, say a shilling each, for the chance of obtaining possession of a collection of stamps of two or more hundreds in extent. Stamp merchants keep their depôts all over the country ; many of them entirely subsisting by this novel traffic. In London alone there exist at least a dozen regular dealers in stamps ; while our seaports, and especially the important town of Liverpool, abound with them. Some dealers confine themselves to " maculate " or " immaculate " stamps,—the fashionable terms for " obliterated " and " unused ; " others deal exclusively in scarce or obsolete varieties. Some are willing to sell or exchange ; others again, combining with this abnormal commerce more ordinary trades, present their customers with stamps according to their amount of patronage. Stamps are purchased " on commission ; " agents are advertised for ; lists of prices are distributed to parties concerned. Collections of stamps are frequently advertised for sale by private individuals, varying in extent from two or three hundred to a thousand or more, and offered at prices averaging from ten to forty pounds. Albums to contain these are got up in every style ; from plain cloth, at one shilling, to " best morocco-relief, with clasps," at one pound five. Stamps are likewise received by benevolent individuals to sell for charitable purposes ; and given away as prizes to the solvers of riddles in struggling periodicals. Lastly, there are numbers of private persons, many of them being youths of fourteen or even younger, who contrive to make a remunerative speculation of their dealings in stamps.

But let amateurs beware of forgeries. These are so frequent, and the differences that exist between a real and a forged stamp are so exceedingly minute and difficult of detection, that the

constant employment of a magnifying-glass is strenuously recommended by the initiated. The Swiss are noted forgers, and have circulated with impunity several kinds of spurious early Zurichers. There are likewise in circulation good imitations of the Danish stamps. Some issues are wholly fictitious. Of this class are the "Verein Hamburgers," designed and issued by no higher authority than an unscrupulous and enterprising engraver.

The stamp mania, or *timbromanie*, is not always viewed in a purely business or scientific aspect; it has its absurd and amusing relations with life. Of such was the ridiculous display lately made at a Parisian *bal masque*, by a gentleman who might have found a better employment for his money. This reckless individual attracted universal attention by presenting himself in a costume entirely covered with postage-stamps, about a third of which were "immaculate." The original texture of his hat was concealed by a quantity of French ten and fifteen *centimes à percevoir*: a stamp answering to our double postage, levied on unpaid or underpaid letters.

A new galop may be seen in the windows of any music-shop in London, the title-page of which is ornamented with fac-similes of foreign postage-stamps, in all their various colours. The galop itself is entitled "Arthur O'Leary's Stamp-Galop." Down in the City an enterprising tradesman displays behind his glittering plate-glass panes an assortment of curious breast-pins, consisting of imitations of foreign stamps, enamelled in their several delicate hues, and set in gold.

Some postage-stamp collectors, especially in private life, devote their energies to storing up vast numbers of stamps of a particular issue, trusting to the good offices of time to render them exceedingly scarce, and consequently valuable. We cannot accord our entire approbation to a few individuals among these far-seeing speculators, who are engaged in collecting and hoarding common English penny stamps; acting with a greedy eye to future profit in what every truly loyal subject of our beloved Queen trusts is still a remote period,—that when the present feminine portraiture on our current stamps will necessitate a new issue, bearing the likeness of our then Gracious Sovereign and Defender of the Faith, King Edward the Seventh.

### INNISMURRAY.

Nor the least interesting among the many retired corners of Great Britain is the island of Innismurray. It is situated in Donegal Bay, about five miles from the main land of Sligo on the North-west coast of Ireland, where the Atlantic breaks with extreme violence on some of the finest rock-scenery of that country. Though not in itself picturesque, the peculiar superstitions and half savage customs of the natives render it remarkable. These are little known even in the immediate neighbourhood. Visitors at the rising sea-side village of Bundoran, on the mainland, hear of them with astonishment, and it seems to us that a short account of the island

would interest a large circle of readers. It will serve, at all events, to show a point at which the spheres of primitive and civilised life touch each other, where ancient institutions and modern manners coalesce at no great distance from all the boasted marvels of science.

Innismurray forms one of that fringe of islands skirting the west coast of Ireland, which is evidently a continuation of the Hebrides. It is a mere speck of a mile long and half a mile in breadth, round which the wild waters of the Atlantic are continually chafing themselves into foam. The rocky shores fall back upon patches of cultivation, which, when manured with kelp obtained from burning the sea-weed, produce oats, barley, and, needless to say, potatoes. Lobsters are found in great abundance round the coast. The population used to be large, some sixteen families; but half of them sailed for America in 1847, and the ship was lost with all on board. The remaining eight families are governed by a local sovereign. Lord Palmerston is nominally owner of the island, but his rental is not much increased by the revenues of this distant part of his property, as the inhabitants claim complete immunity from all rents and taxes. In common with all the Keltic tribes of Great Britain, they have likewise lax views on the subject of custom-house duties, and a great hatred of "gaugers." The name of the last king was Herity. His widow, the present sovereign of the island, actually made a journey to London in the lifetime of her husband to ask Lord Palmerston to obtain pardon for him, that monarch being then in prison (by no means for the first time) for having infringed Queen Victoria's laws relating to illicit distilling. His subjects follow his example still, and, spite of all laws and gaugers, annually make large quantities of "potheen."

The religion of the island is supposed to be Roman Catholic, but as in temporal so in spiritual matters, this eccentric community takes the liberty of differing from orthodox views. They have two grave-yards, one for men, the other for women. In the former, which is of course the more honourable situation, is a small ruinous chapel of very old masonry, and in a cell off this chapel is enshrined a half-length figure of a monk, the dress and features unmistakably Spanish. The natives treat this image with almost divine adoration, deeming it a likeness of one "Father Malash," an old priest who once lived on the island, was very good to the people, and, after his death, sent them this image to take care of them. He sent it by sea, and it landed several hundred years ago at a certain point which is still shown. This figure is considered to have been the figure-head of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, several of which were wrecked on the north-west coast of Ireland. The following anecdote seems a confirmation of this: A few years ago, a gentleman, who had been cruising off the island in his yacht, wished to play the natives a trick, and perhaps break them of their idolatrous habits. He landed a body of sailors, who carried off the image, and when the yacht was well out to sea it was thrown overboard. Curiously enough, the Rev. Father was once more washed ashore at his

former landing-place, of course much strengthening thereby the faith of his devotees.

Outside the chapel there is a heap of round stones, which when turned in some particular manner by the queen (Mrs. Herity), have the power of bringing misfortune on any one with whom she is displeased. It is said to be impossible to count these; and, in fact, from their similarity of appearance and irregular disposition, it is almost impossible to arrive twice at the same result. The same matter-of-fact gentleman who carried off "Father Malash" overcame this difficulty by placing a pea on each stone as he enumerated it.

A friend from whom we have derived the foregoing particulars, visited Innismurray in 1850 and inspected its curiosities, but gave dire offence to the natives by refusing to take a cask of potheen back to the mainland. It would have been dangerous to the equilibrium of the rowers to have done so, and unpleasant for all parties had the revenue officers detected it. As it was, the islanders grumbled and cursed, and finally an old crone rushed off to turn the stones on such profitless visitors. Despite the dangers of tide and currents, which run there very swiftly, the party reached home safely. Sad to say, the natives found their charm equally inoperative in another case. Owing to their acquaintance with the sea round their coasts, their smuggling operations used to give the custom-house officers much trouble, until they procured a small steamer. The stones were turned a dozen times then, and a very large amount of cursing done, but all to no purpose.

Camden, who had evidently a fellow-feeling with them in this matter of whisky, tells us apologetically that mead used to be the favourite Irish beverage, but that bees do not abound now. The "usquebaugh," however, which they now make, he affirms to be "excellent, much less heating and more drying than ours." Perhaps St. Patrick drove out bees along with toads as vermin, and thereby unluckily introduced spirits in their place, which have had in their turn to be exorcised by Father Mathew. May all the success attend his efforts which befell those of St. Guthlac, who effectually banished all the frightful "fen-devils" which used to haunt Croyland!

Some have fancied they could discover a temple of Mithras or Mindhr, the ancient Persian fire-god, in the ruins of Innismurray, and have supposed that it was from him that the island was called in old days Innis Mindhr. There are plenty of mythical stories however for us to cite, if we are inclined to look into antiquity for the origin of the Innismurray ruins. In Strabo's time there were legends of the wild Irish eating grass, and esteeming it a point of honour to devour their deceased fathers. He says "they were even more savage than the Britons;" and their orgies may have been celebrated here. We may go back further yet to a few ages after the Israelites' departure out of Egypt, when Hiberus and Hermione, sons of Milesius, King of Spain, led some colonies to Ireland; perhaps about the same chronological epoch as that in which Brute landed the Trojans at Totness in Devonshire. Those Irish giants, with whom Bartholanus, a Scythian, is said to

have waged war three hundred years after the flood, may have made their last stand here, and when conquered, have adopted their victorious adversaries' customs; for it is generally allowed that the heathenish custom of eating human flesh, of which we spoke above, came from Scythia. Nay, we might pierce the primæval mist which hung around the fabled Ogygia, by which some have fancied Plutarch meant Ireland, in order to find the origin of the ruined greatness of Innismurray. But it is not really needful to go further back than the days of early Christianity, when Ireland was known far and wide as "the country of saints," and St. Patrick with his zealous followers had planted centres of civilisation on most of the western isles of Scotia, which then comprehended both Ireland and Scotland.

It is thus Camden gives us the clue to the marvels of the island. "There was early an abbey here," he says, "whose ruins are very rude and massive, with underground cells lighted only by holes at the top or side. There are also two chapels and a cell dedicated to St. Molas, with a stone roof and rude wooden image of the saint. An altar hard by is called the cursing altar, and north of it is that of the Trinity. The walls of the inclosure are from five to ten feet thick, built without mortar, of large stones. One of the chapels is dedicated to St. Columbkil, and in common with the other and the cell above mentioned is evidently of later date than the rest of the buildings, as lime is used in its construction."

Such are some particulars of this curious island. Travellers to more distant lands see Nature's features on a larger scale, and bring back proverbial tales of wonder to their less fortunate home-keeping brethren; yet localities close at hand, and but slightly remote from our experience, always contain much interest and amusement if diligently examined. We have attempted to illustrate this in the case of Innismurray. To the archaeologist, the artist, and the naturalist our western isles are replete with instruction. He who only travels for the sake of changing his usual horizon need not necessarily seek the Continent. However rich the nation may become, it will always be beyond the power of the multitude to penetrate into foreign lands; yet, so universal is the taste for travelling, it is well to be assured that the man "with eyes" (to adapt the good old story) may find much more at home than the one "with no eyes" will discern abroad.

In conclusion it may be remarked how singularly Ireland has been left high and dry, for the most part, by that flood of civilisation and improvement which has so long been streaming from the East over us to the New World. May such relics of superstition as we have been gathering together be soon, like the original Father Malash, things of the past! That the country of Brian Boru and the O'Neiles, which, like ourselves, struggled in vain against the inroad of Norman civilisation, may abound in every expression of civil freedom, social fellowship, and individual self-respect, momentary impulses passing into settled convictions, and all national ill customs vanishing before an enlarged sense of responsibility, is the earnest prayer of all who love Ireland. G.

## A "FIRST-CLASS" STORY ; OR, THE PERILS OF TRAVELLING ALONE.

### CHAPTER II. IN WHICH THE TRAVELLER MEETS A STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

ALMOST as soon as it was light the next morning the two cousins were wending their way along the snowy streets of Eisenach towards the railway station, with their German maidservant in advance of them, carrying the young lady's heavy trunk on the chiffonnier-like basket that was strapped to her back. The bells at the doors of the chandlers' shops kept tinkling with the demand for "schnapps" by the men on their way to work as the couple passed along. The dusty-looking bakers were busy arranging their sausage-shaped little rolls of bread on the small wooden ledges in front of their parlour windows; and the little go-cart-like milk waggons laden with their big tin jugs, not unlike in shape to large Etruscan vases, stood at the gateways, with the donkey half-doing in the shafts; and the maidservants were grouped about the wells that were not yet frozen up, waiting for their turn to get water at the spring, while on the stones round about were ranged the tall, queer-looking wooden "butten," not unlike enormous quivers, in which they were to carry, strapped to their backs, the cold, wet load home to their houses. The rude old Roman tower which forms the only remaining gateway of the once ramparted town was soon passed, and then it was but two or three minutes' walk to the railway itself.

The starting-place had so few points of difference from an English station, that there is no necessity for particularising it; enough to say that the officials were all clad in suits of sky-blue, and every one had some hirsute appendage to either his lips or chin, and the "restoration-room" was heated to the temperature of a baker's oven, and reeked with the not very fragrant odour of red-hot iron stoves and stale tobacco-smoke. Here were gentlemen done up in fur coats, and fur boots, and fur gloves, until they looked more like Esquimaux than the inhabitants of the temperate zone, waiting the departure of a train, and all smoking and drinking steaming cups of coffee, till the atmosphere was as misty as that of a wash-house.

Presently the huge bell hanging outside the refreshment-room door was tolled rapidly by one of the sky-blue officials, and then, the glass doors that opened on to the platform being thrown back, there was a general rush from within to without.

"Now, my dear Helen, I'll go and see that your luggage is safely stowed away, while you take your seat, and arrange your rugs in this carriage," said Madame Steindorf, as she approached the door of one of the first-class carriages, and then signalled to the porter to come and unlock it for them, and by the time the young lady had drawn on her felt shoes, and exchanged her bonnet for a quilted hood, and taken the books she had brought with her from her bag, her cousin was back again at the carriage door, inquiring if she were sure that

she had brought this, and hadn't forgotten that, and then telling her that she need be under no alarm whatever, that the guard had told her that first-class carriages were almost always empty at that season of the year, and she had written, as she knew, overnight to make arrangements for some one to meet her when she arrived at Harburg who would conduct her across the river to her destination at Hamburg. The conversation was here abruptly stopped by one of the officials closing the door of the carriage, and then Madame Steindorf had only time to shake her cousin by the hand, and bid her mind and be sure she wrote immediately she got to the end of her journey, before the big bell clattered again, and the chimes began to play telegraphically all along the line in the little belfries ranged on top of the lodges of the signal men, warning them that the Frankfurt train was then starting, immediately after which the engine-whistle rent the air with a piercing scream, the locomotive began to snort, heavily at first, and then to pant quicker and quicker, while the carriages, one after the other, began first to glide along the platform, and then to be whisked rapidly from the sight.

As yet Helen Boyne had kept up heroically against the struggle of parting—she had promised her cousin that there should be no "scene" before strangers at the railway station, and she was too proud-spirited to allow herself to forfeit her word; but when she saw the last flutter of her cousin's handkerchief, and felt that she was now, for the first time, adrift in the world, and bound to a strange place, where she was to see only strange faces, the tender-hearted girl burst into tears, and sobbed as if her very heart would break. Her father had been assassinated in Ireland when she was but a mere child, and her mother, who had never recovered the shock of her husband's death, died but a year or two afterwards, so that she had been left an orphan long before her school-days were over. Her mother's sister had then received her under her roof, and had the girl educated for a governess, in which capacity her own daughter—before her marriage to Herr Steindorf—was then acting in an English family resident abroad. The subsequent marriage, however, of Helen's cousin to a merchant at Bremen led to the young lady being received into that merchant's family, in order that she might perfect herself in German, but she had not been here six months before the American panic came, and merchant houses that were considered solid as the Bank of England proved to be no more secure than card-board ones—the oldest firms crashed on every side like rotten timber, and Herr Steindorf, from being one of the largest and most wealthy ship-owners, found himself comparatively a beggar in a few weeks, for bill after bill was returned to him dishonoured, and the losses came so heavy and fast that the merchant's intellect gave way

under it, and ultimately sinking into a state of childish imbecility, he ended his days in a private asylum. The little property left was then invested so as to secure a small annuity to his widow, and upon this the two cousins had been living in Eisenach until a situation could be obtained for the younger one.

It was a long time after parting from Madame Steindorf, as her only friend on that side of the Channel, before Helen Boyne could manage to divert her thoughts by reading; for directly she tried to do so the tears which she fancied she had stayed would flood her eyes once more, and fall in heavy drops, like summer rain upon the leaves. Nor did she know whether they went through tunnels or crossed rivers; all outward things were an utter blank to her, for she heard nothing but the murmurings of her own heart, and saw nothing but her own sad fate before her.

She was hardly conscious even that the train had stopped at the little village of Gerstungen on the banks of the Werra, and was suddenly aroused from her dream by a strange gentleman jumping into the carriage in which she was seated, just as the train was in the act of starting.

The entrance was so abrupt and so utterly unforeseen that the girl gave a faint scream as she saw the man standing before her. Besides, the appearance of the gentleman was not of the most prepossessing kind. He was muffled to the nose in a comforter, and wore a fur-cap drawn low over the forehead, and with the lap-pets covering the ears, so that there was hardly any more of the face to be seen than if the man's head had been seen through a vizor.

"Thank heaven!" gasped out the man, "I caught the train." And the next minute he was jolted back into the seat with the motion of the carriages. Then having flung his carpet-bag on to the vacant cushion next to him he began to unwind the comforter from his neck and to remove the fur-covering from his head, so that he might wipe the perspiration from his brow. After which he commenced stamping violently to divest his boots of the heavy clots of snow that still clung to the soles of them. "I thought I should have missed it after all," he said quickly, and half to himself, and then turning sharply round to the lady, he added in the same disjointed manner, "You are not a German, are you?"

The brusqueness of the question so startled the affrighted girl that she knew not whether to answer the man or not. On second thoughts, however, she fancied it would be better to be civil to the person, lest he should take offence and be rude to her in return: so, without turning her head, she replied:

"No, sir; I am English."

"Soh!" cried the other, as he mused over the information. The next minute he began to unlock his carpet-bag, and after rummaging over the contents, ultimately drew forth a small hand mirror, which he held up in front of his face while he examined his beard and the long lank locks that hung like a lion's mane about his head.

While he was so engaged Helen Boyne could not help casting a furtive glance at her companion, and, as she did so, she felt assured she had seen

him somewhere before;—that horrible grisly red beard, and those straight yellow locks, reaching to his shoulders and tucked behind the large projecting ears, were too deeply impressed in her mind to forget them, and then she fell to wondering where it was she could have met him; it could not have been at the "Klemda," for he seemed to be hardly well-bred enough to be admitted there; and while she was thus musing she noticed that the man was about to draw a pair of scissors from the dressing-case he had removed from the bag, but the sudden appearance of the guard at the window of the carriage made him thrust them hurriedly back again.

"Your ticket, if you please," said the man. "Where are you going to?" he inquired, as he took the bit of pasteboard in order to make the customary hole through it.

"You can see if you can read," snappishly answered the new comer. And as he took the ticket back from the official, he held it in front of his face, as he cried, "Can't you see Gerstungen to Cassel; it's printed large enough. I go from there to Frankfurt this afternoon, can't I?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

The manner of the stranger was so peculiar, and there was such a restlessness about his eyes that the guard could not help saying before pulling the window up again, "Is this gentleman annoying you, madame?"

Helen Boyne could not answer the question in the affirmative. It is true she objected to the man's company; then she was too polite-minded a girl to ask for his removal from the carriage on that account, for she felt it would be casting a stigma upon him that he in no way deserved. So she stammered out:

"Oh no, thank you, not at all."

The words were no sooner uttered than the window was closed again, and the guard was off walking along the narrow ledge outside the carriages to collect the tickets from the new comers while the train was in motion.

"Soh, now we are all right till we get to Cassel," cried the stranger, chafing his palms together, but whether for the sake of warmth or exultation it was difficult to say.

The words, "from Gerstungen to Cassel," rang like the drone of a cathedral bell for many a minute in the mind of the young girl. That man was to be her companion alone in the carriage for many an hour of her long journey. She would get out at Cassel and ask the guard to place her in another carriage. It was curious why he should have chosen to travel first-class, for it was evident by his manner and appearance that he was ill-able to afford the extra expense. Then she thought of what she had heard the day before at the hotel in Eisenach, that none but English people and mad folk ever resorted to those carriages; and as the recollection flashed through her mind she shuddered with alarm as she asked herself whether her companion could possibly be a person of deranged mind.

The rapid disjointed utterances he gave vent to, the incoherence of his actions, his restlessness and irritability, all tended to convince her that she was locked in that carriage alone with a lunatic.



Gracious heaven! what would become of her? If she had only pondered over the matter a few minutes before, she could have sought protection of the guard while he was at the window. What should she do now? She would put down the window that very minute and shout for help, and then even while her hand was on the frame ready to put the first thought into execution, a second crossed her mind. Where was the good of that? Who could hear amid all the clatter of the moving wheels and the gasping of the engine. If there was only some one in the next carriage she would knock at the partition and beg of them to help her; but—no, she could hear no one speaking, and knew that she was alone in her terror. Well, she would do all she could to calm and soothe, rather than vex, the man; then, perhaps, by humouring him she might be able to ward off any great danger until they reached the next halting-place.

Absorbed with such musings as the above, the girl for a moment turned her head from the stranger and was busy looking through the window sideways now towards this end of the train and then in the direction of the other, in the hope of catching sight of the guard before he returned to his seat on the top; and when she found the official was nowhere to be seen, she turned round again and discovered her red-bearded companion in the act of trying to cut the hairy appendage from his face, as he held a pair of scissors in one hand and the little mirror up before him with the other.

If Helen Boyne had had any doubts of the man's sanity before, she was now fully convinced that her fellow-traveller was nothing less than a confirmed maniac—no decent person of sound understanding would be guilty of such impropriety in the presence of an unprotected young lady.

The attempt of the fellow, however, at extemporaneous hair-cutting was utterly idle under such circumstances, for the motion of the carriage as well as the reversed movements of his own hand as seen reflected in the glass, rendered it extremely difficult for him to divest his chin even of a lock or two; and as the girl saw him nearly run the sharp points of the scissors into his throat, she started and half-shrieked in her alarm.

The cry made the man turn sharply round and look wildly at her, and then he gave a faint titter, and rising from his seat went and placed himself directly opposite to the girl.

"Merciful Heaven!" she breathed to herself, as her heart sank like a heavy stone within her; "What will he do, and what shall I do now? If I move away he will follow me and be angry, too."

But there was little time for vague surmise, for the man soon said:

"May I ask, Mees" (the German rendering of Miss) "to do me a favour?" and as he uttered the words he smiled grimly at the terrified girl and half bowed towards her.

Helen Boyne paused for a minute as she almost foresaw the ugly boon the fellow was about to seek of her, and then stammered out:

"I shall be happy to do anything I can to oblige a fellow-traveller; but I must beg of you to

remember that I am a young lady and unfortunately an unprotected one also, and therefore I entreat of you, as a gentleman, not to request me to do anything which I cannot consent to do with propriety."

"Oh, don't be alarmed, Fraulein," blurted out the other, "I am harmless enough if you take me the right way. All I want of you is to cut my beard and whiskers clean off."

It was as she had expected, and the poor girl in her modesty put her hands before her eyes as she sobbed out from behind them,—

"Oh, sir, I'm a stranger to you, and I blush to hear you ask me to do such a thing."

"Come, come!" said the man, holding her hands down, "what should you blush about? I'm not going to ill-use you, and for the little matter of hair-cutting, you needn't put on these romantic flights, for in many parts of Europe the barbers are women, and no one looks upon them as delicate people."

"But, sir, they are used to such an occupation, and I am not," wept on the girl, "therefore I implore you wait till you get to your destination, and have it done by such as make a calling of it, for indeed, indeed, I cannot do it."

"Oh! oh! you can't, can't you? Too fine a lady, no doubt," said the man, with a surly scoff, "to play the barber; but we'll see."

"What would you do?" gasped Helen Boyne. "You would not force me to touch you?" and the girl shuddered with horror from head to foot.

"No force, only a little strong persuasion," was the cool determined reply, as he drew his carpet-bag towards him and then dragged from the bottom of it a small revolver pistol which he placed on the cushion beside him.

"Heaven! You would not murder me, man?" cried the girl, as she started up from her seat.

"Oh no, no!" laughed the fellow derisively. "Not if you don't particularly wish it, Miss. But the sight of that little mild persuader there may bring you to your senses;" and then rose to put his carpet-bag up in the netting over his head. As he did so his back was turned towards the girl but for an instant, and in that instant Helen Boyne darted forward, and snatching at the pistol that lay on the cushion, rushed with it in her hand to the opposite corner of the carriage, and there she stood with her back against the door, with her arm outstretched and the muzzle of the revolver directed point blank at her adversary; nor did the weapon tremble the least in her hand.

"It does bring me to my senses, coward that you are, for it teaches me that though but a mere child in strength, I have now the mastery over you; and though I never pulled a trigger before, I tell you I will shoot you down if you move but one step to lay a hand upon me."

"Haugh! haugh!" bellowed her companion; and then turning round looked the girl steadfastly in the face and said sarcastically, "You never pulled a trigger before, didn't my little one?" and began to stalk towards her.

"Another step and I fire," cried the girl.

"Bah!" returned the other, and then stretching out his hand he made a snatch at the muzzle of the pistol that the girl still held steadily directed

towards him. "Simpleton," he shouted, as he wrenched the weapon from her clutch. "It's very plain you never did fire a pistol before, or you wouldn't try to pull the trigger with the hammer down."

Helen Boyne tossed her head with dismay when she saw how easily she had been defeated, and her flesh crept as the man seized her by the arm, and dragged her back to the seat which she had left but a few minutes before. When he had resumed his place opposite to her, he said calmly, as he scanned the revolver that he held in his hand,

"You see, Miss, this is what you should have done; you should have drawn the trigger back thus, making it click twice, do you hear? And then having satisfied yourself that the percussion cap on the nipple was all right, if you had held it out towards me as I do to you now" (and he brought the muzzle within a few inches of her face as he said so), "why then the least pressure of the finger would be sufficient to lay a person's body lifeless in an instant at the feet. Do you see, simple one?" and the girl cowered her head as far back as she could, while the fellow patted her under the chin as he said: "Come, Miss Hasty, will you trim my locks for me, now?"

#### CHAPTER III. A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

HELEN BOYNE was, as we have before said, a strange, contradictory instance of the combination of the two opposite qualities: an utter want of nerve on certain occasions, and a marvellous strength of nerve upon others; for silly little coward as she was at one time, she could still play the heroine even to the extravagance of melodramatic action at another. What wonder then that the damsel with eyes as full of fire as those of a blood-horse, should at one moment be levelling a pistol at a ruffian's head, and threatening to shoot him down if he moved a step towards her—as though she were some Amazonic young lady in a penny romance of thrilling interest—and the next minute be crouching with the acutest fear, like a well-beaten spaniel at the feet of its master. Even the strongest minded of men can hardly bear to look steadily down the barrel of a loaded gun presented at their forehead; so it was but natural that poor Helen should have averted her head, and shrunk away as far as she could from the ring of ugly black holes that formed the end of the revolver held within a few inches of her face.

"Now, girl," cried the fellow, "take the scissors and clip away. It's no use shivering there like an Italian greyhound. Do the work quickly, and you have nothing to fear; but hesitate, or attempt to raise the least alarm, and I can tell you I am too desperate a man to make any bones about taking your life. There, lay hold of the scissors, I say, and get the job over as quickly as possible;" and so saying, he thrust the scissors into her hand.

"Oh, sir!" faltered out the girl, "why not wait till we get to Cassel, and then I will willingly pay the money out of my own pocket to have it done. I should only wound you in the terrible tremble that I am in now."

"Bah! I shall have no time to spare there. Besides, it is my whim that you, and you alone, shall be my hair-dresser," returned her opposite neighbour wildly. "Directly I looked at myself in the glass, I made up my mind to have it all off; and when I saw your black eyes staring at me from the corner, like a rat peeping out of its dark hole, I was determined you should have the shearing of the sheep; so come, to your work, for there is no time to lose. Do it quickly, I say again, and you are safe against injury from me."

The girl felt that she was in the power of a sturdy maniac, and knew that it was as much as her life was worth to refuse to carry out his mad whim; so she merely ejaculated, with a deep, hysterical sigh, "But pray take that ugly pistol away, sir, and then I will try what I can do." And when the man had lowered the hand in which he held the weapon, and thrust his grisly chin forward towards her, the girl shuddered from head to foot when she laid hold of the end of the ugly red beard. As she raised the scissors in her hand, her first thought was, "What if I stab the wretch in the throat with them?" But she paused for a moment in the frenzy of the thought, and the cunning ruffian, half guessing what was passing through the girl's mind, raised the hateful pistol once more,—a movement so significant, that it quickly caused her to cast aside all ideas of vengeance. The next minute the locks began to fall thick and fast into her lap, and as they did so she shook them from her dress with her knees, as if they were a knot of adders clinging to her.

"Good! good!" shouted the fellow. "Cut it close off—down to the roots, girl—whiskers, moustachios, and all. Make me as bare as a clipped poodle."

"There!" cried the girl, after a time, "thank Heaven it's over now—and I haven't wounded you either."

"Ay, you have done it well enough so far as it goes; but come, your task isn't half finished yet," said her ruffianly companion.

"Augh!" groaned Helen. "What else am I to be forced to do?"

"Here, all these locks must away as well," and with the words, the man lifted up a large bunch of the yellow mop of hair that dangled about his shoulders; so putting his head down nearly into her lap, he waited for her to continue the operation.

The girl had now so far overcome the loathing which she had felt at the commencement of her arduous task, and was so far satisfied that if she complied with his lunatic freak he would remain quiet, that she began to ply the scissors again as rapidly as she could, so as to have done with the filthy work as fast as possible; and it was not very long before she had shorn the wretch's head as close as a convict's.

"Ah, that's capital!" he ejaculated hurriedly, as he rubbed his hand over his bare round skull that was now not unlike a huge skittle-ball, and then drawing once more the little mirror from the carpet bag in the netting above, he began to gaze at himself again in the looking-glass. "Thunder

weather!" he burst out with a hoarse chuckle, as he gave vent to the customary oath of the Germans, "I shouldn't know myself if I were to see my face now. Come look at me, girl," he added, seizing her by the wrists and dragging her round towards him. "Would you believe it was the same person who stepped into the carriage some hour ago?"

"No, sir," she faltered out, and then averted her head again as quickly as she could, for hideous as the fellow had appeared to her before, he looked now even more repulsive than ever, the colour of his hair being so light that his head seemed to be absolutely bald all over, and had more the semblance of a skeleton skull than the cranium of a living being, while the broken black stumps of teeth that had been previously hidden by the terrier-like fringe of hair on the upper lip, were now visible with hateful distinctness every time he grinned.

"What strange mania was on the man?" she asked of herself, as she took up her book and pretended to read, so that she might fix her eyes upon some other object than the hateful one before her. "Why should he be bent on removing every bit of hair from his head and face, and that at a time when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the frost glistened, like ground-glass, upon every window-pane? Why, too, should he have forced her to cut the locks from him, when in a short while he could have had it done in Cassel by a proper person? Oh, yes, there was no other solution to the riddle but insanity—some wild sudden caprice that the miserable deranged creature had no power to resist." But the maiden's reverie was soon put an end to by the man asking her, as he let down the window to toss to the wind the lumps of hair that lay heaped at the bottom of the carriage, saying, the while, "What on earth do you take me for, Fraulein?"

Helen Boyne was so startled with the apparent sagacity of the tone in which the question was asked, that she started, as if she fancied some other person had put the question to her, and then replied, without taking her eyes from the book, "You Germans, sir, have a saying that only English people and madmen travel in first-class carriages in this country."

"Soh!" replied the man, closing the window; "you are the English person, and I—," but he broke off suddenly, adding, "You are mistaken, Fraulein; I am no lunatic, but have a purpose to serve, and for the carrying out of my object it is necessary, before reaching Cassel, that I beg another little favour at your hands."

"Merciful Heaven!" thought the girl; "what fresh indignity is now to be put on me?"

"Come, there is no reason for any further fear, for what I am about to ask," said the man, "is merely a promise from you."

The girl, though somewhat relieved, still sat in terrible suspense, awaiting the issue. Nor was this in any way lessened when she beheld him once more grasp the revolver that still lay on the cushion at his side.

"Now, listen to me, Fraulein; you must swear to me," he continued, "by all your hopes of happiness in this life, and of salvation hereafter, that

you will not breathe a word of what has occurred to-day in this carriage, until a month has passed, and then you have my permission—ay," he added, with a snap of the fingers, "even to publish it in the newspapers, if you will. Come, now swear to me."

Helen Boyne hesitated, for she had made up her mind, directly she reached Cassel, to report the whole of the circumstances to the guard, and to demand that he should see her protected for the rest of her journey.

"You hesitate to take the oath, do you?" cried the fellow savagely. "Now hear me out, young lady; this pistol is loaded in every barrel, and if you do not take the oath I have enjoined, one of the bullets puts an end to you, and another to myself. So give me your solemn oath that you will not breathe a word nor give so much as a hint to the officials at Cassel as to the description of your fellow-traveller, or whether he was going, or what he had compelled you to do."

Helen saw by the determined manner of her companion that there was no hope for her but to give the solemn promise he demanded of her, so she murmured, as distinctly as she could, owing to the fright that still possessed her, for she saw the man's finger was once more on the trigger of the revolver which he held in his hand, "You have nothing to fear from me, sir."

"Ay, but swear it," he cried. "Have you nothing sacred about you by which to enforce the oath?" and then rudely throwing her cloak open, he discovered a little golden cross hanging from her neck. "Swear upon this token, by all your hopes of redemption, that you will keep silent, and I have done."

"I do," answered the girl; and as the man forced the little cross to her lips, she kissed it as a pledge of the sacredness of her vow. Then, to her great delight, she beheld the man begin to repack his travelling-bag, and to stow away the terrible pistol once more, as well as the mirror and the scissors, into the side-pocket from which he had originally drawn them; and when she heard the lock snap she felt as if some heavy incubus had been removed from her bosom, and she were waking up from an awful nightmare dream.

The next minute the man was busy costuming himself as when he had entered the carriage; the fur cap that fitted as close as a helmet, when the ear-lappets were tied under the chin, was once more resumed, and the long woollen comforter wound round and round the neck, and drawn close up to the nose, until it looked like a clumsy red respirator covering the lower part of the face.

"In a moment we shall be at Cassel, Fraulein, and then, be assured, if you break your oath," he went on, while he scowled with a terrible menace at the girl, "there will be no hope of your escaping my vengeance wherever you may be," and before the train had fully stopped, he sprang on to the broad stone platform, and hurried into the refreshment room.

Helen Boyne was too weak to be able to move from the carriage, for she felt that if she attempted to rise from it she must stagger like one after a long fever; nor could she even give heed to the crowd that kept shuffling along in their high fur-

boots and clumsy felt over-shoes, that made them seem like so many gouty old gentlemen. Neither did she hear the boy cry "sausage-breads! ham-breads! beer, schnapps," as he came and stood at the open carriage-door with the tin tray of refreshments slung before him, and with the tall glasses full of *Lager-bier*, arranged in a kind of big black cruet-stand, dangling from his hand; the girl had her face buried in her hands, and was sobbing away, half with joy at her deliverance, and half from the depression of the fright that had overcome her like a palsy.

"Is the Fraulein ill?" asked the boy; but as the question was unheeded the lad jerked his head, as if beckoning to some one hard by, and the minute after, the guard was at the carriage door with his face, swarthy as a gipsy's with the smoke of the engine, and the high black sheepskin collar of his gaberdine-like over coat standing up about his ears and neck; for the seats of the railway officials accompanying the trains in Germany consist of mere low-backed arm-chairs perched on top of the carriages, and so exposed to the wind and the smoke of the engine, that the guards after a journey have the same Creole complexion as the stokers.

"The train stops here a quarter of an hour, Fraulein," said the guard, as he entered the carriage, and touched the girl gently on the shoulder. "Would Fraulein like some refreshment? A cup of hot coffee might do her good: shall the boy here bring it you?"

But as the girl merely shook her head without looking up or taking her hands from her face, the official added in a softer tone:

"What ails the Fraulein? Has that fox-bearded fellow I saw in the carriage been rude to the young lady?"

"I have no complaint to make against him," she merely faltered out in a low voice.

"H—m! Fraulein has left her friends, maybe," went on the man, with all the civility of unfeigned compassion. "Can I do anything for the lady before I leave, for I don't go any farther than this station with the train?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Helen; "all I want is to be left alone."

"Then," said the man jestingly, as he quitted the vehicle, "the Fraulein couldn't have come to a better place than a first-class railway carriage at this time of the year."

The flood of grief had now somewhat subsided, and Helen Boyne began to feel as if she had strength to look for the reticule which contained the bottle of smelling-salts that she had so longed for, but wanted power to search for previously. She had upon entering the carriage placed it upon the cushion before her, and as she leant forward to reach it, she recognised the familiar little Eisenach newspaper (no bigger than a sheet of ordinary letter-paper). In an instant she knew it must have fallen from the man's carpet-bag, and with a strange fascination of fright she could neither keep her eyes nor her fingers from it, and the curiosity that was on her restored her, for a minute or two, to her senses. She scanned it all over as hurriedly as a person reads a long-expected letter, her eyes

flying from paragraph to paragraph, with all the restlessness of mental distraction till she came to the official announcements near the end, and there she found that a clerk in one of the Government offices of the town had absconded with a large sum of money, and that he stood charged with having falsified entries, and forged signatures to receipts, and when she had read the description of the delinquent that was appended, she saw in a minute the clue to the mystery of the adventure she had been forced to take part in.

The girl was busily engaged in pondering over the printed description of her late companion, and saying to herself that the desperation and restlessness of the man were now fully explained, when the guard appeared again suddenly at the carriage-door, and said:

"I beg your pardon, Fraulein; but didn't you hear the man who was in the carriage with you say he was going on to Frankfurt by this afternoon's train?"

The young lady remained silent.

"You remember, Fraulein, when I asked him for his ticket?" added the guard quickly.

Still there was no answer.

"He didn't tell you anything about himself, or where he was going to—in the course of conversation, you know, Fraulein—as sometimes happens, you know, among strangers travelling together?" chattered on the guard inquisitively, as he waited eagerly for the answer.

"No," was the reply, "he told me nothing."

"Did the Fraulein see which way he went when he got out of the carriage?" inquired the official.

The damsel, again, shook her head.

"Tut! tut! tut!" said the man; "if I had only gone to the office directly, the fellow couldn't have slipped through my fingers, nor the reward either. But I know how he is dressed, and could pick his foxy beard and long yellow hair out of any mob. So he can't well escape me yet."

Some quarter of an hour after the above colloquy.—Helen Boyne had sat speculating a hundred and one odd things during the brief interval as to her fellow traveller's wretched career and fate,—the doors of the carriages were heard to slam one after the other, all along the line, preparatory to the train starting once more, and just as the scream of the whistle rattled against the wall of the long station, the door of Helen's carriage was once more suddenly opened, and a man in a soft felt Tyrol-shaped hat dashed into the seat next to it, and with the high fur collar of his coat turned up over his ears, immediately nestled up into the corner, as if he were arranging himself to sleep through the journey.

"Another intruder!" sighed the damsel to herself. "Had I thought there was a chance of such a thing, I would have asked the guard to shift me into a second-class carriage." Whereupon, she inwardly made a resolution to do so on reaching the next station.

The next moment the train was off, and in a few minutes afterwards another guard made his appearance at the window to inspect the tickets of the passengers, and as he did so, the stranger in the "Garibaldi hat" and huge fur cloak, handed up his ticket to be perforated, saying the while:

"From Cassel to Hamburg."

"Gracious Heavens!" ejaculated Helen to herself; "it is he again. I could recognise that voice anywhere, now," and as the idea flashed across her mind, the man turned his head and looked towards her, out of the corners of his eyes, with the same threatening glance as when he left her.

As soon as the window was closed, and the guard had retired along the little external ledge to the second-class carriages, the man threw the cloak back, and slightly raising his hat to the young lady, inquired with a bow, "whether she had expected to see him back so soon again."

#### CHAPTER IV. BLIND FOLDED.

"You didn't think to meet me so soon again, did you, Fraulein?" repeated the new comer.

The trembling girl could only stammer out "I imagined you had fled—I mean gone to Frankfurt."

"Ay, and so the railway officials will fancy too. There's nothing like throwing the hounds on the wrong scent," returned the fellow with a triumphant chuckle. "But why should the Fraulein have made use of the word *fled* when speaking of my movements?"

"Why I—I—I—" Miss Boyne hesitated, for she hardly knew what excuse to give for so significant a slip of the tongue.

"There, it's no use palavering, girl," was the surly rebuke of the man, "I see it all. The 'KREIS-BLATT' there, he added, referring to the Eisenach journal, that I forgot to put back into my bag, has told you all. No one with half an eye could mistake the description; but it would require a pretty good judge of character to recognise me now. Well I don't mind about you knowing my secret, for I shall be far away before you can harm me. Do you know where I am bound to now?" he inquired significantly, as he again commenced unlocking the little carpet-bag.

"You said you were going to Hamburg," the girl shuddered out, as the question revived the idea of her having such a companion all the way.

"So I told the guard; but that's not my road, depend upon it, or I should not be fool enough to mention it," was the knowing answer of the runaway. "Men in my desperate condition stick at nothing, and I can tell you that in the mood that's on me I'm ready to sacrifice everything—truth, honesty—ay, and even human life if necessary, to get clear away. You are sure you said never a word to the guard at Cassel, girl?" and he looked her so full and savagely in the face while he went towards her and seized her by the wrists, "for if you had, he has told it to the men on duty by this train, and then I shall have hard work to dodge them yet. Are you sure you have kept faith with me, girl?" and he wrenched her wrist round in the fury of his doubts, that Helen shrieked out with pain. "My God, if I thought you had sold me, I would have your blood on the spot, young as you are," and the next minute he held her face tightly in his hands, and looked straight into her eyes to see if he could detect the least look of treachery in her gaze.

The stare of the man was like that of a furious

wild beast, and so terrified the girl, that in a minute or two the eyes began to swim, and the blush to fade rapidly from her cheeks. On the fellow releasing his hold, her head fell back as powerless as if her soul had withered under his glance.

"Fainted, or shamming," said the man, callously, and he flung himself down in the seat before her, and began to unlock his bag for the second time, and to draw from it the revolver as before. "Come, come, Fraulein," he then cried, as he proceeded to shake the comatose girl violently by the shoulders, "I've no time to put up with this fine-lady nonsense. Open your eyes, girl, I have something else that you must do for me."

Half insensible as the damsel was, still the stupor was not sufficient to render her deaf to such words. The speech was too terrible for her to admit of her quickly fainting at such a time. Accordingly she started up wildly, and rubbing her eyes as if roused by some sudden commotion out of a deep sleep, and staring wildly about her, asked almost frantically, "What would you have me do now?"

"Give me your handkerchief," was the answer; and Helen watched him anxiously as he spread it out upon his knee, and then proceeded to fold it up into a broad bandage, nor did she fail to notice that the revolver lay on the cushion at his side.

"Oh, Heaven," she cried aloud piteously, while she raised her clasped hands and fell upon her knees before the fellow, "what would you do with me?"

"Blindfold you, girl," bluffly rejoined the other. "Oh, mercy! mercy! you are never going to take my life?"

The ruffian, however, made no answer, but merely forced her head down, while he placed the bandage over her eyes and tied it securely at the nape of her neck. What pen shall tell the agony that poor maiden suffered in her darkness: for she made sure that the fellow had seen her speaking with the guard while the train waited at Cassel, and that fancying she had betrayed him, he had returned solely to execute the vengeance he had threatened her with. She expected each moment to be her last. How she listened for the clicking of the pistol that was to warn her of her doom. But though her senses were rendered tenfold more acute by the horrible suspense in which she was kept, she could hear only the man tumbling the articles out of his carpet-bag. "Oh," she cried in her anguish, "tell me what you are going to do with me—any fate is better than this. My heart will break. My head will burst if you keep me here much longer. But let me know how I am to die, and I will try and bear it patiently. Oh, cousin! cousin! if you only knew what has befallen me."

For some five minutes the bewildered girl was left to suffer in this manner, and then to her utter surprise the bandage was suddenly withdrawn, and to all appearances an utter stranger sat before her.

Had she really gone mad? she asked herself. That man there—he with the short black ringlets and long raven whiskers and moustache—could he possibly be the same person as the red-bearded and yellow-haired creature that had entered the

carriage that morning, and that dull black "Gibus" hat that he wore now, how different it made him look from when he wore the soft Garibaldi hat but a few minutes before.

Nor was Helen's astonishment in any way diminished when the fellow raised the "Gibus" from his head, and making her a polite bow, said, in French, with an excellent accent, "Est-ce que Mademoiselle, me connait à present?" and then, with a shrug of the shoulders, and indulging in the mincing gestures of a Frenchman, he went on to inform her that she was in future to regard him as a true Parisian, and as a proof of his having been naturalised, he begged to present her with his passport, which he bade her read and see whether the description agreed with the kind of person before her. But before placing the document in her hands he took the precaution to double back the part of the side where the personal traits were noted down, so that she might peruse only that part, and still be ignorant of the name and character in which he was about to travel.

Sure enough it was a veritable French pass, and as the girl read half aloud, "black curly hair, long black whiskers and moustachios, low forehead, broad nose, defective teeth, &c., she glanced in wonder from the written particulars to the real characteristics of the person before her, marvelling not alone at how closely they tallied, but also as to how he could have become possessed of such a document.

"Would Mademoiselle believe I was of French extraction if she had never seen me before?" asked the man, with a true French politeness, for his manner was now as much changed as his personal appearance.

"A girl who has never been in France can be easily deceived," was the formal reply.

"But I ought to be able to blind more sharp-sighted folk than you, in such a disguise, since my mother was French, and all my cousins on her side are French too," he continued, half talking to himself, and then, as he stood up, he divested himself of a large fur cloak, in which he had entered the carriage at Cassel, and revealed a long black Capuchin over-coat, with a tasseled hood hanging down the back, such as Frenchmen are known to delight in, and which, on his first entry into the carriage at Gerstungen, he had kept carefully concealed under the plaid shawl that he wore over his shoulders, after the fashion of the university folk of Germany.

"Vun ozer favor, Meess, you shall make, and zee I am done," he now said, in broken English, affecting to speak the language as a Frenchman.

"Another?" trembled out the girl, as the terrible recollection of the ordeal she had passed through on the last occasion darted across her mind.

"Zees fur redingote! You shall be so good as to give him to zee conducteur of zee train, when he is arrived at Harburg, and you shall say to him that a shentleman did take him away viz him by error from zee waiting saloon at Cassel. Have you zee goodness to say so," he jabbered on, still affecting the ways of a Frenchman.

The girl nodded assent, for she was still too

prostrate from fright to speak overmuch now that her astonishment was at an end.

Then, resuming his former air, the man added, in his native language, and with the same terrible menace in his looks, "Remember! *One* word of what has passed in this carriage before a month has elapsed, and you shall feel the vengeance of a man driven to desperation by his crimes. Swear secrecy again," he raved on, "ere I leave you, for my time is just up. Swear it with your right hand on your bosom, as is the custom with women in Germany. Thus, girl," and with the words he forced her palm rudely on her breast.

"I do, I do," murmured Helen Boyne, ready to comply with any request to be quit of the fellow.

The next minute the train was entering the Hannover station, where the stranger sprang once more from the carriage, and was soon lost in the crowd.

As usual, the guard made his appearance in a few minutes, to tell the young lady that the train stops for a considerable time at this station, and immediately Helen saw the welcome form of the official she said, in a faint voice, "I have a ticket for Harburg, can I stay here the night, for indeed I am too ill to go on?"

"If the Fraulein will walk with me to the office, I will arrange it for her," replied the guard.

"Indeed I cannot; I am too weak and ill. Oh, pray take me to some hotel," she cried, "and do not let me travel here alone any longer," and the poor thing trembled from head to foot as though she had been seized with a tertian ague.

"Yonder is the Flaus-knecht, from the Hotel de Hannover," said the official; "I will go and bid him get a drosky to carry the Fraulein, for we are some little distance from the town here."

And by the time the young lady was brought to the door of the hotel she was so faint that she had to be lifted from the vehicle and carried straight to her room, and she had only the strength to dictate the address of her cousin in Eisenach, and to beg that the mistress of the hotel would write a letter to her by that night's post, and entreat her to come to her there immediately, as she felt as if she would never rise from her bed again.

Nor was it until two days had passed that Madame Steindorf was able to join the girl, and then she learnt from the medical gentleman who had been called in that the young lady was suffering from some violent shock to her system, but how it had been caused it was impossible for him to learn from her. For the first night he had been afraid she would sink into a state of collapse, so utterly prostrate was the entire constitution. She must have suffered, in his opinion, some terrible fright; had there been an accident on the line that would have accounted for her symptoms, for he had seen such cases even when not the least bodily injury had been sustained. But though the guard of the train had been questioned, he could give no account of the girl having been frightened in any way; all he knew was that she had travelled with a gentleman in a

first-class carriage, and that the young lady made no complaint to the officials whatever on arriving at the station.

"There is some fearful mystery in all this," thought Madame Steindorf, "and I must have it cleared up somehow."

The first point to be attended to, however, was the restoration of the poor girl herself, for the doctor added, "that he was afraid of fever setting in now that some slight symptoms of reaction began to manifest themselves; the pulse had been getting quicker and stronger all day, and if he were not much mistaken, the girl would be in a state of delirium that night—and then it would be impossible to say which way the case might go."

The physician was right. Some hour or two before midnight Helen Boyne was raving, and describing ugly apparitions: now of some man with a red beard, who was pointing a revolver at her head, and now of another with black ringlets, who was blindfolding her eyes. At one time she was begging of the man to spare her life, and the next minute swearing a solemn oath never to divulge his secret.

Madame Steindorf sat patiently by Helen's bedside, bathing her burning and throbbing temples, and giving her cool drinks whenever she could get her to take them; but never for a moment venturing to divert the current of her dreams, for she knew that by letting her rave on, and afterwards putting together the disjointed sentences uttered in her wanderings, she would be soon able to make out the puzzle, if not to bring the ruffian within reach of justice.

And so it happened. In the course of that long night Madame Steindorf had, with the doctor's assistance, obtained sufficient clue to give information to the police as to the disguise of the runaway government defaulter, and with their aid telegraphic despatches were forwarded to each of the German ports trading with America, and before many days had passed news was received that the culprit had been arrested at Bremen while in the act of boarding a vessel that had already hoisted sail for New York.

It was long after that before Helen Boyne was well enough to resume her journey to Hamburg, and when she did she travelled thither in company with her cousin—and *not* in a first-class carriage, assurdly.

"For the future, my dear," said Madame Steindorf, as they paid for their tickets at the Hannover Station, "we will leave the first-class for 'Englishmen and madmen.'"

#### FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S LATEST CHARITY.

THE story of the appointment of a Sanitary Commission, to inquire into the facts of the health of our army in India has been told so often, within a few weeks, in parliament and through the press, that I need not repeat it here. Suffice it that till now there has been a sacrifice of life and health in India which nobody seems to have thought of controlling by any system of management, founded on clear principles, and conducted by qualified persons. The inquiring Commissioners have now

satisfied themselves, and everybody who reads the evidence they have presented, that the great mortality which has been supposed to belong to India is no more necessary in India than anywhere else; and that people would die off anywhere in the world as they die off in India, if they were exposed to the same dangers. It is now settled beyond dispute that it is not the heat of India which makes our soldiers, and their wives and children, and the civilians from this country, and the natives themselves, sicken and die. It is now proved that the heat, of itself, offers no obstacle to man or woman of any race living to a good old age, and dying easily and quietly at last, in the very hottest part of the interior of India. It is only when combined with other influences that heat is perilous and fatal; and the two other conditions which, in conjunction with heat, create the tremendous mortality of India, are actually within our own power. The peculiar mortality, then, is needless: the health of our troops, and of our fellow-citizens there, English and native, is in our own power; and we from this moment become answerable for all destruction of life and health in India which may be prevented by means clearly pointed out to us.

The two incidents which, together with heat, create the diseases which sweep away the majority of victims are—moisture, and decaying vegetation. The heat we cannot help. The other two mischiefs we can control: but it must be done in a comprehensive and systematic way. A bit of drainage here, and a bit of sweeping there, in such stations as happen to be blessed with a wise commanding-officer, will not extinguish the four great diseases,—the fevers, the dysentery, the liver complaints, and the cholera,—which among them make up the far-famed mortality of India. The Commissioners therefore recommend that a new Department of Government shall be set up, charged with the care of the health of the community, military and civil, native and European. We have now—thanks to SIDNEY HERBERT—such a department organised for the preservation of our army at home and in the colonies. The proposal now is that two members of the Indian Council in England shall join the Home Commission, in order to learn all that is known, and see what can be done for the preservation of health on a large scale: and that each of the three Indian Presidencies shall have a Commission, consisting of members duly qualified to see to the drainage of the soil, the supply of pure water, the healthiness of the military stations, and of the construction of barracks and camps, the cleansing and paving of the towns, the institution of proper hospitals, and the provision of such occupations and amusements for the soldiers as may promote vigour of body and mind.

After getting together all the evidence they could think of or desire, the investigating Commissioners put it into the hands of Miss Nightingale, to whom the institution of the whole inquiry is in great measure due—requesting her to comment on it for their guidance. They wisely and fortunately chose to print her commentary with their Report. It is to be hoped that it will also be published separately, that it may convey some very

important knowledge to thousands of persons who never dream of sitting down to the study of an enormous Blue-book like the one before me. Meantime I am strongly tempted to place before the readers of ONCE A WEEK some of the features of life in India which Miss Nightingale presents with singular vividness. Feeble as her health is unhappily known to be, her views have lost none of their distinctness—her pen none of its power. In this commentary we find in perfection the consummate good-sense, the keen irony, indicating subdued sensibility, the wide range of understanding, and the all-pervading generosity and courage which, to my mind, make her writings one of the strong interests of our time. From the few pages of this commentary we learn more of the interior of life in India than a dozen books on India from the circulating library could convey; and we see in a wholly new light, as clear as the day, how much may be done for the life of everybody there by such means as are perfectly at our command.

During the mutiny, the common practice of thrusting our soldiers' wives and children into barracks, without much consideration of their numbers, was followed at Dumdum (in Bengal, not very far from Calcutta). There were 554 women, and 770 children. There they were to live and take care of themselves, while their husbands and fathers were fighting the rebels. They were uncomfortable; they had nothing to do; they were in a strange land, among strange customs, which perplexed their notions of right and wrong. The weak went astray in drink and other indulgences; they lived in dirt, dullness, and depression. Presently 64 of the wives and 166 of the children were dead of dysentery: and the mortality in those barracks was six times greater than that of Bengal generally, unhealthy as Bengal is reputed to be. Far west, at the same time, there was another assemblage of soldiers' wives and children,—those of native soldiers under the rule of Sir John Lawrence. It was at the time of the siege of Delhi: and the native officers looked to see whether their wives and children were cared for. Sir J. Lawrence has views on this subject; and now the value of them has been proved. He thinks that a married officer should remain to take care of the women and children who are left behind,—to help them to communicate with their husbands, to see that they get their remittances,—to be, in short, a friend to them. This sort of care was taken of the wives of the Delhi soldiers; and they prospered. The story of how the widows of brave men were cared for spread among the natives. "The men all heard of it," says Sir John Lawrence, "and felt it very much." Miss Nightingale remarks that more of our own people died in the Dumdum way than by other sorts of "massacre"; and that while our soldiers were pursuing the murderers of English women and children, their own wives and children were being killed off by means for which no native was answerable.

But the wives who go to India are far fewer than those who are left behind. This opens a chapter of horrors upon which I will not enter. The perils and troubles of the forsaken wives are shocking enough; but our business here is with

those who are in India. The husbands consider it a divorce, and are among the worst men in the regiment, as those who are allowed to take their wives are usually the best. The wives are in the greatest danger,—through bad arrangements. They are a mere sprinkling of women in a crowd of men; and, when one is left a widow, she must marry within six months, or be turned adrift. Sir J. Lawrence says this causes the utter ruin of many "a decent body" who "must marry the first that offers, or do worse." Such management accounts for much of the intemperance and dissipation which produce liver-complaints in the soldiers, and break down their health and their self-respect together.

The contrast presented to us is remarkable. At some stations, the married soldiers are living in bamboo huts, airy and quiet. They have home interests; and during their leisure hours, they are incited to employ themselves. They not only take their little children on their knees, but provide many a good thing for them by handiwork. Meantime, the divorced men are drinking, or gaming, or asleep, or in hospital; and in any case preparing their constitutions to give way under the first attack of disease.

Here is a view of the soldier's day in ordinary Indian barracks or camp;—the soldier, that is, who has no wife and children, and therefore no claim for domestic privacy, and no trade to pursue, no occupation, no amusement provided for his use.

A barrack-room may contain from 100 to 600 men, who usually have to pass twenty out of the twenty-four hours there. All they can do, except when at drill, is to eat and drink and sleep. They do not even cook their own meals, but doze on their beds while native servants are doing it. They rise at daybreak, and are at drill for an hour. Then they have breakfast, and lie down on their beds. The rest of the day is, "dinner, bed: tea, bed: drink, and bed for the night." Amidst all this idleness and all this heat they eat meat three times a day, in all seasons. They get nothing before they go forth into the early morning fogs; and then have three heavy meals in the hot hours of the day. They have no fortifying cup of hot coffee before morning drill; but they have two drams of spirits and one of porter when they wake up to eat their heavy meals. "Alcohol and unrefreshing day-sleeps" are pronounced fatal to bodily and mental vigour; and there is markedly better health among the men when on long, hot, laborious marches, or when engaged in the toils of a campaign, than in the ordinary course of life in barracks. Miss Nightingale comments thus on the system:

"Suppose any one wanted to try the effect of full diet, tipping, and want of exercise, in a hot climate, on the health of men in the prime of life, the Indian army method would be the process to adopt, in the certain expectation that every man exposed to it will be damaged in health.

"While all this scientific 'turkey stuffing' is practised, the men are carefully kept in barracks, and not allowed to exercise themselves. And everybody seems to believe that the way of making diseased livers in geese for Strasburg pies is the best way of keeping



men's livers sound, and of making efficient, healthy soldiers for India. Wherever the régime is otherwise, as in the case of cavalry and artillery, who have some exercise, or where an enlightened officer allows his men to go shooting, there is, of course, improved health. But nobody learns the lesson.

"People seem to consider that health is a natural production of India, instead of being the result of rational management. At the same time everybody says that India is 'so unhealthy.'"

In contrast with this dreary picture, again, there may be seen one at Sealkote, another at Rangoon, and a few more here and there which to read of is like meeting with a spring in the desert. There the soldiers find themselves safer and happier under the hottest sunshine in the open air than snoozing in a crowded room, in the intervals between drams. But for the hottest hours there is a shaded reading-room, with sixteen newspapers, books, chess-boards and other games. As soon as the sun declines, however, the men sally forth to something they care for more. Some go to work at their respective shops,—the tailors, the armourers, the shoemakers, the saddlers, and the watchmakers. Others repair to their garden, where they are raising vegetables for sale, or for prizes. Tools, seed, and land are provided; and, where there are hours cool enough for cricket, there are some which admit of gardening. One regiment there has 8000*l.* in its Savings Bank; and at that station nobody seems to find it too hot; and we hear no complaints about health. What we do hear is that more workshops for other trades are desired, and also a gymnasium.

In this department of health,—this creation or preclusion of liver-complaints, the errors are of a kind which only a central authority can get rid of; and the advantages are such as only a central authority can diffuse throughout India. The issue of spirits must be stopped altogether as a daily custom, and pure water, coffee, beer, and any innocent drinks substituted, and made obtainable at the canteens. The canteen system must be reformed; and if the poison of native spirits cannot be wholly put out of reach, every inducement should tend, not as now, to encourage tipping, but to occupy the men's thoughts, and gratify their taste with something better.

Again, in the erection or improvement of all Stations, provision must be made by adequate authority for industrial pursuits and harmless amusements being always open to the men. A sharp line of demarcation might easily be drawn between the men whose minds are interested, and fortunes improved by profitable labour when off duty, and the wretches who sink under the curse of *ennui*, and the temptations it brings with it. At one station there were thirty-six cases of *delirium tremens* in one year (1859), while at another there were more than thirty-six good fellows, well and cheerful, laying by earnings in the Savings Bank. From one regiment there may be deserters by the dozen,—miserable men who find their days intolerable, and "see no prospect," after having known formerly what it was to earn money at a trade; and, in contrast with those, there are elsewhere men entering into competitive examination within

their own regiment, of whom twenty are declared qualified "for the administrative service of the Government in the civil and military departments."

On the one hand we see desertion, corruption, suicide, or a slower death in hospital or by invaliding. On the other we see men striving to become good soldiers first, in order to get leave to follow their trades, or enter into competitions afterwards, under every inducement to preserve their respectability, and thereby under the best conditions in regard to health.

The general conditions of health are altogether unattainable except through such a central authority as it is now sought to establish. "Moisture is everywhere," as the evidence tells us. Where it does not appear on the surface, it has merely sunk into the subsoil, to reek up into the dwellings and the outer air, mixed with vegetable refuse, and thus, in combination with heat, completing the apparatus for the generation of fever, dysentery, and cholera. Every kind of liquid is thrown out upon the ground,—the emptyings of kitchens, and chambers, and baths, and washtubs; and it must evaporate either there or from the subsoil. It makes noisome fogs in the early mornings, in which the soldiers awake gasping and choking,—it being the practice in too many barracks to make the ground-floor rooms the dormitories. At mid-day, the stench reeks up under the sun; and at sunset the mists gather again round the sickening soldiery, who dread the sufferings of the night. If openings to the outer air exist, the men close them, to stop out the smell; and by morning they are sick with the foulness of their close rooms. When they can, they spread their beds in verandahs,—the only effect of which is to expose them to the foul damps, while to those within the air comes laden with the breath and moisture from the bodies of the outer rows of sleepers. Nothing effectual can be done for our troops in India till a thorough drainage has been established for a considerable distance round their stations; and this can be done only by a well-qualified central authority. The wisest commanding officers can only employ native scavengers to remove whatever can be carried away; and some admirable illustrations in Miss Nightingale's document show how this is done. Two men carry an open tub on a pole between them; or a woman marches from the barracks to the river, or the nearest tank, with a vase on her head, containing as much as she can carry. Under such circumstances, it is only the lowest refuse that is removed; and the water from wash-basins and tubs is poured out on the ground under the windows. If there are drains anywhere near, they are sure to be choked; and if there is a tank, it is used as a sink. When water is wanted during the day, the native servants go for it to the tank,—skimming away the weeds or the floating oil from the surface, and dipping for the water which is to clean the floors, or boil the vegetables for dinner.

This brings us to the topic of Water Supply.

Water must be got from one of three sources;—the tank, or a well, or a river. The tank can seldom or never be guarded from native access;

and when it is so guarded, the water corrupts from being stagnant. What happens when open to the natives, I really cannot describe. While the subsoil remains undrained, the wells must be foul from what dribbles into them, even when, as rarely happens, no dead creatures are thrown in from above. The river is considered the best resource of the three; and in remote country places, where it runs unobstructed, and well guarded from pollution, the water may be good: but such cases are rare. In populous places, we know how the Hindoos use their streams; and we cannot wonder if the soldiers themselves cannot resist the temptation to bathe.

Such water as there may be at any station is supplied by water carriers. Nothing in Miss Nightingale's commentary is more striking than the cut which represents "Water Supply" for a country inhabited by 150,000,000 of our fellow-subjects, besides our own soldiery, civilians, and settlers. Water supply and cleansing are represented by two personages, the *bheestie* and the *melter*. The former carries a skin of water over his shoulder; and the other bears a little broom in his hand, and a basket under his arm, while two vases stand at his feet.

Where such is the supply, the soldiers cannot or do not take care of their skins. If there is some little provision of baths, it is seldom that water can be spared for them. At some stations the lavatory is a room—generally the darkest and dampest—where iron basins are ranged on a stone shelf, where the men are tempted to be satisfied with washing face and hands till they can get a chance for a bathe. Yet there is plenty of pure water to be had if the means of getting it were provided. The Himalayas bear snows enough; the other mountain ranges send down streams enough; the rocks afford springs enough, to quench the thirst and cleanse the abodes of all India. But how can the wisest commanding officer give his men the benefit of it? He can only filter and ice the water that happens to be within his reach; and filtering and icing do not get rid of the worst impurities of foul water. It requires the authority and the means of a Presidential Department to create channels for the pure water, and to guard them from pollution; and, till this is done, our soldiers will be more or less dirty in their persons and their barracks. Till drinking-fountains are provided at all stations they will be intemperate. Till this is done, in short, on a complete scale, till there is no longer unwholesome moisture in the soil, and plenty of the pure fluid in proper channels, our soldiers, who have cost the country 100*l.* each when they arrive in India, will be swept off by cholera, fever, and dysentery, in the vigour of their years. When this indispensable work is done, the next generation will scarcely believe that their fathers went on, year after year, raising fresh recruits by thousands, and burying most of them before they had well learned their business, so that the veteran soldiers in India of ten years' standing amounted to less than a fourth of the force stationed there.

It requires a Council of Health officers, Military officers, and Engineers, to determine the proper situation for new stations, barracks, or camp. A

seaside station sounds well; but Sir C. Trevelyan found an astounding mortality in one which was boasted of for its site. The sea-breeze was shut out, and the air within kept stagnant by a high wall without a break. He had the wall lowered six feet, and pierced with windows and a door, and the extra disease and death disappeared. Military authority may point to an upland high above the sea level, and ask what better site could be proposed; and the Health officer will reply that he must examine the spot before he can reply. He finds that the barracks are to be built in a slight hollow in the table-land, just depressed enough to receive the downflow of the neighbourhood, as in a basin. The case is not so bad as it was, the worst barracks being "burnt in the mutiny," and some regard being paid to the advantage of high ground in the planning of new ones; but the thing can never be done wisely and well by military officers who select the ground for military reasons; or by civilian officials ignorant of sanitary science, any more than by sanitary officers ignorant of military requirements, and unaided by engineering advice. It needs a Commission in each Presidency, combining these elements, to place our troops where they may have a fair chance for their lives.

The same considerations apply to the case of Hospitals, which are at present "mere makeshifts." It is heart-breaking to read of hospitals where men go, not to revive and recover, but to suffer and die, for want of precisely what a hospital should supply. "Means of washing—two earthenware pie-dishes," or "one basin to 100 men," on a form in a stinking room, "very chilly in damp weather;" "surgeons' and nurses' quarters a mile off, so that they spend their whole day in going backwards and forwards on the road." Here a wall all round, so high that the place is stifling; and there the walls so damp that charcoal has to be burnt in the wards. Salt is burnt also, in corners whence an intolerable stench otherwise issues. Patients, whether they can or cannot sit up, have their meals served on their knees for a table, or go without. Convalescents from dysentery can only lie on their beds in a ward full of sick or dying patients in the same disease, till they are reported able to go out; and Miss Nightingale remarks on the vast proportion who are *not* convalescents, and never can be, under such circumstances. I might fill columns with such painful details; but in charity to my readers I will turn from the subject. It is plain that no Hospital System, worthy of the name, can exist under any authority short of one which is competent to institute a proper training for a body of nurses (regimental, or civil, or female nurses, according to the character of the hospital), and to erect buildings, and to organise the staff of management and attendance; and to provide for convalescents during their stage of recovery. The mere provision of food requires such an authority; for, as Miss Nightingale observes, the office of purveyor (which requires training) is necessary even at home.

"In England, where the grass-meat is so much better than in India, it is found necessary to put the purveying of meat for hospitals under the

charge of the Purveyor, for the sake of always obtaining the best quality." In India, all is under the Commissariat; and while that continues to be the case, it is best not to inquire about "diets" as an article of hospital provision, or to look too closely into what is offered to the feeble appetite of the sick. "In India," says Miss Nightingale, "the chief quality in native cooks appears to be 'the pursuit of cooking under difficulties;' their ingenuity in bringing about an *apparently* good result, in a rude and often bad way, is frequently admired by the reporters, as if the end of cooking were 'to make a pair of old boots look like a beef-steak.'"

The commonest question, perhaps, that is asked in connection with this great new proposal of extinguishing the extra mortality of India,—of saving four-fifths of the lives now sacrificed in our army there by mismanagement, or want of management—is—"How are we to draw the line in this respect between our army and all the other inhabitants?"

The answer is that no such line will be attempted to be drawn, for the simple reason that no division of the kind can be made. Why should it be made? When taking in hand the broad conditions of public health,—the soil, the water, the air,—why not perfect them for the benefit of the whole community, as well as for any class? The personal matters of the soldier,—his food and drink, his barracks or his tent, his clothing, his occupation and amusement, his training, and the care of his domestic interests, form a part of the objects of the new system; but not the whole, and not an attainable part, unless the larger conditions are fulfilled, from which the civilians and natives cannot be excluded. On the other hand, nothing effectual can be done for the soldiery till the towns and bazaars, the tanks and rivers and wells, and the festering soil, are purified, and put under guardianship. The natives die off unecessarily, at present, as our soldiers do. Though born to "the heat of India," they die faster than our soldiers when living under worse influences, and live longer if under better than they. The deaths of our men from wounds and the special fatigues of war, form at worst a very small proportion of the mortality of any year; and their liabilities are essentially those of the natives, besides being largely dependent on the customs and manners of native life. Both must, therefore, be provided for together; and the Presidential Commissioners will undertake the charge of the whole society within their area, as the Health officers, under the Home-office, do in England.

The case is fully set forth; the facts are made clear beyond dispute: and if Miss Nightingale's Observations were within reach of the English public, there would be no doubt of the immediate institution of a Health Department. The danger is the common one in such cases,—of obstruction in high places, arising from the repugnance of old-fashioned officials to changes of plan, and to any virtual confession that things have not hitherto gone so well as they might have done. The facts must prevail in the long run. It is impossible to dispute them to any purpose,—beyond that of securing delay. It is for English opinion and

English will to decide between life and death for tens of thousands of our fellow-subjects: and the national will ought to be quickened and strengthened by the consideration that every month of delay is a death-sentence upon whole battalions of men who have pledged their lives in the defence of ours, and of our common country.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

"NO CHANGE!"

I.

I'm standing by the little school,  
Where I stood five long years ago—  
Five years—ay, more! for then the snow  
Lay gleaming in the light of yule.  
The grey old church across the way  
Had sunset-fires upon its panes—  
The Parsonage, so bare to-day,  
Was garlanded with holly-chains.

II.

Ah! let me see, in this old room  
That night there was a "fancy-fair"—  
Gay lights had eaten up the gloom  
That lived in cobwebb'd corners there;  
Gay stalls were planted on each side,  
Loaded with many curious things,  
And Charity, the gentle-eyed,  
Of course looked on with outspread wings!

III.

I know that many a goddess seemed,  
That night, behind the stalls to stand;  
I know that while I looked I dreamed  
It was the old, old fairyland!  
Though certainly it did seem strange,  
That goddesses should come to earth,  
To sell small caps for twice their worth,  
And, when you paid them, give no change!

IV.

I think the object of the thing  
Was the extension of a wall,  
Or building on the school a wing,  
To shelter and to form the small.  
I know, whate'er it was, 'twas good,  
And when a sweet young curate came,  
And led me on to where there stood  
A lady whom "I dare not name,"

V.

And tempted me, young curate-wise,  
To buy a dress—a little one:  
I turned and only saw her eyes—  
She gave no "change"—I wanted none!  
Oh! curate with the sunny hair,  
And looks so wickedly demure,  
You could not guess what form should wear  
That little garment, I am sure.

VI.

Was it her palm's electric touch  
That thrilled me as I gave the gold—  
So soft and velvety—as such  
Young palms are ever? Was I bold  
To glide behind the little stall,  
And help to sell her dainty wares?  
"Without reserve" we sold them all;  
The "sacrifice," of course, in shares.

## VII.

And when they brought a cup of tea,  
 'Twas *her* refreshment, and 'twas *mine*—  
 I took the cup, the saucer she :  
 'Twas Congou (bad), it seem'd like wine.

Oh ! dream of other days (ah ! when  
 Shall *we not dream* ?)—there stands a  
 crowd  
 Of babbling imps where she stood then,  
 And cobwebs half the window shroud.



## VIII.

I've said the "cause" I cannot tell  
 For which those pretty things were made,  
 For which white fingers worked so well,  
 In mysteries of beads and braid.

I know it *did not fail*—the tall  
 Young curate said so. I, for one,  
 Gained, at that dear old corner stall,  
 Love without change—I wanted none !

A. B.

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

### CHAPTER XLV. AT SEA.

THE will was gone. Eleanor tried to think how or where she could have lost it. It might have dropped from her pocket, perhaps. That was the only solution of the mystery that presented itself to her mind. The open pocket of her dress might have been caught by one of the laurel boughs as she crouched upon the ground, and when she rose the paper had dropped out. There was no other way in which she *could* have lost it. She had been so absorbed in the watch she had kept on Launcelot Darrell, as to forget the value of the document which she had thrust carelessly into her pocket. Her father's letter and Launcelot Darrell's sketch were still safe in the bosom of her dress; but the will, the genuine will, in place of which the young man had introduced some fabrication of his own, was gone.

"Let me see this will, Eleanor," Gilbert Monckton said, advancing to his wife. Although she had been the most skilful actress, the most accomplished deceiver amongst all womankind, her conduct to-night could not be all acting, it could not be all deception. She did not love him: she had confessed that, very plainly. She did not love him; and she had only married him in order to serve a purpose of her own. But then, on the other hand, if her passionate words were to be believed in, she did not love Launcelot Darrell. There was some comfort in that. "Let me see the will, Eleanor," he repeated, as his wife stared at him blankly, in the first shock of her discovery.

"I can't find it," she said, hopelessly. "It's gone; it's lost. Oh, for pity's sake, go out into the garden and look for it. I must have dropped it amongst the evergreens outside Mr. de Crespigny's rooms. Pray go and look for it."

"I will," the lawyer said, taking up his hat and walking towards the door of the room.

But Miss Lavinia de Crespigny stopped him.

"No, Mr. Monckton," she said; "pray don't go out into the night air. Parker is the proper person to look for this document."

She rang the bell, which was answered by the old butler.

"Has Brooks come back from Windsor?" she asked.

"No, Miss, not yet."

"A paper has been dropped in the garden, Parker, somewhere amongst the evergreens, outside my uncle's rooms. Will you take a lantern, and go and look for it?"

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Miss Sarah, "Brooks has been a very long time going from here to Windsor and back again. I wish Mr. Lawford's clerk were come. The place would be taken care of, then, and we should have no further anxiety."

The lady looked suspiciously from her nephew to Eleanor, and from Eleanor to Gilbert Monck-

ton. She did not know whom to trust, or whom most to fear. Launcelot Darrell sat before her, biting savagely at his nails, and with his head bent upon his breast. Eleanor had sunk into the chair nearest her, utterly dumbfounded by the loss of the will.

"You need not fear that we shall long intrude upon you, Miss de Crespigny," Gilbert Monckton said. "My wife has made an accusation against a person in this room. It is only right, in your interest, and for the justification of her truth and honour, that this business should be investigated—and immediately."

"The will *must* be found," Eleanor cried; "it *must* have fallen from my pocket in the shrubbery."

Launcelot Darrell said nothing. He waited the issue of the search that was being made. If the will was found, he was prepared to repudiate it; for there was no other course left to him. He hated this woman, who had suddenly arisen before him as an enemy and denouncer, who had recalled to him the bitter memory of his first great dishonour, and who had detected him in the commission of his first crime. He hated Eleanor, and was ready to sacrifice her to his own safety.

He lifted his head, presently, and looked about him with a scornful laugh.

"Is this a farce, or a conspiracy, Mrs. Monckton?" he asked. "Do you expect to invalidate my great-uncle's genuine will—wherever that will may happen to be found—by the production of some document dropped by you in the garden, and which has, very likely, never been inside this house, much less in my uncle's possession. You surely don't expect any one to believe your pretty, romantic story, of a suicide in Paris, and a midnight scene at Woodlands? It would be an excellent paragraph for a hard-up penny-a-liner, but, really, for any other purpose—"

"Take care, Mr. Darrell," Gilbert Monckton said quietly, "you will gain nothing by insolence. If I do not resent your impertinence to my wife, it is because I begin to believe that you are so despicable a scoundrel as to be unworthy of an honest man's anger. You had much better hold your tongue."

There was no particular eloquence in these last few words, but there was something in the lawyer's tone that effectually silenced Launcelot Darrell. Mr. Monckton's cane lay upon a chair by the fireplace, and while speaking he had set down his hat, and taken up the cane; unconsciously, perhaps; but the movement had not escaped the guilty man's furtive glance. He kept silence; and with his face darkened by a gloomy scowl, still sat biting his nails. The will would be found. The genuine document would be compared with the fabrication he had placed amongst his great-uncle's papers, and perpetual shame, punishment, and misery

would be his lot. What he suffered to-night, sitting amongst these people, not one of whom he could count as a friend, was only a foretaste of what he would have to suffer by-and-by in a criminal dock.

For some time there was silence in the room. The two sisters, anxious and perplexed, looked almost despairingly at each other, fearful that at the end of all this business they would be the sufferers; cheated, in their helplessness, either by George Vane's daughter or by Launcelot Darrell. Eleanor, exhausted by her own excitement, sat with her eyes fixed upon the door, waiting for the coming of the old butler.

More than a quarter of an hour passed in this way. Then the door opened, and Mr. Parker made his appearance.

"You have found it!" cried Eleanor, starting to her feet.

"No, ma'am. No, Miss Lavinia," added the butler. "I have searched every inch of the garding, and there is nothink in the shape of a paper to be found. The housemaid was with me, and she searched likewise."

"It *must* be in the garden," exclaimed Eleanor, "it must be there—unless it has been blown away."

"There's not wind enough for that, ma'am. The s'rubberies are 'igh, and it would take a deal of wind to blow a paper across the tops of the trees."

"And you've searched the ground under the trees?" asked Mr. Monckton.

"Yes, sir. We've searched everywhere; me and the 'ousemaid."

Launcelot Darrell burst into a loud laugh, an insolent, strident laugh.

"Why, I thought as much," he cried; "the whole story is a farce. I beg your pardon, Mr. Monckton, for calling it a conspiracy. It is merely a slight hallucination of your wife's; and I dare say she is as much George Vane's daughter as I am the fabricator of a forged will."

Mr. Darrell's triumph had made him foolhardy. In the next moment Gilbert Monckton's hand was on the collar of his coat, and the cane uplifted above his shoulders.

"Oh my goodness me!" shrieked Sarah de Crespigny, with a dismal wail, "there'll be murder done presently. Oh, this is too dreadful; in the dead of the night, too."

But before any harm could happen to Launcelot Darrell, Eleanor clung about her husband's upraised arm.

"What you said just now was the truth, Gilbert," she cried, "he is not worthy of it; he is not, indeed. He is beneath an honest man's anger. Let him alone; for my sake let him alone. Retribution must come upon him sooner or later. I thought it had come to-night, but there has been witchcraft in all this business. I *can't* understand it."

"Stay, Eleanor," said Gilbert Monckton, putting down his cane, and turning away from Launcelot Darrell as he might have turned from a mongrel cur that he had been dissuaded from punishing: "This last will—what was the wording of it—to whom did it leave the fortune?"

Launcelot Darrell looked up, eagerly, breathlessly, waiting for Eleanor's answer.

"I don't know," she said.

"What, have you forgotten?"

"No, I never knew anything about the contents of the will. I had no opportunity of looking at it. I took it from the chair on which Launcelot Darrell threw it, and put it in my pocket. From that moment to this I have never seen it."

"How do you know, then, that it was a will?" asked Gilbert Monckton.

"Because I heard Launcelot Darrell and his companion speak of it as the genuine will."

The young man seemed infinitely relieved by the knowledge of Eleanor's ignorance.

"Come, Mr. Monckton," he said, with an air of injured innocence, "you have been very anxious to investigate the grounds of your wife's accusation, and have been very ready to believe in a most absurd story. You have even gone so far as to wish to execute summary vengeance upon me with a walking-stick. I think it's my turn now to ask a few questions."

"You can ask as many as you please," answered the lawyer.

His mind was bewildered by what had happened. Eleanor's earnestness, which had seemed so real, had all ended in nothing. How if it was all acting; how if some darker mystery lurked beneath all this tumult of accusation and denial? The canker of suspicion, engendered by one woman's treachery, had taken deep root in Gilbert Monckton's breast. He had lost one of the purest and highest gifts of a noble nature: the power to trust.

"Very well, then," said Launcelot Darrell, turning to Eleanor: "Perhaps you will tell me how I contrived to open this cabinet, out of which you say I stole one document, and into which you declare I introduced another."

"You took the keys from Mr. de Crespigny's room."

"Indeed! But is there no one keeping watch in that room?"

"Yes," cried Miss Sarah, "Jepcott is there. Jepcott has been there ever since my beloved uncle expired. Nothing has been disturbed, and Jepcott has had the care of the room. We could trust Jepcott with untold gold."

"Yes," said Miss Lavinia, "with untold gold."

"But she was asleep!" cried Eleanor, "the woman was asleep when that man went into the room."

"Asleep!" exclaimed Miss Sarah; "Oh, surely not. Surely Jepcott would not deceive us; I can't think that of her. The very last words I said to her were, 'Jepcott, do you feel at all sleepy? If you feel in the least degree sleepy, have the housemaid to sit with you—make assurance doubly sure, and have the housemaid!' 'No, Miss,' Jepcott said, 'I never felt more wakeful in my life, and as to the girl, she's a poor, frightened silly, and I don't think you could induce her to go into master's room, though you were to offer her a five-pound note for doing it.' And if Jepcott went to sleep after this, knowing that everything was left about just as it was when my uncle died, it was really too bad of her."

"Send for Mrs. Jepcott," said Launcelot Darrell; "let us hear what she has to say about

this very probable story of my stealing my great-uncle's keys."

Miss Lavinia de Crespigny rang the bell, which was answered by Mr. Parker, who, though usually slow to respond to any summons, was wonderfully prompt in his attendance this evening.

"Tell Mrs. Jepcott to come here," said Miss Lavinia, "I want to speak to her."

The butler departed upon this errand, and again there was a silent pause, which seemed a very long one, but which only extended over five minutes. At the end of that time Mrs. Jepcott appeared. She was a respectable-looking woman, prim, and rather grim in appearance. She had been in the dead man's service for five-and-thirty years, and was about fifteen years older than the Misses de Crespigny, whom she always spoke of as "the young ladies."

"Jepcott," said Miss Sarah, "I want to know whether anybody whatever, except yourself, has entered Mr. de Crespigny's room since you have been placed in charge of it?"

"Oh, dear, no, miss," answered the housekeeper, promptly, "certainly not."

"Are you sure of that, Jepcott?"

"Quite sure, miss, as sure as I am that I am standing here this moment."

"You speak very confidently, Jepcott, but this is really a most serious business. I am told that you have been asleep."

"Asleep, Miss de Crespigny! Oh, dear, who could say anything of the kind? Who could be so wicked as to tell such a story?"

"You are certain that you have not been asleep?"

"Yes, miss, quite certain. I closed my eye sometimes, for my sight is weak, as you know, miss, and the light dazzled me, and made my eyes ache. I close my eyes generally when I sit down of an evening, for my sight doesn't allow me to do needlework by candlelight, neither to read a newspaper; and I may have closed my eyes to-night, but I didn't go to sleep, miss, oh dear no; I was too nervous and anxious for that, a great deal; besides, I am not a good sleeper at any time, and so I should have heard if a mouse had stirred in the room."

"You didn't hear me come into the room, did you, Mrs. Jepcott?" asked Launcelot Darrell.

"You, Mr. Darrell? Oh, dear, no; neither you nor anybody else, sir."

"And you don't think that I could have come into the room without your knowing it? You don't think I could have come in while you were asleep?"

"But I *wasn't* asleep, Mr. Darrell; and as for you or anybody comin' in without my hearin' 'em—why, I heard every leaf that stirred outside the windows."

"I fear that at least this part of your charge must drop to the ground, Mrs. Monckton," Launcelot Darrell said, scornfully.

"Jepcott," said Miss Lavinia de Crespigny, "go back and see if my uncle's keys are safe."

"Yes, do, Mrs. Jepcott," explained Launcelot Darrell; "and be sure you take notice whether they have been disturbed since your master died."

The housekeeper left the room, and returned after about three minutes' absence.

"The keys are quite safe, Miss Lavinia," she said.

"And they have not been disturbed?" asked Launcelot.

"No, Mr. Darrell, they haven't been moved a quarter of an inch. They're lyin' just where they lay when my poor master died, half hid under a pocket-handkerchief."

Launcelot Darrell drew a long breath. How wonderfully these foolish women had played into his hands, and helped him to escape.

"That will do, Jepcott," said Miss Sarah, "you may go now. Remember that you are responsible for everything in my uncle's room until the arrival of Mr. Lawford's clerk. It would have been a very bad business for you if Mr. de Crespigny's keys had been tampered with."

Mrs. Jepcott looked rather alarmed at this remark, and retired without delay. Suppose she had been asleep, after all, for five minutes or so, and some mischief had arisen out of it, what might not her punishment be. She had a very vague idea of the power of the law, and did not know what penalties she might have incurred by five minutes' unconscious dose. This honest woman had been in the habit of spending the evening in a series of intermittent naps for the last ten years, and had no idea that while closing her eyes to shade them from the glare of the light, she often slumbered soundly for an hour at a stretch.

"Well, Mrs. Monckton," Launcelot Darrell said, when the housekeeper had left the room, "I suppose now you are convinced that all this mid-winter night's dream is a mere hallucination of your own?"

Eleanor looked at him with a contemptuous smile whose open scorn was not the least painful torture he had been obliged to bear that night.

"Do not speak to me," she said; "remember who I am; and let that memory keep you silent."

The door-bell rang loudly as Eleanor finished speaking.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Miss de Crespigny, "Mr. Lawford's clerk has come at last. He will take charge of everything, and if anybody has tampered with my uncle's papers," she added, looking first at Launcelot and then at Eleanor, "I have no doubt that he will find out all about it. We are poor unprotected women, but I dare say we shall find those who will be able to defend our rights."

"I don't think we have any occasion to stop here," said Mr. Monckton; "are you ready to come home, Eleanor?"

"Quite ready," his wife answered.

"You have nothing more to say?"

"Nothing."

"Put on your cloak, then, and come. Good-night, Miss de Crespigny. Good-night, Miss Lavinia."

Mr. Lamb, the Windsor solicitor's clerk, came in while Gilbert Monckton and his wife were leaving the room. He was the same old man whom Richard Thornton had seen at Windsor. Eleanor perceived that this man was surprised to see Launcelot Darrell. He started, and looked at

the artist with a half-frightened, half-inquiring glance; but the young man did not return the look.

CHAPTER XLVI. LAURA'S TROUBLES.

GILBERT MONCKTON offered Eleanor his arm as they went out of the hall and down the steps before the front entrance.

"I would have got a conveyance for you if it had been possible, Eleanor," he said; "but of course at this time of night that is utterly out of the question. Do you think that you can manage the walk home?"

"Oh, yes; very well indeed."

She sighed as she spoke. She felt completely baffled by what had occurred, terribly prostrated by the defeat which had befallen her. There was no hope, then. This base and treacherous man was always to triumph: however wicked, however criminal.

"Is it very late?" she asked, presently.

"Yes, very late—past one o'clock."

The husband and wife walked homewards in silence. The road seemed even drearier than before to Eleanor, though this time she had a companion in her dismal journey. But this time despair was gnawing at her breast; she had been supported before by excitement, buoyed up by hope.

They reached Tolldale at last. The butler admitted them. He had sent all the other servants to bed, and had sat up alone to receive his master. Even upon this night of bewilderment Gilbert Monckton endeavoured to keep up appearances.

"We have been to Woodlands," he said to the old servant. "Mr. de Crespigny is dead."

He had no doubt that his own and his wife's absence had given rise to wonderment in the quiet household, and he thought by this means to set all curiosity at rest. But the drawing-room door opened while he was speaking, and Laura rushed into the hall.

"Oh, my goodness gracious," she exclaimed, "here you are at last. What I have suffered this evening! Oh! what agonies I have suffered this evening, wondering what had happened, and thinking of all sorts of horrid things."

"But, my dear Laura, why didn't you go to bed?" asked Mr. Monckton.

"Go to bed!" screamed the young lady. "Go to bed with my poor brain bursting with suspense. I'm sure if people's brains *do* burst, it's a wonder mine hasn't to-night, and I thought ever so many times it was going to do it. First Eleanor goes out without leaving word where *she's* gone; and then you go out without leaving word where *you're* gone; and then you both stay away for hours, and hours, and hours. And there I sit all the time watching the clock, with nobody but the Skye to keep my company, until I get so nervous, that I daren't look behind me, and I almost begin to feel as if the Skye was a demon dog! And, oh, do tell me what in goodness' name has happened."

"Come into the drawing-room, Laura; and pray don't talk so fast. I will tell you presently."

Mr. Monckton walked into the drawing-room

followed by Laura and his wife. He closed the door carefully, and then sat himself down by the fire.

"I've had coals put on five times," exclaimed Miss Mason, "but all the coals in the world wouldn't keep me from shivering and feeling as if somebody was coming in through the door and looking over my shoulder. If it hadn't been for the Skye I should have gone mad. What *has* happened?"

"Something has happened at Woodlands—" Mr. Monckton began gravely, but Laura interrupted him with a little shriek.

"Oh, don't," she cried, "don't, please; I'd rather you didn't. I know what you're going to say. You must come and sleep with me to-night, Eleanor, if you don't want to find me raving mad in the morning. No wonder I felt as if the room was peopled with ghosts."

"Don't be foolish, Laura," Mr. Monckton said, impatiently. "You asked me what has happened, and I tell you. To speak plain, Mr. de Crespigny is dead."

"Yes, I guessed that, of course, directly you began to speak in that solemn way. It's very dreadful—not that he should be dead, you know, because I scarcely ever saw him, and when I did see him, he always seemed to be deaf or grumpy—but it seems dreadful that people should die at all, and I always fancy they'll come walking into the room at night when I'm taking my hair down before the glass, and look over my shoulder, as they do in German stories."

"Laura!"

"Oh, please don't look contemptuously at me," cried Miss Mason, piteously; "of course, if you haven't got nerves it's very easy to despise these things; and I wish I'd been born a man or a lawyer, or something of that sort, so that I might never be nervous. Not that I believe in ghosts, you know; I'm not so childish as that. I don't believe in them, and I'm not afraid of them, *but I don't like them!*"

Mr. Monckton's contemptuous expression changed to a look of pity. This was the foolish girl whom he had been about to entrust to the man he now knew to be a villain. He *now* knew:—bah, he had paltered with his own conscience. He had known it from the first: and this poor child loved Launcelot Darrell. Her hopes, like his own, were shipwrecked; and even in the egotism of his misery the strong man felt some compassion for this helpless girl.

"So, Mr. de Crespigny is dead," Laura said after a pause; "does Launcelot know it yet?"

"He does."

"Was he there to-night—up at Woodlands, in spite of his nasty old aunts?"

"Yes, he was there."

Eleanor looked anxiously, almost piteously at Laura. The great disappointment, the death-blow of every hope, was coming down upon her, and Eleanor, who could see the hand uplifted to strike, and the cruel knife bared ready to inflict the fatal stab, shivered as she thought of the misery the thoughtless girl must have to suffer.

"But what can her misery be against my father's," she thought, "and how am I accountable for her sorrow. It is all Launcelot



Darrell's work, it is his wicked work from first to last."

"And do you think he will have the fortune?" Laura asked.

"I don't know, my dear," her guardian answered gravely, "but I think it matters very little either to you or me whether he may get the fortune or not."

"What do you mean?" cried the girl, "how strangely you speak; how cruelly and coldly you speak of Launcelot, just as if you didn't care whether he was rich or poor. Oh, good heavens," she shrieked, suddenly growing wild with terror, "why do you both look at me like that? Why do you both look so anxious? I know that something dreadful has happened; something has happened to Launcelot! It's not Mr. de Crespigny, it's Launcelot that's dead!"

"No, no, Laura, he is not dead. It would be better perhaps if he were. He is not a good man, Laura, and he can never be your husband."

"Oh, I don't care a bit about his not being good, as long as he isn't dead," exclaimed Laura. "I never said he was good, and never wanted him to be good. I'm not good; for I don't like going to church three times every Sunday. The idea of your saying my poor dear Launcelot musn't marry me because he isn't good. I like him to be a little wicked, like the Giaour, or Maufred—though goodness gracious only knows what *he'd* done that he should go on as he did—I never asked him to be good. Goodness wouldn't go well with his style of looks. It's fair people, with wishy-washy blue eyes and straight hair, and no eyebrows or eyelashes in particular, that are generally good. I hate good people, and if you don't let me marry Launcelot Darrell now, I shall marry him when I'm of age, and that'll be in three years' time."

Miss Mason said all this with great vehemence and indignation, and then walked towards the door of the room; but Eleanor stopped her, and caught the slender little figure in her arms.

"Ah! Laura, Laura," she cried, "you must listen to us, you must hear us, my poor darling. I know it seems very cruel to speak against the man you love, but it would be fifty times more cruel to let you marry him, and leave you to discover afterwards, when your life was linked to his, and never, never could be a happy life again if parted from him, that he was unworthy of your love. It is terrible to be told this now, Laura, it would be a thousand times more terrible to hear it then. Come with me to your room, Laura, I will stay with you all to-night. I will tell you all I know about Launcelot Darrell. I ought to have told you before, perhaps, but I waited; I waited for what I begin to think will never come."

"I won't believe anything against him," cried Laura, passionately, disengaging herself from Eleanor's embrace; "I won't listen to you. I won't hear a word. I know why you don't want me to marry him: you were in love with him yourself, you know you were, and you're jealous of me, and you want to prevent my being happy with him."

Of all the unlucky speeches that could have been made in the presence of Gilbert Monckton,

this was perhaps the most unlucky. He started as if he had been stung, and rising from his seat near the fire, took a lighted candle from a side table, and walked to the door.

"I really can't endure all this," he said. "Eleanor, I'll leave you with Laura. Say what you have to say about Launcelot Darrell, and for pity's sake let me never hear his name again. Good night."

The two girls were left alone together. Laura had thrown herself upon a sofa, and was sobbing violently. Eleanor stood a few paces from her, looking at her with the same tender and compassionate expression with which she had regarded her from the first.

"When I see your troubles, Laura," she said, "I almost forget my own. My poor dear child, God knows how truly I pity you."

"But I don't want your pity," cried Laura. "I shall hate you if you say anything against Launcelot. Why should anybody pity me? I am engaged to the man I love, the only man I ever loved,—you know that, Eleanor; you know how I fell in love with him directly he came to Hazlewood,—and I will marry him in spite of all the world. I shall be of age in three years, and then no horrid guardians can prevent my doing what I like!"

"But you would not marry him, Laura, if you knew him to be a bad man?"

"I would never believe that he is a bad man!"

"But, my darling, you will listen to me. I must tell you the truth. I have kept it from you too long. I have been very guilty in keeping it from you. I ought to have told you when I first came back to Tolldale."

"What ought you to have told me?"

"The story of my life, Laura. But I thought you would come between me and the victory I wanted to achieve."

"What victory?"

"A victory over the man who caused my father's death."

Then, little by little, interrupted by a hundred exclamations and protestations from the sobbing girl whose head lay on her shoulder, and whose waist was encircled by her arm, Eleanor Monckton told the story of her return to Paris, the meeting on the Boulevard, and George Vane's suicide. Little by little she contrived to explain to the wretched girl, who clung about her, and who declared again and again that she *would* not believe anything against Launcelot, that she could not think him cruel or treacherous,—how the artist and his vile associate, Victor Bordou, had cheated the old man out of the money which represented his own honour and the future welfare of his child.

"You think me hard and merciless, Laura," she cried, "and I sometimes wonder at my own feelings; but remember, only remember what my father suffered. He was cheated out of the money that had been entrusted to him. He was afraid to face his own child. Oh, my poor dear, how could you wrong me so cruelly," she exclaimed, "how could you think that I should have spoken one word of reproach, or loved you any the less, if you had lost a dozen fortunes of mine? No, Laura, I

cannot forget what my father suffered, I cannot be merciful to this man."

Eleanor's task was a very hard one. Laura would not believe, or she would not acknowledge that she believed; though she had none of the calm assurance which a perfect and entire faith in her lover should have given her. It was useless to reason with her. All Eleanor's logic was powerless against the passionate force of this girl's perpetual cry, the gist of which was "I will believe no harm of him! I love him, and I will not cease to love him!"

She would not argue, or listen to Eleanor's calm reasoning; for Mrs. Monckton was very calm in the knowledge of her own defeat, almost despairingly resigned, in the idea that all struggle against Launcelot Darrell was hopeless. Laura would not listen, would not be convinced. The man whom Eleanor had seen in Paris was not Launcelot. He was in India at that very time. He had written letters from India, and posted them thence, with foreign postage stamps. The shipbroker's books were all wrong; what was more likely than that stupid shipbrokers' clerks should make wrong entries in their horrid books? In short, according to poor Laura's reasoning, Launcelot Darrell was the victim of a series of coincidences. There had happened to be a person who resembled him in Paris at the time of George Vane's death. There had happened to be a mistake in the shipbroker's books. The figure in the water-coloured sketch that Eleanor had stolen happened to be like the old man. Miss Mason rejected circumstantial evidence in toto. As for the story of the forgery, she declared that it was all a fabrication of Eleanor's, invented in order that the marriage should be postponed.

"You're very cruel, Eleanor," she cried, "and you've acted very treacherously, and I shouldn't have thought it of you. First you fall in love with Launcelot Darrell; and then you go and marry my guardian; and then, when you find that you don't like my guardian, you begrudge me my happiness; and you now want to set me against Launcelot; but I will not be set against him. THERE!"

This last decisive monosyllable was uttered amidst a torrent of sobs, and then, for a long time, the two girls sat in silence upon the sofa before the expiring fire. By and by, Laura nestled her head a little closer upon Eleanor's shoulder; then a little hand, very cold, by reason of its owner's agitation, stole into the open palm lying idle upon Mrs. Monckton's lap; and at last, in a low voice, almost stifled by tears, she murmured:

"Do you think that he is wicked? Oh! Eleanor, do you *really* think that it was he who cheated your poor old father?"

"I knew that it was he, Laura."

"And do you believe that he has made a false will, for the sake of that dreadful money? Oh, how could he care for the money, when we might have been so happy together poor! Do you *really* believe that he has committed—forgery?"

She dropped her voice to a whisper as she spoke the word that was so awful to her when uttered in relation to Launcelot Darrell.

"I believe it, and I know it, Laura," Eleanor answered, gravely.

"But what will they do to him? What will become of him? They won't hang him—they will they, Eleanor? They don't hang people for forgery now. Oh, Eleanor, what will become of him? I love him so dearly, I don't care what he is, or what he has done. I love him still, and would die to save him."

"You need not be afraid, Laura," Mrs. Monckton answered, rather bitterly. "Launcelot Darrell will escape all evil consequences of what he has done. You may be sure of that. He will hold his head higher than he ever held it yet, Laura. He will be master of Woodlands before next week is over."

"But his conscience, Eleanor, his conscience? He will be so unhappy—he will be so miserable."

Laura disengaged herself from the loving arm that had supported her, and started to her feet.

"Eleanor!" she cried, "where is he? Let me go to him! It is not too late to undo all this, perhaps. He can put back the real will, can't he?"

"No, the real will is lost."

"He can destroy the false one, then."

"I don't think he will have the chance of doing that, Laura. If his heart is not hardened against remorse, he will have plenty of time for repentance between this and the time when the will is read. If he wishes to undo what he has done, he may make a confession to his aunts, and throw himself upon their mercy. They are the only persons likely to be injured by what he has done. The money was left to them in the original will, no doubt."

"He *shall* confess, Eleanor!" cried Laura. "I will throw myself upon my knees at his feet, and I won't leave him till he promises me to undo what he has done. His aunts will keep the secret, for their own sakes. They wouldn't like the world to know that their nephew could do such a wicked thing. He shall confess to them, and let them have the fortune, and then we can be married, and then we shall be as happy together as if he had never done wrong. Let me go to him."

"Not to-night, Laura. Look at the clock."

Eleanor pointed to the dial of the timepiece opposite them. It was half-past two o'clock.

"I will see him to-morrow morning, then, Eleanor. I *will* see him."

"You shall, my dear; if you think it wise or right to do so."

But Laura Mason did not see her lover the next morning; for when the morning came, she was in a burning fever, brought on by the agitation and excitement of the previous night. A medical man was summoned from Windsor to attend upon her, and Eleanor sat by her bed-side, watching her as tenderly as a mother watches her sick child.

Gilbert Monckton too was very anxious about his ward, and came up to the door of Laura's room to make inquiries many times in the course of that day.

(To be continued.)

## AMERICA SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

## AN IMAGINARY TOUR.

It is 179—, and we have just arrived from England. We may have long had a desire to see foreign countries. We may have incautiously toasted the French Revolution, and pointed out the errors of the British Constitution, at some meeting in celebration of the Burning of the Bastille, under the presidency of Doctors Priestley or Kippis, and have thereby incurred the odium of the powers that be. No,—we are simply inflamed by an insane hope of retrieving our damaged fortunes in the land of liberty on the other side of the Atlantic. Having turned our available property into cash, we invested it in American six per cents. and shares in the National Bank. We were assured that we should net something handsome. Alas! there comes a time when we realise at a loss of fifteen per cent.!

We paid the captain of an American two-master, called at that time a "senam," or "snow," no less than thirty guineas, with a promise of further remuneration in case of a long voyage, for our passage. And such a passage! Six weeks of knocking about in a lumber-ship, ill suited for passengers, of whom there were four besides ourselves. Our curmudgeon of a captain proved himself so bad a purveyor that, at the end of the first week, we were reduced to "ship's allowance," salt beef, pork, and biscuit.

One morning there is a cry of "A sail astern!" and, sure enough, a vessel under press of canvas is in chase of us. A gun is fired—we take no notice; a second drops a shot close in our wake—we hoist American colours. Our pursuer displays the British ensign, but we have seen through our telescope a greasy cap of liberty at the mast-head. Presently the English flag is lowered, and replaced by the French tricolor. She is a French *sans-culotte* privateer; and, as she comes within hailing distance, we see that the crew are literally *sans-culottes*! Four of these worthies come off to overhaul us, headed by a squat, tawny, and savage-looking Frenchman, about four feet and a half high. A blue coat, with red facings and enormous "liberty-and-equality" buttons, covers his back. A coarse and dirty red cloth kilt envelops his aldermanic paunch, descending scarcely to his knees. In his belt are a pair of melo-dramatic-looking pistols, at his waist dangles a gigantic sabre, fit only for a horse trooper, and on his hydrocephalic-looking head is a portentous cocked hat, with a plume of feathers enough for three or four. We would fain laugh, but it is no laughing matter. Everybody's luggage is ransacked; and in ours is found the counterpart of the lease of our ancestral mansion to a wealthy parvenu (between ourselves, he is quite as good as we are, only he has more of this world's goods). "In the thirtieth year of the reign of Our Sovereign Lord George the Third," reads the French captain; "Diable! it is a commission from old George." We explain to the best of our ability; and after numerous apologies and fraternal hugs, the *sans-culottes* let us go harmless; nay, they actually man their yards, and give us three cheers!

Adverse winds, heavy seas, Newfoundland fogs,

and loss of reckoning, varied by the amusement of forcing our skipper to disgorge five pounds of passage-money to each, have filled up the rest of our time until we tread *terra firma* once more. Such is the train of events which enables us to say "We have just arrived from England."

A crowd is gathered on the wharf to see us land. A mingled mass of wealth and poverty. They cry in chorus, "What news from England?" So eagerly curious are they, and so evidently ready to swallow anything, that we cannot resist a mild-joke at their expense. "More than fifty thousand men," say we, "rose in London the morning before we sailed!" Ha! ha! Three cheers! The Republic of Great Britain is inaugurated at last! Any misfortune to Old England was joyfully greeted then, as now, by our loving American cousins. "What then? What did they do then?" is shouted from a score of throats. "That night they went to bed again!" A very mild joke; yet it might have caused us to be roughly handled. Fortunately, if a Yankee is fool enough to let himself be taken in, he will bear it with at least the appearance of good humour; merely making a mental note of the fact for his future guidance, either to play the trick off on somebody else, or to avoid it himself.

Questions assail us on all sides; for unbounded curiosity about other people's business has ever been a national trait in the American character. We have not been many days in New England,—for it was to Boston that chance and the "snow" took us, and we are now making the best of our way to New York—when we fancy a pretty little cottage which we are told is to let, on the Connecticut river. We knock at the door: it is opened by a woman.

"Pray what is the rent of this house?" we inquire, with our politest manner.

"And where be you from?" is the reply.

"Pray, madam, is this house to be let?"

"Be you from New York or Boston?"

The house is half way between those two towns. We become impatient.

"Will you be kind enough, madam, to say what is the price demanded for this little place?"

Still no answer; only a question: "Pray what may you be?" We turn away in disgust.

The next day is Sunday; and in Connecticut the Sabbath is most rigidly kept. We have unfortunately arrived at a miserable tavern on Saturday evening, and there, until Monday morning, are we obliged to remain. The stage is not allowed to run on the Lord's day. There is little use in pushing along on horseback, even if the requisite animal could be obtained. You would be stopped as you passed the first meeting-house where service was going on, and, being forcibly dismounted, would be compelled to listen to whatever doctrine might chance to be in process of expounding.

Let us take a walk by the river side. A course of people attracts our attention. We join the crowd, and find that the process of baptism by immersion is going on. It is freezing hard! The ice has been cleared away for some twenty yards in every direction, but a fatigue party of believers has been told off to keep the hallowed water from

freezing with poles and staves. A few moments would suffice to coat it with ice again. To test the faith of proselytes, the coldest days are chosen for these ceremonies, and the services are intentionally prolonged. Intense faith is supposed to make the day mild and the water of summer temperature. The minister at last finishes his exhortation, and the penitents are led forth. This is the order of procession:—Members of the meeting already baptised lead the way, two and two; then the priest, singing loudly in honour of St. John the Baptist; then twelve novices of both sexes, hand in hand, clad in long gowns. As they approach the stream the already immersed members file off to right and left along the margin, and the minister, without slackening his pace, walks steadily nearly breast-high into the freezing stream. His singing dies away in short short gasps as the water rises above his hips. His fanatical disciples, with a resolution worthy of a better cause, follow him. When the pastor recovers his breath, he devotes a few minutes to a solemn exhortation on baptism; then, seizing the nearest devotee, he entirely immerses him or her, as the case may be, with the dexterity of a practised bathing-man. Another short prayer is followed by another immersion, until all are gasping, coughing, and wiping the water out of their eyes. They have spent about ten minutes in the icy stream!

We listen to the remarks of the bystanders, who, although evidently not of the Baptist persuasion, do not treat the performance with the ridicule we expected. We are told that these fanatics, notwithstanding the severity of the season, will not take cold. We should have anticipated that these duckings would have been frequently attended with fatal results. A dry humourist at our elbow calculates they are, sometimes. There is a merry twinkle in his eye as he relates the following story of a public baptism by immersion:—

"It was just such a day as this, now a many years ago, that Parson Dearborn lost one of his lambs in this here stream, only a few miles lower down. They'd broke the ice, and Dearborn was up to his waist in the middle of the hole. The stream was so strong he'd much ado to keep on his legs. The first as come to be ducked was old Mar'm Bigelow, but when the parson had let her down into the water he lost his hold, and away she went under the ice. Now, Parson Dearborn was not a man to be put out, so, says he, quite calm, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord: come another of you, my children.' But no more would come. I reckon they all lost their faith,—anyhow they made tracks."

"And what became of Mrs. Bigelow?" we inquire, with horror.

"Wal, I calculate nothing was seen of Mar'm Bigelow for a fortnight, when a fishing-boat picked her up in Long Island Sound."

Poor Mrs. Bigelow! it was a consolation to hear that she was picked up, and did not go to feed the lobsters for which the Sound is famous. Apropos of lobsters, our humorous friend has another story to tell us. It is to be feared that

our power of swallow must have appeared very large. We ought to see the lobsters caught in the Bay of Fundy, ought we? Yes, it was not uncommon to take them fifty or sixty pounds in weight, so that a dozen hungry men could easily sup off a single lobster, and leave enough fragments to satisfy somebody else! A sense of greenness pervades us: how otherwise should any one attempt so to impose?

This will never do. We want facts—our own experience, and not that of others. For instance, we *know* that we pay fourpence per mile currency (threepence sterling of our money) for our seat in the New York mail-coach, and that we are only allowed fourteen pounds of luggage. We also know that there are no turnpikes, and that we are not expected to give any fees to drivers. Ha! this is better. These dry facts restore us. Travellers see quite enough strange things with their own eyes without borrowing from friends or chance acquaintances.

The women in the country towns do not wear caps, and many of them have their hair plaited at full length down their backs like a quene, giving them a Swiss appearance not at all becoming in our eyes. Here is an American officer,—the first we have seen. His dress consists of a blue coat of superfine cloth, with scarlet facings and cuffs, and a buff cashmere waistcoat and breeches. A fine, handsome fellow, whose dress suits him right well. At Hartford a very reverend-looking old gentleman gets in, who more than fills the only vacant seat of our eight-inside. He had on a tremendous full-bottomed wig of the last century (the seventeenth, not the eighteenth, bear in mind), and fills us with mingled feelings of reverence and the ridiculous. We learn that he is Deacon Bishop, an elder of the Presbyterian church at Newhaven. A reserved and silent man, yet, when he does speak, he displays an amiability and intelligence not at all in accordance with his primitive dress and appearance.

The universal topic of conversation in this country is politics. Since we have set foot in the United States we find newspapers in every village. Our chance acquaintances are mostly people of uncouth manners, and without the least education beyond instruction in reading and writing, but their opinions are generally just and sensible. The majority speak well of General Washington, but all show an utter indifference on the subject of his resignation. "He is old, and men cannot last for ever;" such is the general remark. Less importance is attached to the choice of his successor than we should have expected. "John Adams," said a tavern-keeping colonel named Beverley, "is a good man; Jefferson is also a good man; we cannot fail to find good men in America." When we stop at an inn, it appears somewhat strange to European eyes to see the coachman eat at the same table as the passengers; but it would appear equally strange to the Americans to see the coachman eating by himself. Generally speaking, he is the best informed as to general news on the coach; he is always a great politician, and frequently names his horses after the President and Vice-President, and if he has a horse that wants the whip he will name him after some man

that he dislikes, so as to have the pleasure of flogging him in fancy. By-the-bye, our coachman for the last stage is a colonel! On our arrival at Newhaven the coach stops at a very good tavern, where we dine sumptuously for half a dollar, or two-and-threepence sterling. The servants who wait are seated, as is customary, except while they are serving us, and the landlord attends with his hat on his head.

Newhaven to New York by water. Distance ninety-four miles. Packets three times a week. We pay two dollars and a half for our berth, and sail at four P.M., arriving at New York in twelve hours. We have the Chief Justice of the United States among the passengers. An unpretending gentleman, whom some young men treat with marked disrespect, although, considering he can sit in judgment on the President, he may be regarded as the first person in the States. In our note-book we find the following sentence, apropos of this: "Americans always affect, if they do not really feel, contempt for their seniors and all persons in office."

When we hear the captain call out that we are passing Hell Gates, we start out of bed, and go on deck to see this famous eddy. It is nothing to those who know the passage of these dangerous rocks; and we think it very like shooting London Bridge. But stay: it is all very well to under-rate the dangers of Hell Gates, when you pass them in a vessel of light draught and under favourable conditions. Lord Howe settled an annuity of fifty pounds a-year on a negro pilot who brought the Experiment, a frigate of fifty guns, successfully through this passage, thereby reinforcing his little fleet most seasonably. One of our fellow-passengers told us that when the Experiment was in the most critical part of the boiling channel, Sir James Wallace, the captain, gave some orders on the quarter-deck; which, in the negro pilot's opinion, interfered with the duties of his office. He touched Sir James gently on the shoulder, and said:

"Massa, you no peak here."

Sir James felt the force of Sambo's remonstrance, and interfered no more.

Travellers who visit England are not satisfied until they have been to London; those who go to France, hurry to Paris without delay; so we, having touched American soil, permit no rest to the soles of our feet until we have visited Philadelphia. We care not for Boston or New York; the former is the Bristol, the latter the Liverpool, of the newly United States. Philadelphia is the London, the seat of government, the metropolis where you may meet President Washington any day in the streets, and see Jefferson tie the bridle of his horse to the railings of the State House.

Business, however, compels us to stay at New York a few days. And who do we meet? What sights do we see? Genet, the late ambassador from *sans-culotte* France, is staying at the same lodgings, near the battery, and so is young Mr. Mr. Joseph Priestley, waiting the arrival of his father, the well-known Dr. Priestley. M. Genet is on the eve of marrying the daughter of General Clinton, Governor of the State of New York; and, being a Girondist, he dare not

return to France, but talks of becoming a naturalised citizen of the States. One day at dinner, a Mr. Priam told us that, in the neighbourhood of Worcester, Connecticut, when their apple-trees grow old and decayed, it was customary to strip off the bark from them, and then a new bark, smooth and healthy, would be produced, and they would bear with fresh vigour. This diverted M. Genet extremely: he was too polite to say that he doubted Mr. Priam's statement; but, laughing merrily, he declared that, now the long-lost method of restoring youth had been again happily discovered, he would adapt it to man, and when he was old he would himself undergo the operation, and publish the recipe for the benefit of mankind.

Breakfast with General Gates, the hero of Saratoga, and a call from Chancellor Livingston, are two of the noteworthy incidents of our short stay in New York. By-the-bye, there was one sight that we shall not easily forget. We were getting up in the morning; a noise of drums and fifes attracted us to the window, and, behold! on the other side of the Governor's house, a large body of people, with flags flying, and marching two and two towards the water-side. What can this be? Not another case of baptism by immersion, surely? We are in a country which has no standing army; no sound of drum has invaded our ears since we quitted England: what means this military music? Hurrying down stairs, the mystery is soon explained. It is a procession of young tradesmen going in boats to Governor's Island, to give the State a day's work at the fortifications for strengthening the entrance to New York Harbour. This day, it was the whole trade of carpenters and joiners; the masons went on another day; a third day was appropriated to the "grocers, coopers, schoolmasters, and barbers,"—a strange medley! The day before we left New York, the attorneys and all people connected with the law started with mattock and shovel on this patriotic duty. Young Mr. Priestley had joined in one of these working parties, and said it was one of the most cheerful days he ever spent.

Onwards at last to the metropolis! We pay five dollars at the office in Broadway for our place in the waggon. It is cheaper to go to Philadelphia by way of Amboy, but we want to see "the Jerseys." The next morning finds us ready with our luggage at the office at nine o'clock.

"I say, stranger, you don't suppose the stage starts from here, do you?"

We had supposed so, but are soon undeceived. With sardonic smile the hard-featured Yankee informs us that we must cross the Hudson to Paul's Hook, in the State of New Jersey, where we should find the stage waiting. Indignation is a word that but feebly expresses our feelings on the occasion. To our jaundiced eye the Hudson appears a couple of leagues in breadth, but it is *only* two miles and a half across. No matter, we are an hour and a half in passing, owing to the heavy rain which has swollen the stream, and we have to pay our own ferryage.

A miserable place is Paul's Hook,—the Jersey city of the future,—supported by travellers, all the New York stages and horses for going South

being kept there. That clumsy and uncomfortable machine, the American stage waggon, cannot be passed over without some attempt at a description. We have already allowed one opportunity to go by: we must not let another. If one of them, horses, harness, and driver, could be brought to London, it would prove a lucrative exhibition. The one into which we have just scrambled, "The Industry" by name, is calculated to hold twelve persons, who all sit on cross benches with their faces towards the horses. The front seat holds three, one of whom is the driver. Door there is none, so the passengers get in over the front wheels, and sprawl across the driver's seat. The hind places are most in request, since they allow you to rest your shaken frame against the back of the waggon. Women are generally indulged with it, and if they happen to be late, it is a strange sight to see them scramble over the intermediate men. The waggon is open at the sides, but has a roof supported by props, and is provided with curtains which can be buttoned down or rolled up, as the weather is wet or dry. The inside of the vehicle is crowded with trunks and parcels, which not only cramp but bruise our legs. We are very sorry for a gentlemanly Frenchman, whose politeness is severely tested by the inconveniences he suffers. The driver tells us that he is a poor French duke, who has been ruined by the Revolution.

One of our travelling companions is a West of England clothier, a dry and precise man sometimes, but seldom given to exaggeration. We are discussing mosquitoes, which trouble us not a little during the first nine miles to Newark, for the country is very marshy. The clothier, with much gravity, refers to his notes, which are to be published on his return to England, and tells us how certain mosquitoes continued sucking his blood on one occasion till they swelled to four times their ordinary size, when they absolutely fell off and *burst* from their fullness!

The distance to Trenton, sixty-six miles, will not be accomplished before night, and all that time the driver will continue to curse and swear as he is doing now. Terrible thought! Nay, he gets worse as the day wears on, and reaches his climax during the last half dozen miles, when the road is at its worst, and the obstructive stumps of trees most numerous. By this time another of our fellow-travellers had joined our conversation. This is an agreeable young Irishman, whose name, he tells us, is Weld. Alarmed at the disturbed state of his native island, he has come to look at America with the view of making it his permanent abode. Like the clothier, he is collecting notes for a book when he returns to Europe. He is communicative, and, after a sense of rolls and jolts such as no vehicle in the Old World could possibly have survived, he tells us we should try the roads in Maryland, which are incomparably the worst in the Union. "So bad are they," says he, "that while going from Elkton to the Susquehannah ferry, the driver frequently had to call to the passengers in the stage to lean out of the carriage, first at one side, and then at the other, to prevent being overturned in the ruts. 'Now, gentlemen, to the right!' and out went the

passengers' bodies halfway on that side. 'Now, gentlemen, to the left!' and the other side of the waggon was duly ballasted."

Stopping at Trenton all night, we start at six the next morning, and are not deposited safely at the Franklin's Head, in North-Second-street, Philadelphia, until 2 P.M., albeit the distance is only thirty miles. Little do we imagine that, half a century later, railroad cars will be running almost along the same route, and that our successors of the nineteenth century will be able to make, with ease and comfort in three hours, a journey that has cost us the best part of two days.

An embassy from the Cherokee and Creek Indians had arrived a few days before us. Two of these worthies, rejoicing, as we are told, in the names of Flamingo and Double-head, paraded the streets with great dignity, followed by a crowd of little boys. Our weak-minded clothier acquaintance introduced himself to these savages, telling them that he was a subject of the great King George, on the other side of the great waters, and that he wished to smoke a calumet with them, and to beg a belt of wampum. After a few preliminary grunts, that noble savage Flamingo, tall and stout withal, replied, rising to a climax of yells, and flourishing his tomahawk. The interpreter explained, to the clothier's horror and dismay, that the pale-face was to understand, among other trifling and irrelevant matters, that he, Flamingo, had, in his lifetime, shed enough blood to swim in! No more talk of calumets or wampum belts; our mild friend had ceased to have any other feelings towards the noble savages save those of terror and disgust.

Let us take up a newspaper, for there is no lack of them. What is this?—"Died in Salem, Mass., Master James Verry, aged twelve, a promising youth, whose early death is supposed to have been brought on by *excessive smoking of segars.*" Gracious goodness!—what juvenile depravity! Here is an opportunity for some dignified but cutting criticism of a republican state of society: "One of the greatest evils of a republican form of government is"—but there are so many evils, and of such magnitude, that we are not quite prepared yet to single out any particular one. The edge has gone from the sharpness of our disgust, by the time we have had that chat with Taylor the segar-maker at Alexandria, near Washington. While conversing with the father, we observe the son, an infant not four years old, smoking a large segar made of the strongest tobacco! The father exultingly tells us that the child contracted the habit a year ago, and that he now smokes three or four daily, which he cries for if not kept regularly supplied! Yet is the child fat and healthy.

Here is a book, lately published (1789), "The American Geography," by Jedediah Morse, D.D. We open it casually at "North Carolina," and read as follows:—"The *delicate and entertaining diversion*, with propriety called *gouging*, is thus performed. When two *boozers* are worried (wearied?) with fighting and bruising each other, they come, as it is called, to *close quarters*, and each endeavours to twist his forefingers in the ear-locks of his antagonist. When these are

fast clinched, the thumbs are extended each way to the nose, and the eyes *gently* turned out of their sockets. The victor, for his expertness, receives shouts of applause from the sportive throng, while his poor *eyeless* antagonist is laughed at for his misfortune." The italics are not ours, but are used by that "sportive" Doctor of Divinity, Jedediah Morse, to add zest to his description. We do not believe Morse: we think he is exaggerating; yet there comes a time when, passing with other travellers through the State of Georgia, we find two combatants, as Morse describes, fast clinched by the hair, and their thumbs endeavouring to force a passage into each other's eyes, while several of the bystanders are betting upon the first eye to be turned out of its socket. For some time the combatants avoid the thumb-stroke with dexterity. At length they fall to the ground, and in an instant the uppermost springs up with his antagonist's eye in his hand! The exulting crowd applaud, while we, sick with horror, gallop away with all speed from the infernal scene.

Let us turn to more agreeable incidents. We must not forget that we are still at Philadelphia, where we find that the great heat of the city but ill suits our enfeebled frame. The poor French duke, whose acquaintance we had made in the stage, advises us to try country air for a few weeks. We will do as he suggests. This same duke is a thorough gentleman, and completely disarms all our preconceived British prejudices against Frenchmen. He has been reduced from princely affluence to a condition which, by comparison, is almost poverty. But he rarely makes any allusion to former days. On one occasion he described to us a singular rencontre he had with an alderman of Newhaven. The duke had, some years before, been made a citizen of that city, and when he passed through, as we have, on his way to New York, he did not neglect to call and thank the mayor and municipality for the honour they had done him. Among the aldermen he recognised one who had last seen him at the head of his table in his French chateau, when he had kindly accorded permission to the worthy alderman and his party to view his house and grounds. We learned from a mutual friend that, when the Revolution drove this duke, who inherited an historical name, from France, he fled to England, and resided for some time at Bury St. Edmunds. While there, an old maiden lady died and left him a moderate fortune, which would have been of great service to him in his very straitened circumstances, but he found out her relations, and restored the money to them, reserving to himself *one shilling* as a souvenir!

In the course of our excursion into the country we have to cross a ferry,—no very uncommon occurrence in the States. We have bought a carriage, and are travelling, by easy stages, along a route but little used. This ferry belongs to General Washington. Being unprovided with smaller coin, we are compelled to offer the ferryman a gold *moindre* in payment of this unforeseen charge. He refuses to take it, and, on our inquiring his reason, he replies: "I've no weights to weigh it with, and when I take it to the

general, he'll weigh it, and if it shouldn't be weight, he'll not only make me lose the difference, but he'll be angry with me." After much persuasion, and on our offering to lose threepence on its value, the ferryman consents to take it. A few days later we return by the same route, when, to our astonishment, the ferryman presents us with three halfpence wrapped up in a piece of paper. It seemed that he had taken it to the general, who, on weighing it, found it was not weight to the value of three halfpence; so the great man himself had put the balance of our threepence in paper, with strict injunctions to the ferryman to return it to us, if we returned that way, as he felt almost certain we must.

This quaint example of the general's exact and methodical habits amuse us greatly, and we mentioned it to the keeper of the tavern where we lodge the same evening. "Wal, yes, I calculate our Gin'ral Washington is about as reg'lar in his habits as any man you ever heerd on. He weighs or counts everything as is bought at Mount Vernon. He is quite as partic'lar about payin' as receivin'. He and his man breakfasted here one mornin', and I charged three-and-ninepence for the gin'ral, and only three shillings for the man; but the gin'ral, he says to me, 'I make no doubt my man has eaten as much as I have, and I shall thank you to charge us both the same.'" We have been told before that it was the general's custom, when he travelled, to pay as much for his servants' meals as for his own.

We have not yet seen President Washington, but on our return to Philadelphia we have the honour not only of an interview with him, but, on presenting our letters of introduction, of an invitation to breakfast. He is tall and thin, but erect; rather of an engaging than a dignified presence. A mild, friendly man, very thoughtful and slow in speech, which makes some to think him reserved. His temperate life makes him bear his years well, though he is past sixty. We mark a certain anxiety in his countenance, the natural result of his many cares. His behaviour to us is so kind and courteous that we shall ever revere his name.

Mrs. Washington herself makes tea and coffee for us. On the table are two small plates of sliced tongue, dry toast, bread and butter, &c., but no broiled fish, as is the general custom. Next to Mrs. Washington sits her grand-daughter, Miss Custiss, a very pleasing young lady of about sixteen, and her brother, George Washington Custis, about two years older. There is but little appearance of form, one negro servant only attending, and he has no livery: a silver urn for hot water is the only article of expense on the table. Mrs. Washington appears somewhat older than the President, though we understand they were both born in the same year. She is short in stature, rather stout, and very simply clad, wearing a very plain cap, with her grey hair closely turned up under it. Mrs. Washington holds levees every Wednesday and Saturday at Philadelphia, during the sitting of Congress. On these occasions the ladies are seated in great form round the apartment, and have tea and coffee served to them. The President has a reception once a week, between the hours of three

and four in the afternoon. If we attend one of these receptions, which we undoubtedly shall do, we shall find him in court dress, as well as the foreign ministers, always excepting the envoy from the French Republic, who makes a point of going in what, to say the best of it, is an absolute *dishabille!*

As we leave the General's we meet our friend the clothier at the corner of Second Street. He tells us he has been, the previous evening, to the New Theatre, where he has seen Mrs. Inchbald's play, "Every One has his Fault," with the farce of "No Song, no Supper." "Mrs. Whitlock, sister to Mrs. Siddons, is the chief actress," says he, "and the theatre is as elegant, convenient, and large as Covent Garden. I could have fancied myself in England again, the dress and appearance of the company, the actors, and the scenery were so English. The ladies wore the same small bonnets, some of chequered straw, and others had their hair full-dressed, without caps, just as in England. The gentlemen, too, had round hats, high collars to their coats, quite in the 'mode'; yes, some of them even wore coats of silk striped!" The tailor-like enthusiasm of our friend is very funny, but we remember his trade, and excuse him. His brilliant description, however, determines us to see for ourselves what an American theatre is like. Circumstances compel us to defer our visit for a week or two, when we see the Philadelphia company in the Baltimore theatre. Perhaps we are unfortunate, for great is our disappointment. It may be that one person sees with a democratic eye, while the optic of another is tinged with aristocracy.

We are early in our places in the pit, the back row of which is taken up by a number of very well-dressed boys. These urchins set up a violent clamour, beating with sticks, stamping with their feet, and shrieking loudly for "Yankee Doodle" and "Jefferson's March," just as if they had been in the gallery. This juvenile spirit of liberty seems to please the occupiers of the boxes. The stench of tobacco smoke, the fumes of various intoxicating drinks, and the shouts of these youths would be sufficient, but, as if to complete our disgust, a critical-minded buffoon, noisy and coarse-tongued, makes comments, close behind us, in a voice louder than that of the performers. Often do we entreat him to be silent, but in vain; we are reminded that we are in the land of liberty! A London audience would have turned him out. Should we attempt to do so, the whole pit would interfere in his behalf. The play is "Coriolanus;" and, after loading with abuse the "supers" who swell the processions, enact the part of "plebs," and crowd generally about the stage, when *Coriolanus* falls a sacrifice to the swords of *Tullus Aufidius* and the *Volscian Chiefs*, our buffoon roars out with many oaths,— "That's not fair; three to one is two much; let him get up again and have a fair chance; one at a time, I say!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Such are a few of the actual experiences to be met with in the newly United States during the last five years of the eighteenth century.

WM. HARDMAN.

## ASCHAFFENBURG ON THE MAIN.

As the Rhine and the Moselle have their distinctive characters, so has the Main. It is through the whole of its course a peculiarly smiling, happy, devil-may-care river.

As the Rhine is strong, the Moselle beautiful, so is the Main genial. Its nature is fitly imaged in the pages of its peculiar poet, who however seems rather to have drawn inspiration than to have drunk water from its bed; the poet who was actually too full of the spirit of song to suffer the fetters of verse: Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, who died in his house at Bayreuth as genially as he had lived, in his easy-chair, with his pet canaries hopping about his head. Well may the Germans call him the "only one!"

The Germans are proud of the Main, as they are proud of Richter, for his freedom from foreign shackles. If they cannot boast of their river as the Spartans did of their women, that he has never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp, they can boast that an enemy has never permanently possessed a foot of his banks. But this is in great part owing to his central situation. Certain it is that the same race of Franks, *freemen* or *nobles par excellence*, who came into the country at the great migration, and went forth, a part of them, to subdue Gaul and make it France, still are dominant in their old haunts, and their women bind their heads in the traditional red kerchief of a thousand years ago. So Schiller testifies of this river—

Mine are but ruinous castles, in sooth, but still I console me,  
Seeing the self-same race flourishing there as of yore.

The derivation of the word Main is a puzzle. Some say it denotes a stream with two arms, and was originally Mān, comparing it to that "forked radish with head fantastically carved" which is Carlyle's definition of the species to which he belongs. Some again derive it from Mān or Mon, the moon-god, as having, like the crescent moon, two horns. This Mān is pronounced in middle Franconia, Moyn or Moen, hence the Mœnis of Pomponius Mela, and the Mœnus of Tacitus. Others think its name only denotes the *main* affluent of the Rhine, the Big River, as the ocean, from its size, is called the main.

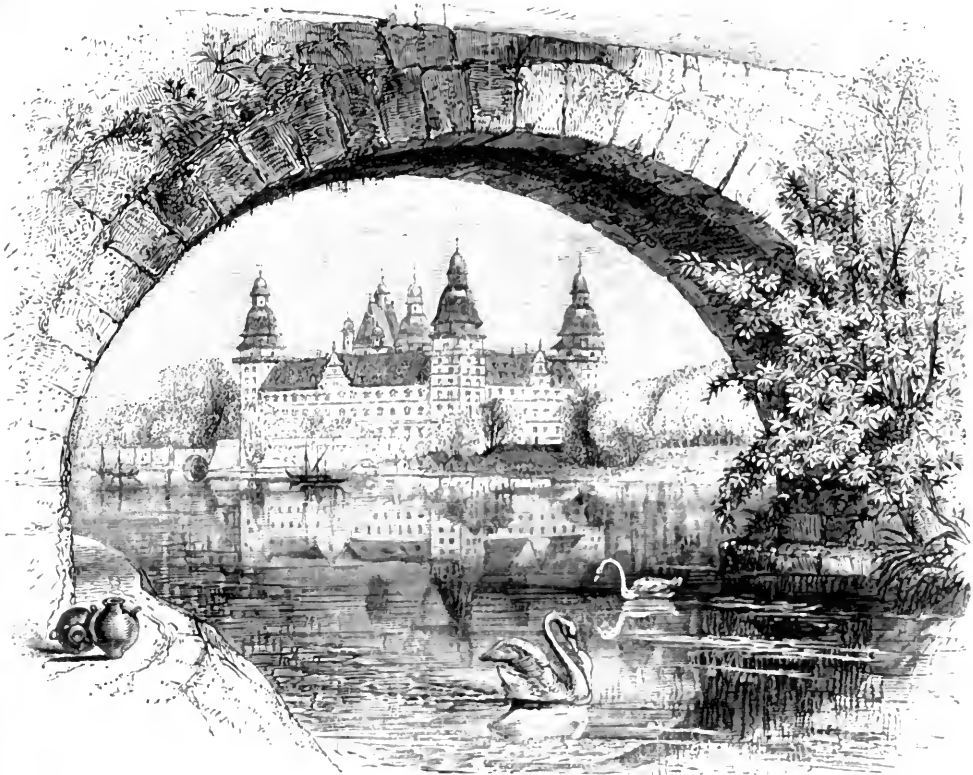
In old times the Menapii dwelt on its banks, and derived their name from their habitation. The Main has the honour of having something in common with the Nile. As the Egyptian river is formed by the junction of the Blue and White Niles, so is the Frank river formed by the junction of the White and Red Mains, which, after it becomes a single stream, fertilises banks that bear wine, both white and red. The colours attributed to the streams are most probably derived from the colour their respective waters take from their bottoms. The Red Main springs from the Rothmansbrunnen in the Semmelsbuch, a lonely hamlet near Schwärtz, flows through Creuser, St. Johann and Georg near Bayreuth, and meanders on across fat Franconian plains to Steinhaus, where it is joined by the White Main after a run of twenty-



five English miles. The White Main rises in the Fichtelgebirge, close to the Ochsenkopf mountain. Markgrave George William in 1717 surrounded its source with masonry, since which time it has been known as the Fürstenbrunnen, or Prince's Well. But, as several sources contribute to the stream, it is as hard as in most other cases to fix on the authentic one. The Main is mostly a wide, shallow, superficial, and easy-going stream, and seems to have a general objection to the performance of *tours de force*, as it makes a wide bow to the north to avoid the Franconian table-land, turning south again to receive an accession of strength from the Regnitz at Bamberg, then north to avoid some more hills

to Schweinfurt, then south again to take a degree at Würzburg, then north again to Lohr, then south again to round the soft sandstone mountains of the Spessart, instead of cutting them in two as the Rhine would have done and as the railway does (which loop constitutes the most beautiful part of its course), then, from Aschaffenburg flowing lazily on through the level past Frankfort, into the Rhine at Mainz.

Aschaffenburg may derive its name from the brook Aschaff (Ascaffa), meaning water that flows through tilled lands. The Romans called it Ascapha. It appears to have been, in A.D. 69, one of their most important stations, and was



Castle of Johannisburg.

doubtless strongly fortified, as lying close to a very assailable point in the *Limæ Transrhenannæ*. A votive stone, now lost, was discovered in the last century, which recorded that an offering was made here by the eleventh British legion and the twenty-third to Jupiter Optimus Maximus, to the gods of Britain generally, and those of Mancunium or Manchester in particular. The eleventh and fourteenth legions, which went to Britain under Claudius in the year 43, were ordered by Vespasian to Germany and Dalmatia, and a considerable number of native troops had been enrolled with them. It does not appear that in those days Manchester was the metropolis of the Peaco Society.

The Alemans drove the Romans away from the Main, and were themselves driven southward by the Franks in 496. In the eighth century, under Charlemagne, the Benedictine convent of Honau, in Alsace, planted here a missionary colony, which was changed by Duke Otto of Bavaria, a grandson of Charlemagne, into a collegiate foundation. In 1122, Archbishop Adalbert of Mainz took refuge here from the Emperor Henry V., and surrounded the town with walls, and built a strong castle. The town remained subject to the Electors of Mainz till 1803, when it became the capital of a principality. The conditions under which the Confederacy of the Rhine was formed

made its territory a grand duchy, which lasted until the fall of Napoleon, when it was ceded to Bavaria, which retains it now. On arriving at the station from Frankfort, the first object of note is the so-called Pompeianum, erected by King Ludwig on an eminence upon the bank of the river. It is a square building, with a terrace and upper story smaller than the lower, built after the model of the house of Castor and Pollux at Pompeii. Its site, aspects, and environments are quasi-Italian, and the contiguous gardens produce a rich golden wine which smacks of the sunny South. The house is by no means imposing externally, but the frescoes and mosaics with which the interior is decorated represent faithfully those found in Pompeii. The great object of the Romans in their dwellings seems to have been to exclude glare and heat, and secure in every direction a thorough draught of air. They appear to have had a peculiar horror of that stuffiness of living by which the people of the middle ages ruined their constitutions, and of the prejudices engendered by which civilisation has hardly yet rid itself, especially on the Continent. Those imperial men whose frames were kept at the acmè of strength and beauty by the bath, and the gymnasium, and the wrestler's oil, would have stood aghast at closed windows and curtained beds, and would very soon have kicked on the floor, as Englishmen generally do now, those abominable eider-down over-beds, under which the Teutonic race smothers itself nightly, even in the dog-days. I have heard of an instance of a fat German gentleman, whose wife tied down the over-bed on her husband every night, to prevent the accident of its rolling off. It is remarkable what glowing health beams from the faces and figures of gods, heroes, goddesses, and heroines, in those Pompeian paintings, which must have been copied from the women and men of those days. Luxurious and sensual they doubtless were, but robust and healthy, and of superlative personal cleanliness. It remained for the superstitions of a later day to connect sanctity with filth and squalor. From the terrace of the Pompeianum there is a fine view of the Main with its mediæval bridge, and the parade-ground of the sky-blue Bavarian troops, with the way leading to the Schöne Busch, a royal shrubbery and pleasure garden. To the left are seen the softly broken hills of the Spessart; altogether a charming landscape.

The town ditch has now been changed into a pleasant garden, with lofty trees, and cool shady walks. One gate, named the Herstatt-thor, is of great beauty. Two little towers stand at the other end of the causeway which leads into it over the ditch, and add greatly to the picturesqueness of its effect.

The castle of Johannisburg was completed in 1614; it was founded by Johann Schweikard, one of the Electors of Mainz. It contains a moderate library and a famous collection of engravings. The buildings form a square, with a great tower at each of the angles 180 feet high, with five stories. There is one more window than there are days in the year. The length of each façade is 295 feet. The area of the central court is more than 30,000 square feet. The whole is built of a

pinkish sandstone. King Ludwig of Bavaria has occasionally occupied this palace; but from the air of out-at-elbows majesty and splendid discomfort that reigns in its halls, one is not surprised that it is by no means the favourite seat of that artistic monarch. The saloons contain a vast number of pictures, mostly very old, very small, and very indifferent. Rubens, however, is represented by a Silenus, very well painted, and there are some good Rembrandts, and one or two striking Holbeins. The pictures are mostly pseudo-Pre-Raphaelite performances of the Dutch and German schools. Taken altogether the building, as viewed from every side, stands well upon its legs, and has a sumptuous, palatial air, as most buildings of the Renaissance period have. In the gateway are several branching antlers, the spoils of stags slain in the chase, some of King Ludwig's killing; and there is a still more ancient boar's head, with a broken spear sticking in it, with which the steady and sturdy hand of some sporting archbishop pierced the skull of the brute in the act of lunging at his reverence.

The Collegiate Church of the town was built in the Byzantine style, in honour of Saints Peter and Alexander, and dates from 970 to 980 A.D. It stands on a hill, and is approached by a double staircase. The prevalent form is that of the Latin cross. Formerly it had two towers, now it has only one, and that in the Pointed Gothic style, showing it to be later than the bulk of the building. The interior is populous with armoured monumental effigies, amongst which one of the most striking is that of Duke Otto of Bavaria, Saxony, and Suabia, erected in 1574. He it was, a nephew of the Emperor Otto II., who is supposed to have endowed the foundation in 969. The hill on which the church stands is called the Badberg, or Bath-mountain, and its steep slope is clad with vineyards on the other side. The bridge of Aschaffenburg spans the Main with 10 arches. In its present form it dates from 1430, Archbishop Willegis having found on the spot the foundations of a Roman bridge, and on them erected one of wood, which was doubtless swept away by the weight of those masses of loose ice which the stream carries with it after every thaw, and the grinding of which is even said to loosen the present stone buttresses.

G. C. SWAYNE.

#### A THOUGHT ON MAN.

In the long past, what time fair Science smiled  
 A new-born thing in helpless infant state,  
 One sang of all-inventive\* Man—how great  
 His skill of art; how he could render mild  
 The rough-maned horse, and bison of the wild,  
 O'erpass the surging deep, could subjugate  
 Earth, sea, and air, all things—*save only Fate*;  
 How language he had learnt, and laws compiled.  
 Yet scarce the Poet's prophet-soul divined  
 All that the coming years should bring to light,  
 When matter had been taught to yield to mind,  
 And Science gained the acmè of her might.  
 But what though all else yield him victory?  
 Man's victor still is Hades—and shall be.

J. B. S.

\* Sophocles (Antig., 348.)

### THE FISHERMAN OF LAKE SUNAPEE.



SOME years ago I had occasion to leave Cincinnati, which had been my temporary residence during some months, in order to meet a friend at Steubenville, a busy thriving town on the eastern side of the State of Ohio, and standing on the

river from which the State takes its name. Apparently the distance between these two places would not be much more than two hundred miles, but the tortuous course of the river makes it at least three hundred, when the journey is

performed by water, as indeed it of necessity must be.

I had no business whatever of my own at Steubenville, but in compliance with my friend's request that I should accompany him in a visit to some of the salt-works in the neighbourhood, in which he was largely concerned, I had agreed to meet him on a certain day, at a certain hotel in this town.

I reached Steubenville about noon, and proceeded at once to the hotel where I expected to find my friend. He was not there, but, in his stead, I found a letter from him, in which he told me that he had met with an accident which would render his leaving home impossible for another week. This was rather annoying. I deliberated for a few minutes, uncertain whether to take the next Cincinnati boat and return immediately, or to wait patiently a whole week in a place in which I had no acquaintances and no occupation. I wanted recreation, the hotel seemed comfortable, and I soon decided to make it my head-quarters till my friend's arrival, and to spend my leisure time in rambling about the neighbouring country.

Whoever has travelled in Ohio has seen one of the most exuberantly fertile regions of the great American continent; there indeed does the earth bring forth abundantly, not only corn and fruits, but it is rich in some of the most useful minerals, iron and coal.

There are no mountains in Ohio, but much high table land, rising to about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and even these hills are covered with a fertile soil to their summits. The whole country is watered by navigable rivers of great beauty, which bear on their gentle currents the products of this highly-cultivated region.

But I am not about to give either a geographical or a statistical account of this State, though much might be told of it that is marvellous, when we consider that it was no longer ago than in 1788 that its first white settlers were a little party of emigrants from New England, and that, forty years after their arrival, towns and villages had sprung up amongst the smiling valleys and rich plains, while the growth of the population, now considerably more than a million and a-half, is such as has never been paralleled.

I was always fond of fishing, and after having spent two or three days on horseback, leaving the choice of road very much to my horse's discretion, as the country was all new to me, and apparently equally beautiful whichever way I roamed, I borrowed a rod and line from my host, and set out towards a little stream, from which I had observed a man catching fish at a great rate the day before. My way lay through the edge of a forest—one of those magnificent forests of gigantic trees that stretch back from the river for miles, and which are now and then broken by a fertile prairie, or, as we should call it, a natural meadow.

I soon found the place I was in quest of—a narrow opening in the forest, through which ran a clear, rippling stream, not more than thirty or forty feet in breadth. Almost at the same spot in which I had seen him the preceding day, stood the same figure, with his rod in hand,

and the rest of his tackle lying by his side on the short smooth turf. I also noticed that a book, which from its appearance I felt almost sure was the Bible, lay on a blue cotton handkerchief by the side of his fishing-basket. He looked up, and took a scrutinising survey of me from head to foot, as I approached, and was making my mental observations on him; his countenance was grave and even melancholy, but not forbidding, or in any degree unpleasant, so I ventured to address him, and, in English fashion, made some common-place remark upon the state of the weather.

"You are from the old country, I guess," said my new acquaintance.

"You guess right. But what makes you think so?"

"Because you told me it was a fine day. We Americans are so used to fine weather that we don't think much of it. I guess you don't get much of it in your country."

Of course I defended our country from such an injurious imputation, while I generously admitted that we had not, either in summer or winter, anything like the bright clear atmosphere of America.

I had seen enough of New England and the New Englanders to enable me to recognise a Yankee as soon as I heard him speak, and I was well aware that this man was from one of the Eastern States; probably, thought I, he is a settler, who has migrated from some bleak rocky district, in hopes of bettering his fortunes in this land flowing with milk and honey.

There is nothing like a community of tastes for furnishing subjects of conversation, even between strangers; so, in five minutes from the time of our first meeting, we were deep in the mysteries of fly-fishing. My companion, who was evidently an experienced angler, caught at least two fish to my one, for he had greatly the advantage over me, inasmuch as he was thoroughly acquainted with the peculiarities of fish, of which I did not even know the names—for they, like the birds, the plants, and many other things pertaining to natural history, are different from those of England.

Though very grave, I did not find my companion either taciturn or reserved; on the contrary, he seemed ready to converse on any subject that was started. Once or twice, indeed, he answered me in a strange, abrupt manner, and instantly turned the conversation, as if what I said had offended him, or in some way given him pain, though I could not imagine how that could be.

After enjoying several hours' good sport, I thought it time to return to my inn, but my companion would not hear of it.

"You must not go back to-night," said he. "You must come home with me; the old woman will find you a bed, and I will show you my little farm, out in the bush, yonder. I guess you could not match it for beauty in your country."

I felt no inclination to throw doubts on this point. Why should I? I like to see a man prefer his own country, as he would his own wife and his own children, to any other in the world; so I thanked him, and after making

some apologies for the trouble an unexpected guest might give his wife, I accepted his friendly invitation. I had been in America long enough to understand what was meant by "the old woman," having as frequently heard the epithet applied to young wives as to those who were really aged.

We packed up our traps, and I saw the Bible carefully wrapped in the blue handkerchief, and deposited in one of my friend's capacious pockets. He then conducted me through a little opening on the outskirts of the forest—*bush* he always called it, which led to his humble dwelling. It was a log house of the best description, built entirely by himself, he told me, and certainly not without considerable regard to taste, both as to situation, and as to external appearance. It stood in the midst, not of a *clearance*, but of a natural opening of about fifty acres in extent, which was surrounded by the most beautiful shrubs and forest trees. Kalmias and Rhododendrons, of dimensions such as are never seen in England, grew amongst the clean straight stems of the oaks, hickory, sugar-maples, and I know not what besides, whilst in many places the wild grapevines hung in graceful festoons from the branches of the forest trees which formed their support.

On two sides of the house ran, what in England would be called a verandah, but what in New England, as well as in New York State, in which they were doubtless first introduced by the Dutch settlers, are known by no other name than the Stoup. In these pleasant wide stoups, the floors of which are generally very nicely boarded and painted, the women of the family sit to sew or knit in warm weather, the children play in them when the sun is too hot, or the weather too wet for them to go out of doors; and the men not unfrequently solace themselves with a pipe. At the back of the house, the stoup serves for larder, store-room, laundry, garden-house, and a vast many other purposes. I have seen joints of frozen meat hanging in the "back stoup" for weeks together, along with frozen fowls, dry salt-fish, and venison. At other seasons, strings of apple chips, or peach chips, are hanging to dry, or the household linen, which would be injured by the great heat of the sun in summer, or covered with snow in the winter, if exposed without shelter. In short, the stoup is the most ornamental, agreeable, and useful addition to a country house.

We went through the stoup into a good-sized comfortable looking room: no one was in it, but the "women's litters," as my companion called the various signs of industry that lay about, showed that it had been occupied very recently.

"I guess my wife is busy at the back," said the master, as he stepped out again, and shouted Esther! Esther! in a voice that might have been heard half a mile off.

I took the opportunity which his absence gave me of looking round the room. The furniture was such as I had seen in numbers of New England farmhouses; the same glaringly painted time-piece; the same light bass-wood chairs, so different to the heavy oaken ones of an English farmhouse; and the same thrifty, home-made rag

carpet. A gaudy tea-tray, and some common looking china graced a set of corner shelves, and the inevitable rocking-chair stood by the side of the stove. A few old-fashioned looking books, ranged on a single shelf between the windows, attracted my attention, as I have often observed, that from the character of the books we see in a house, we may form some idea of the tastes, if not of the character, of its inhabitants. The collection was small but rather curious.

"New England's Memorial, a brief relation of the providence of God manifested to planters, 1669." "The Day-breaking of the Gospel in New England." "Good news from England, . . . concerning the painful labourers in that vineyard of the Lord, and who be the preachers to them, 1647." All very edifying works no doubt,—added to these were Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," his "Holy War," and some other books of which I do not recollect the names.

Two coloured engravings adorned the wall opposite the windows, both were from Scripture subjects, one representing "The raising of Jairus' Daughter," the other, "Our Saviour stilling the Tempest." One glance at these works of art was sufficient, but my eye rested with much curiosity upon the object which hung between them.

Under a glass, smoothed out, and tacked at the corners with four or five very small, neatly cut wooden pegs, to a cedar shingle of about eight inches wide, and six deep, was a torn, irregularly-shaped piece of common-looking calico print, and around this picture, as I must call it, for want of a more appropriate name, was a deep frame, made of some kind of pine cones, sawn in halves, and arranged in a manner that showed considerable taste as well as ingenuity. The inscription under the piece of print nowise assisted me in forming any conjecture as to what this strange looking affair could be, for it was only the word

"FAITHFUL"

printed in capital letters, and apparently by some unpractised hand.

The sound of footsteps reminded me that I had not yet been introduced to the mistress of the house, who now entered the room with her husband. She was a tall, spare, but very good-looking woman, of about forty-five years of age,—not so much, perhaps, for American women look quite as old at thirty, as English women do at forty. The mode of introduction was more practical than ceremonious. This was it:—"Here, Esther, here's the gentleman from the old country that I've been telling you about,—I don't know his name."

"My name is George Laurence," said I, bowing to the lady.

"And my name is Reuben Baldwin, from New Hampshire. Do you know New Hampshire, sir?"

"I have travelled through some parts of it; I have been through the Notch in the White Mountains; we have nothing like that in England," said I, thinking to propitiate Mr. Baldwin by the generous admission, for I had again seen the strange gloomy look which I had noticed while we were fishing in the morning.

"No, sir, you've nothing like it in England,

and I've read that there's nothing like it in the whole world."

"It is very grand—very wonderful," said I: "noble scenery amongst the White Mountains, and capital fishing in your New England lakes, as no doubt *you* know."

If I had doubled my fist and given Reuben Baldwin a knock-down blow with it, he could hardly have looked more amazed than when I uttered these apparently inoffensive words.

"Lake!" he exclaimed, in an excited tone, "what lake? you don't mean to say that you have been fishing . . . in that lake. . . ."

"I never fished in any lake, or in any stream in New England," replied I. "I was frequently told that fish were very plentiful in those beautiful lakes, that's all I know about the matter."

Whilst this short dialogue had been going on, Esther had cleared away the "litters," put everything in its place, and was now setting the table in that quick, silent manner I have so often remarked amongst her countrywomen. Without appearing to notice our conversation, she now turned towards her husband, and in a low voice asked him if he could find a few hen's eggs for her, as she had none in the house.

"Yes, yes; there's some in the wood-house, I saw them there this morning. I'll bring them to you in a minute; and now, Esther, fly round and get us something to eat as quick as you can."

As soon as her husband left the room, Mrs. Baldwin came towards me, and in a grave, earnest manner, said, "'Twas not that I so much wanted the eggs, but—don't say anything about fishing in them New Hampshire lakes to my husband, it sets him off so; and, for the laud's sake! don't ask nothing about that kind o' picture," continued she, indicating the mysterious-looking, cone-framed print rag, which I have already described, by a slight nod; "it would send him wild—and yet—perhaps he'll tell you all about it himself, if you don't notice it, for he seems to have taken a fancy to you."

There is a cool imperturbability about a genuine Yankee woman which makes me believe that she could never be taken by surprise, never be thrown off her guard; her complete self-possession and command of countenance, under all circumstances, are admirable; and yet, perhaps, there are cases in which an English woman's embarrassment would be more interesting; but, however, this was not one of them.

Mrs. Baldwin had hardly finished speaking when her husband returned with the eggs, which he handed to her in his hat. She looked up at the clock.

"The steak and fish are quite done by this time, Reuben, and by the time you've eaten them the pancakes will be ready."

She left us for a few minutes, and then returned with a tray laden with a dish of stewed fish that was fit to set before a London alderman, a beef-steak, to which I cannot give such unqualified praise, a dish of potatoes, and another of boiled Indian corn. Setting these things on the table, she slipped out of the room again, and brought in a second relay, consisting of pumpkin pies—which are very much like our cheese-cakes—cranberry

jelly, cheese, butter, cakes, and tea; to these, as a matter of course, were added hot rolls of beautiful light bread. How it is managed I cannot conceive, but I will here mention incidentally that I never sat down to tea or breakfast in an American farm-house without seeing hot rolls that looked as if they had that minute come out of the oven!

Though nothing could exceed the hospitality of my entertainer, I did not feel altogether at my ease. The injunction given me by his wife, in such a mysterious manner, had raised a doubt in my mind as to whether he was perfectly sane, and the apprehension I was under lest I should unwittingly say something that would "set him off," or "send him wild," was a constant restraint upon the freedom of my conversation.

"I am not to say anything about the lakes of New England, and I am to take no notice of that queer picture," said I to myself. "Well, there are plenty of other subjects open to me, for Mr. Baldwin is a sensible, intelligent man." But then the unpleasant suspicion of his being deranged again presented itself, and I began to speculate upon what kind of lunacy it might be that he was afflicted with—whether he was violent, for instance? His wife had no appearance of being afraid of him; but then, as I said before, these Yankee women are so wonderfully calm and self-possessed, that that's no rule! At all events, here I must stay for the night, for to make any excuse for going back to Steubenville, after having so far received his hospitality, would be most ungracious—besides, "Reuben has taken a fancy to me."

Our plentiful meal—which was dinner, tea, and supper all in one—was over, and all things cleared away by a little after eight o'clock. Knowing the primitive hours that are kept by the country people in most parts of America, and being unwilling to cause any inconvenience in the family, I offered to retire, if this were their hour for going to bed.

"Well, sir, as soon as you please; but you'll excuse me if I read a chapter or two first, 'tis my custom, sir, and I believe I should not sleep good if I neglected it; we New Englanders are mostly brought up to read the Bible, but some of us are apt to forget it, and to think of nothing but how to get money, and then the Lord sends us something to waken us up, and show us his power."

As Reuben spoke, he walked up to the strange looking picture, and stood with his eyes fixed on it. I was afraid that he now was really "going off," and thought it most prudent to make no reply to his observations, as it might tend to make matters worse. His wife, however, seemed to know how to manage him; for taking his Bible down from the shelf, she handed it to him, saying, "Here, Reuben, it is getting late."

He took it from her mechanically, with his eyes still fixed on the picture, and then in a low voice, as if he were talking to himself, said, "FAITHFUL—yes; that's what I forgot to be, and the Lord visited me in his wrath."

"You won't talk now, please, Reuben; I ain't so good a scholar as you, and I never can read

when anybody is talking," said Mrs. Baldwin, as she laid an old, well-worn Bible in large print on the table before her. Reuben also sat down to read, and for the time, I hoped, the danger was over.

I took up "Good News from England," which I found to be a curious journal of the doings and sufferings of the first settlers who went from England in the *May Flower*, written by one of them, Mr. Winslow, whose name is still held in reverence in New England. It was he, I read, that imported into that country the first neat cattle that were ever seen there. After reading with great attention for about half an hour, Reuben closed his book, and asked if I were inclined to go to bed. I was quite willing to do so, for, besides that I had been upon my feet for a great many hours, and began to feel the want of rest, I knew that it would be expected that I should be ready for breakfast by four, or, at latest, by five o'clock the next morning. I had not far to go to my sleeping-room, which was separated merely by boards from the room in which we had been sitting, and was just half its width; the other half formed the bedroom of my host and hostess. As we were about to leave the room, I noticed that there was neither lock nor bolt on the outer door, a deficiency that I had frequently observed in the country parts of America.

"I guess you can't very well do without them things in your country," said Mr. Baldwin, with a sly smile of superiority.

"Not in the part that I come from, certainly," replied I,—an answer not quite free from prevarication; but I confess that I felt then, as I had often done before, somewhat ashamed of the want of common honesty in my own country, which makes it so absolutely necessary for us to look carefully to the fastenings of our doors and windows every night.

I have often slept in rooms in which there was a most troublesome superabundance of furniture, where conveniences were multiplied till they became inconveniences, and where every "coign of vantage" was occupied by a useless knickknack. A bed, a small table and basin, one chair, and a few wooden pegs to hang my clothes on, were all that graced Reuben Baldwin's spare room—and it was sufficient: everything was clean and comfortable, and I never slept better in my life.

At five next morning we sat down to a breakfast of the same profuse description as our supper of the preceding night. Fried bacon, omelets, Johnny-cake, two or three kinds of preserved fruits, and excellent coffee were on the table, all prepared by the indefatigable Esther: her husband milked the cow and sawed the wood for the stove, and probably helped her with the heaviest work, but she kept no servant of any kind to assist her. It has often been a mystery to me to imagine how these American women get through all the multifarious business that falls to their share with so little apparent effort or fatigue. In one or two instances in which I felt myself upon sufficiently familiar terms to allow of my asking the question, the answer has been, "Well, I guess it is just what we've been used to." What would our

English farmers' daughters think of such work? I think I may venture to answer for them, "'Tis what we have never been used to!"

After breakfast, I went with Mr. Baldwin to look at his farm, of which he was not a little proud. He told me that he had had it only two years, and that his were the first crops that were ever grown on the land. Though so small in extent, he and his wife could get a good living out of the farm, the soil of which was rich and deep, and very easily worked, and when there was nothing particular to be done on the land, he caught fish in some of the neighbouring streams, which he could always find a ready sale for at Steubenville.

The prohibitions which I had received from Mrs. Baldwin, or I should rather say, the hasty conclusion that I had drawn from them, had prevented my asking Reuben many questions which occurred to me respecting New England and its farming, and the comparative advantages and disadvantages to be found in Ohio; the former, if I might at all trust my own judgment, greatly preponderating. Yet the man seemed to be communicative, and much more open in his manner than the generality of his countrymen whom I had conversed with; and in whom, indeed, the want of openness is so common, as fairly to be called a national characteristic. This morning, too, he seemed to be in good spirits, and I had not once observed the gloomy, or unhappy expression of countenance which I saw the day before.

I had seen enough of New England in merely travelling through it, to be aware of the general inferiority of its soil; for, with some notable exceptions, the land is absolutely encumbered with rocks, which can be got rid of by the farmer only at a vast expense of capital and labour; the climate, too, is severe, and the winter long and cold. I knew also that there had been for many years past, a tide of emigration from the New England States into Ohio, and even to the far west; therefore it did not appear strange to me that Reuben Baldwin should leave the sterile soil and bleak climate of New Hampshire, for the fertile land he had chosen, and I said something to that effect.

I saw his countenance change immediately, and he walked on for a minute or two before he made any reply to my observation.

"What you say about our rough climate and stony farms in New England is quite true, but as I was raised there I did not think much of them things—we don't when we have been used to them all our life, any more than you think of all the fogs and dull dark days you get in England. No, sir, I should have lived there happy enough, and died there, if it had not pleased God to recall the greatest blessing he had bestowed upon us, and in such an awful way! It well nigh took away my senses, but thanks be to the Lord who comforteth those that are cast down. For our affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Here Reuben again made a long pause, which I did not think fit to interrupt, as I still felt uncertain whether he was suffering from any great calamity,

or whether he laboured under some kind of religious insanity, a malady which is said to be very prevalent in the Eastern States.

We entered the log-house in silence. Mrs. Baldwin was sitting in the rocking-chair, busily employed in knitting a man's worsted stocking. She raised her eyes for an instant, and gave the slightest possible nod to her husband, as much as to say: "I see you," or, "here am I," her knitting and her rocking going on vigorously all the while in perfect silence. And yet, under this cold and undemonstrative exterior, how much kindness was latent!

After sincerely thanking the worthy couple for their hospitality, I offered to take my leave, but Reuben would not consent to my going away so soon.

"Not yet, sir; not yet: 'tis not often that we see any one here, for we live very retired, and have no neighbours out here in the bush; but though I don't care much about society, I do like to have somebody like yourself to talk with sometimes—it cheers me up, and does me good, so you will not leave us just yet, I hope."

I could not urge the necessity of my presence at Steubenville, as I had already said that I had nothing to do there, but to wait for my friend's arrival from New York. I therefore accepted the invitation as frankly as it was offered, and sat down by the open window, looking with admiration at the rich tints of the varied foliage, and the beautiful glimpses of forest scenery that were before me.

"You see, sir," said Reuben, "what a nice place I've got here—everything to make a man happy, you must think; and I am happier than I ever thought to be again, when I first settled here, little more than two years ago. Esther, my dear, I shall tell the gentleman why it was that we couldn't live no longer in the old place: I feel better for talking of it sometimes—at first I could not; but that's over now."

"I should be sorry, indeed," said I, "if I have asked any question, or made any remark that has given you pain, by reminding you of past misfortunes."

"I know it, sir. I'm sure you would not say anything to hurt my feelings; and as to reminding me of what's past, that can't be avoided. Why, sir, this morning, as we were walking through the bush, and talking about the different crops grown in your country, we came to where a lot of pine cones lay under the trees. I don't suppose you noticed them, but I did; and for a minute or two I did not hear what you were saying, no more than if I'd been in New Hampshire, for my mind was wandering back to the time when the poor child used to pick them up, and make believe shooting me with them;—but I have not told you about her yet. My mind seems to run off the rails like, sometimes, and I forget what I am talking about."

Mr. Baldwin was walking up and down the room in an excited manner, as he spoke; presently he stopped opposite the strange-looking picture, and began dusting the frame with his handkerchief.

"You have not offered Mr. Laurence any of

our cider, Reuben, perhaps he would like some after walking so long in the heat."

"I'm glad you thought of it, Esther.—My wife thinks of everything, sir," continued he, as soon as Mrs. Baldwin left the room to fetch the cider; "if it had not been for her I should have lost my senses under that great trial, for I almost lost faith and trust in God, so great was my affliction. But, after the first, she bore up so like a true Christian, that I took comfort from her example, and though at times my mind is sore troubled, I know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

When Mrs. Baldwin returned with a jug of cider, there was another pause; but this time her little ruse had not succeeded in turning her husband's thoughts from what I suppose she considered a dangerous subject, for after filling our glasses he resumed the conversation.

"You have been in New Hampshire, sir, so I need not tell you what a different country that is to what you now see; and you have been through the Notch in the White Mountains; that is quite in the north of the range. I lived to the south, near the foot of the Sunapee Mountain, for all them hills have names, though strangers call them the 'White Mountains,' as if they were all one thing. They get their name from their tops being covered with snow for ten months in the year; nothing won't grow *there* but black moss. Lower down there is a growth of dwarfed ugly pines, and 'tis only quite at the foot of the hills, and on the plains, that trees grow to a large size. Except that there are some fertile valleys, the country all round about for miles is the roughest I know anywhere; in some parts great blocks of granite, of many tons weight, lie all over the land, so that it is impossible to plough amongst them, and even on the best land the stones are a great hindrance to the farmer. Well, sir, I lived in one of them pleasant valleys I told you of; we were nicely sheltered from the cold winds by the rising ground and the pine woods at the back, and right in front, not more than a furlong from my door, was Lake Sunapee. I have heard that there are lakes in your country so handsome that people go from all parts to look at them; well, I guess there ain't none handsomer than Lake Sunapee. The water is as blue as the heavens, and so clear and smooth, that the mountain and dark pine woods are reflected in it just as if it was a looking-glass. Perhaps you would think it a lonely place, for our nearest neighbours were on the other side of the lake, but we New England farmers never think ourselves lonely if we live within sight of a neighbour's house, and I could see three or four.

"Well, sir, my wife and I had been married a good many years, but we had no children till about four years ago, when it pleased God to give us a little daughter, and I can't tell you how much I loved that child. My wife named it Faithful—that was her own mother's given name—and the child grew and ran about quite strong, and began to talk in her own pretty way, and Esther and I used to say to one another, what a blessing she was, and what a comfort she would be to us in our old age. In the evening after my work was done, I often used to carry her down to the lake, where



I spent much of my time fishing, and she would run about on the hard white sand that lies along the shore, as happy as an angel, while her mother and I sat under the shade of the pines near by, watching her.

"The last time she was ever to play there was on one Sabbath evening; the day had been rather hot and close for September, and we noticed that we could not see a leaf stir, the air was so still when we got down to the Sunapee shore, where there was always a fresh breeze off the water even in the hottest days of summer. The poor child had picked up an apronful of pine cones, and put them into my coat pocket to carry home for her, and then we all sat down, for she seemed tired and sleepy, and before many minutes she fell asleep on her mother's lap. This was about an hour before sunset, but almost on a sudden it grew so dark that we thought there must be a heavy thunder-storm coming, and we rose up to go home as quick as possible, thinking that the child would get wet. I took little Faithful from Esther, who went on as fast as she could before me. There was not a breath of air stirring, nor any thunder, but as it grew darker every minute, the lightning seemed to flash over the waters of the lake and light them up for an instant, and then again they looked as black as ink. As fast as I could I followed my wife along the path that led to our house, hoping that the child would be safe if we got there before the storm broke over our heads, for at that time I did not think of its being more than a very severe storm, though I never had seen one come on so sudden as this. Just as we got to the place where the path makes a turn, my wife stopped suddenly, and throwing up her hands, cried out:

"O Lord have mercy on us, for surely the end of the world is at hand."

"I never shall forget the awful sight I saw when I looked up! An immense black pillar that whirled round and round furiously, and sent out flashes of red light in every direction, seemed to be coming rapidly towards us; we were now but a short distance from our own door, and by hurrying forward with all our strength, in another minute were in the house. My wife took the child out of my arms, while at the same instant we both exclaimed, 'Thank the Lord she is safe,' and Esther, who was ready to fall from terror and exhaustion, laid our little sleeping angel on the bed.

"Up to that time we had not heard a sound, and the air was as still and oppressive as it had been all day, but just as my wife stooped down to kiss her little Faithful, a great crash and rushing wind shook the house, and at the same moment I felt myself carried up into the air and whirled along in complete darkness. What more happened to me I don't know anything about, for I lost all sense, until I found myself some hours afterwards lying on the earth amongst uprooted trees, torn branches, and broken pieces of buildings. Meantime my wife was carried in another direction, right over two or three stone fences, over a stream of water, and across several fields; but neither she nor I can give any account of what happened to us after we heard that dreadful crash, just as

we were lifted up into the air, though neither of us was hurt any more than being a little bruised and stunned like; but the most terrible part of the story I have not yet told, though 'tis most likely you have guessed it already—we never saw our child again!

"For many days we searched amongst the ruined farms, and through the shattered and torn-up trees, and wherever the whirlwind could be traced by its work of destruction; but all in vain. The bedstead on which my wife had laid the dear child was found in the pine wood at the foot of the mountain, one of our chairs, along with some of the rafters of the house, were carried right across the lake into another man's farm, but *she* was never found. A neighbour brought us a small piece of the frock she had on, which he picked up amongst the broken stumps of the trees that had had all their tops clean carried away, and this—this is all," said the poor fellow, pointing to the piece of print under the glass, "that we now have that ever belonged to our dear child."

"Everything we had was destroyed," said Mrs. Baldwin, who, with the same tact that I had observed on another occasion, now addressed me in order to give her husband time to recover himself.

"Everything we had was destroyed; but we felt only one loss—that of our child. At first I thought if we had lost our child, as other parents lose theirs, I could have borne it; but to have her carried away in a raging whirlwind, and never see her again—oh! it was a hard, hard trial. But we cannot choose—it was the Lord's doing, and it is our duty to submit."

Mrs. Baldwin covered her face with her hands for a minute, but soon mastering her emotion, she rose, and taking down the picture from the nail on which it hung, she put it into my hands.

"There, sir, those are the cones that our little Faithful picked up and put into her father's pocket only an hour before she was taken from us. As soon as he could fix his mind to any kind of work, he set himself to make this frame with them, for *the storm had spared them to us for that purpose*, he said."

I assured Mrs. Baldwin that I had already admired the beauty of the workmanship, though I did not then know the sad history which gave it so much interest.

"If you should ever visit that part of the country," resumed Mr. Baldwin, again addressing me, "you will see the traces of that storm for miles; where it began, or where it ended, I can't say, but the greatest mischief was done just by our lake. It seemed to burst right over my house, and then gather up and carry everything away, sweeping furiously across the lake, and even driving the waters several hundred feet on to the land on the opposite shore, as was plainly seen by the mud that was left there. From the first I believed that our child slept her death-sleep beneath those waters on which I had so often taken her in my little fishing-boat—and when she could nowhere be found amongst the ruins that the storm had made, I felt certain of it. I did not care to rebuild my house where everything would remind us of our misfortune—and as

to fishing in that lake again, or even rowing on those waters, I could not bear to think of it. So I sold my land for what little I could get, and soon fixed myself here where you see me. Thank God, I have done very well, and in the course of time perhaps—but we can't forget our lost child."

This was the strange history I heard from Reuben Baldwin—an unpolished man, but a man of excellent sense and generous warm feelings. With such a gem of a farm as he is now in, with such an admirable partner in his joys and sorrows, and, above all, with the blessings of Providence, Reuben Baldwin may yet live to be a happy, if not a rich man.

I took leave of the worthy couple with the painful feeling that I was not likely ever to see them again, or even to make them any return for the kindness and hospitality they had bestowed on me.

It is not my intention to describe my meeting with my New York friend, or the business which brought us together, for there was nothing in it that could afford interest to any third person.

Two days after I left Reuben Baldwin's log-house in the bush, I was again in Cincinnati, where I made it my first business to procure a handsome copy of "Izaak Walton's Complete Angler," which I sent with my grateful remembrance to the Fisherman of Lake Sunapee.

### THE CRANBERRY AND ITS ALLIES.

DWELLERS in our great cities, the first stage of whose acquaintance with cranberries is mostly the discovery of them as inmates of a barrel, the label of which announces that it is freshly arrived from Norway, Russia, or America, might be expected to feel some surprise on learning, for the first time, that the fruit thus constantly identified with foreign associations is not only indigenous to our own country, but very abundant in many parts of it. The surprise would, however, be mingled perhaps with another feeling, not very complimentary to their rural compatriots, on finding further that our immense imports, amounting, some years ago, to as much as 30,000 gallons per annum, paying a duty of sixpence per gallon, are not so much a supplement to native supplies as a substitute for them, and that while Russian boors and American settlers find a profitable employment in collecting cranberries for the English markets, our own poor villagers suffer vast quantities of these berries year by year to rot ungathered on British bushes. In Scotland especially is this the case, and their countryman, M'Intosh, justly deploras that some among the more enlightened class do not direct the attention of the Scotch peasantry to the wastefully neglected advantages nature has afforded them with regard to this fruit, and incite their industry by pointing out the best markets and easiest mode of transport. How much might be gained in this way may be judged from an old account of Longton in Cumberland, where cranberry-gathering, being undertaken in earnest, the sale of them amounted ordinarily to 20*l.* or 30*l.* on each market-day throughout the season, which extended over five

or six weeks, many people there even making wine from them. It is true that cranberries, which, therefore in Gerard's time bore the name of "fen-berries," and are termed by the Dutch "fen-grapes," thrive only in damp and swampy ground, and that in a country where population is always increasing, and improvement progressing, bogs and marshes are by no means desirable features, nor yet likely to be permanent ones; but so long as soil of this kind is in existence, there is so much the more reason for turning it to the best account by making use of what it does produce, or if not brought forth spontaneously, of planting it with what it is fitted to produce, for wherever there is water there cranberries will thrive, and many witnesses depose to the fact that, with very little cost or trouble, a cranberry plantation may be established on the margin of any pond even in the most barren waste. All that is necessary is to form round its border a bed of bog-earth, kept in its place by a few boards and stakes, for this kind of soil retains moisture longer than any other, and is so indispensable to the cranberry plant that, though it will sometimes grow in bog-earth away from any pond, not even dwelling beside a pond can induce it to thrive unless rooted in bog earth. A few bushes planted in such a situation will send out runners, which, in the course of a few years, will spread over the whole bed, and never requiring any culture or attention, they will continue year after year to bring forth an abundant and regular crop of fruit, unaffected by bad weather and unspoiled by insect ravages. Sir Joshua Banks was the first to try this experiment, near a pond in his grounds at Spring Grove; but though the result was eminently successful, it has been very little followed in this country. In New England, however, many low-lying, rank meadows are turned to very profitable account by being thus planted, for twenty feet of land will yield three or four bushels of fruit annually, the average value of the produce being about one dollar per bushel, and at New York they will even sell for three or four dollars a bushel; while the only attention they require is simply to be gathered when ripe, and a labourer can gather, with the aid of a "rake," as much as thirty bushels in a day. They grow wild in greatest abundance in the neighbourhood of Barnstaple, United States; and here the gathering is made an annual festival, a day for it being appointed by the authorities, when the greater part of the population go forth, armed with implements called "cranberry rakes," to collect the crop, a fixed proportion of which is always made over to the town as a municipal right.

The generic name of the cranberry, *Oxycoccus*, is derived from the Greek *oxy*s, sharp, and *kokkos*, a berry, alluding to the acidity of the fruit. This genus includes several species, our native English kind being termed *palustris*, and the common American sort *macrocarpus*; but they do not differ very strikingly, the chief distinction being that the berries of the latter are larger, while the flavour of ours is mostly preferred. That the American kind are thought inferior may sometimes be due to the damaging influence of the voyage they must undergo before we receive them; but it is not always so, since that species has

been introduced into England and grown here, so as to afford an opportunity of fair comparison. Sir J. Banks, who first planted it, found it easier of culture than even the native cranberry, and in one year obtained from eighteen feet of ground a crop sufficient to fill 140 ordinary preserving-bottles. To be put into bottles or close barrels is all that is required in order to preserve cranberries for winter use, and if a small quantity of more highly flavoured preserved fruits, such as raspberries, be used with them, they make an excellent addition to the winter bill of fare. The ordinary kinds abound in Sweden, where, in Linnæus's time, they were chiefly employed as a detergent to clean plate; another species, called snowberries, on account of the fruit being white, and which has a flavour like that of bitter almonds, was brought from Nova Scotia in 1760, but has not yet become popularised.

The cranberry plant is a low, trailing, evergreen shrub, with very small, smooth, serrated leaves, and bright rose-coloured flowers, having a four-toothed calyx and a corolla deeply cleft into four segments, which curve backwards like those of the common nightshade, a flower to which, in shape and size they bear much resemblance, though differing in many other respects. They grow in small clusters at the ends of the branches, one blossom on each long curved flower-stalk; and when, in due course, they are succeeded by the crimson berries drooping at the extremity of these slender bending stalks, like the head of an aquatic bird at the end of its arched neck, the reason becomes sufficiently apparent why our forefathers bestowed on them the name of *crane-berries*. The plant belongs to the natural order *Ericaceæ*, or heathworts, as does also its very near relation the *BILBERRY* or *WHORTLEBERRY* (*Vaccinium*), classed with it by Linnæus, and with which it is still sometimes confused even by writers of some pretensions; but though the fruit of some species of *Vaccinium* is extremely similar to that of the *Oxycoccus*, there is a marked distinction in the flower, the latter, instead of having divided and recurved petals, displaying a corolla which looks at least like a quite entire little bell, with a large ovary surrounded by ten stamens in its centre, and it is not until the fruit is formed that it is seen by the circle of five little scars upon its surface, beyond the ten dots which show where the stamens once were, and a central mark denoting the place of the style, that this globular corolla was really composed of five pieces, though adhering so closely as to seem but one. The nearest ally to the cranberry is the *Vaccinium Vitis Idæa*, a low-growing evergreen, with foliage very like that of the box used for bordering garden-beds, and flowers with a bell-shaped corolla, rather deeply cleft by four notches, growing in racemes at the end of the branches. The berries, too, are crimson, and ripening about August in some parts of England, chiefly in Westmoreland, are often made into tarts under the name of "*cow-berries*," but are more astringent and less pleasant than either the cranberry or the common whortle or bilberry. In Sweden, however, large quantities are yearly made into jelly, which is eaten as a sauce with all kinds of meat, being even preferred by many to currant

jelly. Shut into a close vessel, and placed in a cellar, they keep well for a long time, and the wine-makers of Paris preserve them thus from June until vintage time, using them then to give colour to their grape juice—a practice harmless, at least so long as they confine themselves to the use of this species; but it is said they also resort sometimes to the *Vaccinium uliginosum*, a larger, darker-coloured fruit, with less flavour, but which, taken in any quantity, causes giddiness and headache, and which is therefore employed occasionally in England also to produce an illegitimate "*headiness*" in beer. A white-fruited species is also sometimes met with, chiefly in Lancashire.

The kind most often seen is the *Vaccinium myrtillus*, variously named the whortle, hurtle, bil, or blaeberry, a small, round, purple or almost black fruit, covered with a delicate azure bloom. Growing on heaths or waste places, it is not only indigenous in every county of this country, from the warm Land's End to the bleak highlands of Scotland, but is actually so peculiarly at home in this happy land, as to be reckoned one of the plants which, if allowed, would over-run Britain, and form one of the largest elements in its natural vegetation. Many kinds of game resort to it in the autumn to feed on its berries and find covert among the plants, which, in the pine forests of Scotland attain sometimes a height of three feet, and bear fruit as large as black currants, which the Highlanders make into a jelly, often mixed with whisky, to be presented to strangers as a special mark of hospitality. The berries, being very astringent, are used medicinally in the Western Isles in cases of diarrhoea and dysentery, and in many places are eaten for pleasure, either uncooked, with cream, or made into tarts; and, in Poland, where they abound, they are considered a great delicacy when mingled with wood-strawberries and new milk. According to Gerard, bilberries grew once on Hampstead Heath, and at Finchley and Highgate, but are not to be met with now in the vicinity of London, though very abundant in some parts of Surrey, where they are gathered by the cottagers' children, and sold at the nearest market, seldom finding their way so far as to the metropolis. Nor has the plant been yet introduced into gardens, though it will grow in sandy peat, kept moist in any shady place; and M'Intosh affirms that those who are fond of adding to their dessert will find several species of *Vaccinium* well worthy of cultivation; while the editors of the "*Nouveau Du Hamel*" observe, with almost bitter sarcasm, concerning the similar neglected fate of the same plant in France, that had it only had the good fortune to have been brought from China or New Holland, and been only obtainable with great difficulty as a costly exotic, instead of simply growing wild in the forests of Montmorency, it would certainly have been very highly valued, if only for its beautiful little pink blossom. These charming little wax-like flowers, which appear in May in the form of almost globular bells, narrowed at the neck, and slightly toothed at the edge by five small notches, certainly rival in elegance many foreign heaths. They grow singly, upon drooping stalks, among the small serrated and deciduous leaves, and in

gathered sprays, the plants interspersed among more showy flowers, would be found to form a very pleasing feature in a bouquet.

ASTERISK.

## TOM MORLAND'S PREFERMENT.

### CHAPTER I.

"CHANLEIGH! Chanleigh!" shouted the guard, with a conventional accentuation on the word which almost prevented its recognition, and Tom Morland, who had been on the look-out for the station for the last quarter of an hour, got out of the train. But Chanleigh was not his destination. He inquired of the station master how far off the village of Beauchamp was; and learning that the distance might be "something better nor three miles," he desired that his luggage might be sent on in the solitary square box on wheels which, doing duty as a fly, had come down from the inn on speculation; and set out on foot in the direction indicated.

"I take you to be the new parson of Beauchamp," said one of the bystanders to another.

The supposition was a correct one. Tom Morland, at thirty-seven years of age, had become rector of Beauchamp. He had been a hard-working curate for thirteen years: during a portion of them he had had the care of a large straggling parish, in the opposite extremities of which he held three services every Sunday. His preferment came to him in this wise. One Sunday afternoon he had arrived, according to his custom, at a little chapel on a breezy common, which was situated some miles from the Vicarage house in which he was permitted to live during the lengthened absence of its rightful owner in Italy. He was in the act of putting on his surplice, when a sudden idea caused him to feel in his pocket for his sermon,—in vain. He remembered that the weather having suddenly changed just before his leaving home, he had taken off his coat and put on an older and thicker one: in the pocket of his best garment the sermon had undoubtedly remained. Tom Morland had never yet attempted an extempore sermon: he held that the mere fact of writing down ideas compelled a closer and deeper study of the subject; that what was unsound in the matter would sometimes strike the outward eye more readily than the inward one. Nevertheless, on this occasion, there was no help for it. While the congregation were singing four verses of a hymn, he made up his mind what text he would take for his discourse. Tom was not a nervous man; the sight of the thirty or forty up-turned faces from the open benches gave him no pang of alarm, and his sermon, which was brief, and very much to the point, did not suffer from the circumstances under which he preached it. He was leaving the church at the conclusion of the service, when the old beadle, whose cheeks were like a winter apple, hurried up to him with the intelligence that Squire Luttrell had brought a visitor to church with him that afternoon, and that he had it on the authority of the squire's servants that the visitor was no other than the Bishop of ——. Tom remembered that once or twice during the service he had met the eyes

of a little old gentleman in the squire's pew, and he laughed as he caught himself wishing that he had not left his sermon in his best coat pocket. Three weeks afterwards, when Tom had almost forgotten the occurrence, the squire's distinguished visitor presented him to the living of Beauchamp, of the annual value of three hundred and twenty-seven pounds.

Tom came down to his new home a solitary man. His father and mother had died when he was young: the money they left behind them had barely served to complete his preparation for the church. He had had a sister some years older than himself, far away in India, and married to a chaplain there. She was a fair, gentle, kind-hearted creature. She had been Tom's ideal of womanly perfection in his childhood, and so she remained throughout his life. He never saw her after their separation in his youth. She was amongst the victims of a violent outbreak of cholera at a distant station, and her death was the sole darkening shadow on Tom's life, which was otherwise essentially a happy one. He had strong health and buoyant spirits; perhaps he had but an ordinary intellect, but he was thoroughly practical in his dealings with the souls as well as the bodies of his fellow-men, and he had an honest-hearted sincerity about him that won him friends amongst all classes. In person he was tall and stout, with a cheerful smile and kindly brown eyes. His was something better than a merely handsome face: it was a bright and genial one.

The fly containing Tom's luggage rumbled by, and was some time before it was out of sight. He strode on with a pleasant sense of freedom in his limbs. The country grew picturesque as he left the town of Chanleigh behind him. It was certainly flat, but then it was well wooded, and watered by a little river that ran swiftly and clearly over its pebbly bed. On the banks grew tall grasses, luxuriant in the shade of the willows. He came at length upon a common, covered with long brambles, stretching over stunted gorse bushes, behind which were hid away pools of water known only to the cottagers' asses and their foals, and one or two worn-out plough-horses turned out to graze there. Leaving the common to his right, he made his way down a shady lane, arched with long branches of elm and oak, and presently came upon a village which he rightly concluded to be Beauchamp. At intervals he had passed several farm-houses, which wore an air of comfort and plenty. The village, however, was not in character with them. Damp had seized on many of the cottages. Here, the roof, the walls, and the out-house were covered with a moss of vivid green, which clung tenaciously, and turned all to rotteness beneath it; there, the door was coated with a fungus which grew as surely as the night came, to be destroyed in the morning, and to grow again, till man's patience was exhausted in the conflict. Hinges had given way; locks were loose, for the screws would never stay in; a dozen carpenters might work from morning till night without effecting much good with such unsatisfactory materials. At every third or fourth house beer was licensed "to be

drunk on the premises." The inn, where hung the sign of the Golden Lion—a prodigious animal with a mane of startling brilliancy—was a modern building of brick, and apparently the only one in decent repair. Near it stood the school-house in a dilapidated state, and contrasting painfully with its neighbour. Tom had heard the church clock strike four as he came up to it, and in a moment out rushed a swarm of children: boys, girls, and infants. He watched them with keen interest. They were the soil in which he was to plant seeds, to weed, to reap—God granting it—the harvest of reward. Half a dozen boys a little older than the rest were in loud turmoil. From the midst of the group Tom heard a rattling noise, then a groan: and a cry of "Shame to knock down Jemmy Bates!" broke from the rest. A boy, about ten years of age, evidently a cripple—for a little pair of crutches had rolled away into a ditch—lay on the ground, unable to rise. In another moment, just as Tom had almost succeeded in reaching him, he was rescued by a woman's hand, with the fond foolish words which will serve as a panacea for half the woes of childhood till the end of time. Tom turned to the speaker. She had a care-worn look, and was almost shabbily dressed; but she had a profusion of fair hair, and large grey eyes, whose expression atoned for waning youth and freshness. The children made way for her eagerly, and Jemmy Bates himself seemed thankful to be near her even at the cost of his bruises. The boy who had knocked him down slunk away.

"Now Jemmy," she said, "we will go home together, and to-morrow you shall wait for me. I dare say it was carelessness; no one would be so cruel as to hit you a blow on purpose."

"Oh, yes, Miss Letitia; I saw him!" was the general cry. "I did!" and "I did!" "And I am afraid I did," said Tom, who had raised his hat to Miss Letitia, and walked on by her side.

"Are you Mr. Morland?" she asked. "Then do not judge of the boys by this unlucky incident. They are good on the whole; but the schoolmaster has lately suffered much from ill-health, and they have been for some time without the personal superintendence of a clergyman. Altogether, circumstances have been against them."

Tom said truly that children good, bad, or indifferent were always an object of interest to him. He had been watching poor little Jemmy Bates limping painfully by his side, and somewhat to the boy's astonishment he took him up in his arms and carried him along. The distance was soon accomplished. Tom deposited his burden in his mother's cottage, and was overwhelmed with her thanks. Miss Letitia having pointed out to him the nearest way to the rectory, went on her way, and another half-mile brought him to his journey's end. The house which was henceforward to be his dwelling-place was before him. It was one story high, with lattice windows, and a porch, over which grew honeysuckles and roses in the wildest luxuriance. An unsparing hand had planted half-a-dozen sorts of climbers beneath the windows; one of these had served as a trellis to another, and so on, till the whole front of the

house was in a tangle of foliage. In front was a little grass-plot: no scythe had touched its growth for months, and the gravel path that ran round it was almost choked with weeds. It was a neglected spot.

Tom had bought the household furniture of the executors of the late incumbent, and an elderly woman, who had been left in charge of the house, was engaged by him as his housekeeper. His Lares and Penates were thus already set up. To be enabled to form some idea of the work Tom had before him, it will be necessary to revert to a period sixteen years antecedent to his entering on the living. The rector of Beauchamp was, at that time, named Nevil. He was a widower, with one daughter. She was scarcely seventeen years of age, but she had been her father's almoner, sick-nurse, and school-teacher from childhood. Her education had been built upon his theories, and the result had made her, in some measure, different from other girls. She gave all her energies to assist him in the care of the parish, making no friends in her own class of life. When his death occurred suddenly, she found herself alone in the world. An old fellow-collegian of her father represented her case to a charitable fund, which conferred a small annuity upon her, and Letitia Nevil settled down in the place which circumstances had endeared to her, on an income of fifteen pounds a year; her skill in needlework, and her industry in various ways, supplying whatever her need required beyond that amount. The new rector, Mr. Nugent, was an elderly man of good family—handsome, eloquent, and agreeable. His wife, who was the daughter of a spendthrift Irish peer, died soon after his arrival in the parish; and his only son, on leaving college, was placed in the office of Mr. Wortleby, the solicitor at Chanleigh. George Nugent was like his father in person, careless and extravagant as the elder man was also. Mr. Nugent's debts had accumulated with his years, but they never sat heavily on his shoulders, like the old man of the sea, as they do on many others; for when his creditors were pressing, he packed up his travelling bags and went to Paris or Brussels till they became weary, or resigned to the hopelessness of their case. He was always expecting windfalls. When they came—as they sometimes did—he lived gaily at Beauchamp, giving pleasant little dinners to the sprightliest people he could get together; never troubling himself with parish work, preaching effectively what he seldom attempted to practice, and never striving to restrain his son in the downward course in which he had walked from his boyhood upwards. Three years passed on thus. Suddenly the news spread like wildfire in Chanleigh and Beauchamp that George Nugent had left Mr. Wortleby's office overnight, and had taken his passage in a vessel that sailed on the following morning for Australia. Was his father acquainted with his movements? Nobody ever knew; nobody demurred when he stated his inability to meet his son's debts; nobody wondered at his evasion of the just demands on his time, his energy, or his income. An affection of the lungs was a sufficient excuse to the Bishop of the diocese for Mr. Nugent's residence in the south of France

during the two last years of his life, and a succession of ill-paid curates took the duty at Beauchamp. One became ill and unfit for work from the effects of the damp; another, who had come fresh from a manufacturing town, where he had been accustomed to appeal to intellects as keen as his own, gave up his rural congregation in despair after he had examined a few of the most intelligent-looking members in the churchyard on the subject of the sermon he had just delivered; a third levelled such straightforward denunciations at what he considered the hopeless lethargy of his flock, that they grew too timid to venture into church at all. But in truth it was a discouraging field for action, for no one could look at the vacant eye and the meagre development of brain amongst the labouring population, and hope for much fruit from so sapless a tree. When death removed Mr. Nugent from the supervision of the work to which he had never had sufficient energy to put his own hand, it was owing to the fact of a sermon lying forgotten in the pocket of a coat that an industrious and earnest-minded man had come to fill his place.

#### CHAPTER II.

MR. WORTLEBY lived in a large gloomy house in Chanleigh, of which the lower part was entirely set apart for the transaction of business. On either side of the street-door, which had a ponderous hard-headed looking knocker upon it, and a brass-plate, which was suffered to turn green, were the offices; behind the larger of the two was Mr. Wortleby's private room. But into this he had not yet descended. He was at breakfast upstairs; at breakfast grimly, solemnly, in the midst of his family; the hush that pervades all atmospheres when the ruling spirit is a cruel one was perceptible in the room. Mr. Wortleby was somewhat past the prime of life; tall, and well-bred, looking with a cold blue eye, and a purple lip that only became life-like when his temper was roused. In his intercourse with his superiors his manners were exquisitely polished; with his equals he was haughty and arrogant; to his inferiors he was simply a tyrant. Amongst the latter class he reckoned his family. Early in life he had married the daughter of a farmer, for the sake of a little hoard of money, which served to buy the business of the solicitor to whom he had been articled, and to secure the best connection in the county. This object attained, he never professed to care whether Mrs. Wortleby lived or died. She bore him seven daughters: like herself, neither pretty nor remarkably ugly; ordinary in ability as in person. As they grew to womanhood, Mr. Wortleby would sit and gaze at them, his hand supporting his chin, almost savagely. Not one of them resembled him; not one of them had a redeeming point of beauty. Mr. Wortleby was a staunch Conservative: he numbered amongst his clients the representatives of the landed interest of the county; he was land-steward to three noblemen; he sat at their tables, he went on professional visits to their houses. Of course he never dreamt of presenting Mrs. Wortleby to their notice, but for a daughter he would have had no difficulty in procuring an introduction, provided she had

beauty or talent, or, better still, the two requisites combined. To have heard "Wortleby's daughter" praised for her beauty, for her singing, for any attraction or accomplishment that would entitle her to be "taken up" by the class he loved to be amongst—this was the craving of his heart, and in it he was doomed to a life-long disappointment. As one little snub-nose after another grew out of the age which their simple-hearted mother looked upon as cherubhood, Mr. Wortleby sighed bitterly, and wrapped himself still more closely in his selfishness. The girls were strongly attached to their mother, who drew all the sunshine of her existence from their kindness and affection. They were but little known amongst their own class in Chanleigh. If a neighbour chanced to call at any time after two o'clock in the day, by which hour the family dinner was concluded, Mrs. Wortleby invariably saluted her with a wistful request to "stay to tea"—provided, of course, as it generally happened, Mr. Wortleby was from home. This was the extent to which she indulged herself in the pleasures of society.

It was Saturday morning, and the usual supply of newspapers had arrived. Mr. Wortleby had a way of appropriating them to his own use which no one ever ventured to dispute. The "Economist" was thrust under the cushion of his chair; beneath his elbows were two county papers, and he held the "Times" in his hands. His attitude symbolised his life.

A knock at the door of the breakfast-room interrupted his study of the course of events, and a junior clerk, with cheeks that always became cherry-coloured at the sight of the seven Miss Wortleby's, announced "Miss Nevil, on business." "Let her wait in my room," said Mr. Wortleby. It was unnecessary for him to hurry himself on her account: her position did not justify such a proceeding. He had barely tolerated her since the day when Mrs. Wortleby had innocently let fall an observation on the fact of her mainly supporting herself by various kinds of intricate needlework, which were sent from time to time to an agent in London. It was sufficient to prove her loss of caste, Mr. Wortleby said, that Mr. Parkins, the grocer of Chanleigh, had made her an offer of marriage on becoming acquainted with the fact. How this had ever come to be a matter of public gossip had never clearly transpired. Mr. Parkins, a liberally-disposed man, giving credit for many an ounce of tea and rasher of bacon which he never expected to get paid for, had learnt to look on Miss Letitia as the perfection of womanly grace and sweetness. He was unprepared for the discovery that she took wages for her work, as Miss Simms the village dressmaker did for hers, and with a feeling of chivalry rather than of presumption, he had offered her his home and his honest heart as a desirable alternative. This he had done in a letter, to which Miss Letitia had replied; not accepting his proposal certainly, but declining it with so much gratitude and friendliness that it was generally supposed the publicity of the affair was owing to Mr. Parkins having been discovered opening Miss Letitia's letter on the top of a tea canister, and sobbing "God bless her kind heart!" when he had

finished reading it. She little knew how much this offer of marriage had lowered her in Mr. Wortleby's estimation.

But breakfast however, lengthened out by human caprice or ingenuity, will not last for ever, and after Miss Letitia had waited patiently for the greater part of an hour, Mr. Wortleby descended to his room. The clerk had placed a chair for her opposite to the one invariably occupied by Mr. Wortleby, which stood with its back towards the window. Why does the light always fall on the client's face, and never on his counsellor's? No matter what the standing of a solicitor is, the characteristics of his private room never materially vary. The man who makes ten or twelve thousand a-year is not more daintily lodged during his business hours than the small attorney who makes five hundred; the wooden boxes may have titled names painted on them instead of plebeian ones, but the difference goes no further. Mr. Wortleby did not shake hands with Miss Nevil; it would have been an unnecessary familiarity. He sat down, and waited stiffly for her to state her business. She did so in brief words.

"Reuben Bates was taken before the magistrates yesterday for poaching, Mr. Wortleby, and he has been sent to be tried at the assizes. I understand they begin next week. I have come to beg you to let some one from your office go to watch his case, and to ask you if the expense of engaging counsel will be beyond my means."

She laid two sovereigns down on the table as she spoke, and seemed to wait for his answer with some anxiety. Mr. Wortleby looked at her suspiciously.

"It is not the first time," he said, "that you have appealed to me in behalf of this man. Of course I am not aware what claim he can have upon you. As regards myself, I am bound to prosecute him, as representative of the owner of the land on which the offence was committed."

"Tell me, then, to whom I can apply—what course I can take, so that he may not be utterly friendless when his trial comes on," she said, earnestly. "What is to become of his wife and children? If you could see their distress I am sure you would have pity on him."

"Mr. Colley of Braxelford will transact any business for you, I have no doubt, Miss Nevil," replied Mr. Wortleby, coldly. "Did you lay something down on the table?"

She looked in his face, and saw that farther entreaty would be in vain. She went out hopelessly. Mr. Colley of Braxelford was a practitioner of evil report: to him it was impossible for her to apply. She had not gone far in the direction of Beauchamp when she met Tom Morland, who was struck by the unusually anxious look in her face.

"You cannot help me," she said, when, in answer to his inquiries, she had detailed the case. "In your position, it would be almost an encouragement to crime to attempt to screen a poacher from the justice of the laws, and you do not know, as I do, what his temptation has been."

"You have helped me too often to make me hesitate on such a point," replied Tom. "I will

see that he is properly defended. At all events, we may be able to save him from a long sentence."

"Oh! thank you, thank you, Mr. Morland," she said, eagerly. "But it is my work—a part of my mission here—and I can well afford the expense," she added, trying to smile as Tom looked disquieted at the suggestion. In his heart he doubted the fact.

He had been nearly a year in Beauchamp. Every month had served to concentrate his interest more completely on his parish, which, like most agricultural districts, was devoid of any striking feature. His life was not likely to provoke any man to write a biographical account of it—surely the meanest injury that one human being can inflict on another, when the grave can give forth no denial, no justification, no contempt even for ill-deserved or wrongly-placed praise. He had laboured hard, and had effected much. By dint of urgent representations to the landlords, drains had been made where mud was once rampant; by force of earnest counsel at least a third of the swaggering haunters of the beer-houses were adopting habits of semi-sobriety. To influence a man so far as to induce him to give up getting drunk more than two or three times a-year was to go far towards saving soul and body also. All this Tom had done: but a woman had done more. "Miss Letitia," as she was called,—and Tom had acquired the habit of addressing her in the same fashion,—had passed nearly sixteen years in acts of mercy and charity. She had kept many a poor family together: she had saved husband and wife, mother and young children, from the separation entailed by the Union, by help given liberally, given regularly, and how hardly earned! as Tom used to think, with something like anguish, as he learnt from time to time what she had done before he came to the parish. She had watched by sick beds: she had taught in the schools. It was her influence alone that had prevented Beauchamp from sinking irremediably into vice at the period when the culpable inactivity of Mr. Nugent had left his flock uncared for. To all who had been connected with his family she devoted herself unceasingly. The man who had been charged with poaching had been groom to Mr. Nugent's son; his companion, it was said, in many wild frolics. It was not the first time he had been in trouble; on each occasion Miss Letitia had held out a helping hand to him when he came back with a sullen face and a lagging step from his six weeks' imprisonment. How did she find the means to do so much? Sometimes Tom, on going to the cottage of the old widow with whom she lived, observed books of German fairy tales, a dictionary, and a heap of manuscripts by the side of them. He had seen packets at the post-office directed in Miss Letitia's handwriting to a publisher of children's books in London. From these circumstances he concluded that she helped to eke out her livelihood by the work of translation. Did he care how she earned bread for herself and others? In his long solitary walks across the common, and by the side of the little river that mirrored the hard wintry boughs which overhung it; in the evenings when, pile

the logs on as he might, and draw the curtains across his windows as closely as he would, he yet felt himself a homeless man for want of a face that should turn to his, Tom's thoughts ran ever on what Miss Letitia did, what Miss Letitia thought, what Miss Letitia said. Since his boyhood, when he had loved his sister with an enthusiastic affection which a beautiful woman often inspires in a younger relative, he had never cared for any human being as he cared for Miss Letitia. It was months before he owned it to himself; before he felt something like disappointment when he watched her face, and saw no change in its expression when he came or went. A friendly greeting, frank confidence, ready sympathy; all these he found, but not love. Sometimes he tried to persuade himself that he ought to be happy in being able to see her as often as he did; that possibly she might never marry,—it was certain, he thought, that *he* never should; they would grow old in this monotonous life, half dream-like, half real; the ties that bound her to the objects which were to be all in all to him to the end of his days, would strengthen her friendship for him, and the end of all things would come. And then he would start up, feeling as if he could never live out the time till his heart should cease to be stirred at the sound of her voice. But there were moments of reaction when he deliberated, should he speak to her in such a way that she need not withdraw her friendship from him, even if she could give him nothing more; should he tell her that he had found out a void in his life which she only could fill up; that a thirst had come upon him for that sense of home which he could never realise without her. A clever writer has declared that there is an out-of-the-way corner in every man's mind where Superstition, like a slovenly housemaid, sweeps up all sorts of bits and scraps; and there is, undoubtedly, a little green sward in every man's heart, to the last day of his existence, sometimes parched up for lack of moisture, sometimes scorched by the breath of passion, but always ready to spring up in brightness and freshness, give it but some revivifying influence. Though we may not care to acknowledge the fact, romance is never wholly at an end.

One evening, in a bright spring sunset, Tom returned home after several hours' absence, and seating himself at his trellised window, spread out his writing materials before him. But he must have found his task either a difficult or a painful one, for he sat for some time with his head in his hands before he applied himself to it. He requested the person he addressed to furnish him with information respecting George Nugent, son of the late Rev. George Nugent, rector of Beauchamp, who had sailed from England for Australia on the 17th of August, 1843, in the merchant vessel *Ariadne*, and who had written to his family on his arrival at Sydney, announcing his intention of going into the bush to seek employment. He had been heard of last in 1849, when a settler returning to England had stated that George Nugent had some time previously been occupied as a shepherd in the interior of the country. The letter went on to state that the writer would send a cheque for whatever amount might be

necessary for securing the information he required. The envelope was addressed to a late inspector of police, who had opened a Private Inquiry Office in London. When the letter was sent to the post, Tom began to think how and why he had written it. He had gone to Miss Letitia's cottage on some small matter of parochial business. Something, he could not remember what, had brought the words to his lips that he had been hesitating over so long; he could not recall half he had said, or how she had replied. He only knew that she had told him that for fourteen years she had been George Nugent's promised wife, and that though she never heard from him, could learn no tidings of him by any means, she lived on in faith and hope, waiting for the day when he should come back and claim her. Then he had said—and his voice was broken and his eyes were blinded as he spoke—could he help her? could he do anything for her that a brother might do? and he had promised—oh, poor Tom!—that if George Nugent were alive, no matter where he was, he would bring him back to Miss Letitia.

(To be continued.)

#### UNDER AN ELM.

O'er, under the boughs let's glide,  
All hush, and sly, and unseen,  
The brown Elm-trunk beside,  
'Neath its roofing high of green;

Where, below, sport flimsy flies,  
In programmes vain to trace,  
As they dart, poise, dip, and rise,  
Club, scatter, and wheel, and chase.

There, standing mute as ghosts,  
Let's watch the song-birds gay,  
How they chant and shift their posts  
'Mid the leaf-verandah'd day;

Albeit the sun, dense-hid,  
O'er down the depths lets drop  
On your cheek and twinkling lid  
Bright spangles from the top;

Chief when, as now, the flight,  
That none forestalls or sees,  
Is felt of that outlaw sprite,  
The vague I AM of the breeze.

Sibylline, ev'n at best,  
Are Nature's sounds and sights;  
Still something sours the zest  
Of her bravest of delights.

What a sighing's now o'erhead!  
Lo, half the choir have flown!  
And leaves, all adust and dead,  
Are earthward whir'd and strown!

O'er this bower of songs and balm  
A symboling change hath swept;  
And we feel a foreboding qualm  
Of truths but now that slept.

Sad thought-waves, one by one,  
Joy's sparkling strand o'erwhelm:  
Then let's out, once more, in the sun,  
Away from this corpse-wood Elm!



ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.



CHAPTER XLVII. GETTING OVER IT.

Laura Mason was not dangerously ill. Her malady was by no means of a serious nature. The pink-blossom tint of her cheeks was intensified into vivid carnation; the turquoise-blue eyes shone with a feverish light; the little hands were

very hot and dry. It was in vain that the physician from Windsor prescribed composing draughts. His patient would not be quiet or composed. In vain Eleaor tried to soothe the wounded spirit. It would not be at rest.

"It's no use, Nelly," the invalid cried, im-

patiently, "I *must* talk of him; I must talk of my sorrows, unless you want me to go mad. Oh, my poor Launcelot! my own dear Launcelot! how cruel it is to keep me from you!"

This was the worst part of the business. Poor Laura was perpetually entreating to be allowed to see Launcelot. Would they let her go to him; or would they send and ask him to come to her? They were the most cruel and heartless creatures, if they could refuse to let her see him.

But Eleanor did refuse.

"It is impossible, my darling," she said; "I cannot send for him. It is quite impossible that he and I should ever meet again, except as enemies. The will must be read in a few days. Let us wait till then. If Launcelot Darrell is sorry for what he has done, he will try to undo it. If he is not sorry, and takes possession of the estate upon the strength of a forged will, he must be a villain, unworthy even of your pity, Laura."

"But I *do* pity him; and I love him."

It was strange to see what a hold this unhappy affection had taken upon Laura's shallow nature. This frivolous girl was as impressionable as she was volatile. The blow was more terrible to her than it would have been to a woman of higher and grander nature; but to such a woman the consequences of the blow would be, perhaps, lifelong, while it was scarcely likely that Laura would suffer for ever. She did not try to endure the grief that had fallen upon her. She was entirely without pride; and had no more shame in bemoaning her loss of Launcelot Darrell, than she would have had fifteen years before in crying over a broken doll. She did not care who knew her sorrows, and would have made a confidante of the servant who waited upon her, if Eleanor had not interfered to prevent her.

"I'm very miserable and wretched, Jane," she said, while the girl was smoothing her pillows and arranging the tumbled bed-clothes, which had been twisted into mere wisps of linen by the perpetual tossings to and fro of the invalid. "I'm the most miserable creature that ever was born, Jane, and I wish that I was dead. I know it's wicked, but I do. What's the good of Dr. Featherstone prescribing for me, when I don't want to be prescribed for? What's the good of my taking lime-draughts, when I'd much rather die? What's the use of those horrid opiates, that taste like stale London porter? Opiates won't give me back Launce—"

She stopped abruptly at this point, checked by a warning look from Eleanor.

"You must not speak of Launcelot Darrell to these people, Laura," Mrs. Monckton said, when the servant had left the room, "unless you want them to suspect that something strange has happened."

"But they'll know it, if my wedding is put off."

"Your guardian will explain all that, Laura."

Miss Mason bemoaned her fate even more piteously than before.

"It's hard enough to be miserable," she cried, "but it's still worse to be miserable, and not to be allowed to say so."

"Many people have sorrows to endure that cannot be spoken of," Eleanor answered, quietly. "I had to bear the sorrow of my father's death when I dared not speak of it."

Mrs. Monckton saw very little of her husband during the few days of Laura's illness. She only saw him, indeed, when he came to the door to make inquiries about his ward; but even in the few brief sentences exchanged by them, she could perceive that he was altered towards her. He had been cold and distant for a long time since their marriage; but now his manner had the icy reserve of a man who feels that he has been wronged. Eleanor comprehended this, and was sorry for it; but she had a dull, hopeless feeling that nothing she could do would alter it. The great purpose of her life had failed; and she began to think that nothing but failure could come to any hope of hers.

This feeling separated her completely from her husband. In her ignorance of the suspicions which tortured him, she could of course make no effort to set him right. The girl's innocence and the man's pride made a gulf that no power of affection could pass. If Eleanor could have guessed, ever so vaguely, at the cause of her husband's reserve, a few words from her might have melted the ice: but she had not the faintest notion of the hidden source from which came those bitter waters that had swept away all outward tokens of her husband's love; and those words remained unspoken. Gilbert Monckton thought that if his wife was not false, she was at least indifferent; and he bowed his head before the gloomy face of his Destiny.

"I am not to be loved," he said. "Good-bye, once more, to that dream. And let me try to do my duty, and be in some way useful to my fellow creatures. Half my life has been swallowed up by egotistical regrets. May God give me grace to use the remnant of it more wisely."

He had told Eleanor that as soon as Laura was a little better he should take her to the seaside.

"The poor child cannot remain here," he said, "every gossip in the neighbourhood will be eager to know why the wedding is postponed; and unless we assign some simple reason for the change in our arrangements, there will be no limit to people's speculations and conjectures. Laura's illness will be the best possible excuse; and I will take her to the south of France. She may forget Launcelot Darrell by-and-by, when she finds herself in a strange place, surrounded by new associations."

Eleanor eagerly assented to this.

"Nothing could be wiser than such an arrangement," she answered. "I almost think the poor girl would die if she remained here. Everything reminds her of her disappointment."

"Very well, then, I shall take her to Nice as soon as she is well enough to go. Will you tell her that I mean to do so, and try and make her feel some interest in the idea of the change?"

Eleanor Monckton had a very hard time of it in the sick room. Those frivolous people who feel their misfortunes very acutely for the time being, are apt to throw a heavy share of their burden upon the shoulders of their friends. Laura's

lamentations were very painful and not a little monotonous to hear; and there was a great deal of hard work to be done in the way of going over the same ground again and again, for that young lady's consolation. She had no idea of turning her face to the wall and suffering in silence. Her manner had none of that artificial calm which often causes uneasiness to those who watch a beloved sufferer through some terrible crisis. Everything reminded her of her grief; and she would not be courageous enough to put away the things that recalled her sorrows. She could not draw a curtain over the bright picture of the past, and turn her face resolutely to the blank future. She was for ever looking back, and bewailing the beauty of that vanished hope, and insisting that the dream palace was not utterly ruined; that it might be patched up again somehow or other, not to be what it was before, that was impossible, of course; but to be *something*. The broken vase could surely be pieced together, and the scent of the faded roses would hang round it still.

"If he repents, I will marry him, Eleanor," she said, at the end of almost every argument, "and we will go to Italy and be happy together, and he will be a great painter. Nobody would dare to say he had committed a forgery if he was a great painter like Holman Hunt, or Mr. Millais. We'll go to Rome together, Nelly, and he shall study the old masters, and sketch peasants from the life; and I won't mind even if they're pretty, though it isn't pleasant to have one's husband always sketching pretty peasants; and that will divert his mind, you know."

For four days Laura was ordered to keep to her bed, and during that time Eleanor rarely quitted the invalid's apartments, only taking brief snatches of rest in an easy chair by the fire in Laura's dressing-room. On the fifth day Miss Mason was allowed to get up, and then there were terrible scenes to be gone through; for the young lady insisted upon having her trousseau spread out upon the bed, and the chairs, and the sofas, and hung upon every available peg in the two rooms; until both those apartments became a very forest of finery, about which the invalid prowled perpetually, indulging in a separate fit of weeping over every garment.

"Look at this darling parasol, Nelly," she cried, gazing at the tiny canopy of silk and whalebone with streaming eyes; "isn't the real point lace over the pale pink silk lovely? And then it's so becoming to the complexion, too! Oh, how happy I thought I should be when I had this parasol. I thought I should drive on the Corso with Launcelet, and *now*—! And the violet-satin boots with high heels, Nelly, made on purpose to wear with my violet-silk dress, I thought nobody *could* be unhappy with such things as those, and *now*—!"

Every speech ended in fresh tears, which sometimes trickled over a shining silken garment, and flecked the lustrous fabric with spots of water that took the brightness out of the splendid hues.

"To think that I should be so miserable as to cry over silk at nine and sixpence a yard, and not to care!" exclaimed Laura Mason; as if, in these

words, she described the highest anguish-point that human misery can reach.

She had a few presents given her by Launcelet, they were *very* few, and by no means valuable, for Mr. Darrell, as we know, was essentially selfish, and did not care to spend his small stock of money upon other people; and she sat with these trifles in her lap for hours together, lamenting over them, and talking about them.

"There's my silver thimble, my dear, darling little silver thimble," she said, perching the scrap of glistening metal upon her little finger, and kissing it with that degree of rapture which the French vaudeville-ists call "explosion!"—"that nasty, spiteful Amelia Shalders said a silver thimble was a vulgar present, just what a carpenter, or any other common man, would have given to his sweetheart, and that Launcelet ought to have given me a ring or a bracelet, as if he could go buying rings and bracelets without any money. And I don't care whether my thimble's vulgar or not, and I love it dearly, because he gave it me. And I'd do lots of needle-work for the sake of using it, only I never could learn to use a thimble—quite. It always seems so much easier to work without one, though it does make a hole in the top of one's finger. Then there's my tablets! Nobody can say that ivory tablets are vulgar. My darling little tablets, with the tiny, *tiny* gold pencil-case,"—the gold pencil-case was *very* tiny,—"and the wee mite of a turquoise for a seal. I've tried to write 'Launcelet' upon every leaf, but I don't think ivory tablets are the very nicest things to write upon. One's writing seems to slide about somehow as if the pencil was tipsy; and the lines won't come straight. It's like trying to walk up and down the deck of a steamer, one goes where one doesn't want to go."

The bewailings over the trousseau and the presents had a beneficial effect upon the heart-broken invalid. On the evening of the fifth day her spirits began to revive a little, she drank tea with Eleanor at a table by the fire in the dressing-room, and after tea tried on her wedding bonnet and mantle before the cheval glass.

This performance seemed to have a peculiarly consoling effect, and after surveying herself for a long time in the glass, and lamenting the redness of her eyelids, which prevented full justice being done to the beauty of the bonnet, Miss Mason declared that she felt a great deal better, and that she had a presentiment that something would happen, and that everything would come right somehow or other.

As it would have been very cruel to deprive her of this rather vague species of comfort, Eleanor said nothing, and the evening ended almost cheerfully. But the next day was that appointed for Mr. de Crespigny's funeral and the reading of the will; and Laura's anxiety was now really greater than it had ever been. She could not help believing Eleanor's story of the forgery, though she had struggled long against the conviction that had been forced upon her, and her only hope was that her lover would repent, and suffer his aunts to inherit the wealth which had been no doubt bequeathed to them. Frivolous and shallow as this girl was, she could not for a moment con-

template marrying Launcelot under any other circumstances. She could not think of sharing with him a fortune that had been gained by fraud.

"I know he will confess the truth," she said to Eleanor, upon the morning of the funeral, "he was led into doing wrong by his friend, that wicked Frenchman. It was only the impulse of the moment. He has been sorry ever since, I dare say. He will undo what he has done."

"But if the real will has been destroyed?"

"Then his two aunts and his mother would share the estate between them. We were both mistaken, you know, Eleanor, in thinking that Launcelot would be heir-at-law if his great-uncle died without a will. My guardian told me so the other day when I asked him some question about the fortune. And he told Launcelot the same thing that night in the library, when they had the conversation about my fortune."

If Laura was anxious upon this eventful day, Eleanor was anxious too. It was a new crisis in her life. Would Launcelot Darrell attempt to restore himself to the position he had occupied before the night of his uncle's death, or would he hold to that which he might acquire by his deliberate fraud, and remain a hardened and impetuous criminal, defiant of the law he had outraged?

#### CHAPTER XLVIII. THE READING OF THE WILL.

Gilbert Monckton went up to Tolldale immediately after the funeral, in order to be present at the reading of the will. He felt that he had a right to see the end of this business, in which his wife had played so extraordinary a part. The will was to be read by Henry Lawford's clerk, in the sitting-room, or study, which Maurice de Crespigny had occupied for many years before his death.

There were a great many people who, like Gilbert Monckton, thought they had a right to be present upon this occasion; people who had been kept out of the old man's house by the rigid watchfulness and the inflexible will of the two maiden ladies for the last twenty years or so, but who were freely admitted now, as no longer capable of doing mischief. All manner of distant relationships, so remote as to be almost untraceable, came to light upon this occasion: consins, by marriage; sisters-in-law of dead first cousins, once removed; widowers, who attached themselves to the house of Crespigny by right of departed wives; widows who declared themselves near relations on the strength of claims held by defunct husbands; poor connections who came on foot, and who were so poor that it was really an impertinence in them to expect the smallest legacy; rich connections who came in splendid carriages, and who seemed even more eager for any stray twenty pounds for a mourning ring, that might be set against their names, than the poorest of the brotherhood. And indeed these owners of splendid carriages might have been needier than the dusty and weatherbeaten pedestrians; for when people try to make fifteen hundred a-year do the work of three thousand, every accidental twenty pounds is a God-send to them.

However it might be, everybody in the Woodlands drawing-room upon that particular morning

was influenced by the same feeling, a compound sensation of hope and distrust, expectancy and despair. Surely there could never before have been so many eager faces assembled together in the same small space. Every face, young or old, handsome or ugly, aristocratic or plebeian, wore the same expression; and had thus a common likeness, which bore out the idea of some tie of relationship binding the whole assembly.

Every one regarded his or her neighbour as the possible inheritor of something worth having, and therefore a personal enemy. Smiling relations were suspected of being acquainted with the contents of the will, and secretly rejoicing in the certainty of their own names being pleasantly mentioned therein. Frowning relations were looked at darkly as probable arch-plotters who had worked upon the mind of the dead man. Diffident relations were feared as toadies and sycophants, who had no doubt plied Mr. de Crespigny with artful flatteries. Confident relations were dreaded as people who perhaps had some secret claim upon the estate, and were silently gloating over the excellence of their chances. Every one of these outsiders hated each other with vengeful and murderous hate; but they all sympathised in a far deeper hatred of the four favourites for these great legacy stakes, the two maiden ladies, Mrs. Darrell, and her son. It was almost certain that one or other of these four people would inherit the Woodlands property, and the bulk of the dead man's fortune; unless, indeed, by one of those caprices common to eccentric valetudinarians; he should have left his wealth to some distant connexion, who had been too proud to toady him—and had moreover never had the chance of doing so. Yes, the three nieces and Launcelot were the first favourites in this eager race; and the outsiders speculated freely amongst themselves as to the chances and the "condition" of these four fortunate creatures. And if the outsiders hated each other desperately for the sake of very small chances, how much more desperate must have been the feelings of these four who were to enter for the great stake.

Launcelot Darrell met Mr. Monckton this morning for the first time since that strange scene upon the night of Maurice de Crespigny's death. The young man had called at Tolldale Priory during the interval, but both the lawyer and his ward had been denied to him.

Perhaps amongst all those assembled in the chamber which had so lately been tenanted by the dead man, there was not one more painfully anxious than Gilbert Monckton, into whose mind no mercenary thought had ever entered.

It was in the hope of seeing his wife justified that Mr. Monckton had come to Woodlands upon this day. He had brooded over Eleanor's denunciation of Launcelot Darrell perpetually during the week that had elapsed since the old man's death; but the more he pondered upon that passionate accusation the more bewildered and perplexed he became.

Let it be remembered that he was a man whose nature had been rendered jealous and suspicious by one cruel deception which had embittered his youth and soured a generous disposition. His

mind was penetrated with the idea that Eleanor had never loved him, and that she *had* loved Launcelot Darrell. This belief was the tormenting spirit, the insidious demon which had held possession of his breast ever since his brief honeymoon on the northern coast. He could not dismiss it all in a moment. The fiend was in possession, and was not very easily to be exorcised. That vehement denunciation, that passionate accusation which had rushed, impetuous and angry, from Eleanor Monckton's lips, might be the outburst of a jealous woman's fury, and might have its root in love. Eleanor had loved this young man, and was indignant against him for his intended marriage with Laura. If the desire to avenge her father's death had alone actuated her, surely this passionate girl would have spoken before now.

It was thus that Gilbert Monckton argued. He did not know how eager Eleanor had been to speak, and how she had only been held back by the worldly wisdom of Richard Thornton. How should he know the long trial of patience, the bitter struggle between the promptings of passion and the cold arguments of policy which his wife had endured? He knew nothing except that something—some secret—some master passion—had absorbed her soul, and separated her from him.

He stood aloof in the dead man's study while Mr. Lamb, the clerk, a grey-haired old man, with a nervous manner and downcast eyes, arranged his papers upon a little table near the fire and cleared his throat preparatory to commencing the reading of the will.

There was an awful silence in the room, as if everybody's natural respiration had been suspended all in a moment, and then the clerk's low voice began, very slowly and hesitatingly, with the usual formula.

"I, Maurice de Crespigny, being at this time," &c., &c. The will was of some length, and as it began with a great many insignificant legacies, mourning rings, snuff-boxes, books, antique plate, scraps of valuable china, and small donations of all kinds to distant relations and friends who had been lost sight of on the lonely pathway along which the old man had crawled to his tomb under the grim guardianship of his two warders—the patience of the chief expectants was very sorely tried. But at last, after modest little annuities to the servants had been mentioned, the important clauses were arrived at.

To every one of the three sisters, Sarah and Lavinia de Crespigny and Ellen Darrell, the testator bequeathed money in the funds to the amount of two hundred a-year. "All the rest and residue" of his estate, real and personal, was left to Launcelot Darrell, "absolutely," without condition or reserve.

The blood rushed up to the widow's face, and then as suddenly receded, leaving it ghastly white. She held out her hand to her son, who stood beside her chair, and clasped his clammy fingers in her own.

"Thank God," she said in a low voice, "you have got your chance at last, Launcelot. I should be content to die to-morrow."

The two sisters, pale and venomous, glared at their nephew. But they could only look at him.

They could do nothing against him. He had won and they had lost; that was all. They felt strange buzzing noises in their ears, and the carpeted floor of the room seemed reeling up and down like the deck of a storm-tost vessel. This was all that they felt just at present. The shock was so great that its first effect was only to produce a kind of physical numbness which extended even to the brain.

I don't suppose that either of these elderly ladies, each of whom wore stuff shoes, and crisp little curls of unnaturally brown hair upon her forehead, could, by any possibility, have spent upon her own wants more than a hundred pounds a year; nor had either of them been accustomed to indulge in the sweet luxury of charity. They were neither generous nor ambitious. They were entirely without the capacity for spending money either upon themselves or on other people, and yet they had striven as eagerly for the possession of this fortune as ever any proud, ambitious spirit strove for the golden means by which he hoped to work his way upon the road that leads to glory.

They were fond of money; they were fond of money, *per se*; without reference to its uses, either noble or ignoble. They would have been very happy in the possession of their dead kinsman's fortune, though they might have gone down to their graves without having spent so much as the two hundred a year which they received by this cruel will. They would have hoarded the government securities in an iron safe; they would have added interest to principal; they would have nursed the lands, and raised the rents, and been hard and griping with the tenants, and would have counted their gains and calculated together the increase of their wealth; but they would have employed the same cobbler who had worked for them before their uncle's death; they would still have given out their stuff shoes to be mended; and they would have been as sharp as ever as to an odd sixpence in their dealings with the barber who dressed their crisp brown curls.

Launcelot Darrell kept his place beside his mother's chair; though the reading of the will was finished, and the clerk was folding the sheets upon which it was written. Never had any living creature shown less elation than this young man did upon his accession to a very large fortune.

Gilbert Monckton went up to the little table at which the lawyer's clerk sat, folding up the papers.

"Will you let me look at that will for a moment, Mr. Lamb?" he asked.

The clerk looked up at him with an expression of surprise.

"You wish to look at it—?" he said, hesitating a little.

"Yes. There is no objection to my doing so, is there? It will be sent to Doctors' Commons, I suppose, where anybody will be able to look at it for a shilling."

The clerk handed Gilbert Monckton the document with a feeble little laugh.

"There it is, Mr. Monckton," he said. "You remember your own signature, I dare say; you'll find it there along with mine."

Yes, there was the signature. It is not a very easy thing for the cleverest man, who is not a professional expert, to decide upon the authenticity of his own autograph. There it was. Gilbert Monckton looked at the familiar signature, and tried in vain to find some flaw in it. If it was a forgery, it was a very skilful one. The lawyer perfectly remembered the date of the will which he had witnessed, and the kind of paper upon which it had been written. The date and the paper of this corresponded with that recollection.

The body of the will was in the handwriting of the clerk himself. It was written upon three sheets of foolscap paper, and the signatures of the testator and the two witnesses were repeated at the bottom of every page. Every one of the three autographs differed from the others in some trifling point, and this circumstance, small in itself, had considerable influence upon Gilbert Monckton.

"If this will had been a forgery, prepared by Launcelot Darrell, the signatures would have been fac-similes of each other," thought the lawyer; "that is a mistake which forgers almost always fall into. They forget that a man very rarely signs his name twice alike. They get hold of one autograph and stereotype it."

What was he to think, then? If this will was genuine, Eleanor's accusation must be a falsehood. Could he believe this? Could he believe that his wife was a jealous and vindictive woman, capable of inventing a lie in order to revenge herself upon the infidelity of the man she had loved? To believe this would be most everlasting misery. Yet how could Gilbert Monckton think otherwise, if the will was genuine? Everything hinged upon that, and every proof was wanting against Launcelot Darrell. The housekeeper, Mrs. Jepcott, declared most distinctly that nobody had entered the dead man's room or touched the keys upon the table by the bed. This alone, if the woman's word was to be depended upon, gave the lie to Eleanor's story.

But this was not all. The will was in every particular the very opposite of such a will as would be likely to be the work of a forger.

It contained legacies to old friends of the dead man whom he had not himself seen for twenty years, and whose very names must have been unknown to Launcelot Darrell. It was the will of a man whose mind lived almost entirely in the past. There was a gold snuff-box bequeathed "to my friend Peter Sedgewick, who was stroked in the Magdalen boat at Henley-on-the-Thames, fifty-seven years ago, when I was six in the same boat;" there was an onyx shirt-pin left "to my old boon companion Henry Laurence, who dined with me at the Beefsteak Club with George Vane and Richard Brinsley Sheridan on my birthday." The will was full of personal recollections dated fifty years back; and how was it possible that Launcelot Darrell could have fabricated such a will; when by Eleanor's own admission he had no access to the genuine document until he came to substitute the forgery after his uncle's death? The forgery must therefore, Gilbert Monckton argued, have been prepared while the young man was in utter ignorance as to the tenor of the

actual will, according to Eleanor's story; and this, the lawyer reasoned, was proof conclusive against his wife.

Launcelot could not have fabricated such a will as this. This will, therefore, was genuine, and Eleanor's accusation was only prompted by a sudden burst of jealous rage, which had made her almost indifferent to consequences. Mr. Monckton examined the signatures again and again, and then, looking very sharply at the clerk, said, in a low voice:

"The body of this will is in your handwriting, I believe, Mr. Lamb?"

"It is, sir?"

"Can you swear that this is the genuine document; the will which you wrote and witnessed?"

"Most decidedly," the clerk answered, with a look of astonishment.

"You have no suspicion whatever as to its authenticity?"

"No, sir, none! Have you any suspicion, Mr. Monckton?" he added, after a moment's pause.

The lawyer sighed heavily.

"No," he said, giving the paper back to the clerk; "I believe the will is genuine."

Just at this moment there was a stir in the assembly, and Gilbert Monckton turned round to see what was taking place.

It was Mrs. Jepcott, the housekeeper, who was saying something to which everybody listened intently.

The reason of this attention which the housekeeper's smallest word received from every member of that assembly, was the fact that she held a paper in her hand. Every eye was fixed upon this paper. It might be a codicil revoking the will, and making an entirely new disposition of the property.

A faint red flush began to light up the wan cheeks of the two old maids, and Launcelot Darrell grew more livid than death. But it was not a codicil; it was only a letter written by Maurice de Crespigny, and addressed to his three nieces.

"The night before my poor dear master died," the housekeeper said, "I was sitting up with him all alone, and he called me to him, and he told me to fetch him his dressing-gown, which he'd been wearing all through his illness, whenever he sat up; and I fetched it; and he took a sealed letter out of the breast-pocket, and he said to me, 'Jepcott, when my Will is read, I expect my three nieces will be very much disappointed, and will think I have not treated them fairly; so I've written them a letter, begging them not to be angry with me after I'm dead and gone; and I want you to keep it, and take care of it, until the Will has been read, and then give it to my eldest niece, Sarah, to read aloud to her two sisters in the presence of everybody.' And this is the letter, Miss," added Mrs. Jepcott, handing the sealed letter to Sarah de Crespigny.

"Thank God!" thought Gilbert Monckton, "I shall know now whether the will is genuine. If it is a fabrication, this letter must bring detection upon the forger."

(To be continued.)

## MY CATS.

DOES the love of pets originate in benevolence? It is generally associated with sensibility, a spurious virtue as different from benevolence as revery is from thought. The sentimental Sterne, though heartless to all who had legitimate claims on his affection, wept, or affected to weep, over a dead ass; Couthon, when the innocent he was consigning to the guillotine trod on his cur, shrieked out, "Wretch, have you no humanity?" and there are yet sensitive ladies to whom the sarcastic inquiry of the barbarian whether the Roman dames who fondled lapdogs had "no children to love" is very applicable.

But it is by no means to be inferred from such anomalies that quickness of sympathy with brutes of necessity denotes a perversion of feeling. Sensibility does not necessarily exclude, though it may overshadow, benevolence; as parasitical plants blight the trees they cling to. A fondness for pets certainly does not invariably indicate tenderness of heart; but conversely, as killing flies was the recreation of the boy Domitian, he who is unkind to brutes is never very considerate towards men. Sympathy with brutes implies, even in the coldest heart, some glimmering of the Supreme Love; as a passion for flowers implies an apprehension, more or less clear, of the divine Thought expressed in them:—yet there are hard, practical Christians who conceive that disinterested kindness to creatures emphatically declared to be objects of the Divine care is a wrong to our fellow men; though, that somewhere men are in want of bread would seem a very inconclusive argument against feeding creatures which are not useless if they awaken an unselfish love in our hearts, and whose *storgé*, or instinctive trust in man, was designed by the Father of All to arouse our benevolence.

Due allowance being made for particular circumstances, it may be assumed that the choice of pets is generally an index to character. The farmer entertains a dull affection for some gentle heifer, with mild Juno-like eyes and aromatic breath. His man Giles lounges at leisure moments round the sty, and fondly scratches the fat backs of the lethargic tenants with a clownish smile evoked by visions of future fitches. Community of tastes and pursuits leads the huntsman to seek an object of affection in his stables; and the soldier, whose life may depend on the fleetness and endurance of his charger, will share his last crust with him. A bucolic partiality for sheep can only be accounted for by the drowsy placidity of rural life. The love of birds is almost peculiar to women; and there is a graceful appropriateness in the tenderness of young girls for canaries and other little creatures, nimble, sweet-tongued, and sensitive as themselves. Matrons have a thoughtful preference for poultry. Venerable spinsters relish the spitefulness and loquacity of parrots, and admire a gaudiness of plumage according with their own æsthetic tastes. Some mental perversity may be inferred in a young lady who pets a parrot; and the Roman lady who, according to Martial, fondled a snake, must have been a sour old maid.

An attachment to a dog is honourable to both parties; and though dogs are sometimes kept at first from selfish considerations, he must be bad indeed who does not in the end appreciate and benefit by association with so noble an animal. There is a curious likeness between certain social classes and the dogs they respectively affect—between the stately staghound and the patrician, the eager pointer and the country squire, the bluff mastiff and the farmer, the furtive lurcher and the poacher, the pugnacious bulldog and the man of the ring, the brisk terrier and the London *gamin*, the peevish lapdog and the listless woman of fashion. The scarred and red-eyed bulldog of Landseer's admirable "High and Low Life" is perfectly in keeping with the clay pipes, battered porter-pot, and other plebeian accessories; but all our notions of the fitness of things would be outraged were he to take the place of the dignified hound in the library; and on seeing him there we should inevitably form a low estimate of the tastes of the aristocratic owner. Not only is the dog ordinarily a clue to the social status of the man, but a shrewd guess may be made at the disposition of the master from that of the dog.

Many years ago, when I was chatting about dogs with a distinguished American gentleman, whose guest I was, the latter asserted that a dog can distinguish in conversation words whose meaning he has once acquired; and, noticing my incredulous smile, he offered me immediate proof of it. To the rear of his house was a paddock, the herbage of which was so much to the taste of the cows of the neighbourhood that they were constantly breaking through the fence to get a bite of it, and keeping the dog in such a fever of indignation that the mere mention of a cow awoke his ire. The dog referred to, a fine Newfoundlander, was reposing after the fatigues of the day at the other end of the room we were sitting in. Requesting my silent attention, my friend spoke for a few moments on indifferent matters, and then, without any perceptible pause, or inflexion of voice, or glance at the unsuspecting animal, observed, "there's a cow in the garden." The effect was magical. With a groan expressing extreme disgust at so unseasonable a call, the dog arose, and, passing through the open door, set off for the paddock. Ere our laughter had ceased, the abused animal returned from his bootless errand, and, casting a reproachful glance at his master, recomposed himself to slumber.

Unlike those learned pundits who rejoice in their affinity to apes, I never see one of those odious caricatures of humanity without a sense of humiliation; and the person who pets a monkey may *a priori* be set down as a cynic. Nevertheless, I was once the possessor of one; a friend about to leave India, and at a loss how to provide for his favourite, pressed the tiny wretch on my acceptance, very much against my will. A few days' confinement having familiarised him with his new abode, I left Jacko to follow the bent of his inclination—to roam where he pleased, and indulge that ill-regulated curiosity which led him, like the philosophers claiming kinship with him, to pry into matters far above his comprehension, and to seek the why and the

wherefore of everything that perplexed him by defacing or destroying it. Peace fled my house; nothing could escape the prying eyes and busy fingers of this imp, in whose mischief there was so much method that I was sometimes inclined to ascribe it to intention. To put aught carefully aside was enough to attract his restless eyes and tempt him to pluck out the heart of the mystery. My domestics accounted for whatever was missing by saying, "The monkey has taken it." Like the cat in London lodgings, he became the scapegoat for the sins of the whole household. He had an ignorant love of literature, and if indulged with pen and ink would spend hours in scribbling; but his *cacoethes scribendi* leading him to deface my books and papers, I was obliged, in self-defence, to interdict writing materials. He spent much of the time not devoted to these grave pursuits in the garden; destroying more fruit than he ate, for, like the poet Thomson, he ate only the *sunny* side of what he plucked; or prowled round the hen-roost, for he was as fond of eggs as a weasel, and preferred them fresh-laid. During my dinner he perched on the back of my chair, and generally behaved with tolerable propriety till the advent of dessert, when he insisted on helping himself to fruit and sweetmeats, and was very indignant unless he had at least a sip of wine; for, having once been tipsy on liqueur, he was constantly haunted by the memory of that strange delight, and anxious to renew it.

Having once seen me shoot a hawk, and examined its carcase with something of the perplexed awe of the savage on first witnessing the effect of fire-arms, he was so impressed by the occurrence that merely to point a stick at him, as if taking aim, threw him into an agony of terror.

Feeling somewhat out of sorts one evening, I prescribed to myself a couple of blue-pills, and retired early to bed, inadvertently leaving the box from which I took them on the table. A couple of hours afterwards, I was aroused from a feverish slumber by an unaccountable commotion in the adjoining room, as if some one were in sore distress; and on entering it there was my monkey stretched out on the floor, groaning and writhing with pain, and looking piteously towards me for compassion and assistance. The empty pill-box beside him explained the mystery. He recovered from the effects of this indiscretion, but he became eventually so troublesome that I banished him to a snug box in the garden at the base of a pole to which his chain was attached by a ring sliding on it, and permitting him to climb to the cross-piece at its summit. A few days after his rustication, the poor wretch was found hanging by the neck from his perch as dead as if Calcraft had operated on him. His chain had somehow got entangled, and in leaping towards the pole in order to descend, he committed suicide, whether accidentally or from depression of spirits I cannot say.

I will not, however, from fear of being deemed effeminate, dissimulate that my peculiar tenderness is for *cats*. Why should I scruple to confess a feeling that has been entertained by so many eminent men?

Whether considered in her frisky kittenhood,

discreet maturity, or pensive age, none of the inferior animals exceed the cat in beauty of form, grace of movement, or gentleness of demeanour. In none is ferocity so strangely associated with sensibility, great muscular strength with a feminine softness of nature. Such being her attributes, it is not surprising that the cat should be thought the analogue of woman. Her very sobriquet of Grimalkin—the grey maiden—intimates that she suggested to our ancestors the idea of a fair spirit emergent from the gloom, like the White Lady of Avenel. Her vagueness of colour, and the luminousness of her eyes in the dark, led the ignorant to conceive that there was something supernatural about the cat, and gave birth to superstitions not yet quite eradicated from the popular mind; and a very disagreeable impression is undoubtedly made by the weird and uncanny aspect of a black cat under certain circumstances.

Adopting the more kindly view, Gray, in a charming poem, familiar to all, terms puss a "nymph;" and indeed what better representative of the grace, sensibility, witchery, artifice, and malice of the sex can be found among brutes? The frisky volatility of the kitten, yet innocent of blood of mice, irresistibly reminds us of the wild glee of a girl yet ignorant of the power of her charms; and the noiseless movements and sedate demeanour of the mature Tabby recall the silent activity and thoughtful composure of the experienced matron. From this involuntary association of ideas, the volatile girl is spoken of as "a mischievous kitten," the Frenchman fondly addresses his spouse as "ma chatte," and some persons by a strange mental obliquity vituperate any obnoxious old woman as "that old cat!"

What is more suggestive of the comfort and repose of home than the cat dozing by the fire? What associate of our domestic life interferes less with ease and meditation? The soft murmur whereby she expresses her enjoyment of our caresses, does not pain us like the plaintive cry of a bird doomed to imprisonment for life. Her eyes, if not so lucidly intelligible, so expressive of a community of feeling as those of the dog, are transparent abysses of golden light, the very mystery of whose depths fascinates while it bewilders the thoughtful gazer. Her voice is more capable of inflexion, and more variously expressive of her feelings than is generally supposed, and can at times be subdued to a melodious cooing far sweeter and tenderer than that of the dove.

As the wild cat formerly abounded in the British Isles, being enumerated among beasts of chase in a charter of Richard II., it has been argued by some that our domestic cat descended from it, or in other words, that the domestic cat is the wild cat reclaimed; but specific structural differences are fatal to this theory. That our puss is of foreign origin is indicated by the high esteem in which she was formerly held; the British Prince Howel Dha, for instance, thought her a fit subject for legislation, and determined by law her value at various ages, the price even of a kitling before it could see being fixed at one penny—a much larger sum than than now.

Our Saxon sovereigns employed cats in the



chase, and officials named *Catatores*, whose functions resembled those of "masters of the hounds," had the care of them. In the course of time puss was transferred from the granary and the stable to the lady's bower, and became the object of a tenderness which tacitly acknowledged the analogy between cats and women. Her society also relieved the melancholy gloom of the cell, the English rule of nuns in the thirteenth century considerably excepting her from the category of "beasts" which nuns were forbidden to caress. The Church regarded puss with particular favour. Wolsey, Richelieu, and other distinguished churchmen, lavished caresses on her, perhaps because the combination in her of silken suavity with a ruthless will was an exact reflection of the ecclesiastical genius.

The cat was also frequently introduced into churches as an architectural detail, of which there is an instance in the group of an old woman and her cat carved on a miserere in a church in the Isle of Thanet; and was even admitted into sacred paintings, such as the "St. Cecilia" at Bologna, wherein puss appears as an enraptured auditor of the strains an angel is eliciting from that very unangelic instrument the violoncello. During the middle ages a custom prevailed at Aix, in Provence, of exhibiting in a shrine, on the day of Corpus Christi, a cat arrayed in swaddling-clothes, before which incense was burnt and flowers strewn. On St. John's day, on the contrary, a number of cats, enclosed in a basket, were borne in solemn procession with the chants of the clergy through the city, and burnt in the market place. The origin of this strange custom is unknown.

Down to a very late period it was fancied that various parts of the cat had medicinal virtues, three drops of blood from the tail being, for instance, considered a specific in epileptic cases. These fancies were merely silly, but others existed which had a malevolent tendency. Reminiscences of Pagan superstitions and magical rites,—such as the Scottish Taigherm, or sacrifice of a black cat to the subterranean powers,—seethed in the popular mind at a time when, agitated by great political and religious questions, it was in a transitional state, and assumed the form of an elaborate system of demonology, which Scripture was perverted to sanction, and which our British Solomon wrote a learned treatise to expound. The feminine love of cats became a crime: any lonely old creature who kept one was assumed to be in league with the powers of darkness, and liable to the penalty enunciated by the Mosaic law. Thousands suffered as witches on such evidence. At the very period when this holy horror of cats and their associates prevailed in England and America, they were in such esteem elsewhere that the four cats of the lady of the Protestant Bishop of Odensee, in Denmark, were interred beside her in the Cathedral of St. Knud, in that city, arrayed in white satin, and with a plumed black velvet cap on each feline head!

Mohammedans regard cats with kindly favour, from a tradition that the prophet, when called to prayer, cut off his sleeve rather than disturb one slumbering on it. The dog is considered

unclean, but the cat is allowed to eat from the Moslem's dish, and benevolent institutions for cats exist in various places. At Damascus there is an hospital for infirm cats. At Cairo there is a charitable fund for the maintenance of destitute cats, administered by the Cadi, to whose care the citizens consign superfluous kittens; and every afternoon, at the hour of Asser, these pensioners of the public receive a fixed dole.

The Chinese, in place of feeding, eat cats. Pleasant M. Huc says that, like the ancient Egyptians, they have a notion that the contraction and dilation of the cat's pupils have some relation to the movements of the spheres, and look into its eyes to learn the time of day, as our old women prognosticate rain on seeing it wash its face, and as seamen gravely shake their heads and augur a coming storm when it is unusually frolicsome.

Like the good bishop in Victor Hugo's tale, my heart has, with an occasional interregnum, been ruled by a dynasty of cats ever since the days when those entrancing myths, the White cat, Whittington's cat, and Puss in boots had for me the authority of history. In after life, when a cat did not share it, my domestic comfort seemed incomplete; and now that my hair is grey I cannot pass a cat in the street without pausing to salute her.

When in India, I possessed a feline friend of remarkable sagacity. Seeing her one day eating raw fish, and enquiring whence it came, my domestics smilingly replied that Jenny must have caught it herself, as she often fished in the neighbouring brook. In consequence of this extraordinary statement I watched her movements for some days, and had finally the satisfaction of seeing her take her way to the brook, pause on its margin to contemplate the small fry sporting in its shallow waters, and when one came within her reach, capture it by a swift extension of her paw. This feat I saw frequently repeated afterwards. On a subsequent occasion, when travelling in Assam, my camp was pitched on a sandy islet in a tributary of the Brahmaputra, for security from the tigers which infested the banks. In the afternoon succeeding my arrival there, on looking around for Jenny, she was nowhere to be seen, and the encampment was searched for her in vain. During the discussion as to what could have become of her, the truant was espied by a sharp-sighted fellow, snugly ensconced in the fork of a shady tree across the river; though it seemed incomprehensible how she could have got across the channel which was a hundred feet in width. When the sun approached the western horizon the mystery was solved by her composedly *swimming* back; and so long as we remained on that arid spot, impatient of the heat and lack of shade, she passed part of each day in the same tree! It was my habit, when in cantonments, to pace up and down before my door in the cool of the evening, and Jenny always attended me, unweariedly following me to and fro, as if, like myself, she felt the need of exercise. If my walk extended beyond my own domain she was eager to accompany me; and when I returned from abroad, warned of my approach by the sound of horsehoofs, she would advance a considerable

distance from the house to greet me. She lived on the most friendly terms with my dogs, but had a special pique against a parrot which swung on an iron perch a couple of feet from the floor of the veranda, just where Jenny preferred taking her afternoon nap. The bird, usually silent at the hour when in tropical lands all creatures are exhausted by the heat, was sometimes perversely loquacious; and the cat's annoyance on such occasions was extremely diverting. Twice I myself saw her, after turning uneasily and watching him for a time with gleaming eyes, rush swiftly at the noisy wretch and give him, with her paw, a spiteful buffet that knocked him off his perch, as a hint that his prattle was disagreeable and out of season; and in both instances, after a shrill shriek of surprise and indignation, the discomfited bird relapsed into gloomy silence for the rest of the day. If I whistled an air to her, Jenny would leap on my knee, gaze intently at me, and express her delight by a soft cooing murmur. This dear creature, of whom I never think without a sigh, was lost overboard by night in the Ganges.

When residing in a wild American region, some years afterwards, I was in the habit of visiting a neighbour dwelling some three miles away, and leaving my cabin to the care of a cat. One evening Tab was not visible when I was about to go, and I departed leaving the door ajar for her—she subsequently acquired a knack of opening it by springing at the latch. When I had nearly traversed the forest intervening between the two houses, a rustling in the fallen leaves made me start and turn round; but, instead of the panther which I fancied was tracking me, I saw my poor Tab almost exhausted by strenuous efforts to overtake me. She slipped out and hid herself thus several days in succession in order to follow me when I was fairly on the road; and, whether she was actuated by affection or aversion to solitude, I henceforth called her to accompany me whenever I went forth. She would leap on my lap when I whistled to her, but had an unpleasant fashion of patting me on the mouth which I construed into disapproval of my efforts to amuse her. On leaving the place I reluctantly consigned her to my neighbour's care.

My present favourite, Tootie, is the prettiest of a litter presented to me four years ago by her mother, who implored my patronage of them by bringing them up from her retreat in the kitchen, and laying them at my feet. She early learnt to recognise a summons in a snap of my fingers, and the headlong rush of the entire feline family up the stairs on hearing this signal was extremely ludicrous. Though the confinement of a great city is very unfavourable to its development, the intelligence of Tootie is singular. She likes to accompany me into the garden and to run after a ball, and when younger, frequently brought it to me in her mouth. She is in the habit of putting her paws on my shoulders, licking my face, and nibbling at my nose,—a strange trick which I discourage,—and is very partial to my shoulder as a seat. Having discovered that, from some defect in the lock, my bed-room door may be opened by pushing it, she springs at it repeatedly in order to overcome by her weight the slight resistance

of the bolt. When desirous of leaving the room she stands erect on her hind legs, and paws at the handle of the door as if conscious that it is necessary to act upon *that* in order to open the door. Should we go into the country or to the seaside, after exploring every nook of our temporary home and ascertaining what rooms are mine, she never intrudes elsewhere, being very diffident of strangers. Packing she understands to portend a move, becomes then unquiet, and wanders up and down the house mournfully as if bidding farewell to familiar objects; but, once established in a new place, she accommodates herself to necessity, and evinces no disposition to ramble. She is averse to solitude, and piteously remonstrates against being left alone; she distinguishes my knock from others, and generally comes to the door to welcome me; if her name is mentioned in conversation she pricks up her ears, and if directly spoken to usually replies by a gentle *prut* as eloquent as words. A cushion has been appropriated to her private use, and she evinces her apprehension of its being her property by sharpening her claws on no other object, by her uneasiness when it is used by any one, and by immediately resuming possession of it when relinquished to her. Only once was she so forgetful of her duty as to help herself to anything on the table in my absence. If not immediately attended to at meals, she *drums* impatiently on my arm, and having thus reminded me of her presence, composes herself to wait for a time. If still neglected she leaps on her mistress' lap or shoulders, tries gently to intercept what she is raising to her mouth, and if permitted, will take it daintily from her lips. She never scratches or betrays the least bad temper, permitting herself to be handled roughly without resisting, and remonstrating merely by a soft mew.

I have been beguiled into these domestic reminiscences by a belief that the faults of puss, like those of women, are chiefly due to the injudicious way in which she is ordinarily treated by men. The faculties of the dog are developed by regular food, freedom, kindness, and association in our daily amusements. The cat is restricted to the house, stoned if she leaves it, fed scantily or not at all, despised as a household drudge, a forlorn Cinderella—but for whom, however, we should be over-run by vermin—abandoned to the caprices of children, and made occasionally the subject of cruel scientific experiments. We ill-treat her and yet inveigh against her want of affection; we dine on mutton and reproach her with her carnivorous instinct; we frequently resent even a kindness, and are shocked at her promptness to avenge a wrong. I confess that I rejoice to hear the howl of lamentation that follows the scratch she has inflicted on the vicious child whose daily amusement is tormenting her; for it is not well, because parents are injudicious, that cruelty and lack of consideration for the sufferings of our fellow-creatures should pass unpunished. The alleged unsociability of puss is contradicted by the numerous instances wherein she has dwelt on amicable terms with other animals. At Lucerne, several centuries ago, a cat, dog, bird, and mouse fed daily from the same plate; and two cats are now to be seen in the Zoological Gardens dwelling in harmony

with a miscellaneous assemblage of monkeys, musing serenely in the midst of ceaseless tumult, and even sometimes joining in a friendly way in the frolics of the volatile crowd.

The sensibility of the cat to music, like that of men, varies with the individual. A French lady of the last century had a cat remarkable for its love of music, and gifted with such power of discriminating good from bad, that it evinced unmistakeable annoyance at a discord or error in time. So assured was she of this, that Madame Dupuy relied implicitly on the cat's intelligence to inform her whether her execution of a new sonata was open to criticism; conceiving herself sure of pleasing in public when puss purred applause, and asserting solemnly that the bravas of her friends invariably confirmed the approbation of the feline critic; though cynics may refer this musical success to the age and wealth of the amateur. Be this as it may, at her death Madame Dupuy bequeathed her large estates to the cat, arranging for her residence in Paris and the country alternately, and leaving legacies to various friends on the condition of their visiting the cat at stated periods to inquire after her health and comfort.

It is melancholy to learn that the legal profession alone benefited by this testament, a parallel to which was recently recorded in the "Times;" two dogs having, by their solicitors, petitioned the High Court of Chancery that, in accordance with the wishes of their deceased mistress, the sum of 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in the three per cents. might be appropriated from her estate for their support; which, after hearing the arguments of counsel, the Vice-Chancellor ordered to be done.

Happy land, where dogs are taxed, and have property in the Funds! But there is a reverse to the picture. Not long ago a poor girl committed suicide in London on account of the death of her cat, and in her lifeless hand was a scrap of paper containing a touching entreaty that her "dear little kitten" might be laid in her coffin and buried with her.

Let the reflection that there are probably in this wealthy land many lonely women, like this unhappy creature, without other friend on earth than a cat, win us to act more kindly to Puss!

### A SUDDEN RISE.

"I THINK, Molly," said my father, rolling his cigar to the corner of his mouth, "I think, Molly, Bob's growing."

My mother looked up from her needlework, flushed and startled; pushed her spectacles halfway up her forehead, which she did when she wanted to see anything; and moving a candle to the edge of the table, fixed her eyes straight upon me with a frown of extreme tenderness and searching inquiry.

"Stand up, Bob," said my father, encouragingly; as if there was a way of standing up which would make a person permanently taller.

I stood up with a dogged feeling that as to height it was almost indifferent whether I sat or stood.

My father contemplated me for a full minute, during all which time he inhaled a long draught of tobacco smoke. At the end of that breathless period he emitted a remarkable cloud, which for the time blotted out me, the candles, my mother, and, in fact, the universe.

At the age of seventeen, I differed in all respects from a mathematical right line, which has length without breadth or other dimensions. I possessed breadth and dimensions without length,—at least any to speak of.

The colloquial name given me by my intimates at school was "Sausage." I often pondered upon its possible apposition to myself: for I saw many pounds of that favourite edible quite attenuated, and of a delicate figure, the thickness bearing an inconsiderable proportion to length. At the University the mystery became solved, and several college breakfasts explained to me that a *cooked* sausage was intended. By the frying process, sausages contract in length, and become puffy, apoplectically stout, and afflicted with rupture. My speculations decided on that point, took a new turn, and sought the connection which subsists between pork sausages and high mathematical honours. But this is *oliter* of the present relation.

When the world and I again hove into sight, my father rather unceremoniously pulled me towards him by the band of my trousers, and looked analytically at the interval of white stocking between their extremities and my high-lows. He then gently pushed me away, rolled his cigar to the other corner of his mouth, and placed his hand in such sort over his tumbler of whisky and water, that the spoon came out between the third and fourth fingers, and a drinking place was left betwixt the first and the thumb. With an air which blended satisfaction at the survey he had just made, and expectation of the sip that was to be, he repeated more authoritatively:

"Molly! Bob's grown,—a good quarter of an inch!"

This was too much for my poor mother. She burst into tears; and wiping them away with the duster she was hemming, threw her arms round my neck, and sobbed on one of my shoulders. My father sipped his whisky and water, as if nothing had happened.

In truth, my height at that time was no laughing matter. I stood five feet nothing in my socks. In figure I was robust—fat. My appetite was not bad: I was nourished by what I ate, and I grew,—but always latitudinally. There was great danger of my figure becoming an oblate spheroid if that kind of growth continued. In a year or two I was to enter the university. Was the sausage martyrdom I had suffered at school to follow me to college? I was designed for the church; but a very bad design I must have been pronounced at that period. In the pulpit I should have presented the appearance of a small egg in a large egg-cup.

The fact of my growth was, however, mentally admitted, and my mother tried to go on with her hemming, but couldn't for looking at me. When a great happiness has been received, we recall it from time to time, to make sure we are not deceiving ourselves,—that it is not a dream.

"Humphrey," at last, said my mother, "I'll write to Julia."

"Do, Molly:" assented my father, rolling out a volume of smoke, which this time only obscured Asia, Africa, and America. "Molly, write to the Honourable Mrs. Cackle."

The elevated personage alluded to, was always spoken of in our house as my aunt. I have never been able to clear up that relationship. Also, as long as I can remember, there was an expectation that she would call upon us; but up to the time of writing this memoir that visit has not come off. Keeping up some tradition of affectionate familiarity, my mother always named this great person "Julia;" whilst my father invariably persevered in her full length name and title. With him she was the Honourable Mrs. Cackle. To me she has ever been an unsolved myth.

Of the trio in our front parlour, I was the person least elevated by my own growth. Either the news was too good to be true, or I had habituated myself to the painful idea of a long life of shortness and sausageism. At any rate my heart didn't leap up as it ought to have done when it beheld that rainbow in the sky. When you are thoroughly in for a good fit of depression and bad spirits, relief when it first comes is spurned as an impertinence. You would not, for the world, be gay. Besides, my elongation might be only apparent; due, not to my growth, but to the shrinking of my trousers, for I had been standing fishing in the morning, with the water over my ankles.

The letter to Julia was written the next morning, however, and sent. I never saw the answer, though one must have been received, as several evenings afterwards, my father, having blotted out Greece and Turkey in Europe, said reflectively to my mother:

"That was a very thoughtful letter, Molly, from the Honourable Mrs. Cackle."

My mother replied:

"His Aunt always writes feelingly."

Another fortnight convinced even my scepticism as to my growth. Certain buttons and button-holes would not come to: and this quite independent of fishing and other shrinkages. The first time afterwards at school that I was called "Sausage," I smiled derisively at the inapplicability of the term. Do sausages grow? *Reductio ad absurdum*.

Within a month the insufficiency of my clothing in length was so apparent, that it struck my father whilst at breakfast. When my father was not smoking, he was usually whistling "The Soldier Tired." He whistled that air now, as he marked the hiatus between my waistcoat and my trousers; and having given the flourish at "war's alarms," he said: "Bob, you must go to the tailor's and order some new clothes." He then went on with his third cup of tea and his "Times."

I accordingly visited the family tailor, when the following conversation took place; a conversation carried on by one speaker.

"You're decided grown, Master Bob; you are, really, Mister Robert, grown remarkable. Mr. Bones, be so good as to take down. You're shooting up rapid. Hextend your harm, sir, if you

please. Twenty-eight one quarter, Mr. Bones. Now, sir, hinflate your breath, so as to fill the 'ole buzzum with hair; thirty-three, three, Mr. Bones. I'll take that measure again. It's quite remarkable. Have you that figure, Mr. Bones? Now, sir, stand heasy, with the 'ip free; thirty half, Mr. Bones. Will you have the border to the trousers neat, or a swelled seam? Why, sir, you're taking your trousers three-eighths longer than last measure. I'll leave something for letting out, you're growing so rapid. Vests are wore a shade shorter, so is tails. Silk facings, sir? Well, I'm very much astonished. Friday evening, sir, without fail, Mr. Robert. Forty-two one quarter. Shall I send by carrier, or per Parcels Delivery? Thank you, Mr. Bones, that'll do."

All that my tailor said was quite true, I was growing, and faster than he reckoned upon. Within three months I had outgrown trousers, vest, and coat, and I looked like a crab beginning to change its shell, with the sutures parting in all directions. In fact I was elongating at the rate of an inch in six weeks, an inconvenient rate of increase as far as clothing was concerned; and not to be carried on without great demands upon the stomach. I ate, drank, and slept in a prodigious manner; but, at first, my altering height was so gratifying to my parents, that they would, I think, have cheerfully paid their butcher's bill, if I had consumed a sheep a-day. "Growing boys want a good deal of keeping up," my father would remark, as Japan and the Aleutian Archipelago slowly loomed back into view from smoky obscurity. "Growing boys require a good deal of lying down," my mother would suggest, at the end of a hem of her duster.

In all ways I found myself much considered. "Aide toi," &c., says the French proverb; and just in proportion as I grew bigger, I was the more made of. On the first day of the year it was the custom in our family for all the children to be measured. Our heights, and dates, and names, were recorded in lead pencil on the moulding of the door of what was called my father's den. Latterly I had walked up to that moulding with a heavy sigh, as if I were going to a mitigated form of execution. This time I approached it triumphantly; and after careful verifying, the measure showed an addition of six inches over the last scratch. As I continued to shoot up the subject of my growth became quite a matter of conversation in our little neighbourhood. It gave rise to many witticisms. "Ill weeds grow apace, eh, Mr. Robert?" That was our medical man's *bon mot*; and by the law of association, he never met me, saw me, or heard of me without mechanically uttering the same aphorism with the same emphasis, and the same good-tempered look, and apparently with the same erroneous idea that he emitted the pleasantry for the first time. I got to have quite a loathing at the words, not-complimentary in themselves, and only saved from being offensive by the intimacy of the person employing them, and the certainty that they were intended to be received in a flattering sense. Indeed, I heard so much and so constantly about my growth; I saw such surprise depicted on the faces of friends who had seen me only a few

months before, that I was weary and almost sick of the subject, and almost wished myself back in my original unnoticed stumpiness. But time ran on, and I ran on with time. I saw the world from a different point of view, at a new level. I could look over my mother's head, and on to shelves which before required me to mount a chair to see. I could take down books without using a ladder, and could conveniently pick cherries from standards by craning up on tip-toes.

It happened by an unfortunate coincidence, that whilst I continued to rise, consols drooped, and persisted in looking down. My father was at that time a Bull, and became disturbed accordingly. A good-natured man in the main, but irritable under vexations; and when anxious he was also petulant; and in that state of mind, he always expected my mother (that gentle-hearted mender of stockings and hemmer of dusters) to do every disagreeable act, see all disagreeable people, and perform impossibilities.

There had been some bad news about Tahiti or Owhyhee. The Minister from Venezuela to the former island, had absented himself from a semi-official entertainment given by the Minister of Foreign Relations; and people on the Stock Exchange looked grave, and it was said in Hercules Passage that the conspicuous absence of the Venezuelan Minister had "a certain political significance," and would possibly lead "to grave dynastic complications." The instant Consols heard this rumour, they got timid; and sank, sank, sank, about the same as if London had been on fire, or the Dutch were reported to be marching on Paris.

On the morning in question, I being by last measurement six feet one inch and a half in height, we had had a gloomy breakfast. Then the newspaper came and was read in silence. My father made the tea, and both my mother and myself waited in vain for a second cup, and did not dare to ask for it. Whilst my father was still staring at "City Intelligence," and Reuter's Telegrams, a look passed between my mother and myself, which said plainly:

"News comes worse from Owhyhee. Perhaps the Venezuelan Minister at Tahiti has demanded his passports."

Ah! those domestic pauses are often very sad; often forebode bad weather in a house. My mother fell gently into a review of her past life, and tried to recall some circumstance in which she had failed to do her duty, or in which she might have acted better. But her conscience, even when invited to accusations, could find no greater dereliction than in her having once mislaid and lost a duster which she had half hemmed. For myself, I was thinking how jolly everything seemed when I was short. And as I mused, I worked up a bit of bread crumb into a ball, tighter and tighter; and screwed it round in the palm of my hand harder and harder, till my unconscious animation woke the paternal observation. Consols were indeed again down,—an eighth lower. That fall had made the world dark for my father. Throwing down the paper with a stern look at my mother, as if it had been her duty to prop up the public funds, and she had neglected to do so; he said

"Mary!"—it was always a bad sign when he called her by that name,—“Mary, that boy of yours continues to grow. You'll have to put a stop to that I can tell you!” My poor mother cast a beseeching look towards me. I felt it, and made myself as short as I could. My father then strode out of the room, and I regret to add that we who were left, spent a few minutes in sobbing.

But not even paternal severity, or political fracas in Tahiti, had any effect in stopping my growth. Grow I must, and grow I did. When the New Year came round, came with it the measuring process. Again, with dejection, I approached the fatal door of my father's den, whilst he, with severe determination (Consols were still sensitive, though the Venezuelan Minister had returned to his post), stood on a chair, which my mother steadied with both hands, and recorded my height at six feet four inches. A few friends came in the evening, but nothing could get up our spirits. I knew that my black trousers were fearfully short, and I could not move my arms,—because it was only by one attitude that I could keep my coat cuffs from riding up to my elbows. My father's glance at me that night was at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was one of contempt mingled with indignation. My mother had to go upstairs twice whilst we were dancing, and have a good cry.

That was last Christmas. What is to be the end of it all, I really don't know. I am writing from my attics in an Oxford College, where I have matriculated—happy that I had not to patriculate. I write home regularly every fortnight; and if I innocently convey the impression in my letter, that I am, if anything, a trifle shorter than I used to be, it is an excusable deception of mine, hardly to be named a fault: but I cannot conceal the fact that I have grown half an inch in the six weeks I have been up, which time will reveal to my parents, to whom I must shortly return, for the Long is approaching. I am hardened now to all the tenth-rate jokes repeated for the tenth time about the "extreme high church," and the like. What I suffer more from is perpetual headache, for my garret is low, and I strike my head at least once a day against a beam which crosses it. Mr. Editor, I appeal to you! Do you, from your own experience or otherwise, know of any infallible remedy for growth? Has Holloway advertised any case of an extraordinary cure of tallness by the use of his ointment or his pills? Would it do me any good to go to Malvern and be rubbed, or are there any baths in Germany which have a shrinking effect on the human body? I am as thin as a lath. If you can give any help, you will shed a ray of light at 73, Prospect Place, and confer a lasting obligation upon a constant reader. If from my great elevation I cannot avoid at times overlooking my friends, I, at least, never fail to look over your pages.

#### THE CRUSADE AGAINST THE "TRAWLERS."

PUBLIC attention appears to be at last directed towards the consideration of the best means for extending the supply of fish to our markets, and as everybody, whether well-informed on the sub-

ject or not, has something to say about it, perhaps a practical fisherman may be allowed by the editor of ONCE A WEEK a brief space for a few pertinent remarks.

In the first place, then, I unhesitatingly aver that a great deal of nonsense is talked by the opponents of the "trawl-net" with regard to the damage done to spawning-beds by that peculiar species of apparatus. The "trawl" does not and *can* not make much havoc with the spawn of fish, for the very simple reason that on the rocky grounds where most fish spawn the "trawl" could not be used without being torn to pieces. I have explained, in a previous paper\* that the "trawl-net" can only be used on a smooth bottom. Now sea-fish do not spawn, as a rule, on sandy bottoms, since, in such places, there would be no protection for the spawn in the interval between its deposit by the mother-fish and the appearance of the young fry. Hence all who really know anything of the matter know that the great destruction of the spawn-beds ascribed to the "trawl-net" is simply an impossibility. That the "trawl" does much harm by taking all sorts of immature fish and young fry is a fact which I, for one, do not pretend or wish to deny; but this might easily be remedied by an Act of Parliament to regulate the size of the mesh of the trawl-net. Those who advocate the abolition of the trawl-net must be prepared to satisfy all Londoners for their deprivation of the sole, seeing that that fish is rarely, if ever, taken in any other way than by means of the trawl-net.

In my opinion—and it is one which very many sound judges hold—the real cause of the falling off in our sea-fisheries is the non-observance of proper seasons for taking certain fish. Who, for instance, will wonder that the supply of mackerel should fall short when we destroy the breeding-fish by millions when heavy in roe? We have regular fence-months for our salmon and fresh-water-fish, yet our sea-fish are taken at all times and seasons, and (as in the case of mackerel and herrings) the breeding fish are *preserved* for the market because the public will have "full-roed fish." I have watched the working of the trawl-net for many years, and it appears to me preposterous to charge that apparatus with destroying spawn-beds, amongst which it cannot possibly be used, whilst at the same time its detractors are encouraging the destruction of fish in full roe, containing each from 300,000 to 500,000 ova. There is an old and homely saying that it is well to "put the saddle on the right horse," and, as a fisherman myself of long experience, I do not feel disposed to allow the "trawl" to be condemned without a word in its favour. It will be asked me, "Does the 'trawl' do no harm, then?" To this I reply "Most unquestionably, but *not* by disturbing the spawn-beds." That is a conclusion to which only those ignorant of the method of using the net could possibly come. It is because it destroys heaps of young fry, small soles, plaice, &c., &c., a few inches only in length, that the trawl must be condemned as mischievous.

What, then, is the remedy? Clearly to regulate the size of the mesh by *law*. To inflict a penalty on those taking fish under a certain size, and above all, not to permit the wholesale capture of spawning fish. Our rivers would soon become barren were there no regulations for their preservation; and it is by no means surprising that notwithstanding the supposed inexhaustibility of our seas, the want of proper rules and regulations should be beginning to tell on the supply of fish. Let me bring this a little nearer home to the readers of this paper. The annual value of fish sold in Billingsgate alone is nearly 4,000,000*l.*, or from 200 to 300 tons weight of fish sold *daily*. Supposing only one quarter of this amount to be spawning fish (which is very far under the mark), we have from fifty to sixty tons of *brood-fish* sold daily in one market alone. Each of these fish, if mackerel or herrings, will contain from 300,000 to 500,000 ova; if soles, about 100,000; and if codfish, an average of half a million each. The remedy for this wholesale destruction of an element of future food, is surely the prohibition to take any class of fish during its own peculiar breeding season. I do not intend to lengthen this paper or to say more concerning the great injustice done to the trawl-net. I have merely placed a few significant facts before the readers of ONCE A WEEK, and I will leave them to draw their own inferences as to the relative destruction of fish caused by the much-belied trawl-net and that caused by the want of proper and reasonable regulations for our sea-fisheries. The only cure for the existing evil is to extend to our sea-fish that protection which is afforded at spawning time to the fish in all our fresh waters.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

## TO THE SWALLOW.

SWALLOW, cruel swallow! wherefore dost thou come

Glancing in the sunlight, by the gleaming river,  
Year after year, unto thy northern home,

While youth and love are leaving us for ever?

Cruel swallow, calling up the memories

Of happy years, of what can never be,—

Of friends departed, gone beyond the seas,

And fairy days of childhood I never more shall see!

And boyhood's happy hours, all bright and golden,

And love's young dream in halcyon days of yore,

Beside a gleaming river, in summer days of olden,

Like a band of early blossoms, gone for evermore!

Glancing in the sunlight, every springtime coming

Thou must be some spirit, set for ever free,

When the yellow bees are in the meadows humming,

And the golden sunlight floods the earth and sea.

Oh! joyous swallow, gliding on careless wing,

Happy as the summer hours gone for ever by,

Come not, come not back again with the gentle Spring;

Stay within thy southern home, beneath thy southern

sky.

For youth and friends can never come again;

And love, if gone, 'tis gone, alas, for ever!

Call not up the memories thou canst not lull to sleep,

Gliding in the sunlight by the gleaming river.

JOHN ANDREWS.

\* Vol. vi., p. 399.

## THE 9.30 UP-TRAIN.

In a well-authenticated ghost story, names and dates should be distinctly specified. In the following story I am unfortunately able to give only the year and the month, for I have forgotten the date of the day, and I do not keep a diary. With regard to names, my own figures as a guarantee at the end of this paper, as that of the principal personage to whom the following extraordinary circumstances occurred, but the minor actors are provided with fictitious names, for I am not warranted to make their real ones public. I may add that the believer in ghosts may make use of the facts which I relate to establish his theories, if he finds that they will be of service to him—when he has read through and weighed well the startling account which I am about to give from my own experiences.

On a fine evening in June, 1860, I paid a visit to Mrs. Lyons, on my way to the Hassock's Gate Station, on the London and Brighton line. This station is the first out of Brighton.

As I rose to leave, I mentioned to the lady whom I was visiting that I expected a parcel of books from town, and that I was going to the station to inquire whether it had arrived.

"Oh!" said she, readily, "I expect Dr. Lyons out from Brighton by the 9.30 train; if you like to drive the pony-chaise down and meet him, you are welcome, and you can bring your parcel back with you in it."

I gladly accepted her offer, and in a few minutes I was seated in a little low basket-carriage, drawn by a pretty iron-grey Welsh pony.

The station road commands the line of the South Downs from Chantonbury Ring, with its cap of dark fire, to Mount Harry, the scene of the memorable battle of Lewes. Woolsonbury stands out like a headland above the dark Danny woods, over which the rooks were wheeling and cawing previous to settling themselves in for the night. Ditchling beacon—its steep sides gashed with chalk-pits—was faintly flushed with light. The Clayton windmills, with their sails motionless, stood out darkly against the green evening sky. Close beneath opens the tunnel in which, not so long ago, there happened one of the most fearful railway accidents on record.

The evening was exquisite. The sky was kindled with light, though the sun was set. A few gilded bars of cloud lay in the west. Two or three stars looked forth—one I noticed twinkling green, crimson, and gold like a gem. From a field of young wheat hard by, I heard the harsh grating note of the corn-crake. Mist was lying on the low meadows like a mantle of snow, pure, smooth, and white; the cattle stood in it to their knees. The effect was so singular that I drew up to look at it attentively. At the same moment I heard the scream of an engine, and on looking towards the downs I noticed the up-train shooting out of the tunnel, its red signal lamps flashing brightly

out of the purple gloom which bathed the roots of the hills.

Seeing that I was late, I whipped the Welsh pony on, and proceeded at a fast trot.

At about a quarter of a mile from the station there is a turnpike—an odd-looking building tenanted by a strange old man usually dressed in a white smock, over which his long white beard flowed to his breast. This toll-collector—he is dead now—had amused himself in bygone days by carving life-size heads out of wood, and these were stuck along the caves. One is the face of a drunkard, round and blotched, leering out of misty eyes at the passers-by; the next has the crumpled features of a miser, worn out with toil and toil; a third has the wild scowl of a maniac; and a fourth, the stare of an idiot.

I drove past, flinging the toll to the door, and shouting to the old man to pick it up, for I was in a vast hurry to reach the station before Dr. Lyons left it. I whipped the little pony on, and he began to trot down a cutting in the green-sand, through which leads the station-road.

Suddenly, Taffy stood still, planted his feet resolutely in the ground, threw up his head, snorted, and refused to move a peg. I "gee-up-ed" and "tsh-ed," all to no purpose; not a step would the little fellow advance. I saw that he was thoroughly alarmed; his flanks were quivering, and his ears were thrown back. I was on the point of leaving the chaise, when the pony made a bound on one side and ran the carriage up into the hedge, thereby upsetting me on the road. I picked myself up, and took the beast's head. I could not conceive what had frightened him; there was positively nothing to be seen, except a puff of dust running up the road, such as might be blown along by a passing current of air. There was nothing to be heard, except the rattle of a gig or tax-cart with one wheel loose: probably a vehicle of this kind was being driven down the London road, which branches off at the turnpike at right angles. The sound became fainter, and at last died away in the distance.

The pony now no longer refused to advance. It trembled violently, and was covered with sweat.

"Well! upon my word you have been driving hard!" exclaimed Dr. Lyons, when I met him at the station.

"I have not, indeed," was my reply; "but something has frightened Taffy, but what that something was, is more than I can tell."

"Oh, ah!" said the doctor, looking round with a certain degree of interest in his face; "so you met it, did you!"

"Met what?"

"Oh, nothing;—only I have heard of horses being frightened along this road after the arrival of the 9.30 up-train. Flies never leave the moment that the train comes in, or the horses

become restive—a wonderful thing for a fly-horse to become restive, isn't it?"

"But what causes this alarm? I saw nothing!"

"You ask me more than I can answer. I am as ignorant of the cause as yourself. I take things as they stand, and make no inquiries. When the flyman tells me that he can't start for a minute or two after the train has arrived, or urges on his horses to reach the station before the arrival of this train,—giving as his reason that his brutes become wild if he does not do so,—then I merely say, 'Do as you think best, cabby,' and bother my head no more about the matter."

"I shall search this matter out," said I, resolutely. "What has taken place so strangely corroborates the superstition, that I shall not leave it uninvestigated."

"Take my advice, and banish it from your thoughts. When you have come to the end, you will be sadly disappointed, and will find that all the mystery evaporates, and leaves a dull commonplace residuum. It is best that the few mysteries which remain to us unexplained should still remain mysteries, or we shall disbelieve in supernatural agencies altogether. We have searched out the arcana of Nature, and exposed all her secrets to the garish eye of day, and we find, in despair, that the poetry and romance of life are gone. Are we the happier for knowing that there are no ghosts, no fairies, no witches, no mermaids, no wood spirits? Were not our forefathers happier in thinking every lake to be the abode of a fairy, every forest to be a bower of yellow-haired sylphs, every moorland sweep to be tripped over by elf and pixie? I found my little boy one day lying on his face in a fairy-ring, crying, 'You dear, dear little fairies, I will believe in you, though papa says you are all nonsense.' I used, in my childish days, to think, when a silence fell upon a company, that an angel was passing through the room. Alas! I now know that it results only from the subject of weather having been talked to death, and no new subject having been started. Believe me, science has done good to mankind, but it has done mischief too. If we wish to be poetical or romantic, we must shut our eyes to facts. The head and the heart wage mutual war now. A lover preserves a lock of his mistress's hair as a holy relic, yet he must know perfectly well that for all practical purposes a bit of rhinoceros hide would do as well,—the chemical constituents are identical. If I adore a fair lady, and feel a thrill through all my veins when I touch her hand, a moment's consideration tells me that phosphate of lime No. 1 is touching phosphate of lime No. 2,—nothing more. If for a moment I forget myself so far as to wave my cap, and cheer for King, or Queen, or Prince, I laugh at my folly next moment for having paid reverence to one digesting machine above another."

I cut the doctor short as he was lapsing into his favourite subject of discussion, and asked him whether he would lend me the pony chaise on the following evening, that I might drive to the station again and try to unravel the mystery.

"I will lend you the pony," said he, "but not the chaise, as I am afraid of it being injured

should Taffy take fright and run up into the hedge again. I have got a saddle."

Next evening I was on my way to the station considerably before the time at which the train was due.

I stopped at the turnpike and chatted with the old man who kept it. I asked him whether he could throw any light on the matter which I was investigating. He shrugged his shoulders, saying that "he knewed nothink about it."

"What! Nothing at all?"

"I don't trouble my head with matters of this sort," was the reply. "People *do* say that something out of the common sort passes along the road and turns down the other road leading to Clayton and Brighton; but I pays no attention to what them people says."

"Do you ever hear anything?"

"After the arrival of the 9.30 train I does at times hear the rattle as of a mail-cart and the trot of a horse along the road: and the sound is as though one of the wheels was loose. I've a been out many a time to take the toll,—but, Lor bless'y! them sperits—if sperits them be—don't go for to pay toll."

"Have you never inquired into the matter?"

"Why should I? Anythink as don't go for to pay toll don't concern me. Do ye think 'as I knows 'ow many people and dogs goes through through this heer geatt in a day? Not I—them don't pay toll, so them's no odds to me."

"Look here, my man!" said I. "Do you object to my putting the bar across the road, immediately on the arrival of the train?"

"Not a bit! Please yersel'; but you han't got much time to lose, for theer comes thickey train out of Clayton tunnel."

I shut the gate, mounted Taffy, and drew up across the road a little way below the turnpike. I heard the train arrive—I saw it puff off: at the same moment I distinctly heard a trap coming up the road, one of the wheels rattling as though it were loose. I repeat deliberately that I *heard* it—I cannot account for it—but, though I heard it, yet I saw nothing whatever.

At the same time the pony became restless, it tossed its head, pricked up its ears, it started, pranced, and then made a bound on one side, perfectly regardless of whip and rein. It tried to scramble up the sand-bank in its alarm, and I had to throw myself off and catch its head. I then cast a glance behind me at the turnpike. I saw the bar bent, as though some one were pressing against it; then, with a click, it flew open and was dashed violently back against the white post to which it was usually hasped in the daytime. There it remained quivering from the shock.

Immediately I heard the rattle—rattle—rattle—of the tax-cart. I confess that my first impulse was to laugh; the idea of a ghostly tax-cart was so essentially ludicrous; but the *reality* of the whole scene soon brought me to a graver mood, and, remounting Taffy, I rode down to the station.

The officials were taking their ease, as another train was not due for some while; so I stepped up to the station-master and entered into conversation with him. After a few desultory remarks, I mentioned the circumstances which had occurred



to me on the road, and my inability to account for them.

"So that's what you're after!" said the master, somewhat bluntly. "Well, I can tell you nothing about it; sperits don't come in my way, saving and excepting those which can be taken inwardly; and mighty comfortable warming things they be when so taken. If you ask me about other sorts of sperits, I tell you flat I don't believe in 'em, though I don't mind drinking the health of them what does."

"Perhaps you may have the chance, if you are a little more communicative," said I.

"Well, I'll tell you all I know, and that is precious little," answered the worthy man. "I know one thing for certain—that one compartment of a second-class carriage is always left vacant between Brighton and Hassock's Gate, by the 9.30 up-train."

"For what purpose?"

"Ah! that's more than I can fully explain. Before the orders came to this effect, people went into fits and that like, in one of the carriages."

"Any particular carriage?"

"The first compartment of the second-class carriage nearest to the engine. It is locked at Brighton, and I unlock it at this station."

"What do you mean by saying that people had fits?"

"I mean that I used to find men and women a-screeching and a-hollering like mad to be let out: they'd seen some'ut as had frightened them as they was passing through the Clayton tunnel. That was before they made the arrangement I told y' of."

"Very strange!" said I, meditatively.

"Wery much so, but true for all that. I don't believe in nothing but sperits of a warming and cheering nature, and them sort ain't to be found in Clayton tunn'l to my thinking."

There was evidently nothing more to be got out of my friend. I hope that he drank my health that night; if he omitted to do so, it was his fault, not mine.

As I rode home revolving in my mind all that I had heard and seen, I became more and more settled in my determination of thoroughly investigating the matter. The best means that I could adopt for so doing, would be to come out from Brighton by the 9.30 train, in the very compartment of the second-class carriage from which the public were considerably excluded.

Somehow I felt no shrinking from the attempt, my curiosity was so intense that it overcame all apprehension for the consequences.

My next free day was Thursday, and I hoped then to execute my plan. In this, however, I was disappointed, as I found that a battalion drill was fixed for that very evening, and I was desirous of attending it, being somewhat behind-hand in the regulation number of drills. I was consequently obliged to postpone my Brighton trip.

On the Thursday evening about five o'clock, I started in regimentals with my rifle over my shoulder, for the drilling ground, a piece of furzy common near the railway station.

I was speedily overtaken by Mr. Ball, a corporal in the rifle corps, a capital shot and most efficient

in his drill. Mr. Ball was driving his gig. He stopped on seeing me, and offered me a seat beside him. I gladly accepted, as the distance to the station is a mile and three quarters by the road, and two miles by what is commonly supposed to be the short cut across the fields.

After some conversation on volunteering matters, about which Corporal Ball was an enthusiast, we turned out of the lanes into the station road, and I took the opportunity of adverting to the subject which was uppermost in my mind.

"Ah! I have heard a good deal about that," said the corporal. "My workmen have often told me some cock-and-bull stories of the kind, but I can't say has 'ow I believed them. What you tell me is, 'owever, very remarkable. I never 'ad it on such good authority afore. Still I can't believe that there's hany-thing supernatural about it."

"I do not yet know what to believe," I replied; "for the whole matter is to me perfectly inexplicable."

"You know, of course, the story which gave rise to the superstition?"

"Not I; pray tell it me."

"Just about seven years ago—why, you must remember the circumstances as well as I do—there was a man druv over from I can't say where, for that was never exact-ly hascertained,—but from the Henfield direction, in a light cart. He went to the Station Inn, and throwing the reins to John Thomas, the ostler, bade him take the trap and bring it round to meet the 9.30 train, by which he calculated to return from Brighton. John Thomas said as 'ow the stranger was quite unbe-known to him, and that he looked as though he 'ad some matter on his mind when he went to the train: he was a queer sort of a man, with thick grey hair and beard, and delicate white 'ands, jist like a lady's. The trap was round to the station-door as hordered, by the arrival of the 9.30 train. The ostler observed then that the man was ashen pale, and that his 'ands trembled as he took the reins, that the stranger stared at him in a wild habstracted way, and that he would have driven off without tendering payment had he not been respectfully reminded that the 'orse had been given a feed of hoats. John Thomas made a hobervation to the gent relative to the wheel which was loose, but that hobervation met with no corresponding hanswer. The driver whipped his 'orse and went off. He passed the turnpike, and was seen to take the Brighton road instead of that by which he had come. A workman hoberved the trap next on the downs above Clayton chalk-pits. He didn't pay much attention to it, but he saw that the driver was on his legs at the 'ead of the 'orse. Next morning, when the quarrymen went to the pit, they found a shattered tax-cart at the bottom, and the 'orse and driver dead, the latter with his neck broken. What was curious, too, was that an 'andkerchief was bound round the brute's heyes, so that he must have been driven over the 'edge blindfold. Hodd, wasn't it? Well, folks say that the gent and his tax-cart pass along the road every hevening after the arrival of the 9.30 train; but I don't believe it; I ain't a bit superstitious—not I!"

Next week I was again disappointed in my

expectation of being able to put my scheme in execution; but on the third Saturday after my conversation with Corporal Ball, I walked into Brighton in the afternoon, the distance being about nine miles. I spent an hour on the shore watching the boats, and then I sauntered round the Pavilion, ardently longing that fire might break forth and consume that architectural monstrosity. I believe that I afterwards had a cup of coffee at the refreshment-rooms of the station, and capital refreshment-rooms they are, or were; very moderate and very good. I think that I partook of a bun; but if put on my oath I could not swear to the fact; a floating reminiscence of bun lingers in the chambers of memory, but I cannot be positive, and I wish in this paper to advance nothing but reliable facts. I squandered precious time in reading the advertisements of baby-jumpers—which no mothers should be without—which are indispensable in the nursery and the greatest acquisition in the parlour, the greatest discovery of modern times, &c., &c. I perused a notice of the advantage of metallic brushes, and admired the young lady with her hair white on one side and black on the other; I studied the Chinese letter commendatory of Horniman's tea, and the inferior English translation, and counted up the number of agents in Great Britain and Ireland. At length the ticket-office opened, and I booked for Hassock's Gate, second-class, fare one shilling.

I ran along the platform till I came to the compartment of the second-class carriage which I wanted. The door was locked, so I shouted for a guard.

"Put me in here, please."

"Can't there, s'r; next, please, nearly empty, one woman and baby."

"I particularly wish to enter *this* carriage," said I.

"Can't be, lock'd, orders comp'ny," replied the guard, turning on his heel.

"What reason is there for the public being excluded, may I ask?"

"Du 'ow, 'spress ord'rs—c'nt let you in; next caridge, pl'se; now then, quick, pl'se."

I knew the guard and he knew me—by sight, for I often travelled to and fro on the line, so I thought it best to be candid with him. I briefly told him my reason for making the request, and begged him to assist me in executing my plan.

He then consented, though with reluctance.

"'Ave y'r own way," said he; "only if an'thing 'appens, don't blame me!"

"Never fear," laughed I, jumping into the carriage.

The guard left the carriage unlocked, and in two minutes we were off.

I did not feel in the slightest degree nervous. There was no light in the carriage, but that did not matter, as there was twilight. I sat facing the engine on the left side, and every now and then I looked out at the downs with a soft haze of light still hanging over them. We swept into a cutting, and I watched the lines of flint in the chalk, and longed to be geologising among them with my hammer, picking out "shepherds' crowns" and sharks' teeth, the delicate rhy-

conella and the quaint ventriculite. I remembered a not very distant occasion on which I had actually ventured there, and been chased off by the guard, after having brought down an avalanche of chalk *débris*, in a manner dangerous to traffic, whilst endeavouring to extricate a magnificent ammonite which I found, and—alas! left—protruding from the side of the cutting. I wondered whether that ammonite was still there; I looked about to identify the exact spot as we whizzed along; and at that moment we shot into the tunnel.

There are two tunnels, with a bit of chalk-cutting between them. We passed through the first, which is short, and in another moment plunged into the second.

I cannot explain how it was that *now*, all of a sudden, a feeling of terror came over me; it seemed to drop over me like a wet sheet and wrap me round and round.

I felt that *some one* was seated opposite me,—some one in the darkness, with his eyes fixed on me.

Many persons possessed of keen nervous sensibility are well aware when they are in the presence of another, even though they can see no one, and I believe that I possess this power strongly. If I were blindfolded, I think that I should know when any one was looking fixedly at me, and I am certain that I should instinctively know that I was not alone if I entered a dark room in which another person was seated, even though he made no noise. I remember a college friend, who dabbled in anatomy, telling me that a little Italian violinist once called on him to give a lesson on his instrument. The foreigner, a singularly nervous individual, moved restlessly from the place where he had been standing, casting many a furtive glance over his shoulder at a press which was behind him. At last the little fellow tossed aside his violin, saying:

"I can note give de lesson if some one weel look at me from behind! Dare is somebodee in de cupboard, I know!"

"You are right, there is!" laughed my anatomical friend, flinging open the door of the press and discovering a skeleton.

The horror which oppressed me was numbing. For a few moments I could neither lift my hands nor stir a finger. I was tongue-tied. I seemed paralysed in every member. I fancied that I *felt* eyes staring at me through the gloom. A cold breath seemed to play over my face. I believed that fingers touched my chest and plucked at my coat. I drew back against the partition; my heart stood still, my flesh became stiff, my muscles rigid.

I do not know whether I breathed,—a blue mist swam before my eyes, and my head spun.

The rattle and roar of the train dashing through the tunnel drowned every other sound.

Suddenly, we rushed past a light fixed against the wall in the side, and it sent a flash, instantaneous as that of lightning, through the carriage. In that moment I saw what I shall never, never forget. I saw a face opposite me, livid as that of a corpse, hideous with passion like that of a gorilla.

I cannot describe it accurately, for I saw it but

for a second : yet there rises before me now, as I write, the low broad brow seamed with wrinkles, the shaggy overhanging grey eyebrows; the wild ashen eyes, with a glare in them like those of a demoniac; the coarse mouth, with its fleshy lips compressed till they were white; the profusion of wolf-grey hair about the cheeks and chin; the thin, bloodless hands, raised and half-open, extended towards me as though they would clutch and tear me.

In the madness of terror, I flung myself along the seat to the further window.

Then I felt that *it* was moving slowly down, and was opposite me again. I lifted my hand to let down the window, and I touched something: I thought it was a hand,—yes, yes! it *was* a hand, for it folded over mine and began to contract on it. I felt each finger separately—they were cold, so cold, so dully cold. I wrenched my hand away, I slipped back to my former place in the carriage by the open window, and in frantic horror I opened the door, and clinging to it with both my hands round the window-jamb, swung myself out with my feet on the floor and my head turned from the carriage. If the cold fingers had but touched my woven hands, mine would have given way; had I but turned my head, and seen that hellish countenance peering out at me, I must have lost my hold.

Ah! I saw the light from the tunnel mouth; it smote on my face, the engine rushed out with a piercing whistle, the roaring echoes of the tunnel died away. The cool fresh breeze blew over my face and tossed my hair; the speed of the train was relaxed, the lights of the station became brighter; I heard the bell ringing loudly; I saw people waiting for the train; I felt the vibration as the drag was put on. We stopped; and then my fingers gave way. I dropped as a sack on the platform, and then, then—not till then—I awoke. There now! from beginning to end the whole had been a frightful dream caused by my having too many blankets over my bed. If I must append a moral,—Don't sleep too hot.

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

## DIE FRÄNKISCHE SCHWEIZ.

If you take a map of Germany and look for the kingdom of Bavaria, you will find, about midway between the ruins of Rhineland and the sources of the Danube, a small triangular tract of country lying between three cities. To the north and on the left hand there is Bamberg, with its noble cathedral and donjon of Altenberg, from which you may look down on countless acres of cultivated land, rich in vineyards, orchards, and fruit gardens. On the right there is Baireuth, cheerless and deserted by the courtly patronage it once enjoyed; and at the southernmost of the three points, from the midst of a flat country, and surrounded by goodly walls, rise the fair steeples and the high-pitched roofs of Nuremberg.

I am selfish enough to be thankful that the ordinary route of continental tourists merely skirts this same triangle and does not enter it. In these days, when Londoners swarm up the

Rigi with no more ado than if it were Primrose Hill, drink bottled stout in Venetian palaces, post up their names on the Pyramids, and go shooting over Mount Sinai, it is pleasant to find some part of the accessible Continent unfrequented by Cockneys. Now and then an artist wandering in search of "mountain beauty," sometimes a geologist who wishes to enrich his museum, but often a cunning angler with an eye to trout, finds his way here to revel in luxuriant scenery, grub for fossils in the caves of Kuhloch, or fill a fishing-basket on the Wiesent's banks.

The line of rail from Nuremberg to Forcheim (which is the best starting-point for a tour in Franconian Switzerland) is not very interesting, and therefore, luckily, not very long. The only place of note on the road is Firth. This part of the railway was the first laid down in Germany, and was opened in 1835. Firth owes its importance to the unamiable policy of an ancient law which prohibited Jews from residing, or even sleeping, within the walls of Nuremberg. They were allowed to settle in the adjacent village, which, from being at first merely their refuge, has gradually risen to be their seat of trade. Brass and metal wares, gold-leaf and buttons, toys and trinkets, pipes and mirrors, are among the manufactures of Firth. The nationality of its inhabitants—or, at least, a large proportion of them—is plainly indicated. One meets the Jewish type of feature in the shops, at the cafés, everywhere. That unmistakable nasal twang peculiar to the race greets the ear at the corner of every street. Young sons of Israel sell their fruit along the trottoir; old Shylocks, with gold-headed canes and profusely jewelled shirt-fronts, hobble to and fro. We might imagine ourselves in the Ghetto at Rome, or the Judengasse at Frankfort, except that the inhabitants here are prosperous and their shops clean and respectable. The Jews here have schools and a college of their own, a separate court of justice, several synagogues, and a Hebrew printing establishment.

The celebrated museum, or rather warehouse, of mediæval antiquities, now removed to Nuremberg, was originally formed here by Herr Pickert, a dealer whose collection is one of the most valuable and comprehensive in its *spécialité*, and compared with which the largest establishment in Bond Street would sink into utter insignificance. There we may see not only whole suits of armour, but complete wardrobes of costume, from shirt to doublet, from cap to shoe, illustrating male and female dress of the middle ages from all parts of the world, to say nothing of a collection of silver and gold smiths' work, of majolica, ivories, and jewellery, which would have attracted notice even in the midst of our magnificent "Loan Museum." Some of the armour has served as a model to Fleischmann of Nuremberg, from whose manufactory is annually exported to America and elsewhere a large quantity of papier maché fac-similes, so like their originals, even to the rust upon them, that nothing short of touch distinguishes the good knight's sword and breastplate from their counterfeits. The spurious spirit of chivalry which induces our Transatlantic friends thus to decorate their walls with these sham

relics of fictitious ancestry at, say, a couple of guineas apiece, is sufficiently characteristic of Yankeedom.

The train rattles on past Fürth, and in two or three hours arrives at Forcheim, a small fortified town near the junction of the Wiesent with the Regnitz. It was here that the bishops of Bamberg took up a position of defence during the Thirty Years' War, but the goodly walls which so long withstood the siege of Gustavus have gradually succumbed to the attacks of time. It is now one of the dullest of dull German towns. We put up at a homely little inn, where we were besieged by peasant boys who came to sell their rustic schoppen-cups made of variegated wood, for the manufacture of which this neighbourhood is famous.

Here, at the usual hour for German dinners—viz., one o'clock—was an apology for a table d'hôte, at which we sat down in company with three or four Bavarian officers. These gentlemen, to whom the Guards' Club-house in Pall Mall would seem a palace of regal luxury, and the amusements of our military youth, utterly incompatible with a soldier's lot, were dining at the rate of eightpence apiece on boiled beef (from which the soup had been made), sauerkraut, veal cutlets (about the size of a British cheese-plate), lentils, kartoffel-salat, and a sweet pudding, washing the whole down with a pint of good Bavarian beer, brought up, as it always is, in the humblest wirtschafft, icy cold. The repast concluded, they abandoned themselves to the enjoyment of half-penny cigars—quite as good, by the way, as most that are sold for threepence in this country—or repaired to some adjoining café for a game of dominoes. I do not say that these warriors, as a class, are such fine gentlemen as those who lounge in Hyde Park, and, strange as it may sound in English ears, they are rarely seen out of uniform, but they are good soldiers, with a keen sense of discipline; and, though they may have a little of that military swagger peculiar to their profession, are much more affable in their bearing towards civilians than some I have known whose commissions dated from the Horse Guards.

Having paid our modest reckoning, we step out to inspect the vehicle which our host has provided for the journey. I have travelled by "road" a good deal in Germany, France, and Italy, but never in the whole course of my experience have I seen, before or since that memorable expedition, anything in the form of a carriage to compare with this one. It was a sort of ancient compromise between a battered gig and a vegetable cart, but by way of joke they called it a *fiacre*. There was a seat for two inside, and another for the driver, of the size of an ordinary pie-dish, and about as comfortable. The horse, which it would be idle compliment to call a "screw," was harnessed, or rather tied in, with odds and ends of heterogeneous ligament—a complicated arrangement of leather straps, ends of rope, and whipcord. The chief characteristic of the animal itself was its inquisitiveness. Whether it had derived a sort of interest in natural history from long and frequent association with geologists and botanists I cannot say, but it had a very remarkable habit of stopping

short on the road now and then, sniffing at the soil with a knowing air, and pawing up the ground with its forefeet. It also insisted on devoting a minute or two to look over every other gate on the right hand of the road from Forcheim, and when I add to the drawback of these equine impulses the fact that our driver, a stout young man in tight trousers, had to jump from his seat every ten minutes to replace our portmanteaus, which fell off alternately all along the hot and dusty road, and, having properly secured them, took to tumbling from his seat on his own account to that extent, that at last he was obliged to give it up and walk,—when, I say, these circumstances are taken into consideration, the reader may have some notion of the rate of our progress.

At last a cloud of dust is seen in the distance. It is occasioned by another *fiacre*, home-returning and empty. As they near each other, the drivers interchange first significant glances, and then seats. They evidently belong to one concern. Our pie-dish is occupied by the recent comer, and the boy takes the other trap back. Our new charioteer is evidently an old hand. He understands the little weaknesses of our Rosinante. With a skilful tug at the reins, and a vigorous application of the butt-end of the whip in the neighbourhood of the crupper, he sets us *en route* again, jolting and tumbling over ruts and stones until we come in sight of Streitberg, where a strong pull up a tough bit of hill lands us in front of the hotel, wondering that the wheels of our carriage, fore and aft, have held on so long together.

Streitberg is not a large village; but, being a fashionable retreat for the Germans in summer, its two inns and lodging-houses are full to overflowing. We are therefore for the first night accommodated with, or rather incommoded in, a small tenement, the interior of which looks like a Dartmoor cottage, and in which a mingled smell of burning peat and soap-suds rises to our bedroom door. All these places are in connection with the inn, where the guests meet for an early breakfast, a mid-day dinner, and a supper about seven o'clock. This inn is built on an artificial terrace by the side of the hill, and at the foot of a steep limestone cliff, round which a winding path leads to the ruined castle above. And so long is it since the old grey lichened walls of this fortress were raised there, that the stones have become naturalised and half-assimilated to the rock on which they stand, so that it is difficult to say where Nature ended and where man began. Standing at the end of this terrace, we look across the broad and fertile valley below, far away to the feudal watch-tower of Neudeck, and stretched on either side we see a range of hills rich in larch and silver fir. Down the neighbouring roads come herds of goats, their bells tinkling an accompaniment to the bauer's humble ditty as he drives them homewards. Along the flat distant table-land in front, you may see the Wiesent flowing in a clear blue line, reflecting here and there in its course the last rays from the sun as it sinks behind the glowing horizon.

Such is the view which the inmates of the Golden Kreuz have before them every fine

summer's evening as they pace the terrace in front of their hotel after supper. That meal usually consists of trout, the ubiquitous veal cutlet, and the beer of the country, which has a peculiar smoky flavour not unlike that of Irish whisky, and rather unpalatable until one is accustomed to it. The trout is much larger than our own, though not so delicate in flavour. The fish are often kept in tanks supplied by some breeding pond in connection with the hotels, so that it is easy to select the plumpest "forelle" for the frying-pan.

Hard by the inn lives the doctor. It is the business of this gentleman to attend those patients who believe in the Molkenkur, or efficacy of whey in cases of indigestion (chiefly *ennui* with the ladies). The doctor is the general friend and confidant of all the visitors. He sits at the head of the table d'hôte, and has a pleasant word or a prescription for everybody. He is something of an artist: he is something of an angler: he is something of a naturalist, and has a wonderful taste for shells and fossils. The morning after our arrival, he conducted our party over his museum, where, I am ashamed to say, I affected such a deep interest in his collection that he presented me with a fine specimen of the *echinus coronatus*, which I carried back to England with great care, and discovered the other day enshrined with old medicine bottles and superannuated boots in my bedroom cupboard.

The doctor sings a little, though he doesn't play. His sister, on the other hand, plays a little, though she doesn't sing. Therefore, when the ladies are tired of "Les Graces" upon the terrace (an ingenious game in which three nymphs toss light hoops of painted wood from one to another, by means of little rods of the same material), there is no difficulty—as indeed there never is anywhere in Germany—in getting up an amateur concert in the *salle à manger*. The male portion of the audience lounge smoking at the entrance door which opens on the terrace. The non-performing ladies—at least those who can, for their crinolines are beyond belief and almost beyond control—sit down and knit. The waiters subside. We look round the room and find ourselves the only English present: we have caught the Germans at home.

The excursions from Streitberg to the different points of interest are all within a few hours' drive. The scenery is very beautiful and continually varied. It is generally like that of the Tyrol in miniature, but now and then one comes upon a copse or patch of meadow land, through which some trout stream leaping over boulders of half-embedded rock, or eddying round in pools of dark deep water, and lashed into creamy foam along its banks, reminds one of the anglers' haunts in Devonshire.

We hired an indigenous carriage and native horses—both of great antiquity—and during our few days' stay visited Muggendorf, the Riesenburg, Tucherfeld, and the Castle of Rabenstein.

Muggendorf is in the heart of Franconian Switzerland, and is often made the rendezvous for tourists. In addition to the lovely scenery by which it is surrounded, it is famous for a cave

called the Rosenmüller's Höhle, which they say is interesting to the geologist. But a far more remarkable feature in this neighbourhood is the Riesenburg, or Giant's Castle, an enormous natural vault, intersected by arches formed by the decomposition of the rock. It is open at the top, like the Pantheon at Rome, and is surrounded by crags and rugged soil. You may walk over the turf-covered crowns of some of these spurious arches, which really bear some resemblance to artificial work, and have thus suggested the familiar name of this natural phenomenon. Lichens, ferns, and tufts of grass are plentifully scattered, and spring from crevices in the rock, and the sun gleams in through little chinks, casting purple shadows here and there, across which long green lizards dart at the first approach of footsteps, and scramble out of sight. It is here, too, that the valley of the Wiesent is seen to best advantage,—now as rich meadow land, stretching to the river's brink, now broken by wooded slopes jutting anglewise upon the plain, or dotted here and there by huge masses of limestone in fantastic shapes. Accidents of colour, form, and composition, which delight the artist's eye, are here in all variety, and have this advantage over the details of most landscape, that for the most part they are upon unbeaten ground, at least by English painters.

The village of Tucherfeld, a few miles from this spot, consists of a cluster of cottages, built in the midst of enormous crags or pinnacles of rock, towering one above another to a giddy height. Some of them taper like huge obelisks, others resemble elongated cromlechs, and seem to rest on such slight foundations, that nothing but long acquaintance with the genius loci would allow one to forget the apparent danger which they threaten.

There is a famous cave near here—the "Sophienhöhle," which, being an affair of torches, guides, and many florins, we did not go to see. It is full of fossil remains—bones of hyenas, bears, and deer, and I believe even antediluvian relics, something like 200 feet below the natural level of the ground. The owner allows none to be removed, no doubt deriving a little income from the fees paid by tourists, who would hardly care to visit the cave if stripped of its contents.

On the road to Rabenstein there is a little wirtschafft, or beershop, where we stayed to lunch, and the owner of which was one of those insatiable old ladies who, come of what nation they may, look upon the rest of mankind, and tourists in particular, as their legitimate prey, from whom the greatest bonus of remuneration is expected in return for the least possible amount of civility. Without the slightest necessity for it, she had thrust her son or servant on us as a guide, and we paid her for his unsought services, during a couple of hours, certainly as much as he could have earned in one hard day's work. To our great surprise, however, she looked on the fee with supreme contempt, and, with many airs and scornful smiles, handed it back to us again, declaring she would not take it. Unfortunately for her, a German friend who was with me took her at her word, coolly pocketed the money, and drove off. As we returned that day the carriage stopped

by the house, and she assailed us again, but in a different tone. She had discovered that she was a poor woman, that times were bad, and that she had a large family. Finally, she said that she would be very glad to take what we had offered. At first my German friend was inexorable, and, indeed, would have driven off without giving her a kreuzer, if I had not begged that this *argumentum ad misericordiam* might prevail. The castle of Rabenstein is a picturesque old schloss, which has been added to and altered from time to time, until it was finally modernised into a German summer residence. It belongs to Count Schörnborn, and is plainly fitted up—the *frauenzimmerisch* details of the furniture contrasting strangely with the grim and solemn aspect of the walls and ceilings.

Nothing can be more romantic than the situation of the castle itself, perched as it is on the edge of a lofty precipice overhanging the Ahorntal. You walk out of one of the portals in the rear across a trim little garden, and look over an ivy-clad wall, almost straight down a depth of 150 feet, into a maple valley below, through which the Essbach winds its course, half hidden here and there by the dense foliage with which it is surrounded. The grandeur and beauty of the view from this point pass all description. Göswein-stein, a little hamlet also situated on a lofty eminence, commands a splendid panorama of the surrounding country, and will amply repay a visit.

It would be difficult indeed, to mention any of this lovely country which has not some attraction, be it artistic, geological, or piscatory, for the tourist. Those to whom time and economy are objects, will find it more accessible and infinitely cheaper than Switzerland. Five francs a day will cover the traveller's expenses at the inns of Muggendorf or Streitberg, and it is even possible to live for less, *en pension*, at a lodging-house. A carriage at either of these places may be hired for a few shillings a day, but the short distances which separate the principal points of interest offer peculiar advantages to the pedestrian. You may "do" the place (as the phrase goes) in a week, but those who seek real seclusion from town life, who enjoy pure invigorating air, and charming scenery, may spend a month very pleasantly in Franconia.

C. L. E.

## TOM MORLAND'S PREFERMENT.

### CHAPTER III.

ALL Beauchamp was in a state of excitement on the 30th of April. In former days a fair had been held there on May-day, but it had gradually degenerated with the fortunes of the village, and for several years past had served only as an excuse for certain disorderly revels which the rural police of the district were powerless in attempting to put down. Tom had devised a plan which he thought would neutralise much of its evil effect. He gave notice some time previously that he should give a feast to the school-children in the rectory meadow on May-day, on which occasion he offered a prize to the cricket club, and arranged an unusually good match with the Chanleigh players. He engaged the services of the village band, and

invited the presence of the "Green," which verdant but unwieldy emblem of the day was to be decorated with flowers from his own garden. Several customs which had fallen into desuetude were scarcely worth revival. The erection of a greasy pole, with a leg of mutton on the top; the sale of a flabby kind of cheesecake, called a Beauchamp custard, for the making of which every third person in the village became temporarily a confectioner: these were doings of doubtful pleasure and profit. Tom depended rather upon the judicious commingling of rich and poor, the excellence of his home-brewed, and the strong animal spirits of the children, whose enjoyment was to be his first consideration. He had invited several of his neighbours, and fine weather alone was needful to make his little fête-day go off pleasantly.

On this 30th of April, therefore, Tom's hands were full of business. It is not to be supposed that a bachelor expecting on the morrow thirty or forty private guests, in addition to a large public assemblage, can be without various hospitable cares; and he had been so absorbed in considering whether the round of beef and the sirloin, and the two hams and the pigeon-pies, would be enough for the cold dinner that was to be laid in his dining-room, that the circumstances which had weighed down his spirits a few weeks back, were almost driven from his recollection. All the morning his attention had been given to detail, and that of a very matter-of-fact character: how many tea-spoons he was possessed of; where the fat ponies that drew the various little four-wheeled carriages which he expected, could be put up; even the recipe for syllabub in his housekeeper's cookery-book, the excellence of which he somehow doubted.

But all these questions were settled at last, and Tom's mind grew easy towards evening on the score of his next day's responsibilities. In the midst of his last injunctions to his household, he heard with some surprise the voice of the village post-mistress asking to see him. She was a hard-working woman, who kept a shop in which every necessary of life was to be sold, with the exception of the few articles she was perpetually "out of."

"I've got a letter for you, Mr. Morland," she said, "which ought by rights to have been delivered this morning. When I was a-sorting of the letters and a-putting of them into the different bags, Mrs. Carter's Susan comes into the shop with the youngest child in her arms, which she sets down on the counter, and she asks for half-a-pound of treacle: of course I get the jar down, and just as I take the lid off, she changes her mind. Mrs. Carter's Susan is always a-changing of her mind, and she says, 'No, Mrs. Barnet, I'll have half-a-pound of golden syrup instead,' and I go to the last shelf next my back-parlour door to get it, and while I'm gone I suppose Mrs. Carter's youngest child—which is a boy, Mr. Morland—takes up one of the letters I've been a-sorting of and lets it fall into the jar of treacle, for there I found it not half-an-hour ago."

Mrs. Barnet unfolded a clean blue and white handkerchief as she spoke, and displayed a letter of doubtful hue, which had evidently been sub-

jected to many ablutions before it had become even thus far presentable.

Tom laughed good-naturedly at the post-mistress's explanation as he opened it. It was from the late Inspector of Police. It informed him that George Nugent was on board an Australian vessel, which would land its passengers either that evening or the following morning, and that full information of his further proceedings would be forwarded by the next day's post. Was not this the news he had been wishing to be able to take Miss Letitia? If he went to her with the letter, he should see her face light up; he should hear her thank him over and over again for the tidings. He felt he did not rejoice at her happiness, and he hated himself for it; but unwilling to lose a moment more, he snatched up his hat and hastened across the garden. As he laid his hand upon the gate, it was opened from the outside, and a tall gaunt-looking man, the outline of whose features he saw in the dusky twilight, said: "Perhaps you can tell me if Mr. Nugent is at home?"

"Mr. Nugent!" said Tom in some surprise. "He has been dead for more than a twelve-month."

"Dead!" exclaimed the new comer; "poor old fellow! Is he dead? Who are you?" he suddenly asked.

"His successor in the living," replied Tom.

"And I am his son," he said. "Let me go in and see the old place once more."

Tom led the way in, feeling more as if he were moving in a dream than in actual life. He rang for lights while his guest looked round the room, into which darkness was falling fast, and his eye seemed to note some trifling changes.

"Don't mention my name before your people," he said, hurriedly, and for several minutes both men were too busy with their own thoughts to speak farther.

When the lights came, an irrepressible feeling of curiosity prompted Tom to look at George Nugent. He sat opposite to Tom at the table, moody and dejected-looking. He had a tanned, weather-beaten face, overgrown with a long bushy beard. There was something in the expression of his features which said, "Fate has done her worst with me, but she has not beaten me yet." He looked like an Esau in modern clothes—clothes which seemed less his, than the dummy's upon which they had hung at an outfitter's a few hours previously. He wore a large, loose-fitting, light-coloured coat, a striped blue shirt, and a red-spotted silk-handkerchief round his throat. He had laid down his hat and a leathern bag on the table, but he rested a dark knotty stick of formidable dimensions between his knees. He was the first to speak.

"I got off by the express train after I landed this morning," he said. "The nearer I came to shore, the more I thought I should like to see the old place and the poor old fellow again. He's gone. He'll never know that I have got over my difficulties after all, and have come back to England a rich man. I meant to have paid his debts, and to have set him on his feet again. Poor old father!"

"How was it he had no tidings of you for so many years?" asked Tom.

"Ay, how was it," repeated Nugent, bitterly. "At first everything went wrong with me; I could not write *then*; I could not ask to be taken back like the Prodigal, knowing the name I had left behind me in Chanleigh. After a time I began to prosper, and what I had earned with so much hardship and difficulty was very dear to me. If I had written home I should have been pressed for money, and to give money to my father was like throwing it into the sea. I will wait, I used to say to myself, till I can go back with a provision for us both; and this is the end of it."

There was a pause again, which was interrupted by his asking Tom's name.

"I left England under a cloud, Mr. Morland," he resumed; "it don't much signify now that I can make restitution. Every farthing I have ever owed shall be paid; Wortleby's debt first of all. Wortleby is living, I suppose? Those sort of men never die. Wortleby might have laid the finger of the law upon me, but he didn't, and why? Because I was the grandson of a peer, and his aristocratic tendencies made him merciful. Poor Wortleby! he wouldn't touch my bank-notes now if he knew all the trades I have driven to earn them."

Tom sat listening with a sinking heart. To this man, who spoke as if he were making a hard bargain with a harder man than himself, Letitia Nevil had given up the best years of her life. How soon was he going to her? The delay was irritating.

"Is Reuben Bates in the village, now?" he asked presently. "He was going to the bad when I left, I am afraid."

Tom gave some account of the poacher's circumstances, to which Nugent listened attentively.

"I shall send him out to Sydney," he said at length, "his wife and his children with him. A poor man's family there are worth their weight in gold; here they are like lead hanging round his neck."

"I do not know," said Tom, speaking with an effort, "what Reuben would have done for many years past, if it had not been for Miss Letitia Nevil."

"What!" said Nugent, "isn't she married yet?"

Tom's eyes were riveted on his face.

Nugent looked surprised for a moment, and then said, "I suppose you have heard some idle gossip about Letitia Nevil and myself. When she was a young girl and I was a boy, I used to think it would be a pleasant thing to have Letitia for my wife. She was a pretty-looking girl, affectionate and credulous. She used to believe every word I said to her. I wonder she was not married long ago."

"I don't think she will ever marry," said Tom, gravely; "she may still consider herself bound to you."

"She wrote to me several times after I left England," said Nugent. "Long, tiresome letters, full of good advice; but a man who has roughed it as I have done, can't sit down with a woman like Letitia Nevil in his house. Her voice would be like a church bell, saying come and be at peace

and rest, and all that sort of thing, and my soul would be fretted to death by it. One can't stand a reproachful face always by one; besides, she must be turned thirty."

Oh, Tom Morland, be thankful for the self-command that long training has given you, and that you answer this man's speech with outward composure.

"Miss Nevil's is a very beautiful face; it is not in her nature to speak or look reproaches. She is loved and looked up to in Beauchamp above every other creature. If, as I believe, she still considers her promise to you as binding, surely you will not draw back, if there exists no impediment to your marriage."

"There is this impediment," replied Nugent, "that I don't wish to marry; and if I did, I should not marry *her*. I don't believe in broken hearts. Men, and women too, live through more trouble than is ever heaped up in novels, and are not worse company afterwards."

"For thirteen years," said Tom, "you do not deny that Miss Nevil has waited for your return, in the expectation that you would marry her. For thirteen years she has devoted herself to acts of mercy and charity, chiefly that the errors of your youth might be in some measure atoned for. I look back, at this moment, and I see that all she has done has had more or less reference to you and your family. I ask you if this is the reward due to her fidelity."

"Women find their own reward in patience and suffering," said Nugent, his eyes fixed on the wall opposite. "The truest-hearted woman I ever knew died with a smile on her face, though she had greater cause for tears. I had had sickness all the winter at my station. She kept about as long as her strength would last. It was a low aguish kind of fever, and the quinine was all gone. There was but one chance for her life. The next station was 170 miles off. I left her and went to seek for assistance. When I came back she was dead, with her face turned towards the door, as if she was watching for me still."

"If George Nugent is alive I will bring him back to you." Tom was haunted by his own words, as he felt the chances of fulfilling his promise growing less and less. Nugent was to a certain extent brutalised; but what of that? The faithful affection that had held out for so many years would overlook his faults. He was surely guilty of disloyalty; but women pardon such sins every day. All Tom could do was to ask him to see her.

"I don't see the use of it," he replied; "I am in no mood for sentiment. I don't fancy the sight of her face would waken up any of the old feeling, and there is no occasion for me to brave a meeting."

"You are no judge of your own feelings," persisted Tom, "till you have met her face to face, and have satisfied yourself that old associations are past and gone for ever. She will be here to-morrow amongst many other people. It is a village holiday. Supposing you have altered in appearance since you went away, no one here would discover your identity. You would be able to see her without recognition, if it does not suit you to announce your return at present."

"I will come," said Nugent, "provided you

give me your word that you will not let any human being know I am here."

"I give you my honour I will not," replied Tom.

"It will be mistaken kindness to take any notice of me to-morrow," said Nugent. "Leave me to myself. If I should change my mind and settle down in England, I'll write a line and send it up from Chanleigh in the evening. I shall not leave till the last train. If you don't hear from me you may conclude that you are not likely to be troubled with my presence again."

He rose to go. He could not eat in the house, he said, when Tom pressed him to stay; food would choke him; neither could he sleep there; all night long he should see his poor old father's face by his bedside. He would walk back to Chanleigh, and get a bed at the Rose and Crown. He put his stick with his bag slung on it over his shoulder, and went away.

Walpurgis Nacht: the words came into Tom's head as he let Nugent out, and remained leaning on the gate; the moon rising in a flood of mellow light; the first song of the nightingale coming softly from a little wood in the rear of the house, and a dreamy breeze rustling in the young leaves. Walpurgis Nacht: the old German heathens offered sacrifices to the deities on such a night as this, and Tom had stood on the Hartz mountains and pictured to himself their rites. What made him think of them now? O, false idol! O, unhappy worship! Such were the words that had sounded in his ears throughout his interview with Nugent. He had asked himself, had he fulfilled the trust he had undertaken, little foreseeing the part he was to play in it—the urgent recommendation of the woman he loved and revered to the good opinion of a man who did not care for her. It never crossed Tom's mind that perhaps no one had ever been in such a position before; it never once occurred to him that, if Nugent gave her up, he who had been her truest friend had a better chance of her love. If Nugent decided on marrying her, he believed that her devotion to him would bring her happiness, no matter how unworthy he might be of it: if he went away altogether after seeing her, why then he would pray that the trial might come upon her softly and tenderly. And so, throughout the night in the dewy garden, for indoors he felt almost stifled, Tom tried to look his cares calmly in the face. In the first dawn of morning it occurred to him that his household would be astir early, and he crept guiltily to bed.]

#### CHAPTER IV.

MAY-DAY. Numberless pairs of little eyes had peeped out of the windows under the sloping cottage roofs that morning, to see what the sunrise prognosticated for the day. Had the weather been wet, Mr. Stokes's barn must have been borrowed and decorated for the occasion, and the clearing out of the cobwebs alone was an important undertaking; but there was no need for it. Overhead was a cloudless sky, with the larks fluttering upwards and filling the air with their song. There was something left to hope for, and to look forward to, throughout nature: a sense of incompleteness suggestive of a higher beauty yet to come. Tom sat at his breakfast, and found, as we all



have done at some time of our lives, that it is not the outward world only that is lighted up by sunshine. He was almost inclined to wonder how it was that he had "given in," as he expressed it to himself, over night. A letter from the late Inspector of Police lay on the table, informing him that Mr. George Nugent, after landing at 8 a.m. on the previous day, had transacted business at an agent's and an outfitter's, and had proceeded to Chanleigh, from whence intelligence of his proceedings would be forwarded to Tom in due course. As it was unnecessary to have Nugent's visit to himself chronicled, he wrote to his active informant to put a stop to further proceedings. By noon the guests, bidden and unbidden, began to make their appearance. It was impossible for Tom, naturally sanguine as he was, not to feel his spirits rise at the sight of the troops of children pouring in, all prepared for enjoyment of his contriving, and half crazy in the anticipation of it. The little pony carriages, laden with the clergymen of the surrounding parishes, their wives and their children in fabulous numbers, came slowly along the road. Mrs. Wortleby and her seven daughters arrived from Chanleigh, as happy in their rare holiday as the smallest child in the village. Doctors brought the female members of their family, and looked on good-naturedly themselves for half-an-hour or so. The distinguished-looking daughters of the Squire considered it as a good opportunity of doing what was necessary in the way of civility to the clergymen's wives in the neighbourhood, patronising some and snubbing others; while more than one individual who had been honoured by the Squire's notice, could say with Macaulay,

He asked after my wife who is dead,  
And my children who never were born.

Always in the midst of a group of children, kind and happy and helpful, was Miss Letitia. Tom had glanced anxiously at her on her arrival. If he had had a mother or sister to warn her to look her best, he thought he should have been more at ease. He had a vague idea that she was not dressed like the girls who used to assist at the school fêtes of his curate life, when they all seemed to him in a flutter of muslin and blue ribbons; but for all that she wore a dull grey gown,—surely George Nugent would relent when he saw her, and read her whole history in her face. It was no wonder that he started at the sight of every new comer, and hastened restlessly from one group to another. Various rewards and prizes had been given away. The school children had eaten roast-beef and plum-pudding till they had placed their digestions in jeopardy for life. The cricketers were preparing for their share in the programme of the day. If Tom had not been so preoccupied, he would have seen with satisfaction that an old school-fellow named Thorpe, who had a good living in the neighbourhood, and wanted a wife, and whom he had introduced to Mrs. Wortleby and her daughters, was talking eagerly to kind-hearted Jane Wortleby: she rarely found a cavalier on such occasions—the prospect of so numerous a body of sisters-in-law serving as a scarecrow to all matrimonial intentions, to say nothing of the ordinary civilities of life.

A golden age of childhood! Modern writers may say what they will of the acuteness of sorrow and even remorse in early years: we shall never know the delight of the little ones,—five-and-twenty, at least,—who were dancing round the green to the old song of "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush." O happy vigorous age of youth! with all its shyness and grievous self-consciousness, we shall never feel again the elasticity of muscle and spirit with which the cricketers fought for fame,—and an electro-plated drinking cup. Many of us, like Tom's older parishioners, must content ourselves with a tranquil pipe, and a seat on the distant bench, willing to witness the exertions of others, and to rejoice in their success. The mirth was at its height. Six plough-boys in sacks had started for a very distant goal amidst loud peals of laughter, in which the gravest of the bystanders joined. With immense difficulty they were advancing towards the side of the field nearest the entrance, where the little children were keeping up their dance round the green. Suddenly Tom's eye fell on George Nugent, dressed as he had been over-night, with a broad-brimmed white hat, with a piece of crape round it, pulled down over his eyes; his knotty stick still in his hand. He seemed to be watching the proceedings with some interest. Close by was Miss Letitia, busily engaged in the intricacies of the "Mulberry Bush," and helping the children to keep clear of the green, which was fast becoming obstreperous. She was so near him, that her garments touched him, and recognition on her part seemed inevitable. As George Nugent's eyes turned moodily upon her, Tom's heart beat fast. His first impulse was to rush away into the house, anywhere that he might not witness their meeting; but he checked himself, wondering whether he ought not to go up and help them through the awkwardness of it. In a miserable state of indecision, his eyes wandering from the cricket-match to the sack-race, and from the sack-race to Miss Letitia and the little children, several minutes passed on, which seemed almost hours to him. Suddenly he heard George Nugent cry out in a loud voice, "Out of the way, you little idiot!" and saw him put his hand roughly on Jemmy Bates's shoulder to enforce his order. Down rattled the little crutches as they had done on the day when Tom had first entered Beauchamp. The competitors in the race were close upon him, when Miss Letitia, with more indignation in her face than Tom had ever seen there before, once more ran to the boy's rescue, and carried him away to a more secure spot. The public attention was concentrated on the race, and very few had observed the occurrence. A few minutes afterwards, George Nugent left the field.

The die was cast, and there was nothing left now but to wait with patience till nightfall. Tom having decided on the merits of the sack-race, proceeded to the dining-room, where his guests were actively employed. He did not observe Mr. Thorpe helping Jane Wortleby to pigeon-pie, nor her mother's eyes glistening at the sight of the girl's face, all animation as they talked, and ate, and talked again. Mrs. Wortleby, in her simple-hearted way, had already got so far in her

speculations as to decide on a fitting wedding-dress for her daughter in the event of a match being the result, and Tom little knew how she had blessed him for the golden opportunity he was unconsciously throwing in Jane's way. He exerted himself to the utmost in his character of host. He fetched in the elderly and the ordinary among his female visitors, and they somehow felt younger and more attractive in his society; it seemed as if with him there need be no apology for their age or their ugliness: his kind-heartedness overlooked it all. Out into the sunshine again, where the village band has begun to play a country dance, in which young and old, rich and poor, are to join; when Mrs. Wortleby dances with the best bowler, and Miss Letitia with the conquering plough-boy, and Mr. Thorpe, contrary to all etiquette on such occasions, with Jane. It lasts an hour; for every awkward partner has to be put right; the shy ones have to be encouraged; the noisy ones to be kept in order; every big brown hand has to be seized; every tiny hot one to be raised aloft; but it comes to an end at last, and the members of the band retreat to the last cask. While the shadows are lengthening on the grass, it is wonderful to hear "God save the Queen" sung slowly, majestically, and greatly out of tune. The Beauchamp people give three cheers for their rector. He stands bareheaded in the purple light, and thanks them for their good will, and asks them all to come again: and the day is done.

No letter. The suspense of another night would have been intolerable. Tom walked over to Chanleigh, where he arrived just as the Rose and Crown was closing, and found that a person answering George Nugent's description had left for London early in the evening. The clock of Beauchamp church struck twelve as he crossed the common on his way home. Then came the hour again, like an echo from the church tower at Chanleigh: more faintly still, little chimes broke into the clear air from the next village. Tom was somewhat weary both in body and mind; but a vague sense of relief came over him as he looked back on the events of the day. He was thankful for it, and in natures such as his, thankfulness is one form of happiness.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Wortleby drove over from Chanleigh with a sense of importance hid under a more distant manner than usual, calling at the Squire's, the rectory, the medical man's, and even at the Golden Lion, telling everywhere the same story in precisely the same words. He stated that Mr. George Nugent had returned from Australia, and in the handsomest and most honourable manner had intimated his intention of paying his father's debts in addition to his own. For himself, he must be allowed to say that he had received a magnificent silver tea-service in acknowledgment of some slight assistance he had once had the satisfaction of rendering Mr. Nugent. He did not add that in the silver tea-pot he had found a hundred pound note in an envelope, on which was written, "Debt, £37, and interest," or that George Nugent, in taking that sum from his cash-box for his passage to Australia, had committed a felony. The whole village was full of

the wonderful event, and of Reuben Bates's good fortune, Mr. Wortleby having been charged with the arrangements for his emigration. Tom longed to know how Miss Letitia had received the tidings. Had he been treacherous to her cause, he could not have been more careful to avoid her since the school-feast. Sunday came, and he went down to the church for the morning service, for the first time, with a divided heart. He knew that Miss Letitia sat where he could see her face, and he felt as if he must stop short in the psalm which he was reading, if he did not satisfy himself as to the effect the news had had upon her. Tom looked at her but once; and he carried away with him an impression that her eyes were glittering, that her cheeks were carnation-coloured, and that she wore a red bonnet. Poor Miss Letitia! It was a pardonable piece of female vanity to wear a pink ribbon on this day above all others, when the whole of the inhabitants of the parish were expecting George Nugent amongst them again. Sunday passed, and the week wore on, and still he did not come. By dint of bounding over hedges and otherwise ignominiously making his escape when Miss Letitia came in sight, Tom had avoided meeting her in his daily walks; but he grew at last so much to dread an interview, that he could scarcely bring himself to leave the house. He had a foreboding that sooner or later he must meet her face to face, and own that he had utterly failed in what he had undertaken to do; and he tried to be prepared to answer her questions without touching on the subject of George Nugent's visit: but the meeting should be of her own seeking; he resolved to evade it while he could. The crisis came at last. Tom had a note from Miss Letitia, asking to speak to him, and he went at the appointed hour with a heavy heart. She was sitting at the open window, with restless eyes, which looked as if they had watched and watched again till they had grown weary in the task. How long had she been without sleep, Tom wondered, as he glanced at her face, and noted how many painful feelings, shame, disappointment, and yet some lingering thread of hope, had been striving for the mastery since he had seen her last.

"I would not have asked you to come, Mr. Morland," she said, "if I had any relation, any other friend to give me advice. You may have heard that Mr. Nugent has returned from Australia?"

Tom said in a low tone that he knew it.

"He has acted nobly," she said, and a flush of enthusiasm spread on her cheeks. "He has paid his father's debts; he has made provision for his old servants; he intends to send out to the colonies anyone who cannot honestly get on here; but is it because the place is so full of unhappy associations to him, that he does not come himself? Is it because—" she waited for a moment, and then broke out in sobs—"Is it because he has forgotten me?"

What could Tom say? He sat looking at a flower-pot on the window-sill, growing more and more wretched every moment.

"I must try and tell you what I want you to do," she said, checking her tears. "I hear that

Mr. Wortleby stated yesterday in Chanleigh that Mr. Nugent was going back to Australia. I have tried to write to him, but I cannot do it. I want you to ascertain if the report is true from Mr. Nugent himself. Think, Mr. Morland, I have no father, no brother, no one to ask to help me in the wide world."

"I would do what you wish willingly," said Tom, in a troubled voice, "if it would be of any earthly use."

"Perhaps he never had my letters; perhaps he thinks that after leaving so suddenly, without saying one word of farewell, I should cease to look upon him as I had done," she pleaded. "You told me you once had a sister; you would have stretched out your hand to help her in such a strait; have pity on me!"

There was more of the spirit of chivalry in Tom's nature than anybody ever suspected. He felt he would rather cut off his right hand than tell her that Nugent had looked at her face, and no longer cared for it. His only alternative was to venture on scarcely less delicate ground.

"You believe that I would tell you the truth," he said, "no matter how painful it might be to me? On my honour, then,—I say it to you as I would have said it to *her*,—he is not worthy of you."

"Don't say so! Don't say so!" she cried. "Think of all that he has done. Think what his life must have been all these years, to bear such fruit in the end. Restitution, kindness, charity, he has failed in none of these. What can you know of him, that you should be his accuser?"

Tom was silent.

"He has been misrepresented to you," she said, "and you have held back, because some story of his former life has prejudiced you against him. You, of all men, should judge him as he now is."

"I do," said Tom, solemnly. "Letitia, I have seen him."

"You have seen him!" she exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes; immediately on his return; but I could not bring myself to tell you. You would not know him as he now is."

"If he were altered by sickness, by old age even, I should know him," she said; "anywhere in the world, if I saw his face, I should recognise it again. You have broken your promise to me, Mr. Morland. You have let him go without a word. He does not know I have loved him all these long years."

Tom was wounded by her words.

"I would have laid down my life to have brought him back," he said. "I do not wish to speak against him, or to urge his faults as a reason for your ceasing to regret him. Think of him as leniently as you will. Only have patience with yourself, Letitia. You have made too many happy around you to fail to find peace now."

"If I could have seen him!" she said, weeping bitterly. "It was cruel of you not to let me see him."

"You have seen him," he said, scarcely knowing what he was saying in his distress.

She looked breathlessly in his face.

"On the day of the school-feast," he said, "when you were playing with the children,—Jemmy Bates was knocked down by some one standing by. It was George Nugent."

She had risen from her seat while he was speaking. As if she had been blind, she held by one piece of furniture after another till she reached the door,—Tom not daring to approach her, or call for assistance. He held his breath as she ascended the staircase, and with uncertain steps reached the room above. A moment afterwards he heard her fall heavily on the floor.

Six years have passed since Tom's May-day feast, the results of which have tended to make the Beauchamp corner of the world a happier one. Mr. Thorpe has married Jane Wortleby, and she has never ceased from her kindly endeavours to promote the welfare of her sisters. Three of them she has already disposed of in matrimony, and she has strong hopes and cheering prospects for the rest. Tom has lost none of his interest in the parish. By his side runs a bright-eyed boy, with his small hand always locked in that of his father, to whom he is companion and playmate during the greater part of the day. Tom laughs when the school-children even now address his wife as Miss Letitia, for he has called her so himself many times since their marriage; and Letitia has grown a happy, comely-looking matron,—but, certainly the reverse of thin.

(Concluded.)

## MY HOME.

THE evening hours are here—the hours I prize.

The day's work over, all my thoughts are turn'd  
To the sweet rest which head and hands have earn'd—  
To her who is so pleasant in my eyes.

A mile of road, a sinuous shady lane,  
A patch of wood, a bridge—there stands my home;  
No fairer ever yet in gilded tome  
Was pencill'd; through the parlour window frame

I see the picture that adorns its walls,  
Graces each room, graces my inner life—  
The picture of a happy poor man's wife:  
I hear the welcome from her lip that falls.

Ere yet the sun drops in the little brook,  
Into the wood we take an hour's soft stroll,  
Or, seated there, perchance some mighty soul  
Communes with ours from his undying book.

For chiefly after all the cares of day,  
I love to hear her read those trees among:  
I often think the wild birds stay their song,  
To listen to a yet more thrilling lay.

Not all alone we wander o'er the sward:  
A little merry sprite, half black, half "tan,"  
More than a dog, and yet not quite a man,  
Is our companion, jester, friend, and guard.

Just half-way up the road a gentle rise  
Reveals the lane, and there, with mingled hope  
And fear, I search each grassy curve and slope  
For her who is so pleasant in my eyes.

She often comes to meet me : will she come,  
 And stand just in the corner of the lane ?  
 She is my Home ! Oh ! will she come again,  
 And make me, by her coming, nearer *home* ?

'Twas thus in early days we used to meet.  
 Yes !—that small speck has grown a flutt'ring dress,  
 While the broad space between is growing less,—  
 My busy eyes and heart outstrip my feet.



And while my heart and eyes my steps outrun,  
 My thoughts o'erleap the present, and my  
 fears  
 Say, "will it be thus too in coming years,  
 When evening falls and the day's work is done ?

Will she still wander with me in the wood,  
 Still meet me in the corner of the lane ?  
 Or shall I have to look for her in vain,  
 And live alone on Memory's meagre food ?"

ALBERT B.

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

### CHAPTER XLIX. DESERTED.

THE letter written by the old man to his three nieces was read aloud by Miss Sarah in the presence of the eager assembly. Amongst all those anxious listeners there was no one who listened more intently than Gilbert Monckton.

Maurice de Crespigny's letter was not a long one.

"MY DEAR NIECES—SARAH, LAVINIA, AND ELLEN,—

"You will all three be perhaps much surprised at the manner in which I have disposed of my estate, both real and personal; but, believe me, that in acting as I have done I have been prompted by no unkind feeling against you; nor am I otherwise than duly grateful for the attention which I have received from you during my declining years.

"I think that I have done my duty; but be that as it may, I have done that which it has been my fixed intention to do for the last ten years. I have made several wills, and destroyed one after another, but they have all been in the main point to the same; effect and it has only been an old man's whimsical fancy that has prompted me to make sundry alterations in minor details. The income of two hundred a year which I have left to each of you will, I know, be more than enough for your simple wants. The three incomes, by the wording of my will, will descend to my nephew, Launcelot Darrell, after your deaths.

"I have tried to remember many old friends who have perhaps long ere this forgotten me, or who may laugh at an old man's foolish bequests.

"I do not believe that I have wronged any one; and I trust that you will think kindly of me when I am in my grave, and never speak bitterly of

"Your affectionate uncle,  
"MAURICE DE CRESPIGNY.

"Woodlands, February 20th."

This was the old man's letter. There was not one syllable of its contents which in any way disagreed with the wording of the will.

Launcelot Darrell drew a long breath; and his mother, sitting close to him, with her hand in his, could feel the clammy coldness of his fingers, and hear the loud thumping of his heart against his breast.

Gilbert Monckton took up his hat and walked out of the room. He did not want to have any explanation with the man whom he fully believed—in spite of all Eleanor had said—to be the fortunate rival who had robbed him of every chance of ever winning his wife's heart.

He had only one feeling now; and that was the same feeling which had taken possession of him twenty years before—an eager desire to run away; to escape from his troubles and perplexities, to

get free of this horrible atmosphere of deceit and bewilderment; to cast every hope, every dream behind; and to go out into the world once more, joyless, unloved, hopeless; but at any rate, not the dupe of a false woman's specious pretences.

He went straight back to Tolldale while the crowd at Woodlands slowly dispersed, more or less discontented with the day's proceedings. He went back to the grand old mansion in which he had never known happiness. He asked whether his wife was with Miss Mason. No, the man told him; Mrs. Monckton was in her own room, lying down.

This was the very thing he wished. He didn't want to see Eleanor's beautiful face, framed in shining bands of hazel-brown hair; that irresistible face whose influence he dared not trust. He wanted to see his ward alone.

Laura ran out of her dressing-room at the sound of her guardian's footstep.

"Well?" she cried, "is it a forgery?"

"Hush, Laura, go back into your room."

Miss Mason obeyed, and Mr. Monckton followed her into the pretty little apartment, which was a modern bower of shining maple-wood and flowery chintz, and flimsy lace and muslin, frivolous and airy as the young lady herself.

"Sit down in a comfortable seat, guardian," said Laura, offering the lawyer a slippery chintz-covered lounging-chair, so low as to bring Mr. Monckton's knees inconveniently near his chin as he sat in it. "Sit down and tell me all about it, for goodness gracious sake. Is it forged?"

"I don't know, my dear, whether the will is genuine or not. It would be a very difficult question to decide."

"But oh! good gracious me," exclaimed Miss Mason, "how can you be so unkind as to talk about it like that, as if it didn't matter a bit whether the will is forged or not? If it isn't forged, Launcelot isn't bad; and if he isn't bad, of course I may marry him, and the wedding things won't be all wasted. I knew that something would happen to make everything come right."

"Laura," cried Mr. Monckton, "you must not talk like this. Do you know that you are no longer a child, and that you are dealing with the most solemn business in a woman's life. I do not know whether the will by which Launcelot Darrell inherits the Woodlands property is genuine or not; I certainly have reason to think that it is genuine, but I will not take upon myself to speak positively. But, however that may be, I know that he is not a good man, and you shall never marry him with my consent."

The young lady began to cry, and murmured something to the effect that it was cruel to use her so when she was ill, and had been taking oceans of lime-draughts; but Mr. Monckton was inflexible.

"If you were to have a dozen illnesses such as this," he said, "they would not turn me from my purpose, or alter my determination. When I voluntarily took upon myself the custody of your life, Laura, I undertook that charge with the intention of accomplishing it as a sacred duty. I have faltered in that duty; for I suffered you to betroth yourself to a man whom I have never been able to trust. But it is not yet too late to repair that error. You shall never marry Launcelot Darrell."

"Why not? If he didn't commit a forgery, as Eleanor says he did, why shouldn't I marry him?"

"Because he has never truly loved you, Laura. You admit that he was Eleanor's suitor before he was yours? You admit that, do you not?"

Miss Mason pouted, and sobbed, and choked once or twice before she answered. Gilbert Monckton waited impatiently for her reply. He was about as fit to play the mentor as the young lady whom he had taken upon himself to lecture. He was blinded and maddened by passionate regret, cruel disappointment, wounded pride, every feeling which is most calculated to paralyse a man's reasoning powers, and transform a Solomon into a fool.

"Yes," Laura gasped at last; "he did propose to Eleanor first, certainly. But, then, she led him on."

"She led him on!" cried Mr. Monckton. "How?"

Laura looked at him with a perplexed expression of countenance, before she replied to this eager question.

"Oh, you know!" she said, after a pause; "I can't exactly describe how she led him on, but she *did* lead him on. She walked with him, and she talked to him; they were always talking together and leaving me out of the conversation, which was very rude of them, to say the least, for if I wasn't intellectual enough for them, and couldn't quite understand what they were talking about—for Launcelot would talk meta—what's its name? you know; and who *could* understand such conversation as that?—they might have talked about things I *do* understand, such as Byron and Tennyson. And then she took an interest in his pictures, and talked about chiaro—thingembob, and foreshortening, and middle distances, and things, just like an artist. And then she used to let him smoke in the breakfast parlour when she was giving me my music lessons; and I should like to know who *could* play cinquepated passages in time, with the smell of tobacco in their nose, and a fidgetty young man reading a crackling newspaper, and killing flies with his pocket handkerchief against the window. And then she sat for Rosalind in his picture. But, good gracious me, it's no good going all over it; she led him on."

Mr. Monckton sighed. There wasn't much in what his ward had said, but there was quite enough. Eleanor and Launcelot had been happy and confidential together. They had talked of metaphysics, and literature, and poetry, and painting. The young artist had lounged away

the summer mornings, smoking and idling, in Miss Vane's society.

There was very little in all this, certainly, but quite as much as there generally is in the history of a modern love affair. The age of romance is gone, with tournaments, and troubadours, and knight errantry; and if a young gentleman now-a-days spends money in the purchase of a private box at Covent Garden, and an extra guinea for a bouquet, or procures tickets for a fashionable flower show, and is content to pass the better part of his mornings amidst the expensive litter of a drawing-room, watching the white fingers of his beloved in the messy mysteries of *Dealcomanie*, he may be supposed to be quite as sincerely devoted as if he were to plant his lady's point-lace parasol cover in his helmet, and gallop away with a view to having his head split open in her service.

Mr. Monckton hid his face in his hands, and pondered over what he had heard. Yes, his ward's foolish talk revealed to him all the secrets of his wife's heart. He could see the pretty, sunny morning room, the young man lounging in the open window, with fluttering rose-leaves all about his handsome head. He could see Eleanor seated at the piano, making believe to listen to her pupil, and glancing back at her lover. He made the prettiest cabinet picture out of these materials, for his own torment.

"Do you think Eleanor ever loved Launcelot Darrell?" he asked, by and by.

"Do I think so?" cried Miss Mason. "Why, of course I do; and that's why she tries to persuade me not to marry him. I love her, and she's very good to me," Laura added, hastily, half-ashamed of having spoken unkindly of the friend who had been so patient with her during the last few days. "I love her very dearly; but if she hadn't cared for Launcelot Darrell, why did she go against my marrying him?"

Gilbert Monckton groaned aloud. Yes, it must be so. Eleanor had loved Launcelot, and her sudden anger, her violent emotion, had arisen out of her jealousy. She was not a devoted daughter, nursing a dream of vengeance against her dead father's foe; but a jealous and vindictive woman, bent upon avenging an infidelity against herself.

"Laura," said Mr. Monckton, "call your maid, and tell her to pack your things without a moment's delay."

"But why?"

"I am going to take you abroad,—immediately."

"Oh, good gracious! And Eleanor—"

"Eleanor will stay here. You and I will go to Nice, Laura, and cure ourselves of our follies—if we can. Don't bring any unnecessary load of luggage. Have your most useful dresses and your linen packed in a couple of portmanteaus, and let all be ready in an hour's time. We must leave Windsor by the four o'clock train."

"And my wedding things—what am I to do with them?"

"Pack them up. Burn them, if you like," answered Gilbert Monckton, leaving his ward to get over her astonishment as she best might.

He encountered her maid in the passage.

"Miss Mason's portmanteau must be packed in

an hour, Jane," he said. "I am going to take her away at once for change of air."

Mr. Monckton went down-stairs to his study, and shutting himself in, wrote a very long letter, the composition of which seemed to give him a great deal of trouble.

He looked at his watch when this letter was finished, folded, and addressed. It was a quarter past two. He went up-stairs once more to Laura's dressing-room, and found that young lady in the wildest state of confusion, doing all in her power to hinder her maid, under the pretence of assisting her.

"Put on your bonnet and shawl and go down-stairs, Laura," Mr. Monckton said decisively. "Jane will never succeed in packing those portmanteaus while you are fidgeting her. Go down into the drawing-room, and wait there till the boxes are packed and we're ready to start."

"But mustn't I go and say good-bye to Eleanor?"

"Is she still in her own room?"

"Yes, sir," the maid answered, looking up from the portmanteau before which she was kneeling. "I peeped into Mrs. Monckton's room just now, and she was fast asleep. She has had a great deal of fatigue in nursing Miss Mason."

"Very well, then, she had better not be disturbed."

"But if I'm going to Nice," remonstrated Laura, "I can't go so far away without saying good-bye to Eleanor. She has been very kind to me, you know."

"I have changed my mind," Mr. Monckton said; "I've been thinking over the matter, and I've decided on not taking you to Nice. Torquay will do just as well."

Miss Mason made a wry face.

"I thought I was to have change of scene," she said; "Torquay isn't change of scene, for I went there once when I was a child. I might have forgotten Launcelot in quite a strange place, where people talk bad French and wear wooden shoes, and everything is different; but I shall never forget him at Torquay."

Gilbert Monckton did not notice his ward's lamentation.

"Miss Mason will want you with her, Jane," he said to the girl. "You will get yourself ready, please, as soon as you've packed those portmanteaus."

He went down-stairs again, gave his orders about a carriage to take him to the station, and then walked up and down the drawing-room waiting for his ward.

In half an-hour both she and her maid were ready. The portmanteaus were put into the carriage—the mail-phaeton which had brought Eleanor to Hazlewood two years before—and Mr. Monckton drove away from Tolldale Priory without having uttered a word of adieu to his wife.

CHAPTER L. GILBERT'S LETTER.

It was late in the afternoon when Eleanor awoke, aroused by the clanging of the dinner-bell in the cupola above her head. She had been worn out by her patient attendance upon Laura

during the last week, and had slept very heavily, in spite of her anxiety to hear what had happened at the reading of the will. She had seen very little of her husband since the night of Mr. de Crespigny's death, and, though the coldness and restraint of his manner had much distressed her, she had no idea that he was actually alienated from her, or that he had suffered his mind to become filled with suspicions against her.

She opened the door of her room, went out into the corridor, and listened. But all was very still. She could only hear the faint jingling of glass and silver in the hall below, as the old butler went to and fro putting the finishing touches to the dinner-table.

"Mr. Monckton might have come to me to tell me about the will," she thought: "he must surely know how anxious I am to hear what has been done."

She bathed her flushed face, and dressed for dinner as usual. She put on a black silk dress out of respect for her father's friend, whose funeral had been solemnised during her sleep, and with a black lace shawl upon her shoulders she went down-stairs to look for her husband.

She found all very quiet—unnaturally quiet. It is strange how soon the absence of an accustomed inhabitant makes itself felt in a house, however quiet the habits of that missing person. Eleanor looked into the drawing-room and the study, and found them both empty.

"Where is Mr. Monckton?" she asked of the old butler.

"Gone, ma'am."

"Gone!"

"Yes, ma'am; two hours ago, a'most. You knew he was going, didn't you, ma'am?"

The old man's curiosity was excited by Eleanor's look of surprise.

"Didn't you know as master was a-going to take Miss Mason away to the seaside for change of air, ma'am?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, I knew that he was going to do so, but not immediately. Did Mr. Monckton leave no message for me?"

"He left a letter, ma'am. It's on the mantel-piece in the study."

Eleanor went to her husband's room with her heart beating high, and her cheeks flushed with indignation against him for the slight he had put upon her. Yes; there was the letter, sealed with his signet-ring. He was not generally in the habit of sealing his letters, so he must have looked upon this as one of some importance. Mrs. Monckton tore open the envelope. She turned pale as she read the first few lines of the letter. It was written over two sheets of note paper, and began thus:

"ELEANOR,—

"When I asked you to be my wife, I told you that in my early youth I had been deceived by a woman whom I loved very dearly, though not as dearly as I have since loved you. I told you this, and I implored you to remember my blighted youth, and to have pity upon me. I entreated you to spare me the anguish of a second

betrayal, a second awakening from my dream of happiness.

"Surely, if you had not been the most cruel of women, you would have been touched by the knowledge that I had already suffered so bitterly from a woman's treachery, and you would have had mercy upon me. But you had no mercy. It suited you to come back to this neighbourhood, to be near your former lover, Launcelot Darrell."

The letter dropped from Eleanor's hands as she read these words.

"My former lover!" she cried; "my lover, Launcelot Darrell! Can my husband think that? Can he think that I ever loved Launcelot Darrell?"

She picked up the letter, and seated herself at her husband's writing-table. Then she deliberately re-perused the first page of the lawyer's epistle.

"How could he write such a letter?" she exclaimed, indignantly. "How could he think such cruel things of me after I had told him the truth—after I had revealed the secret of my life?"

She went on with the letter :

"From the hour of our return to Tolldale, Eleanor," wrote Gilbert Monckton, "I knew the truth—the hard and cruel truth—very difficult for a man to believe, when he has built up his life and mapped out a happy future under the influence of a delusion which leaves him desolate when it melts away. I knew the worst. I watched you as a man only watches the woman upon whose truth his every hope depends, and I saw that you still loved Launcelot Darrell. By a hundred evidences, small in themselves, but damning when massed together, you betrayed your secret. You had made a mercenary marriage, looking to worldly advantages to counterbalance your sacrifice of feeling; and you found too late that the sacrifice was too hard for you to bear.

"I watched you day by day, and hour by hour; and I saw that as the time for Laura's marriage approached, you grew hourly more unhappy, more restless, more impatient and capricious in your manner towards Launcelot.

"On the night of Maurice de Crespigny's death the storm burst. You met Launcelot Darrell in the Woodlands garden—perhaps by chance, perhaps by appointment. You tried to dissuade him against the marriage with Laura, as you had tried to dissuade Laura from marrying him; and failing in this, you gave way to a frenzy of jealousy, and accused your false lover of an impossible crime.

"Remember, Eleanor, I accuse you of no deadly sin; no *deliberate* treachery to me. The wrong you have done me lies in the fact that you married me, while your heart was still given to another. I give you credit for having tried to conquer that fatal attachment, and I attribute your false accusations against Launcelot Darrell to a mad impulse of jealousy, rather than the studied design of a base woman. I try to think well of you, Eleanor, for I have loved you most dearly; and the new life that I had made for myself owed all its brightness to my hope of winning your regard. But it is not to be so. I bow my head

to the decree, and I release you from a bond that has no doubt grown odious to you.

"I beg you, therefore, to write me a final letter, demanding such terms of separation as you may think fit. Let the ground of our parting be incompatibility of temper. Everything shall be done to render your position honourable; and I trust to you to preserve the name of Gilbert Monckton's wife without taint or blemish. Signora Piccirillo will no doubt act for you in this business, and consent to assume the position of your guardian and friend. I leave you in full possession of Tolldale Priory, and I go to Torquay with my ward, whence I shall depart for the Continent as soon as our separation has been adjusted, and my business arrangements made.

"My address for the next fortnight will be the post-office, Torquay.

"GILBERT MONCKTON."

This was the letter which the lawyer had written to his young wife. Its contents were like a thunderbolt in the shock which they caused to Eleanor's senses. She sat for a long time reading it over and over again. For the first time since her marriage she put aside the thought of her revenge, and began to think seriously of something else.

It was too cruel. Unmixed indignation was the feeling which took possession of her mind. She had no comprehension of the despair which had filled Gilbert Monckton's breast as he wrote that farewell letter. She did not know how the strong man had done battle with his suspicions, struggling with every new doubt, and conquering it as it arose, only to be conquered himself at last, by the irresistible force of circumstances, every one of which seemed a new evidence against his wife. Eleanor could not know this. She only knew that her husband had most bitterly wronged her, and she could feel nothing but indignation—yet.

She tore the letter into a hundred fragments. She wanted to annihilate its insulting accusations. How dared he think so vilely of her? Then a feeling of despair sank into her breast, like some actual burden, chill and heavy, that bowed her down to the earth, and for the time paralysed her energies.

Nothing but failure had met her upon every side. She had been too late in her attempt to see Maurice de Crespigny before his death. She had failed to prove Launcelot Darrell's guilt; though the evidence of his crime had been in her hands, though she had been herself the witness of his wrong-doing. Everything had been against her. The chance which had thrown her across the pathway of the very man she wished to meet, had only given rise to delusive hopes, and had resulted in utter defeat.

And now she found herself suspected and deserted by her husband,—the man whom she had loved and respected with every better feeling of a generous nature that had been warped and stunted by the all-absorbing motive of her life. In her indignation against Gilbert Monckton, her hatred of Launcelot Darrell became even more bitter than before, for it was he who had caused all



this—it was he whose treachery had been the blight of her existence, from the hour of her father's death until now.

While Eleanor sat thinking over her husband's letter, the old butler came to announce dinner, which had been waiting some time for her coming. I fancy the worthy retainer had been prowling about the hall meanwhile, with the hope of reading the clue to some domestic mystery in his mistress's face as she emerged from the study.

Mrs. Monckton went into the dining-room and made a show of eating her dinner. She had a motive for doing this, beyond the desire to keep up appearances, which seems natural even to the most impulsive people. She wanted to hear all about Mr. de Crespigny's will, and she knew that Jeffreys, the butler, was sure to be pretty well informed upon the subject.

She took her accustomed seat at the dinner-table, and Mr. Jeffreys placed himself behind her. She took a spoonful of clear soup, and then began to trifle with her spoon.

"Have you heard about Mr. de Crespigny's will, Jeffreys?" she asked.

"Well, ma'am, to tell the truth, we had Mr. Banks, the baker, from Hazlewood village, in the servants' hall not a quarter of an hour ago, and he do say that Mr. Darrell has got all his great-uncle's estate, real and personil,—leastways, with the exception of hannuities to the two old mai—the Miss de Crespignys, ma'am, and bein' uncommon stingy in their dealin's, no one will regret as they don't come into the fortune. Sherry, ma'am, or 'ock?"

Eleanor touched one of the glasses before her almost mechanically, and waited while the old man—who was not so skilful and rapid as he had been in the time of Gilbert Monckton's father—poured out some wine, and removed her soup-plate.

"Yes, ma'am," he continued, "Banks of Hazlewood do say that Mr. Darrell have got the fortune. He heard it from Mrs. Darrell's 'ousemaid, which Mrs. Darrell told all the servants directly as she come back from Woodlands, and were all of a tremble like with joy, the 'ousemaid said; but Mr. Launcelot, he were as white as a sheet, and hadn't a word to say to any one, except the foreign gentleman that he is so friendly with."

Eleanor paid very little attention to all these details. She only thought of the main fact. The desperate game which Launcelot had played had been successful. The victory was his.

Mrs. Monckton went from the dinner-table to her own room, and with her own hands dragged a portmanteau out of a roomy old-fashioned lumber-closet, and began to pack her plainest dresses, and the necessaries of her simple toilet.

"I will leave Tolldale to-morrow morning," she said. "I will at least prove to Mr. Monckton that I do not wish to enjoy the benefits of a mercenary marriage. I will leave this place and begin the world again. Richard was right; my dream of vengeance was a foolish dream. I suppose it is right, after all, that wicked people should succeed in this world, and we must be content to stand by and see them triumph."

Eleanor could not think without some bitterness of Laura's abrupt departure. She could not have been actuated by the same motives that had influenced Gilbert Monckton. Why, then, had she left without a word of farewell? Why? Launcelot Darrell was the cause of this sorrow as well as of every other, for it was jealousy about him that had prejudiced Laura against her friend.

Early the next morning Eleanor Monckton left Tolldale Priory. She went to the station at Windsor in a pony carriage which had been reserved for the use of herself and Laura Mason. She took with her only one portmanteau, her desk, and dressing-case.

"I am going alone, Martin," she said to the maid whom Mr. Monckton had engaged to attend upon her. "You know that I am accustomed to wait upon myself, and I do not think you could be accommodated where I am going."

"But you will not be away long, ma'am, shall you?" the young woman asked.

"I don't know. I cannot tell you. I have written to Mr. Monckton," Eleanor answered hurriedly.

In the bleak early spring morning she left the home in which she had known very little happiness. She looked back at the stately old-fashioned mansion with a regretful sigh.

How happy she *might* have been within those ivied walls! How happy she might have been with her husband and Laura; but for the one hindering cause, the one fatal obstacle—Launcelot Darrell. She thought of what her life might have been, but for the remembrance of that solemn vow which was perpetually urging her on to its fulfilment. The love of a good man, the caressing affection of a gentle girl, the respect of every living creature round about her, might have been hers; but for Launcelot Darrell.

She looked back at the old house, gleaming redly behind the leafless branches of the bare oaks that sheltered it. She could see the oriel window of the morning room that Gilbert Monckton had furnished on purpose for her, the dark crimson of the voluminous curtains, and a Parian statuette, of his own choosing, glittering whitely against the red light of the fire within. She saw all this, and regretted it; but her pride was soothed by the thought that she was running away from this luxurious home and all its elegance, to go out alone into a bleak uncomfortable world.

"He shall know, at least, that I did not marry him for the sake of a fine house and horses and carriages," she thought, as she watched the terrace chimneys disappear behind the trees. "However meanly he thinks of me, he shall have no cause to think that."

It was still very early in the day when Eleanor arrived in London. She was determined not to go to the Signora, since she must relate all that had happened, and would no doubt have considerable difficulty in convincing her old friend that she had chosen the right course.

"The Signora would want me to go back to Tolldale, and to try and justify myself in the opinion of Gilbert Monckton," Eleanor thought.

"But I will never humiliate myself to him. He has wronged me; and the consequences of that wrong must rest upon his own head."

You see this young lady's nature was as undisciplined as it had been in her girlhood, when she flung herself on her knees in the little Parisian chamber to take an oath of vengeance against her father's destroyer. She had not yet learnt to submit. She had not yet learnt the most sublime lesson that the Gospel teaches, to suffer unmerited wrong, and take it patiently.

The letter she had written to Gilbert Monckton was very brief.

"Gilbert," she wrote, "you have most cruelly wronged me, and I cannot doubt that the day will come in which you will know how baseless your suspicions have been. Every word that I uttered in Mr. de Crespigny's house upon the night of his death was true. I am quite powerless to prove my truth, and I cannot be content to see Launcelot Darrell triumph. The mystery of the lost will is more than I can comprehend, but I declare that it was in my possession five minutes before I met you in the garden. If ever that will should be found, my justification will be found with it. I look to you to watch my interests in this matter, but I am quite incapable of remaining an inmate of your house while you think me the base creature I should be if my accusations against Launcelot Darrell were in the slightest degree false. I will never return to Tolldale until my truth has been proved. You need not fear that I will do anything to bring discredit upon your name. I go out into the world to get my own living, as I have done before.

ELEANOR MONCKTON."

This letter expressed very little of the indignation which filled Eleanor's breast. Her pride revolted against the outrage which her husband had inflicted upon her; and she suffered all the more acutely because beneath her apparent indifference there lurked, in the innermost recesses of her heart, a true and pure affection for this cruel Gilbert Monckton, whose causeless suspicions had so deeply wounded her.

In proportion to the strength of her love was the force of her indignation, and she went away from Tolldale with angry thoughts raging in her breast, and buoying her up with a most factitious courage.

This influence was still at work when she reached London. She had only a few pounds in her purse, and it was necessary therefore that she should begin to get her own living immediately. She had thought of this during her journey between Windsor and London, and had determined what to do. She took a cab, and drove to a quiet little hotel in the neighbourhood of the Strand, left her portmanteau and other packages there, and then walked to a certain institution for governesses in the neighbourhood of Cavendish Square. She had been there before, during her residence with the Signora, to make an inquiry about pupils for the pianoforte, but had never given her name to the principal.

"I must call myself by a new name," she thought, "if I want to hide myself from Gilbert Monckton and from the Signora. I must write to her directly,

by-the-bye, poor dear, and tell her that I am safe and well; or else she will be making herself unhappy about me, directly she hears I have left Tolldale."

The principal of the Governess' Institution was a stately maiden lady, with a rustling silk dress and glossy braids of gray hair under a cap of point lace. She received Eleanor with solemn graciousness, demanded her requirements and her qualifications, and then, with a gold pencil-case poised lightly between the tips of her taper fingers, deliberated for a few minutes.

Eleanor sat opposite to her, watching her face very anxiously. She wanted some home, some asylum, some hiding-place from a world that seemed altogether against her. She scarcely cared where or what the place of refuge might be. She wanted to get away from Gilbert Monckton, who had wronged and insulted her; and from Launcelot Darrell, whose treachery was always strong enough to triumph over the truth.

But of course she didn't say this. She only said that she wanted a situation as musical governess, nursery governess, or companion, and that the amount of salary was of very little importance to her.

"I understand," the lady principal replied, slowly, "I perfectly understand your feeling, Miss—Miss—"

"My name is Villars," Eleanor answered quickly, looking down at her muff as she spoke.

The lady principal's eyes followed hers, and looked at the muff too. It was a very handsome sable muff, which had cost five-and-twenty pounds, and had been given by Mr. Monckton to his wife at the beginning of the winter. It was not at all in accord with Eleanor's plain merino dress and woollen shawl, or with her desire to go out as a governess without consideration of salary. Miss Barkham, the lady principal, began to look rather suspiciously at her visitor's handsome face, and forgot to finish the sentence which she had only just commenced.

"You can command excellent references, Miss Villars, I suppose?" she said, coldly.

Eleanor flushed crimson. Here was an insurmountable difficulty at the very outset.

"References," she stammered, "will references be necessary?"

"Most decidedly. We could not think of sending out any young lady from this establishment who could not command first-class references or testimonials. Some people are satisfied with written testimonials; for myself, I consider a personal reference indispensable, and I would not upon my own authority engage any lady without one."

Eleanor looked very much distressed. She had no idea of diplomatising or prevaricating. She blurted out the truth all at once, unappalled by the stern glances of Miss Barkham.

"I can't possibly give you a reference," she said, "my friends do not know that I am in search of a situation, and they must not know it. I assure you that I belong to a very respectable family, and am quite competent to do what I profess to do."

(To be continued.)

## BULL-BAITING AT ARLES.

ARLES is a town of departed greatness. It contains memorials of the civilisation of imperial Rome—a civilisation, if less complete, yet far more splendid and magnificent than our own. It was the seat of a mediæval kingdom, ruled over by a line of fifteen independent sovereigns, reaching from the time of Charles the Bald to the end of the twelfth century. It was the see of an archbishopric almost too ancient to be called mediæval. The Archbishop of Arles, St. Virgilius, consecrated Austin, the first missionary of Latin Christianity who landed on our shores. The old basilica, in which the consecration took place, still remains in a state of astonishingly good preservation, in the environs of the city. King René of Naples, *le bon roi* as he was fondly called by the people of Arles and Tarascon, was a great patron of Arlesian progress in the fifteenth century. He established two large fairs, and raised a fort in aid of the defensive measures against the pirates from the Mediterranean. To revert for a moment to more remote times, the vast amphitheatre of which we are about to speak was, in all probability, founded by the father of the Emperor Tiberius, and Constantius, the son of Constantine the Great, gave a series of splendid games within its walls about the middle of the fourth century. Constantine himself was warmly attached to Arles. Along the left bank of the wide and rushing Rhone, where the present city stands, he built an extensive palace, of which the sole remnant that now strikes the eye is a stout bastion, chiefly built of brick, and bearing the name of the Wine-press Tower (*Tour de la Trouille*). Some few hundred yards down the stream, from the point where this bastion stands, was once a superb bridge, which led the Aurelian Way across the river—that truly Roman line of road which long maintained uninterrupted communication between the metropolis of the empire and Cadiz. The bridge has long been swept away, and its place is now supplied by a planked crossing, supported on a dozen heavy barges, of a build peculiar to this region of the Rhone, strongly moored at both ends. Constantine also built a new town on the right bank, where the straggling faubourg of *Trinquetaille* now stands; hence the old Latin name of “duplex Arles,” “Arles the double,” from its skirting the river on either side. In the fourth century, and long afterwards, the city bore the high-sounding title of “metropolis of all the Gallias.”

But Arles is now sadly degraded from the regal and vice-regal state of other days. She ranks simply as capital of an *arrondissement* in the department of Bouches du Rhone, and Tarascon takes, municipally, precedence of the older city. Still there is an air of busy life about the narrow, quaint, and most intricate streets. If Arles had been constructed with the express purpose of deluding the stranger, a more effectual labyrinth could hardly have been produced. A gift of “locality” far beyond the common would be required, in order to make one’s way from the station to the *Place du Forum*, without inquiries, any time during the first week of sojourn. The

*Place du Forum*, in the centre of the town, contains the two principal hotels, the only ones indeed to which an Englishman would be well advised to go. For a town which still numbers more than 20,000 people, this square is certainly somewhat limited. But it is a pleasant-looking place notwithstanding, and two Corinthian pillars, with part of their pediment let into a wall at the upper end, give an air of quaint antiquity to the whole.

On one Sunday morning in July, 1863, we were awakened shortly after six o’clock by a busy hum in the little “*Forum*,” which was completely commanded from the balcony in front of our bedroom window. Finding the hum of voices increase, rather than diminish, as one quarter of an hour succeeded another in that dreamy state of indecision in which one debates with the utmost refinements of casuistry the question, “Shall I get up now, or not?” we at length resolved on action, so far as was involved in going to the window and looking through the Venetian blinds. What was our astonishment to see the “*forum*” half full of serious, business-like tillers of the soil, some evidently substantial farmers, and the rest of the crowd principally labouring men, bargaining about wages and conditions. Every now and then a little group, consisting of a farmer, followed by a labourer with his wife and son, would step across to the *Hôtel du Forum* or the almost contiguous *Hôtel du Nord*, and, calling for pen and ink, would complete an arrangement exactly as it may be seen done in the commercial-room of the “*George*” or the “*White Hart*” on an English market-day. It was easy enough to make out that Sunday was the chief market-day in Arles, which, by the way, is praiseworthy given to improved systems of tillage, and has an agricultural society on foot, as well as a “*Consultative Chamber of Manufacturers*.” Still, the crowd seemed to be so decidedly larger than one would have encountered in a similar town on a similar day at home, that we resolved on a heroic abandonment of repose, and soon afterwards started from the hotel on a voyage of discovery.

It was not long before we became aware that there is a very fair gathering in the “*Forum*” on every Sunday all the year round, but that this crowd was fuller than ordinary on account of the “*grande course des taureaux*” which was to take place in the afternoon. Going on a little further, and reaching the breezy quays along the Rhone, one of the very few places in this or any other town in France where the affixing of handbills is not strictly “*defended*,” we were greeted by a large yellow placard containing the whole programme of the intended bull-baiting. “*Bull-fight*” we cannot call it, as the reader will allow, if he is good-natured enough to peruse the description given a little below. Occasionally, when a stray group of Spanish matadors and taureadors happen to visit the town, a special treat of actual bull-killing is afforded; but on ordinary occasions, and with only the amateur performers of the country, the bulls are simply, though very pertinaciously and effectively, baited; that is, bothered out of the few senses which they originally possess. The placard was headed by a spirited

illustration of a man on horseback, with a species of lance in rest, and galloping with much bravado after a retreating bull. Below, vast capitals conveyed the announcement that a "Grande Course Extraordinaire" would take place "aux Arènes," the name given here and at Nismes to the amphitheatre. Several of the seven bulls which made up the *manège*, or stud, were to fire off pistols on their entry into the arena: a promise which was fulfilled by some simple contrivance to meet the fore-legs as the bull advanced, the result affording thorough satisfaction to the audience. One of the animals was to be received at the outer end of the flanked passage leading into the arena by a net, into which he was to plunge "comme un lapin se prend dans la bourse en sortant du terrier." Another was to wear a cockade mounted on his horn; and a twenty-franc piece was to reward that skilful youth who might pluck the cockade from the horn within ten feet (*trois mètres*) of the barricades.

Our determination was at once taken to be present at the "grande course," the proper study of mankind being man, even man the bull-aggravator. It was unnecessary to visit the "Rue Wauxhall," where the placard informed us that tickets might be obtained, as we learnt that an office for the purpose was always erected at the amphitheatre itself. Thither, accordingly, we repaired at about half-past four, when the great heats succeeding noontide were beginning to relax their violence. Half a franc gave us the unlimited right of wandering over every part of the astounding ruin. Hopeless indeed is the task of conveying by words any adequate notion of this, or the closely similar building at Nismes. The amphitheatre at Arles is a vast oval construction, 460 feet in length of the greater axis, by 338 of the lesser. The gigantic walls running round the entire circumference are more than 60 feet in height. And the width of this mass of masonry is so great as to allow of ample corridors, two storeys high, opening out upon the interior in two beautiful tiers of arches, sixty to each tier. The grand effect of the original design, so far from being damaged as the French guide-books affirm, has been rather heightened than otherwise by the three lofty square towers rising at intervals from the summit of the arcades. These remain out of four built here by the Saracens in the eighth century, when the amphitheatre was used as a fortress, as it subsequently was, in all likelihood, by Charles Martel, who dislodged the invaders.

The view of the Rhone valley, and of the Camargue, or vast delta reaching away below the city towards the Mediterranean, is fine in the extreme. The interior of the building exceeds, if possible, the impressive effect of a first sight of the outer shell. The inner oval, or arena proper, is not so charmingly proportioned as that at Nismes; but, on the other hand, the arches are more graceful, and large parts of the *podium*, or parapet skirting the barricades, as well as of the chambers for the animals and the condemned, are in a more perfect condition. The rows of seats above the upper tier of arcades remain at Nismes, but are lost here. In the original design, the rows appear to have numbered forty-four in all;

and it is conjectured, with great probability, by local connoisseurs, that 40,000 spectators could be accommodated.

On entering, we mounted the stone staircase leading to the upper gallery, and began a promenade round the wonderfully preserved building. Between 5000 and 6000 people were already assembled, showing, however, the appearance of quite a thin house, owing to the vast extent of the theatre.

Great skill was shown in securing patches of shade afforded by the towers, or other portions of the masonry; and the sea of moving heads was prettily diversified by light parasols of every colour under the sun. In the arena itself about two hundred men and boys were walking leisurely about, waiting with apparent coolness the entry of the bull. A timber staging, affording a rough kind of retreat in case of too hot pursuit, ran round the sides of the oval; and a narrow passage, some twenty yards long, strongly planked on each side, led from the *salle d'attente* of the unlucky bulls to the presence of their tormentors. Suddenly a single drum set up a tattoo. In another moment—bang, bang, bang, from the pistols announced in the programme,—and a bull came plunging down the passage into the arena. At the first touch of the drumstick, our friends in the arena began to cluster in a very partially dignified manner upon the narrow steps of the staging, so narrow that men and boys had to cling to one another in order to preserve the necessary balance. The bulls were all of southern breed, jet black, with small haunches, and horns generally bent backwards over the shoulder. The first fellow that enters looks about him, puzzled and almost terrified, until some nimble youngster, stepping from the staging, rolls a kind of basket-barrel at him, and follows suit by waving a handkerchief in his face. Two or three comrades assist the first *brave* by pulling the bull's tail, or hallooing at him from a short distance. The bull makes a dig at the basket, and very likely succeeds in burying his horns in it, when he becomes the prey of half a hundred persecutors, who fearlessly pull his tail and ears or poke his sides, until he can again withdraw his horns, and cause a general retreat to the palings. Whenever he pursues A for a few yards, B is at hand to make a nimble diversion in A's favour, so that it is but rarely the bull has a chance of running his game fairly to earth at the staging. If he succeeds in doing this, he is instantly scared by a score of booted legs thrust out in the direction of his head, and despairingly seeks the open, only to go through a series of precisely similar troubles. Young Alphonses and Leons in white trousers and straw-hats, the cynosure of ladies' eyes, skip athletically before the bull, who occasionally succeeds in jerking a hat from the hand that is tauntingly brandishing it at him, when he transfixes it or paws it in the dust. Should he show poor fight, two men enter the arena with long poles headed by a sharp trident of this design, and by sundry pokes, which draw the blood each time, rouse him to a sense of his duty towards



the public. At length, when he is supposed to have had enough, the drum gives another tattoo, and a decoy bull enters the arena, running straight up to his enraged, begrimed, and perhaps blood-stained kinsman. And it is hard not to be touched by seeing how, even in the wildest paroxysms of passion, the unlucky bull will stick by the decoy, and follow him willingly back to the stable, giving perhaps a few parting pokes or runs as he quits the detested arena. Hour after hour this sport, such as it is, continues. The net-scene, so elaborately explained in the programme by the simile of the rabbit, created a little variety. With pistols fired off on each side of him, and bewildering shouts in front, the bull ran at full speed into a strong corded net cleverly spread at the outer end of the planked corridor. His struggles soon broke away the fastenings, and off he galloped or stumbled into the middle of the oval, knotting and tightening the net round his horns and legs more hopelessly every moment. At length a few of the really cool lads and men, with some genuine dexterity and daring, got him down and unravelled the coil, cleverly managing to get away to the staging at the moment of the bull's release. A young fellow who, we were informed, had been uniformly successful in winning the twenty-franc piece during many preceding courses, plucked the cockade from the horn within the prescribed distance of the barricades almost before the animal had had time to make a half-dozen of his desperate charges about the arena. Long intervals occurred between the heats, when hop, skip, and jump, wrestling, and *French* boxing—in which the hand is extended widely, instead of being clenched—prevailed on all sides, with interludes of whistling and cat-calling, and much sale of wine, *bière*, and absinth.

Meanwhile, up and down the long reach of the ancient galleries, there was going on an exhibition of another and altogether a higher kind. For in them the stately and beautiful Arlesian women, in their charming costume, were pacing to and fro by twos and threes, not like ordinary inhabitants of a country town, but more as if they were members of some unimagined Woman's University, and this were their Show-Sunday. The style of costume prevails in the neighbourhood of Arles, both above and below the city—below as far as Salons, and above to Tarascon. But the beauty, grace, and dignity of form and feature, appear, by some unaccountable arrangement of nature, to have been confined—at least in the lavish measure here bestowed—to Arles itself. The guide-books and topographers simply announce that the town is "famed for the beauty of its women." And in the eyes of a visitor who explores Arles on a week-day, even that bare announcement may appear to exceed the reality. It is on Sundays and fête-days that they issue forth decked in head-dresses and kerchiefs of the best, and move about like queenly shapes of some beautiful pageant beyond the limits of the real and the tangible. It may be certainly affirmed, that nine out of every ten women who threaded the galleries on that afternoon were beautiful. The hair and eyes were uniformly dark, but there was the utmost variety in the types of beauty.

Their walk and bearing bespoke the purest blood: there was grace and dignity in every step: and the modesty of their demeanour struck us most forcibly. One would as soon have thought of insulting a well-bred Englishwoman, as of addressing a familiar remark to the humblest of these Arlesians. The details of their dress were varied with great skill,—the main features being preserved, and the most perfect taste in colour displayed. The fold around the head was always black, showing every variety of texture; and the collar over the kerchief was made to project in a tasteful way from necks where Nature had certainly employed more than her "prentice-han'." We heard it stated that the upper-classes have very generally discarded the dress of their country, and that the spirit of innovation is spreading. Doubtless the "old order" must give place at Arles no less than over the rest of the world; but evil befal each new Paris *mode* that succeeds in extinguishing but one Arlesian kerchief.

Our description will perhaps be regarded as a little enthusiastic. The impression of a Sunday at Arles is hardly likely to remain far below the degree of enthusiasm, more especially of a Sunday passed amidst the galleries of *Les Arènes*. No doubt the majestic ruin added to the effect of that fair and picturesque assembly. Over all rose, silent and solemn, the grand upper tier of arcades, and the towers of the Saracens that have looked down on far other scenes, and returned the echoes of other voices.

H. M.

### A DAY AT GREAT YARMOUTH.



The South Quay, Great Yarmouth.

ALTHOUGH the scenery of the eastern counties, as a rule, is far from attractive, I know not of a more interesting place, or one more worthy of a

visit than the "ancient borough of Great Yarmouth." Its historical associations are neither few nor poor; in its corporate capacity it has a character quite its own, as also have its inhabitants, who are composed of the old Saxon stock, planted here by Cerdic and his followers, with a strong infusion of the Danish\* element. And as you stand upon its long and handsome quay, you might easily fancy that you were in some seaport town of Belgium, were it not for the simple fact that such a quay is not to be found in Europe, except only at Seville.

We will leave it to antiquaries to settle the old dispute as to what place is the veritable Garianonum of the Roman era, and whether that name in reality belongs to Burgh Castle or to Caistor,—both villages in the immediate neighbourhood of Yarmouth. Garianonum is placed by Spelman at Caistor, instead of at Burgh, on the alleged ground that the latter is too far from the sea. Spelman, however, did not know that the sea really washed its walls in former times, and that a wide estuary penetrated inland nearly as far as Norwich. Camden identifies Garianonum with Burgh Castle; and in support of his view it should be mentioned that anchors, buoys, and sea-shells have been found there, together with Roman coins, from Domitian downwards. Moreover, the western side is open, the Romans considering that it was sufficiently protected by their ships. At Caistor, or Caistre, were probably the 'æstiva' or summer quarters of the Roman legions. The castle there was erected about 1420-40, by the family of Fastolf, and it was for some centuries the residence of the Pastons, Earls of Yarmouth. Sir John Fastolf was esquire to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and distinguished himself at Agincourt, and at the battle of the Herrings, so called from the salt fish which he was convoying. It is almost superfluous to add that these Fastolfs were in no way connected with Shakspeare's Falstaff, had not the confusion been repeatedly made. It is enough to state that both at Burgh and at Caistor great quantities of coins and other relics of the Roman empire, from Galba to Constantine, have been dug up, and that the name at Caistor and the massive ruins at Burgh, remain to this day as standing proofs that the vicinity of Yarmouth was an important station for the legions of Rome.

There could have been no Roman station at Yarmouth, for the very good reason that while the Roman eagles waved over Britain, the spot on which Yarmouth stands was not land, but sea. Like many other places situated at the mouth of rivers, Yarmouth has sprung up on soil partly alluvial and partly deposited by the tides and currents of the German ocean. It is not a little singular that while at Aldborough and Dunwich to the south, and at Cromer to the north, we have been losing acres of terra firma, year by year for centuries, and while old Neptune, by eating away the cliffs, has contrived to swallow whole a bishop's see and the metropolis of the East Angles, here, on the contrary, he has rejoiced to give back his stolen property, and yearly to deposit some

yards of the cleanest and firmest sand which he had been holding in solution. This process has been going on gradually but surely for nearly two thousand years, if not from a date anterior to Christianity itself.

The fact is that the Yare, the Waveney, and the Bure, which intersect Norfolk and divide it from Suffolk, appear to have entered into a conspiracy, either with or against the god of the sea. Flowing through a fertile, gravelly, and loamy soil, they each bring down from the interior rich deposits, and these being beaten back by the tidal action of the sea, in the course of many centuries, have formed a large inland estuary called the Breydon waters. At length they blocked up their own mouths, and formed what would have been a Delta, if the northern channel had not become dried up, leaving their waters to find their way into the ocean by a narrow bed to the south. The result has been that a long tongue of dry laud sprung into existence during the Roman, Saxon, and Danish eras, reaching from the old Castrum or Caistor to Gorleston. Thus arose out of the waters the firm sandy beach upon which, nearly 1400 years ago, Cerdic the Saxon leapt from his primitive ship of war, and from which he forced his way into the country of the East Angles, and settled amongst their northern and southern "folk." If we may believe the local traditions, it was only a few years before the Norman Conquest that houses began to be built upon what now is the old town of Yarmouth, then a very narrow island. Soon after the Conquest the northern outlet of the three rivers became choked up, and the island grew into a part of the solid mainland. Yarmouth soon became an important place, and it numbered as many as seventy burgesses in the time of Edward the Confessor.

The rest of the early history of the town is soon told. Within half a century, Herbert de Lo-synga, Bishop of Norwich, in compassion for the fishermen who had built their huts on this lonely spot, founded a church on the north side of the present town, and dedicated it to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of fishermen. In consequence of the concurrence of fishermen from different parts of England, and especially (so say the records of the borough) from the Cinque Ports, to catch herrings at certain seasons of the year, and of the convenience of the open sand for drying and curing what they caught, the Barons of the Cinque Ports sent their bailiffs to attend the fishery for forty days in each year, and ultimately contrived to exercise a jurisdiction of their own. The town, however, was too independent to play second fiddle to the "Men of Kent," and, at the request of its citizens, King Henry I. was pleased to invest one of their number with the authority of provost, who was annually chosen by the burgesses.

The good town of Yarmouth continued to flourish under this kind of government until the reign of King John, who, with several bad points in his character united one virtue—a taste for incorporating the rising towns in his dominions, and more especially the seaports. He granted the burgesses of Yarmouth a charter, the original of which, still in existence, is kept in the Guildhall. The borough soon rose in tonnage and in inde-

\* Many Danish terms are still in use along this coast. For instance, the deep water between the sandbanks is called a "gatt," just as in Denmark.

pendence, and in the course of a few years became the most important seaport between the Thames and the Humber. Henry III. granted to the burgesses of Yarmouth leave and licence to fortify the town with a wall and moat; but the walls were not finished for a century afterwards. When completed, they inclosed a space of 2238 yards, running southwards from the north-east wall of St. Nicholas' churchyard. The town had, in all, ten gates and sixteen towers. Its walls were surrounded by a deep moat, and the bridges at each gate were kept most carefully with watch and ward. The eastern wall, of course, was then close to the sea; though now, owing to the receding of the waves, there is a space of more than a quarter of a mile between that line of walls and the sea. In the intervening space stands the modern town of Yarmouth, with its noble marine drive of a mile and a half in length.



Old Tower, standing in 1863.

The town, thus fortified, was deemed proof against all assailants with bows and arrows, battering-rams, and the other engines of attack then known; but when gunpowder was discovered, it was rightly judged that the walls would not hold out against a siege without several additional out-works: when, therefore, Henry VIII. declared war against France and Scotland, the government of the day ordered the walls on the east side to be ramparted up and backed with earth; and this was done with such speed that in ten weeks the town was pronounced impregnable. The works were enlarged and completed by Elizabeth in the year before the coming of the Spanish Armada. Several portions of the old walls may still be seen between the houses in the back of Chapel Street, and along the edge of the churchyard of St. Nicholas. The towers by which the town was defended were named after King Henry, the Black Prince, &c.;

three of the towers still stand in a more or less perfect condition—one at the north, and two at the south-east of the town. The gates under them have long since disappeared. They were narrow and inconvenient, like Temple Bar, and, not having equally rich associations or influential friends, were sentenced to demolition. The northern gate was of more than common interest, as tradition records that it was built out of the earnings of the workmen who buried the dead bodies at the time when the plague visited Yarmouth. Most probably, the real artisans were members of some guild or religious association whose special duty it was to perform the last of the "corporal acts of mercy,"—viz., to bury the dead.

After the alarm of the Spanish Armada had passed away, the burgesses of Yarmouth raised a large mound of earth outside the southern gate, to command the river and the South Denes, and crowned it with large pieces of ordnance, at a cost of £125; the place is still known as the South Mount. It was by this southern gate that William III. entered, when he landed at Yarmouth in 1692, when he was sumptuously entertained by the municipal authorities. We will not specify the various charters which, from time to time, have been granted to the "ancient borough," beyond mentioning that Charles II. superseded by a mayor the two bailiffs who had previously ruled jointly, and reduced the numbers of the aldermen and councillors. It appears, however, that the good people of Yarmouth did not much like being thus shorn of their second chief magistrate, and, partly in the spirit of discontent, and partly for purposes of real practical use, elected annually a "water bailiff," who exercised on the bench a summary jurisdiction in disputes relating to the fisheries, though not, of course, in the king's name. This popular election, however, came to an end on the passing of the Municipal Reform Bill of 1836.

The town of Great Yarmouth is built for the most part in little narrow lanes, or "rows," as they are called, 156 in number, which run eastwards from the quays towards the sea. Very many of these "rows" have a most foreign aspect. They are mostly unpaved, and so narrow that common waggons and carts cannot go up or down them; but the people use instead a curious vehicle, called a Yarmouth cart, consisting of a narrow frame, of which the front part constitutes the shafts and the hinder part rests upon a single pair of wheels.

Along the South quay stand some handsome mansions of the merchant princes of Yarmouth, bearing testimony to the wealth of the town a century or two ago. One of these, formerly the residence of Ireton or Bradshaw, but now occupied by Mr. Charles J. Palmer, presents a specimen of very magnificent oak carving in the interior, and has a special interest on account of its large drawing-room having been the room in which the execution of King Charles I. was resolved upon. It has lately been restored to its original condition; and we much wish that it had been possible to add to this paper an illustration, giving a view of it in its present state. Mr. Palmer is well known as an antiquary

and a man of great taste and of public spirit ; and his influence has largely contributed to the preservation of many antiquities relating to the borough. Another of these handsome mansions, now the Star Hotel, contains some very fine oak carving.

During the war with the great Napoleon a considerable addition was made to the importance of Yarmouth by its being made the chief rendezvous for the fleet, and Nelson (himself a Norfolk man) was frequently here.\* In 1810 the ex-king of Sweden landed here, just as, three years before, Louis XVIII. sought a refuge on its shores as an exile, under the assumed name of Count de Lille.

A jetty was first built out into the sea at Yarmouth in 1560 ; but, having fallen into absolute decay, it was replaced early in the present century by the present building, which is consecrated to memory as the spot from which Nelson, Duncan, Gambier, Jervis, and many other gallant heroes, stepped on board their ships, when Yarmouth Roads were the rendezvous of the British fleet in the northern and eastern seas. When first opened, it ran 450 feet into the sea ; but the sand deposited by the receding waves has reduced its length to about half that length at ordinary high-tides. Two handsome piers, one at the north and one at the south of the town, add much to its attractions ; and Yarmouth is well provided with other places of amusement in the shape of a theatre, a public library, and some assembly-rooms, which are places of recreation during the summer season. To these must be added the races and regatta, and a more than fair proportion of reviews and public balls. Consequently, it is not to be wondered at that the annual visitors to Yarmouth in the summer and autumn are steadily increasing in numbers, and that it is found necessary year by year to build increasing accommodation for their reception. The fashionable season is the latter part of the summer and the beginning of autumn.

Yarmouth roads afford excellent anchorage, and they are seldom empty of a large fleet of merchantmen and colliers, though the numbers vary much, according to the state of the weather. We have counted as many as 1300 sail in the roads.

The anchorage is protected by the Scroby and Corton sands, which run parallel with the beach at the distance of something more than a mile from the shore. At very low tides portions of these sands are dry ; but they are generally covered by a shallow depth of water which with the least wind, and often without any wind at all, is lashed into furious breakers. The beach itself, and indeed the entire coast of Norfolk, is most dangerous to coasters ; as the tombstones in the churchyard can tell the visitor. When a storm visits this coast, it seldom leaves its work half done. Thus in 1789 no less than thirty-five vessels were driven ashore on the last day of October between Happisburg and Corton ; and the records of the town relate that in the year 1692 above 200 sail of ships and at least 1000 souls belonging to the ports of Norfolk, including Yarmouth, were lost in one night between Lowes-

toft and Lynn. It is singular that it is not with an easterly gale that the greatest damage is done on the Yarmouth coast, though it lies so open to the east, the waves being broken and spent upon the sands in the offing. The severest storms are those which come up under a north-westerly wind, which forces up the waters out of the Northern Sea in vast excess of the average. Such was the case only so lately as the month of May, 1860, when the whole Norfolk coast was swept by a terrific gale, which strewed its sands with wrecks, and caused a sad loss of life. On that occasion even the life-boat crew felt that it was impossible for human hands to make way with their gallant vessel against the joint force of wind and tide, and were obliged, therefore, to leave several sufferers to their fate. Still, for the most part of the summer the sea is smooth and calm, and the bathing is safe, the ordinary tides rising and falling little more than six or seven feet.

Among the various public buildings of Yarmouth we should particularise the Town Hall upon the South Quay, built in 1716 ; the Naval Hospital, erected in 1809-11 at a cost of 120,000*l.*, (now occupied as a Naval Lunatic Asylum) ; and the Armoury and Naval Arsenal, built under Wyatt in 1806, when Yarmouth Roads were the head-quarters of the fleet ; it was calculated to hold stores for six ships and six sloops, and 10,000 stand of arms ; but the establishment has recently been broken up, and the place turned into quarters for the militia. The Theatre was built in 1778 ; the Baths were opened in 1759, and the Public Rooms adjoining in 1788 : the original drawbridge connecting the two quays together was erected in 1786. The Custom House, a handsome building on the middle of the South Quay, was formerly the residence of the ancient and respectable family of Sayers,\* who still are well represented at Yarmouth. Besides the above, there was a curious and old-fashioned Guildhall at the entrance to the churchyard of St. Nicholas, but it has recently been taken down.

St. Nicholas, Yarmouth, is one of the finest and handsomest parish churches in England, and in its original beauty it could have fallen little short of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol. It is 230 feet long, by 103 broad ; and in its original design was cruciform, with a handsome tower and spire in the centre. Before the Reformation it was rich in its decorations and celebrated for the "Miracle Plays" performed within its walls ; but its chief glory was a certain "Miraculous Star." In the church-books we still find entries of items for "leading in" the Miraculous Star, and for making a new one : and for making a "thread line" and a new "forelock" for the "Paschal." The organ of St. Nicholas is said to be the finest known, except that at Haarlem. There is in the church a curious and valuable library, and a desk of singular construction, so arranged as to turn round and present the books on any of the shelves to the reader's hand without displacing others. The church was formerly rich in monumental brasses, but these

\* The visitor to Yarmouth will be much struck by the beauty of the Nelson Column on the South Dunes : it is 144 feet in height, and was erected in 1817-18, by a public subscription in the county of Norfolk.

\* One of this family, Capt. Sayers, when in command of the Revenue cruiser, *Ranger*, in 1817, captured a lugger of Folkstone, off the Yorkshire coast, with a cargo of smuggled silk, tobacco, &c., valued at £13,000.



were all removed in 1551, and sent up to London to be cast into weights for the use of the town.

A lofty stone cross, according to the general custom, once marked the ground of St. Nicholas churchyard as consecrated; but every vestige of it has long since gone, together with the yew tree which no doubt grew near it. The adjoining gardens, which once formed part of the monastic grounds, are still the property of the Dean and Chapter of Norwich; and in them there still stand several pear and mulberry trees planted by the monks in former days; one of the latter is the largest in the east of England.

At the era of the Reformation the new doctrines were received with much favour at Yarmouth, and we read of one William Swanton, a chaplain, who interrupted the sermon on a Sunday, in 1535, by denouncing the honour given to saints' pictures and images, and avowing his belief that "holy water is good sauce for a capon:" as also of four merchants of the town who greatly disturbed the congregation by uttering "heretical words" of a like import; one of the latter, with an eye to business which savours of neither faith nor works, but rather of worldliness, bargained loudly for a last of herrings while the preacher was in the pulpit.

There were frequent quarrels between the Dean and Chapter of Norwich, and the burgesses of Yarmouth, as to the patronage of the Church, the latter desiring to get the nomination into their own hands; but their efforts were unsuccessful, as a reference to the "Clerical Directory" for 1863 will show. Adjoining the parish church are the remains of the old Benedictine monastery, recently restored in excellent taste, and now used as the national school. A public breakfast used to be given here to the inhabitants every Christmas Day; this caused great scandal, and an attempt was made to suppress it in 1614; but the parishioners liked this part of the old religion too well to abandon it without a struggle, so they brought the matter before the Lords of the Privy Council, but without success, and eventually it was put down by authority.

The constant and easy intercourse by sea between Yarmouth and Holland, where the reformed religion had assumed a freer action, had so powerful an effect upon the inhabitants of Yarmouth that we find the ecclesiastical authorities at Norwich had to put the laws into motion for the suppression of "Sectaries," and Queen Elizabeth supported her ministers by commanding the "Anabaptists and such like heretics, who had flocked to the coast towns of England, to depart the realm within twenty days." On this occasion an Anabaptist preacher named Cayne was imprisoned; and with admirable impartiality one John Wright, "a Jesuit or seminary priest," and a Franciscan Friar, whose name is not recorded, then lying as prisoners in Yarmouth Gaol, were "sent over the seas" by the bailiffs of the town, apparently on their own authority. A chapel used by the Dutch, in which a Mr. Brinsley had preached, was also forcibly closed by the authorities and turned into a warehouse. The Rev. Thomas Bridge, who having held a living in Norwich, had become an independent, and had settled in Yarmouth, preached here frequently and powerfully

during the Commonwealth, and after fighting a hard battle for his ground, obtained the use of the chancel of the parish church as a chapel for his congregation, and he continued to minister there until the Restoration, (the Presbyterians having their own ministry), when he was ejected.

We have already hinted that the borough of Yarmouth, in its corporate capacity, has on various occasions shown a high and independent spirit, as if its inhabitants were resolved to "hold their own" against all rivals. Nor is this to be wondered at, considering the maritime position of the town, and the distinguished character of many of those individuals who have been entrusted with its liberties. The High Steward of Great Yarmouth, in the words of the Charter of Charles II., must be *unus preclarus vir*; and there can be no doubt that few towns can show a nobler list of distinguished names than Yarmouth. Among the High Stewards since the reign of Edward VI. have been Dudley, Duke of Northumberland; Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk; Dudley, Earl of Leicester; Cecil, Lord Burleigh; Devereux, Earl of Essex; Howard, Earl of Nottingham; Sydney, Earl of Leicester; Sackville, Earl of Dorset; Henry Cromwell (the Protector's youngest son); Hyde, Earl of Clarendon; Paston, Viscount and Earl of Yarmouth; Sir Robert Walpole, and his son and grandson, successors to his title of Earl of Orford; George, first Marquis Townshend; Lords Bayning, Sydney, Lichfield, and Sondes. In the list of the Recorders of the borough occur the names of Miles Corbet, the regicide; the Honourable Robert Walpole, &c.

The Seal of the Corporation of Yarmouth is of the early date of 1251. It consists of the patron saint, Saint Nicholas, seated in a chair of state, with his pastoral staff in his hand, and an angel on either side, with the inscription "O PASTOR VERE, TIBI SUBJECTIS MISERERE." on the reverse is a ship of the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the legend "Sig: Comunit: de: Gernemutha."

At one time, viz.: in 1667, the cool independence of the good people of Yarmouth rose so high that they took upon themselves to begin a coinage; and in that year, farthings (now very rarely to be met with) were struck off by them. King Charles, as might be expected, was very indignant at their presumption, and forced the citizens to pay the fine of 1000*l.* before he would grant them his royal pardon. The same thing, we have heard, happened at Beccles, a town situated some ten or twelve miles inland, but with what result we are not informed.

But our sketch of Great Yarmouth would not be complete without some notice of its fisheries, which are of ancient celebrity.

Then followed Yar, soft washing Norwich wall,  
And with him brought a present joyfully,  
Of his one fish unto their festival,  
Whose like none else could show.

Spenser's "Faërie Queene," IV., canto xi.

During the mackerel season, the beach at Yarmouth, near the jetty, affords a most amusing scene; great quantities of fish are continually brought ashore in large flat boats, called ferry-

boats, and sold upon the beach. The fish are then washed, packed up in hampers, or "peds," and sent off to the railway. The mackerel fishery realises many thousands annually, and employs a large number of vessels, with ten hands in each. The herring fishery,\* however, is even a greater source of profit to the town, nearly double the number of both boats and hands being engaged in it.

The mackerel fishery begins the early part of May, and terminates in the first week in July; it is a complete voyage of adventure, both to owners and men, each participating in the amount of stock raised, according to their several stations and interests.

The deep-sea white herring fishery comes next in succession; the boats are obliged to be at the place of rendezvous, Brassey Sound, in the island of Shetland, by the twenty-second of June, where their nets, stores, and materials are examined, and their men mustered by the officer of the fishery residing there, who is appointed by the Board of Commission at Edinburgh. There is a bounty allowed of 3*l.* per ton on the admeasurement of the boat, and 4*s.* per barrel on the number of barrels of fish caught, and this fishery is regulated by Act of Parliament.

The Red Herring, or Home Fishery, for which this town and Lowestoft have been for a long time celebrated, commences a little before Michaelmas (though of modern years the seasons have been somewhat later than formerly), when the fish appear at first in small quantities upon the Norfolk shore, and in the neighbourhood of the sands. "The latter part of October," says the author of a local guide-book, "is the season for the greatest plenty, and when the fish have attained their full growth (which seems not to be the case at first), they are ready to spawn and then become shotten; this event is hastened by stormy weather. The fish are caught in equal quantities in the mid-seas and near sands, and the range is from Smith's Knoll (seldom to the north of it), to the foreland."

The method of catching and curing herrings is as follows:—At the beginning of the season the boats sail off to sea, about ten leagues north-east from this port, in order to meet the shoals, or second part of the first division of herrings, which separate off the north part of Scotland. Being arrived on the fishing-ground in the evening (the proper time for fishing), they shoot out their nets, extending about 2200 yards in length, and eight in depth, which, by the help of small casks, called bowls, fastened on one side at a distance of thirty to forty yards from each other, are suspended in a perpendicular position beneath the surface of the water. If the quantity of fish caught in one night amount only to a few thousands, they are salted, and the vessels continue on the fishing-

ground two or three nights longer, salting the fish as they are caught, till they have obtained a considerable quantity; when they bring them into the roads, where they are landed and lodged in the fish-houses. Sometimes, when the quantity of fish is very small, they will continue on the fishing-ground a week or ten days; but in general they bring them in every two or three days, and sometimes oftener, especially when the quantity amounts to six or seven lasts,\* which often happens, and instances not unfrequently occur of a single boat bringing into the roads at one time fourteen to sixteen lasts. As soon as the herrings are brought on shore, they are carried to the fish-offices, where they are salted and laid in heaps on the floors, about two feet deep; after they have continued in this situation about fifty hours, the salt is washed from them by putting them into baskets and plunging them in water; thence they are carried to an adjoining apartment, where, after being pierced through the gills by small wooden spits, about four feet long, they are handed to the men in the upper part of the house, who place them at proper distances, beginning nearly as high as the top of the roof, and proceeding downwards, where they are cured or made red. The house being thus filled with herrings, many small wood fires are kindled underneath upon the floor, whose number is in proportion to the size of the room, and the smoke which ascends from these fires dries or cures the herrings. After the fish have hung in this manner about seven days, the fires are extinguished, that the oil and fat may drip down; about two days after, the fires are re-kindled, and, after two more such drippings, the fires are kept continually burning until the herrings are perfectly cured; but this requires a longer or shorter time, according as they are designed for foreign or home consumption. After the herrings have hung a proper time, they are taken down (or "struck"), and packed away in barrels, containing eight hundred or one thousand each, and then shipped off for market. The ships receive the barrels on board in the harbour, and sail direct for the Mediterranean Ports. The trade formerly was chiefly confined to foreign parts, especially to Roman Catholic countries, only a small quantity being reserved for home consumption, but of late years the home consumption has greatly increased. This fishing terminates in November.

In 1784 there were equipped at this port, two Greenland ships, called The Yarmouth and The Norfolk; and afterwards no less than eight ships were fitted out for the Greenland and Davis's Straits whale fisheries; this continued for several years, but owing to some partial failure of success, and perhaps still more to the want of a little perseverance, this trade was on a sudden relinquished, the ships and stores were sold to a great loss, and the whole concern totally abandoned. It is, however, to be hoped that this trade will hereafter be revived again through that enterprising spirit for which Yarmouth is so highly distinguished.

E. W.

\* That the Lerring-fishery of Yarmouth was formerly deemed interesting, is evident from Tom Nash's "Lenten Stuffe," a curious pamphlet, written in 1593, containing eighty-three quato pages; the title of it is "Nash's Lenten Stuffe; containing the Description and First Procreation and Increase of the Towne of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk: with a New Play, never played before of the Praise of the Red Herrings: Fitte of all Clarke of Noblemen's Kitchens to be read; and not unnecessary by all Serving Men, that have short Board-Wages, to be remembered."

\* A fisherman's last of herrings is thirteen thousand two hundred, and a merchant's last, ten thousand.

## WAITING FOR THE TIDE.



EVER so many years ago, when the few people who wrote letters were still hardly used to dating their compositions with "18—" instead of "17—," there lived, at the flourishing seaport town of Filby, in Yorkshire, one Jonathan Gale. Mr. Gale was employed in one of the seven dockyards that Filby then maintained, or that then maintained Filby, and was eminently well-to-do and

respectable. At the time of this narrative, Mr. Gale must be supposed to have prospered in this life for some forty years, and to have been married somewhere about half that time. Such an hypothesis is necessary in order that there may be no difficulties in the way of introducing Miss Patience Gale, Jonathan's daughter, as a bright, loveable, English girl of seventeen.

Of the many ships "of Filby," one good brig was the property of Master Henry Harbrough, a kindly and prudent seaman. The skipper of the "Camilla" brig could not have been more than ten years younger than Mr. Jonathan Gale; but for all that he had won the heart, and a promise of the hand, of Patience. Patience was one of those natures who love to cling to something stoutly set. The quiet earnestness and unobtrusive self-reliance of her friend outweighed the more boisterous attractions of a score of younger wooers. Besides, certain whaling adventures in the South Seas had made Harbrough somewhat of a hero. A hero with a frank fearless face, strong and tender, and withal steady and sober, is no bad match for any girl, though he be forty instead of thirty. We have high authority for believing that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. It cannot be unreasonable to hold that the same phenomenon may be observed in a young woman.

Let none, therefore, deem it an exaggerated impossibility that the afore-mentioned Henry and Patience should be described as meeting in the ruins of the old abbey of Filby, on an evening in the May of 18—, to discuss their matrimonial prospects. Let none, however, imagine, from the mention of a meeting in a ruin, that the alliance under consideration was in the least degree clandestine. Henry and Patience had walked boldly forth from the parlour of Mr. and Mrs. Gale, with the full consent and approbation of that worthy couple. So far from Jonathan's being a too stern parent he was possibly too lax. Nevertheless in one matter he was stern, or firm, or obstinate. Patience Gale should never be Patience Harbrough, with his willing blessing, until Henry, the bridegroom, should be able to show fifteen hundred guineas side by side with the dowry he intended for his daughter.

These fifteen hundred guineas formed one subject of the lovers' talk in the ruined abbey. As yet, their existence was only a possibility. Henry did not despair of acquiring them; but he was of opinion that their acquisition would be easier if he were cheered in his work by the smiles of a wife. Patience by no means disagreed with him. But her father was immovable. Harbrough must make more than one other voyage *en garçon*; and this was the eve of his departure. The moon and the ruin and the far sea make up a fine set scene for a parting lovers' dialogue. The reader may fill it up at his or her pleasure, only remembering that Henry and Patience really and honestly cared a great deal for one another.

"Patience," said her lover, pointing over the rippling sea, marked with a long tapering stripe of moonshine, "it looks very bright and kind. It will bring me back to you."

At last it was time to part. The suitor led the lady to her father's door.

"Good-bye, Henry."

"God bless you, my girl."

A close quick embrace, and a smothered sob, and Captain Harbrough was off to his boat. The Camilla was bound for the South Seas again. With Patience at home the days and the nights went slowly by. Her thoughts were in the Pacific. When the wind howled over Filby, she trembled for the Camilla. When the sun shone down on a calm sea, she remembered that there were storms elsewhere. Still she did her duties without complaint. And she was not without consolation. Her father fell ill, and grew peevish and fretful. But an old uncle of Harbrough's died, and left the captain two thousand pounds. At first old Gale declared that this should make no difference in the sum to be earned; but he was induced at last to say that, as far as he was concerned, the wedding might take place on the day after Harbrough's return.

So Patience worked and waited. She was gentle to her cross-grained father. She was the kindly friend of scores of the poor. She prayed at church. And she sat a great many more hours than was necessary with a black profile portrait of her absent friend, which hardly did him justice. Icebergs, French cruisers, whales, South-sea islanders, filled her heart with a thousand terrors. So nine months went by. Then came a letter. Harbrough had prospered, and was unscathed. So far from the French having been a cause of loss to him, they had been a gain. He had encountered a privateer, and encountered her successfully. He should sail homewards within three months of the date of his letter. "And being sure of your true love, I hope and pray you will be safe when I come to you. The very day after we are home again, Patience, I shall claim you as my wife. Good-bye, dearest. Mark Elling, of the City of York, carries this for me. So no more from yours till death. H. HARBROUGH." These precious lines of great round-hand writing shared the attentions of Miss Gale with the black profile and several other letters from the same writer.

The paper grew worn with perpetual fingering. But Patience had now an occupation immediately connected with her hero. If she was going to be married to him in three months she must be properly supplied with raiment and household linen. So mother and daughter toiled diligently at the fashioning of garments which, were they worn now-a-days, would at once mark the owners as candidates for Colney Hatch. And when Patience was busy neither with her outfit nor with her poor pensioners, she would wander forth with the escort of her diminutive maid, and indulge in fond retrospect and anticipation under the suggestive shadow of the abbey ruin. The light that streamed through the narrow openings of the long lancet windows seemed to figure to her the hope that lit her own dull life. And as she gazed over the far sea, she thought again and again of her lover's words uttered on that very spot: "It will bring me back to you."

She had perfect faith that these words would be fulfilled.

At last the time arrived when the Camilla might be daily expected home. Everything was ready

for the wedding. Patience was of opinion that it would be unnecessary for her Henry to go to sea again. His little property would go far to maintain them; and he could no doubt obtain occupation in the dockyards. There was a very charming little house just vacated that she was confident would exactly suit such a couple as that of which she hoped soon to constitute the better half. Of course Captain Harry would agree with her. On that point she never felt any doubt. Of course the statement of that person that he should claim his "wife" on the day of his arrival was an amatory exaggeration. Sundry forms as well ecclesiastical as civil must be complied with. But the day was to be postponed for as short a time as possible. So Patience had every hope that before the lapse of a month at most she would be a happy bride.

Her visits to her point of observation at the abbey now became more frequent. Every speck that broke the line of the horizon was watched with the intensest interest. At last the long watch was rewarded. On a sunny afternoon in June a brig was descried making for Filby, which knowing ones declared to be the Camilla. Patience watched it—I beg pardon—watched her growing and growing, her white sails scarcely bowed by the gentle summer breeze. Patience did not wish to exhibit before the loungers of the hill-top the excitement which she could not repress. From the roof of her father's house, she could see the advancing brig. Thither she repaired in company with an old telescope of her father's, and glued her eyes on the sea. The Camilla sailed on till she was within some mile and a half of the shore. The sheets of canvas suddenly rose in thick folds. The brig hove-to under—but perhaps Patience was not learned in the terminology of rigging; it is her emotions which are being described; there is therefore no obligation that the technical details of the heave-to should be given. But let none think this omission is the result of the author's ignorance. Of course not. Well, the Camilla hove-to. There was great signalling between the brig and the shore. Dates were given. The state of the tide was told. It may be presumed that Harborough should have known that on such a day he could not enter Filby harbour at such an hour. But it may also be presumed that he was anxious to hear news of folks at home as soon as possible. The peace of Patience's mind did not depend only on the signal of "All Well." By the help of the big telescope she could distinctly see her Henry commanding on his deck. His tall stalwart figure was easily distinguished among the rest; and if only Miss Gale had been as severely educated as are many of the young ladies of the present day, she might have quoted:

*"Ἐξοχος Ἀργεῖων κεφαλὴν τε καὶ εὐρέας ὤμους.*

Not that it would have added to her happiness. That was now supreme. There was Henry, safe and sound. The good girl thanked God for this mercy vouchsafed to her, and a joyful tear impeded the use of the glass. But what was this? The canvas curtains were dropping again, and filling with the lazy wind. The tide would not

allow of the Camilla's coming into Filby till the next morning. Patience liked her friend all the better because he would not leave his ship and his men, even for her. Still, she had half-expected to see a boat put off from the brig; she had thought that she might hold her treasure in her arms that very day. It would be more tantalising to wait those eight or ten hours, than it had been to wait long months. To see him, and see him sail out of her sight! For the Camilla was moving seaward. It was evident that she was going to stand off for the night. Smaller and smaller grew the moving figures on the deck. Then there was nothing to be seen but hull and sail. The sun set behind the hills. The Camilla was nothing but a darker shadow against the dark bank of eastern clouds.

Patience came down into the house.

"Mother dear, I think I shall go to bed. I must be up very early, you know. They can be in by six o'clock; and I should like to watch them from the down."

So the happy girl shut herself up with her thoughts—that night the pleasantest possible companions. The profile portrait met with little attention. The image suggested by the telescope was far more satisfactory. The letters were turned over once again, and confided to their resting-place with a happy kiss. Of course Patience could not sleep. She lay in a dreamy reverie, her thoughts wandering backwards and forwards between that brig at sea and the outlines and the noises of her room and the night. The rumble of each rare vehicle seemed very loud. The cries of revelling sailors seemed shriller than on other nights. The sea surely sounded more harshly than it did an hour ago. The low grating murmur of the calm seemed to have given place to the quicker, angrier noise of taller breakers. And hark! What was that? The shutter, too loosely fastened back to the wall, banged suddenly on the window-post, and shook the little panes. The wind was rising. But it was hardly likely to be much. It was so still at sunset. And perhaps it would bring in the Camilla all the more quickly. Patience dozed. She was unconscious for an hour and a half or two hours, and then was roused again. There was more noise now. The wind was shrieking up the street, and the roar of the sea was deep and loud. The girl sprung from her bed, and looked from the window. The night was very dark. The roaring of the gale was enough to drown every sound of passers by. But the street was deserted; more deserted than the streets of a seaport usually are, even in the dead of night. The men of Filby were all down at the port.

Patience grew very white. A strange terror numbed her limbs. Then she went to the door of her parents' room, and, as she walked gently in, she said:

"Mother, do you hear the wind?"

"Hush! my child; don't wake your father. I hear. We must be still and wait, dear. Let us hope the best. Is it very wild outside?"

"Mother, I am going out; I shall—"

"Out, child? you cannot! You must—"

"No, mother, I cannot wait. Hark! Peggy

can go with me to the port. I must see and hear for myself."

Mrs. Gale rose from her bed and tried her best to move her daughter's will. But a weird resolution had set the lines of that gentle face. It was very white, and very sad, but very firm. The two girls went bravely down to the port; it was dark; a thin rain hissed along with the gale. Fishermen, sailors, dockyardmen, and many less professional inhabitants, were grouped along the quays. Nor were women wanting to the crowd; but their wan and tearful faces told of something more than curiosity as the motive of their coming. What was the latest news? Two fishing-boats had gone to pieces on the rocks; one had just got across the bar; it was about three o'clock; the dawn would soon be breaking. Had anything been heard of the Camilla? Nothing. The men looked on Patience with a tender and respectful interest. More than one knew why she was out on that angry night. The morning light spread over the east, and the fury of the storm abated. When the sun rose over the horizon, it seemed to struggle to burst the black bank of clouds. Wider and wider grew the clefts of blue. At five o'clock the scene was one of the fairest that is to be beheld anywhere—a storm dying in sunshine. Great piles of white clouds, thick, massive, and of ever shifting shape, rolled over the heaven. Nearer the horizon the same mighty mountains of vapour rested in darker groups. The waves that had loomed so threatening in the darkness now seemed the very personification of strong joyous life. They swelled up tall and bulky before the wind, their green summits gladly housing the sunlight. At the top of their triumphant rise they broke into a thousand columns of foam and spray, tossing their glittering drops high into the clear air. All over their surface great circling lines of floating foam marked the commotions that raged below. And ever and anon it seemed as though the coursing waves lost the order of their flying march; they jostled one another; and then the crash of force and force and the roar with which each water-mountain strove to overtop his neighbour was glorious to hear and see. On they surged in swift succession to the shore, some soaking the crags for many yards above the beach; some trying hard to rend the plank of the jetty from its huge cramps, and force it upwards. All nature seem to shake with boisterous laughter. Of what account in the face of such a scene of life were the half-dozen corpses from the fishing boats broken in the bay? Or the dull, stupefying misery of one young girl?

For where was the Camilla? The Camilla was nowhere to be seen.

Patience had watched the dawn of day and the sinking of the tempest. She stood on the port stiff and cold, and watched for four weary hours. Rough men, who knew her father and herself, stood round her as a little body-guard, kindly and reasonably offering such comfort as they could. There was danger, no doubt; but there was hope. Harborough was a skilful seaman. It was by no means impossible for him to have kept his vessel clear of the shore. The Camilla was perhaps quite safe. Patience looked up with

listless, uninterested eyes. Something at her heart told her that the Camilla was lost. She did not know. There was no certainty. But she dared not hope.

The hours wore on, and Patience was induced to go home. It was now eight o'clock. Not a ship was to be seen at sea. The Camilla must be either safe, or lost out of the reach of the Filby seamen.

While Mrs. Gale was lovingly tending her poor child—tending her with comfort both physical and mental—three men passed the parlour-window and stopped before the Gales' door.

"Mother, they are come to say he's dead."

"Nay, child, we don't know that. Don't think the worst."

The mother went out to speak to the strangers. One of them was a farmer, from a village some four miles from Filby. The other two were Filby men. Patience was not far wrong. The Camilla had gone ashore on the rocks close to this neighbouring village. The cottagers were some unwilling and all unable to be of any material service to the crew. The rocks were far spread and dangerous. The brig went to pieces before any communication could be established between her and the shore. The old yeoman's eyes shewed two big tears as he narrated the scene of desolation when the morning broke.

"When a knew 't were t' Camilla, a coomed to t' Master Gale. A knew t' lass and skipper i'yon—" But here he fairly broke down; for out of the doorway of the inner room the white face of Patience glared with a fixed gaze of piteous intensity.

"Mother, I am going to Rilcar. Master Kirby, will you take me back with you?"

The old man shook his grey head.

"Nowt can coom on't noo."

"But I must go. I must see where he was killed. Perhaps they will find—" She shuddered, and, with little opposition from her parent, set off for the scene of the wreck.

The little cart rolled roughly over the road. Patience sat very still, her eyes fixed straight before her. Her conductor knew better than to trouble her with a word of pity or encouragement. They travelled in silence.

At last the scene of the wreck was reached. The tide was high, and the surf curled over the crags almost at the foot of the steep cliffs. Many yards to seaward the brig had struck and gone to pieces. Riven timbers were still seen floating on the surface. All that remained together of the ill-fated vessel was hidden under the waters of the sea.

Little knots of the country folk and strangers from Filby were gathered here and there on the narrow ledge of rock below the down, that the sea had not yet covered. They pointed everywhere, and then with strange significance to a fisherman's hut hard by. There were laid the battered remnants of what had once been men. Seven bodies had as yet been washed on shore. Patience did not even ask if that of her betrothed were there. She still gazed wistfully out to sea. For, like the plaintive refrain that runs through some melody in a minor

key, one sentence sounded and sounded again in her ears. "It will bring me back to you." "It will bring me back to you."

Presently all heads were turned in one direction. A dark something was seen among the coming surf. The something came nearer and nearer,—now rolled high above the waves, now sucked back again into the hissing water; tossed at last on a shelving stone. They met at last, after so many months of separation, those two faithful lovers. The sea had not violated the pledge taken in its name. It brought the bridegroom back to his mistress. Bruised and bloody, the crisp hair dank and matted over the forehead, the frank eyes dimmed for ever, that face was once more shown to her who loved it best.

Patience looked upon it very calmly. She followed the men who bore the body reverently out of the reach of the "cruel crawling foam." She looked, and that was all. If only she could have wept. But that was impossible. Old Kirby led her to his cart. He would have conducted her through the village to his kindly wife to be comforted with loving sympathy, but the sorrowful girl pointed so steadfastly towards home that he did not like to offer the smallest opposition.

Patience went home, fell into her mother's arms, and then at last burst into a long passion of tears.

The story is done. The most melancholy part of it is that, in substance, it is but a simple record of facts.

The story is done; or rather we should say the incident of the story is done. Good orthodox novels always leave their hero and heroine on the point of setting out on their wedding tour. In this sad tale there is no such event with the details of which to weave a peroration. And perhaps the most useful part of this true story is the end come to by the principal character. It is no end invented to point a moral. It is what really happened to the real Patience.

She went home. She wept. She did not die. She did not go mad. She did not become another man's mistress before the end of six months. She never married; but she did not live a peevish and useless old maid.

As long as her parents lived she nursed them patiently and assiduously. When they were laid not far from Henry Harborough in the graveyard attached to the old abbey, she was not left all alone. Certain cousins of her own, and certain nephews and nieces of the dead sailor, had a tender interest in "Aunt Patience."

Loving and loved by poor and rich alike; never merry, but always cheerful; Patience Gale was Patience Gale to the day of her death.

Strangers who saw a grave elderly woman wandering alone and apparently purposeless and dreaming round the ruin of Filby Abbey, fancied that the poor lady was a little wrong in her head. They who had heard her story knew far otherwise.

Patience was still thinking of the old words written on every wave of the shifting sea. It will bring him back to me. So often did she gaze and think that the great deep seemed an image

of a Great Love, deep and infinite, a Love on which she trusted she was being borne up, a Love which in her firm faith she believed would one day bring back, not dead, but alive, all that she had loved and lost.

## SNAKES IN AMERICA.

I CAN hardly imagine a less eligible kind of neighbour than one addicted to snakes, or a more uncomfortable assurance than the news that a reptile is missing from the private collection next door. At any moment the absconding and concealed serpent may be detected in your wardrobe; or, what is worse, and more likely, in your bed; for snakes have a great instinct for blankets, as is well known to most men who have camped out much in the American woods. Not long ago there used to be a dealer in birds, squirrels, aquarial fishes, and other such live stock, who occupied a small basement, or cellar, in Broadway, in this city of New York where I am now writing. He likewise drove a pretty brisk business in snakes, as I gathered from the "bulletins" frequently posted up outside his door, informing those whom it might concern that "A large, lively, Black Snake" had just arrived from New Jersey, and was now on view and for sale; or inviting the passers by to "step down and see a pair of fine rattlesnakes, just received per Express from Lake George." One morning in August, 1859, I saw a paragraph in one of the city papers, headed, "Snake killed in Broome Street." The paragraph stated that one of the inmates of a hotel in Broome Street, near Broadway, while looking out of a back window, saw a large black snake lurking about the yard. He tried to capture it alive, but was obliged to kill it, as it "showed fight." The snake was described as being five feet in length, and about as large in circumference as a hen's egg; and as the snake-dealer's den was but a very short distance from the premises on which it was found, its presence was easily accounted for.

This circumstance reminded me of a long intended visit to the snake-fancier, and I immediately walked down Broadway to his shop, for the purpose of stocking my mind from his with an extensive assortment of snake fancies. But the basement was no longer cheerful with the song of mocking-birds. It was shut up: "basement to let" was conspicuously posted upon the door, and, upon inquiry, I learned that the reptilian had been peremptorily ejected that morning, on account of the little snake business in Broome Street before alluded to. Thus I lost a fine opportunity of improving my mind upon ophidian subjects: and yet I have something to say about serpents in this western hemisphere, and will say it as briefly as I can.

There are only a few varieties of venomous serpents in North America, but the whole tribe, whether innocuous or otherwise, is looked upon with suspicion and horror, even by the hard-handed backwoodsmen most accustomed to meet with them. It is a singular fact that persons suffering from *delirium tremens* in America (where,

either from the poisonous adulteration of liquors, or from some other cause not fully established, that form of insanity is much more common than among the tipplers of Europe) invariably imagine themselves beset by snakes. From this has arisen an expression in general use here. If it happens to be remarked that So-and-So is drinking very hard, some one will probably say—"O yes, he takes more than is good for him, I guess; but he hasn't had snakes in his boots yet." Marvellous tales are told, and apparently well authenticated, of the effect produced upon the mind by contact with serpents, and thence conveyed by some mysterious process to the body. We hear frequently of persons bitten by snakes having a perfect fac simile of the reptile instantaneously imprinted upon some portion of their bodies. The following instance of something like this is taken from the "New York Tribune," of 27th August, 1859:—

**SINGULAR DEATH FROM SKINNING A RATTLESNAKE.**—Some weeks since, Mr. Stalter, of Sloatsburg, Rockland County, killed a large rattlesnake, which he carefully skinned. Some time afterward he accidentally cut his thumb with the knife he had used for this purpose, when his hand and arm began to swell. The family sent for a physician, who, not being informed of the facts of the case, prescribed for the swelling, and left. Mr. Stalter daily became worse, when the physician was again sent for, but found the unfortunate man beyond all medical aid. Before he died his body was covered with livid spots, resembling those on the snake he had killed.

In another paper, the name and date of which I forgot to note, I read of a man upon whose arm, after his death from the bite of a rattlesnake, a perfect representation of the reptile was found, winding spirally from the shoulder to the wrist. Daudin gives seven varieties of the rattlesnake, all furnished with the deadly venom which causes this serpent to be dreaded more than any other upon the continent of America. These snakes are distributed, locally, over most of the States of America and throughout Western Canada. I say locally, because they are found only in particular districts. In many parts of Canada, for instance, the rattlesnake is unknown, while in others it is so common as to be a nuisance to the inhabitants of new settlements.

Some thirty or forty years ago the country lying along the Niagara River used to be very much haunted by these forbidding reptiles, but the progress of civilisation, including the arrival of the omnivorous pig, has nearly rid the district of them. The pig is the great snake annihilator, devouring serpents of every manageable size with avidity, and seeming to enjoy immunity from the poison so fatal to other animals. A French gentleman, who has a large property in a newly settled district of Western Canada, told me some years ago, that he had just purchased a large herd of lean swine to send to his saw-mills there, for the purpose of exterminating the rattlesnakes, which were very numerous, and much dreaded by his workmen. Turpentine, externally applied, has been successfully used in this country for the treatment of snake bites; but it has been asserted, lately, that alcohol, taken inwardly, in doses large enough to produce total

intoxication, is the only sure remedy. There can be no doubt, however, of the existence of an antidote in a plant known to woodsmen as the rattlesnake weed, which is always to be found growing in districts inhabited by these serpents. I had frequently been assured by Indians and other *coureurs des bois*, of the invariable success attending the application of this herb; and, about three years ago there was a letter published in a New York city paper from one John Andrews, residing somewhere in the north of the State, I think, fully corroborating such testimony. This authority states that the men who capture snakes for sale on the islands of Lake George, have such confidence in the remedy referred to, that they feel no concern at being bitten, but will even clamber about among the rocks in their stocking feet, so as to avoid slipping; and he gives three instances within his own knowledge, of men whose lives had been saved by it.

Rattlesnakes occasionally grow to a great size, although the varieties found in the more Northern States rarely attain a length of more than five feet. A singular and horrible encounter with a very large one took place in May, 1859, near the city of Peoria, in the State of Illinois. About six miles from Peoria, at a place called Prospect Hill, there stood at that time the ruins of a country hotel, near which were two brick cisterns, which had been partially covered over with boards for some time, while out of use. The proprietor of the place drove out there one day with his wife, for the purpose of putting the flower garden in summer trim, and, while engaged upon his work, he found that he wanted some bricks for edging the walks. He uncovered one of the cisterns, which was dry, and about six feet deep, jumped into it, and began to pick out some loose bricks from the wall and throw them to the top. While so employed, finding his work somewhat impeded by a piece of plank partially imbedded in the clay at the bottom of the cistern, he tore it up with some difficulty, and threw it out. At the same time he heard the spring of the rattle, and saw, to his horror, a large serpent coiled up in the hollow where the plank had lain. He had no weapon; the cistern was not more than five feet in diameter, and it would have been impossible for him to have scrambled out of it without exposing himself to be struck by the snake, the springs made at him by which he managed to parry with his heavy boots. Hearing his cries, his wife ran to the edge of the cistern, but was so overcome with fright as to be unable to render him any assistance. At last the man, seizing his opportunity between the lunges of the enraged reptile, made an effort to leap out of the cistern, in doing which a loose brick came away in his hand, with which missile he struck his assailant on the head and killed, or at least stunned it. Then, with the assistance of his wife, he climbed to the surface, when he fainted away from the excitement caused by the terrible conflict. The snake, which was taken dead from the cistern, proved to be seven feet long and had thirteen rattles.

Some of the locust and grasshopper tribes emit sounds so nearly resembling the rattle of the snake, that the unpractised wayfarer is fain to



tread cautiously on hearing their whirr in the briars and dead grass. This was rather unpleasantly experienced in September, 1860, by John Falk, a resident of Guyan, in the state of Ohio, who, one hot night, was aroused by his wife and asked to kill a locust, which annoyed her with its droning whirr. On procuring a light, no locust, but a rattlesnake, three feet long, was discovered in the bed, and despatched immediately.

A friend of mine, who lived for ten years in California, where the largest and most formidable kind of rattlesnake—the *crotalus horridus* of the herpetologist—is rather common, told me the following story. He was about leaving a spot where he had been encamped for some weeks, when, in getting his traps together, he missed some small article, for which he instituted a search by tossing up and removing the twigs of hemlock pine which had for some time formed his couch. This process revealed to him the horrible fact of two huge rattlesnakes coiled up under the thick, matted twigs, where they had probably been for weeks!

I saw exhibited here, not long since, a pair of those singular burrowing owls, said to dwell in amity with the rattlesnake and the marmot, called the prairie dog, in the holes excavated by the latter. The association in question has been doubted; but many recent investigators have ascertained it to be a fact, though it is difficult to conceive why such a strange partnership should be entered into, or to imagine the terms of it.

The rattlesnake of the prairie is a small variety, certainly; and yet we have seen instances of the power of gluttony in snakes, from which it might be inferred that either a prairie dog or a burrowing owl would only make a reasonable meal for one of these undesirable lodgers. I find in an American paper a paragraph stating that on the 26th of August, 1860, one Frederick Collins killed, at Lime Rock, a rattlesnake forty-two inches long, which had a red squirrel in its stomach. The next day, at the same place, Albert Thorp killed one forty-four inches long, which was found to contain a rabbit. Bosc, the traveller, mentions that he took an American hare from the stomach of one killed by him. The burrowing owls referred to are quaint-looking little fellows, with naked and rather long legs, which makes them look as if they had gone into the stork business for a while, but were coming gradually back to owling it again.

In many parts of the United States and Canada there is a swift, bold snake to be met with, commonly called the black snake. It often attains the length of seven feet, and I heard of one killed in Western Canada that measured nine. It is of a blueish-black colour on the back; and slate blue beneath, with a white ring upon the neck, and some white about the muzzle. This serpent, *coluber constrictor*, is not furnished with venom, but disposes of its prey by pressure, like the rest of the constrictor tribe. Some writers state that the black snake, or racer, as it is called in some of the Western States, will not attack a man; but there are numerous well authenticated instances to the contrary. Daudin records that cases have occurred of its coiling itself around a man's legs

with such strength as to prevent him from walking, whence it was called *le lien* by the early French explorers. Here is a specimen of what this serpent can do in the constrictor line, as related by the "Traveller," of the 12th of June, 1861, a journal published at St. Joseph, in the state of Michigan. The kind of snake referred to is, I have reason to believe, either identical with, or very similar to, the one commonly called the black snake.

"While crossing a piece of marshy ground bordering on the northern bayou near this village, in company with a small boy, the sheriff discovered two large blue racer snakes just ahead of him, and although armed with nothing but an insignificant stick, he resolved at once to endeavour to despatch the monsters. Therefore, by describing a circle, he headed them off, and hemmed them in next to the water, which this species of reptile dislikes exceedingly; but as he approached nearer and nearer, the largest one, head erect, turned upon him, and in an instant coiled its strong sinewy body about his legs with such tenacity that it was impossible for him to move from his tracks, without falling over. But, in spite of this predicament, the sheriff was not so much alarmed until he saw the other snake, which had meantime been running from side to side, suddenly start towards him, and, with the quickness of lightning, leap upon him, catching his arm in its embrace, and binding it to his body as firmly as if it had been secured with chains of steel, and, of course, notwithstanding he strained every nerve in the effort, he could not release it. With his left hand he drew a sheath knife from the breast pocket of his coat, and made short work of severing the coils of his disagreeable foes. The largest of these monsters measured seven feet four and a-half inches, and the other five feet eight inches in length. The sheriff says that it seemed to him that the terrible embrace of the large reptile was equal to the strength which two men could bring to bear on a rope about a person's limbs, and was extremely painful; while the quickness of their movements was indeed astonishing. He brought away their heads as trophies of his victory."

In the "New York Tribune," of the 29th of July, 1859, I find a paragraph stating that, as Lieutenant Garrabrant, of the Newark police, was walking in Elm Street, Newark, a few days previously, he was attacked by a large black snake, which he succeeded in shaking off and killing with some difficulty. Newark is a city of about 80,000 inhabitants, nine miles from New York, and the encounter referred to took place, probably, outside the city bounds. Another paper stated, about a year since, that a good deal of excitement was caused near Rochester, in the State of New York, by the fact of cattle being found dead near a swamp haunted by large black snakes with yellow rings about their necks. Marks upon the cattle led to the suspicion that they had been fastened upon and strangled by these snakes, the description of which nearly coincides with that of the *coluber constrictor*, already mentioned, although the latter does not usually frequent swamps. I have often killed them, however, when

woodcock shooting along the dry ridges intersecting marshy tracts.

This variety of snake appears to be very common in certain districts. I read, for instance, in the "Gazette," published at Taunton, in the State of Massachusetts, that while Mr. Allen Burt, of that town, was examining an old well near his premises, in August, 1859, he came upon a den of serpents, from which he took fifty black snakes, measuring in aggregate length more than two hundred feet; also eight house snakes, and a few others of different varieties. Old, dry wells, deserted cellars, and such like places, appear to be favourite resorts for the serpent tribe in general when driven by the changing season to seek for winter quarters. A singular instance of this is related by another Massachusetts paper, which, in October, 1860, stated that fifteen snakes of various kinds had been killed within a few days near the site of a dry well, formerly belonging to Colonel Jaques, of Woburn. The well had been for many years partially covered with a large, flat stone; but, in the course of the foregoing summer, it had been filled up; and there can be little doubt that the snakes killed near the spot in October were old tenants of it, puzzling about in search of their former winter lodgings.

The house snake, of which mention has been made above, is the *coluber eximius* of naturalists, and resembles, in form and movements, its fellow constrictor, the black snake. Its colours are beautifully arranged, and have a brilliant effect, the upper part of the body being clouded with brown and white, while the belly is marked with black and white lozenges, like a chess-board. This serpent, called in some parts of the States and Canada the milk snake, and sometimes the chicken snake, is often found in cellars and out-houses. It grows, not infrequently, to the length of six, and even seven feet, and, although generally sluggish in its movements, will sometimes dart away with great rapidity when surprised. A gentleman, long a resident of Canada, told me that one summer, while on a visit to a friend near Niagara, and engaged in conversation with the lady of the house, happening to be looking in the direction of the empty fire-place, he saw one of these snakes unwinding slowly out from the dilapidated masonry, and coiling itself to repose upon the hearth. Fearful that the lady, who was very nervous and delicate in health, might see the reptile, he induced her away on some pretext, and then despatched it. I do not think that these snakes climb trees, like the black snakes, but I have often seen them winding among the cucumber vines and tomato stalks in gardens. So far as being unprovided with poison apparatus, the house snake is a harmless reptile.

Innocuous, or otherwise, however, the members of the wily serpent tribe are anything but eligible bedfellows. It happened near Fredericksburg, in Virginia, some time in the year 1859, I think, that a Mr. John Elder employed a negro to fill with fresh straw a common mattress, which was afterwards placed under the featherbed slept on by a daughter of Mr. Elder's. The young lady frequently remarked that she was disturbed in her sleep by a thumping sound, for which, however,

she failed to discover any cause. About a fortnight after the new bed arrangement, as Miss Elder was seated in a room below, from which she could see the stairs leading to her chamber, she heard a singular noise, and, on looking up, saw a large moccasin snake descending the steps. This led to an examination of the freshly-filled mattress, in which a hole was discovered, and, upon ripping open the bed, the full-length skin of the venomous reptile was found, as just shed by it. It is well known that snakes, when getting rid of the old skin, assist the process by winding among straw or dried herbage, and the one killed upon this occasion was doubtless thus occupied when unconsciously packed in by the negro along with the bedding.

And, by an easy transition from the straw mattress to the feather bed, let me here give the following story, as related by a Louisiana paper two years ago:—

"About the year 1828, one, E. Baker, moved to Bayou Kisatchie, in the southern portion of Natchitoches parish. During his travel there had been a quantity of rain, which made it necessary that everything should be sunned. One of the feather-beds had, by accident, a hole torn in it about an inch square. This hole was patched while it lay on a brush-heap, sunning. Not long afterwards the sleepers on this bed were troubled with dreams of snakes, and often its occupants actually believed a snake was in bed with them, and would bounce out of bed in great alarm, but would return after a vigorous but unfruitful search. Two years after Baker came to Kisatchie the eldest daughter was married to J. W. Brown, and took the bed home with her; yet its sleepers continued to be troubled with visions of snakes, and an occasional search was instituted for the intruder. Four years after this marriage Baker visited his daughter, and was put upon this bed. About ten o'clock he was heard calling for his son-in-law, 'John! John! come here quick, a snake is in my bed!' Lights were had, and though every nook and corner was searched no snake was found. All retired again, but were soon startled by the old man's cries for help and lights, as if he was holding something with all his strength. John went to him, thinking he had a nightmare, but to his surprise found him wide awake, and holding something under the covering with all his might. After searching under the cover, it was found to be a snake on the inside of the tick among the feathers. It was pulled out and found to be quite strong and active, and about seven feet in length. Now, the question is, how did this snake subsist among the feathers, as it must have been there for six years without food of any kind, or water? The ticking was new when the hole was torn, and there never had been but one hole in the bed until one was cut to pull the snake out.

"We give this as strictly true. John W. Brown and his wife are still living, and will assert the same, as above. Their post-office is Ouachita Chute, Louisiana."

Six years is certainly a good while to live without food, even for a snake; but there does not appear to be any definite limit as to the length of

fast which these reptiles are capable of enduring. Dr. Harlan, of Philadelphia, who contributed some valuable observations to the herpetology of America between thirty and forty years ago, mentions having seen on exhibition more than a hundred rattlesnakes, brought chiefly from the State of New York, which were lively and in good condition, although they had been without food for more than six months.

Yet one more story of a snake and a bed. The editor of the "Rappahannock Southerner," a Virginia paper, writing in September, 1860, says that he was aroused a night or two before by something moving in the bed, apparently between the sheet and the ticking. Supposing it to be a mouse, he arose, procured a light, and made an examination of the bed, when, to his horror, a hooded adder glided from it and disappeared somewhere among the furniture. That editor must have been a trusting man, for he went back to bed, instead of rushing from the house at once and for ever, as most persons, including the writer of this article, would certainly have done. Next day, while sitting in the office adjoining his bedroom, he heard something moving in a waste-paper basket, which, upon examination, turned out to be his unwelcome visitor of the night before. The snake, which was quickly despatched, measured three feet eight inches in length, and four inches in diameter; and the editor, who says that death must have ensued within a few hours had he been bitten by it, vouches for the truth of his story by inviting the curious to come and see the reptile, which was then hanging up in his office.

What the hooded adder mentioned by the Virginia editor is, I do not know. The only snake displaying anything like a "hood" with which I have ever met, is the one known here as the blowing adder, which is not venomous, however, but has a way of inflating its head and neck when irritated, which gives it an extremely vicious and dangerous aspect.

The mystery and dread attaching to the snake family has, in all ages, been a source of apocryphal exaggeration. Most of the American woodsmen with whom I have met in my wanderings have a vague faith in a reptile called by them the hoop snake, which, according to obscure authorities quoted by them—for they never have seen one themselves—resolves itself into a circle when about to attack, and, holding its tail in its mouth, trundles itself like a hoop upon the intruder. They will tell you, even, how the bold hunter will sometimes pass his deer-knife quickly within the circumference of the hoop as it wheels past, so that the snake cuts itself in two upon the blade by its own rash act. It is needless to say that this variety of the serpent tribe is purely imaginary. None of the American naturalists make note of it; nor is the story of its wheel movement worthy of any more credence than the theory surmised by many ancient fishermen about the salmon, which, they tell us, achieves its wonderful acrobatic leaps by catching its tail in its mouth, and suddenly letting go for a spring.

Very like one of these woodsmen's yarns is the

following account of a serpent new to me, as it will probably be to most of my readers. It is taken from a Virginian paper of September, 1859:—

Mr. Samuel Hawkins, living at Mount Crawford, in this State, shot an enormous bull-snake, a fortnight ago, about a mile from Mount Crawford, on what is known as Cedar Ridge. The snake was eleven feet in length, and its body was over a foot in circumference. It was in pursuit of a younger brother of Mr. Hawkins, making a kind of bellowing noise peculiar to this snake, when it was shot. Its teeth were an inch in length.

Now the foregoing, unlike the hoop-snake fables, is entitled to consideration; for, on reference to several authorities, I find that the bull-snake, or, as it is sometimes called, the pine-snake, is no myth, but an "established fact." It is a large black-and-white snake—the *coluber melanoleucus* of scientific nomenclature. Bartram, in his "Travels in the Southern States of North America," describes it as a denizen of the pine-forests of Carolina and Florida; and Daudin states that when irritated it utters a very loud and even frightful sound.

In these latitudes, and in Canada, I know of but two varieties of water-snake, neither of which is venomous. One of these is marked with sooty patches on a somewhat lighter ground; the other striped longitudinally in black and yellow, with a spotted belly. They haunt the borders of sluggish streams and ponds, and live chiefly upon fish. I heard of one killed at Poultney, in the State of Vermont, which, upon being opened, was found to contain ten trout; and I found in the stomach of a large one of the brown variety, a pike, or jack, nearly a foot long.

These snakes may very often be seen sunning themselves upon logs by the margins of sedgy pools, and on being disturbed, they glide as quick as lightning into the water. A good many years ago, as I was fishing for trout along a Canadian river with a friend, he hooked a striped water snake with his fly, as it swam across the stream, landed it with some difficulty, and had a good deal of work in killing it without damaging his tackle, which became involved in a wonderful tangle with the coiling reptile. Once, as I was watching for wild ducks on the margin of a sluggish but clear stream, a small water snake crept close by my foot, and, disturbed by my movement, glided into the water, where it coiled itself upon the pebbly bottom. In a moment it was surrounded by a swarm of minnows, which hovered about it with insulting, fish-saucy gestures, until it was forced again to seek the land as a refuge from its tormentors. This, in the water, was an exact counterpart of what we so often see far up in the air, when a host of small birds harasses the rear of an obnoxious hawk. With regard to these two water snakes I have observed a curious physiological fact—that, upon the same rivers, they inhabit separate districts. And this appears to be in some way connected with the local vegetation. For instance, I have always found the brown water-snake only where the button-wood tree—*platanus occidentalis*—grows; while, upon the same stream, at localities where that tree disappears, the striped variety alone exists.

In this rambling talk about American reptiles

I should not forget to mention the garter snake, which is the kind most common in these latitudes. This snake, which seldom exceeds three feet in length, is striped longitudinally with black and yellow, and is frequently to be seen lurking by the roadside or in the angles of the wooden fences. It is a harmless reptile, subsisting upon frogs, toads, and insects: at least, I can answer for the frogs, as I have often seen a garter snake gliding away from the wayside with one of these luckless batrachians protruding from out of its distended jaws.

These rough field-notes of mine may be useful *pour servir*: the herpetology of America has yet to be written. In what has hitherto been done, much confusion exists with regard to nomenclature, from the fact that the same species of snake is called by various names in different parts of the country. And there is yet another difficulty in running down ophidian facts here—that the lank hunter of the American forests is but little observant of the habits of creatures in which he is not directly interested as objects of pursuit. The English game-keeper is often a practical naturalist of no mean attainments, while the American deer-hunter and trapper generally limits his observations to the wearers of antlers and “peltry.” It was bad encouragement for the enthusiastic investigator when, as he laid down much law on the subject of snakes, and especially of constrictors, the back woodsman to whom he addressed himself shouldered his rifle with a jerk, and cut off the lecture with the defiant words—“Let ‘em constrict!”

#### AN INDUSTRIAL CHANCE FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

AN inquiry which was addressed to me the other day has set me thinking on a subject naturally interesting to a large class of young women, and their parents and brothers. The inquiry related to Cheesemaking, as an occupation for young women who wish to maintain themselves by industry, and who at the same time prefer a country life to confinement at any town-employment, and have no turn for the studies requisite to training for governess-ship.

My sympathies are always won at once by a frank acknowledgment on the part of any girl that she is not fit for the great work of educating, and that she had rather have the ease of mind of an honest and lowly occupation that she is equal to, than pretend to greater gentility at the expense of her own self-respect, and fair play to her pupils. It was therefore very interesting to me to hear that any girl was inquiring about the Cheesemaking business as a means of maintenance. It is true, the more I considered the notion, the less feasible it appeared; but some considerations arose which it may be worth while to dwell on for a few minutes.

The first question in such a case is,—what office would such a young person propose to occupy? The scheme itself is no trifle, but a very serious matter: and we must therefore suppose that the young person is not indulging in dreams of a sunshiny life among green fields and

fragrant kine, and gay gardens, and a cool dairy, and oceans of cream, and fruitful orchards, and rural innocence as described by the poets. The first question that her first adviser will ask must put to flight all the romance of the notion: viz.,—does she propose to be mistress or maid, when she goes into cheesemaking?

The first is evidently out of the question for any woman who does not possess a considerable capital; and this puts the case out of the question for girls who seek an alternative to governessing. Even if the land—some two or three hundred acres at least, if the business is to be a safe one,—was supposed certain to pay the rent and labour by the produce, there must be a costly stock and plant to begin with. The cows alone would cost a thousand pounds: and, as live stock must always be a precarious property, from the liability to disease and death; and as a seventh, or a sixth part of the cows must be set aside permanently as dry, or ailing, or wanted for the calves, or to supply the establishment, there must be money over, to keep up the unprofitable part of the stock, and to replace such as either deteriorate or die.

Again,—there is the training to be paid for. Cheesemaking is not a thing which comes of itself. It is a mystery which one must pay to be allowed to learn; or it is an art, based on science, which one must pay to be instructed in, as in the other arts of life. Till very lately, the process of cheesemaking went on, for the most part, by tradition and the rule of thumb; and it was dignified and venerable accordingly. Old-established houses had their particular secrets; and such houses asked high terms for admitting novices to their confidence, and required to be well paid for raising up rivals to their own custom. That aspect of the manufacture is pretty well over now. The chemists know more than any old-fashioned, traditional cheesemaker could tell; and experiments are being made, and implements are being invented, and consultations are being held, in all directions; so that there will soon be no mystery hanging about the operation at all. But if the fee is not required to pay for the secret, it is to pay for the new knowledge, and the higher order of modern skill. When all is paid for, and learned, the situation of the establishment may be so good, and its character so high, that it may in time yield a fortune to its proprietor. If so, the fortune will have been earned by severe toil and long protracted anxiety. If the enterprise only just answers, it will have been an anxious way of earning a moderate subsistence: and the interest of the capital invested would have yielded a maintenance, however humble, without the risks. Nobody admires and relishes the spectacle of such an establishment, conducted by a clever woman, more than I do: and I really do not see how a woman could put her ability and energy to better use. What I mean is, that the vocation is one which will always be naturally filled by the descendants of great cheesemaking families, or by women who happen to unite ability and liking for the business with the command of two or three thousand pounds.

But this is not what was meant by the inquirers, I shall be told. Women who have the command

of two or three thousand pounds, do not need to make such inquiries. Could not a young lady go into a dairy-farm, in some cheese country, and give her services in return for her training and board?

Certainly not. The way is to begin at the beginning, as in acquiring all other arts. Looking on will never do; and no idlers or mere spectators can be tolerated in a place of such urgent and punctual business. A girl enters as a milker, probably, or as a fetcher and carrier and cleaner. She brings in the milk, and carries out the whey; and if she does not scour floors and tubs and shelves and pans as formerly, it is because scouring is going out of fashion. The duty now is to prevent the occurrence of dirt, instead of washing it away, at the cost of perpetual damp.

By degrees, the dairygirl rises, if she deserves to rise, from one department of cheesemaking to another, till she may become, in course of years, if clever, well taught, and steady, head dairymaid. What does this comprehend?

She has, for a dozen or twenty years, toiled as few or no other women toil. All that time she has been going through the whole set of labours twice a day,—lifting great weights, wielding heavy implements, straining every muscle in her body with reaching over the wide tubs, screwing up the ponderous presses, and turning and weighing the mighty cheeses which the ordinary run of ladies could no more carry to the scale than they could carry the farmhouse into the next parish. She has seldom been able to keep awake till bedtime, all those years, or to get her mending done to her clothes,—being overpowered with fatigue so as to be unable to sew in the evenings. As she is ready for the post of head dairymaid she must have a good share of health and strength, for women of average strength cannot bear the toil for a long course of years. They would find hoeing turnips, or digging potatoes, light work in comparison. The doctors compliment the constitutions of dairymaid who escape a particular set of maladies which beset their class,—diseases arising from over-fatigue and insufficient rest. There is a standing population of about 64,000 of them in Great Britain; and, though they are now for the most part spared the work of milking, which is consigned to men, and will soon be trusted to machinery, they too seldom reach, in health and comfort, the time when they may be more or less independent of daily labour.

What do they earn by all this toil? I shall be asked. The class of dairymaid are paid, according to quality and circumstances, from 8*l.* to 12*l.* a-year wages—board and lodging of course. I see how aghast young ladies look, as they well may, at this account of the life and prospects of a woman on a cheese-farm: and I am glad to be able to point out how the case is improving at the present time. Since the duty was taken off foreign cheese, and our dairy-farming has been roused out of its lethargy and its old superstitions, more and more of the hardest toil has been lifted off the human, and laid on the inanimate instruments of the manufacture. The whey runs into the piggeries instead of being carried in pails; the milk is delivered through pipes into the tubs, to save

the entrance of wet feet and dirty petticoats within the area of the sacred process of manufacture; the warming is done by pipes and double bottoms, instead of by carrying milk or water to and from the copper: the breaking the curd and getting rid of the whey is done by mechanical methods, instead of by human arms, straining human backs by leaning over the tubs; and, by new methods of pressing and drying, the process of forming and hardening and salting the cheese is shortened by more than one-half. All this is excellent: but the class of dairymaid has much ground to gain before the vocation can be in any way tempting to young women who can earn a maintenance on easier terms.

But is there no station, I shall be asked, between that of the dairymaid who leads the cheesemaking, at ten or twelve pounds a-year, and the employer who has a capital of some thousands?

Yes,—there is one official, who has the authority of the mistress without the anxiety of the capital and the profits, and better pay than the maids, without such heavy toil. In great established cheese-dairies there is a salaried Superintendent. She has her two rooms, and her servant, and her diet, and her coals and candles, and 50*l.* a-year or more.—“O come!” say the young ladies, “that will do! That is the sort of thing,—if only the salary were a little higher.”—But the young ladies must not fancy they have found what they want till they have calculated the chances for any one of them of obtaining such a position.

Let them consider the qualifications that are requisite. Let them remember how thoroughly skilled in the art such a Superintendent must be,—how liberally, and even learnedly trained and disposed, in these days of scientific improvement of processes; and moreover, how familiar with the character and mind of the rural neighbourhood in which she bears office over a company of natives. It must be considered, too, how few of these Superintendents are wanted, and how certainly there will always be candidates from the neighbourhood for every vacant place,—candidates born and reared among cheese-farms and cheeses peculiar to the district, and its pride.

No;—the cheese-manufacture does not at present offer a new field of employment to young women,—especially young ladies,—who have to look round for some means of subsistence. It is a good vocation for women,—suitable to their position, character and powers: but the women who go into it must be,—like hosts of Frenchwomen,—capitalists, entering into business as men do,—with good credit at the Bank, a certain habit or grace of authority in eye, tongue and carriage, and a certain pride and complacency in the special industry, deep-seated in the mind and heart. It takes all this to be, to any adequate purpose, the head of any considerable cheesemaking establishment.

I am reminded by a friend that young women need not, on this account, imagine that independence is out of their reach in the rural districts of the country, except as governesses and maid-servants. A suggestion of my friend's delights me:

“If cheese is out of the question, how about butter, eggs, and fowls?”

As soon as this is mentioned, we all see how reasonable it is. There is, almost all over the kingdom, a strong and unflinching demand for these commodities, as is shown by the prodigious importation of each and all of them. The enterprise may be carried a long way on a small capital, and admits of being taken up in almost any proportion. So little training is required, that it may be almost said that observation and good sense will do as well as any apprenticeship.

In the neighbourhood of any large town it answers to make butter,—butter which is regularly good in quality,—for sale in larger or smaller quantities. Good butter is eagerly bought everywhere by town and village populations; and what room there is in this country for an increase of the product is shown by the amount of importation. Last year we imported little short of a million cwts. If we dwell for a moment on the idea of a million cwts. of butter, we shall be surprised that our green pastures, and our large areas of green crops, should not have spared us the necessity of going to the continent for butter which we might have expected to get, fresh and sweet, at home. It so happens, however, that while we are raising perpetually less wheat and more cattle, the demand for dairy products grows in greater proportion; so that there is an opening for more industry in the dairy department than seems ready to flow into it. It appears to me that this is a direction in which young women may reasonably hope to find a creditable career.

In the markets of our chief towns it is a common thing to see a stall open every market-day for the sale of butter and other products from the dairy of the nobleman or other country-gentleman who may have an estate near: and nobody thinks this odd, or in any way objectionable,—any more than the sale of coal from the collieries of Lady Londonderry or Lord Durham. Something depends on the way in which the business is managed. I remember how a nobleman got quizzed, a good many years ago, about his particular vanity,—his butter; but the fun arose out of his failure. He told all his acquaintance what butter he was going to favour the market with, at twopence per pound dearer than the market price. People would be eager to pay the price for his butter, which would be something quite different from anything they had ever tasted before. He had a paragon of a dairy-woman: he had ordered stamps with his coronet on them: and his stall would be in a conspicuous place in the market.

On the first day, sure enough, every pound was sold immediately; but before the day was over several friends had told him that there must be some mistake, for the butter stamped with his coronet was not good. It was difficult to convince him of this: but in a little while he announced that the fault had been in the dairy-woman; that he had obtained another, from a remote county, at high wages, with a capital character. The twopence per pound would be all wanted for the expense of the new plan; but there could be no

disappointment again. Here he was mistaken: the second supply of butter—folded in natty cloths, and duly coroneted, and sold by a condescending lady in an elegant morning dress—was more nauseous than the first. The same thing happened a third time, when, if I remember right, his lordship forbade his market-woman to bring back any butter. She was to get rid of it somehow; and it was sold for cart-grease. The belief of the neighbourhood was, that the fault lay in the pasture: and everybody was quite ready to buy and approve if the butter had been good, and sold at market-price.

Such failures are quite unnecessary; and there is nothing in the task of producing good butter which any young woman of sense, adroitness, and activity is not equal to. And what a thoroughly suitable occupation it is! If she can command the little capital requisite to stock a few acres of land, and set up a dairy, and has acquired the art of managing cows and making butter, she will find a good business ready to her hand in all the populous districts of the country. If she has not the means of setting up for herself, she may perhaps make a partnership with some of the twenty thousand Englishwomen who follow agricultural pursuits; or she may find a place in the household of some one of the half-million of farmers' wives and daughters who attend to the dairy and poultry departments of the farm. By means of such a share she may obtain money enough to set up as the tenant of a few acres of land, and the owner of cows in proportion. She must have learned how to manage pasture-land, and how to grow roots; and she must be a good judge of cows, as well as a good maker of butter.

These conditions being fulfilled, it may be almost said to be impossible that she should fail of a comfortable independence. She will, if she deserves it, assuredly obtain her share of the national custom which now goes so needlessly to Holland and other foreign countries.

It is only quite lately that this common branch of production has been made as profitable as a little study and attention can make it. Even lately I have been surprised at the absurd diversities of practice which I have found within even a narrow range of pastoral country. Among a score of farms one may find half-a-dozen different and very positive judgments about the best sort of pans for milk—wood, lead, earthenware, or glass; and about how much temperature has to do with the yield of cream and of butter; and about the washing and the salting of the butter; and, in fact, about almost every part of the manufacture. I understand that between one method and another, in regard to milk-pans and the temperature of their contents, there is a difference of no less than one-third in the yield of cream, while a difference of one-fifth or one-sixth is very common. Now, here is where a woman of education is sure to have the advantage over ignorant or old-fashioned farmers' wives and daughters, who have no notion that the arts of the dairy did not reach their limit a thousand years ago. An intelligent woman who loves the country, loves cows, loves household work, so as to enjoy giving her mind to doing her business in the best possible

way, has a better chance of a good profit on her industry than the majority of her half-million competitors,—and a far better chance than almost any other ladies who have to look round them for a way of getting their bread.

It is not from the butter only, nor chiefly, that the profit should come, even reckoning with it the cream-cheeses which are so easy to make, and for which there is such a demand in town and country throughout the summer. Other products go naturally with those of the dairy; and some of them are at least as profitable.

There are the pigs which one finds in connection with every considerable dairy. These first occur in one's mind's picture of the establishment: but there is still a good deal of argument going on among farmers about the profitableness of a piggery. The doubt cannot but suggest suspicions of bad management as long as our imports show that we buy from abroad lard to the value of 900,000*l.*; and bacon and hams (besides salt pork) to the value of a million and a quarter, or 516,000 cwt*s.* The truth seems to be that nothing produced on the land depends more on intelligence and care than the pig element of the farm. No animal is more certainly and irreparably injured by neglect, and none is so despised when injured, as the pig; and, as far as my observation goes, none is more sure to pay if well treated, in life and afterwards.

If our intelligent dairy-mistress keeps pigs in due proportion to her dairy, and knows the importance of their being of a good stock, and always clean and well-fed, she will find that the public has an instinct for these things, too. When she has attained perfection in her curing of hams and bacon, she will have as much custom as she can manage, for them as well as for the little delicate sucking pigs on her stall in the market, and the well-raised wholesome pork and sausages, and the bladders of lard which she may exhibit there. As to the hams and bacon, she will not have to send them to market, as they will be all bespoken before they are ready.

This is not all, yet. The marvel and mystery of our importation of eggs and poultry from the continent are as great as they were ten years ago. We are always saying, all over the country, that we cannot conceive why we do not raise fowls enough to supply our own needs,—seeing how cheaply they may be managed, and how little trouble they give. It used to be supposed that every cottager on any common, or in any lane, had fowls stepping and picking about his gable-end; and it has been considered an evidence of the dullness of the labouring class in the rural districts that they have not extended their poultry-rearing as the demand from the towns increased. We see fowls swarming in every farm-yard, and round the maltster's and distiller's granaries; and here and there we hear of an establishment for the rearing of poultry alone; but the wants of the population are very far indeed from being met. Even if we raised fowls enough to supply the tables of the gentry as at present, we should have to ask why other people should not eat poultry, as well as the gentry. If there was poultry enough raised, every cottager in the country, and every town-labourer,

might as well have a fowl for his dinner as a rasher of bacon. The high price is altogether artificial, as any traveller in a variety of countries can tell. It is the scarcity which makes the high prices; and it is the desultory and unprogressive way in which the rearing of fowls is managed which makes the profits of that department so precarious as we are assured they are. The experience of foreigners justifies us in this conclusion.

What a fact it is that we have not only not eggs enough for the very limited use we make of them in our cookery, but are importing them to the value of more than half a million of pounds sterling a-year. In the last table of imports, the number for 1861 stands as 203,313,300. I do not forget that eggs are largely used for some of our manufactures; but that does not affect the question why they are not produced at home. Upwards of two hundred millions of eggs produced for us by foreigners, while Englishwomen are wanting employment at home! Surely this is a mistake which must soon be rectified!

The thing is, we have not studied the art of poultry-rearing as foreigners have, and as we ought to have done long ago. Even at this day, I am occasionally asked whether I believe in the possibility of regularly inducing hens to lay all the year round; and even whether it is possible to obtain a succession of eggs through the four seasons. Such points should not be left for foreigners to answer at this time of day. And how do they answer them?

They tell us (what we surely might have found out for ourselves) the reason why only a certain proportion of poultry will thrive of their own accord, in farmyards and round cottages. It is because poultry require animal food; and when they have consumed all the insects within their range, they will thrive no more unless we help them. The hens stop laying in winter because the insects disappear: but wherever they are supplied with animal food, they lay as well in winter as in summer. Some of my readers may have heard of the fortune made by a clever Frenchman who has made use of this fact to his own enormous profit. This M. de Sora, living a few miles from Paris, thought he would try what he could make of his hens by feeding them with horseflesh, which he could obtain of perfectly good quality very cheap. As Frenchmen themselves find horseflesh one of the best of meats, and stand up for it by entering into an association for the extension of "hippophagy," there is nothing wonderful in the proposal to feed hens with a meat certainly not more offensive to our prejudices than the insects on which our poultry feed. M. de Sora began with only 300 hens, and they actually averaged twenty-five dozens of eggs daily for the first year. He now has 100,000 hens, with a due proportion of cocks; and the preparations for feeding them and the management employ a hundred persons, of whom the greater number are women, engaged in the care of the fowls. The men are wanted for the slaying and disposing of the twenty-two horses per day required by the poultry. These horses cost less than nothing. Being old or damaged (not diseased), they are had cheap; and the sale of all parts of them, from the hide which goes to

the tanner, to the marrow which makes lip-salve for fine ladies, together with their use as food, more than pays their price when alive. The meat is minced by machinery, salted and peppered to the taste of the fowls, and exceedingly enjoyed by them. They are let out in divisions into portions of an area of twenty acres, enclosed by the buildings appropriated to them, and by walls; and in the high insect season they are allowed to range further, under strict guardianship. After four years of this easy life,—spent in apartments which are kept warm in winter and cool in summer, and always clean,—they receive the summons of fate. The four-year-olds are drawn apart, and fed on crushed grain for three weeks, before being sent to Paris for the market. The work of the hens is done for them, beyond the mere laying. The eggs are hatched in chambers, heated and darkened to the degree ascertained to exist under the sitting hen. Every morning the newly hatched chicks are removed to the nursery, and fresh eggs are placed in the space they vacate.

The buying and selling which ensues upon this poultry rearing is very remarkable. The farmers are eager for the horses' bones (as are the lamp-black and button-makers), and the gardeners for the manure of the fowls, which has a special value for florists. The head and hoofs make glue and Prussian blue. The poultry returns are, however, the most interesting to us. The sale of eggs is 40,000 dozen per week, bringing in 250,000 dollars per annum, at the rate of four francs, or 3s. 4d., per six dozen. In the three months of last autumn M. de Sora sold in Paris nearly 12,000 capons. His total expenses, including an allowance for dilapidations and repairs, amount to somewhat less than 16,000l., and his annual profits are about 36,500l.

We shall not expect our English gentlewomen to set up horse-slaying establishments, or poultry houses employing a hundred, or half a hundred attendants; but why should they not adopt the practices suggested by growing knowledge and skill? The doubt, to those who are aware of the pressure of the egg and fowl demand, will be, whether I am not treating the vocation of henwife unworthily by supposing it a subordinate department of the dairy occupation. I do indeed believe that there is a creditable and useful career awaiting a very considerable number of my country-women, whenever they may choose to betake themselves to supplying our towns and villages and factory districts with poultry and eggs.

I have said nothing of the particular branches of demand which relate to ducks and turkeys. I must also leave to the imagination and fair judgment of those whom it may concern the prospect from the culture of honey. There are places even in this country where women can make a living very easily as bee mistresses; and the care of bees would combine well with that of the dairy and poultry yard. The same may be said of the production of fruit and flowers to a certain extent; but it would not be prudent to undertake too many things; and the calling of the market-gardener,—also very suitable to women,—seems to comprehend these latter productions more directly than the dairy and poultry and pig pursuits.

It would be really a great satisfaction to some of the best friends of active and self-reliant English-women to see some of them entering upon departments of profitable industry so suitable for them, and at present so ill occupied. It cannot be pride that is in the way; for there is no sort of humiliation connected with a career so independent and useful and pleasant. I can only suppose that the opportunity is not appreciated, because the need is not understood. I am glad to have heard of one young lady who has thought of a rural career for herself, whether in a right or impracticable direction. I hope to hear of more before I die.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

## ON THE RIVER.

### I.

Side by side in our tiny skiff  
Floating along with the tide,  
My love and I watched the fading light  
Of the summer eve die into the night,  
And the moon through her queendom glide.

### II.

Floating along where the flexile trees  
To the river's brink had grown;  
And with drooping branches the waters brushed  
As in mimic rapids they brawled and rushed  
On a fallen tree or a stone.

### III.

Then I turned away from the starry heavens  
To gaze in my dear one's eyes;  
But they met not mine in their calm repose,  
For troubled gleams in their depths arose,  
And her smiles gave place to sighs.

### IV.

Close to my side she shuddering clung,  
And told her fears on my breast;  
"Beneath these waters that round us play,  
The tangled weed and the darkness stay,  
And the dead in their shadows rest!"

### V.

"Side by side could we float for aye,  
Calm river and peaceful sky!  
But alas! our life like the surface gleams,  
But to merge our fates in the turbid streams  
That under its surface lie!"

### VI.

"And I shrink, I shrink from the coming storms,  
Thy courage may haply brave—  
Lest these clinging arms in my selfish dread,  
When the smiling moments of youth have fled  
May gulph thee, too, in the wave!"

### VII.

Then up I raised the face of my love  
Till the moonbeams tinted her brow;  
Till the gloomy shadow of bending trees  
And the haze of the night no more she sees,  
Nor the treacherous current below.

### VIII.

And the genial warmth of a trusting heart  
Came back to her radiant eyes;  
And her hand clasps mine, as borne by the tide  
Wherever it listeth, through life we glide  
Our gaze on the changeless skies!

LOUISA CROW.



## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &amp;c.



## CHAPTER LI. MRS. MAJOR LENNARD.

MISS BARKHAM stared at her visitor with a look of mingled horror and astonishment.

"You do not surely imagine, Miss Villars," she said, "that anybody will engage you in the

responsible position of governess to their children, upon no better recommendation than your own, I must confess, rather *confident* assertion of your merits?"

"I never told a falsehood in my life, Miss

Barkham," Eleanor answered, indignantly. "If I am without a friend whom I can ask to testify to my respectability, it is on account of circumstances which—"

"To be sure," exclaimed Miss Barkham; "that is the very thing we have to contend against. This establishment is completely overrun by young ladies, who think there is nothing easier than to turn their backs upon their friends and their homes, and go out into the world to become the instructresses of the rising generation. You think me very punctilious and strait-laced, I daresay, Miss Villars; but I don't know what would become of the rising generation if *somebody* didn't keep watch and ward over the doors of the school-room. Young ladies who choose to feel unhappy in the society of their parents; young ladies who are disappointed in some sentimental affection; young ladies who fancy themselves ill-used by their elder sisters; young ladies who, from the very shallowness of their own minds, cannot be contented anywhere, all come to us, and want to go out as governesses,—just for a change, they say, in the hope of finding a little employment that will divert their minds—as if they had any minds to be diverted! These are the amateur hangers-on of a very grave and respectable profession, to which hundreds of estimable and accomplished women have devoted the best and brightest years of their lives. These are the ignorant and superficial pretenders who bring their cheap and worthless wares into the market; in order to undersell the painstaking and patient teachers who have themselves learned the lessons they profess to teach. And these amateurs will continue to flourish, Miss Villars; so long as ladies, who would shudder at the idea of entrusting an expensive silk dress to an incompetent dressmaker, are willing to confide the care of their children to an instructress whose highest merit lies in the fact that she is—cheap. I do not wish to wound your feelings, Miss Villars; but I assure you I often feel sick at heart, when I see a lady who offers thirty years' experience, and all the treasures of a mind carefully and sedulously cultivated, rejected in favour of some chit of nineteen who can play one showy fantasia, and disfigure glass vases with scraps of painted paper; and who will accept twenty pounds a year in payment of services that are not worth five."

Eleanor smiled at Miss Barkham's energetic protest.

"I daresay you are often very much worried by incompetent people," she said; "but I assure you I have made no attempt to deceive you. I don't profess to do much, you know. I believe I can play pretty well. May I play you something?" she asked, pointing to an open pianoforte at one end of the room, a handsome grand, with all Erard's patent improvements, on which governesses upon their promotion were in the habit of showing off.

"I have no objection to hear you play," Miss Barkham answered; "but remember, I cannot possibly procure you a situation without either references or testimonials."

Eleanor went to the piano, took off her gloves, and ran her fingers over the keys. She had

played very little during the last few months, for in the feverish preoccupation of her mind she had been unequal to any feminine employment; too restless and unsettled to do anything but roam about the house, or sit brooding silently, with her hands lying idle in her lap.

The familiar touch of the keys filled her with a strange pleasure; she was surprised at the brilliancy of her execution, as good players often are after an interval of idleness. She played one of Beethoven's most sparkling sonatas; and even Miss Barkham, who was perpetually listening to such performances, murmured a few words of praise.

But before Eleanor had been seated at the piano more than five minutes, a servant came into the room and presented a card to Miss Barkham, who rose from her seat with some appearance of vexation.

"Really, I scarcely know what to do about it," she muttered to herself. "It's almost impossible to arrange anything at such very short notice. Excuse me, Miss Villars," she added, aloud, to Eleanor, "I am obliged to see a lady in the next room. Don't go until I return."

Eleanor bowed, and went on playing. She finished the sonata; and then, suddenly catching sight of her wedding ring and the thick band of gold studded with diamonds that her husband had given her on her wedding-day, she stopped to draw the two rings off her finger, and put them into her purse amongst the few sovereigns that formed her whole stock of worldly wealth.

She sighed as she did this, for it seemed like putting off her old life altogether.

"It's better so," she said to herself; "I know now that Gilbert must have thought me false to him from the very first. I can understand his cold reserve *now*, though it used to puzzle me so much. He changed almost immediately after our marriage."

Eleanor Monckton grew very pensive as she remembered that she had been perhaps herself to blame for the altered manner, and no doubt equally altered feelings, of her husband. She had neglected her duty as a wife, absorbed in her affection as a daughter; she had sacrificed the living to the dead; and she began to think that Richard Thornton's advice had been wiser than she had believed when she refused to listen to it. She had been wrong altogether. Classic vows of vengeance were all very well in the days when a Medea rode upon flying dragons and slaughtered her children upon principle; but a certain inspired teacher, writing a very long time after that much-to-be-regretted classic age, has declared that vengeance is the right of divinity alone, and far too terrible an attribute to be tampered with by fallible mortals, blindly hurling the bolts of Heaven against each other's earthly heads.

She thought this, and grew very melancholy and uncomfortable, and began to fancy that her impulses had been about the worst guides that she could have chosen. She began to think that she had not acted so very wisely in running away from Tolldale Priory in the first heat of her indignation, and that she might have done better perhaps by writing a temperate letter of justifica-

tion to Gilbert Monckton, and quietly abiding the issue. But she had chosen her path now, and must stand by her choice, on pain of appearing the weakest and most cowardly of women.

"My letter is posted," she said to herself. "Gilbert will receive it to-morrow morning. I *should* be a coward to go back; for however much I may have been to blame in the matter, he has treated me very badly."

She wiped away some tears that had come into her eyes as she took the rings from her wedding finger, and then began to play again.

This time she dashed into one of the liveliest and most brilliant fantasias she could remember, a very *pot-pourri* of airs; a scientific hodge-podge of Scotch melodies; now joyous, now warlike and savage, now plaintive and tender; always capricious in the extreme, and running away every now and then into the strangest variations, the most eccentric cadences. The piece was one of Thalberg's *chef-d'œuvres*, and Eleanor played it magnificently. As she struck the final chords, sharp and rapid as a rattling peal of musketry, Miss Barkham re-entered the room.

She had the air of being rather annoyed, and she hesitated a little before speaking to Eleanor, who rose from the piano and began to put on her gloves.

"Really, Miss Villars," she said, "it is most incomprehensible to me, but since Mrs. Lennard herself wishes it, I—"

She stopped and fidgetted a little with the gold pencil-case hanging to her watch-chain.

"I can't at all understand this sort of thing," she resumed; "however, of course I wash my hands of all responsibility. Have you any objection to travel, Miss Villars?" she asked, suddenly.

Eleanor opened her eyes with a look of astonishment at this abrupt question.

"Objection to travel?" she repeated; "I—"

"Have you any objection to go abroad—to Paris, for instance—if I could obtain you a situation?"

"Oh, no," Eleanor answered, with a sigh, "not at all; I would just as soon go to Paris as anywhere else."

"Very well, then, if that is the case, I think I can get you a situation immediately. There is a lady in the next room who was here yesterday, and who really gave me a most severe headache with her fidgety, childish ways. However, she wants to meet with a young lady as a companion *immediately*—that is the grand difficulty. She leaves London for Paris by this evening's mail, and she put off engaging the person she required until yesterday afternoon, when she came to me in a fever of anxiety, and wanted me to introduce her to a lady instanter. She stopped all the afternoon in the next room, and I took ever so many young ladies in to her, all of whom seemed well qualified for the situation, which really demands very little. But not one of them would suit Mrs. Lennard. She was very polite to them, and made all kinds of affable speeches to them, and dismissed them in the most ladylike manner; and then she told me afterwards that she didn't take a fancy to them, and she was determined not to engage any one she didn't take a

fancy to, as she wanted to be very fond of her companion, and make quite a sister of her. That was what she said, and, good gracious me," cried Miss Barkham, "how am I to find her somebody she can take a fancy to, and make a sister of, at a quarter-of-an-hour's notice? I assure you, Miss Villars, my head felt quite in a whirl after she went away yesterday afternoon; and it's beginning to be in a whirl again now."

Eleanor waited very patiently while Miss Barkham endeavoured to collect her scattered senses.

"I can scarcely hope this very capricious lady will take a fancy to me," she said, smiling.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed Miss Barkham, "that's the very thing I came to tell you. She *has* taken a fancy to you."

"Taken a fancy to me!" repeated Eleanor; "but she has not seen me."

"Of course not, my dear. But she really is the most confusing, I may almost say bewildering, person I ever remember meeting with. I was in the next room talking to this Mrs. Lennard, who is very pretty and fashionable-looking, only a little untidy in her dress, when you began to play that Scotch fantasia. Mrs. Lennard stopped to listen, and after she had listened a few moments, she cried out suddenly, 'Now, I dare say that's an old frump?' I said, 'What, ma'am?' for, upon my word, my dear, I didn't know whether she meant the piece, or the piano, or what. 'I dare say the lady who's playing is an old frump,' she said. 'Old frumps almost always play well; in point of fact, old frumps are generally very clever. But I'm determined not to have any one I can't make a sister of; and I *must* have one by three o'clock this afternoon, or Major Lennard will be cross, and I shall go mad.' Well, Miss Villars, I told Mrs. Lennard your age, and described your appearance and manners, that is to say, as well as I was able to do so after our very brief acquaintance, and I had no sooner finished, than she exclaimed, 'That will do; if she can play Scotch melodies like that, and is nice, I'll engage her.' I then explained to Mrs. Lennard that you could give no references; 'and that of course,' I added, 'would be an insuperable objection;' but she interrupted me in a manner that would have appeared very impertinent in any one but her, and cried out, 'Insuperable fiddlesticks! If she's nice, I'll engage her. She can play to me all the morning while I paint upon velvet;' and you're to come with me, please Miss Villars, and be introduced to her."

Eleanor took up her muff and followed Miss Barkham on to the landing, but at this moment three ladies appeared upon the top stair, and the principal of the establishment was called upon to receive them.

"If you'll go in by yourself, my dear," she whispered to Eleanor, pointing to the door of the back drawing-room, "I shall be much obliged; you'll find Mrs. Lennard a most affable person."

Eleanor readily assented. She opened the door and went into the primly-furnished back drawing-room. Mrs. Major Lennard was a little woman, and she was standing on tiptoe upon the hearth-rug, in order to survey herself in the chimney-glass while she re-arranged the pale blue strings of

her black velvet bonnet. Eleanor paused near the door, waiting for her to turn round, and wondering what she was like, as the face in the glass was not visible from where Mrs. Monckton stood.

The lady employed a considerable time in the important operation of tying her bonnet-strings, then suddenly hearing the rustling of Eleanor's dress as she advanced a few paces, Mrs. Lennard uttered an exclamation, and turned round.

"You naughty girl, you quite startled me," she cried.

Not so much as she had startled Eleanor, who could not repress a cry of surprise at the sight of her face. It was a very pretty face, very young-looking, though Mrs. Major Lennard was nearly forty years of age. A fair childish face, with pink cheeks, turquoise-blue eyes, and the palest, softest bands of flaxen hair; rather an insipid, German kind of beauty, perhaps, but very perfect of its kind.

But that which had startled Eleanor was not the babyish, delicate prettiness of the face, but the strong resemblance which it bore to Laura Mason. It was the same face after twenty years, not of wear and tear, but of very careful preservation. This lady, in appearance and manner, was exactly what Laura must most surely become if she lived to be seven-and-thirty years of age.

#### CHAPTER LII. GOING BACK TO PARIS.

ELEANOR was so completely bewildered by this extraordinary likeness that she remained for some moments staring at Mrs. Major Lennard in silent surprise.

"Goodness me, my dear!" exclaimed the lady, "how astonished you look! I hope I'm not a GUY. Frederick—that's Major Lennard, you know—never liked this bonnet, and really I'm beginning quite to dislike it myself. I do think its *pokey*. But never mind that, my dear Miss—Villars, I think Miss Barkham said,—a very nice person, Miss Barkham, isn't she, but rather prim. I've got all sorts of business to settle between this and eight o'clock, for Fred *will* travel by the night-mail, because he sleeps all the way, and of course that makes the journey shorter—in consequence of which I've never seen Dover, except in the dark, and I always think of it with the lamps lighted and the pier slippery, and everybody hurrying and pushing, like a place in a dream. But the first question, my dear, that we've got to settle, is whether you like me, and think you could make a sister of me?"

This question, asked very eagerly, was really too much for poor Eleanor.

"Oh, please don't look so surprised," Mrs. Lennard exclaimed, entreatingly; "you make me fancy I'm a guy, and you see there's really no time to be lost, and we must decide immediately, if you please. I was here all yesterday afternoon, and I saw legions of ladies, but there wasn't one that I could take a fancy to, and my only motive for engaging a companion is to have somebody that I shall like very much, and always feel at home with, and I want some one who can play the piano and be agreeable and lively, and I'm sure you're the very person, dear, and if you only

think you can like me as well as I'm sure I shall like you, we can settle the business at once."

"But you know that I can give you no references," Eleanor said, hesitatingly.

"Of course I do," answered Mrs. Lennard. "Miss Barkham told me all about it. As if I thought you'd committed a murder, or done something horrid, just because you can't pounce upon half-a-dozen people ready to declare you're an uncanonised saint all in a moment. I like your looks, my dear, and when I like people's looks at first sight, I generally like *them* afterwards. And you play magnificently, I only wish I could; and I used to play the overture to 'Sémiramide' before I was married, but as Frederick doesn't like overtures, and as we've been scampering about the world ever since, in the cabins of ships, and in tents, and all sorts of places where you couldn't have pianos, unless you had them made on purpose, without legs, I've gone backwards in my music till I can't play so much as a polka, without skipping the difficult parts."

Mrs. Lennard went on to say that the matter of salary was a question to be settled between Miss Villars and the Major.

"I always leave money matters to Frederick," she said, "for though he can't add up the bills, he looks as if he could, and that's *some* check upon people. But you'll have to wait for your quarter's money now and then, I dare say, dear, because we're often a little behind-hand, you know, and if you don't mind that, it'll be all the better for you, as Fred's almost sure to give you a silk dress when your quarter comes due, and he can't pay you; that's what he calls a sop to Cerberus, and I'm sure the money he spends in keeping people 'sweet,' as he calls it, would keep us altogether if we paid ready money. Now, is it a settled thing, Miss Villars? Will you accept the situation?"

Eleanor assented without hesitation. She heard very little of Mrs. Lennard's good-natured babble. Her whole mind was absorbed by the sense of her defeat, and by the feeling that she had no further chance of a victory over Launcelet Darrell. She despaired, but she did not submit. She was only desperate and reckless, ready to go anywhere, and finish the useless remainder of her existence anyhow. She was not prepared to begin a new life upon a new plan, casting the old scheme of her life behind her, as a mistake and a delusion. She was not able to do this yet.

While Mrs. Lennard was gathering together a lot of frivolous-looking little whitey-brown paper parcels that seemed to bear a strong family resemblance to herself, Miss Barkham came into the room to ascertain the result of the interview between the two ladies. Mrs. Lennard expressed herself in the most rapturous manner about Eleanor, paid some small fee for the benefit of the institution, and departed, carrying her parcels and taking Eleanor with her.

She allowed her companion to assist her with the parcels, after a little good-natured contention, and at the nearest corner summoned a cab which was dawdling lazily along.

"Of course the man will overcharge us," Mrs. Lennard said, "but we must be prepared for that, and really I'd rather be overcharged than have a

row, as we generally have when I'm with the major, and summonses and counter-summonses, and all sorts of disagreeables; not that I mind that half so much as foreign cabmen, who get excited, and dance upon the pavement and make wild noises if you don't satisfy them; and I'm sure I don't know what *would* satisfy foreign cabmen."

Mrs. Lennard took out her watch, which was a pretty little Geneva toy with an enamelled back, ornamented with the holes that had once held diamonds. An anxious and intensely studious expression came over Mrs. Lennard's face as she looked at this watch, which was overweighted by a heap of incomprehensible charms, amongst which chaotic mass of golden frivolity, a skeleton, a watering-pot, a coffin, and a Dutch oven were distinguishable.

"It's half-past five by me," Mrs. Lennard said, after a profound contemplation of the Geneva, "so I should think it must be *about* a quarter to three."

Eleanor took out her own watch, and settled the question. It was only half-past two.

"Then I've gained another quarter of an hour," exclaimed Mrs. Lennard; "that's the worst of pretty watches, they always will go too much, or else stop altogether. Freddy bought me my watch, and he gave me my choice as to whether he should spend the money in purple enamel and diamonds, or works, and I chose the purple enamel. But then, of course I didn't know the diamonds would drop out directly," Mrs. Lennard added, thoughtfully.

She drove about to half-a-dozen shops, and collected more whitey-brown paper parcels, a band-box, a bird-cage, a new carpet-bag, a dog's collar, a packet of tea, and other incongruous merchandise, and then ordered the man to drive to the Great Northern Hotel.

"We're staying at the Great Northern, my dear," she said, after giving this order. "We very often stay at hotels, for Frederick thinks it's cheaper to pay fifteen shillings a day for your rooms than to have a house, and servants' wages, and coals and candles, and lard, and blacklead, and hearthstone, and all those little things that run away with so much money. And I should like the Great Northern very much if the corridors weren't so long, and the waiters so stern. I always think waiters at grand hotels *are* stern. They seem to look at one as if they knew one was thinking of the bill, and trying to calculate whether it would be under ten pounds. But, oh, good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Lennard, suddenly, "what a selfish creature I am, I've quite forgotten all this time that of course you'll want to go home to your mamma and papa, and tell them where you're going, and get your boxes packed, and all that."

Eleanor shook her head with a sad smile.

"I have no mother or father to consult," she said; "I am an orphan."

"Are you?" cried Mrs. Lennard; "then it must have been our destiny to meet, for I am an orphan, too. Ma died while I was a baby, and poor pa died soon after my marriage. He was disappointed in my marriage, poor dear old thing,

though I'm glad to think it wasn't that, but gout in the stomach, that killed him. But you'll want to see your friends, Miss Villars, won't you, before you leave London?"

"No," Eleanor answered; "I shall write to the only friends I have. I don't want to see anyone; I don't want anyone to know where I am going. I left my portmanteau at an hotel in Norfolk Street, and I shall be glad if you will let me call for it."

Mrs. Lennard gave the necessary order; the cabman drove to the hotel where Eleanor had left her portmanteau, and thence to the Great Northern, where Mrs. Lennard conducted her new companion to a very handsome apartment on the ground-floor, opening into a palatial bed-chamber, whose splendour was a good deal impaired by the circumstances that the stately Arabian bed, the massive easy-chairs, the sofa, the dressing-table, and even the washhand-stand were loaded with divers articles of male and female attire, which seemed to have been flung here and there by some harmless maniac disporting himself about the room.

In the very centre of all this disorder, upon a great black leather military travelling-case, sat a big broad-chested man of about forty, with a good-natured, sun-burnt face, a very fierce auburn moustache, and a thick stubble of crisp, wavy, auburn hair, cut close to his head, in the development of which a disciple of Mr. George Coombe would have scarcely discovered the organs that make a man either a general or a philosopher. This sunburnt, good-humoured looking gentleman had taken off his coat for the better accomplishment of his herculean labours; and, with his arms folded and his legs crossed, with an embroidered slipper balanced upon the extremity of his toes, and a meerschaum pipe in his mouth, he sat resting himself, after taking the initiatory step of dragging everything out of the drawers and wardrobe.

"Oh, you *lazy* Freddy!" cried Mrs. Lennard, looking in at her lord and master with a reproachful countenance, "is that all you've done?"

"Where's the blue barge with the frounces to go?" roared the major in the voice of an amiable Stentor. "I couldn't do anything till I knew that, and I've been waiting for you to come home. Have you got a companion?"

"Hush! yes! she's in the next room; such a dear, and awfully pretty. If you stare at her much I shall be jealous, Freddy, for you know you *are* a starer, though you never will confess it. I've seen you, in Regent Street, when you've thought I've been looking at the bonnets," added the lady, reproachfully.

Upon this the major got up, and, lifting his wife in his arms, gave her such a hug as a well-disposed bear might have bestowed upon the partner of his den. Major Lennard was about six feet one and a-half in the embroidered slippers, and was as strong as a gladiator in good training.

"Come and be introduced to her," exclaimed Mrs. Lennard; and she led her husband, in his shirt-sleeves, nothing abashed, into the adjoining sitting-room.

The major's conversational powers were not very startling. He made a few remarks about

the weather, which were more courteous than original. He asked Eleanor if she was hungry, if she would have luncheon, or wait for a six o'clock dinner, and if she was a good sailor. Then, coming suddenly to a stand still, he demanded soda-water and brandy.

It was the habit of this amiable man to require this beverage on every possible occasion. He was by no means a drunkard, though he was one of those good-natured noisy creatures who can never be convivial without getting tipsy; but his existence was one perpetual absorption of soda-water and brandy. Why he drank this mixture, which the uninitiated are apt to consider insipid, was a mystery only to be explained by himself. He could not have been perpetually thirsty; and I am inclined to think that this soda-water and brandy was the desperate resource of a feeble intellect craving some employment, rather than a physical want.

The major and his wife retired to the bedroom and began their packing. When matters grew very desperate Eleanor was summoned as a forlorn hope, and did her best to reduce the chaos into something like order. This process occupied the time until six o'clock, when the major put on his coat and sat down to dinner.

But even during dinner the packing business was not altogether suspended, for every now and then, when there was a little pause in the banquet, Mrs. Lennard jumped up from the table, and ran into the next room with her workbox, or her desk, or something from the mantelpiece or one of the sofa-tables—sometimes a book, sometimes a paper-knife, a thimble, a pair of scissors, a pen-wiper, or a packet of envelopes—and then scampered back to her place before the waiter re-entered the room, and tried to look as if she hadn't left her seat. The major meanwhile worked steadily on with his knife and fork, only looking up from his plate to attend to the wants of Eleanor and his wife.

At last everything was ready. The addresses were fastened to the boxes and portmanteaus. A bewildering canary bird—which rejoiced in every kind of noise and confusion, and had been excruciatingly loud and shrill all the afternoon—was inducted into the new brass cage which Mrs. Lennard had bought for it. A sharp little black-and-tan terrier, the property of the major, was invested in the new collar, and securely padlocked; Eleanor and Mrs. Lennard put on their shawls and bonnets; the major made himself gigantic by the addition to his normal bulk of a rough great-coat, a Scotch plaid, and half a dozen yards of woollen comforter; the bill was paid at the very last moment, while the luggage was being piled upon the top of an extra cab; and Major Lennard and his companions departed at a rattling pace for the London Bridge terminus. There was just time enough for the major to get the tickets and choose a comfortable carriage, before the train started. Away they flew through the darkness of the bleak March night, and Eleanor felt that every throb of the shrieking engine made the step that she had taken more irrevocable.

"There was not a word in Gilbert's letter that expressed sorrow at parting from me,"

she thought. "I had worn out his love, I suppose."

It was eleven o'clock when they got to Dover. Major Lennard slept all the way, with the lappets of his travelling cap, which was a sort of woollen caricature of a Knight Templar's helmet, drawn closely over his ears. Mrs. Lennard, who was very wide awake all the time, sat opposite to her husband, with the canary bird on her lap. He had grown quiet at last, and had retired from the world under a tent of green-baize. The bird's mistress made up for his silence by talking incessantly throughout the journey; but it only seemed to Eleanor as if she had a second Laura for her companion, and the succession of her own sad thoughts was scarcely broken by Mrs. Lennard's conversation.

They arrived in Paris the next morning in time for breakfast at the great Hôtel du Palais, a monstrous building, newly erected, and rich in the glitter of gilding and the glow of colour. Here the major took up his abode, after deliberately expounding to his wife and Eleanor the theory that the best and most expensive hotels are always the cheapest—in the end. This moral had been the rule of the major's life, and had very often brought him alarmingly near the awful abysses of insolvency.

The gorgeous apartments in which Eleanor found herself were very unlike the low-ceilinged little sitting-room in the Rue de l'Archevêque; but her mind went back to that sad time, nevertheless. She spent the morning in the agreeable employment of unpacking Mrs. Lennard's wardrobe, while the major and his wife sailed out of the great hotel to sun themselves in the Rue Rivoli and on the Boulevards, and to wind up with a drive in the Bois, and a little dinner at Véfours'. When she had completed this most wearisome task, and had arranged all the scraps of lace and ribbons, the gloves and collars, and feminine furbelows, in a buhl chest of drawers and a gorgeous ebony and gold wardrobe, Mrs. Monckton put on her bonnet and shawl, and went out into the busy street.

The tears rushed up to her eyes as she looked at the bright vista before her, and heard the roll of the drum, and the tramp of soldiers' feet in the courts of the Louvre. Yes, there was the street along which she had walked by her father's side on the last day of his blighted life. Her hands clenched themselves involuntarily as she remembered that day; and that other bitter day of anguish in which she had knelt upon the ground and sworn to be revenged upon George Vane's enemy.

How had she kept her oath? She smiled bitterly as she thought of the four years that had passed since then, and the strange chance that had flung Launcelot Darrell in her way.

"I went away from this place while he was here," she thought. "I come back to it now that he is in England. Is it my destiny, I wonder, always to fail in everything I attempt?"

She went to the Rue de l'Archevêque. Nothing was changed. The same butcher was busy in the shop; the same faded curtains of flowered damask hung behind the windows.

(To be continued.)

## THE CHUB.

I HAVE now to speak of a fresh-water fish, which if not held in such high estimation by anglers as are the jack, perch, trout, or roach, is nevertheless one which affords them considerable sport—viz., the chub.

The chub is a very stout and sturdy fish, not unlike the barbel in his habits, and in shape bears a closer resemblance to that inhabitant of our fresh waters than to any other of the tribe.

Chub are common to all British and nearly almost all European fresh-waters, and are very fine in our own northern lakes, as also in those of America; indeed, the splendid lakes and rivers of the New World contain inexhaustible stores of fish for the angler's rod and line. Pike in the Canadian and northern lakes run as high as forty pounds weight, and the supply of trout and salmon-trout (*Salmo ferax*) is unlimited. The weight of the chub in English waters varies from half a pound to nine pounds, and the finest fish are taken in the lake districts and in the Thames. A gentle yet rapid stream is the best water in which to fish for chub. They delight to haunt old sunken stumps of trees, preferring the willow and the pollard-oak. Osier-beds, such as are found by the side of eyots and small islands, are also favourite resorts of the chub. This fish will lie basking motionless for hours on the surface of the shallow water, beneath small wooden bridges, especially where a ditch or two may happen to join the main river. Where the willow abounds there is the certainty of finding chub—and mostly heavy fish—for they lurk in the deep water beneath the gnarled roots of the trees, or in deserted rat-holes below water-mark. In this particular the chub strongly resembles the jack, as he will lie hidden in his lair for hours, darting out occasionally on his prey, but always returning to his post.

I once watched a large chub, at intervals, for several successive days thus seeking his food. His haunt was the hollow space in a clay bank, immediately below the submerged roots of a very large pollard-oak at Henley-on-Thames (in the reach above bridge). I could not mistake the identity of the fish, since it was marked across the tail-part with a broad white scar caused by the teeth of a jack. This chub was a very "old stager," for though I tried every art to catch him—and my friends pay me the compliment of asserting that I am a thoroughly experienced fisherman—I could not succeed; and eventually, to my great indignation, he was killed by the punt-pole of a neighbouring boatman, about as surly a Diogenes as one need wish to encounter. The weight of this chub, which I saw put in the scales myself, was six pounds one ounce, and the barest possible fraction over.

Chub are not very dainty feeders, and will bite readily at gentles, lob-worms, red-worms, and various sorts of flies; and where brambles overhang the water, I have seen them taken with a blackberry. A grass-hopper, a humble bee, a cockchafer, and a white moth, have all been used with success on hot evenings in July and August

for taking very large chub, but these baits are of no use unless the fish are known to run heavy. When the angler fishes thus he must keep quite out of sight, taking care not to throw his shadow on the water, which would scare the fish. He should keep behind the trees bordering the river bank, and let his bait drop gently on the water in the eddy of the stream where the largest fish always lie. If there be a large chub "on the feed," within sight of the bait, he is certain to pounce on it. I have used the white moth in this manner with much success. This kind of angling requires great skill, and I must also add considerable experience. Another excellent plan is to proceed along the willows on a river in a boat rowed by another person. Let the fisher use for his bait a well scoured red lob-worm, and throw his line gently twenty yards ahead of the boat as if fly-fishing, the rower halting at every cast for about half a minute, which is sufficient time, for if a large chub intend to bite, he will do so at once, or not at all. Or a punt may be used for this kind of fishing. I have seen very heavy chub thus taken. The smaller chub may be taken with the gentle as in roach-fishing. In this case, fasten your punt close underneath the willow-boughs, or by a clay bank where there is a quick stream. Use roach tackle, but a rather stouter hook (say No. 9), and have a ground-bait to attract the fish, made of stale bread and bran, mixed with a few gentles, the same as for roach, or a ground-bait of clay and small red worms, in which latter case your bait must be a red worm. The last-named method I prefer, and would recommend where chub are plentiful; but it depends much upon the waters in which you fish, as it is well known that a plan adopted with great success in some rivers, will altogether fail in others. I have taken very fine chub with a minnow-bait when perch-fishing, and where I have known the chub to run large—say, from three pounds upwards—I have intentionally used the minnow-bait with the sole purpose of catching large chub, and have thus secured three or four brace of heavy ones. Of course, the minnow-bait has this advantage, that you have always the chance of a perch or jack taking it, and indeed it often happens, where anglers are fishing with the minnow in a chub haunt, that a large jack or two is secured; since jack, like the chub, are exceedingly fond of lurking under the submerged roots of old trees. I have often, on such an occasion, dropped my minnow actually into a jack's mouth. A large jack, thus hooked, requires much skill to land, as he is more likely than not to snap the gut, for gimp hooks are not used in chub-fishing. It is certainly a great feat in angling to land a jack of any size with a gut-line, and one for which the fortunate sportsman may take to himself considerable credit.

I may safely assert that the average weight of the chub in Great Britain is from one to four pounds, though in the Thames, and many other waters, they are taken much larger. Chub are only of value for the sport they afford, since their flesh is coarse and bony, and has that peculiar flavour known to anglers as "muddy." They are

sometimes dressed with a stuffing, or stewed in wine, as are both jack and carp; but no amount of culinary skill will, in my opinion, ever render the chub a palatable dish—at least, if my readers think fit to experimentalise on it, it shall not be on my recommendation.

Chub may be taken at all fishing-stations on the river Thames below Richmond, and I may mention the river from Reading to Great Marlow as good chub-fishing ground. Staines, Shepperton, and Walton, I have known to furnish good sport, but I should say that lower down the river the fishing was decidedly superior. From Maidenhead to Henley there is first-rate chub and jack fishing, and the little river Loddon, approaching Wargrave and Shiplake, contains some very heavy fish of both sorts, as well as good perch. The summer months are the best, I think, for chub-fishing, as they may then be taken well with either the natural or the artificial fly in most rivers. In the winter months the best bait is a fine paste, or bullock's pith and brains—the latter exceedingly killing in cold clear weather. Chub do not thrive so well in ponds or very still waters, as they love eddies and gently rippling corners, such as the ditches and small inlets that join a large river, or near mill-streams, where the water carried down from the mill-wheel causes a rapid and continuous flow. In such places chub bite greedily, and run large, and, with skill, afford sport quite equal to that of barbel-fishing. In their habits, as I have observed, chub have many points of resemblance to the barbel, and where one is found the other is usually not unlikely to be near at hand. The river Isis is said to contain exceedingly large chub, and I have often taken large ones between Oxford and Eynsham, but I do not remember to have caught any over three pounds in weight. Certainly I have taken many about or a little *under* that size, but none larger. I have been often told of persons having *seen* them as heavy as seven or eight pounds in the water I mention, but I never saw any so large myself, though a pretty accurate observer and constant angler. The truth is, that a very large fish in the water looks even larger than he really is, and mere lookers-on, who have not been in the habit of judging the weight of fish by the eye, are apt to be deceived, and hence often grossly, though not wilfully, exaggerate. I believe that chub of five or six pounds' weight are not at all uncommon in certain waters, and, as above stated, I have seen one of the latter size at Henley-on-Thames; but I think that four pounds' weight may be reckoned the average of good chub in most English waters, and I should look upon those over six pounds as fairly entitled to be considered exceptional fish.

Whether or not the jack has a peculiar partiality for a chub dinner I do not know, and perhaps if I asserted such a fact I should be liable to correction. I know that few anglers use a chub bait from choice in fishing for jack, but it has struck me as somewhat singular that in my angling experience I have taken more chub marked by the teeth of the jack than I have any other fish similarly injured, which would seem to imply that the jack *has* a preference for this fish as food. It may, however, be possible that the true reason of

my having observed so many chub thus marked (and so few in proportion of other fish), is that the chub, being a hardier fish, often survives the effect of a deadly "grip" which would have proved fatal to the roach or dace, and hence the solution of a fact I can positively assert, viz., that chub are very often marked by the teeth of the jack. I have taken chub so scarred and wounded by a jack as to be almost divided in two, and yet apparently lively and healthy. I once caught a chub thus marked which appeared to have been recently injured, certainly within a week, yet he took my bait, a gentle, quite eagerly.

In some districts the chub is known as the "chod," or "cheven." Possibly the fish—I only hazard this as a suggestion—is thus named from the fulness of its head and jaws; indeed, we still apply the epithet "chubby" to a particularly well-fed specimen of our English boy tribe. In feeding, a large chub will make a peculiar "chopping" noise with his mouth, such as I have noticed in no other fish. This sound is not occasioned (as might be conjectured) by greediness, but by the peculiar formation of the jaws of the chub. Chub—though biting boldly—are wary fish, and the cognomen of "river-fox" given them by quaint old Sir Izaak Walton is not perhaps altogether an inapt one. In conclusion I may add, in justice to a fish not very generally popular, that although the chub does not rank in the first class of "sporting" fish, and has no peculiarly striking merits or characteristics, he may yet on occasion afford far from bad amusement to us "brothers of the angle."

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

## THE BATTLE OF THE CATS.

"MIEAOW!"

Now before I proceed any further I had better explain a little.

During my residence in a sea-port town in the north of England, I once had the privilege of conversing with an old lady in her 103rd year.

She was wonderfully active for her years, and looked so lively that, if she had not unfortunately fallen down-stairs shortly afterwards, and given her system a shock that it did not recover, she might have been living yet.

Like many very old people, her conversational powers were, to put it in a mild way, considerable. Moreover, oh! ye anti-tobaccoists, she smoked; and over a confidential pipe the old lady opened her wallet and favoured me with many marvellous and strange tales concerning her native town; among others, of a great battle that had been fought on the town moor. It had happened before her time, and not being gifted with the faculty of remembering things that had happened before she came into the world, she could only speak from hearsay, but she had "heard tell" that two great armies of *cats* had, long ago, come from no one knows where, and met in deadly strife on the moor, and that after it was over they had returned whence they came; or at any rate, the survivors had. Here was a most unparalleled event! Other neighbourhoods might boast of Roman remains, and British barrows and tumuli,



and such like articles of furniture, but in what town, or even county in England had such a thing as a feline combat on such an extensive scale ever happened? What made the case very provoking was, that in no county history, local records, or table-book could I find the slightest trace or mention of this remarkable occurrence; and as I am naturally of an antiquarian turn of mind, I believe I lost flesh about it. Certainly my sleep was broken for many nights. Not a melodious howl arose from a nocturnal and tile-frequenting Tom, (they were awful rascals after the pigeons) but woke me up to the recollection of the unsolved mystery which lay shrouded under the cobwebs of bygone ages. At length I had my curiosity satisfied. One night I was awakened by the tremendous "mieaow," which I mentioned at the commencement, and which proceeded apparently from some animal located in my room. I rubbed my eyes and sat up in bed, and, seated on the footboard, I beheld an ancient and spectral cat of gigantic proportions, (I don't like to be thought exaggerating, but let us say as big as a Newfoundland dog,) lambient, blue, and transparent, with flaming eyes and a kind of red-hot, corruscating wick which ran from the nape of his neck to the tip of his tail, and ended in sparks.

"Did you speak?" I asked, when I had recovered myself. "Yes," said he, "I understand that you wish to know the particulars of that great battle which took place on the town moor" (how did he understand anything of the sort?)—"Ah! I was chief of the commissariat to the grand army of Tortoiseshells at that time, and knew the flavour of a fine fat mouse; alas! these joys are gone never to return. I have tried more than once since shuffling off the mortal coil, to eat a mouse, but they burnt to cinders in my inside and brought on such a severe attack of dyspepsia that I thought I should never get over it. I was rash enough too to indulge in some fine rich cream that I came across in my wanderings, but my internal heat converted it into steam so rapidly that I was nearly blown up, indeed, it quite lifted me off my legs, so I am fain to lead a life of abstinence and self-denial little suited to my disposition." And here he gave such a melancholy howl that from my heart I pitied the old sinner. "However, I will not detain you with my grievances; you will find in this document a full account of that great, and to my party, unfortunate, battle." Saying which he laid on the counterpane a neat roll of mouse-skins covered with writing, and springing on to a moonbeam which struggled through the window blind, he ran swiftly up till he vanished from my sight.

Now if any one asks in what language was this chronicle written, and how did I contrive to decipher it, I reply that that is my affair, and if they don't choose to take the particulars just as I lay them before them, they may let it alone.

Next morning I set myself to work to examine the manuscript, but before I proceed to give the narrative contained therein, I may as well silence all sceptical objections to the mode of its acquisition. It will be objected by some that the spiritual manifestation of a Tom Cat is preposterous, and impossible, and therefore unworthy of belief. I

simply refer such to the many and interesting accounts of apparitions that have been given lately in some of our periodicals. Observe that in these instances there was not only the appearance or spectre of the *person*, but also of his or her *wearing apparel*. Now I maintain that there is nothing more absurd or unreasonable in the ghost of a tom cat (or a tibby) than in the ghost of a pair of boots, or a hat, or an umbrella (generally silk with an ornamental ivory handle), or a crinoline. The relative possibility of my story is therefore established, and for the probability of it you must take my assurance.

In the infancy of this land, when men wore paint—the fashion is confined to the gentler sex now—and hyenas' bones were held to be a sovereign cure for rheumatism, the race of cats was great and powerful and numerous. The dark and endless woods, the brakes and cliffs and caves harboured their communities. If but one midnight wanderer raised his voice, the cry was taken up and re-echoed in one unbroken howl through the whole length of the land. The effect then was grand; like the night wind sighing through the pines on the hill sides—only much sweeter.

They were a united race; and readily unsheathed their claws and arched their backs against a common enemy. Even the wolf had to slink by with an air of abject deprecation, and dare not call his eyes his own.

The race of two legged creatures called men were their most formidable enemies. These gigantic and ferocious beings destroyed them for their skins, yea, even ate them; and capturing their young ones, carried them off into slavery and compelled them to catch rats and mice for their living.

In the course of years the race of cats was much reduced in numbers, and the greater part of them utterly subdued and domesticated by their enemy, man. As if this were not enough, they had split into factions which were at enmity with each other, and were distinguished as the "Brindles," the "Blacks," and the "Tortoiseshells." Woe to the unhappy cat who strayed into the territory of another faction—such a howling and mol-rowing ensued, and very soon his bones, clean picked, lay whitening in the sun.

Affairs being in this condition, it so happened that the young prince of our clan, the Tortoiseshells, had fallen in love with a tabby of the Blacks—she was a traitress, and persuaded him one day to cross the boundary into her faction's ground. The unfortunate prince, blind to all considerations of personal safety, consented, and no sooner was he over the border than he fell into an ambush. Six gigantic blacks sprang out on him, and ate him up before the eyes of an affrighted tortoiseshell who was out catching birds in the neighbourhood. He carried the dismal tidings to our court, and the old king, Molrowdy, rose up in bitter wrath and swore to have the eyes of the perpetrators of the deed. In a week we had raised a numerous army. From every household and farmstead of Durham they came swarming in to the camp. Plump domestic Toms, wiry and veteran mousers from barns and lofts, and a chosen

band of wild cats from the woods, terrible of aspect and having claws six inches long.

Then putting himself at their head, the King led them forth to invade the territory of the enemy. I had interest at court, and got a snug berth in the victualling department.

Four nights we marched, an advanced guard of 2000 leading the way, and skirmishers and foraging parties scouring the country and robbing the larders, while our main body, consisting of 20,000 well-clawed and active cats, marched in close order, their tails rustling in the breeze.

The King of the Blacks, hight Katerwoolly, was not idle meantime. When he heard of the violent death of the Prince of the Tortoiseshells, he first of all caused the perpetrators of the deed to be tied together in pairs by their hind legs, and hung over the branches of a tree, to tear themselves to death, as a punishment for the row they had got him into, and then set about preparing for the defence of his kingdom.

And very quickly he raised a large force, drawn from the moors and fells of Yorkshire.

With these, to the number of nearly 30,000, he hastened to meet his opponent, and about the middle of one fine day the skirmishers on either side met on Sunderland Moor, and, after a little desultory scratching, fell back upon their main bodies; and the two forces remained opposite to each other until night set in.

I, being a non-combatant, was left in the rear with the baggage; and heartily I congratulated myself on the arrangement. Indeed, since our setting out, I had been exceedingly comfortable, and had come in for some nice little pickings; for if a fellow, after being away all day foraging, brought back, among other things, a nice plump sparrow, or other dainty, which he naturally wished to reserve for himself, a quiet hint to me, accompanied by a modest share of the dainty, procured my silence.

So, being, as I said, left in the rear, I made a light supper, and then looked about for some favourable point from which to view the fight. I soon found a suitable tree, and scrambled up it, taking with me a trifling snack in case I should feel hungry, and then settled myself among the leaves.

About 8 o'clock at night the fight commenced by a party of blacks stealing through the long grass, and surprising a company of our fellows who held possession of the top of a long wall. I daresay I could have given timely notice of the attempt, but then I was so comfortably fixed, and unwilling to encounter the fatigue of scrambling up and down my tree:—so I kept quiet. In a short time they neared the wall, and sprang on it so suddenly that our tortoiseshells were tumbled off it with scarcely a scratch being given on either side.

Then the fight became general, for the wall was an important post, and each party poured in reinforcements, and the wall was taken and retaken, and lost and won, over and over again. The mass of combatants looked like the sea in a storm; they surged and rolled, and heaved and gyrated. They reared on end, and wrestled, and clawed, and bit. They bounded over each other, and got

locked in inextricable knots of claws and tails and fluff. The hair rose and floated over the field in clouds, so that in some places the combatants could be but dimly seen, while the cold white moon looked grimly down upon the bloody scene. By this time, many a stout tom lay prone in the dust, and the weary troops on either side were fain to pause awhile, and watch each other with arched backs and quivering tails. This was the moment chosen by our sly old king to play his grand move. He had kept in reserve his band of wild cats, curbing their impatience, and watching the fluctuations of the struggle, and now, marshalling them, he gave the word to charge, and headed them in person. It was a sight I shall never forget. With a savage yell the mountaineers sprang forward with tails erect; and as they brushed against each other the electricity thus generated rushed in a cloud of sparks from their upraised tails. They fell like a thousand of bricks on the foe, hurling them back in masses by their very weight. The blacks, I must say, fought gallantly, and the battle became fierce and deadly. Not a sound was heard but the ripping and crunching of claws and teeth, or the wail of some strong tom in his last extremity. Our mountaineers, however, had turned the scale, and the blacks were playing a losing game. In many parts of the field they were utterly broken, and as I fancied it would soon be over I sat down to refresh myself with the wing of a chicken. Looking up for a moment, judge my surprise and dismay to see, coming rapidly from the south, a large force of "Brindles."

King Katerwoolly of the Blacks had been politic enough to form an alliance with the "Brindles," whenever hostilities appeared unavoidable, and they had intended to have been on the field much earlier, but had, I heard afterwards, been delayed in consequence of having to take a somewhat circuitous route to avoid a force of hostile dogs that lay in wait to worry them.

We were now far outnumbered. The new comers, who were fresh, and, moreover, had been starving for two days, threw themselves into the thick of the fight. Our mountaineers fought as only wild cats can, but to no purpose. Each one became the nucleus for a bunch of famished brindles, who clawed and tore and spit to such good purpose, that our wild allies were literally eaten off their legs. Their defeat was the turning point of the day. Our other troops, who had up to this time been steady enough, lost heart and wavered. The wall was in the hands of the foe, whose tails waved triumphantly from its summit. I saw that it was all up, and cut as hard as I could, and just in time, too, for a body of the Brindles fell upon our provender. Their cries over the eatables attracted the rest and the Blacks, and under cover of the diversion, our leader drew off the tattered remnant of his forces, and beat a hasty retreat.

Sadly we returned to our homes, much reduced in numbers, and leaving many a housewife's hearth desolate; for the bones of her faithful Tortoiseshell were left to bleach on the fatal moor.

Our King died soon after of a broken heart and the loss of one eye. Many of our troops became

demoralised, and took to sacking pantries and pigeon-cotes, and died ignominiously by dog and trap, while others, disowned by their old owners, fell victims to hardships to which they were unused.

I, myself, heart-broken and reduced to a skeleton, retired to the seclusion of a stable-loft, and dragged out my days in obscurity, occupying my leisure in writing out this history, and perished eventually from incautiously swallowing a live mouse.

And now I am doomed to wander o'er the moon-lit tiles, haunting the scenes of former joys.

Here the manuscript ends. It may be observed that the concluding sentences must have been written after our friend's decease; but that need excite no surprise, when we recollect that writing (and that without the aid of a medium) is numbered among spiritual accomplishments.

I would just observe, in conclusion, that I deserve credit for being the means of placing before the public a great and interesting historical fact which has quite escaped Macaulay.

I have to regret that the unique document itself unfortunately fell in the way of our cat, who, incautiously eating it, became immediately old and grey, and perished, warbling in an ancient and unknown tongue. Otherwise, I should certainly have deposited it in the British Museum for the inspection of the curious and the antiquarian.

## THE LAKE AND ABBEY OF LAACH.

THIS morning, the morning of April the 20th, 1863, is one worth noting in a journal for its unparalleled magnificence; at least as it shows in this Rhineland, whatever may be the case elsewhere.

The spot is Andernach; and the river about Andernach where a chain of variously shaped hills of volcanic origin crosses it, is to some judgments more beautiful even than in its course through the well-known gorge, which begins at Coblenz and ends at Bingen on the ascent of the Rhine. A fine morning indeed for a walk from Andernach to the Lake of Laach! The distinct sensations of cold and heat are merged in an intoxicating temperature which makes the whole air seem a bath of limpid freshness, instinct with joy and life, and realises for the nonce the fable of the Fountain of Youth, which the old painters are so fond of illustrating. The sun has risen in singular splendour over the hills on the Neuwied side, and his oblique rays are powdering the dark grey volcanic soil, over which the slowly rising path lies, with a dust of brilliants, which effect is probably the result of the grains of mica which form part of the composition of the soil. But be the cause what it may, the effect is that of

Stars which in earth's firmament do shine

even more truly than that of the flowers of the field, to which Longfellow applies the comparison; for the negative grey of the ground better than the bright green sward, expresses the darkness and mystery of the vault of night. As for the

larks, they are half-mad with the zest of existence; as that lumbering yoke of oxen with the stolid peasant and his inevitable coffee-pot pipe proceeds with the plough, up they rise before them and behind them like little living rockets, which explode in musical glee instead of a shower of coloured stars, because it is day and not night, and coloured light could not be seen, while song is heard. Are they laughing at them, or are they sorry for their soil-bound estate, and doing in pity like good little cherubims, their best to console them for the curse, which has stricken alike the peasant and the oxen? The very loose earth, as it is turned with the plough, exhales the freshness of the young year, and soft lights and softer shadows follow the furrow. The muzzles of the beasts are dewy and fragrant; their eyes like deep dark wells, preach patience and content, the very hairs of their bright dun coats glisten with opalescent lustre. Oh, that Rosa Bonheur, who reverses the fable of Europa, by carrying off horned beasts bodily, were present with her inimitable pencil!

And the ground is covered with new-born flowers, violet, and pansy, and Star of Bethlehem, anemone and forget-me-not with its eyes of turquoise and gold, and the butterflies, those flying flowers, as I have known a child call them, coquet about them and pay their morning salutations, as in the June night of Germany the flying glow-worms flit about their wingless mates. And the butterflies and moths abound in this country, from the purple Emperor, that "Solomon in all his glory," of the tribe, down to the little winged creatures in Bavarian uniforms of sky blue. The butterfly is an emblem of the immortal hopes of man, and surely to be up and in the midst of nature on such a morning as this is better than all sermons appropriate to Easter, for that soul must be dull indeed which did not feel here a foretaste of its resurrection:

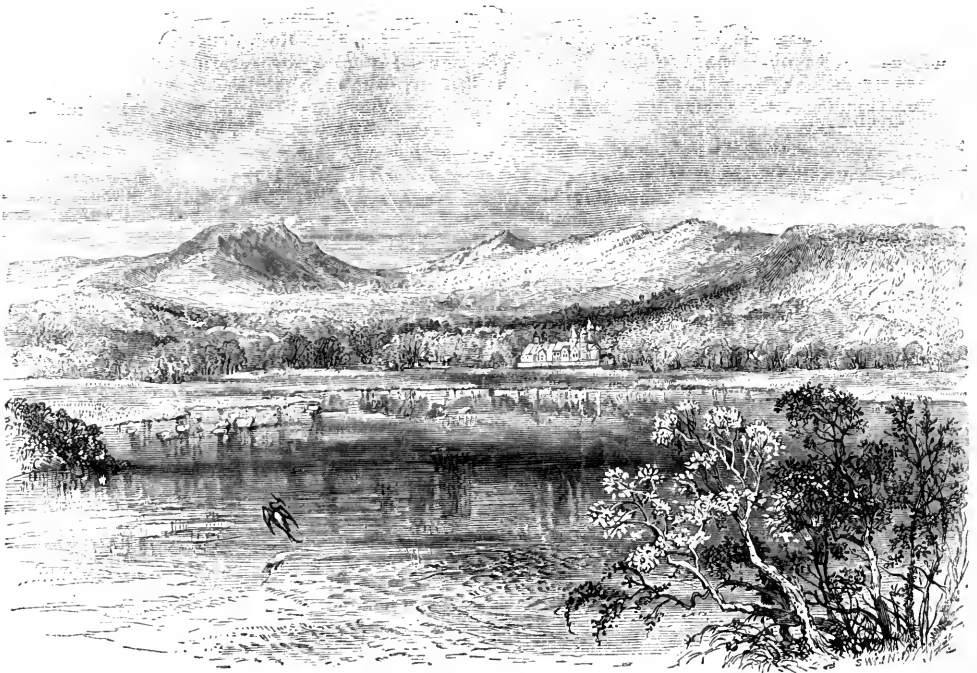
Our road is a kind of rough bridle-way, leading over a swelling upland, apparently formed of volcanic *débris*; the round contours of the hills bring to mind the neighbourhood of Naples, and Auvergne in France. Behind some wooded hills in front, about seven English miles from Andernach, lies the Lake of Laach. To make for the highest point of these hills, without regarding the route by which tourists are conveyed, would evidently be the best way to get a synoptical view of the lake; so, instead of pursuing the path to Niedermendig, where are some famous basalt quarries, we turn to the village of Nickenich on the right. This place is principally built in a very solid manner of dark grey or purplish basalt, the roofs being thatched. The new church is a fine specimen of Byzantine architecture, so contrived within as to produce an echo equal to that of

The castle arch whose hollow tone  
Returns each whisper spoken.

The interior decorations, though brilliant, are in good taste, and the high altar, with the vault of the choir is chastely gorgeous, with none of that meretricious ornamentation which disfigures many Catholic churches. A hollow way through the budding woods, whose reddish tint is just bursting into a mist of green, leads by a long

ascent insensibly to the brow of the mountain, when suddenly the moderate fatigue is recompensed by the revelation of a landscape which takes the eye by storm with its tranquil beauty. Spread out at the foot of the hills lies an oval or nearly circular basin, large enough to form the body of the landscape, and small enough to be easily comprehended in the area of vision, of the same blue as the sky, but somewhat deeper and more delicious where shadows of banks or promontories are cast on it, and reflecting every fleecy cloud; surrounded, save where a band of golden green forms the immediate margin, by wooded hills of the softest outlines, with others behind them in the distance. Directly in front are the cone-topped towers

and white-glancing buildings of the abbey, a small object across the lake, and seeming to realise by its position the very luxury of loneliness. Far away to the right and over the nearest hills is an intimation of the bold scenery about the banks of the Ahr, with one grand castle standing sentry on a jutting headland, and beneath, a steep slope covered with budding trees, with out-cropping masses of deep violet-coloured volcanic rocks. It is a scene the more beautiful as so unexpected in these latitudes, and the beholder might well imagine himself standing on the brink of the Lake of Nemi, among the Sabine hills. Italy is also brought to mind by the fact that Laach possesses a cave where the fixed air destroys animal life, as



Lake and Abbey of Laach.

is the case with the Grotto del Cane, near Naples. And all this is within an easy walk of the cockney-ridden Rhine!

The Lake of Laach is the central focus of a volcanic circle which nearly approaches in magnitude that of the higher Eifel. It is 864 feet above the level of the sea, 705 above that of the Rhine at Andernach, and according to an old account of 1674, when it was frozen hard, it was 4,347 ells long, 3,945 broad, and 107 deep. The Counts Palatine had formerly a castle which commanded it on the southern bank, called the Pillenz, or Pfalz, which name denoted the official district of the "Missi Domenici" in the Merovingian times, and had its origin in the Palatium of Trèves. In the tenth century the whole country belonged to

the Counts of Hochstaden; half of this, and in particular, half of the lake, was given as a dowry to Matilda, Countess of Hochstaden, who brought it to her husband, Henry I. The Count Palatine Henry II. called himself "Dominus de lacu," and generally resided with his wife Adelaide at the castle of Laach. By them the abbey was founded, A.D. 1093. This pair had long cherished the wish to found a religious establishment near their sequestered home, and childlessness was added to the ordinary pious motives which influenced so many persons in those days. They were hesitating about the best site, when it is said that one night the whole lake was preternaturally illuminated, and a light brighter than elsewhere rested on one particular spot. This they understood as the

appointed place for the abbey, which they accordingly proceeded to found there, the Count Palatine constituting himself the Visitor of the convent. The original record of the foundation was supposed to be preserved in the royal state archives at Berlin, until signs were detected which fixed the date of the apocryphal document to be the beginning of the thirteenth century. The Count Palatine Henry dying, left the work to Count Siegfried, who for years neglected to carry it out, but at last, moved by repentance, and terrified by a storm at sea, proceeded with it, destroying the neighbouring castle in order that the monks might be left to dwell in peace. The Cloister was put under the supervision of the Abbot of Hafligem, in Belgium, and Siegfried made himself Visitor, or patron. Whenever the Visitor was called it was settled that he was to receive three malters of corn for bread; in winter ten, and in summer five malters of oats for his horses; two pigs, five florins in cash in the evening, and one florin thirty hollers in the morning, and lastly an awme of wine in the evening, and half that quantity in the morning, for the refreshment of himself and suite. This Count enacted also that he and his family, as well as other Visitors, should be buried in the convent. Siegfried died without completing the work, which was neglected by his son William, and again taken up by Hedwig, Countess of Are, in Nickenich, probably the widow of Gerhard II., of Hochstaden, she giving the remaining half of the lake to the convent. Her benefaction was gratefully recorded in an inscription on a pillar in the choir of the church:

Prole potens virgo, petimus pro munere largo  
Da tibi submissæ celos Hedwich comitisse.

The first monks came to Laach from Hafligem, in Belgium, which convent is said to have had so great a reputation for piety, that St. Bernard, of Clairvaux, declared he found them angels rather than men. The consecration of the church by Archbishop Hillinus, of Trèves, took place on the 24th of August, 1156, to the honour of the Holy Trinity, while it was confided to the special protection of St. Mary the Virgin and St. Nicholas, the legal appellation of the convent being: "Monasterium beate Mariæ Virginis in Lacu prope Antonacum." It was governed by priors till 1627, when it was given an abbot of its own. Laach fell to the See of Cologne through the last will of Count Palatine William, but in the sixteenth century we find the Abbot John, of Cochem, at issue with the See of Cologne, and intriguing to transfer the nvestiture to Trèves, consequently the convent was taken forcible possession of by Raban William, Captain of Cologne, in the name of the Archbishop, and occupied by a party of men-at-arms and arquebusiers seventy-five strong. The monks were of the Benedictine order, which had its rise in Italy 540 A.D., and the rule was that of Augny. One vow was taken, that of unconditional obedience, and the regulations were simple, he dress itself of the order assimilating itself to national costumes. The abbot alone had the power of inflicting punishment, on the report of the prior. These varied from the greatest, which was the lesser excommunication, to such dis-

cipline as sitting on the ground at meals, which was applied to those who were late at matins. This convent, after a long period of secularisation, during which its buildings were considerably modernised, has at length, by lease or purchase, come into possession of the Jesuit Fathers, a party of whom, on the memorable 20th of April, 1863, were celebrating their arrival with a bowl of May-wine (*i.e.*, Rhine wine sweetened and flavoured with wood-ruffe and a slice of lemon,) and they looked with their severe robes and buxom faces something like a party of jolly undertakers' men. Of course there is a restaurant in the garden of the convent, a very necessary institution when the villages are so far off. The church is entered from the lovely convent-garden through a beautiful cloister, with a little classic flower-garden in the midst, bringing to mind the Alhambra Court in the Crystal Palace, save that the arches are not of horse-shoe shape, but perfectly beautiful specimens of the round Byzantine style.

The ornamentation of the main arch leading into the cloister is an exquisitely tasteful and chaste design of leaves and flowers. This cloister appears to date from the second half of the twelfth century. Three of the portals of the church have been walled up; the other two are approached through the cloister. The ground plan is supposed to have been borrowed from that of the cathedral at Cologne: the length of the interior is 208 feet: the whole length of the building being 261 feet 10 inches. The nave is tripartite, the highest part being in the middle. The vaults of the roofs spring rapidly from square shafts, which are partly ornamented with pilasters. There are two transepts, two choirs, and five towers: besides these there is a short one over the eastern transept, crowned with an octagon cupola. The whole of the details of the interior and exterior deserve careful study, as showing how simple means may produce an architectural effect of perfect beauty. Beneath the choir is a crypt with corresponding area. It is long since the church has been used for Divine service. It looked naked and empty, and full of glaring light, as the Byzantine style requires coloured windows to give the proper religious gloom. In the full sun-glare the remains of gaudy colours that had been laid on the internal architecture in some particularly vulgar age, looked especially odious, and the tombs wore a mouldy, mournful, and neglected look. From the emptiness of the whole space the natural echo was increased, so that every step was repeated throughout the length and breadth of the building. It is necessary to beware of a stumble in descending the step between the nave and choir, since that step is said to have been often overlooked through people keeping their eyes fixed on the vaulted roof. A striking contrast is felt on emerging from the solemn desolation of the church to the luxuriant world without, and the orchards laughing in blossoms, which stand out against the blue heaven with the mingled lustre of rock-salt, and snow, and silver. Our path lies along the western shore of the lake, up a deep sandy road to the crest of the hills on the north, whence a pretty peep of the Rhine and Drachenfels is gained, and so down to the valley

of Brohl. At the edges of the road are observed several little pitfalls of the ant-lion, an ugly-looking little insect, who makes a funnel of sand, lies *perdu* at the bottom of it, and devours any unfortunate ant who has the ill-luck to miss his footing on the overhanging sward. This region appears to be rich in entomology. Among other beetles, one is very common, with red legs and green and gold body, who seems, from the frequency with which he shows himself, to be almost conscious of his beauty. The valley of Brohl appears to be a rift on a large scale, traversing consolidated volcanic debris and mud, of much the same nature as that out of which Pompeii has to be dug. This rift, down which winds a stream, is made irregular by being blocked at intervals by more solid rocks, and in general the forms of its cliffs and vine-bearing terraces are fantastic and theatrical, rather than positively beautiful. A rising watering-place, called Tönnistein, where a very palatable mineral water is to be drunk on the premises, is making this curious gorge one of the smaller resorts of fashion. It debouches on the Rhine at the village of Brohl, whence Andernach is soon reached by railway or by steam.

G. C. SWAYNE.

### ANA.

SIR JOHN COCHRANE, being engaged in Argyle's rebellion against James II., was taken prisoner after a desperate resistance, and sentenced to be hanged. His daughter Grizzle having obtained information that the death-warrant was expected from London by the coach, dressed herself up in man's clothes, and twice attacked and robbed between Belford and Berwick, the mails which conveyed the death-warrants. This gave time to Sir John Cochrane's father, the Earl of Dundonald, to make interest with Father Peter, a Jesuit priest, and the King's confessor, who, for the sum of five thousand pounds, agreed to intercede with his royal master in favour of Sir John Cochrane, and to obtain his pardon, which was granted. The great-granddaughter of this lady, Miss Stuart of Allan Bank, was the grandmother of the late eminent banker, Mr. Thomas Coutts, whose grandchild is the present Miss Burdlett Coutts.

CHARLBOROUGH PARK.—It may not be generally known that Charlborough Park, near Wareham, Dorsetshire, the seat of Mr. J. S. W. Erle-Drax, is intimately associated with one of the most important events in the history of our country. In the grounds adjoining it is a small building, something above the dignity of a summer-house, with the following inscription: "Under this roof, in the year 1686, a set of patriotic gentlemen of this place concocted the plan of the Glorious Revolution with the immortal King William, to whom we owe our delivery from the tyrant race of the Stuarts, the restoration of our liberties, security of our property, establishment of our national prosperity, honour, and wealth. Englishmen! remember this era, and consider that your liberty, obtained by the virtues of your ancestors, must be maintained by yourselves."

## THE FRAÜLEIN'S HAIR.

AN EPISODE OF THE LIBERATION WAR.

From Moscow the baffled eagle came,  
And his eye was glazed with a film of shame;  
His wing was rigid with Arctic rime,  
And his plumes were strown ere the moulting-time;  
Yet loftily bears he his battered head,  
And even Victory shrinks with dread.

So there is muster in Breslau town  
To strike that Gallic eagle down;  
And the tocsin sounds, to arms! to arms!  
Oh, the rapture of such alarms!  
And Breslau's youth are up to a man,  
Eager to stand in the battle's van;  
And Breslau's maids feed their emprise  
With smiles, and blushes, and tears, and sighs,  
And each from jewelled store supply  
The sinews of glorious mutiny.

One brings silver, another gold;  
Another an heir-loom of trinkets old;  
But amongst the maiden throng is one  
Who jewels of gold and silver has none;  
Dowerless maiden! so poor and fair!  
Richest of all in the golden hair!

Dowerless maiden! so poor and fair!  
She drooped with grief in her golden hair,  
As worthy never more to show  
A wealth that availed not against the foe;  
And then with the guilt of her poverty bold,  
She shored off her tresses of waving gold,  
That a gift she might give, if they were sold.

Her gift was the greatest, for never, I ween,  
At auction or mart was such bidding seen;  
For every youth in the town would wear  
Some slightest pittance of golden hair.

Of each the portion was costly and small,  
Nor were there ringlets enough for all;  
And one who was late was first to advance  
And open his breast to a Polish lance.

Valour abounded in that stern strife,  
But the last in battle to think of life,  
The first to charge, the last to fly,  
The foremost ever to do or die,  
The firmest to stand when full in view  
The shot tore horse and rider through,  
Were the men whose bosom or head did bear  
That cognisance of the golden hair.

They the men who cleanly smote  
To the saddle from the throat:  
They whose sabre-point did pass  
Through the trooper's heart in his cuirass;  
Who gun from carriage to earth did fling  
'Mid the battery's thunderous bellowing;  
Always doing, and everywhere,  
All that heroes can do or dare.

Fraülein von Scheliba!  
Fraülein, Queen of the Free!  
'Twas a matchless deed as ever we read,  
Or ever shall live to see.

## THE GHOST IN THE GREEN PARK.



## CHAPTER I.

In the east there is a white, wan glimmer, as of a spectre haunting the dying moments of night: then the twilight of early morning is in the London streets. The air is fresh, exhilarating, unadulterated, for as yet even that very early riser the smoke is not astir. The highways are deserted, and for any visible signs of existence the pulse of the great city would seem to have ceased to beat. Solitary policemen, it is true, pursue the nocturnal pastimes of the force in the way of pulling at door-handles and testing shutter-fastenings; and coffee-stalls, warmed by red stoves, gleam mistily here and there, like town glow-worms, at the cor-

ners of open streets—but these, seen through the gauze of dawn, are, after all, more phantoms than actualities, and impart no more semblance of vitality to the sleeping metropolis than ghosts to a grave-yard.

A feeling of solitude begotten by the stillness—so unnatural compared with the roar of later hours—impresses forcibly the mind of the early wanderer. Independence so apparently absolute is not without its element of alarm. In the suspension of all social conventions in sleep, men who are compelled to be awake and about, go back to quite a primitive order of being, and learn the advantages of fraternisation as completely as in the

Australian bush or the African desert. It is remarkable how soon interchange of colloquy ensues, how immediately acquaintances are to be made, and all restrictions of form and rank are abolished, amongst vagrants, at say four o'clock in the morning, in the streets of London. Then, even the policeman thaws, and, merging the constable in the man, is quite anxious to inform any one on his beat that it is a fine morning: and upon the lightest encouragement will furnish full particulars of the large fire over night, or the daring burglary in the next street two mornings back. After all, nature is an older institution than civilisation, and occasionally asserts her rights of primogeniture.

For some time after my first arrival in London, the occupation in which I was engaged rendered it necessary for me to rise very early. I may say at once that I was young—little more than a boy in years—and poor. I occupied inexpensive apartments in a street turning out of the Hampstead Road. It was in days when existing ingenious contrivances for boiling kettles rapidly by means of a star of gas-jets or a wheel of resinous firewood were undiscovered, or at any rate, not generally available. Breakfast in my own rooms involved difficulties and delays not to be endured. My toilet completed as well as darkness and drowsiness would permit, I sallied out into the streets, and took refuge for half an hour at a small coffee-shop in the neighbourhood of Holborn. The establishment had few recommendations beyond being both early and cheap, though I am bound to add that it was clean and not uncomfortable. What time it opened or whether it ever shut I could never clearly ascertain. Its frequenters were numerous, and for the most part like myself, influenced as to their early rising rather by necessity than choice; gentlemen of the newspaper press, post-office *employés* on their way to early duty or returning from night service, travellers just arrived by late or preparing to start by early trains, with occasional visitors whom festivity had kept from bed, and who were constantly trying by means of mild decoctions of tea and coffee to negate the effects of recent more powerful potations.

Frequenters of a public room soon become acquainted with its advantages and deficiencies, and acquire, moreover, a sort of right from custom to certain seats and corners. Hence I knew exactly in the establishment I visited the seat that from its situation near the fire was too hot, and the seat that was exposed to the draught of the door—where the culinary fumes were too abundant, and where the clattering of crockery and the details of the scullery were unpleasantly close—and I learnt to appropriate a comfortable position at some distance from the entrance and by the side of the fire, at a small table in the centre of a hutch or pew fitted into a recess in the wall, where accommodation was afforded to two guests only. Other *habitues* of the room had apparently their accustomed places. The usual occupant of the seat opposite to mine was a man of above sixty, as I judged, who appeared to have been well known in the room for some time preceding my first visit. Meeting this same man morning after morning, I soon learnt to take an interest in him and his

proceedings. It began to be a source of disappointment to me if he ever failed to appear opposite to me during the progress of my meal, while his presence permitted me the pleasure of much and ingenious surmise; we had never spoken, however, and there was little in his abstracted, unconscious air that invited me to address him. He was tall, thin, very erect. In the winter he wore a large military cloak folded round him: in the summer his frock coat was always buttoned close up to his chin. His face was worn and sunburnt. He wore no whiskers, but a thick, projecting, shaggy moustache—at a time when moustaches were seldom to be seen in this country; and his hair, iron-grey in colour, was long and tangled. For some reason he had, unknown to himself, acquired in the room the *soubriquet* of the Baron. The fancy of bestowing upon him this fictitious rank arose probably from a certain dignified foreign air in his manner and appearance. He invariably raised his hat as he entered or quitted the room, and though he never or rarely spoke to anyone, he always delivered or received the newspapers and magazines with which the place was strewn, and which he and others were sometimes moving about in quest of, with great politeness. He read through gold-framed double eye-glasses which fastened with a spring. He frequently occupied himself with writing in a small note-book. He had been severely wounded in his right arm, but, nevertheless, he wrote with considerable facility and apparent neatness with his left hand; the writing being sloped contrarily to the ordinary method, after the manner peculiar to writers with the left hand. He was in the habit of entering the coffee-room about the same time that I did, and I generally left him there. His breakfast was moderate enough; being seldom more than a cup of coffee, a biscuit, and a cigar. But he had always the appearance of having been up all night, rather than of having risen early. On rainy mornings he would come in dripping wet and splashed with mire, as though he had been walking far, and when it snowed there was quite a thick crust upon his hat and cloak. Still he exhibited no symptom of fatigue or of desire for rest. Although his dress was simple and his fare frugal, there was about him no positive indication of poverty, while his manners and appearance gave no clue as to his ordinary occupation or profession. Altogether the Baron puzzled and interested me. I longed for an opportunity of drawing him into conversation, in the hope of gathering some information, or at least some food for further surmise regarding him. Notwithstanding our frequent meetings, however, I was for some time able to do little more than show him the small civilities and attentions which the facts of our occupation of the same table and the crippled state of his arm fairly permitted. At length I made an excuse for addressing him.

It was a March morning. A bitter east wind was blowing round the corners of the streets as fiercely as though it had been suffering under a pent-up rage and had at length received licence to give the reins to its wrath. Now it furiously whirled about and stung the faces of the passers in the streets with handfuls of sleet; now it made frantic efforts to tear away their hats and cloaks;



now it lashed them with vindictive blasts till they ached and tingled all over as from the most cutting and malicious stripes. The streets so searchingly swept by the wind looked blanched like bones on a sea-strand. Right glad was I to beat a retreat from an enemy so merciless, and take refuge for a while in my warm corner in the coffee-shop.

The Baron was not long after me. As he took possession of his accustomed seat, I was struck by something unusual in his appearance. He was pale and agitated; he glanced continually over his shoulder as though he expected to see some one following him, and his thin white hand trembled so that he at once removed it from the table. His eyes wandered about with a vacant restlessness that was almost alarming, while he was every now and then seized with a distressing fit of coughing which shook his whole frame.

"This is a bad morning," I said.

He turned to me with a startled air.

"It is," he replied coldly, after a pause.

"Your cold is very bad—are you not imprudent to venture out?"

He gazed at me steadfastly for a moment or two.

"Why do you ask this? Who are *you*, that presume to question *me*?"

I was not unprepared for a rebuff of this nature. In a few words I ventured to inform him that my question arose from no merely idle motive, but out of real sympathy for him. I reminded him of the many times we had met, and suggested to him that the fact prevented my regarding him entirely as a stranger. I spoke in a tone as conciliatory and polite as was possible to me, and by way of giving an example of confidence, I spoke openly of myself; mentioned my name, address, and calling, and finally expressed regret if in addressing him I had given offence.

The unreserve of this appeared to soothe him.

"You have trust in me, at any rate," he said.

I gave him my card. He placed it in his notebook—shuffling it in with his hand—then clasped the book and returned it to his pocket.

"Your curiosity in regard to me has been roused?"

"Something more than curiosity."

"Interest, perhaps?"

"Yes, interest."

"Well, it is not so surprising. You are young and—"

He stopped as though from irresolution. Leaning his head upon his hand and gazing at me searchingly, he after a pause resumed:

"Something has happened to me to-night"—speaking slowly and in a depressed tone—"so strange, so marvellous, that I might stand excused if I made the first man I met my confidant; were it only to preserve a record of what has taken place in another mind than my own, I am almost bound to speak. Time so effaces impressions—so constrains us to forget and to disbelieve, it would be a satisfaction to relate this matter to another, even an utter stranger, while it is still new, fresh, and restless in my thoughts. And you have taught yourself to be interested in me?"

A sudden fit of coughing shook him cruelly. Exhausted and panting he rose from his seat. I

stretched out my arm to assist him. Probably he misunderstood my intention. Smiling, he pressed my hand gently.

"No," he said, "not here; not now."

He moved slowly towards the door, turning back, however, before he had reached it.

"Do not follow me," he said, and quitted the room.

For three days the Baron's seat in the coffee-room was unoccupied, and I could gain no tidings of him. On the evening of the fourth day, however, I found at my lodgings a letter, the handwriting of which I readily recognised. The contents were brief. I was requested to call that night at a house in the neighbourhood of Queen Square. The letter was signed "Lane Daly." I hurried at once to the place appointed, found the house without difficulty—it was small, but not mean-looking—and learnt that Mr. Daly occupied rooms on the second-floor. The staircase was tortuous and ill-lighted, but the apartment into which I was introduced was well-furnished, and generally comfortable in appearance. The Baron, or Mr. Daly, as his real name seemed to be, was reclining on a small sofa in front of the fire. He rose as I entered, shook me cordially by the hand, and motioned me to an armchair by the side of his couch. He looked pallid and weak. He was taking coffee; after pouring me out a cup, he resumed his reclining position.

"You were possibly surprised at my writing to you," he said in a low tone, "but the fact of your presence here shows that I did not draw too largely upon your kindness. I have been ill—I have been compelled to succumb to sickness as I have seldom done before. I have not left my room since I last saw you. You will forgive my asking you to come to me here, but for some days now I must remain a prisoner, and I then leave England. You have expressed an interest in me. I have to thank you much. I have seen you frequently at the coffee-room to which we both resort. I have observed you more perhaps than you are aware of. I can—I do believe that this interest arises from a certain sympathy and not from mere curiosity. You are young. You do not know how valuable to those journeying on to age is the sympathy of the young. I did not perhaps myself know it thoroughly until within these few hours. I did not think I needed the sympathy of anyone. Heaven knows I have not courted it, and but a short time back I would as soon have died as have had a stranger here, sitting where you sit, hearing what I am about to ask you to hear. But an event has occurred which almost forces me to speak. It seems to me that silence would prey upon my reason.

"I had resolved after our last meeting at the coffee-room, and urged by your kindness there, to make known to you a strange chapter in a strange history. I have been thinking how to isolate this incident from surrounding circumstances, so as to make it intelligible to you without my entering upon a lengthy revelation. I find it necessary, however, that I should narrate to you certain details of my past career which I had not contemplated at first, and which may lead me to be more prolix than I desire. Forgive me, there—

fore, if I test your kindness too severely; and remember, you have in fact courted the position you occupy. If my recital weary, it may also warn you; and if I lose your respect, I must beg none the less—your pity.”

I assured him of my sympathy beforehand.

“Your patience first, then,” he said.

#### CHAPTER II.

“My name is Lane Daly. I am of the Dalys of Fermoy, a good family, but sadly impoverished, like many another Irish house, by prolonged improvidence. I was a younger son, and as a consequence inherited little more than a foolish pride, a monstrous pedigree, and that phantom property, a contingent interest in an over-encumbered estate. Yet these were excuses enough to keep an Irishman from industry. I was never trained to any profession. I seemed forbidden to toil for my bread. I was brought up with independent notions without independent means. I received an accidental education at a Jesuit college in the neighbourhood of the family estate. Then, as a young man, a brief career of life in Dublin, where I acquired little beyond the science of debt, and I came to London fortune seeking. I had name and connections although I had not money, and moreover every Irishman has some one above him in station whom he looks up to and expects to get something from. A promise is the general result—another word for a lie—it was all I ever got. I, with others, dangled attendance at a great man’s levée, in the hope of advancement I never received. He was one of those old-established mockeries—a man who seemed a patron and arrogated to himself the airs of one, without ever doing a single action to merit the title. I am speaking of years long past. I was a young man then. I am not now so old as you perhaps deem me. I am now little more than forty-five, though I am aware I seem older. I was young, and as a necessary adjunct to youth and poverty—came love.

“The family of the Moncktons have been, as you are doubtless aware, for many years distinguished in the commercial history of this country for their enormous wealth and influence. The late Sir John Monckton had one daughter—Margaret. Of her exquisite beauty I will spare both of us elaborate description. Here is her portrait, painted about the date of my first meeting with her, by a French artist of some fame. Judge for yourself.”

He took from his breast-pocket a morocco-leather miniature case, and handed it to me. It enclosed the portrait of a woman, certainly of great beauty. For some minutes the charming expression of innocence and contemplative purity depicted in the miniature, held me spell-bound. Then I closed the case and returned it to him, motioning my thanks.

“In mind,” he went on, “she was not less excellent. And here I should state,—you know me so slightly, it is necessary,—that not one thought of the wealth she was likely one day to inherit, ever tainted the truthfulness of my love for Margaret Monckton. I believe that had I met her even in the very humblest position I should not

have loved her less. I had frequent opportunities of seeing her. I was admitted to her father’s house, and received there as a constant and welcome guest. That the cadet of a needy Irish family should aspire to the hand of an English heiress, was looked upon as a danger too absurd to be apprehended. So my love grew and swelled unchecked within me, until my surcharged heart broke down beneath the burthen. My passion would find its way into words. I betrayed myself. You can guess the result. The door of Sir John Monckton’s house was thenceforth for ever closed against me. My only sins were my poverty and my love. But how unpardonable are these in a rich man’s eyes!

“The father of Margaret had views of his own in relation to his daughter’s hand. There were other matters besides the happiness of his child to be considered. What could be more important than strengthening his political connections, than enlarging the arena of his commercial pursuits? He had decided upon the marriage of his daughter with a General Galton, a man of high family and great wealth, who had returned from an important colonial appointment to marry and be buried in his native land. Obedience is a nobler virtue than love—the conviction cannot be too soon grafted into the heart of a child. Filial piety is rightly held in high esteem: it has a happy tendency to promote parental profit! How many Englishmen, do you think, champions of liberty abroad, are yet the most cruel of tyrants at home, preying upon their children’s joys, weighing their hearts but as fathers in the scale against political advancement and sordid ambition?”

He spoke with violence, and then paused for some minutes, as though overcome with his exertion.

“She loved me,” he continued, in a low voice, and speaking slowly and with effort. “Yet she prepared to obey her father’s commands. There was something touching, it was too pitiable to be condemned, in her compliance with a bidding which was breaking her heart. In the interval between my dismissal and the final arrangement of her marriage, I had written to her beseeching an interview. Trembling, for it was the first time she had acted wilfully in opposition to her father, she granted my request. Our meeting was a strange mingling of happiness and suffering—vows of love and outbursts of regret. In vain did we attempt to rend the ties that united us. Each interview dedicated to the interchange of eternal adieux, ended in an arrangement for a further meeting. I saw her again and again. Sir John Monckton resided in one of those houses in St. James’s Place, the gardens of which run down to the Green Park. A place of meeting was beneath a lime-tree, in a secluded part of the enclosure. Margaret had free access to the park in the early part of the morning, and by indentations on the bark of the tree, she was enabled to indicate to me the hour at which she could probably escape from her father’s house for a meeting in the evening—the garden wall being so low that she could descend from it into the park, or return thence, without difficulty or much fear of detection.

“What hours of happiness did we pass in the

calm of those summer evenings, beneath the shadow of the lime-tree! A happiness enhanced by the dangers which menaced it—by the despair in which it was inevitably to end.

“Let me hurry on. It was the night before the wedding. The forthcoming marriage had been published throughout the town. Sick with terror, Margaret met me beneath the tree—fell weeping upon my bosom. Once more the avowal of my passion poured from my lips. My love blinded—maddened me. I rose against my doom. We fled—if, indeed, it was not rather an abduction than a flight—for Margaret had lost consciousness in conjuring me by all I held sacred—by our love—to save her. A priest of the Catholic church, whose faith I hold, consecrated our marriage. We made for the coast, and quitted England, purposing never to return.

“Had I done rightly; or had human frailty leavened my conduct, poisoned my love? Should I not have considered her more, and myself less? She had youth, beauty, the prospect of extraordinary wealth—few women possessed equal advantages. Through my act, these had been lost to her. She had yoked herself with a poor adventurer. She had withdrawn herself from an engagement, in the world's eyes voluntarily entered upon. She had incurred the ceaseless anger of her father. And this my doing! Yet, could I have acted otherwise? I, who loved her!

“We were pursued, and overtaken at Abbeville, on our road to Paris. I returned with General Galton to Calais. We fought on the sands at low tide. We exchanged three shots. I was struck in the wrist of my right hand. The bone was splintered, and after suffering the most exquisite pain, it became necessary for me to have a very painful operation performed on my arm. For many weeks I was a prey to a brain fever of a most severe character. On my recovery, I found myself at Brussels, tended by Margaret, my wife. Nothing could exceed her affectionate care. Subsequently our story became known in Brussels, and drew upon us an unpleasant amount of attention: we moved to Dresden.

“And now a misfortune we had hardly foreseen, and could not avert, came upon us. This was the want of money. Margaret possessed no means in her own right, although presumptive heiress of the whole of her father's vast property. Our sole income, therefore, was comprised in a small annuity to which I was entitled under my mother's marriage settlement; and which, fortunately, it had not been possible to involve in the difficulties of my father's estate. Our fortune, Heaven knows, was small enough, still it had probably been sufficient, living as obscurely and inexpensively as we were. But at this time began irregularities in the remittances, by reason of the chicanery of one of the trustees charged with the payment of the annuity. Sir John Monckton had solemnly renounced his daughter, had sworn never to forgive, or even to see us more; he carefully alienated the whole of his property from Margaret. His anger knew no bounds—his former love for his child was now changed to an insatiable hate. It seemed to have become an object of his life to oppose us in every way, to drive us to extremi-

ties. I had written to every friend I had, or thought I had, hoping to obtain an appointment under one of the continental embassies. But Sir John's interest effectually prevented this. To all my applications I received an unvarying reply. I had made an enemy of a man too powerful to be opposed, and the consequences must be upon my own head.

“Our situation daily became worse. To purchase the means of subsistence, Margaret was compelled to effect a sale of her jewels. Formerly I had possessed some skill as an artist—with this maimed arm, what did that avail now? Margaret had great gifts as a musician. She endeavoured to obtain pupils. For a time she succeeded, but many on becoming further acquainted with her history, expressed an unaccountable aversion to employing her. I earned some small sums by teaching English, but still insufficient to supply the requirements of our most modest household.

“One day I returned home later than usual. I had been out many hours in the vain quest of employment. To my joy I found a letter from England. I broke the seal with eagerness, and read with a trembling hope which died away into despair as I concluded. The letter was from a relative, and was written in terms colder even than usual. I had implored a remittance. None was forwarded, the letter bade me hope for none, and urged me, as the only way of appeasing the anger of Sir John Monckton, and so of obtaining a cessation of his persecution, to part from my wife, and return alone to England. You cannot imagine the harsh way in which this recommendation was pressed upon me, while on the other hand, if I rejected this counsel, I was bidden to do the best I could for myself, for no one else would ever aid me. I was sick with fatigue and disappointment. I yielded to a weak feeling of despair.

“‘Why did I ever marry,’ I cried in the extremity of my folly. ‘Was it for this—for ruin and death?’

“I knew not that my words had been overheard.

“On my return on the following day I found awaiting me a note in pencil in the handwriting of Margaret.

“‘Do as they will. It is in vain to struggle further. We must part. I love you too well to be the cause of further suffering to you. I love you as I have ever loved you, but we must part—it is best so—never to meet again. Think of me as one who is dead, and love me as though Heaven had taken me from you. They cannot wrong you for that. God bless you, dearest. I will ever pray so. Farewell—for ever.

“‘MARGARET.’”

His voice trembled and broke. He gave way to a grief which would not be subdued. He buried his face in his hands and sobbed audibly.

“She was gone,” he said at length. “She was gone, and I have never seen her since. It is now fifteen years since she left me.”

“And you have sought her?” I asked.

“From that hour until now. I made inquiries throughout Dresden, but I could learn nothing

either of her presence there or of her having quitted the city. Afterwards I sold off everything I was possessed of, and partially on foot, I journeyed to Paris, and so on at last to London, at every opportunity seeking traces of her on the road. Arrived in London, I was enabled after much difficulty to resume the receipt of my annuity. This furnished me with the means of continued search. My personal wants are small, and every farthing not absorbed by these, I have expended in the prosecution of my hapless search. I have visited every town in Europe, making inquiries far and near, as I proceeded. I have explored every corner where I could dream of her being by any possibility secluded. I have called in the aid of the police. I have agents here, in France, in Germany. I wander from one to the other, searching, waiting, hoping. All, all in vain. I cannot find her. She is lost! she is lost!"

There was a dreadful accent of despair in his words.

"And you have now resigned your quest?" I asked.

"I shall resign it but with life," he answered solemnly. "It is the sole object of my existence. I live for this only. No one tie unites me to my fellows, or to this earth, but the hope of finding Margaret. O, to see her once again!" he cried with passion, "to assure her of my unceasing love, to win her pardon for the wrong which drove her from me, to soothe the remainder of her life by tenderness, to efface the anguish of the past by my devotion!"

"You have not seen her for fifteen years?"

"No," and then after a pause, he added, "unless I saw her but a few hours before you first addressed me in the coffee-room."

"You think you saw her then?"

"Listen. I seek her everywhere. No place is too exalted, no place is too lowly for my search, and day and night have I pursued it. In the palace as in the cellar, in the churchyard, and in the prison; in all phases of life, even amid scenes it had been better she should have died a hundred times than have lived to know, I have carried on my search. I have ceased to bewilder myself with probabilities, I seek her systematically everywhere. I extend my toil through the night, even into the hours of the morning. Then I have wandered to that lime-tree in the park, consecrated by her memory, and have bowed down in its shadow with my one prayer—that I may meet her yet once again before I die. I am known to the police, who regard me probably as an eccentric, privileged to do what seem to them strange things. Hence my ramblings by day or night receive from them neither question nor molestation.

"It was a cold night. The ground had been covered for some days with a frozen snow. There was no moon, but the stars were out, shining brilliantly in their pale, wan splendour. The white ground and the cold, clear air, rendered objects readily distinguishable, even at a considerable distance. I strode towards the lime-tree, and when within some fifty yards of it, perceived that a figure, advancing, as it were, from an opposite

direction, had already reached the tree: the form of a woman stood out darkly majestic against the white back-ground. I could hear no sound of other footsteps than my own, crunching on the congealed snow. Yet I could not be mistaken. Plainly before me I recognised a pale, thin face, and a figure clothed in black and floating garments. I gasped for breath. Not so much from visual recognition, however, as from the conviction of some inner feeling *I knew that it was she!* My blood mounted to my head—my sight grew dim—my heart throbbed as though it would burst. I hurried on; but as I neared the tree, the figure waving its hands with a strange, solemn action, glided away in the direction from which it had come. I followed, greatly agitated. I sought to overtake it, but it kept in advance of me. It moved towards the park gate on Constitution Hill, passed through, and disappeared. I ran to the gate. To my amazement I found it locked. I climbed over the railing, but I could see no one. I walked on for some minutes in the direction in which it had seemed to me the figure had turned. At length I encountered a policeman carrying his lantern, and beating himself with his disengaged arm to keep himself warm. In reply to my questions, I learnt that he had not seen a soul upon his beat for some two hours. Bewildered and excited, I hurried past him. For miles I walked on without pause. But fruitlessly. The figure had escaped me, and I returned towards town much and painfully moved. It was on that morning you first spoke to me in the coffee-room.

"I know how the world would receive the story of this strange occurrence. I should be ridiculed as a monomaniac, or science would tell me that I was the victim of a spectral illusion; the result of unstrung nerves, or disordered brain. Yet, as certainly as I now stand here, as plainly as I can see you facing me, on the night in question did I see the form of Margaret, my wife, beneath the lime-tree in the Green Park. I am not more satisfied of my own existence than of that."

"But how did she escape you? How did she quit the park?"

For some minutes he did not answer.

"In these days," he said, at length, "it seems to me that men have become so learned they have taught themselves to dispense with belief, and have voted faith unnecessary. The supernatural is regarded as an old nurse's tale, fit only to frighten children. To credit aught out of the pale of the common-place, is scorned as credulity. I am born of a country where ignorance embalms belief—where superstition is a religion. Tales of omens, of banshees, or wraiths, and all the wonderful poetry of the mysterious, were among the first lessons impressed upon my childish mind; and became too deeply fixed there to be effaced by either education, or age, or experience. Smile, if you will. I do not believe that it was Margaret's self that I saw, but as I believe in Heaven, I believe that it was her wraith. It was Margaret—not in the flesh—but in the spirit!"

"You believe her dead, then?"

"No," he cried, starting up. "I cannot believe her dead—not dead. I should die myself could I think that. No. She is living still. She

may be in trouble, perhaps in pain; and her gentle spirit in some ecstasy of longing has for a term escaped its material bondage, to hover near the spot it has most loved of all the earth. It was Margaret as she must be now—pale, calm, and beautiful—come to me in spirit, to warn—to bid adieu, perhaps: I cannot know. She may be dying, but she is not dead. I cannot reason upon this. I can give you no such explanation as would satisfy modern science; but I can, and I do, believe!"

"And your next step?"

"Continued search. The same post brought me these three letters."

He took from his pocket a packet of papers, among which were the letters he referred to. Two of them were written on thin paper, and bore foreign post-marks. The third was a London letter posted apparently in an adjoining neighbourhood.

"This tells me," he said, opening the last, "that there is some one residing in a street in Camden Town, answering the description of her whom I seek. It is a mistake. I have made inquiries. This is from Paris. My correspondent informs me, that on the fourth floor, No. 117, Rue des Martyrs, resides Madame Winter, stated to be German, but believed to be English—age about thirty-three—lives very retired. This is from Vienna. It gives particulars concerning a Madame d'Audry, residing in a secluded street, in the outskirts of the city. One of my correspondents must be in error. It is likely enough that they both are. It will not be the first time by many that they have been so. But I start to-morrow on this new trace. To Paris first, and then on.

"And now it is growing late, and I have detained you long. Thank you for your kind interest and attention, and good night. I will write to you from the continent. I will see you on my return. Think over my strange story—believe it—if you can—for it is true. I am no madman, tell those who think me so—and my strange doings have had an object. Good night!"

I assured him of my deep sympathy, and much moved by what I had heard, I left him.

#### CHAPTER III.

A YEAR and some five months intervened between my parting with Daly and our next meeting.

Circumstances had changed with me. My habits were now more those of ordinary people. I no longer rose at abnormal hours. I breakfasted in my own apartments. The early coffee-house was to me as a thing of the past.

I had often pondered over Daly's strange narrative. I had never received the promised communication from abroad, and I began to think that I had lighted upon a thread of mystery which no effort of mine could ever unravel out completely—that I had met with the first chapters of a romance of which the last part was to be forever withheld.

He had not been to the coffee-room since my first conversation with him there. He had not been heard of at his lodgings for many months.

I was strolling in St. James's Park on a lovely

evening in August. The weather was very sultry, and the sinking sun was still darting out hot rays between the branches of the trees, like a fire from behind the bars of a grate. The park was full of visitors, moving slowly about in an oppressed manner, hovering on the edge of the ornamental water, or reclining on the parched turf, trying to fancy some slight element of freshness was springing out of the lazy breathing of the evening air. I was idling amid the idle, thankful to be out of the hot streets, or the hot rooms of a London house, and reckless as to the near approach of the hour for closing the park gates. Suddenly I saw before me a form I could hardly fail to recognise.

On one of the park seats encircling a tree, among a crowd of other loungers, but completely isolated in mind from his neighbours, Daly was sitting, resting his hand upon his stick, and gazing abstractedly upon the scene before him. I was struck with the change in him. Ill as he had been at the time of my parting with him, he now appeared to be infinitely worse. His face had paled fearfully, as though sorrow were turning it to stone. Many, too, were the lines of suffering upon it. His hair had turned quite white—his whole frame was emaciated and bent. I have never seen any man assume in so short a time the aspect of extreme old age. He appeared to be lost in contemplation, and I felt for some minutes unwilling to disturb him, but as at length it became evident that I should not receive recognition unless I did so, I went to him and touched him gently on the shoulder. He started up instantly, much agitated, but gradually recovering himself, he greeted me cordially, and rose to walk with me.

"I have often wished to see you," he said, "and I ought to have written to you. I promised to do so, I know. But my acquaintance with you was after all so slight. I had so poor a claim upon your sympathy, that much as I desired to do so, I could not bring myself to write to you from abroad, or to seek you out on my return to England a few weeks since. Pray pardon me. Your kind welcome assures me that I have done wrong in doubting for one moment your kind interest in me and my misfortunes."

His voice had lost its firmness. He spoke in a low and broken tone, and as though he breathed with difficulty. He leant upon my arm as we walked slowly away from the other saunterers, now turning their steps towards the park gates. He bore so much the mark of suffering, so fixed an air of disappointment if not despair was in his face, that I for some time forbore to inquire as to the object which had drawn him from England. At length I questioned him upon the subject.

"All has failed," he said, in a tone of anguish. "The information I had received was founded upon error. I have had a long, long journey, and a fatiguing search since we parted—but all has been in vain. I have failed to find her, and have returned."

"You have resigned the task?"

"I am dying," he answered, solemnly.

I recollected his old declaration that he would give up his quest but with his life.

"I have enough medical learning to know that

the world and I must soon part company. I am dying. I am prematurely worn out by my great trouble. My pulse numbers little more than thirty beats to the minute. Night brings me no rest. I lay my head upon the pillow only to pass hours of wakeful sorrow, and to rise each day more weary. I cannot sleep. Opiates give me a numbing repose, but only by taking doses so large as almost to endanger life. It must end soon. Still do I pray Heaven that I may see her once again before I die. God grant that this may be!"

"And the figure seen in the park—you have seen it since?"

"But once, three nights since, and in the same place. But for a space of time so brief that I could do little more than recognise it before it vanished."

We had passed out of St. James's Park, and crossing the Mall, approached a gate on the other side, leading into the Green Park. The gate-keeper stepped forward, as though to oppose our entrance, but seeing Daly he moved aside, touching his hat respectfully, and we passed into the park. For some minutes we had not spoken. Slowly as we were walking, it was evidently a serious exertion to Daly, and occasionally his breathing became so short we were obliged to halt altogether.

"There is the lime-tree," he said at length, in a low tone, pointing to a tree some hundred yards in front of us. As we moved in the direction indicated, the sad reverence which affected Daly extended its influence to me. It was not without a vague sensation of awe that I found myself beneath the shadow of the tree.

"This was our trysting-place," said Daly, sadly. "This is the spot hallowed by love and sorrow. These branches above us have sheltered Margaret's gentleness, have shrouded my vigils of mourning and broken hope. Here on this bark—"

He stopped suddenly with a wild scream of surprise. His whole frame trembled. He gasped for breath.

"Look! look!" he cried. "There—there are figures scratched on the bark! She will come again! At twelve! See, it says at twelve! Thank God, thank God!"

But for my support he would have fallen. Certainly, as he had said, there appeared upon the bark figures scratched by some sharp instrument.

"You think that *she* has been here?" I asked, when he had a little recovered from the violence of his emotion; "that *she* has done this?"

"I am sure of it."

"But may not these marks be the result of mere accident? the chance work of an idle hand?"

"Impossible!" he cried, with passion. "She has been here! She will come again—at twelve o'clock. I will await her here. And you—you too—I beg, I implore you, to remain also!"

There was a feverish energy in his manner that almost alarmed me. Unwilling to leave him in such a state, and prompted also by an interest strongly excited, I acceded to his request, and it was arranged that we should remain together beneath the tree until twelve o'clock had chimed.

It wanted some hours to midnight. How we succeeded in wiling away the time I hardly know. We spoke but little, and my companion was deaf to all suggestion that we should quit for a period the lime-tree, and return at the appointed hour.

"I shall wait here until she comes," he said.

His recent agitation had given place to a strangely determined calmness. His lips were compressed, the fingers of his one hand tightly clenched. He leant against the tree with a motionless rigidity, gazing in the direction in which he stated he had formerly seen the figure of Margaret appear. I must confess I was myself possessed with a nervous anxiety to see the issue of the adventure which kept me in a ceaseless excitement.

Twelve o'clock was at length tolled out by the Abbey bell. The night was fine, but dark. A mist in the nature of a blight veiled the horizon. We gazed eagerly towards Constitution Hill. We were too agitated for speech, and Daly's heart was beating with a violence that shook his whole frame at every throb.

We waited patiently for about four minutes. We could see nothing. With a movement, part of despair, part amazement, Daly turned his head round as though about to address some remark to me. Suddenly a strange cry broke from him, and he raised his one arm with a beseeching gesture.

"See, see, she is there—there—close upon us! Margaret, Margaret—my wife, my own! Thank God!"

Trembling from head to foot he moved forward some steps. His words died away in an unintelligible murmur, and he fell forward heavily on the ground. I looked where he had pointed.

I am writing at a period so distant from the date of the events narrated, and lapse of time so undermines our belief, even in our own experience of the unusual, that I hesitate to set down as an actual fact what it seemed to me I really saw on that night in the Green Park. How far I had been wrought upon by Daly's strange conduct, and a sympathetic inclination to credit the improbable so roused in me, I cannot tell. Certainly, I did believe that I could trace out in the mist a shadowy female form—tall, slight, majestic—first advancing to where Daly stood, then bending over him in an attitude of unspeakable tenderness, then fading away altogether into air.

I hurried forward to Daly's aid. I raised him quickly; he was insensible. I loosened his neckerchief; and as he was thin and light I carried him without much difficulty towards the entrance to the park from Piccadilly. But he never spoke or moved. Assistance was obtained after a short interval. A surgeon opened a vein in his arm. All was fruitless, however. The sorrows of Lane Daly were for ever over. He was quite dead.

By a letter found in one of his pockets it appeared that he had been residing in a small street near Covent Garden Market, and the body was accordingly conveyed thither. He had occupied two small rooms at the top of the house; they were dark, confined, and poorly furnished. I could find no clue to the names of any of his friends, to whom I could communicate the sad

intelligence of his death. I thought it incumbent upon me, therefore, to seal up the papers of the unhappy man until some persons should come forward entitled to take possession of them. In doing this, from a bundle of letters in faded ink, there fell a worn morocco case. It contained the portrait I had seen on my visit to the dead man. The pensive beauty of the face struck me with new force, and Daly's wonderful love seemed comprehensible. Soon after I discovered a letter of some years back from the brother of the deceased at Fermanagh. I at once wrote to him with an account of his sudden loss.

The attempts to revive the body—the removal of it—the arrangement of the papers—had altogether occupied some hours. It was early morning when I quitted Daly's lodgings. On my way home I was passing up Bow Street when I observed at the door of the police station a policeman posting a notice on the board outside. Moved by an impulse of curiosity I crossed the road to read the bill. It was just from the printer's, and was quite wet. It was headed with the words "FOUND DROWNED." It went on to state that the body of a woman had been that morning found in the Thames. That she was clothed in mourning; was fair in complexion, with black hair slightly tinged with grey; age about thirty-five; figure thin and tall; but with no evidence upon her of her name or address. A strange feeling rose in my mind, connecting the description in the handbill with the figure I had seen in the park. I spoke to the policeman.

"Well," he said, "I know as much about it, perhaps, as any man. I live over the water. I'm taking charge of an empty house in Stamford Street. I'd been on duty last night at the Lyceum theatre, and was crossing Waterloo Bridge on my way home. I'd just got half-way across when I met a woman running. Lord, how she did run! I could just see that she was as white as a sheet, and looked quite mad-like, and she'd passed me. I turned round. I thought something had gone wrong. A few yards off she stopped all of a sudden, as though struck by lightning. She was clutching at her throat—panting for breath. She staggered from the pavement to the road. Then she screamed out—'I've seen him again—again! Dead! dead! dead!' Such a strange cry—I never heard the like. I ran towards her; it was no use; the quickest thing you ever saw. More like flying than anything else—up with a spring and over. She was as mad as could be!"

"What o'clock was it?"

"Well, you see, it struck twelve by St. Paul's as I paid the toll to go across. It must have been all within the five minutes after. I ran back, gave the alarm, and we got a boat off. It was no use. The tide was running up strong, and the night dark. It was some time before the body was picked up, and then it was close up to Hungerford. Quite dead, of course."

The body had been taken to the workhouse, preparatory to the inquest. It was laid out in the same soiled clothes in which it had been drawn from the water. A sad sight. The face was thin and hollow, and there was a deep furrow on the

forehead. The hands were emaciated but of beautiful form. The hair streamed down in long, lank lines.

"A sempstress," said the policeman, as he raised the left hand and pointed to the forefinger, much worn as from the action of a needle. "The old story I suppose. She must have been a good-looking woman once."

I came away strangely perplexed.

That any identity existed between the body found in the Thames and the Margaret of Daly's story—that any tie connected the death of the woman at Waterloo Bridge and the death of Daly in the Green Park, could only be maintained upon hypotheses long scouted as supernatural and illusive. I could not accept these in explanation of the strange occurrences that had come to my knowledge. While, on the other hand, I could not ignore those occurrences, or explain them in any other way. Many would have me believe that I have been made the dupe of a madman, and that the figure supposed to have been seen in the Park was an hallucination resulting from an over-strained imagination; that the finding the body of the woman had nothing to do with Daly's narrative or his sudden death, and was a coincidence in nowise remarkable. The resemblance of the face of the drowned woman to the portrait of Margaret, was certainly faint enough to be a matter of fancy, merely; but then the picture had avowedly been painted many years back, while the similarity of the corpse to the figure believed to have been seen in the Park, so far as I had been able to define it, was unquestionable. Had I then by an accident stumbled, as it were, upon the conclusion of Lane Daly's story: or had I construed a fictitious whole by joining two fragmentary romances? I shall never know. I cannot even satisfy myself upon the subject, much less any other person. I have simply narrated the events as it seemed to me that they occurred.

The body of the woman was never claimed.

An inquest upon the body of Daly resulted in a verdict that he had died by the visitation of God.

In compliance with directions I received from his relatives in Ireland, his remains were interred in that part of the cemetery at Kensal Green set apart for those holding, as he did, the Roman Catholic faith.

DUTTON COOK.

## TRUFFLES, AND TRUFFLE HUNTING.

THERE are few connoisseurs in gastronomy who will not, as soon as the season arrives, ransack Covent Garden Market for truffles, and, regardless of expense, consider themselves fortunate in obtaining such a dainty for eight or ten shillings the pound. But to those to whom economy is an object, truffles are almost unknown, nor will the prudent manager admit them to her table unless she can secure them at reduced prices. In vain, however, does she remonstrate with the truffle-dealer; the answer is always, "We can't sell them any cheaper, ma'am, even to our best customers. We can never *limport* them for less than eight shillings the pound in the best of seasons, and indeed

we might run them up for as much again. These French truffles are in such request; the French cooks, ma'am, can't get on without them."

Nor will the vender allow that truffles are natives of England, or that any can be found to equal the French. But where the vender chooses to feign ignorance in order to prove the foreign growth of this curious vegetable from which he derives so large a profit, my readers will, if they consent to follow me, be admitted into the mysteries of the trade. Nor need we cross the Channel or rub up our long-forgotten French in our desire either to discover for ourselves the habits and history of the truffle, or to import so many pounds at a cheaper rate; for if these rough, black-looking vegetables could speak, they would astonish their admirers by declaring themselves, in broad vernacular English, to be natives of Wilts, Dorset, and Hants.

More than three-quarters of the quantity sold in London, and of the finest quality, are produced in English soil, and are in reality supplied to the London markets by our village labourers at a very low price; but as this is known to few, and as the public imagine that a cheap English production must be inferior to an expensive foreign one, so the wholesale dealers will continue to sell them at immense profit as a foreign importation. On the other hand, any purchaser may obtain this coveted dainty at very moderate prices direct from the country dealer; but as, unfortunately, the latter obtains few orders of this kind, he is forced to fall back on the London dealers, and supply their demand at their own prices, which are sure to be so low as to prevent him from deriving any profit from his trade.

Yet these country vendors are deserving of encouragement, and truffles and truffle-hunting are courageous enough in themselves to merit our attention.

Very little has hitherto been written about the truffle. Perhaps, owing to its growing in uncertain districts and places of England, it may have escaped the notice of many of our botanists. Its habitat is, however, well known to the truffle-hunters, and they have collected much curious information, and have formed many sagacious though unscientific opinions as to the cause of its propagation and growth.

In scientific works we find it classed in the ranks of the esculent fungi as the "*Tuber cibarium*," and considered even in England, where few of that class are eaten, as the best of the species. There are few of Nature's productions so extraordinary as this family of the fungi, and in no other country than our own are there so many varieties of the class to be seen, with their curious shapes, their beautiful colours, and their fairy-rings, springing up like magic after a night's rain or a damp day. To this unsightly variety of the truffle may be applied all the customary characteristics of the more common kinds, for we find from the truffle-hunter that he instinctively looks for it close to the roots of large trees; and so well aware is he that it is propagated by the partial decay of their long fibrous roots, and nourished by the drippings from the branches, that he never dreams of looking for it in any other position. He finds them in shrubberies plantations, and woods, sometimes in

banks and ditches, but always where trees abound, beneath them, or at a little distance from the stem, in rings of clusters of six or seven together round each tree. Nor will they flourish beneath every kind of tree, but frequent the oak, lime, and cedar, and appear especially to love the beech, since wherever that tree grows with the richest luxuriance, the truffles are found in great abundance, and of the best quality. Though they are often found in September, the truffer understands so well their need of wet and damp that he will refuse to look for them in a dry season until a certain amount of rain has fallen. Sometimes October almost passes without any worth gathering being discovered in their usual haunts. A few days' rain, and then, in the very same places where the truffer had looked in vain, large clusters of the finest will have sprung up; so quickly is this strange fungus propagated under the soil in favourable situations and in damp weather. They will increase from a quarter to half a pound in weight, and even in rainy seasons to as much as a pound, whilst they measure from about four to six inches round. In dry, hot seasons they remain small, and are liable to rot and be infested with insects. Resembling externally a rugged knot of an old oak or piece of decayed wood, they are found where the soil is black, loamy, and mixed with flint, or is composed of chalk and clay. Examine them minutely through the microscope, and you will find on opening one that the interior is grained with fibrous lines, and is of a firm, tough texture, white in colour when young, and growing darker, until its ripeness is shown by becoming entirely black.

Besides this large truffle, there is another kind well known to the truffer, though ignored in scientific accounts. It is called in the truffle districts the "red truffle," on account of its colour, and is of the size of a sweet-pea, but though small, is equal in flavour to the larger kind, and in some places as common. What would those persons say who disparage, or rather disbelieve in, English truffles, were they to make acquaintance with one place in Hampshire where the inhabitants find this red truffle in such quantities as to actually eat them every day for dinner, or, as my informant emphatically declared, "devour them as they would cabbages!"

Probably as soon as the harvest belonging to a truffle district is well in, and there is little to do at home, we shall see two or three of the labourers looking forward to, and preparing for their proposed jaunt, and for a lengthened absence from home. Each man has his separate beat, which extends for long distances into the neighbouring counties, and even in one instance as far as Somersetshire. On they trudge, day after day, through parks, shrubberies, and woods. However privately and far from the beaten road the object of their search may grow, these trufferers have still the licence to hunt, accompanied by their small well-trained truffle-dogs. For though these men are both clever and quick in fixing upon the likeliest situations for the growth of the truffle, they would never succeed in finding them unless they had the help of this peculiar breed of dogs. In order to explain how the dog is enabled



to hunt for the vegetable, I must first point out its most striking peculiarity.

Reader, have you ever smelt an uncooked truffle? If you have, you will not require any description of what is so offensive; and if you have not, you may rest assured that "ignorance" is in this case "bliss."

This extraordinary odour is so powerful and so peculiar, that no imposition can be practised in providing this article of food. I can never forget, whilst living in a truffle district, the first time that three or four pounds were brought into the house. It was impossible to support their oppressive and pungent odour, which pervaded the whole house, and they had to be removed at once to a safe distance till the cook, by either boiling or stewing them into sauce, prevented its recurrence. For, strange to say, it is the raw truffles that offend in this way, and then only when ripe and fit to eat; the young unripe ones are hardly perceptible by smell. This peculiar *perfume*, imperceptible though it is to the human nose when growing beneath the soil, is yet scented out by the fine instinct of the truffle's dog. It is, therefore, for the purpose of hunting them out by their smell that the truffle is accompanied everywhere in his rambles by his dogs, or, rather, follows the little animals, as they generally run on before with their noses to the ground, as if after some game. Clever little dogs they are, of a peculiar breed, and trained from puppyhood to hunt the truffle out by the nose, and then to scratch it up with their long sharp claws. It is curious and interesting to watch the powers of nose possessed by these small dogs; how, directly they perceive the odour of the hidden truffle, they rush to the place straight as a dart, even at twenty yards' distance.

Many an amusing anecdote, or, as I may call it, many a truffle tradition, did I pick up in my wanderings with some of these village truffle-hunters. Nay, at one time I was almost tempted to adopt the trade myself! What could be pleasanter than to wander through wood and plain with my dog-friends for weeks together, and thus spend the bright autumn days.

But unfortunately one of my truffle friends knocked my daydream on the head by attributing his rheumatics to truffle-hunting in damp and rain.

"You see, sir, the wetter it is the better for our trade, though bad enough for *we*. Many and many a rainy week have I trudged on, wet up to the knees, followed by my little dog Nell. Did you ever hear tell of how I found, in the hottest autumn I ever seed, the monster truffle?" continued my friend, lowering his voice into a kind of solemn whisper, and assuming additional dignity of bearing.

"No," I said; "but I should like to know about it."

"It was in this way, sir: I was going *leisurely* along, *promiscuous-like*, with my little Nell there, in a woody path down south—I was terribly wet, *surely*, and thought as how I was making a bad business of it besides; when I sees Nell, as I thought, run mad, for there under a beech she stood, pointed and scratched, pointed and scratched at nothing at all but a big root. It was just

above the soil, and quite right as to colour; but, bless you, sir, it were a foot round in size, and so heavy that it weighed three and a quarter pounds. Nell made such a fuss about it, too, and whined and whined as I was quite beat like, and didn't know whatever it could be. So to please the 'cute little dog, I took 'em up and smelt 'em; and sure enough Nell was right, it were a truffle, but such as never was seen before or since. I sent it as a cooriosity to a gentleman, and got something handsome; but I never were so proud as at finding he, and we calls 'em the monster truffle to this day."

My friend, who thus delighted in relating former triumphs, was an elderly man, strong and active, and very intelligent, and somewhat better educated than the others of the trade. He was better off, too, and might be considered, amidst the universal poverty, as a thriving man. He had long been in the habit of buying up all the truffles found by the other hunters in the village, and hawking them about in his travels. He also dealt with several gentlemen, and what he could not dispose of in this way he sent to Covent Garden. He introduced me to his friends, and made me acquainted with his village, his dogs, and his favourite walks; and well pleased was he to answer my questions, and satisfy my curiosity, and display his superior knowledge in all that concerned his trade. Soon I found, on our becoming more intimate, that my friend, though prosperous, was a bit of a grumbler, and loved to enter into a discussion about "public affairs," and of "how the village labourer weren't done well by, and ought to be protected." At first I imagined my friend to be a thorough-going radical, but to my astonishment I discovered that the "good old times" when his father "was a boy," and when they in this village had their rights, were as precious in his eyes as in those of an old-fashioned tory—and I then found out that he considered the truffle-hunters needed to be supported by diminishing the present tax on their dogs, and that the decline in the trade he attributed to each of these animals being assessed at 12s., instead of, as formerly, at 8s.

"You see, sir, I speaks more for the others than for myself, but even I am forced to give up all my dogs but one, and she can't find out alone the same quantity of truffles. There's no chance of our poaching with them, as was said, for they have no nose for anything else, and are too small and weak for any game. You come with me and see a truffle-hunt, and you'll soon see that they are a separate breed, just fit for truffling, and nothing else."

My friend was very lengthy in the detail of a grievance which certainly does weigh heavy on these poor labourers, and he went on to tell me, with much pride, how he had drawn up for himself and companions a petition against the said tax, which had actually been presented to Parliament by the late Lord Herbert, though without effect. But the very idea of what he had done was sufficient to raise him in his own opinion (and I could see he thought in mine as well) into the position of a "village Hampden."

It was on a bright August day that I accepted my village friend's invitation to a truffle-hunt,

and followed him and his dog through a shrubbery walk, underneath tall beeches, which formed a boundary to the rectory-garden.

"It is," he said, "a bad time of year for truffles, for they won't grow till rain comes; but, at any rate, you'll see how the dog finds 'em."

He whistled as he spoke, and up trotted his dog with a very friendly air, and was introduced to me by the name of "Nelly." He assured me she was one of the cleverest of the race, and was never known to fail, and certainly she had an intelligent clever face, with bright black eyes, looking all ways at once, and sharp-pointed ears, always on the alert, and never quiet for one moment. The nose was sharp-pointed, and the whole face reminded me of the expression of a small quick terrier, only far more gentle and clever. I remarked on the clean-made limbs, and the long paws, which seemed made for scratching, and was assured of her strength and unwearied zeal in hunting for this peculiar kind of game. This dog was smooth-coated, white, with liver-coloured spots; but the generality have rather curly hair, a remnant of the poodle, from which these dogs are said to have been bred. While patting Mrs. Nell, and coaxing her to become friendly with me on our way, her master told me how particular they were in keeping their breed distinct.

"The French truffles he did hear say were hunted formerly by pigs, which had latterly been given up for poodles."

"Your dogs, then," I said, "are descended from these French poodles, as I think you said they came from abroad?"

"No, sir. They are a cross of the Spanish poodle, and were brought here from Spain, as all the village know."

He forthwith related the following tradition of the origin of truffle-hunting in these parts; ending with the assertion that it must be true, "'cos my grandfather had told it to my father, and my father over and over again to me, and so we knows the dogs *must* be Spanish." To which proof I of course had nothing to say.

"It was in my grandfather's time that a 'furriner' came to these parts with several dogs, couldn't speak English, and bided in one of our farmer's barns down there. Soon he began to hunt for truffles, and after a bit, when he had picked up English, told our folks he was Spanish, and his dogs, too, and taught my grandfather and others to hunt for 'em. He made a power of money, and they do say left it to the farmer in whose barn he slept, and that's how farmer B—— got his riches. How that may be, I can't say, but certain he left his dogs to grandfather and I, and that's how we got the breed and learnt truffle-hunting, for before that nothing was known about 'em or where they grewed."

My friend had just finished his story as we entered the shrubbery, and drew near to trees which my guide declared to be "friendly" to the truffle. We then left the path, and made our way through bushes and underwood, until we came to a hedge on one side, and the trunks of fine beeches on the other. I was so much occupied in forcing my way through thorny brambles and opposing branches, and also in observing how the brilliant

rays of an August sun lighted up the massive boles of the beeches, and then lost themselves in the hazel thickets, or the sombre foliage of the yews, that I was hardly aware that our dog was running before us with her nose to the ground, as keen and eager as a terrier after a rat. Suddenly she completely aroused me from my reverie by appearing to have gone out of her dog's mind; as, merely encouraged by a whistle from her master, or a "here, Nell, here them," she rushed through some bushes so quickly that I could hardly keep her in sight, and stopping all at once close to a beech tree, began, without a moment's hesitation, not only to push up the earth with her nose, but to scratch it up with her fore-paws as hard as she could.

"What is the dog about?" I asked, half-bewildered; but I was answered directly by the man stooping down, and picking up something whilst he said:

"Well done, Nell," and at the same moment he placed in my hand a real English truffle, smelling strongly, according to its peculiar nature.

The dog was off again directly, and found four more within ten minutes of the first, and one or two rather deeper down in the soil, so that it required a little help from my companion's stick to get them up. I afterwards found that they carry a little spade with them, which the truffer uses when his dog is unable to scratch up this curious fungus with his paws.

All the time that the hunt lasted, Nelly was extremely excited and agitated, now smelling them out with unerring instinct, then scratching them up with the greatest delight, which she showed by wagging violently her short tail, and by fetching and carrying them at the bidding of her master. She glided through the thick bushes and underwood in a marvellous manner, and as every truffle-dog has his tail docked when a puppy to prevent any impediment in their hunting through bushes, little Nell was able to agitate hers as violently as she liked, without any fear of being caught by it in the boughs.

The most wonderful proof of her sagacity was in her scenting out and scratching up two of the red truffles, which were so tiny that, unless she had carried them in her mouth to her master, we should not have remarked them, though the place was pointed out to us by her scratching. Whilst I was wondering how these dogs could ever be trained to hunt for what appeared so foreign to their nature, and turning over in my hand one of these shapeless fungi, the others being safely placed in my pocket, I felt something cold touch me; and lo and behold! there was mistress Nell standing up on her hind legs in an endeavour to truffle-hunt in my pocket, but soon recalled to her usual good manners by an imperative "Nell," from her master.

"Would she have eaten them?" I said, surprised.

"Oh dear yes, dogs likes 'em beyond everything else; it's their food, only we don't let them have any, as it would spoil their training. But that's why they hunt for 'em, they want to eat 'em. A good dog will hunt, however, all day without touching them, but we generally carry

a bit of bread with us as a reward to the dog and to take off his attention from the truffles." Need I say that it was from my hand that little Nell received her reward that day, which she took as became her, gently and affectionately, after the day's hunt was over.

I shall not carry my readers with me to the end of our hunt, nor relate how disappointed we were in the size and number of those found by Nell on that bright hot day. A truffle hunt, though very interesting and amusing to witness, would appear monotonous in a description, and therefore it is sufficient for the encouragement of those who would like to see one, that, if they go out later in the autumn, they will doubtless have as good a day's sport as I had on my second attempt, and will bring home in triumph truffles large enough and black enough to delight a French cook's heart, although they will probably fail in discovering another "monster truffle."

One piece of information I will give before I close my account of truffles, and that is, how the dogs are trained for truffle-hunting. I will give it in the words of an old woman, the wife of another of the trufflers, who answered my question in the following way:—

"How we trains 'em, sir? Why, bless you, we takes 'em as puppies, and ties 'n up, and then we takes a truffle and chucks 'em—"

"Well," I said, as she stopped short, "and then I suppose the puppy eats it?"

"Oh no, bless you, we never let's 'n eat 'em; that would spoil 'em."

"Then what *do* you do? Do you make them fetch and carry?"

"No, surely, we just chucks 'em."

"But what do the puppies do?" said I, getting out of patience, and screaming at the top of my voice, in the vain idea that the woman was too deaf to have heard me. "That can't teach them."

"Oh bless you, it does; he snaps at 'em, and we chucks 'em—and—and—" (here I interrupted, hoping to get at the root of the matter), "you let the puppy out with the other dogs, don't you?"

"Oh dear no, we just ties 'em up, and chucks the truffle to *he*, and—"

"Well!" I said, provoked to a degree.

"Why, then," says the old woman, "we takes another and chucks 'em, and then we takes again and chucks; and so you see we just" (hesitating a little for fresh words, but in vain), and in her loudest voice, "we just chucks 'em."

In despair I turned round and ran out of the cottage, and the last words that rang on my ears were "we just chucks 'em."

May my readers glean from the old woman's words more information than I did! J. L.

### A MODERN IDYLL.

No more upon our meads fond shepherds languish,  
Piping unto their loves beside a brook,  
Or telling of inconstancy and anguish  
Unto some friendly brother of the crook.

The oaten reed is silenced now, the tabour  
Is never heard within our shady groves,  
And Colins find no solace from their labour  
In weaving summer garlands for their loves.

But poetry abides with us for ever  
And only takes new fashion from the time;  
No change of ours hath strength enough to sever  
Our outward labour from its inner chime.

Our Phillisses are dead, we have strewed flowers  
Upon their graves, and they exist no more;  
Their simple loves are past, their shady bowers  
Are merely matters of a poet's lore.

But we have maidens still with fair young faces  
As loveable as were the shepherd maids,  
And in these modern times we find the traces  
Of those sweet beauties of the forest glades.

In summer by the fragrant roadside hedges  
Where primrose and sweet honeysuckle grow,  
Or by the silent streams, where, midst the sedges,  
The white-leaved water-lilies sway and flow;

Or waist-high midst the purple foxgloves straying,  
Through woodland pathways in the checkered shades,  
As in the olden time they went a-Maying,  
Now wander forth our fair-faced English maids.

And we have swains as loving and true hearted  
As those Arcadian shepherds who are dead:  
The earnestness of love had not departed  
When those old days of sylvan wooing fled.

They were the outward clothing of the passion,  
Which still hath life in spite of their decay,  
And we have now, although in other fashion,  
The old, old idyll in the present day.

The sloping down with patches of sweet clover,  
The sullen surge upon the shore beneath,  
The background formed of uplands, dotted over  
With tangled masses of the flow'ry heath,

And hedgerows, deeked in all their summer favours,  
Binding the meadows where the white flocks stray,  
Such is the scene, which of the old time savours,  
Wherein we place the idyll of our day.

Upon the sloping downs the sun is shining  
And lights upon a circle of fair girls,  
Who, in a pleasant indolence reclining,  
The while the sea-breeze plays upon their curls,

Are list'ning with a kind of lazy amusement  
Unto the swain who, stretched amid the ring,  
Is reading in a voice of idle leisure,  
The laureate's tuneful "Idylls of the King."

One plucks a little tuft of daisies growing,  
And pulls them as she listens to the tale,  
Shredding them with her fingers and then throwing  
The pink-tipped leaves to flutter in the gale.

Another, on her elbow leaning forward,  
Is idly gazing at a little skiff,  
And watching it as it comes sailing shoreward  
Until it vanishes beneath the cliff.

Some dreamingly, some earnestly, all listen  
Unto the story of the fair Elaine  
And of her hopeless love, and bright eyes glisten  
At such a tale of sweetness, yet of pain.

And still the voice rolls onward with its story  
Of erring Lancelot and Guinevere,  
And of the journey with its knightly glory,  
And of the deep wound with the broken spear.

The distant sheep-bells with their fitful jingle,  
 The solemn cawing of the rooks above,  
 The wind-borne shouting of the sailors, mingle  
 With that sweet tale of constancy and love;

Until the white light settles on the distance,  
 And hedgerow shadows lengthen on the lea.  
 And so it is that idylls have existence,  
 And so, while hearts are young, 'twill ever be.



For bygone times are still by us reflected,  
 We are as near to Arcadie as they ;  
 'Tis but the outward sign we have rejected,  
 The shepherd's trappings that are put  
 away.

And, in our hearts, for all time there abideth  
 The spirit that in old times clothed the downs,  
 The woods, and valleys where the river glideth,  
 With simple loves of shepherd-maids and  
 clowns.

W. G.

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER LIII. MARGARET LENNARD'S DELINQUENCIES.

MRS. MAJOR LENNARD was very kind to Eleanor, and if kindness and friendliness on the part of her employers could have made Mrs. Monckton comfortable, she might have been entirely so in her new position.

But comfort was a noun substantive whose very meaning must, I think, have been utterly incomprehensible to Major and Mrs. Lennard. They had married very young, had started in life all wrong, and had remained in a perpetual state of muddle, both mental and physical, ever since. They were like two children who had played at being grown-up people for twenty years or so; and who were as entirely childish in their play now as they had been at the very beginning. To live with them was to exist in an atmosphere of bewilderment and confusion; to have any dealings whatever with them was to plunge at once into a chaos of disorder, out of which the clearest intellect could scarcely emerge without having suffered complete disorganisation. The greatest misfortune of these two people was the likeness they bore to each other. Had Major Lennard been a man of vigorous intellect and strong will, or had he been merely possessed of the average allowance of common sense, he might have ruled his wife, and introduced some element of order into his existence. On the other hand, if Mrs. Lennard had been a sensible woman she would no doubt have henpecked her husband, and would have rescued the good-natured soldier from a hundred follies, by a well-timed frown, or a sharp matronly nudge, as the occasion might demand.

But they were both alike. They were two overgrown children of forty years of age; and they looked upon the world as a great play-room, whose inhabitants had no better occupation than to find amusement, and shirk the schoolmaster. They were generous and kind-hearted to a degree that, in the opinion of their wiser acquaintance, bordered upon foolishness. They were imposed upon on every side, and had been imposed upon during twenty years, without acquiring any moral wealth in the way of wisdom, from their very costly experience. The Major had within the last twelve months left the army on half-pay, on the death of a maiden aunt, who had left him eight hundred a-year. Up to the date of receiving this welcome legacy, the soldier and his wife had been compelled to exist upon Major Lennard's pay, eked out by the help of stray benefactions which he received from time to time from his rich relatives. The family to which the ponderous officer belonged was very numerous and aristocratic, owning as its chief a marquis, who was uncle to the major.

So the two big children had decided upon enjoying themselves very much for the rest of their days, and as a commencement of this new

life of idleness and enjoyment, Major Lennard had brought his wife to Paris, whence they were to go to Baden-Baden, to meet some of the major's aristocratic cousins.

"He might come in for the title himself, my dear," Mrs. Lennard told Eleanor, "if seventeen of his first cousins, and first cousins once removed, would die. But, as I told poor papa, when he grumbled at my marrying so badly, you can't expect seventeen cousins to go off all in a minute, just to oblige us by making Freddy a marquis."

Perhaps nothing could have been happier for Eleanor than this life of confusion, this scrambling and unsettled existence, in which the mind was kept in a tumult by trilling cares and agitations; for in this perpetual disorganisation of her intellect, the lonely girl had no time to think of her own troubles, or of the isolated position which she had chosen for herself. It was only at night, when she went to bed, in a small apartment very high up in the Hotel du Palais, and about a quarter of an hour's walk from the chamber of the Major and his wife, that she had time to think of Launcelot Darrell's triumph and her husband's unjust suspicions; and even then she could rarely brood very long upon her troubles, for she was generally exhausted alike in mind and body by the confusion and excitement of the day, and more likely to fall asleep and dream of her sorrows than to lie awake and think of them.

Those dreams were more troublesome to her than all the bewilderment of the day, for in them she was perpetually renewing the old struggle with Launcelot Darrell, perpetually upon the eve of victory, but never quite victorious.

The Major lingered in Paris much longer than he had intended, for the big children found the city of boulevards a most delightful play-ground, and frittered away a great deal of money upon expensive dinners at renowned restaurants, ices, opera tickets, new bonnets, Piver's gloves, Lubin's perfumes, and coach hire.

They stopped at the Hotel du Palais, still acting on the Major's theory, that the most expensive hotels are the cheapest—in the end. They dined occasionally at the table d'hôte, with two or three hundred companions, and wasted a good deal of time in the great saloons, playing at bagatelle, peering into stereoscopes, turning over the daily papers, reading stray paragraphs here and there, or poring over a chapter of a romance in the *feuilleton*, until brought to a standstill by a disheartening abundance of difficult words.

After breakfast, the Major left his wife and her companion, either to loll in the reading-room, to stroll about the great stone quadrangle smoking cigars, and drinking occasional brandy and soda, or to read the English papers at Bragnani's, or to wait for the post, or to meet a British acquaintance at Hill's café, or to stare at the raw young soldiers exercising in the court-yards of the

Louvre, or the copper-faced Zouaves who had done such wonderful work in the Crimea; or perhaps to stumble across some hoary-headed veteran who had fought under Napoleon the First, to make friendly speeches to him in bad French, with every verb in a bewilderingly impossible tense, and to treat him to little glasses of pale Cognac.

Then Mrs. Lennard brought out her frame and her colour-box, and her velvets and brushes, and all the rest of her implements, and plunged at once into the delightful pursuit of painting upon velvet, an accomplishment which this lady had only newly acquired in six lessons for a guinea, during her last brief sojourn in London.

"The young person who taught me called herself Madame Ascanio de Brindisi—but oh, Miss Villars, if ever there was a cockney in this world, I think she was one—and she said in her advertisement, that anybody could earn five pounds a-week easily at this elegant and delightful occupation; but I'm sure I don't know how I should ever earn five pounds a-week, Miss Villars, for I've been nearly a month at this one sofa cushion, and it has cost five-and-thirty shillings already, and isn't finished yet, and the Major doesn't like to see me work, and I'm obliged to do it while he's out; just as if it was a crime to paint upon velvet. If you *would* mend those gloves, dear, that are split across the thumb—and really Piver's gloves at four francs, five-and-twenty what's its names? oughtn't to do so, though the Major says it's my own fault, because I will buy six-and-a-quarters—I should be so much obliged," Mrs. Lennard added, entreatingly, as she seated herself at her work in one of the long windows. "I shall get on splendidly," she exclaimed, "if the Emperor doesn't go for a drive; but if he does, I must leave off my work and look at him—he's such a dear!"

Eleanor was very willing to make herself what the advertisements call "generally useful" to the lady who had engaged her. She was a very high-spirited girl, we know, quick to resent any insult, sensitive and proud; but she had no false pride. She felt no shame in doing what she had undertaken to do; and if, for her own convenience, she had taken the situation of a kitchen-maid, she would have performed the duties of that situation to the best of her ability. So she mended Mrs. Lennard's gloves, and darned that lady's delicate lace collars, and tried to infuse something like order into her toilette, and removed the damp ends of cigars, which it was the major's habit to leave about upon every available piece of furniture, and made herself altogether so useful that Mrs. Lennard declared that she would henceforward be unable to live without her.

"But I know how it will be, you nasty provoking thing!" the major's wife exclaimed; "you'll go on in this way, and you'll make us fond of you, and just as we begin to doat upon you, you'll go and get married and leave us, and then I shall have to get another old frump like Miss Pallister, who lived with me before you, and who never would do anything for me scarcely, but was always talking about belonging to a good family, and not being used to a life of dependence. I'm sure I used to wish she had belonged to a bad

family. But I know it'll be so, just as we're most comfortable with you you'll go and marry some horrid creature."

Eleanor blushed crimson as she shook her head.

"I don't think that's very likely," she said.

"Ah! you say that," Mrs. Lennard answered, doubtfully, "but you can't convince me quite so easily. I know you'll go and marry; but you don't know the troubles you may bring upon yourself if you marry young—as I did," added the lady, dropping her brush upon her work, and breathing a profound sigh.

"Troubles, my dear Mrs. Lennard!" cried Eleanor. "Why it seems to me as if you never could have had any sorrow in your life."

"Seems, Hamlet!" exclaimed Mrs. Lennard, casting up her eyes tragically; "'nay, it is; I know not seems,' as the Queen says to Hamlet—or perhaps it's Hamlet says so to the Queen, but that doesn't matter. Oh, Miss Villars! my life might have been very happy perhaps, but for the blighting influence of my own crime; a crime that I can never atone for—*nev-arr!*"

Eleanor would have been quite alarmed by this speech, but for the tone of enjoyment with which Mrs. Lennard gave utterance to it. She had pushed aside her frame and huddled her brushes together upon the buhl table—there was nothing but buhl and ormolu, and velvet-pile and ebony, at the Hotel du Palais, and an honest mahogany chair, a scrap of Kidderminster carpet, or a dimity curtain, would have been a relief to the overstrained intellect—and she sat with her hands clasped upon the edge of the table, and her light blue eyes fixed in a tragic rapture.

"Crime, Mrs. Lennard!" Eleanor repeated, in that tone of horrified surprise which was less prompted by actual terror, than by the feeling that some exclamation of the kind was demanded of her.

"Yes, my dear, ker—rime! ker—rime is not too harsh a word for the conduct of a woman who jilts the man that loves her on the very eve of the day appointed for the wedding, after a most elaborate trousseau has been prepared at *his* expense, to say nothing of heaps of gorgeous presents, and diamonds as plentiful as dirt—and elopes with another man. Nothing could be more dreadful than that, could it, Miss Villars?"

Eleanor felt that she was called upon to say that nothing *could* be more dreadful, and said so accordingly.

"Oh, don't despise me, then, or hate me, please, Miss Villars," cried Mrs. Lennard; "I know you'll feel inclined to do so; but don't. I did it!—I did it, Miss Villars. But I'm not altogether such a wretch as I may seem to you. It was chiefly for my poor Pa's sake; it was, indeed."

Eleanor was quite at a loss to know how Mrs. Lennard's bad conduct to her affianced husband could have benefited that lady's father, and she said something to that effect.

"Why, you see, my dear, in order to explain that, I must go back to the very beginning, which was when I was at school."

As Mrs. Lennard evidently derived very great enjoyment from this kind of conversation, Eleanor

was much too good-natured to discourage it; so the painting upon velvet was abandoned, for that morning at least, and the Major's wife gave a brief synopsis of her history for the benefit of Mrs. Monckton.

"You must know, my dear," Mrs. Lennard began, "my poor Pa was a country gentleman; and he had once been very rich; or at least his family—and he belonged to a very old family, though not as aristocratic as the Major's—had once been very rich; but somehow or other through the extravagance of one and another, poor Pa was dreadfully poor, and his estate, which was in Berkshire, was heavily—what's its name?—mortgaged."

Eleanor gave a slight start at the word "Berkshire," which did not escape Mrs. Lennard.

"You know Berkshire?" she said.  
"Yes, some part of it."

"Well, my dear, as I said before, poor Papa's estate was very heavily mortgaged, and he'd scarcely anything that he could call his own, except the rambling old country-house in which I was born; and beyond that he was awfully in debt, and in constant dread of his creditors sending him to prison, where he might have finished his days, for there wasn't the least possibility of his ever paying his debts by anything short of a miracle. Now of course all this was very sad. However I was too young to know much about it, and Papa sent me to a fashionable school at Bath where his sisters had gone when they were young, and where he knew he could get credit for my education to be finished."

Eleanor, hard at work at the split gloves, listened rather indifferently to this story, at first; but little by little she began to be interested in it, until at last she let her hands drop into her lap, and left off working, in order the better to attend to Mrs. Lennard's discourse.

"Well, Miss Villars, it was at that school that I met the ruling-star of my fate—that is to say, the Major, who was then dreadfully young, without even the least pretence of whiskers, and always sitting in a pastrycook's-shop in the fashionable street eating strawberry ices. He had only just got his commission, and he was quartered at Bath with his regiment, and his sister Louisa was my schoolfellow at Miss Florathorne's, and he called one morning to see her, and I happened that very morning to be practising in the drawing-room, the consequence of which was that we met, and from that hour our destinies were sealed.

"I won't dwell upon our meetings, which Louisa managed for us, and which were generally dreadfully inconvenient, for Fred used to clamber up the garden wall by the toes of his boots—and he has told me since that the brickwork used to scratch off all the varnish, which of course made it dreadfully expensive—but what will not love endure?—and hook himself on as it were; and it was in that position, with nothing of him visible below his chin, that he made me a most solemn offer of his hand and heart. I was young and foolish, Miss Villars, and I accepted him, without one thought of my poor Papa, who was the most indulgent of parents, and who had always let me do everything I liked, and

indeed owed upwards of fifty pounds, at a toy-shop in Windsor, for dolls and things that he'd bought me before I was grown up.

"Well, from that hour, Frederick and I were engaged, and he dropped a turquoise ring in among the bushes at the bottom of the garden the next morning, and Louisa and I had upwards of an hour's work to find it. We were engaged! But we were not long allowed to bask in the sunshine of requited affection, for a fortnight after this Frederick's regiment was ordered out to Malta, and I was wretched. I will pass over my wretchedness, which might not be interesting to you, Miss Villars, and I will only say that, night after night, my pillow was wet with tears, and that, but for Louisa's sympathy, I should have broken my heart. Frederick and I corresponded regularly under cover of Louisa, and that was my only comfort.

"By-and-by, however, the time for my leaving school came—partly because I was seventeen years of age, and partly because Papa couldn't settle Miss Florathorne's bills—and I went home to the old rambling house in Berkshire. Here I found everything at sixes and sevens, and poor Papa in dreadfully low spirits. His creditors were all getting horribly impatient, he had all sorts of writs, and attachments, and judgments, and contempt of courts, and horrors of that kind, out against him; and if they could have put him into two prisons at once, I think they would have done it, for some of them wanted him in Whitecross Street, and others wanted him in the Queen's Bench, and it was altogether dreadful.

"Well, Papa's only friend of late years had been a very learned gentleman, belonging to a grand legal firm in the city, who had managed all his business matters for him. Now this gentleman had lately died, and his only son, who had succeeded to a very large fortune upon his father's death, was staying with my poor Papa when I came home from school.

"I hope you won't think me conceited, Miss Villars, but in order to make my story intelligible, I'm obliged to say that at that time I was considered a very pretty girl. I had been the belle of the school at Miss Florathorne's, and when I went back to Berkshire and mixed in society, people made a tremendous fuss about me. Of course you know, my dear, troubles about money matters, and a wandering life, and French dinners, which are too much for a weak digestion, have made a very great difference in me, and I'm not a bit like what I was then. Well, the young lawyer who was staying with Papa—I shall not tell you his name, because I consider it very dishonourable to tell the name of a person you've jilted, even to a stranger—was very attentive. However, I took no notice of that—though he was very handsome and elegant-looking, and awfully clever—for my heart was true to Frederick, from whom I received the most heartrending letters under cover to Louisa, declaring that, what with the mosquitoes and what with the separation from me, and owing debts of honour to his brother officers, and not clearly seeing his way to pay them, he was often on the verge of committing suicide.

"I had not told Papa of my engagement, you must know, my dear, because I felt sure he'd grumble about my engaging myself to a penniless ensign; though Fred might have been a marquis, for at that time there were only eleven cousins between him and the title. So one day Papa took me out for a drive with him, while Mr. — while the young lawyer was out shooting; and he told me that he was sure, from several things the young lawyer had let drop, that he was desperately in love with me, and that it would be his salvation—Pa's—if I would marry him, for he was sure that in that case the young man, who was very generous and noble-minded, would pay his debts—Pa's—and then he could go on the continent and end his days in peace.

"Well, my dear Miss Villars, the scene between us was actually heartrending. I told Pa that I loved another—I dared not say that I was actually engaged to poor dear Frederick—and Pa entreated me to sacrifice what he called a foolish school-girl's fancy, and to give some encouragement to a noble-hearted young man, who would no doubt get him out of the most abominable trouble, and would make me an excellent husband."

"And you consented?"

"Yes, my dear, after a great deal of persuasion, and after shedding actual oceans of tears, and in compliance with Papa's entreaties, I began to give the young lawyer—I'm obliged to call him the *young* lawyer, because one is so apt to associate lawyers with gray hair, and grumpiness, and blue bags—a little encouragement, and in about a week's time he made me an offer, and I accepted it, though my heart was still true to Frederick, and I was still corresponding with him under cover of Louisa."

Eleanor looked very grave at this part of the story, and Mrs. Lennard interpreted her companion's serious face as a mute reproach.

"Yes, I know it was very wrong," she exclaimed; "but then, what in goodness' name was I to do, driven to distraction upon one side by Pa, driven to distraction upon the other side by Fred, who vowed that he would blow out his brains if I didn't write to him by every mail.

"Well, my dear, the young lawyer, whom I shall call in future my affianced husband, for short, behaved most nobly. In the first place he bought Pa's estate, not that he wanted it, but because Pa wanted the money; and then he lent Pa enough money, over and above the price of the estate, to settle with all his creditors, and to buy an annuity, upon which he could live very comfortably abroad. Of course this was very generous of him, and he made quite light of it, declaring that my love would have repaid him for much greater sacrifices. You know he thought I loved him, and I really did try to love him, and to throw over poor Frederick, for Papa's sake; but the more I tried to throw Frederick over, and the more distant and cold I made my letters, the more heartrending he became, reminding me of the vows I had uttered in the garden at Bath, and declaring that if I jilted him, his blood should be upon my head. So, what with one thing and another, my life was a burden.

"It took Papa some time to settle all his debts,

even with the assistance of my affianced husband, but at last everything was arranged, and we started for a continental tour. My affianced husband accompanied us, and the marriage was arranged to take place at Lausanne. I need not say that I was very unhappy all this time; and I felt that I was a very wicked creature, for I was deceiving one of the best of men. Perhaps the worst of all was, that my affianced husband had such perfect confidence in me, that I scarcely think anything I could have said or done—short of what I did at the very last—could have shaken his faith. He talked sometimes of my youth, and my childishness, and my simplicity, until I used to feel a perfect *LUCRETIA BORGIA*. Ah, Miss Villars, it was dreadful, and I often felt inclined to throw myself at his feet and tell him all about Frederick; but the thought of my poor Papa, and the recollection of the money for the estate, which could not be paid back again, sealed my lips, and I went on day after day deceiving the best of men. You see, I'd gone too far to recede, and oh, my dear, that is the awful penalty one always pays for one's wickedness—if you begin by deceiving anyone, you're obliged to go on, and on, and on, from one deception to another, until you feel the basest creature in the world.

"At least that's how I felt when all the lovely dresses, and jewels, and things that my affianced husband had ordered arrived from Paris. If I could have walked upon gold, Miss Villars, I do think that foolish man—for he was quite foolish about me, though in a general way he was so very clever—would have thought the purest bullion only fit for paving stones under my feet. The silks and satins—satin wasn't *outré* then, you know—would have stood alone if one had wanted them to do so; the lace—well, I won't dwell upon that, because I daresay you think already that I shall never have done talking, and are getting dreadfully tired of this long story."

"No, Mrs. Lennard," Eleanor answered gravely, "I am very much interested in your story. You cannot tell how deeply it interests me."

The Major's wife was only too glad to receive permission to run on. She was one of those people who are never happier than when reciting their own memoirs, or relating remarkable passages in the history of their lives.

"The very eve of the wedding-day had arrived," resumed Mrs. Lennard, in a very solemn, and, indeed, almost awful voice, "when the unlooked-for crisis of my destiny came upon me like a thunderbolt. Pa and my affianced husband had gone out together, and I was alone in one of the apartments which we occupied at Lausanne. It was about an hour before dinner, and I was dressed in one of the silks that had come from Paris, and I was tolerably resigned to my fate, and determined to do my best to make my affianced husband happy, and to prove my gratitude for his goodness to my father. Imagine my horror, then, when I was told that a lady wished to see me—an English lady—and before I could decide whether I was at home or not, in rushed Louisa Lennard, very dusty and tumbled, for she had only just arrived, and of course there was no railway to Lausanne from anywhere, at that time.



"Well, my dear Miss Villars, it seems that Frederick's silence, which I had taken for resignation, was quite the reverse. Louisa had heard of my intended marriage, and had written about it to her brother, and her brother had gone nearly mad, and, being on the eve of obtaining leave of absence on account of his bad health—the climate had knocked him up,—contrived to get away from Malta immediately. He and his sister had managed to persuade their rich maiden aunt, who was very fond of Frederick, and who left him all her money the other day, to take them both to Switzerland, and there they were, with the rich maiden aunt, who was very much knocked up by the journey, and who had not the least shadow of a suspicion that she had been made a cat's-paw.

"Well, Miss Villars, anybody,—even the hardest-hearted of creatures,—would have been touched by such devotion as this, and for the moment I forgot all about my affianced husband's generosity, and I gave that enthusiastic Louisa, who really was the moving spirit of everything, a solemn promise that I would see Frederick that night, if only for ten minutes. Of course I didn't tell her that the next day was appointed for my wedding, because I was too much afraid of her anger, as she was devotedly attached to her brother, and had heard my solemn vows in the garden at Bath; but the people at the hotel told her all about it, in their nasty gossiping way: the consequence of which was, that when I met Fred in the porch of the cathedral, while Papa and my affianced husband were taking their wine after dinner, his goings on were really awful.

"I can never describe that scene. When I look back at it, it seems like a dream—all hurry, and noise, and confusion. Frederick declared that he had come all the way from Malta to claim me as his bride, and called my affianced husband a baron all covered with jewels and gold, from the ballad of 'Alonzo the Brave,' which he had been in the habit of reciting at school. And, poor dear fellow, now that I saw him again, my heart, which had always been true to him, seemed more true to him than ever; and what with Louisa, who was very strong-minded, going on at me, and calling me mercenary and faithless and deceitful, and what with Frederick going down upon his knees in that chilly porch, and getting up suddenly every time the person who showed the cathedral to strangers happened to look our way, I scarcely knew what I said or did, and Frederick extorted from me the promise that I would run away with him and Louisa that very night, and be married to him as soon as ever we could find any body that would marry us.

"I can never describe that dreadful night, Miss Villars; suffice it to say, that I ran away without a bit of luggage, and that Frederick, Louisa, and I, performed the most awful journey—almost all by diligence—and were nearly jolted to death between Lausanne and Paris, where Fred, by the help of some English friends, contrived to get the ceremony performed by a Protestant clergyman, at the house of the British Consul, but not without a great deal of difficulty and delay, during which I expected every day that my affianced husband would come tearing after me.

"He did nothing of the kind, however. I heard afterwards from Papa that he didn't show the least disposition to pursue me, and he particularly requested that no attempt should be made to prevent my doing exactly as I pleased with regard to Fred. If he had pursued me, Miss Villars, I have no doubt I should have gone back and married him, for I am very weak, and it is my nature to do whatever people wish me to do. But all he did was to walk about very quietly, looking as pale as a ghost for a day or two, and braving out all the ridicule that attached to him because of his bride's running away from him upon the eve of the wedding-day, and then he parted company with Papa, and went away to Egypt, and went up the Nile, and did all sorts of outlandish things."

"And have you never seen him since?" Eleanor asked, anxiously.

"Yes, once," answered Mrs. Lennard, "and that's the most singular part of the story. About three years after my marriage I was in London, and Fred and I were very, very poor, for his aunt hadn't then forgiven him for making a cat's-paw of her at Lausanne, and he had no remittances from her, and nothing but his pay, and an occasional present from Louisa, who married a rich city man soon after our elopement. I had had one baby, a little girl, who was then a year and a half old, and who was christened after Fred's rich aunt; and Fred's regiment was ordered out to India, and I was getting ready to join him at Southampton, and I was very unhappy at having to take my darling out there, for people said the climate would kill her. I was in lodgings in the neighbourhood of Euston Square, and I was altogether very wretched, when one evening at dusk, as I was sitting by the fire, with my little girl in my lap, who should walk into the room but the very man I had jilted.

"I gave a scream when I saw him, but he begged me not to be frightened of him; and then I asked him if he had forgiven me. He said he had tried to forgive me. He was very grave and quiet; but though I think he tried to be gentle, there was a sort of suppressed sternness in his manner which made me feel afraid of him. He had not very long returned from the East, he said, and he was very lonely and wretched. He had heard from my father that I was going to India, and that I had a little girl, whom I was obliged to take abroad with me for want of the means of providing her with a comfortable home in England. He proposed to me to adopt this little girl, and to bring her up as his own daughter, with my husband's consent.

"He promised to leave her very well off at his death, and to give her a fortune if he lived to see her married. He would be most likely, he said, to leave her all his money; but he made it a condition that neither I nor her father should have any further claim upon her. We were to give her up altogether, and were to be satisfied with hearing of her from time to time, through him.

"'I am a lonely man, Mrs. Lennard,' he said, 'even my wealth is a burden to me. My life is purposeless and empty. I have no incentive to

labour—nothing to love or to protect. Let me have your little girl; I shall be a better father to her than your husband can be."

"At first I thought that I could never, never consent to such a thing; but little by little he won me over, in a grave, persuasive way, that convinced me in spite of myself, and I couldn't afford to engage a nurse to go out to Calcutta with me, and I'd advertised for an ayah who wanted to return, and who would go with me for the consideration of her passage-money, but there had been no answers to my advertisements; so at last I consented to write to Fred to ask him if he would agree to our parting with the pet. Fred wrote me the shortest of letters by return of post; 'Yes,' he said, 'the child would be an awful nuisance on shipboard, and it will be much better for her to stop in England.' I sent his letter to the lawyer, and the next day he brought a nurse, a respectable elderly person, and fetched away my precious darling.

"You see, Miss Villars, neither Fred nor I had realised the idea that we were parting with her for ever; we only thought of the convenience of getting her a happy home in England for nothing, while we went to be broiled to death's door out in India. But, ah, when years and years passed by, and the two babies who were born in India died, I began to grieve dreadfully about my lost pet; and if I hadn't been what some people call frivolous, and if Fred and I hadn't suited each other so exactly, and been somehow or other always happy together in all our troubles, I think I should have broken my heart. But I try to be resigned," concluded Mrs. Lennard, with a profound sigh, "and I hear of my pet once in six months or so, though I never hear from her, and indeed I doubt if she knows she's got such a thing as a Mama in the universe—and I have her portrait, poor darling, and she's very like what I was twenty years ago."

"I know she is," Eleanor answered gravely.

"You know she is! You know her, then?"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Lennard. Very strange things happen in this world, and not the least strange is the circumstance which has brought you and me together. I know your daughter intimately. Her name is Laura, is it not?"

"Yes, Laura Mason Lennard, after Fred's rich aunt, Laura Mason."

"And your maiden name was Margaret Ravenshaw."

"Good gracious me, yes!" cried Mrs. Lennard. "Why you seem to know everything about me."

"I know this much,—the man you jilted was Gilbert Monckton, of Tolldale Priory."

"Of course! Tolldale was poor Papa's place till he sold it to Mr. Monckton. Oh, Miss Villars, if you know him, how you must despise me."

"I only wonder that you could—"

Eleanor stopped abruptly: the termination of her speech would not have been very complimentary to the good-tempered Major. Mrs. Lennard understood that sudden pause.

"I know what you were going to say, Miss Villars. You were going to say you wondered

how I could prefer Fred to Gilbert Monckton; and I'm not a bit offended. I know as well as you do that Mr. Monckton is very, VERY, VERY superior to Frederick in intellect, and dignity, and elegance, and all manner of things. But then, you see," added Mrs. Lennard, with a pleading smile, "Fred suited me."

(To be continued.)

## VOLUNTEERS OF THE PAST.

At a time when "Volunteering" has become a national characteristic, and grand rifle tournaments at Aldershot, and prize-giving at the Crystal Palace, are affording matter for every newspaper, and interest for every household, it may not be uninteresting to look back upon the Volunteers of former days, and see what they were like.

It is a singular fact that the nation, designated by the first Napoleon as a "nation of shopkeepers," should have been, less than three centuries before, renowned as a military people. Froude tells us in the preface to his edition of the "Pilgrim," that, in Henry the Eighth's reign, the English "were a nation of soldiers—fierce, intractable, and turbulent to a proverb;" an armed people also; twenty thousand well-drilled men being at the disposal of the corporation of London! Henry could call every one of his male subjects into the field, if he would, and find them efficient men-at-arms.

In his reign one of those panics (if they are rightly thus designated) about invasion took place. The notes at the end of the "Pilgrim" contain an interesting and curious account of it given by the French envoy Marillac himself. He says in a letter to the Constable, "the king, my lord, is in marvellous distrust *as well of the king our master*" (Francis I.) "AS OF THE EMPEROR. He is confident that they intend to declare war against him; and he is therefore taking measures with the utmost haste for the defence of the realm . . . . In Canterbury and other towns upon the road, I found every English subject in arms who was capable of serving. Boys of seventeen and eighteen have been called out without exemption of place or person . . . . In short, my lord, they have made such progress that an invading force will not find them unprovided."

There is much significance in the whole letter from which these passages are taken; not once in it does M. Marillac hint that the king's apprehensions were groundless!

A review of this armed people took place in the following month. The Ambassador informs the Constable in a following letter: "Fifteen thousand men, all clad in white from head to foot—ten thousand fully accoutred—showed that the English lion was awake and prepared for defence."

The demonstration defeated all adverse plans (if such had been formed) of the "Foreigner," and the armed multitude subsided again.

A similar force has always been ready for defence whenever the "cloud, as big as a man's hand," has loomed across the sea.

A recollection of the last misgiving and dread which called forth England's Volunteers has been

forcibly recalled to the minds of the aged by the Volunteer movement of the present; and we were amused to hear, from the lips of an old lady of very warlike ancestry, an account of what Volunteers were in her youth.

We were almost hourly (she said) expecting a French invasion. The flotilla, which threatened to land our enemies on the coast, lay at Boulogne, and though "Nelson kept the sea," as people used consolingly to say, our danger was real and imminent.

We lived near a seaport—Portsmouth—which, from its harbour and dockyard, especially invited a hostile and destructive demonstration from the foe.

The poorer class, I really believe, revelled in the excitement of the expectation, and of such fear as is compatible with British nature—which I should say, from my own judgment, is nothing more than the love of "sensation" which now leads them to delight in Blondin and "sensation" dramas.

Napoleon was the Blondin of Portsmouth at that time.

The nightly raising of the drawbridge, and flooding and filling the moats, drew together hundreds of eager gazers. They ascribed the simplest actions to expectation of the French. Thus the sound of our cook's chopping, when preparing suet for the orthodox Christmas pudding led to some of the crowd outside the area knocking to ask "if the Admiral expected the French *directly*, as the family were packing up!"

Only once this "sensation" took the form of panic, and that was absurd enough.

The famous Rowland Hill came to preach at Portsmouth. He selected for his out door "Tabernacle" the "lines" or ramparts of the town, and, standing on the green slope of the earthwork, addressed a large crowd gathered on the glacis below. Thus the listeners (chiefly of course women) had their backs to the sea, while the preacher faced the channel. He was preaching on the second Advent; and, warming with his subject, suddenly extended his arm in the direction of Spithead, and cried:

"I see Him! I see His mighty Host advancing—He comes! He comes!"

The crowd, believing from his look and gesture, that he pointed seawards, responded with a shrill feminine yell, and a volley of unpleasant words from the tars present, and rushed off in frantic haste in all directions—some to their homes, some to the defence.

The astonished preacher stood alone in a second. Greatly amazed at the effect of his words, he turned to a grinning sentry standing near, and exclaimed:

"What does this mean?"

(We did not hear that shrewd Rowland took the panic for a Revival!)

"Well," replied the soldier, "they thinks you sees Bony coming—that's all!"

Such was the truth. That evil name—a spell of dread and hatred—hung over the people like a nightmare, and haunted all their thoughts. Viewing the great conqueror now from a better

point of observation, it is extraordinary to remember what a popular "bogey" he was.

Of course the volunteers were ready everywhere. At first they appeared in London and in the seaports. In our little village they caused a wonderful sensation. It was a very small place, and each volunteer was well-known to us personally. A quaint, simple set they were, but brave and active fellows, a worthy portion of the home and hearth defence, which doubtless did its part in keeping the "bogey" on the other side of the Channel. We were not a little proud of them, though we laughed at their innocent conceit and assumption of military airs.

Our nearest neighbour—a blacksmith—was lieutenant of the corps, and his son sergeant. They had no fixed uniform, every man doing in that respect as was good in his own eyes.

Our blacksmith—generally a meek, respectful fellow—was so inflated with his new rank and heroic position that he came to church the first Sunday after the rising in general's uniform (second-hand probably), waving in his hand a cocked hat from which floated an aid-de-camp's plume of cock's feathers.

The pew-opener, not recognising her neighbour in his blaze of scarlet and gold, ushered him into the vicar's pew, where he gravely took his seat, to the amazement of Mrs. Bustle, the clergyman's wife and her children, the poor fellow quite unconscious all the time that he was intruding, and believing that he had been duly marshalled according to his rank and distinction. You must remember that the peasantry, and the people generally, at the beginning of the century were untaught and simple, though shrewd; and they went mad in their enthusiasm about soldiering.

(It was the escape of the long pent-up hereditary taste, we think.)

The son, Boghurst, had a perfect *furor* for his new profession, and would do no work, his mother lamented to us, "employing all his time in polishing his *all-beard*," as she called his halberd.

The village seller of ale—she could scarcely be called a brewer—was the captain of our corps. He was, if possible, finer as to scarlet and feathers than the lieutenant; and, strangely enough, his wife, possessed by the notion of her new dignity, declared she could no longer wear cotton stockings—and must have silk!—unhappily thus beginning a course of extravagance and folly which ended in the poor husband's ruin.

This was, however, the only evil which arose from the village movement; for there was no harm, assuredly (if a little folly), in both the officers retaining jealously the title of "captain" and "lieutenant" till their deaths, having, as they asserted, fully earned them by keeping off the French "*Demicraus*," as they would call the Democrats.

The crowning glory of our Volunteers was the being reviewed by the Prince Regent himself (with those of Portsmouth) in their own village, and receiving well-merited praise and thanks from "the first gentleman in Europe." With that scene their martial course terminated.

Flotilla—army—emperor, vanished like the pageant of a dream; the long peace set in—

and martial ardour became as dormant as music amongst us, till they suddenly woke up together the other day, and Robin Hood's descendants, seizing the rifle, found it come as handy to them as the long bow, and beat the whole military world at hitting the mark they aimed at.

And altogether a very different race are these Volunteers from those we remember. They have the culture of half a century on them, united to the old "pluck."

But our poor villagers were every bit as brave and self-devoting, and when hearing of the brighter present we ought not to forget the kindly and gallant past.

E. V.

### COVERED UP.

THE laws of change, more than any others, appeal to the instincts and the sight, not only of the educated and scientific, but also of the rude and ignorant. We constantly observe alterations going on in ourselves, our belongings, and almost everything around us, and yet it seldom occurs to us that there is an unseen, of which the effects only are visible, while the actual workings that conduce to those effects are hidden, or at best, very partially revealed to us. In this latter category we may class the phenomena of geology, which show us what wholesale changes this old world has undergone, and for aught we know, may yet have to undergo before all things are completed. These are the silent changes which have taken, not years nor centuries, but countless ages of so lengthened a duration that they cannot be grasped by the human mind. In fact, in the greater number of cases, scientific men can only judge relatively of the time consumed and of the amount of change that has taken place in that period; for nature very rarely shows herself at work, though never quiescent. In some few of these cases the changes have been so recent as to be matters of history, or even to come within the memory of man. And in saying this, I do not mean to include those fearful and sudden catastrophes which have been produced by earthquakes or the eruptions of volcanoes, as at Pompeii and Lisbon, but rather changes which are going on slowly and surely from day to day, by which the conditions of the surface are perceptibly altered and the relations of land and sea become differently proportioned. In a former paper\* we saw how certain tracts of land had been at one time or another engulfed by the remorseless waves, and were for ever lost to the country, as far as any practical value was concerned. On the other hand, in accordance with that compensating principle with which Nature abounds, not only in geology, but in every other phase, the sea has in various places gradually receded, so that the once submerged land has been laid bare and reclaimed to useful purposes; for instance, I may mention the Morfa Harlech, that immense alluvial flat which is so well known to every tourist in North Wales as extending from the base of Harlech Castle to the sea. This expanse, on which now crops of ripe corn are growing, was unmistakably covered by the water at one time, and if the sea were to take it into its head

to retreat in the same way a little farther south, occupied by the present Bay of Cardigan, we should get an extraordinary insight into the condition of the Cantreff y Gwaelod, or Lowland Hundred, that important district where no less than fifty cities are said to have flourished.

In this paper, however, I propose to draw the attention not so much to the ravages of the sea, as to those of the land, though, after all, were it not for the ceaseless action of the waves, tritulating and reducing everything to the same fine degree, one of the most destructive geological elements, viz., sand, would be wanting. Few who loiter about on the sea-shore and sportively kick up the small clouds of sand, would imagine that that apparently light and almost impalpable powder could form one of the most subtle and sure means of destruction; and that although its progress is slow, it is no less certain than the terrible stream of lava which issues from the mouth of Vesuvius.

I will endeavour to bring forward a few examples in our own kingdom, where not only tradition, but even the memory "of the oldest inhabitant," can prove that in certain places towns and buildings existed, nay, and do yet exist, under smooth and equable layers of sand, which look as if the foot of man had never trod that portion of the country. The north coast of Cornwall is very liable to these inundations, and is characterised by what are called "dunes" or "towans"—bare expanses of sand hillocks, very monotonous to gaze upon and very fatiguing to walk in.

These dunes are, in a great degree, the prevailing features of the entire parish of Perranzabuloe, the very name of which, "Perran in sabulo"—Perran in the sand—attests the universal presence of the enemy. We know that the district was overwhelmed, partly by tradition and partly by ocular demonstration. The legend states that St. Patrick visited Cornwall on a missionary and preaching errand, and that, on his departure from thence, he deputed St. Piran, one of the bishops on whom he had laid hands, to proceed there and further his Christian efforts. St. Piran came about the fifth century, converted the natives from paganism, built an oratory, and departed this life, full of years and sanctity. Thereupon a church was built over his grave, and was in constant use for something like a century, when it was conjectured that, in consequence of some alteration in the coast level, the district was overrun with sand, and the church, in common with everything else, was covered up. Even in those early days, the devouring character of the sand was known and dreaded, and experience had shown that a stream of running water was the only thing that would stop it in its career.

A second church was therefore built, fortified by the stream, and remained for ages as a monument of the Christian feelings of the ancient Cornishmen, who enlarged it about the middle of the fourteenth century. Time flew on, and mining industry sprang up, with all the changes of surface to which it gave rise, entailing, among other things, the diversion of the stream, unfortunately for the church, which was covered

\* See vol. iii., p. 187.

over with such rapidity that old inhabitants of the parish remembered the porch becoming invisible in one night. For a time the enemy was kept at bay—but only for a time—whereupon the parishioners took the building bodily down and erected it at a considerable distance, where it was thought to be safe. The old church lived only in tradition and the folklore of the fireside, until, by the shifting of the sand after a tremendous storm, it again stood forth, though only partially, to the light of day; but, on a systematic clearance being made around, it was found to be nearly as perfect as when it was built to commemorate the bishop-saint's resting-place. It is of very rude workmanship, the blocks of masonry being apparently selected and placed just as they came to hand; while instead of lime the builder had used chinaclay, which was a plentiful material in that district, and was probably the only substitute on which he could lay his hands. Should the sceptic be curious to know how the appearance of the church corresponds with the legend, as to its age, the antiquary will point to the extreme rudeness and primitiveness of the masonry, the small size of the building (an invariable feature of the early churches), the peculiarity of the windows, and the use of certain ornamentation which was then common and is still visible in churches in Ireland reputed to be of the same date, viz., from the fifth to the seventh century. The sand is fast closing round again, but Perranzabuloe is still worth a visit from those who love to see Nature in her dreary garb, as well as in her beauty and grandeur. The same phenomena may be observed further west, in the neighbourhood of Hayle, where a very fine old church on the bank of the estuary seems as though the "towans" were pressing it day by day more closely in their deadly embrace. Again, about two miles from Hayle, on St. Gwithian's river, the sand is even more desolating, and threatens to swallow up the whole village, church and all. A very singular chemico-geological change may be seen here, in which the sand is becoming converted into stone sufficiently hard for building purposes. If we cross the channel to the Welsh coast, we shall find the same phenomena at work. About ten miles from Swansea, in that most picturesque and out-of-the-way spot, the promontory of Gower, there is a sandy estuary or pill overlooked by the tower of Pennard Castle, which, were it not for its commanding position, I take it, would long before this have become invisible. Here we have little but tradition to guide us, and the nomenclature of the neighbourhood, which is generally, however, a very sure indication of past events, customs, or appearances.

Tradition speaks of a large town that was buried in this spot, and nomenclature points to a farm, at a considerable distance off, which is called Norton or North Town, while a hamlet in the other direction is named Southgate. Another, midway between the two, is the great highway—all names unmistakably denoting some extension of fortifications or roads where now is only a barren surface of sand, inhabited by countless numbers of rabbits. Although we may dismiss

the legend that the sand was all blown over in one night from the coast of Ireland, it would be a point of sufficient interest to see what excavations might bring to light.

Let us now cross the Irish Channel to the Wexford coast; where, in the neighbourhood of Duncannon and Hook Point, we shall find the ruined church of Bannow, sole memorial of a prosperous town, which we know to have existed not such a very long time ago—for we read that in the reign of Charles II., no less than ten streets are mentioned in the Act of Settlement. Not only the town, but the whole bay appears to have suffered considerable damages, for according to a survey made in 1657, an island called Slade, was marked as being opposite the harbour, and separated by a narrow channel; whereas now there is no island and no channel. Here the covering up was undoubtedly a work of time, as there is no mention made historically of any sudden submergence, and moreover the phenomenon may be seen in operation at the present day.

The west coast of Donegal is very liable to sand invasions, which have proved rather a costly affair to the nation. Between Dunglow and Gweedore is an extensive series of dunes, in the very heart of which the Duke of Rutland, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, erected a fort that was intended to form a garrison and emporium of provisions for that out-of-the-way district, which in those days was as wild and unknown as the King of Dahomey's territory is now. Thirty thousand pounds were expended in this scheme, and it may be said to have been literally expended on sand; for no sooner was the fort built than it became gradually covered over, and as it was found that such an establishment (like many a public undertaking) was perfectly unnecessary, it soon became deserted and a ruin—for in Ireland, everything that is not looked after, is considered by the peasants as left for their peculiar good, and is used accordingly. Of Rutland Fort very little is now left of even the ruins.

If we coast round to the north,—and few coasts are more worthy of a visit from those who love the wild and unfrequented,—we shall find near Dunfanaghy, a very large and smooth expanse of sand, known as Rosapenna. To look at it, one would think that it had been undisturbed for centuries by the foot of man; and yet, underneath, lies the skeleton of one of the finest mansions in the kingdom. It was built by Lord Boyne within the last hundred years; and, as we are told, was replete with every comfort and refinement of the day. Nothing, however, could stop the march of the subtle destroyer, and Lord Boyne's house lies snugly imbedded until the crack of doom, unless some sudden change in the direction of the sand current may, perchance, bring it again to light, like Perranzabuloe. The question naturally occurs, as to the possibility or impossibility of controlling or altering the directions of the sand, when it threatens danger to property. We have seen that a stream of running water was considered a specific, but then running water is not always to be had conveniently. Fortunately, it has been noticed that the casual growth of the bent grass, *Ammo-*

*phila arundinacea*, acted as a check, and the hint has been taken very largely in many localities, and in none more successfully than by Lord Palmerston in his estates at Cliffoney, county Sligo, which, by this means, he is changing from a sandy desert to a promising colony.

Indeed, the incursion of sand at Rosapenna is entirely owing to the destruction of the bent grass, which formerly grew there, by the rabbits, and is a singular instance of how trivial circumstances link together to form great ends.

### PEDIGREE WHEAT.

IN these days of new discoveries, when we can travel at the rate of a mile in a minute, and reach far distant countries in an incredibly short space of time by means of two wheels on each side of a ship, or send a message to Amsterdam from London, and receive an answer in two minutes and a half, we need not wonder that a plan has recently been discovered for greatly increasing the size of the ears of wheat.

Before we enter more fully into the vast importance of this discovery to the world generally, we may give the reasons why this wheat is called "Pedigree wheat."

A gentleman (Mr. Hallett), whose farm I very recently had the pleasure of seeing, in the immediate neighbourhood of Brighton, showed me and my friends, with much kindness, the result of his experiments in the growth of wheat and other cereals, and explained the reasons of his undertaking them.

With good, strong, plain sense, it struck Mr. Hallett, what every stock-breeder knows, that from the largest and best animals the best stock was produced. With this idea in his head, he felt convinced that the principle might be applied to grain. As a stimulus to pursue his plan, he fortunately discovered that in the grains of one ear of wheat one grain is to be found greatly to excel all the others in productive power. Thus, by carefully selecting his seeds from the best ear (for there is always one best ear amongst the tillers, and, as was remarked, one best grain in it), the result has been a growth of wheat perfectly extraordinary. Year after year these best grains have been put into the ground, and the result is shown in the accompanying sketch, the first being the original ear from which the grain was taken, and the longest ear grown in 1861.\*

We can the better exemplify Mr. Hallett's success by the following facts:

A gardener in Scotland was struck with the appearance of a blossom on a sweet-william in his garden. He carefully preserved the seeds from it, and the following year had a still better flower, the seeds from which he also preserved. In this way he went on, year after year, for fifteen years, when he produced flowers nearly as fine as auriculas. This was his *ne plus ultra*. Whether Mr. Hallett will improve on his present large ears and their yield, remains to be seen. We cannot but think his experiments will end where they

now rest, and his Pedigree wheat, like that of the sweet-william, become exhausted. As Mr. Hallett keeps a regular registry of the result of the different growths of his wheat, as well as the produce from it, his adopting the word "Pedigree" is, we think, perfectly correct. It is high-bred wheat.

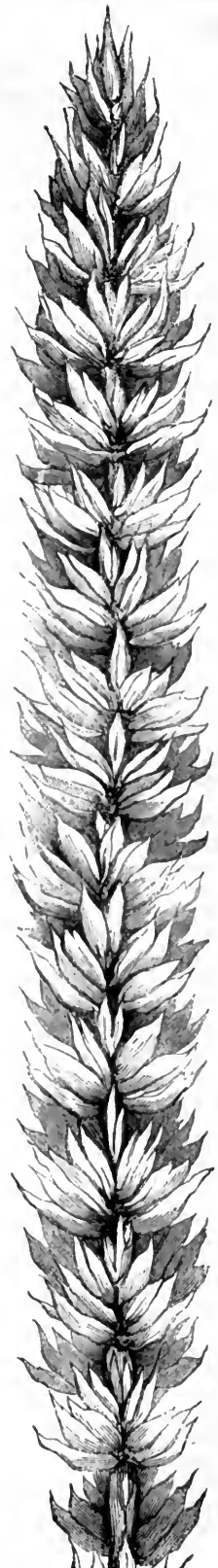
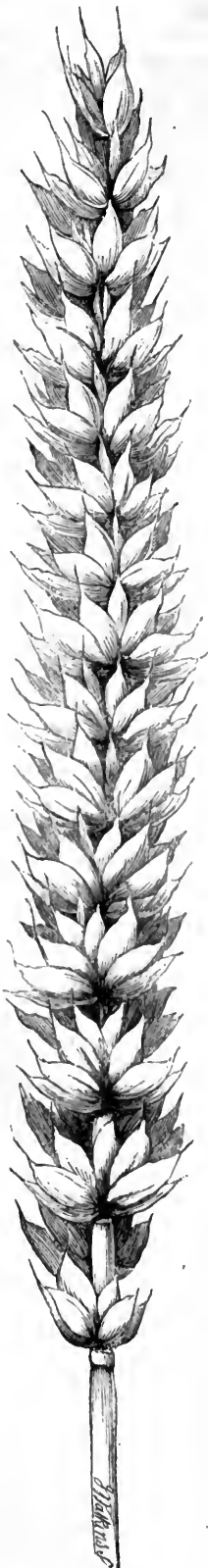
But let us turn to the immediate benefits to be derived from Mr. Hallett's experiments.

In the year 1857, the original ear was  $4\frac{3}{8}$  inches long, and produced 47 grains. In the ear 1861, the finest ear was  $8\frac{3}{4}$  inches long, and produced 123 grains, and also 80 tillers from one grain only. Thus, by means of repeated selection alone, the length of the ears has been doubled, and their contents nearly trebled, and the tillering power of the seed increased eightfold.\*

That the enormous yield of Mr. Hallett's Pedigree wheat will render us less dependent on foreign supplies cannot be doubted. When we consider that eighty ears have sprung from one seed, some of which have sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen sets up each side of it, this new development is little short of miraculous, and the product has been accomplished in five years by selection alone, and that on land which apparently is but little adapted for the growth of wheat, there being only about four inches of soil, with a chalk rock close beneath. And what a sight presented itself when we viewed Mr. Hallett's large wheat-fields and his selections in his garden but a very short time ago! We shall never forget it. We have admired the blue sky, the calm lake, the sunny glade, the budding blossoms, and the beauteous flowers; we have wandered on the sides of purling brooks, and seen the foamy sea in all its glory; but never do we recollect, being more struck with admiration, and even wonder, than when we beheld the fine crops of Mr. Hallett's cereals. We mention cereals, because we include his oats and barley, both of which exhibited not only an extraordinary growth, but an enormous yield, some of the stalks of oats being at least seven feet in height. But to return to the crop of wheat. It waved its pendulous heads to the slight breeze which blew, each ear giving a promise of great productiveness, and, as far as the eye could reach over the waving fields, each ear was of the same great and unusual length. Nor was there any crowding of the plants. Ample room had been given for each, and the consequence was that the tillers were in due proportion to the space given. There was also a very great saving in the quantity of seed wheat usually sown, and the one peck per acre, planted by Mr. Hallett, or one bushel on six acres, if sown in August, allowing nine inches every way for the tillers. All this is a great consideration, as well as a great saving of seed. Indeed, dibbled in the way Mr. Hallett recommends, even to twelve inches apart, a half-peck of seed has planted an acre of ground. Thus the saving of seed is something considerable towards keeping the nation in bread. It is plain, therefore, that if Mr. Hallett's system were applied to all corn crops in the United Kingdom, its

\* It will be seen that the illustration of the longest ear has been curtailed of its stalk in order to bring it within our page.

\* We should explain to our town readers that "tillering" means the number of stalks thrown up from a single grain.



dependence on foreign countries for yearly supplies of breadstuffs would cease, and the immense sums now paid for such products would be so much saved of the income of the empire. The effect of such a revolution in agriculture is almost beyond our imagination to realise. Indeed, changes so vast and so startling have never yet occurred in the history of agriculture. It may be stated that during the last fifteen years, we have imported as much foreign corn as has cost three hundred millions sterling! May we not now with reason suppose that, as the population of this country is increasing to a great extent, the discoveries of Mr. Hallett may ultimately be the means of producing sufficient food for that increase? This is no theoretical idea, but one founded on the designs of that Providence which supplies food for every living creature.

EDWARD JESSE.

### ON THE RAIL.

“STEAM, sir, is a wonderful invention.”

We have all heard the remark once or twice before now; and whenever we hear of a paper on railroads, I fancy, we all suppose that this is to be the moral of the discourse. Let me say at starting that I am not going to sing the praises of Watt and Stephenson. I confess to my own knowledge on the subject of machinery being of the vaguest kind, and, beyond a traditional belief, derived from the lessons of my childhood, that the principle of the steam-engine is the same as that of a tea-kettle on the point of boiling over, I know nothing of the mechanism of “the greatest discovery of modern times.” Nor do I purpose improving the reader’s mind by an account of how many tons of coal are consumed per diem, how many passengers are conveyed over every mile, or how many parcels are delivered daily. I leave statistical demonstrations, which establish everything without proving anything, to those whose taste lies in that way. All I wish to do is to grumble about our railway accommodation. It has been my fortune to travel a great deal over railroads in many parts of the world. In fact, a large portion of my life must have been passed upon the rail; and in my capacity of an old traveller, I have arrived at a certain number of conclusions which may be worth recording.

As to railway accidents, I must express my conviction that any alarm concerning them interferes very little with the comfort of travelling by rail. You are always told that if you happen to have your head broken or your ribs knocked into your lungs by a collision, it is no consolation to learn that only one passenger in I don’t know how many millions ever gets injured. No doubt this is true, but *before* the accident happens this consolation is an immense comfort and solace to the traveller. Every minute of our lives the house we dwell in may fall down; or a madman we meet in the streets may shoot us dead, under an impression that he is Brutus and we are Julius Cæsar. But the chance of such a casualty is so infinitesimally small, that its possibility does not disturb our peace of mind. So it is with railway travelling. With all the caution and prudence in the world,

accidents will occur on the best regulated lines. If we were to travel twenty miles an hour instead of fifty, we should doubtless have fewer accidents; and if we reduced that moderate rate by half, we should have fewer still. But personally, the only result would be that one’s chance of being killed or maimed would be some infinitesimal fraction less than it is at present. We cannot eliminate the possibility of accident, and as long as that remains an element of my journey, I care very little whether the odds in my favour are 20,000,000 or 21,000,000 to one. I remember the captain of one of the grand Cunard steamers remarking to me, that when you were in a fog off the Banks, the wisest thing was to go full speed and trust in Providence.

“If you are to hit an iceberg,” as he said, “it matters uncommonly little whether you are going twelve or eleven knots an hour; and the harder you go the sooner you will get out of the ice.”

This has always been my feeling about railroads. Accidents are all in the day’s work; if they are to come they must come, and the faster you run the shorter the time you are exposed to the danger.

Thus, for my own part, the contingency of a collision or a break-down is not one of the grievances that I brood over in my breast, as inflicted on me by the directors and managers of our railroads. My complaints against them are based upon evils, dangers, and discomforts that might be remedied by a small amount of liberality and forethought. First and foremost among my wrongs is the obstinacy with which they deprive me, speaking of myself as a representative traveller, of any means of communication with the conductors of the train. I do not believe that I am a nervous man in the ordinary sense of the word, but I own frankly, that I grow extremely uncomfortable whenever I find myself shut up in a compartment with one unknown companion. Some years ago, on a hot summer afternoon, I happened to be travelling along the Great Western line. I was very tired, and fell asleep almost as soon as I entered the carriage. When I woke up, after a half-hour’s nap, I found that the only other occupant of the compartment was a tall, powerful man, with an immense beard—a thing less common then than it is now—and an enormous oak stick, on which he was leaning his head. At that moment we were passing in sight of Windsor Castle. My unknown friend turned suddenly round to me, and, without giving me time to speak, uttered the following remarkable sentiment: “You see that castle, sir; that house, by rights, belongs to me. I am the lawful King of England.” I shall never forget the cold shudder which passed over me as I heard this remark. The train, I knew, did not stop for another thirty miles. The stranger, apart from his stick, could have beat me into a mummy with ease; and, in spite of what I had read in books, I felt considerable doubt as to whether he, like the traditional madman, would be awed by a stern and unflinching gaze. So I uttered the singularly imbecile remark, that I was glad to hear it, and proffered the deposed monarch a cigar with servile humility. He accepted it graciously, and gave



me in return a copy of a printed appeal, which he had drawn up to the Queen, offering to forego his hereditary rights—not being an ambitious man—if she would give him the title and estates of the Duchy of Cornwall. I found that my friend claimed his descent direct from William the Conqueror. So I informed him, with a base disregard of truth, that he was the exact image of a portrait of William Rufus, in the possession of a friend of mine. He was pleased to take the remark in good part, and then proceeded to dilate on the pleasure of meeting agreeable companions on the journey. Not long ago, he told me, he had been travelling with a gentleman who was sulky, and would not talk; so he waited till this unhappy man looked out of the window, and then dropped a lighted vesuvian on the cushion. The silent stranger sat down, and, as his majesty remarked with a grim smile, “was not able to sit still during the rest of the journey.” I fancied the story was meant as a lesson, and exerted forthwith what conversational powers I possessed: with what success it is not for me to say. This I know—that the lord of Windsor became confidential and communicative, and told me a variety of stories about his adventures with Santa Anna, the King of Dahomey, the Emperor Napoleon, and other illustrious personages, which, under other circumstances, would have been really amusing for their Munchausen improbability. To the present day, I am uncertain whether my companion was not more knave than fool. The question was one it would have required longer time to decide than I chose to allow. The moment the train stopped—and oh! how long it was!—I jumped out and left the king alone in his glory.

The incident seems humorous enough now, but I know, to me at the time it seemed anything but humorous. My acquaintance, instead of being, at the worst, a harmless and somewhat entertaining lunatic, might have been a ferocious maniac. It is always with an unpleasing recollection of this adventure that I find myself shut up alone with a stranger. A thousand things might happen, besides the extreme case of his happening to lunge at you with a pocket-knife, as the victim of competitive examination did the other day at Bletchley. Supposing, I often think to myself, he or she was to die, how singularly unpleasant my position would be! I have seen a man in an American car going off into one fit after another for an hour together. Fancy what a terrible sixty minutes that would have been if you had happened to be all alone with him. I was once put into a carriage on an English line, together with two drunken sailors returning to Liverpool from a week's carouse in London. A schoolgirl, returning home for the holidays, was, unfortunately, in the same carriage with us; and for an hour this poor child had to listen perforce to the ribald songs and oaths of the two ruffians, who were just in that stage of abusive drunkenness in which they fluctuated between offensive rudeness and still more offensive familiarity. In a case like this there was absolutely nothing to be done. If it had come to a tussle, it was infinitely more probable that I should have been thrown out of the window, than

that I should have succeeded in throwing the sailors out, and therefore all I could do was to keep on good terms with the gallant British tars till we reached the first stopping-place. Now, any inconvenience of this kind would be remedied if our companies would consent to the simple expedient of establishing some means of communication between the passengers and the guards. Mechanically, there is absolutely no difficulty about such an arrangement. In the United States the contrivance employed is of the simplest. A cord runs from car to car, fastened by loops to the roofs. The guard at the end of the train can stop the engine at once by jerking the cord a certain number of times, and the passengers can summon the guard at any moment by pulling it. Of course I shall be told that such a plan may work very well in America, but that it would never do in England. Now, I admit that the conditions of locomotion are somewhat different in the two countries. The guard—or, for that matter, any person—in a Yankee train can walk as easily from one end of the cars to the other as if he was in his own drawing-room. Moreover, as each car contains from twenty to sixty people, according to the fulness of the train, no mischievous or nervous passenger can stop the engine without sufficient cause. If he did so, his fellow-travellers would be there to report him. There is really no reason, however, why, with certain modifications, a similar plan should not be introduced here. If the footboard alongside our carriages were made a little broader, and projected a foot or so beyond the carriage, and if a stout rail were fixed to the side of each compartment, a guard might walk with perfect safety from carriage to carriage, no matter what the speed of the train might be. It is done in Belgium, and might be done equally well in England. I should not propose to give the power of stopping the train to the passengers. A rope running outside the carriages might communicate between the guard and drivers; one running inside between the guard and the passengers. If I am told that the public are so foolish, or so unscrupulous, that people would always be ringing for the conductor, I say that I have heard the same story often with regard to other matters, and have always found it false. As a rule, I believe English people have as much good sense as Frenchmen or Germans or Italians. If it was found in practice that the guard was constantly summoned unnecessarily, a fine might be imposed on any passenger who pulled the rope without reasonable cause; but doubtless such a precaution would not be required. At any rate, nothing can be worse than the present system. It is monstrous that, as has happened before now, a carriage should be on fire without the guard having any power of stopping the train, or that a madman should be stabbing his companions in a carriage without his victims having any means of obtaining aid.

Next to the safety of my person, I value most dearly the safety of my luggage; and on this point my grievances are manifold. I say unhesitatingly, that our luggage arrangements are the very worst in the world. I am not addicted to elaborate contrivances in the way of trunks that hold everything, from a shower-bath to a looking-glass, or of

bags with a hundred pockets. My boxes are very much like other people's boxes; and I should find it extremely difficult, unless I had my packages before my eyes, to tell of any distinctive mark by which my trunk differs from that of Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones. Now, it not unfrequently happens to me to be turned out late at night, and only half awake, on the platform of one of our great London termini. I never know which end of the train my luggage-van happens to be placed at; and, by the time I have made my way to the right place, I find a confused mass of trunks, bags, and boxes lying on the pavement, surrounded by a crowd of grasping, pushing passengers. Which is my luggage, or where it is, is more than I can say for my life at the moment; and meanwhile, trunk after trunk is being carried off in triumph by some traveller more resolute or unscrupulous than myself. What is to hinder him from seizing on my luggage, or me from appropriating his, I could never discover. If we were found out, we could each of us say we had made a mistake; and I do not see how anybody could contradict the assertion. How much luggage is absolutely lost I cannot tell. Whether the amount is great or small seems to me beyond the question. When a professor of the Berkeley theory, that there is no such thing as matter, was asked why he did not jump out of the window and prove thereby his belief in his own doctrines, he replied, that though—there being no such a thing as a leg or arm—he could not possibly break his bones, yet that he should imagine he had broken them, and the imagination of pain was as painful as any reality could be. Just in the same way I assert that the idea you are going to lose your baggage is just as painful as the fact of having lost it, and therefore, even if our railroads do generally, by some mysterious providence, deliver their luggage to the rightful owners, my objection to the system remains the same.

Whenever I have commented on this subject, and have praised up the foreign system of registering luggage in preference, I am invariably informed that English people would never consent to the delay incident to carrying it out. In a qualified sense, I grant the truth of this objection. If continental travellers carried as much luggage as we do at home, and if they insisted on never reaching the station till two minutes before the train starts, it would be very difficult to weigh the luggage, as they do in France, to enter it in a book, to write its weight, number, destination, and charge for transport, on a debilitated slip of paper, and to hand it to the impatient owner in time for him to catch the train. The arrangement is part and parcel of the system which erects barriers in front of the ticket boxes, recommends you to come half an hour before the time stated in the bills, keeps you locked up in the waiting-rooms, and refuses to allow any one to claim his luggage till all the trunks and bags and boxes are arranged systematically on the long counters—a system with many merits of its own, but one not adapted exactly to British prejudices. But, as far as luggage is concerned, America is the paradise of the railway traveller. No conceivable reason can be assigned why the American plan should not be introduced here. As soon as you arrive at

the station, the porter carries your luggage to the freight agent, as the gentleman who looks after the luggage is called in the States. This gentleman has in his hands a number of straps of leather, with a medal at one end and a slit at the other. He asks your destination, passes a strap through the handle of your trunk, fastens it by putting the medal through the slit, hands you another medal the exact counterpart of that attached to your luggage, and then turns to the next traveller. It is all done in a second, and you have nothing to do except to walk on to the cars and take your place, with the medal in your pocket. You may travel from Boston to St. Paul's, Minnesota, in the Far West, without troubling yourself about your trunks. They will get there as certainly and as quickly as you can yourself. About half an hour before you arrive at your destination a very genteel young man passes through the cars, and asks you what hotel you stop at; you give him your address and your medals, and receive a receipt from him in return. When you get to the station you have no bother about your luggage; you walk or ride, as you like best, to your hotel, and, as soon almost as you are arrived there, you find the luggage standing in the hall. Of course, till we contrive some means by which the guard can communicate with the passengers, we cannot adopt this system in its entirety. But why we do not have the strap-and-medal plan introduced, instead of our cumbersome and unsatisfactory mode of pasting a label on every article of luggage—and why a luggage agent does not establish himself with a van at all our main stations,—are questions I cannot solve. When I can find out why we are not allowed to have street-railroads and steam-ferries, I may possibly be able to form some opinion on the matter.

E. D.

(To be continued.)

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### “ALONE—TOGETHER.”

I.

Alone, I see the sunrise, from the rocks above the sea;  
And the hamlet flushed with rosy light, seems fairy-land to me:  
There dwells the pilot's daughter, whose dear love I'd die to win;  
And the blue sky fills my heart with hope, while the merry tide flows in.

II.

'Tis noon—we stand *together*, on the sands beside the sea;  
And the maiden, folded to my heart, is sworn my bride to be!  
In the sunshine flash the sea-gulls, skimming waves of rippled light;  
The fisher boats ride gaily, under cliffs of dazzling white.

III.

Alone, I see the sunset, from the churchyard near the sea,  
For the cruel grave-stone at my feet, hides my darling's face from me!  
Like some dark pall, the sea-weeds droop from ledges cold and grey;  
The night-mists shroud the hamlet, and the tide ebbs fast away!

EVELYN FOREST.

## MY AFFAIR WITH THE RUSSIAN COUNTESS.



## CHAPTER I.

COLYTON PRIORY was a fine old building in the Elizabethan style. One wing alone had been rebuilt within modern times, and consisted of the

drawing-rooms, and my mother and sister's morning room. What had once been the monks' refectory, was now used as a ball room, and when decorated with flowers and coloured lights, for

one of the many balls with which it was the delight of my father to entertain the young people of his own and neighbours' families, it had a very pretty and pleasing appearance. The other wing, with its heavy mullioned windows and dark wainscoting, was used for the dining-room and library, and very handsome and comfortable they looked, particularly in winter, with their dark, oak furniture, and crimson velvet draperies. Long cloistered walks extended on either side of the house, and led out to the extensive gardens, with their fountains, terraces, and the modern innovation of conservatories and hothouses. The whole was situated in an extensive deer-park, and bounded by dark woods. A bright stream ran at the bottom of the gardens, dividing them from the park, and affording many a day's amusement in boating and fishing to myself and my school-fellows.

In this abode of peace and plenty I passed some of my happiest days and I hoped that I was to remain there to the end of life. In this favoured spot I resided until I was close upon my majority, and my dream of life was, that I should, upon my father's death, assume the responsibilities of a large landed proprietor, take to myself a wife, and devote my time and the influence of my station to the amelioration of the condition, both physical and moral, of those who, living within the district in which my estate was situated, were fit and deserving objects on whom to expend some of my superfluous wealth. But, alas! for the vanity of all, or at least some, human calculations, an event occurred which completely upset all my nicely laid plans for the future, and rendered it indispensably necessary for me to put my shoulder to the wheel in good earnest, and not trouble myself about the propriety of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, comforting the afflicted, and so on. But to explain. My father was chief partner in a large mercantile house, whose principal warehouses were situated in Thames Street, City. The business of the firm was chiefly confined to the importation of foreign goods, such as French lace, and Lyons shawls, and a good deal was done in Russian firs, sables, &c. My father had originally been a clerk in the establishment over which he now ruled supreme. Being a well-made, and rather, if not very, good-looking young man, he, at the early age of two-and-twenty, captivated the maiden affections of Miss Virginia Allbone, who was not more than thirty years his senior. Being desirous of exchanging her solitary mode of life, Miss Virginia Allbone took advantage of the privilege attaching to ladies in leap years, and proposed to my father that he should give up sitting at a desk all day long, writing out invoices, and casting up very long columns of figures, for the trifling consideration of eighty pounds a-year, and become the partner of her joys and sorrows. The author of my being hesitated, and expressed a conviction that if he was to accept the very flattering offer of Miss Virginia it would cause him the loss of his situation, as, without doubt, Mr. Allbone, the chief partner in the firm of Allbone, Grizzle & Co., would be very angry in the event of a marriage taking place between his (Mr. Allbone's) only

sister, and one of his junior clerks. The enamoured Virginia, however, contemptuously ignored the necessity of endeavouring to obtain the sanction of her brother. She was of age, she said, and could do what she liked.

"Yes, that's right enough," replied my cautious parent; "but suppose he gives me the sack, what are we to do for a living? It isn't very easy to get a situation that would suit me."

"Who wants you to get a situation?" indignantly rejoined the lady. "Do you think that I would desire to see my husband toiling from morning till night for the means of existence?"

"Well! but what are we to live on?" continued the far-seeing youth.

"Live on! why the interest of my money. Haven't I got thirty thousand pounds in the Three per Cents, and don't they bring me in nine hundred pounds a-year; and if we can't live on nine hundred pounds a-year we ought to starve."

The end of it all was, that my father, who thought that a hundred, or a hundred and fifty at the outside, was the amount of the old girl's income, married, by special licence, the rich heiress, Miss Virginia Allbone, who, on her bridal day, handed him a bank receipt for ten thousand pounds. He treated her very kindly, and from the day of their marriage until her death, which happened about ten years after their union, no quarrel or serious disagreement took place between them.

Michael Allbone was very much annoyed at first, but his annoyance arose from the disparity between the ages of the bride and bridegroom, and from a firm conviction, that nothing but misery would ensue from such an unequal match. However, when he heard upon what terms they were living, he visited them at their suburban residence, and offered his brother-in-law a share in the profits of the firm. By her will, Mrs. Virginia Trussell, *née* Allbone, left the whole of her wealth to her husband, who, shortly after his year of mourning had expired, assumed the complete management of the affairs of the firm of Allbone, Grizzle & Co. In due time my father married again, and the result of that proceeding was myself and four sisters. Whilst he was in business, my father, together with his wife and family, resided at Highgate, and used to drive to the City in his phaeton and pair every morning at ten, and return about five in the afternoon. In the course of years my father amassed a large fortune, and like a sensible man determined to enjoy it. With this resolution strong within him, he instructed a well-known auctioneer to purchase for him an estate, the particulars of which were duly set forth by my father. Colyton Priory was for sale, and my father no sooner saw it than he became enamoured of it; and as soon as the title deeds had been looked into, and the conveyance made out, the ownership of Colyton Priory and the adjoining estate was vested in the name of Ernest Sigismund Trussell, Esq., and Ernest Sigismund Trussell was my father. Retiring from the bustle of City affairs, the new owner of Colyton Priory settled down to the enjoyments of country life; but he soon got tired of it, and never rested until he bought himself back into

the Thames Street firm. At this time, the chief partner in the house of Allbone, Grizzle & Co., was a man named Cohen. Who he was or what he was nobody knew, beyond the fact that he was a Stock Exchange speculator, and that he was worth money. When my father purchased Colyton Priory, he announced to a few of his City acquaintances his intention of selling his interest in the firm of Allbone & Co.

One day, whilst he was busy in his private office, the chief clerk brought my father intelligence that a gentleman wished to see him. At the same time he handed my father a card. On this card was the name, or rather the names, of Mr. Israel Jerusalem Cohen, Mincing Lane, and — Terrace, Holloway. My father granted an interview to Mr. Israel Jerusalem Cohen; and during the interview, Mr. I. J. Cohen proposed to become the purchaser of my father's very considerable interest in the firm of Allbone, Grizzle, & Co. My father's terms, after a little demur, were agreed to, and Mr. Cohen became the head of the old established firm of Allbone, Grizzle, & Co.

I have thought it necessary to mention the fact of my father having disposed of his share in the mercantile firm over which he had presided for so many years, because it will explain the inferior position which he held in the firm after he had returned to it. I say *inferior* position, because he was quite subordinate to Cohen; and although he, my father, was anxious to have some other occupation besides his usual pursuits, still he was not so indefatigably industrious as to attend every day at the offices in Thames Street, as he used to do in former times. He would generally content himself with going to London on the first of every month, and inspecting the books of the firm. Everything was left to the management of Cohen, and, as my father found out to his cost, he managed things in a way not peculiar to himself.

Asking pardon for this rather lengthy digression, I continue my narrative. It was a lovely evening towards the end of August; the sun was slowly sinking behind the dark elms and the shrubberies, and tinging the foliage with a deep golden hue; the park looked beautiful with its extensive woodland; and as for the lake, I could not resist the temptation to have a good swim; and having indulged in that healthy and invigorating pastime, I thought I could not do better than take a little refreshment in the shape of a glass or two of port wine, and a veal cutlet, or some such dainty. Our dinner hour was four, but I generally had lunch at one, and dinner in my own room at six. I was wending my way towards the house when I heard my name called; looking round I saw James, our footman, accompanied by a boy, and they were both coming towards me at a quick walk.

"Telegraphic message, sir," said James, touching his hat.

"From London, sir," repeated the boy, producing a printed paper from a leather bag which he wore at his side, and which was fastened to a leathern strap suspended from his shoulders.

I took it, and read: "Mr. Frank Trussell is to

come immediately to —, Thames Street, City." The sender of this laconic message was my father. Inquiring when the next train would start, I learnt that I had nearly two hours to spare, so I resolved to get something to eat whilst my port-manteau was being packed.

It was late at night when I arrived in Thames Street, but late as it was, I found my father busily occupied with books and papers appertaining to the transactions of the firm. I ventured to remonstrate with my parent for applying himself so assiduously to business when there was no occasion for it.

"No occasion!" replied my father, in a mournful voice; "my dear boy, there is every occasion, for to-morrow it will be too late; to-morrow all our books and papers will be in the hands of the bankruptcy officials; for we are insolvent, Frank. Yes," continued he, "the firm of Allbone, Grizzle, & Co., once among the most extensive and most respected in the City, is insolvent."

"By what means has this been brought about?" I asked. "I thought your affairs were so firmly placed that nothing could shake them."

"So they were, and had it not been for the villany of Cohen, in abusing the confidence with which I entrusted him, all would have been well."

The next day, as my father rightly surmised, the bankruptcy messenger came and affixed his seal to everything and anything that he could put a seal upon.

By disposing of his estate and mansion, called Colyton Priory, my father realised sufficient to pay the debts of the firm, and so avoid the discredit of a bankruptcy; but it left him a ruined man, and there was nothing to support us except my mother's jointure of 10,000*l.* Certainly there was a further sum of 5000*l.* settled upon each of my four sisters, but they could not touch that until they became of age, or married; and the interest and compound interest of those sums was to accumulate for their benefit. True, we were enabled to live very comfortably, but all idea of my leading a life of luxurious independence was gone, and it only remained for me to obtain some suitable appointment, so that I might become possessed of an income of my own, for my fortune was engulfed along with my father's in the failure of the firm of Allbone, Grizzle, & Co.

Having paid his creditors in full, my father had nothing to reproach himself with, but rather the contrary; still he made up his mind not to speculate any more, but to rest content with whatever he could collect of the debts of the firm, which were considerable, and live as comfortably as he could upon the income of his wife's jointure. In one respect, however, he never lost heart, nor lacked zeal, and that one all-engrossing object was, to obtain for me a lucrative appointment in some house of business. Through his indefatigable exertions, I was appointed to the management of the branch house of Messrs. Screwer, Grindem, & Co., who were in the same line of business as my father. The branch of which I was to take the management was situated in St. Petersburg, and as the remuneration was to be most liberal, I eagerly accepted the post offered to me. Everything being concluded, I booked

myself per steamer as a saloon passenger, and made all necessary arrangements as to my luggage.

I shall now close this chapter, leaving it for the next to show what befel me on my arrival at the capital city of All the Russias.

#### CHAPTER II.

EVERY preparation having been made, I set out on my voyage, and arrived safely at St. Petersburg, and became regularly located in the house of Screwer, Grindem, & Co.

Before I took up my appointment, the management of the English department was carried on by a Scotchman, and his name was M'Diddle. Andrew, or, as he himself pronounced it, Andree M'Diddle, was a most unfavourable specimen of the Caledonian; in craft, cunning, and readiness for everything that might serve his own interests I think it would be impossible to surpass him. I never saw the man smile except at somebody being overreached; and next to the furs and sables, the great business of his life was to take and keep other people down. For myself, I had come to be my employer's representative; but M'Diddle was so well established by forty years' sorting furs, and keeping the accounts, not to speak of spying and being consulted; he knew so much that I did not, and business was so differently conducted in St. Petersburg from what it was in London, that I settled into the subordinate position from the first hour of taking the seat at the desk assigned me. One day, about a month after I came, we were seated at our respective desks, when one of the opposite mirrors showed me that there was a lady in the office.

I would as soon have expected to see a bird of paradise as a female face in that establishment; all our tables were spread and our cuisine and laundry done by men; but there was a woman, dressed in what I instinctively knew to be the first fashion out of Paris, not thirty at the outside, with finely-moulded features for a Russian, a soft, fair complexion, light blue eyes, and hair of a golden yellow. She had come in so noiselessly that I was not aware of her presence till apprised by the mirror, and, still more astonishing, she was speaking to M'Diddle. Their talk was low and earnest, and I must confess to listening; but they spoke in Russian. However, the eye sometimes does duty for the ear; by its help I discovered, to my great astonishment, that they were talking of myself. The lady looked at me now most graciously, and I acknowledged her presence with my best bow.

"Might I ask," said the lady, "if you have been long in St. Petersburg?"

"Only a month," said I.

"And how do you like it?"

"I have scarcely had time to know."

"Ah!" she said; "it is true you English are sensible people, and do not make up your minds in a hurry. I have a great respect for the English."

(By the bye, she spoke our language as well as I do myself.)

"I had a governess of your nation, the best creature in the world. What trouble she took to teach me the little English I know!"

"Her trouble was well bestowed, Madame," said I, having by this time got up my courage and my manners; "you speak it like a native."

"I did not know that Englishmen could flatter," said the lady, with the sweetest smile; and before I had time to rebut the charge, she added, "But tell me how you like the society here."

"I have seen very little as yet, Madame."

"Ah, perhaps you have no friends or relations in the city."

"None, Madame; I am quite a stranger."

She looked at me so kindly, so sympathisingly, that I could have stood there for a fortnight; but, with another bow, to which the lady made a polite acknowledgment, I returned to my desk and began opening and shutting various books of samples.

From that day M'Diddle changed in his manner towards me, and became quite familiar and communicative. He told me that she was the Countess Czarinski, a widow, rich, childless, and belonging to one of the first families in Esthonia. He further explained her coming to the warehouse by letting me know that it had been the Czarinski Palace, and that the seal-skins shipped for Messrs. Screwer, Grindem, & Co., had come from an estate most fertile in furs, which the Countess owned in the government of Archangel.

"It is not exactly her own," said M'Diddle, "but properly belongs to her nephew. She is his guardian, however, and that is nearly as good as ownership in Russia."

Some days after this I was sitting, with the pen in my fingers, wondering if she would come again in my time, when there was a slight creak of the door, a light rustle of silk, the prettiest tinkle on the brass rail of the stove, and there stood Madame Czarinski.

"Ah, my English friend," she said, smiling with her usual sweetness, as I presented myself, "how glad I am to see you once again! Shake hands; they always shake hands in your country; don't they? My governess told me so. How I long to visit England!"

It is to be hoped I shook the small, lemon-coloured, kid-gloved hand with becoming grace and ardour. I know that I was intensely charmed. She inquired for Mr. M'Diddle, and we got into conversation. As we had shaken hands, and she had such a respect for the English, I relieved my mind by telling her the exact truth, that I knew nobody, and nobody knew me; that I had not a soul to speak to except M'Diddle. The lady seemed to enter into my feelings to a degree which enchanted me, young as I was.

"Far from your relations, and without friends in a strange city—it is a hard trial. And you can't return to England without your employer's permission, of course?"

"No," said I; "and he is a man to whom I should not wish to complain of solitude."

"Ah! those money-making old men think of nothing but business," said the countess; "but, tell me, now, should you like to see society?"

"Your ladyship," I replied, "I have never been accustomed to fashionable life. I am only a poor merchant's clerk."

"Yes; but you have a genteel air, and might be made presentable," she said, surveying me

from head to foot with a look of the most candid and kindly patronage; "and, as you are so lonely, if you will be a good boy, and come to my house to-morrow evening, you will see a select circle of my best friends. It is only quadrilles, cards, and supper."

Was I dreaming, or did a Russian countess actually invite me out of Screwer's counting-house to quadrilles, cards, and supper? Then, what apparel had I to appear in at the Czarinski Palace? Evening-dress had never been considered necessary to my existence; and, in the confusion of these thoughts, I could only stammer out:

"Much obliged to your ladyship, but—"

"You are thinking of your dress, young man," said the countess, laying her small hand lightly on my arm, and looking me archly in the face. "Well, don't disturb yourself about that; we can do fairies' work at the Czarinski Palace, and you shall be my Cinderella. Just step round to the tea-shop in the lane behind your warehouse about seven to-morrow evening, you will find a carriage waiting there, step into it, it will bring you to the palace. The footman will show you a dressing-room where you will find everything requisite for a gentleman's toilet; then ring the bell, and the footman will show you to my *salon*."

I do not remember what I said by way of thanks and acknowledgment for this, it was so unlike anything I had ever met with; yet where was the young man in my position who would have refused?

"Oh! never mind," said the countess, cutting me short with another light pat on the arm; "you will be kind to some Russian, perhaps, who may be lonely in England when you have become a great merchant." She shook hands with me once more, and was going, when a sudden thought seemed to strike her. "My friend, I forgot to ask one thing," she said; "can you speak French?"

"No, my lady," said I, blushing to the roots of my hair, as I recollected that was the language of good society in Russia.

"Do you understand it at all?" she asked, with a searching look.

"Not a word, Madame."

"That is unfortunate. Everybody of fashion speaks French here, and very few understand English; besides, nothing could convince them that you had not been brought up a mere peasant—a boor, you understand—if you could not speak French; but there is one expedient which has just occurred to me—you will pretend to be dumb. I know you are clever enough to act a part; it will be no loss, as you cannot understand what is spoken; but, remember, not a sound before my guests or servants—it might bring us both to be talked of, and I want to let you see society. Good-bye!"

The door had closed upon her exit before I had well comprehended the curious arrangement; but the more I thought of it the more clever and advantageous it seemed. The Countess Czarinski had evidently taken an interest in me. Was it friendly? was it more than that? A rich and childless widow, young and beautiful, moreover, had taken it into her head to show me good

society and make me presentable. The chance was worth following up, whatever it might lead to.

M'Diddle came in about half-an-hour after, but of course he heard nothing about it. There was no reason why he should. Seven was our closing hour, then the supper came off; some of the clerks went for walks, or to see their friends, the lazy ones went to bed. Some Russians can do a wondrous deal of sleeping. Having pondered and congratulated myself on the invitation, and given the porter a silver rouble to take no notice of my movements—a Russian understands such matters without speech—I went forth at seven on the following evening, as if to take my accustomed walk, and in front of the tea-shop there stood a carriage, a very handsome one, but with no crest on its panels. Nobody looked curious or surprised to see such an equipage in that quarter. It was strange, too, how quickly the coachman seemed to know his fare; he opened the door the moment I approached. I stepped in, and away we went to the Czarinski Palace. I knew the city well enough to see that we were not going the direct way, however, and also that we stopped at the back entrance, which was in a narrow, sombre-looking street, with a dead-wall shutting in the grounds of a monastery right opposite. A footman in splendid livery received me, showed me through a passage and up a stair to a dressing-room elegantly furnished, where, according to the countess's promise, I found everything requisite for a gentleman's toilet, including a complete suit of evening-dress. The clothes were made more in the Parisian than the London style, as they seemed to me. But who had taken such an exact account of my proportions? They fitted me amazingly, and my whole appearance in the full-length mirror gave me courage for the rest of the trial. Having dressed, I rang the bell, as Madame Czarinski had instructed me, and to my astonishment who should answer it but the countess herself. She wore a magnificent evening dress, of which, not being skilled in ladies' apparel, I can only say that it was very grand and very low, and that the lady looked to great advantage in consequence. The quantity of jewels flashing from her snowy neck and arms would have done some ladies good to see; but in she came as friendly and familiar as she had been in the counting-house.

"I just wanted to see how you looked before going down to the company.

"Ah! very well indeed," she said, turning me round by the arm, as if I had been her younger sister on the point of being brought out. "Didn't I guess your fit, my dear boy; you will make conquests among the girls this evening. But don't forget your part of mute; it is all we can do at present. Of course you will learn to speak French in time. I will give you lessons myself. But now I must go to receive; the footman will conduct you to the saloon; do your devoirs as if you had not seen me, and don't forget that you are dumb."

She left me before I could make any reply. In another minute the footman was at the door. Under his escort I reached the reception-rooms. What a noble mansion it was; how extensive, how

richly decorated. Nothing more splendid than that suite of public rooms had ever come under my eye. The Countess was sitting in the central saloon, some of the company had already arrived, others were coming in. I heard the roll of carriages, the hum of voices, the rustle of silks; the novelty of the scene rather confused me, but I was determined to prove that I was clever enough to act my part. There might be a great stake to win or lose that evening, so I walked straight up to Madame Czarinski, made the bows which had been extensively practised for the occasion, saw in an opposite mirror that it was well done, and would have retired to a seat, when, to my utter amazement, she sprang from her velvet sofa, uttered a half-scream, threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me on both cheeks. I did whatever she bade me, which she did of course by signs, played cards with three old ladies, danced with two young ones, handed herself to the supper table, and felt myself in fairyland. At last, the company began to disperse. The Countess whispered to me that I had better get home; my own clothes were in the dressing-room, and the footman would show me out. I went up accordingly, redressed, was shown out at the back gate, found my way to the lane, and got in by the broken conservatory, but couldn't fall asleep until about half-an-hour before the great bell summoned us all to our place of business. I had come to a new life in this strange northern climate. Madame Czarinski was the first woman I had ever seriously thought of, and how could I help it under the circumstances. The very next day M'Diddle went out, saying that he should be away until night, and I was busily engaged with my ledger, when, with the same creak, rustle, and knock, in came the Countess. She made no excuse, did not inquire for M'Diddle, but sat down at once, and began talking to me; asked me how I liked her party, what I thought of the ladies, did I know what any of them had said of me, and would I like to come again? I did my best to answer in a truthful manner; I also took occasion to insinuate my surprise at her own behaviour, and the general notice taken of me by the company.

"Oh, yes," said she, "I received you as an old friend; that is the best passport to society."

She congratulated me on appearing to such advantage, and advised me not to let any one else know that I was not dumb till she taught me French. "Then," said she, "the recovery of your speech will be so interesting; but I am forgetting that I want you to write something in my album. You are to write some English poetry, anything you like from Shakespeare or Byron, within that border of forget-me-nots. It will be a specimen of your handwriting and your taste, for me to keep when you have gone back to England, and forgotten me."

"I will never forget you, Madame," said I; and I was going to deliver a short speech, when she rose, held her hand up warningly, and said: "Hush! there is some one coming. I must go. Bring the book with you to-morrow evening. I won't send the carriage, it might attract attention. Good-bye, my dear young friend."

With all the care and precision requisite for

such a task, I copied a passage from Romeo and Juliet, into the ivory album. It was intended to indicate my private sentiments. I don't think I was actually in love, but Madame Czarinski, though some years older than myself, was a young, fair, and wealthy widow.

I copied the passage, and I went to the party. I got arrayed, rang the bell, was inspected by the countess, conducted to the drawing-room, and presented to more company.

If Madame had given me a quiet interview with herself in one of the back rooms, where I might get up courage enough to make a declaration, it would have been very satisfactory to my wishes; but she called me her dear young friend—what better signs of a tender interest could any man expect? I was weighing the whole subject in my mind when Madame Czarinski entered. The usual remarks and inquiries about her last party having passed, she began to compliment me on the elegance of my handwriting, and I made a bold attempt to direct her attention to the meaning of the passage written, and its suitability to my particular case.

"Ah! they are moving," said the Countess, with a very embarrassed look. "You should not have written them—I must not hear such things. You do not know all. I am an unhappy woman." Here she sighed deeply.

"You unhappy, Madame," said I, coming a step or two nearer, for I thought it a good opportunity.

"Yes," said the Countess, casting her eyes to the ground. "But do not ask me; I cannot tell you. Yet you are the only person upon whom I can depend." Her eyes were raised now; and, looking me keenly in the face, she said, "Will you do me a service?"

"At the risk of my life, Madame," said I.

"I believe you," she replied; "but fortunately there is no such risk requisite. All I want you to do is to make a fair copy of this paper. You see," she added, spreading it open before me, "it is a law paper, absolutely necessary in a very important suit, one which may result in riches or ruin. Family reasons make it unadvisable to entrust such a paper to any clerk or lawyer. You are the only man in the world from whom I could ask such a service, and to your honour and discretion I can trust for keeping the secret. When do you think you can get it finished?"

"To-morrow," said I, glancing hastily over the paper. It was large, a folio sheet of parchment, and written in the old Slavonic character.

"Well," replied the Countess, "to-morrow evening bring it to my house. The footman will admit you at the back gate, and I will explain everything to you in my boudoir. Be particular in copying this," and she pointed to some words like a signature at the end of the paper. "Good-bye, I must go."

I copied the paper with great attention to accurate transcription and strict secrecy. There was some difficulty in matching the parchment and copying the signature, but I managed it at last. The work cost me a sleepless night, but it was finished in good time. No one could have told the difference between the copy and the



original. Nobody had cause to suspect what I was about, and with the service done, and with the great opportunity of declaring myself, in the boudoir, in prospect, I repaired to the back gate of the Czarinski Palace between seven and eight. The same footman admitted me; but instead of leading on to the boudoir, as I expected, he handed me a sealed note, and stood by in the passage until I had read it. The process of reading did not require much time; the billet, which was dated 12 a.m., contained only this:

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Unforeseen circumstances oblige me to set out immediately for Archangel: I must therefore lose the pleasure of receiving you this evening; but we will meet again at my return, when I hope to make more fitting acknowledgments for your friendship. Please to give the papers, both copy and original, to the footman. He has orders how to forward them. And believe me to be yours very faithfully,

MARIA CZARINSKI.

It was her own handwriting, and only one course remained for me. I gave the papers to the footman. These wonders were still fresh in my mind, when the English packet brought me a letter from my father, earnestly requesting my immediate return to England. It was so brief and so hastily written, that I concluded the old man must be very ill. M'Diddle was of the same opinion, and thought I should lose no time.

In answer to my hasty inquiry, why he had sent for me, my father looked mysterious, beckoned me into his private room, and put into my hands a letter to Screwer, Grindem, & Co., in which they were informed, in the most business-like manner, that the interests of the firm and my own safety, made it advisable that I should leave St. Petersburg immediately, as I had incurred the resentment of a noble Russian family. The case was now clear to me; the Countess had been exiled to Archangel, and I sent home to England, through her high-born relations' dread of a *mésalliance*. I felt myself the hero of a real romance; but who should arrive but Mr. M'Diddle! He had resigned his office under Screwer & Co., and was on his way to Glasgow, or Glasger, as he pronounced it, and I took the opportunity of asking him if Madame Czarinski had been calling at the counting-house of late?

"Oh, no," said he, "she sends her steward now. She wants no more silly young men to do her business."

"What business do you mean?" I asked, rather sharply.

"What you did for her:—helping her to get her nephew's estate in Archangel. The boy had died while he was yet a minor. He was dumb, and had been dead for two years, but nobody knew that. She got the rents and the profits, and at last contrived a scheme to pass you off for her dead nephew, and make you copy out a will, leaving the estate to her. I believe the monks and she got up a funeral when you were fairly out of St. Petersburg. Of course she made Screwer & Co. recall you." And the amiable man smiled.

"How much did you get for helping in the business?" said I.

"Fools do the work, and wise folk get the profit," responded my excellent senior.

"But I must tell you she is married to a prince—one of the Romanoff family; and I would advise you to keep well out of Russia; for they have a pretty sure way of getting rid of troublesome people, or folks who know too much."

With a malicious leer, the wretch left our counting-house, and went on his way to Glasger, and I never had the misfortune to meet him again.

Years have elapsed since the events above related occurred, and things have prospered with me. I am now the head-partner in one of the most extensive and well-managed mercantile concerns that the city of London can boast of.

Colyton Priory, once the seat of my late lamented father, is again the property of a Trustee; and I have a loving and beloved wife, and four as pretty children—three boys and a girl—as any man could wish for.

Yet sometimes, when I look back upon the adventures which characterised my short residence in the land of the Czar, I am foolish enough to wish that the beautiful and fascinating Madame Czarinski had reciprocated (as I thought she did) my passion, and taken me as her lawful husband, instead of making a mere cat's-paw of me, and causing me mental agony unspeakable, whenever I think of how I was duped by a Russian female—I can't call her a lady, for she did not behave as such.

D. C.

## SWANS ON THE THAMES.

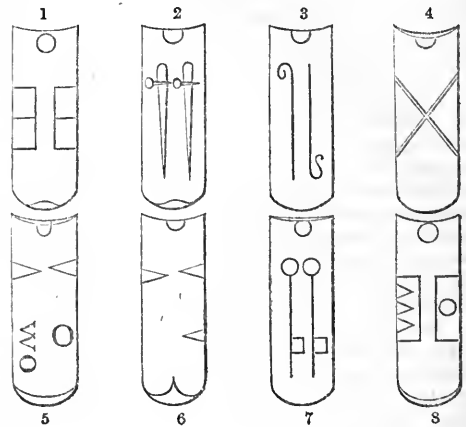
LIVING on the banks of this most delightful and far-famed river, I have often had my attention drawn to the swans, those noble birds, that are so ornamental to the river, and so closely associated with its most lovely scenery; and thus I have been led from time to time to gather together many curious facts connected with these birds from really authentic sources.

We find that at a very early date it was a very high privilege, granted only by the sovereign to different companies and individuals, to keep and preserve swans on the different rivers and lakes throughout England. Many different swan-marks adopted by the proprietors, that each might know their own birds, will here be accurately given. They are copied from authentic sources only. This privilege only being granted under certain conditions and to certain persons, shows the degree of value and importance attached to the possession of these birds in old times, as well as the authorised power to protect it. For example, in the twenty-second year of the reign of Edward IV., 1483, it was ordered that no person who did not possess a freehold of a clear yearly value of five marks, should be permitted to keep any swans; and in the eleventh year of Henry VII., 1496, it was ordained that "any one stealing or taking a swan's egg should have one year's imprisonment, and make payment of a fine at the king's will." And stealing or setting snares for, or driving grey or white swans, was punished still more severely. Even at the present

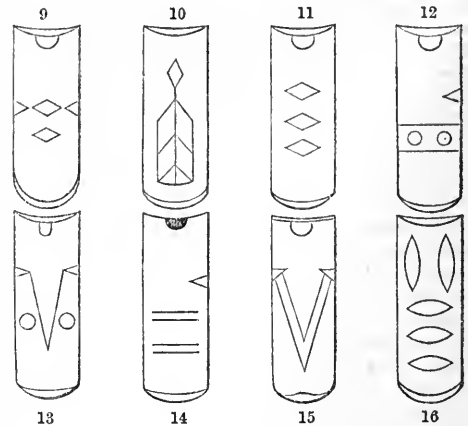
time it is felony "to steal, or injure in any way, a young swan." There are many curious ordinances respecting swans on the river Witham, in the county of Lincolnshire, together with an original roll of ninety-seven swan-marks, which were communicated by Sir Joseph Banks to a work published by the Society of Antiquaries of London. These ordinances were made the 24th of May, 1524, in the fifteenth year of the reign of our sovereign lord King Henry VIII., by the lord Sir Christopher Willuby, Sir E. Dymoke, and others, justices of the peace, and commissioners appointed by our sovereign lord the king, "for the confirmation and preservation of his highness's game of swans and *signets* of his stream of Witham, within his county of Lincoln, from a *Breges* called Boston *Breges*, unto the head of the same stream." A full copy of the parchment roll being too long, I shall only quote a few particulars. No persons having swans could appoint a new swan-herd without the licence of the king's swan-herd. Every swan-herd on the stream was bound to attend upon the king's swan-herd upon warning, or to suffer fine. The king's swan-herd was bound, under heavy penalties for disobedience, to keep a book of swan-marks, and no new marks were permitted to interfere with the old ones. The marking of the *signets* was generally performed in the presence of all the swan-herds on that stream, and on a particular day, of which all had notice. Cygnets received the mark found on the parent bird, but if the old swans had no mark, the whole were seized for the king and marked accordingly. No swan-herd was allowed to affix a mark but in the presence of the king's swan-herd or his deputy. Formerly, when the swan made her nest on the banks of the river, rather than on the islands, one young bird was given to the owner of the soil who protected the nest, and this was called the ground bird. A money consideration is now given. It is still felony to steal or injure a swan. The swan-mark, called by Sir E. Coke *cigni-nota*, was cut in the skin, or on the beak of the swan, with a sharp knife or other instrument. These marks consisted of amulets, chevrons, crescents, crosses, initial letters, and other devices, as may be seen in the annexed specimens.

Nos. 1 and 2 are the marks of Henry VIII., No. 3 that of the Abbey of Swinstead, on the Witham, in Lincolnshire; and it is worthy of remark that the crozier or crook is borne by the divine, the shepherd, the swan-herd, and the goose-herd, as emblematical of a pastoral life and the care of a flock. No. 4 is the mark of Sir E. Dymoke, of Lincolnshire; the descendant of this family still exists, and the Championship of England is hereditary in that house, who hold the Manor of Scrivelsby by that tenure. Nos. 5, 6, and 7, are of the time of Elizabeth; they are taken from the Losely manuscripts; 6 is the mark of Lord W. Howard, Lord High Admiral of England; 7 the mark of Lord Buckhurst, the keys bear reference to his office of Chamberlain of the Household. At the present day the appointment of the royal swan-herds is vested in the Lord Chamberlain for the time being. No. 8 is the mark of Sir W. More, who was appointed

by Lord Buckhurst to the office of Master of the Swans for Surrey. One of the conditions of the grant or appointment is as follows:—"But this order must be kept, that the upping or marking of the swans near or within the said branches of



the *Tems*, may be upped all in one day, with the upping of the *Tems*, which is referred to Mr. Mayland, of Hampton Court, who hath the ordering of the *Tems*; so if it please you from time to time, send and confer with him."



The following is a copy of a letter from R. Mayland, the Master of the Swans on the Thames, to Sir William More, as Master of the Swans for Surrey:—

May it please you, sir, this morning I received a lettere affirmed to come from you, but no name thereunto, wherein yo request me to come to Penford to confer wt yo, touching the upping of Swannes, wich I wold most gladly perform, yf I were not throughe very earnest busyness letted of my purpose, for to-morrow being Tuysdae, I take my jorney along the river of Thames at Gravesend, and then upon the first Mondae in August, I come westwards to WyndSOR. Wherefore it may please yo to send to my house to Hampton Court word, what daies yo meane to pointe for driving the river at Weybridge and Molsay; it shall suffice to the

end the gamesters' men have knowledge thereof, that they may attend accordingly. I do think it wold greatly satisfie them yf yo did appointe the same upon Tuesday the 9th of August, for upon that day they will be at the entrance of the rivers, and so praing you to p'don me for my absence at this time I humbly take my leave.

R. MAYLAND.

Hampton Courte, this Mondaie, July, 1593.

Your poore frend to comande.

No. 9 is the swan-mark of the Bishop of Norwich, to whose kindness I was indebted for many of the particulars I am now relating, and also for this account of the feeding of the young swans for the table.

The town-clerk sends a note from the town-hall to the public swan-herd, the corporation, and others who have swans and swan rights. On the second Monday in August, when the young swans are collected in a small stew, or pond, the number annually varying from fifty to seventy, and many of them belonging to private individuals, they begin to feed immediately, and being provided with as much barley as they can eat, they are usually ready for killing early in November. They vary in weight, some reaching to 28 lbs. They are all cygnets. If kept beyond November they begin to fall off, losing both flesh and fat, and the meat becomes darker in colour and stronger in flavour. A printed copy of these lines is generally sent with each bird:

TO ROAST A SWAN.

Take three pounds of beef, beat fine in a mortar, Put it into the swan (that is, when you've caught her), Some pepper, salt, mace, some nutmeg, an onion, Will heighten the flavour in gourmand's opinion. Then tie it up tight with a small piece of tape, That the gravy and other things may not escape. A meal paste, rather stiff, should be laid on the breast. And some whited-brown paper should cover the rest, Fifteen minutes, at least, ere the swan you take down. Pull the paste off the bird, that the breast may get brown.

In former times the swan was served up at every great feast, and I have occasionally seen a cygnet exposed for sale in a poulterer's shop in London.

No. 10 is the mark that belongs to Eton College, as they have the privilege of keeping these birds: it represents the armed point and the feathered end of an arrow; this mark is affixed to the door of one of the inner rooms in the College. No. 11 was the mark of the Bishop of Lincoln in old times. Nos. 12 and 13 are the marks belonging to the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies in the City of London, as used in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These two companies have uninterruptedly enjoyed the privilege of keeping swans on the River Thames from London to some miles above Windsor, and they still keep the old custom of going with their friends and acquaintances, accompanied by the royal swan-herdsman and their own swan-herds and assistants, on the first Monday in August, every year, from Lambeth, on what is called their swan voyage, for the purpose of catching and marking all the cygnets of the year, and also renewing any marks on the old birds that may have become obliterated. Mr. Kempe says the struggles of the

swans when caught by their pursuers, and the duckings that the men get in the contests, rendered this a diversion much esteemed by our ancestors. The forming of the circles or amulets on the beak, as may be seen in the two ancient marks, caused more severe pain to the bird than making only straight lines; the rings are therefore omitted at the present day, and the lines doubled, as shown in marks 14 and 15, being those now in use for the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies. Mr. Kempe appears to discountenance the popular notion that the sign of the Swan with Two Necks had any reference to the two nicks in the swan-mark of this Company (the Vintners'), but the sign has been considered a fair heraldic representation of the term, united as it is with the following considerations, namely: the swan has been for some hundred years identified with the Vintners' Company and its privileges; that the principal governing officers of the company, for the time being, are a master and three wardens, the junior warden of the year bearing the title of the swan-warden; that models of swans form conspicuous ornaments in their hall, and that the first proprietor of the well-known inn, the Swan with Two Necks, was a member of this very company. No. 16 is the royal swan-mark of our Most Gracious Queen; this mark has been used through the reigns of George III., George IV., and William IV., down to the present time.

The swan, in its wild state, is found in Europe, Asia, and America; it has seldom been seen in England excepting in some singularly severe winters. As spring approaches they leave the warmer regions where they spend the colder months and go northward for the breeding season. In some parts of America, Hudson's Bay, &c., they assemble in large numbers; many hundreds have been seen together. The strength of this bird in its wild state is very formidable; the stroke of the wings is so powerful that it protects the bird even from the attacks of the eagle. The tame swan that frequents our English lakes and rivers differs in some few particulars from the wild species, but in outward appearance they are nearly similar. The tame bird is larger. The habits of both species are nearly the same. The beauty, graceful motion, and majesty of this bird, when it is sailing along on the clear transparent surface of some lake or river must attract the admiration of every one. It is curious that on the river Trent they are found without any owner at all, also on an inlet of the sea in Dorsetshire, and on some other rivers. No one claims them, they are unmarked, and so they go on from year to year, no one heeding them in any way whatever. The female swan makes her nest among very rough herbage near the edge of the water. She lays from six to eight beautiful large white eggs, and she sits on them six weeks. Many an hour have I found amusement watching the swans with their broods. The care taken of the young ones by the parent birds is very pleasing to see. Where the stream is very strong, I have often seen the swan sink herself low enough to bring her back on a level with the water, when the cygnets would get on it, and in this manner they were conveyed across the river, or into stiller

water. Each family of swans on the river has its own district, and if the limits of its domain are encroached upon by any of the other swans a pursuit immediately takes place, and the intruders are driven away. And I have seen fierce battles occur if the intruder has shown any determination to contest the point; but, excepting in instances of this sort, they appeared to live in a state of great harmony. The male is most attentive to the female, assists materially in making the nest, which is no slight labour from the immense quantity of sticks that it requires to raise it sufficiently high to prevent the eggs being chilled by the water. Sometimes a rise in the river takes place so rapidly that the whole nest is destroyed and washed away. It is only when we have passed Richmond Bridge that we approach the spot where the "silver Thames" first becomes purely rural. "We get among the swans; pleasurable sensations of escape come freshly over the buoyant spirit, and the mind participates in the calm and sunshine of external nature." One of our poets, whose works are not as much read as they ought to be, thus speaks of the river and the swans.

See the fair swans, on Thame's lovely side,  
 - The which do trim their pinions silver bright ;  
 In shining ranks they down the waters glide,  
 Oft have mine eyes devoured the gallant sight.

But I must return to my swans, and give a few more particulars relating to them and their habits. Their instinct is often shown in a most surprising manner. I am indebted to the kindness of a friend, who knew the subject on which I am writing, for the following remarkable instance of maternal instinct that occurred in a small stream at Bishop Stortford. The swan of whom the story is told was eighteen or nineteen years old; she had brought up many broods, and was well-known in the neighbourhood. She exhibited nine years ago one of the most singular instances of the power of instinct I ever heard recorded. She was sitting on five eggs, and she was observed to be very busy collecting weeds and grass to raise her nest. A farming man received orders from his master to take down half a load of haulm, a sort of straw or grass mixed with sticks. Thus supplied, she most industriously continued her task till the nest and the eggs were raised full two feet and a half. That very night there came on a tremendous fall of rain, which caused a flood in the neighbourhood of the river; the malt warehouses and other premises suffered considerably. Man made no preparation, but the poor swan did: her instinct guided her aright, and her nest and eggs were completely out of danger.

I have sometimes seen the old swan assist the cygnets to get on her back by means of her leg. It occurred to me that this means of transporting the young ones from one spot to another might only be resorted to when the brood inhabited a river with a rapid stream, to spare them the labour of following against the current, but in the course of the summer I saw the same thing occur with an old swan and her brood, on the piece of water in St. James's Park, where there is no current; so it must be the ordinary mode of

proceeding of the parent bird. The dimensions of an old swan are from four feet eight inches to five feet; the weight about thirty pounds. Marked birds have been known to live over fifty years. Nowhere can one see these beautiful birds in greater perfection than on the river Thames. I remember seeing at one time eighteen of these majestic creatures sailing about, while the hen birds were sitting on their respective nests, either on the banks, or else on the small islands on the river. (The males are most attentive to the females while fulfilling their maternal duties; they never go far from the nest, and are always prompt to defend and guard it against any attack whatsoever.) Some had already brought forth their young brood; curious grey-looking birds the cygnets are during the first few weeks of their lives. Some had as many as eight cygnets, but the more ordinary number is from four to six. One part of the business of the swan-herd is to save the bird the great labour of making its nest, by placing faggots where she can find them.

From the river bank near Teddington I can see the spot where Pope's villa formerly stood. Now alas! nothing remains of it but his grotto, of which he thus speaks in a letter to his friend, Mr. Digby:

In my garden, on the banks of the lovely river, I found a spring of the cleanest water, that echoes through my grotto day and night. From my seat, within this favourite retreat, which is composed entirely of shells, you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river, as through a perspective-glass; but no ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is in the summer; our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun at the same time that its banks retain their brilliant verdure; the *silver swans* sail along its placid bosom, or come close to my garden bank to receive their accustomed food.—Letter of Pope to Digby.

At the time of the last swan voyage, the Queen possessed 180 old swans, and 47 cygnets; 227 birds altogether: the Vintners' Company had 79 old birds, and 21 cygnets; 100 birds in all: and the Dyers' had 91 old birds, and 14 young ones; 105 birds in all. The total amounted to 537. The number formerly was much greater. At one period the Vintners' Company possessed 500 birds. In the language of swan-herds the male bird is called "a job;" the female, "a pen." These terms refer to the comparative size and grade of the male bird and the female bird. The tubercle at the base of the beak is called "the berry." An attempt was once made to introduce the black swan from America amongst our English birds, but wholly without success. It was tried by gentlemen having property on the banks of the Trent, and also by proprietors possessing swans on the Thames, and also in the private grounds of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth; but in all these instances the white swans drove away the strangers with the utmost fury, and the attempt was abandoned; but they were kept by themselves on a large piece of water at Chatsworth for a considerable time. They are much smaller than the tame white swan, and in my opinion very inferior in beauty.

### THE FISHERMEN'S HOME.

THE amount of sympathetic care and help bestowed on those of our fellow-men who are incapable of caring for and of tending themselves, is, as it were, a sort of measure of the degree of civilisation to which a nation has attained. This will appear more distinctly if we trace the birth and growth of the sentiments of affection for our kind, and of that pity for the defenceless which is akin to love. These sentiments are almost, if not entirely, unknown to the brute creation. It is well established that animals torment and worry to death those of their species that are unable to hold their own in the struggle for life. It is true that we read of and even witness acts on the part of animals which indicate that they may entertain a species of affection towards each other; but these, when closely examined, will be found to partake rather of the nature of instinctive than of sympathetic emotions. Thus, birds that have been kept together in cages, have been known to grieve to death through the loss of a companion. But here the birds have been restricted to an artificial life; and the loss of a companion may to them be equivalent to the loss of the only condition which rendered captivity tolerable. Wild birds have never been known to die through the loss of a mate. Horses, again, if severed from their companions, frequently become restless and evidently unhappy. This, however, arises out of an instinctive feeling necessary to the preservation of the horse in his natural state; and it is the trace of this feeling that we perceive in the domesticated race. The horse, like other herbivora, is gregarious. Herbivorous animals flock to their kind for mutual protection against the carnivora. Society is with them the means of mutual preservation. A pretty story is told of the affection exhibited by a spaniel, but this, when analysed, resolves into a singularly powerful development of the maternal instinct. The late Earl of Albemarle, when Master of the Horse to the Queen, had a fine breed of black-and-tan spaniels. One of these had a litter, and shortly afterwards died. The plaintive cries of the puppies induced a young female of the same breed to foster and warm them. She was enabled to bring them all up, and nothing could exceed the affection with which she performed her self-imposed task.

If we turn from animals to savage tribes, we shall still find them wanting in the gentler emotions of more civilised communities. The tribe is banded together like a flock of herbivorous creatures, for mutual protection. To each other, therefore, they must exercise a certain forbearance and amity, without which the tribe could not exist. But towards other tribes they have, as a rule, but one feeling, that of animosity; they treat their prisoners with shocking barbarity; the idea of kindness to a captive is unheard of altogether. They have scarcely any respect for the weaker sex, but treat them as a sort of superior slaves, impose on them all the hard and dirty work, and do not permit them to sit or eat unasked in the presence of their lords.

The more that civilisation advances, the more marked is the improvement in the manners and cus-

oms which relate to the fairer portion of creation. Hence, in the Middle Ages, arose that chivalrous feeling which even at this distance of time we are never weary of admiring. Chivalry, however, though noble and admirable, dealt only with a particular class; it was confined to the gentle among men, and to the high-born among damsels. It is to later years that we must look for such instances of national triumph of reason over instinct as are to be found in the extirpation of villenage, the passing of poor-laws, and the abolition of slavery. And these instances of self-sacrifice, be it observed, are connected more especially with the humbler classes—those who, through the simple accident of birth, are least fitted to alleviate their own sufferings.

At the present day the moral and social condition of the lower classes is deservedly exciting much attention; and many and strenuous efforts have been made to improve it. We see parliament engaged in attempts, hitherto not very happy ones, at reforming our criminals. Lately, also, the well-being of our private soldiers has occupied the legislature; and by this time important barracks, at Aldershot and elsewhere, are provided with a sort of club-room, where current literature, innocent amusements, and light refreshments can be obtained. We see also private benevolence extending itself along similar paths. Money is freely subscribed, rooms are hired and comfortably furnished, books and newspapers are purchased. The means of obtaining meals at cost price are supplied, and the working-man's club, reading-room, or institute, springs into being. The late Prince Consort, whose enlightened mind recognised the need of raising the standard of the labouring classes, and who saw that the only method of permanently benefiting them is to enlarge their minds, was a liberal patron of these and similar institutions. He strove, by designing model cottages and model lodging-houses, to afford our working population better and more loveable dwellings, to give them homes in which they could feel more pride and pleasure than in a smoky, beery, public-house parlour. From numerous instances of the Prince's practical philanthropy, we single out, as one of the most touching, his exertions in favour of the ballast-heavers of the port of London. These men were a demoralised set, and were prevented, by the customs of their trade, from bettering themselves. Formerly they could get work only through a body of low river-side publicans and extortionate middlemen. These harpies compelled the unfortunate ballast-heavers to drink before they would give them a job; they forced them to drink while at it, and again after it was done. The consequence was that the men became a dissolute body; only a very small portion of their wages was paid in money, and that which did escape the clutches of the publicans and middlemen reached home through the hands of a drunkard. The Prince Consort took up their case, and got a clause inserted in the Merchant Shipping Act, which put the ballast-heavers under the control of the Corporation of the Trinity House. The corporation passed rules for their employment, got their wages paid in money, gave

them a house in which to wait for work, and supplied it with papers and books. The corporation also encouraged them to form a sick and benefit society. A marked improvement in the condition of the men soon resulted. The sequel to this happy change in their social and moral position is very affecting, and is a simple and unpretending tribute from these poor fellows to the memory of their Prince. After the death of the Prince Consort, the ballast-heavers memorialised her Majesty, and requested that they might have a portrait of their benefactor to hang in their waiting and reading-room. The Queen graciously replied by causing portraits of the Prince and of herself to be presented to them, with an intimation that she shared the interest which had been taken in them by the late Prince.

The foregoing remarks have been occasioned by the perusal of some highly interesting Lectures\* which have been delivered by the eminent naturalist, Mr. E. Jesse, at the Fishermen's Home at Brighton, and which are "dedicated to the Brighton fishermen, by their sincere friend and well-wisher," the author. It is not as an author, however, but as a philanthropist that we here speak of Mr. Jesse. Let us hear what he has done, in conjunction with some other benevolent persons, for the Brighton fishermen.

Some seventy or eighty years ago Brighton, then scarcely more than a fishing town, was virtually under the government of the fishing population. To give an instance of the local powers enjoyed by the fishermen, or, as they called themselves, the "cliff men," we may relate that of the three churchwardens of which Brighton could boast in those days, the vicar nominated one, the upper cliff men a second, and the under cliff men the third. Since that time, however, the fishing interest has steadily declined. The establishment of easy means of access, the consequent influx of visitors, and the increase in the number of resident gentry and traders naturally lessened the importance of the fishermen; and in proportion as the dimensions of Brighton enlarged—till it earned the not inappropriate sobriquet of London-super-Mare—so did the influence of the fishing population diminish, and the authority and general management of the town gradually fell into other hands. To these causes may be added the peculiar occupation of the fishermen, which, besides being rough and uninviting, frequently kept them at sea for days together; perhaps, also, some lingering of pride isolated them from the new residents, so that this fine class of men became by degrees more and more neglected, both temporally and morally. Whilst on shore, too much of their time and most of their money was spent at the ale-house. The men degenerated, till, at last, those parts of the beach where the fishermen congregated exhibited a painful scene of quarrelling, swearing, and drunkenness. To abate this evil Mr. Montague Gore, and Captain Hall, R.N., conceived the idea of establishing a Home, to which the men might resort, and where they

might be warm, dry, and comfortable. They also hoped, through the instrumentality of the Home, to wean the men from the demoralising beer-shop. In the year 1859, these gentlemen, whose philanthropic efforts are deserving of the warmest praise, represented their views to Dr. Cordy Burrows, the Mayor, and urged him to call a public meeting, with the object of establishing a Home for the frequenters of the Brighton sea beach. Dr. Burrows welcomed the proposition, and the meeting was accordingly held. In consequence of this meeting, one of the arches built into the cliff, under the parade at the bottom of Ship Street, Brighton, was hired. It was floored, white-washed, lighted by a glazed entrance, and warmed; and the walls were covered with amusing and instructive drawings, and coloured prints and charts, causing it to assume a very cheerful aspect. Seats and tables were also provided, together with some newspapers and periodicals, and a small library of useful and entertaining books. The arch, when thus furnished, was found to be capable of containing about eighty persons. Subsequently cups and saucers were purchased; hot coffee was kept ready, and supplied without charge to the members of the Home; and amusements of various kinds were introduced. Smoking was of course allowed, as it always must be among sailors, but cards and drinking were forbidden. All this was done without asking the public to subscribe one penny. Voluntary contributions, however, flowed in, and hitherto they have proved sufficient to meet the outgoing expenses.

Among other means devised to interest and amuse the men, perhaps the most successful has been that of delivering occasional lectures. Mr. Jesse was requested to deliver the inaugural discourse; and to this request he most willingly assented. Long before the hour fixed for the delivery of the lecture the arch was filled to overflowing; as many seamen as could crowd into it were gathered there. The evening passed off with success. The paper was listened to with profound attention, and so great was the enthusiasm caused by it that the number of members began rapidly to increase; and within a fortnight Mr. Jesse delivered a second lecture, which was received in the same way. On the whole twenty-three lectures have been thus delivered; and these, collected, form the publication before us. The lectures are composed partly from original notes and observations of the author, and partly of anecdotes extracted from various works on natural history; and some of them first appeared as original articles in our own columns. All the subjects are treated in the same light and simple style; and from the number of anecdotes with which they abound, and from the unaffected language in which they are couched, they are peculiarly fitted to arrest the attention of young people.

The opening papers treat of singular facts relating to fish; and certainly some of the facts recorded are wonderful enough. Thus we are informed that there are certain fish which can propel themselves on dry land like serpents, by a muscular movement of their ribs; and that there are certain other fish which ascend trees.

\* "Lectures on Natural History." By Edward Jesse, Esq. Delivered at the Fishermen's Home, Brighton. Second edition, with eleven additional lectures. London: L. Booth, 307, Regent Street, W. 1863.

The most remarkable of these is the climbing-perch, which is found in the mangrove swamps. It ascends trees by using a pair of prickles from its gill-flaps, as a man might hoist himself up by his elbows, and thus it gains the tops of stems many feet above high-water mark, picking off the flies that alight on the tree up which it climbs. The class of fish which have the power of moving on land have some of their bones so disposed in plates and cells as to retain a supply of moisture, that exudes and keeps the gills damp, this being necessary to enable the animal to respire.

It is well known that Mr. Jesse has devoted a great deal of attention to bees, so much so that a collection of heterogeneous papers on Natural History, by Mr. Jesse, would hardly be complete without some mention of those insects. Accordingly we find, in these lectures, several anecdotes about them. In a hive belonging to Mr. Jesse, the entrance was made rather too broad, and a large slimy slug crawled in through this hole. The bees killed it; but their united strength could not drag it out of the hive. Of course the dead slug would soon begin to decompose, and some plan must be invented to prevent his carcase from polluting the hive and rendering it uninhabitable. What, think you, did these little insects do? We have proposed this difficulty to numerous friends, and hitherto not one of them has been able to suggest to us any reasonable solution. The bees, however, soon found a way out the scrape. They coated the dead slug completely over with a covering of coarse wax, called *propolis*. The sequel of this story is most remarkable. It so happened that one of the common, brown-shelled snails got into the same hive. It was soon stung to death; but instead of covering it over with wax, the bees merely glued the edge of the shell to the board of the hive, and thus left the snail hermetically sealed within. They must have reasoned that no unpleasant odour could issue through the shell.

In the course of another lecture "On Instinct in Animals," it is stated that bees have a great variety of peculiar instincts, many of which are well known. Probably other animals, if watched as closely as bees have been, would furnish equally numerous instances of peculiar instincts. These instincts, Mr. Jesse well remarks, all tend, in different ways, to the well-being of the bees. One of these instincts is this. When a young queen-bee is ready to leave a hive, followed by a swarm, scouts are sent out to search for a proper place for her to settle on, or for a suitable abode. Another is, for a certain number of bees to rush out of the hive after the queen that leads forth the swarm, and to follow her wherever she goes. It is an unexplained fact how these are selected, for they are not all young bees. It seems as though a colony formed entirely of youngsters can hardly be trusted among bees, any more than with us. In order to prosper they must have some old heads among them. But the most curious part of the phenomenon is yet to be told. If one of the selected emigrants should, even the next day, be returned to the parent hive, it is immediately killed as an intruder. When

the swarm is hived a third instinct teaches the bees to cleanse their abode from all impurities; a fourth, to collect *propolis*, and with it to stop up every crevice except the entrance. A fifth teaches them to ventilate the hive, which is done by a number of bees at the bottom of the hive, fanning their wings very rapidly, which produces a current of air; a sixth instinct teaches them to keep a constant guard at the door or entrance of the hive; another instinct teaches them to collect honey. They are also taught by instinct to avoid rain, and they return in great haste to the hive if a cloud passes over the sun; they fly there with great rapidity, and invariably in a straight line.

A most singular discovery, the whole credit of which appertains, we believe, to Mr. Jesse, is that of the antennal language of insects. Bees and other insects are provided, as everybody knows, with feelers or antennæ. These are, in fact, most delicate organs of touch, warning of dangers, and serving the animals to hold a sort of conversation with each other, and to communicate their desires and wants. A strong hive of bees will contain thirty-six thousand workers. Each of these, in order to be assured of the presence of their queen, touches her every day with its antennæ. Should the queen die, or be removed, the whole colony disperse themselves, and are seen in the hive no more, perishing every one, and quitting all the store of now useless honey which they had laboured so industriously to collect for the use of themselves and of the larvæ. On the contrary, should the queen be put into a small wire cage placed at the bottom of the hive, so that her subjects can touch and feed her, they are contented, and the business of the hive proceeds as usual. Mr. Jesse has also shown that this antennal power of communication is not confined to bees. Wasps and ants, and probably other insects, exercise it. If a caterpillar is placed near an ants' nest, a curious scene will often arise. A solitary ant will perhaps discover it, and eagerly attempt to draw it away. Not being able to accomplish this, it will go up to another ant, and, by means of the antennal language, bring it to the caterpillar. Still, these two are perhaps unable to perform the task of moving it. They will separate and bring up reinforcements of the community by the same means, till a sufficient number are collected to enable them to drag the caterpillar to their nest.

Perhaps as striking a lecture as any in the book is the one on "Dogs." The lecturer expresses his surprise that these noble creatures should be made the subject of so many unfeeling allusions in colloquial speech. Thus we hear of a "lazy dog," a "drunken dog," a "dirty dog," a "shabby dog," of leading a "dog's life," and of a "dogged temper." We call a dandy a "puppy," and a coward, a "cur." Mr. Jesse proceeds to explain that all these epithets are absurdly misapplied. The dog is a friend so faithful, a protector so disinterested and courageous, that instead of being coupled with these despicable adjectives, he deserves all the kindness and affection we can bestow on him. A French writer has boldly affirmed that with the exception of women, there is nothing on

earth so agreeable or so necessary to the comfort of man as a dog. It is certain that if man were deprived of the companionship and services of the dog, he would be rendered in many respects a helpless being. The dog has died in defence of his master, saved him from drowning, warned him of approaching danger, and has faithfully and gently led him about when deprived of sight. If his master wants amusement in the fields or the woods the dog is delighted to have an opportunity of procuring it for him. If man finds himself in solitude, his dog will be a faithful companion; and may be, when death comes, the faithful creature will be, the last to forsake the grave of his beloved master.

It was, of course, predicted by that numerous class who delight to throw cold water on every project, that the time and trouble of the author of these lectures would be thrown away. Facts, however, prove that the reverse has been the case. There is not now a more sober or better conducted class than the Brighton fishermen. Hundreds of them have altogether abandoned the ale-house; many have placed sums in savings' banks; their families that were previously but badly cared for, are now for the most part well fed, and cleanly and neatly clothed; and the winter finds the men in the possession of funds sufficient to tide them over the fisherman's idle time, without their having recourse, as they formerly did, to the parish. Such are the blessings which a handful of philanthropists have unostentatiously showered upon the Brighton fishermen. We learn with much satisfaction that the influential inhabitants of Brighton are alive to the benefits which have accrued through the institution of this home, and which accrue not only to the fishermen, but indirectly, through the stoppage of misconduct on the beach, to visitors and to the residents themselves. The inhabitants are about to mark their sense of the good work thus quietly carried out, by placing a marble bust of Mr. Jesse in their Pavillion. This compliment to the naturalist by whose intellectual efforts the Fishermen's Home has been mainly supported, is as well deserved by him as it is creditable to the good taste and good feeling of the authorities of the town.

It is not too much to hope that some practical good may result from drawing public attention to the financial and moral success of the Fishermen's Home. It may stimulate the formation of similar institutions in other parts of the country. Enough has been said to show that large funds are not necessary for this purpose. All that is required is a dry room, a little plain furniture, and a few books. Together with this some means should be planned for interesting and amusing the members. Above all, the philanthropists who devote their time and energies to the arrangement of the requisite details should have the tact to let the working man see that their sole object is the amelioration of his condition. In this way, and at a trifling outlay, vast benefits may be conferred on the labouring man. It is the opinion of those who have had opportunities of judging, that "Homes" are even more needed by the agricultural labourer than by the fisherman.

## THE GLEANER'S GUIDE.

"Poor heart! that twinest with the twisted band  
Thoughts bound to sorrow, in a smiling land,  
What dost thou here with tears upon thy hand?"

So spoke a reaper, standing 'mid the leaves,  
Between the time of suns and golden eyes,  
To a lost maiden binding up the sheaves.

"In vain to heaven's face I lift mine eye;  
On me no comfort droppeth from on high:  
So shall I reap in sorrow till I die."

So cried the maiden, weeping as she bound;  
Cheating glad echo with a thankless sound;  
Her hot tears dropping—dropping on the ground.

"Leave the full sheaf: go, glean the scattered ears:  
Stain not the precious bread of life with tears!—  
Bruise not the blossom, tender as thy years!"

So spoke the reaper, on a balm-breathed morn,  
To that wronged maiden, chided and forlorn,  
Plucking the virgin bindweed from the corn.

"O Man—so seeming tender, of the bud—  
See! on the drooping poppy hast thou trod,  
Crushing sweet sleep out,—even in tears of blood!"

So cried the maiden, goaded into pain,  
On whose dead heart there fell no harvest rain;  
A blossom bruised before the time of grain.

"Go forth!—thou comest to the field too late:  
On thee, and on thy woe, I bar the gate.—  
Away! I will not have thee for my mate."

So spoke the reaper, as the night fell black,  
To that poor gleaner on life's stony track;  
To that crushed soul—that soul upon the rack!

She buried her wan face;—as well *she* may  
To whom no night is darker than her day.—  
When lo! a strange light lighted all the way.

Through her closed eyelids did the radiance shine  
Which lit the pale flower of a virgin bine,  
Twined round the cross-head of a road-way sign.

It was but a rude cross to point the path  
To those who stray,—as many a wanderer hath;  
Set up in tenderness, and not in wrath.

The beauty of it fixed her to the spot.—  
If her poor way she had awhile forgot,  
Yet One took care that she should miss it not!

A clear hand, imaged on the carved wood,  
Pointed to where the climbing wild-flower stood,—  
(Like a white maiden beautiful and good,)

White, save for one seared leaf the night-wind blew  
A moment o'er its pure and spotless hue;—  
A skeleton leaf, that all the white shone through!

She looked, to see whence glanced the living light,  
And marked where high a feeble lamp shone bright;  
A guide to those to whom the way was night.

The lamp's glad rays streamed point-wise to the sky;  
Or so it seemed unto her dazzled eye:  
But her soul saw it, too,—and could not lie!

So, from a chance-borne vision of delight,  
She drew sweet comfort,—till her pain grew slight;  
And traced God's hand, graved in that hand of light.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.



## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &amp;c.



## CHAPTER LV. VERY LONELY.

ELEANOR had considerable difficulty in parrying Mrs. Lennard's questions as to how she had come to know Gilbert Monckton and his ward; and she

was obliged to confess that she had been musical governess to Laura at Hazlewood.

"But I must beg you not to tell Mr. Monckton that I am with you, if you should happen to write

to him," Eleanor said; "I have a very particular reason for wishing him to remain in perfect ignorance of my present home."

"To be sure, my dear," answered Mrs. Lennard; "of course I won't tell him if you don't wish me to do so. And as to writing to him, I should no more think of doing so than of flying in the air, except just a civil note of a few lines to thank him for sending me news of Laura. He only writes to me once in six months or so, to tell me how my lost darling is, and though I've implored him again and again he won't let me see her. 'She is still little more than a child,' he wrote in his last letter, 'and I dread the effect of your influence upon her. It is out of no revengeful feeling that I keep your daughter apart from you. When her character is formed and her principles fixed, you shall know her.' As if I was a wretch!" cried Mrs. Lennard in conclusion, "and should contaminate my own daughter."

Eleanor smiled as she shook her head.

"Dear Mrs. Lennard," she said, "your daughter is perhaps better off in the care of such a man as Gilbert Monckton. She is as kind-hearted and good-tempered as yourself, but she is rather weak, and—"

"And I'm weak, too. Yes, I quite understand you, Miss Villars. It is my misfortune to be weak-minded. I can't say 'no' to people. The arguments of the person who talks to me last always seem so much stronger than those of the person who talked to me first. I take impressions quickly, and don't take them deeply. I was touched to the heart by Gilbert Monckton's kindness to my father, and I meant to marry him as I promised, and to be his true and obedient wife; and then when that poor silly Fred came all the way to Lausanne, and went on so about being ill-used and deserted, and wanted to commit suicide, I thought it was my duty to run away with Fred. I haven't any opinions of my own you see, and I'm always ready to be influenced by the opinions of other people."

Eleanor thought long and deeply over the story she had heard from Mrs. Lennard. This was the root of all Gilbert Monckton's suspicions. He had been deceived, most cruelly, most unexpectedly, by a beautiful, childish creature in whose innocence he had implicitly believed. He had been fooled and hood-winked by a fair-haired angel whose candid azure eyes that seemed to beam upon him with all the brightness of truth. He had been deceived most egregiously, but he had not been deliberately betrayed; for up to the time of her treacherous desertion of her affianced lover, Margaret Ravenshaw had meant to be true to him. Unhappily Gilbert Monckton did not know this. It is difficult for the man who finds himself as cruelly jilted as he had been, not to believe that the false one has intended all along to turn traitor at the last. There had been no explanation between Margaret and the lawyer; and he was entirely ignorant of the manner of her flight. He only knew that she had left him; without a word to prepare him for the death-blow, without a line of regretful farewell to make his sorrow lighter to him. The frivolous, shallow woman had been unable to fathom the depth of the

strong man's love. Margaret Ravenshaw knew there was very little of the divine in her own nature, and she had never expected to inspire the mighty affection of a grand and noble soul. She was able to understand the love of Frederick Lennard, which was demonstrated by noisy protestations, and declared itself in long, schoolboy letters in which the young man's doubtful orthography was blistered by his tears. But she could not understand the intensity of feelings that did not make themselves visible in any stereotyped fashion.

Unluckily for the harmony of creation, wise men do not always fall in love wisely. The wisest and the best are apt to be bound captive by some external charm, which they think must be the outward evidence of an inward grace; and Gilbert Monckton had loved this frivolous, capricious girl as truly as if she had been the noblest and greatest of womankind. So the blow that had fallen upon him was a very heavy one; and its most fatal effect was to transform a confiding nature into a suspicious one.

He argued as many men argue under the same circumstances. He had been deceived by one woman, *ergo*, all women were capable of deception. I don't suppose the "Stranger" placed very much confidence in the Countess, or had by any means too high an opinion of Charlotte; and the best of men are apt to feel very much after the manner of Mrs. Haller's husband.

It seemed very strange to Eleanor to be living with Gilbert Monckton's first love. It was almost as if some one had arisen out of the grave; for she had looked upon that old story which she had heard hinted at by the Hazlewood gossips, as something so entirely belonging to the past, that the heroine of the romance must of necessity be dead.

And here she was, alive and merry, knowing no greater uneasiness than a vague dread of increasing plumpness, induced by French dinners. Here she was, the very reverse of the image that Eleanor had conjured up in her mind in association with Gilbert's false love; a good-tempered, common-place, pretty, middle-aged woman. Mrs. Monckton felt a little pang of jealousy at the thought that her husband had once loved this woman so dearly. Her husband! Had she still the right to call him by that name? Had he not severed the link between them of his own free will? Had he not outraged her honour, insulted her truth by his base and unfounded suspicions? Yes! he had done all this, and yet Eleanor loved him! She knew the strength of her love now that she was away from him, and might perhaps never see his face looking at her in kindness again. She knew it now that her scheme of vengeance against Launcelot Darrell had failed, and left a great blank in her mind. She thought of her husband seriously now for the first time, and she knew that she loved him.

"Richard was right," she thought again and again; "the purpose of my life was cruel and unwomanly. I had no right to marry Gilbert Monckton while my mind was full of angry thoughts. Richard was right. My poor father's rest would be no more peaceful if I had made

Launcelot Darrell pay the penalty of his wickedness."

She did not abandon her idea of vengeance all at once; but little by little, by very slow degrees, her mind became reconciled to the idea that she had failed in her scheme of retribution, and that there was nothing left her but to try and justify herself in the sight of the husband she loved.

She loved him; and the angry feelings which had prompted her to run away from Tollidale Priory, willingly abandoning all claim to his name and his protection, were beginning to give way now. Mrs. Lennard's story had thrown new light upon the past, and Eleanor made all kinds of excuses for her husband's conduct. It was his habit to bear all sorrows quietly. Who could tell what anguish he might have felt in the thought of his young wife's falsehood?

"He would not pursue Margaret Ravenshaw," Eleanor thought, "and he makes no attempt to find me. And yet he may love me as truly as he loved her. Surely if God refused to hear my prayers for revenge, He will grant me the power to justify myself."

She could only blindly hope for some unknown chance that might bring about her justification; and that chance would perhaps never come. She was very unhappy when she thought of this; and it was only the perpetual confusion in which Major Lennard and his wife contrived to keep everybody belonging to them, that saved her from suffering very cruelly.

All this time she was quite ignorant of the appearance of an advertisement which had been repeated at the top of the second column of the "Times" supplement every day for nearly a month, and about which idle people hazarded all manner of conjectures—

ELEANOR, come back. I was rash and cruel. I will trust you. G. M.

Major Lennard was in the habit of seeing the "Times" every day at Galignani's; but, as he was not a very acute observer or original thinker, he took no notice of the repetition of this advertisement beyond an occasional "By Jove! Haw! that poor dayv'l's still advertising for El'ner!" nor did he ever make any allusion to the circumstance in his domestic circle.

So Eleanor hugged her sorrows secretly in the gayest city of the world, while Gilbert Monckton was rushing hither and thither, and breaking his heart about his lost wife.

I think that pitying angels must sometimes weep over the useless torments, the unnecessary anguish, which foolish mortals inflict upon themselves.

#### CHAPTER LVI. VICTOR BOURDON GOES OVER TO THE ENEMY.

MAJOR and Mrs. Lennard and Eleanor Monckton had stayed for nearly two months at the Hôtel du Palais. April was fast melting into May, and the atmosphere in the City of Boulevards was very different to the chilling air of an English spring. Miniature strawberries were exposed in the windows of the cheap restaurants in the Palais Royal, side by side with monstrous asparagus, and green peas from Algeria; until the mind of

the insular-bred stranger grew confused as to the succession of the months, and was beguiled into thinking that May must be omitted in the French almanack, and that capricious April skipped away in a farewell shower to give place at once to glowing June.

It was difficult for a thorough-bred Briton to believe that the Fête of the First Napoleon had not yet come to set the fountains playing at Versailles: for the asphalt on the Boulevards was unpleasantly warm, under one's boots; airily-attired ladies were lounging upon the chairs in the gardens of the Tuileries; only the most fragile and vaporous bonnets were to be seen in the Bois de Boulogne; vanille and strawberry ices were in constant demand at Tortoni's; idle Parisians spent the dusky spring evenings seated outside the lighted cafés, drinking iced lemonade; and a hundred other signs and tokens bore witness that the summer had come.

Upon one of these very warm April days, Major Lennard insisted upon taking his wife and her companion to dine at a restaurant not very far from the Bourse; where the pastorally-inclined epicure could take his dinner in a garden, a pleasant quadrangle, festooned with gay blossoms, and musical with the ripple of a fountain. Eleanor did not often accompany the Major and his wife in their pleasure excursions, the culminating attraction of which was generally a dinner; but this time Major Lennard insisted upon her joining them.

"It's the last dinner I shall give Meg in Paris," he said; "for we must start for Brussels on Saturday, and I mean it to be a good one."

Eleanor submitted, for her new friends had been very kind to her, and she had no motive for opposing their wishes. It was much better for her to be with them in any scene of gaiety, however hollow and false that gaiety might be, than alone in the splendid salon at the Hôtel du Palais, brooding over her troubles in the dusky twilight, and thinking of the horrible night on which she had watched for her father's coming in the Rue de l'Archevêque.

The restaurant near the Place de la Bourse was very much crowded upon this sunny April afternoon, and there was only one table vacant when the Major and his party entered the flowery little quadrangle, where the rippling of the fountain was unheard amidst the clattering of plates and the chinking of silver forks. It was seven o'clock, and the dinners were in high progress; the diners eating very fast, and talking a great deal faster.

The little arbour-like box to which Major Lennard conducted the two ladies was next to a similar arbour, in which there was a group of Frenchmen. Eleanor sat with her back to these men, who had very nearly finished dining, and who, from the style of their conversation, appeared to have taken plenty of wine. The man who was evidently the entertainer sat with his legs amongst a forest of empty bottles; and the jingling of glasses and the "cloop" of newly-drawn corks drowned a good deal of the conversation.

It was not very likely that Eleanor would listen to these men's talk; or indeed, distinguish one

voice from another, or one word from another amid the noise of the crowded garden. She had quite enough to do to attend to Mrs. Lennard, who chattered all dinner time, keeping up an uninterrupted babble, in which remarks upon the business of the dinner-table were blended with criticism upon the dress of ladies sitting in the other boxes.

"You should eat those little red things—baby-lobsters—*écrivisses*, I think they call them, dear; I always do. How do you like that bonnet; no, not that one—a little more St. Jacques, Major,—the black one, with the peach-coloured strings. I wonder why they call all the Clarets saints, and not the Burgundies? Do you think she's pretty in the box opposite? No, you don't think much of her, do you?—I don't—I like the one in the blue silk, pretty well, if her eyebrows weren't so heavy."

The dinner was drawing to a close, the Major was up to his eyes in roast fowl and water-cress, and Mrs. Lennard was scraping the preserved fruit out of a shellwork of heavy pastry with the point of her spoon, trifling idly now that the grand business was done, when Eleanor rose suddenly from her seat, breathless and eager, as much startled by the sound of a voice in the next arbour as if a shell had just exploded amidst the débris of the dinner.

"After?" some one had said interrogatively.

"After," answered a man whose voice had grown hoarser and thicker, as the empty bottles about the legs of the president had become more numerous, "my stripling has refused me a little bank-note of a thousand francs. Thou art too dear, my friend, he has said to me; *that* has been paid already, and enough largely. Besides, *that* was not great things. Ah! ha! I said, thou art there, my drole; you begin to fatigue yourself of your confederate. He is too much. Very well; he has his pride, he also. Thou art the last of men, and I say to you, adieu, Monsieur Launcelot Darrell."

This was the name that struck upon Eleanor's ear, and aroused the old feeling in all its strength. The snake had only been scotched after all. It reared its head at the sound of that name like a war-horse at the blast of a trumpet. Eleanor, starting to her feet, turned round and faced the party in the next box. The man who had spoken had risen also, and was leaning across the table to reach a bottle on the other side. Thus it was that the faces of the two were opposite to each other; and Victor Bourdon, the commercial traveller, recognised Gilbert Monckton's missing wife.

He dropped the glass that he was filling, and poured some wine into the cuff of his coat, while he stared at Eleanor in drunken surprise.

"You are here, madame?" he cried, with a look in which astonishment was blended with intense delight, a sort of tipsy radiance that illuminated the Frenchman's fat face. Even in the midst of her surprise at seeing him, Eleanor perceived that blending of expression, and wondered at it.

Before she could speak, Monsieur Bourdon had left his party and had deliberately seated himself

in the empty chair next her. He seized her hand in both his own, and bent over her as she shrunk away from him.

"Do not recoil from me, madame," he said, always speaking in French that was considerably disguised by wine. "Ah, you do not know. I can be of the last service to you; and you can be of the last service to me also. I have embroiled myself with this Monsieur Long—*cel-lotte*, for always; after that which I have done for him, he is an ingrate, he is less than that;" Monsieur Bourdon struck the nail of his thumb upon his front tooth with a gesture of ineffable contempt. "But why do I tell you this, madame? You were in the garden when this poor old,—this Monsieur de Crespigny, was lying dead. You remember; you know. Never mind, I lose myself the head; I have dined a little generously. Will you find yourself to-morrow, madame, in the gardens of the Palais Royal, at five hours? There is music all the Tuesdays. Will you meet me? I have something of the last importance to tell you. Remember you that I know everything. I know that you hate this Long—*cellotte*. I will give you your revenge. You will come; is it not?"

"Yes," Eleanor answered, quickly.

"Upon the five hours? I shall wait for you near to the fountain."

"Yes."

Monsieur Bourdon rose, took up his hat with a drunken flourish, and went back to his friends. The Major and Mrs. Lennard had been all this time staring aghast at the drunken Frenchman. He had spoken in a loud whisper to Eleanor, but neither Frederick Lennard nor his wife retained very much of that French which had been sedulously drilled into them during their school-days, and beyond ordering a dinner, or disputing with a landlord as to the unconscionable number of wax candles in a month's hotel bill, their knowledge of the language was very limited; so Eleanor had only to explain to her friends that Monsieur Bourdon was a person whom she had known in England, and that he had brought her some news of importance which she was to hear the following day in the gardens of the Palais Royal.

Mrs. Lennard, who was the soul of good-nature, readily assented to accompany Eleanor to this rendezvous.

"Of course I'll go, my dear, with pleasure; and really I think it's quite funny, and indeed actually romantic, to go and meet a tipsy Frenchman—at least, of course he won't be tipsy to-day—near a fountain, and it reminds me of a French novel I read once, in English, which shows how true it must have been to foreign manners; but as the Major knows we're going, there's no harm, you know," Mrs. Lennard remarked, as they walked from the Hôtel du Palais to the gardens. The diners were hard at work already at the cheap restaurants, and the brass band was braying lively melodies amidst the dusty trees and flowers, the lukewarm fountain, the children, the nursemaids, and the rather seedy-looking Parisian loungers. It was a quarter past five, for Mrs. Lennard had mislaid her parasol at the last moment, and there had been ten minutes employed in skirmish and search. Monsieur Victor Bourdon

was sitting upon a bench near the fountain, but he rose and darted forward as the two ladies approached.

"I'll go and look in the jewellers' shops, Miss Villars," Mrs. Lennard said, "while you're talking to your friend, and please come and look for me when you want me. The Major is to join us here, you know, at half-past six, and we're to dine at Véfours. Good morning."

Mrs. Lennard bestowed these final words upon the Frenchman, accompanied by a graceful curtsey, and departed. Victor Bourdon pointed to the bench which he had just left, and Eleanor sat down. The Frenchman seated himself next her, but at a respectful distance. Every trace of the tipsy excitement of the previous night had vanished. He was quite cool to-day; and there was a certain look of determination about his mouth, and a cold glitter in his light, greenish-grey eyes that did not promise well for any one against whom he might bear a grudge.

He spoke English to-day. He spoke it remarkably well, with only an occasional French locution.

"Madame," he began, "I shall not waste time, but come at once to the point. You hate Launcelot Darrell?"

Eleanor hesitated. There is something terrible in that word "hate." People entertain the deadly sentiment; but they shrink from its plain expression. The naked word is too appalling. It is half-sister of murder.

"I have good reason to dislike him—" she began.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders as he interrupted her.

"Yes, you hate him!" he said; "you do not like to say so, because the word is not nice. You are—what is it you call it—you are *shocked* by the word. But it is so, nevertheless; you hate him, and you have cause to hate him. Yes, I know now who you are. I did not know when I first saw you in Berkshire; but I know now. Launcelot Darrell is one who cannot keep a secret, and he has told me. You are the daughter of that poor old man who killed himself in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, that is enough! You are a great heart; you would to avenge the death of your father. You saw us that night—the night the wills were change?"

"I did," Eleanor answered, looking at the man with sovereign contempt. He had spoken of the transaction as coolly as if it had been the most honourable and common-place business.

"You are there in the darkness, and you see us," exclaimed Monsieur Bourdon, bending over Eleanor and speaking in a confidential whisper, "you watch, you look, you listen, and after, when you go into the house, you denounce Launcelot. You declare the will is forge. The will is change. You were witness, you say; you tell all that you saw! But they do not believe you. But why? Because when you say you have the true will in your pocket, you cannot find it; it is gone."

The Frenchman said this in a tone of triumph, and then paused suddenly, looking earnestly at Eleanor.

As she returned that look, a new light flashed

upon her mind. She began to understand the mystery of the lost will.

"It is gone," cried Monsieur Bourdon, "no trace, no vestige of it remains. You say, search the garden; the garden is search; but no result. Then the despair seizes itself of you. Launcelot mocks himself of you; he laughs at your nose. You find yourself unhappy; they do not believe you; they look coldly at you; they are harsh to you, and you fly from them. That is so; is it not?"

"Yes," Eleanor answered.

Her breath came and went quickly, she never removed her eyes from the man's face. She began to think that her justification was perhaps only to be obtained by the agency of this disreputable Frenchman.

"What then of the lost will? It was not swallowed up by the earth. It could not fly itself away into the space! What became of it?"

"YOU TOOK IT FROM ME!" cried Eleanor. "Yes, I remember how closely you brushed against me. The paper was too big to go altogether into the pocket of my dress. The ends were sticking out, and you—"

"I did all my possible to teach you a lesson! Ah, when young and beautiful ladies mix themselves with such matters, it is no wonder they make mistakes. I was watching you all the time, dear madame. I saw you change the papers, and I drew the will out of your pocket as easily as I could rob you of that handkerchief."

The corner of a lace-bordered handkerchief was visible amid the folds of Eleanor's dress. The Frenchman took the scrap of lace between his fingers, and snatched the handkerchief away with an airy lightness of touch that might have done credit to a professional adept in the art of picking pockets. He laughed as he returned the handkerchief to Eleanor. She scarcely noticed the action, so deeply was she absorbed in the thought of the missing will.

"You have the will, then?"

"Si, madame."

"Why did you take it from me?"

"But why, madame? For many reasons. First, because it is always good to seize upon anything that other people do not know how to keep. Again, because it is always well to have a strong hand, and a card that one's adversary does not know of. An extra king in one's coat-cuff is a good thing to have when one plays écarté, madame. That will is my extra king."

The Frenchman was silent for some little time after having made what he evidently considered rather a startling *coup*. He sat watching Eleanor with a sidelong glance, and with a cunning twinkle in his small eyes.

"Is it that we are to be friends and allies, madame?" he asked, presently.

"Friends!" cried Eleanor. "Do you forget who I am? Do you forget whose daughter I am? If Launcelot Darrell's was the only name written in my father's last letter, you were not the less an accomplice in the villany that led to his death. The pupil was no doubt worthy of the master."

"You reject my friendship, then, madame? You wish to know nothing of the document that

is in my hands? You treat me from high to low? You refuse to ally yourself with me? Hein?"

"I will use you as an instrument against Launcelot Darrell, if you please," Eleanor answered, "since it seems that you have quarrelled with your fast friend."

"But, yes, madame. When pussy has pulled the chestnuts out of the fire, she is henceforward the most unuseful of animals, and they chase her. Do you understand, madame?" cried the Frenchman, with a sudden transformation from the monkey to the tiger phase of his character, that was scarcely agreeable. "Do you understand?" he hissed. "Monsieur Launcelot has ennuied himself of me. I am chased! Me!"

He struck his gloved fingers upon his breast to give emphasis to this last word.

"It is of the last *canaille*, this young man," he continued, with a shrug of disgust. "Ingrate, poltroon, scoundrel! When the forge will, forge at my suggestion by the clerk of the *avoué* de Vindsor, has been read, and all is finish, and no one dispute his possession, and he enter his new domain as master, the real nature of the man reveal itself. The *genuine* will is burn, he think. He is so close with his dear friend, this poor Bourdon, that he will not even tell him who would have benefit by that genuine will. It is burn! Did he not see it scorch and blaze with his own eyes? There is nothing to fear; and for this poor comrade who has helped my gentleman to a great fortune, he is less than that!"

Monsieur Bourdon snapped his fingers derisively, and stared fiercely at Eleanor. Then he relaxed into a sardonic smile, and went on.

"At first things go on charmingly. Monsieur Launcelot is more sweet than the honey. It is new to him to be rich, and for the first month he scatters his money with full hands. Then suddenly he stops. He cries out that he is on the road to ruin; that his friend's claims are monstrous. Faith of a gentleman, I was, perhaps, extravagant; for I am a little gamester, and I like to see life *en grand seigneur*. *A bas la moutarde*, I said. My friend is *millionnaire*. I am no more commercial traveller. Imagine, then, when mon garçon shuts up his—what is it you call it, then—cheque-book, and refuse me a paltry sum of a thousand francs. I smile in his face," said Monsieur Bourdon, nodding his head slowly, with half-closed eyes, "and I say, 'Bon jour, Monsieur Darrell; you shall hear more of me before I am much older.'"

"You did not tell him that the will was in your possession?"

"A thousand thunders! No!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "I was not so much foolish as to show him the beneath the cards. I come over here to consult a friend, an *avoué*."

"And he tells you—?"

"No matter. You are better than the *avoué*, madame. You hate Launcelot Darrell; this will is all you want to prove him a cheat and a blacksmith,—pardon, a forger."

"But to whom does M. de Crespigny leave his estate in this genuine will?" asked Mrs. Monckton.

The Frenchman smiled, and looked at Eleanor thoughtfully for a moment before he answered her.

"Wait a little, madame," he said; "that is my little secret. Nothing for nothing is the rule here below. I have told you too much already. If you want to know more you must pay me."

"Prove that I spoke the truth upon that night," exclaimed Eleanor, "and I promise you that my husband, Gilbert Monckton, shall reward you handsomely."

"But if monsieur should repudiate your promise, madame, since he has not authorised you to give it? I am not very wise in your English law, and I would rather not mix myself in this affair. I do not want to be produced as witness or accomplice. I want, all simply, to get a price for this document. I have something to sell. You wish to buy it. Name your price."

"I cannot," answered Eleanor; "I have no money. But I might get some, perhaps. Tell me, how much do you want?"

"A thousand pounds."

Eleanor shook her head despondently.

"Impossible!" she said; "there is no one, except my husband, from whom I could get such an amount, and I could not ask him for money, until I had proved Launcelot Darrell's infamy."

The Frenchman watched her closely. He saw that she had spoken the truth.

"You do not know how much this will is worth to you, madame," he said. "Remember, I could make terms with Launcelot Darrell, and sell it to him for perhaps ten times the sum I ask of you. But Monsieur Darrell was insolent to me; he struck me once with the butt-end of his hunting-whip; I do not forget. I could get more money from him; but I can get my revenge through you."

He hissed out these words between his teeth, and glared vindictively at the fountain, as if the phantom of Launcelot Darrell had been looking at him out of the sparkling water-drops. Revenge was not a beautiful thing, as represented by Victor Bourdon. Perhaps Eleanor may have thought of this as she looked at him.

"I want my revenge," he repeated; "after all, gold is a villain thing. Revenge is more dear—to gentlemen. Besides, I do not think you would pay me ungenerously if I helped you to crush this scoundrel, and helped you to something else, by the market, Hein?"

"I tell you again, that you shall be well rewarded," Mrs. Monckton said gravely.

"Very well, then, listen to me. It is to-day, Tuesday. In a week I shall have time to think. In a week you will have leisure to gather together a little money—all you can get; at the end of that time come to me at my apartment—bring with you any friend you like. I do not think that you are traitor—or ingrate—and you see I trust you. I will have my friend, the—what you call him—attorney, with me—and we may come to an arrangement. You shall sign a contract—well ruled—for to pay me in the future, and then the will is to you. You return to England; you say, Aha, Monsieur Launcelot, walk out of that. It is your turn to be chased."

Victor Bourdon grinned ferociously, then took a memorandum-book from his pocket, wrote a few words in pencil, tore out the leaf upon which

they were written, and handed it to Mrs. Monckton.

"That is my address," he said. "On Tuesday, at seven o'clock in the evening, I shall expect to see you there, and your friend. But if you think to betray me, I am not the man to forget. I have the honour to salute you, Madame. *Bon jour.*"

He took off his hat with a flourish, and walked away. Eleanor sat for some minutes where he had left her, thinking over what had happened, before she went off to look for Mrs. Lennard.

That night she told the Lennards who she was, and all her story. She felt that it was better to do so. She must have freedom now to act, and to act promptly. She could not do this and yet preserve her secret. Her old ally, Richard Thornton, would be indispensable to her in this crisis, and she wrote to him early in the morning after her interview with Monsieur Bourdon, imploring him to come to her immediately.

(To be continued.)

### THE MERITS OF HALF-AND-HALF TRAINING.

A REPORT lately issued about the case of Children engaged in certain Employments has excited a strong public interest. Perhaps it has led a good many of us to collect our observations and remembrances of children employed in the different ways in which they pass their young lives, in town and country, and under different kinds and degrees of care. I am tempted to relate something of what I have seen and known in connexion with what is disclosed by the Report of the Children's Employment Commission. I pass over entirely the case of the children of whom no kind or degree of care is taken,—the wild young creatures who, leading in our streets and roads the life of monkeys in the woods, do nothing, learn nothing, and have not a tithe of the pleasures their natures are formed to enjoy.

As soon as the children of the working classes can walk, we may find them in the infant-school. What they look like there depends very much on how the school is managed. It depends, too, on the season of the year, the weather, and other general influences, as well as on the treatment they get at home. In one school the children are so cross that the mistresses do not know what to do with them; and in such a place there is usually a disgusting exhibition of bad skins. All manner of eruptions may be seen there, except the infectious, which of course are not admitted. On a wet day, or a very foggy day, the voice of crying never ceases; and on hot days the little creatures, unable to keep awake, whimper in their sleep.

This is the way that children go on where the air is not pure, and there is not enough of it. In order to see infants wide awake, and bright and playful, there must be plenty of room, plenty of light, and an incessant current of fresh air (not a draught) flowing through the place. This is so well understood now, that modern infant-schools are usually well arranged for ventilation and space. But still one may see, in the airiest room,

a large proportion of fretful and unwholesome-looking little ones.

This is when their tender young brains and nerves are overwrought. There are many, in every such school, who ought not to be asked to attend to any sort of lesson for more than one minute at a time; and it may be doubted whether any pupil there—the oldest and the longest-trained—should be kept to the same subject for so much as half an hour. Moreover, there must be a complete indulgence of the natural restlessness of childhood, in order to make the mind capable of instruction to any effectual purpose. A young child who is uncomfortable cannot give its attention to its lesson for even one minute; whereas, if its blood is flowing briskly from exercise, and its spirits are gay from amusement, it enjoys the new idea, and receives it brightly and thoroughly. Even where there is the best management, it is necessary to make allowance for the little creatures on foggy days when they are slow and listless, and on hot days when they drop asleep on their benches.

I seem to linger over this phase of a poor child's life because the next is so painful—as I have seen it.

At seven, the country boy or girl goes to the village-school. There I have known them spend the best hours of their lives for half-a-dozen years to almost no purpose whatever. I have known boys come out after six or seven, and in one case nine years of schooling,—of six hours a day,—able to do nothing whatever but spell out "a chapter" in an unintelligent way, and scrawl a few lines, with infinite pains, and with abundance of bad spelling. And all the while the boy would have been so useful to his father in the field and garden! and after all, he has that sort of work to learn. It is the same with the girls, except where they are taught to sew in a useful way. Where they spend the three afternoon hours in sewing, they are found to have got before the boys in their learning. From their morning lessons they have learned more than the boys in the morning and afternoon too. From this, some observers at once concluded that girls have quicker wits than boys; but, happily, there were also sensible people looking on who perceived that the lads were sadly uncomfortable in the afternoons;—some yawning; some in perpetual disgrace for falling asleep; some on bad terms with their neighbours, pinching, cuffing, kicking, or being pinched, cuffed, or kicked; some apt to break out into fits of naughtiness,—obstinate fits, and roaring passions. Where the observers of this fact have had the sense and the authority to try the experiment of setting the boys to some other work than book-learning in the afternoons, the result has been that they turn out like the girls,—bright over their books, and brought as forward by three hours' study as by six.

Before this discovery,—the great discovery which Mr. Chadwick has brought conspicuously before the world,—that the human brain, in its youthful state, is capable of only a limited and ascertainable amount of steady attention, on every day of its life,—the condition of country children on leaving school was most mortifying. The big

lad had not even the bodily strength and hardihood for hedging and ditching, leading the plough, and tending horses and cattle on a farm: and he saw little fellows some five years younger as clever as little men about their field-work, because they could not be spared to go to school. All the week there was this mortification every day,—of disappointing father, and looking small in the eyes of younger lads; and on Sundays there was too often something worse. The parents had been dutiful and self-denying about these many years of schooling, cheering themselves with the thought of the time when their boy or girl would read to them on Sundays, besides giving them the news on Saturdays, and keeping the accounts in the evenings. Few things could be more painful than the disappointment and mortification all round when it too clearly appeared what the reading, writing, and ciphering amounted to, after all. Where the girl could sew, the waste of time was less shocking, though her mother might still have been glad to exchange the reading and writing, such as it was, for the skill of many a younger child in managing the cows, and the hens, and the baby, and the family dinner.

The case began to mend when the methods of instruction in school began to improve; and the great turning-point, perhaps, was when boys were put to industrial work for those afternoon hours when the brain is least fit for attention to book-learning. The reform was much helped by the operation of the Factory Acts, which require that children shall have three hours' school instruction daily. When it became evident that the factory children learned as much in half-time as others in full school-hours, the struggle on behalf of the overworked brain was sure of success. It was then seen that the children of a manufacturing town learned as much in the book way without neglecting profitable industry as if they never earned a penny; the same fact must hold good in the country: and some sensible people put it to the proof. Mr. Paget, the member for Nottingham, was one. He found the parents of eight boys willing to let them work on Mr. Paget's farm half-time for half-wages, and attend school for the other half. The plan has answered perfectly, though farm-labour requires, in Mr. Paget's opinion, that the field-work and the schooling should be on alternate days, instead of dividing each day. If it is true, as he believes, that the wet and soil of the morning's work must preclude the afternoon's schooling, this is an essential drawback, as changing the whole character of the experiment. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, however, great benefits have accrued. The boys take a livelier interest in their learning than of old; the parents are not in such a hurry to take them from school; and there is a good style of reading, writing, and figures attained in a reasonable time. The lads are in request as labourers afterwards, as they combine the advantages of a habit of labour with those of a cultivated intelligence. The power and skill in work being equal, the farmer or bailiff will always prefer a labourer who can measure and reckon, and keep accounts, and make memoranda, and read instructions. An employer likes a youth who makes a

note of the weight of the largest turnip or man-gold of the crop, or of the produce of the milking, or dates of the calving of the cows; and who can estimate the available bulk of wood in a standing tree. We are told that, if the infant-school training has been good up to seven years old, from two to three years more of half-time schooling will fit boy or girl for simple reading, writing, and arithmetic of a good quality. This leaves a considerable margin for further attainments within the period of school life. In the case of the lower set of attainments, the lads may reckon on higher wages by at least a fifth than can be had by boys who have spent their days at school only. Five of the latter class turn out less work than four of the half-time lads. The half-time lads are not only familiar with field-work, but have better health and a stronger frame. Nowhere among the rising generation is the mortality lower than in half-time schools, where active bodily exercise and training occupy the place of afternoon school; and when the lads are not to be rural labourers, they are in great request for the Navy, and other occupations where strength and aptitude of limb and faculty are required, and disciplined activity is inestimable.

Where the balance between mind and body, brain and muscle, is established by education, the chances of life, health, and prosperity are improved beyond all computation. Mr. Chadwick tells us that in half-time industrial schools the mortality is reduced to one-third of what it is at the same time of life in the general population of England and Wales. With this weightiest of facts I conclude our contemplation of the lot of the fortunate children who have come in for the first share of the benefits of half-time schooling. They have the advantage of the sons and daughters of nobles, and gentry, and tradesmen; for the old-established school-hours are still the rule in upper and middle-class education; and the physical education of children,—of girls especially,—has still to be introduced into practice, while it is having a fair trial among not only young peasants and operatives, but paupers, foundlings, and City Arabs. We have read in the newspapers of the recent visit of the Comte de Paris to the Limehouse pauper-school, where six hundred orphans and destitute children are trained on the half-time system. In that school, the cost of the training is actually less than 1*l.* per head a year; and for this small amount the lads are rendered so fit for various employments as to be in constant request, while the mortality (among an unfavourable class of children to begin with) is only one-fifth of that of the surrounding population. The contrast between these lads and lasses and those of some other parishes and schools, where one large proportion is doomed to early death, and another to moral ruin, may well strike others than the French Prince and his party, who went away so deeply impressed by what they had seen.

Now we must turn to the children whose cases are exhibited in the above-mentioned Report.

There is a district of England, measuring eight miles by an average of two, in which there are eleven thousand children and young people under the age of eighteen employed in the Earthenware



manufacture. Among these are two thousand little fellows who were sent to work at from six to ten years old, and who may, therefore, be supposed to be the children of very poor parents. Many are the sons of widows, to whom every penny of earnings is of consequence; and more are the sons of drunken or otherwise worthless fathers. So their life begins very hardly. They go to work at six A.M., and first light the fires, and sweep the rooms and the stoves,—the stoves being themselves little rooms of about thirteen feet square, and eight or nine feet high, heated to the temperature of an oven. The dust of the clay is particularly hurtful to the lungs, when breathed in by the sweepers; and here is the first peril to the child. When the dirt is allowed to lie, the dust has to be disposed of at last; and the dirt meantime is not wholesome; so that those who sweep daily have the best of it.

The little lads then await the men whom they are to help in the work of making plates, cups and saucers, &c. It is well for the boy who has a punctual and steady man over him; for it too often happens that the workman's bad habits make slaves of the little fellows who wait upon him. On a Monday he may keep them idling about all day, because he does not make his appearance; and they are not surprised if this goes on through all Tuesday. Then they know that they shall be kept late every evening, to make up for lost time; and may probably not stop work for the whole of Friday night. When we see what the work is, we shall wonder how growing children can hold on from six on a Friday morning (after a short night's rest) to dinner-time on Saturday.

A dozen of the smallest boys are turning the jigger or wheel all those hours. It makes one's limbs and one's heart ache to think of it. A child of seven or eight turning a wheel the whole day through, every day but Sunday, and often a part of the night too! Of course, the few people who know about this ask why the turning is not done by steam: and they get the tiresome, disgraceful old answer;—the men will not hear of it;—they would quit at once if steam were introduced to "take the bread out of their children's mouths," as they say. The smaller manufacturers say their business will not afford the expense of machinery; and the larger ones say that their workrooms are not convenient for the erection of shafts: so the unhappy children go on doing the work of a cogwheel.

Even they will find themselves worse off when they come to help the potter more directly in his work. Each has to run backwards and forwards between the workbench and the stove (which is close at hand), carrying the moulds with the moist soft clay just wrought into a plate or a saucer, and bringing back the moulds which are done with. The little room called the stove has shelves all round it, on which the ware is baked; and the heat of the chamber is anywhere from 120 to 150 degrees. Now and then it is actually red-hot. When the employers do not provide a plentiful stock of moulds, the poor lads have to enter this place many times a day; and, what is worse, they have to encounter a much more insufferable heat than would be necessary if the moulds were not wanted

in the shortest possible time. When they are there, they try to stay till they have turned the ware baking on the shelves, lest it should warp by drying unequally; and if they cannot bear to stay, they have to enter again for the purpose. Thus their day is spent between this heat and the closeness of the workroom, and the outer cold when they go to meals; and all the hours they are at work they are breathing the powder of the clay, kicked up from the floor by their own feet as they pass to and fro. Many of them cease to grow under this discipline: many become asthmatic or consumptive, and die early; and few grow up to a healthy manhood.

The case is not quite so bad as it was; or at least not so extensive. In several of the 180 manufactories included in the small area described above, there are improved ventilation, better management of the claydust, a sufficient stock of moulds to save the necessity of the boys entering the stove so often, and, finally, a fair attempt to improve the stoves themselves. We read of a new stove in which the ware can be put in from outside by a rack, which runs in and out on a rail.

These mould-runners, as the little workmen are called, are the most to be pitied of all the eleven thousand young potters: but there are other processes nearly as unwholesome and fatiguing, under which the girls grow crooked and consumptive, and the whole number have a scanty chance of ever being healthy men and women. One hardship which is very common, is their being kept hungry, and prevented getting their meals properly, by the irregularity of the men under whom they work. The principal manufacturers of the district consider with pain what a life this is for children to lead in a Christian country, and what waste it is for these young creatures to be sometimes kept idle for half days and whole days, and then overworked, when, by a better disposal of the same time, they might be resting their bodies and using their minds in a school, without earning much less than at present.

Twenty-six of the principal Pottery firms have therefore addressed the Secretary of State for the Home Department, requesting that due inquiry may be made, with a view to bringing their manufacture under the operation of the Factory Act. They cannot, without its aid, control the men on whom the fate of the children depends: they cannot get them to school, nor secure their having proper food and rest. The moral evils arising from the present state of things have chiefly occupied the attention of these employers; but the Commissioners who have been sent down to them are emphatic in insisting that nothing can be done for the minds and morals of these thousands of children till they are relieved from their bodily sufferings. The proposal which Parliament will be asked to sanction, then, is that this Pottery District shall be placed for a time under the inspection and care of a physician who understands the peculiarities of the case, in order to be brought into a fitting condition to pass under the existing Factory Act. It is thought that a year or two of this special inspection will suffice. It will take much longer, no doubt, to replace the present set of stunted, asthmatic, rheumatic, worn-out children,

ignorant as savages and little better than heathens, by a class of intelligent and disciplined young people, well grown in body and mind by means of the joint exercises of school and labour: but the great work is about to begin. Meantime, here is a remarkable contrast between the young life of the parish-school and that of the Staffordshire Potteries.

Low as is the depth in which these unhappy children are sunk, there is yet a lower deep. The young Lucifer-match makers are, we are told, "the lowest of the low." No respectable parent who could help it, would, it is declared, allow his child to be a mould-runner in the pottery business: but these lucifer-match makers are under such a doom that they are usually children without any guardians at all,—roamers out of the streets, outcasts from Ragged Schools whence they have wandered. Employments fatal to health and life are always filled by the disreputable; and the more dangerous the more disreputable. The horrors of this case are so desperate that it is a comfort to know that the number of young workers is under seventeen hundred. I will not grieve my readers by a repetition of the shocking story, which they have probably read once or oftener, of the jaw-disease under which the workers in phosphorus are tortured and maimed, when not killed. Our particular concern here is with the evil of such an employment of the children as cuts them off from all chance of redemption from their wild ignorance and lawlessness.

The boys and girls are too often crowded together in small rooms, where some are mixing the ingredients which give out the deadly fumes that all are thus compelled to breathe. No child should be made, or allowed, to stand for half-an-hour leaning over a reeking poisonous mixture: yet not only is this always going on in the small establishments, but the children are kept in that fatal atmosphere, or not driven out of it, till they stop work at night. If they bring their dinners, they sit down in the midst of the fumes to eat; and they make no attempt to rid themselves of what clings about them, by any method of cleansing. They are equally insensible to the fate of their minds. They know nothing of any ideas beyond those of their mechanical employment: they have no time for education, and no wishes about it; and, for the most part, nobody to desire it for them. Such is the life of the smaller establishments.

But the business is rising into a higher order of management. A better class of employers has gone into it; and one consequence is that the children are distributed through many apartments, amidst abundance of fresh air; that they change their employment frequently, and are made to purify themselves after work, and to go out to their meals. Not only do the masters desire to abolish the evil of "overtime," but some of them actually petition for an extension of the Factory Act to their business. They have witnessed its operation in other employments, and they see that the children who spend three hours a day at school become better worth having than others. In the long run there is nothing lost in the way of wages, but the contrary: this reconciles the parents and

other workpeople; and the employers find their advantage in the raised character of the class, and in the way in which the Act keeps selfish and tyrannical workmen in order. Therefore do the leading lucifer-match makers desire to be under the Act. They will put up with some inconvenience as to hours, &c., in order to send the children to school. If it is once declared that the children must go to school, "the thing can be done somehow," says one of them. Another says, "They have every right to go to school. I should only have to get a few more children: that would be all. And those who went to school would work better, and be more orderly, and more honest." Thus there seems to be reason to hope that these sixteen hundred children, "the poorest of the poor, and lowest of the low," will soon be trying the experiment of getting an education without giving up work and wages.

The young Paper-stainers are sufferers beyond all the rest from long hours of work. There are eleven hundred of them; and they are, for the most part, at the mercy of the men they work with, who really seem to have no mercy on them. During the summer they are not usually overworked; but from October to April (inclusive), they are at it from six in the morning till nine or ten at night, for days or weeks together. The idea of their going to school never occurs to anybody about them; for they cannot even get their meals regularly. They snatch their food at intervals, when they can. Out of a score of them, half-a-dozen or more are missing: they are so worn out that they cannot come to work. Others are dropping, overcome with sleep; and the men have to shout to them to get an answer, or attention to what they are about. Some cry because their limbs ache so, or their feet are so sore from long standing. For my part, I do not promise that I should never cry myself under such fatigue: but we must remember that six or seven hundred of these poor creatures are under thirteen, and some few even under eight. One boy of seven worked sixteen hours; and his father knelt down by the machine to feed the child as he worked, "for he could not leave it or stop." This father carried his boy home on his back, "through the snow;" as he well might if the poor little fellow had been for sixteen hours in a room heated to above 100°. Such children get no education at all, as the parents explain, because they cannot wake up on Sundays to go to school. "They lie abed all day, to rest."

Some fathers, as well as masters, are displeased at the mention of a change which might result in "all under the age of thirteen being got rid of;" but others hail the prospect of the comprehension of the paper-staining business under the Factory Act. If the youngsters could be taught in school up to thirteen, one father thinks, they would do very well afterwards, and manage to improve at home. Another exclaims, "Half-time and education would be a grand thing!" Another answers for a great deal: "We should all like to be under the Factory Act." What would the little boy of nine say who, having entered at seven, worked through an entire winter from six in the morning to nine or ten at night, in excessive heat, and

beside a machine which would not stop, and which he could not leave? We can imagine the difference to him of spending three hours daily in a cool and airy room, among companions, all of them resting their minds while their bodies were exercised and amused by a total change of thoughts. These lads and their parents might well be content that their earnings should be somewhat smaller now, in order to become larger hereafter: but this is the very lowest and least important view of the case. For better reasons than this, "Half-time and education would be a grand thing:" and we may confidently hope they will get it.

I need not tell the dreary story over and over again of the way in which children of the gay and frolicsome age are kept at work all their days, like machines. We will pass lightly over the rest of the six trades described in the Commissioners' Report,—only glancing at the Hookers and Finishers as eminent among the sufferers in virtue of their numbers. They are the largest class except the Potters, amounting to 2300. It is as well to try to imagine these children at their employment, in contrast with the young clodpoles drooping over their spelling in the old parish-school, or whittling the benches for want of something to do, or making a row because they cannot sit quite still any longer. The poor Hookers are hauling at great lengths of heavy rough calico or other cotton cloths, hanging the material on a frame, on hooks at a measured distance, in preparation for the lengths being packed for the bale. The youngest cut the tickets, and stitch the lengths. The others measure off on the hooks about thirty yards, and then carry this heavy piece of goods to the table close at hand, to be regularly "made up" for packing. For doing this at the rate of thirty pieces an hour, a boy gets half-a-crown a week! For all above that rate he is paid so much a hundred; and an active and handy lad may earn ten shillings a-week. One would think there can be little need for "long hours" at such a work as this: but it appears that when goods have to be shipped in large quantities, and also where habits of idling are indulged, lights may be seen in the buildings till midnight. When great houses underlet their packing, the lessees are sometimes hard and grudging about the supply of workers. This is guarded against sometimes by a stipulation that more hands shall be taken on on occasions of pressure, such as the departure of a cargo; and some houses refuse to depute the packing, and themselves take on the extra hands required. All this indicates the case to be one for the Factory Act; and we may confidently hope that the 2300 of these Finishers and Hookers will soon be free to go to school, and protected in doing so.

The Fustian-cutters are three-fourths or nearly girls, and 1563 in all. The vicious custom of "play-days" at the beginning of the week exposes these children to be shockingly overworked at the end,—sometimes being unrelieved for thirty hours at a time. Fourteen hours, including meals, is a fearful daily task for young girls and boys; and in this business the work occasions deformity and lameness, whether the hours are in excess or not.

It is probably the greatest event in the lives of

the seventeen thousand young workers in these trades, that the discovery has been made in their time of the fitness of combining education of the mind with the labour of the hands, and of the completeness of each when the two are combined. As much learning can be gained in three hours as in six: and as much pay may be, or soon will be, earned on the whole by those who go to school as when they never left their work. "Half-time and education is a grand thing!" as the workman said; and any of us who can in any way aid in getting Parliament to extend the benefits of the Factory Act to these hardworked children, will surely try their utmost, after seeing what their case is, and what it might be. An effort in any degree proportionate to the value of the object is sure of success.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

### PATENT GHOSTS.

PERCEPTIVE faculties, and the want of them, constitute a very large part of the difference between the progress and non-progress of humanity. Those who possess perception are the great purveyors for those without it. The great mass have eyes, but they see not with them till they fall into the hands of guides who direct their vision. Why should not the guides be paid for this, as much as the Swiss guides who take people up Swiss mountains? There was a time when the world was ignorant of the optical effect of two strips of glass, placed edgewise together, to form a hollow prism, till Sir David Brewster patented the matter, and gave the kaleidoscope to the world.

The principle of Mr. Pepper's popular Ghost is the same that produces giant shadows projected on mountain mist; and thousands of shadows of this kind may be seen between sunrise and sunset throughout London streets every day; but as they happen to be common objects, nobody heeds them. But a ghost, or gaseous vapour supposed to resemble a human being after death, excites most people's imaginations more or less morbidly, and when Mr. Pepper used a common principle to produce a ghost, all the world ran mad, and the process of producing this ghost became a valuable source of profit for public exhibition. If amusement be a good and useful thing, Mr. Pepper has done good service to the community. At all events he thought so; and therefore, in concert with Mr. Dircks, he applied for a patent on the 5th of February, 1863. The application was opposed, for the exhibition was a very profitable one, and every proprietor of a theatre or exhibition was interested in not paying a royalty for what was so very simple, after it was once pointed out. Any number might assert their previous knowledge of an invention which existed everywhere spontaneously, and so up to this day no patent has been granted: whether on the ground that it is an abstract principle and not a subject of manufacture, or whether on account of disputes between claimants, does not appear.

In October, 1858, Mr. Dircks contributed to the "Mechanics' Magazine" an article, in which the optical principle was described, and herein is evidence of the importance to the public of giving

individual proprietorship, in order to get a thing into public use. Of the hundreds of people who must have read the paper, not one sought to apply it and turn it to purposes of use or profit. But the Polytechnic was in want of novelty—something to draw—and so Mr. Dircks and Mr. Pepper laid their heads together to produce a ghost in broad daylight. Like the egg of Columbus, everybody knew how to do it after showing. Had the patent been quietly applied for before making a stir, probably it would have been granted, and we think that Mr. Dircks' previous article, five years before, which the public failed to recognise or adopt, should not have been any bar to the grant. Had the public used it, Mr. Dircks would not in equity have been entitled to revoke his gift.

But there was an older giver than Mr. Dircks. In the library of the Patent Office, gathered together by the diligent, loving labours of Mr. Bennet Woodcroft, there is an old black-letter folio volume, entitled "Porta's Natural Magick," with an engraved portrait of the author, a Neapolitan, and apparently a friar of the Bacon stamp, surrounded by emblems of the four elements—Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, with a curious "Chaos," from which they spring, and a figure of a very bounteous "Nature," with three pairs of breasts. This volume was printed in London, for Thomas Young and Samuel Speed, at the "Three Pigeons," and at the "Angel," in St. Paul's Churchyard, in 1658, being a translation from the original Latin edition, first published at Naples some seventy years previously. The following is an extract:—

How we may see in a chamber  
Things that are not.

I thought this an artifice not to be dispised; for we may in a chamber, if a man look in, see those things which were never there; and there is no man so witty that will think he is mistaken. Wherefore, to describe the matter, let there be a chamber whereinto no other light comes, unless by the door or window where the spectator looks in; let the whole window, or part of it, be of glass, as we used to do to keep out the cold, but let one part be polished, that there may be a looking-glass on both sides, whence the spectator must look in; for the rest do nothing. Let pictures be set over against this window, marble statues and such like; for what is without will seem to be within, and what is behind the spectator's back, he will think to be in the middle of the house, as far from the glass inward, as they stand from it outwardly, and so clearly and certainly that he will think he sees nothing but truth. But, lest the skill should be known, let the part be made so where the ornament is, that the spectator may not see it, as above his head, that a pavement may come between above his head; and if an ingenious man do this, it is impossible that he should suppose that he is deceived.—Chapter XII., p. 370.

No doubt, the Egyptian priests understood this earlier than Italian friars, and the Hebrews raised up "lying spirits" in the same fashion.

This very day I have seen some hundred ghosts, and scores of people saw them with me, though not consciously. It was in an omnibus, passing from Charing Cross to the city. The plate-glass in the shops had dark backgrounds, and became thus the dark chambers of Porta, and everything

that passed by was projected by the vision into the shops. It was a perfect phantasmagoria, and it was the plate-glass that produced the effect, "polished like a looking-glass on both sides." I had occasion afterwards to enter a butcher's shop, the front open, and a counting-house in the interior, glazed with plate-glass. Projected into this glass were dozens of ghosts of the sheep and beeves hanging up in front. They were as clean as photographs, and with a similar effect.

Now, this thing has been before the world in a printed book 274 years, but no one has turned it to the account of a public exhibition till Mr. Pepper took it in hand. No one practically noticed it, and it was virtually buried; and therefore Mr. Pepper, supposing he did not himself make it known before applying for a patent, must be regarded in the light of a discoverer, and it is for the interest of the public that he should obtain his patent, as much so as the discoverer of any practical improvement in photography, in order to induce other discoverers to do likewise. The fact that the shadow is projected through glass, and is evanescent, instead of being permanently deposited on it, and that the Ghost is a gratification for a large assembly instead of a property for individuals, cannot diminish its utility. Nothing, as we all know, is new under the sun; but no doubt Mr. Pepper at the Polytechnic has given something to the public that they had never had before, and he is fairly entitled to his reward.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

## THE MELON.

### I. ITS HISTORY AND GROWTH.

LARGEST of all fruits, yet growing on the lowliest of fruit-bearing plants, the huge and heavy melon, attached to a stem which actually trails upon the ground, must abase itself to the very earth during the period of growth, though destined perhaps, when gathered, to be exalted to the table of princes. In this country indeed, it may be looked on as a more aristocratic kind of luxury than even the pineapple, and is likely to remain so; for though certainly inferior to that most delicious fruit, this very inferiority tends to keep it exclusive: for while none perhaps would taste the Ananas once without desiring to partake of it again, comparatively few are partial to the peculiar flavour of melons, and being therefore only required by a select few, the fruit is not common because it is not popular, while it is only by becoming common that it could have a chance of attaining popularity.

The melon is a native of the milder regions of Asia, but was introduced into Europe before the time of Pliny, as that writer, when treating of gourds and cucumbers, after mentioning that "When the cucumber acquires a very considerable volume it is known to us as the 'pepo'" (supposed to be the pumpkin), adds—"Only of late a cucumber of an entirely new shape has been produced in Campania, having just the form of a quince. The name given to this variety is 'melopepo.'" This fruit, it is concluded, must have been the melon, which still bears the botanical name of *Melo cucurbita*. The melon had been known, too, to the

Greeks, who were accustomed to soak the seeds in milk and honey previous to sowing them, and even put them into the earth surrounded with rose-leaves, believing that when thus cradled in sweetness the fruit to which they gave birth could not but be mild and fragrant. The Great Baber has the credit of having introduced it to his subjects in Hindostan, where it now abounds, it having been indigenous only to the milder parts of Asia. How early it was brought to this country is not known with certainty; for though Gough, in his "Topography," says that it was grown here in the time of Edward III. (having only gone out if cultivation, along with the cucumber, during the troubled time of the Wars of the Roses which followed), it is generally supposed that the object to which he refers was really the pumpkin, which was called the "melon" by old writers, the fruit to which that name is now restricted having formerly been distinguished by the title of muskmelon. It is most probable that it was really only brought to England from Italy in the time of Henry VIII.; for in 1526, Gerard, though he had not himself grown it, yet mentions having seen it at "the Queen's hothouse at St. James's," and also at Lord Sussex's house at Bermondsey, where, he says, "from year to year there is great plenty, especially if the weather be anything temperate." Parkinson, in 1629, says that before his time "melons have been only eaten by great personages, because the fruit was not only delicate but rare, and therefore divers were brought from France and since were nursed up by kings' and noblemen's gardeners;" but they were then becoming more common. Subsequently, the melon became an article of great though never of very general consumption, the costliness incidental to artificial production putting it beyond the means of the majority of people; but it was not unusual for market-gardeners to tend 300 or 400 "lights" of melons, producing from week to week large quantities, which were easily disposed of at high prices to the wealthy. Now, however, as Glenny in a recent work deplures, "it is rare to see any quantity grown; and the foreign melons, though unfit to eat, seem to usurp at the market the places of their betters, at a price that would scarcely pay an English grower for cutting them and bringing them to market, even if they cost nothing to grow;" for the facilities afforded by steam communication have caused a large supply to be imported from abroad, chiefly from Spain and Portugal, where they can be grown in the open air, and also from Holland, where large quantities are raised by artificial means for the London market. The general public being thus provided for, home-grown melons, though much preferred to imported ones when available, are seldom enjoyed except by the rich employers of highly-paid skilful gardeners; for the authority just quoted adds further, that the melon "is not worth forcing by those who have but small means, as it has many chances against it."

A native of warmer climates and provided by Nature with a rind of such thickness that only extreme heat can penetrate to ripen the pulp within, when grown in this country it needs, in addition to the artificial heat applied by the

cultivator, as much as our summer sunshine can supply of a more genial kind of glow, and therefore is seldom obtained before May or after October, though modern improvements in green-houses, and the introduction of thinner-skinned varieties, have somewhat extended the period during which they can be procured, and in time will probably still further lengthen their season. Occasionally grown from cuttings as a surer method of securing an unchanged perpetuation of the parent plant, the usual mode of propagation is by seeds, which are tested, like witches of old, by being thrown into water, when floating on the surface ensures the condemnation of a melon-seed as certainly as it once did that of an old woman. Age too has much to do with the choice of them, for, unlike most other seeds, perfect freshness is so far from being a desideratum, that it is not until they are two years old that they are considered fit for sowing, since seed in which the exuberant vitality has not been checked and enfeebled by age, would give birth to plants too luxuriant in growth for the small space which is all that can be allotted to them where artificial culture is required. Due limits, however, must be observed; for though seeds forty years old have been known to vegetate and grow into fruitful plants, their germination becomes doubtful if they are kept for more than three or four years. Though sometimes grown in the South of England, under hand-glasses, like cucumbers, they cannot generally be reared in this country in the open air, since 65° is the least temperature at which the seeds will germinate, and from 75° to 80° is needed before the fruit can be ripened. A sheltered hotbed, therefore, becomes here essential to their existence.

An annual plant, destined only to exist for the space of a few months, yet to attain large dimensions in all its parts, the growth of the melon is very rapid, the newly-quickened seed soon sending forth tender succulent shoots, which, as they speedily lengthen, develop numerous large, alternately-disposed, lobed leaves, accompanied by spiral tendrils; and in the course of the third month after sowing, the pale yellow flowers begin to unfold their soft, limp, five-cleft corollas, the males encircling three stamens, on which appear the curiously arranged anthers, in the form of serpentine lines waved up and down near their summit, while the females are easily distinguished by the green ovary swelling out below the blossom, the centre of which is occupied by a short style with three thick stigmas. The male flowers generally appear first, but Dr. Carpenter affirms that this matter is entirely governed by the degree of warmth to which the plants are exposed, and that if the proportion of heat greatly exceeds that of light male flowers are produced, whereas if these conditions be reversed only female ones appear. In fine summer weather, when glasses can be left almost constantly open, the breeze may waft pollen from this blossom to that, or honey-seeking bees, brushing past the anthers of one, may bear off the golden dust, to deposit it again, just where it is needed, as they plunge among the stamens of another; and thus the flowers become fertilised, and the fruit will "set" naturally. Our melon-growers, however, rarely trust to

Nature the fulfilment of so important a work, but mostly adopt the process imparted, as so wondrous a secret, by Crabbe's "Peter Pratt :"

"View that light frame where *Cucumis* lies spread,  
And trace the husbands in their golden bed,  
Three powdered anthers ; then no more delay,  
But to the stigma's tip their dust convey ;  
Then by thyself from prying glance secure,  
Twirl the full tip, and make your purpose sure ;  
A long-abiding race the deed shall pay,  
Nor one unblest abortion pine away."

A sunny day is usually chosen, if possible, for this operation, and between ten and twelve o'clock in the morning is the time prescribed as fittest for its performance.

When it becomes apparent, by the rapid swelling of the ovaries, that as many fruits are secured upon a plant as is consistent with its bearing powers,\* the future blossoms which it may put forth are destroyed as soon as they appear, in order that all its energies may be concentrated on the perfecting of the embryos, while tepid water is liberally supplied both to roots and leaves, in order to supply the drain upon the plant caused by the maturation of so large and juicy a fruit. If grown upon the ground, a piece of slate or tile is put under the tender nursling, to keep it from contact with the damp earth ; and as it increases in size, the stalk is supported so as to elevate it into the air and sunshine, which otherwise might be shut out by the surrounding leaves, though when trained up a trellis it needs no aid in securing a sufficiently exposed position. In the course of five or six weeks after the setting of the blossom, the ponderous produce may be expected to have finished its rapid course, and reached maturity, evidenced by its having attained its full size ; in some sorts, by the gaining also of a yellowish tinge, but most certainly by the exhalation of a powerful but pleasant odour ; though many kinds give likewise the unmistakable sign of the stalk cracking in a little circle close to the fruit. Winter melons, however, do not display this crack, and their ripening can therefore only be known by their size and scent ; indeed, it is acknowledged that in general it is rather difficult to discriminate the last stage of maturity, and that only experience can enable any one to determine with certainty the exact moment when a melon has reached, yet not passed, its perfection.

Such experience is sometimes much valued, an anecdote in proof of which is related of a certain monastery into whose fraternity no one was admitted who could not, by some special qualification, minister to the enjoyment of the rest of the community. A visitor staying there for a few days was so struck with the stolid demeanour and seeming utter stupidity of one of the monks, that he could not refrain from hinting to the prior his surprise at finding that such a one was allowed a place to which, according to the rumoured bye-laws of the society, he seemed so little entitled, when his doubts were at once dissipated by the satis-

\* Four at one time are usually considered a sufficient progeny.

factory reply—"Oh, he is not without his talent ; he is a capital judge of melons !"

When perfectly fine, a melon should have no vacuity, a fact ascertainable by the sound given forth on gently knocking the exterior, and when cut the juice should not run forth in a stream, but only gently exude to gem the flesh with dew-like drops of moisture. Small melons, too, are generally better than large ones, as the treatment which fosters increase of size tends also to impair flavour ; and the bulky giants of the race, produced by excessive manuring, are therefore rejected by good judges, who desire rather to gratify the palate than to please the eye. The fruit should always be cut from the plant in the morning, and the majority of the finer sorts should be eaten the day they are gathered, though if cut a day or two before they are ripe they may be kept for a week in a cool *dark* room, and some sorts will even keep for weeks under these conditions ; for light has a great influence in facilitating the chemical changes on which maturation depends, and its deprivation, therefore, tends much to retard decay. They should also not be laid down, but suspended in nets, so as to avoid pressure on the surface. The careful and expensive method of culture required in England for the production of melons is not necessary in the warmer parts of Europe ; for though near Paris they are raised equally artificially in hotbeds of dung, tan, or other fermentable material, and under glass or frames of oiled paper, yet in the South of France the ground where they are grown is merely ploughed, the seed thrown in, and "Heaven does the rest." Thus much of care seems to be necessary even in their native East, for Niebuhr mentions that though several sorts of pumpkins and melons grow naturally in the woods, serving to feed camels, "the proper melons" are planted in the fields, where a great variety of them is to be found, and in such abundance that the Arabians of all ranks use them for some part of the year as their principal article of food.

### SUNLIGHT AT EVENING.

WEARY and worn, and old and grey,  
The light of my young life passed away,  
But a trace of its radiance lingereth yet,  
Like the western sky when the sun has set,  
With the shadows of evening closing round,  
And its dim mists veiling the dewy ground.  
Yes ! e'en on the verge of the lonely tomb,  
One vision calls back youth's rosy bloom ;  
One memory still makes life divine,  
The dream of the love that once was mine !

Star of my life ! yet lead me on,  
Till the twilight of sorrow is past and gone,  
And the morning of joy and hope shall break  
On the night of waiting, for thy dear sake.  
The undying love in my heart that dwells,  
Was sealed for thine own by our last farewells ;  
And still shall thy name at morn and even  
Go up on the wings of prayer to Heaven.  
Then, e'en if we meet on this earth no more,  
I shall wait for thee on the deathless shore.

EMMA.

## THE CHILLINGHAM BALL.

"I AM afraid it is no mistake—I do love him—I know myself at last; but I will not do myself dishonour, I will not let myself be jealous, ill-tempered, or mean, if I can help it."

Mary Pembroke was seated at her dressing-table, looking full at the mirror, as if she would read through her own eyes straight down into her soul. She was not gifted with fine or over-sensitive feelings, or she might have followed up these words spoken in her heart, by laying out a map of her future life, all desolate and waste, as a poor disappointed maiden's life would seem to be, until the picture had become too much for endurance, and she had buried her face in her hands and wept passionately over a future before which the eye of faith veils itself in silence and humility. She did not do this—she merely wiped two large tears from her eyes, and smoothed carefully the soft braids of her brown hair.

"I will not do myself dishonour," she said, "nor show that I am only a fair weather Christian."

She rose then, and knelt herself down by the white coverlid of her tiny bed, and asked for strength, meaning to use it.

It was the morning of the Chillingham ball, and in the days which preceded the railroad age, when neighbourhoods were confined in fixed circles, this was an event of vital importance to the society which looked upon Chillingham as its central town. For years past that society had computed time by its Chillingham balls, as the Greeks by Olympiads. No young lady was considered to have reached a marriageable age, until she had made her first appearance there, and woe to her aching heart as the years went by, if they still compelled her to appear there unmarried, for there was a dreadful reckoning kept against her on the side seats where the dowagers rested, dowagers who well remembered her first appearance, when she must have been eighteen, at least.

Dread as the ordeal was, and willingly as many would have avoided it, it is not to be wondered at if mothers led their children there for the first time with aching and anxious hearts, judging from their knowledge of the banking-book at home how little provision would be left for them when the bread-winner's hand should have ceased to work, and knowing that this appearance would test the world's opinion of them. Good children, they are perhaps educated to make careful housekeepers and dutiful wives; but what will the world say of them, they wonder, as they glance round the room with a slight sinking of the heart, lest when they have brought out the daughters they love so well for a little innocent amusement, they may be suspected of bringing their wares to market.

With feelings as keen as any other mother's, Mrs. Pembroke had looked forward to Mary's second appearance; and, until the last few days,

she had anticipated a little triumph which should renew the days of her own youth. Mr. Pembroke was one of the chief solicitors in the town, and one whose well-tested probity had caused him to be received where his birth and connections would otherwise not have entitled him to notice. Some two or three years before, he had taken Arthur Sandford as a working partner, looking upon him as a young man of merit and industry; but very lately the connection between them had undergone a change. A relative had died, leaving Arthur Sandford a fortune, of which he might have had just expectations, but which he had never been foolish enough to reckon upon, and his place in the firm became a very different one. From that time Mrs. Pembroke had fancied she detected a change in his attentions to Mary. For years his attachment to her seemed certain, and youth upon her side, and uncertain prospects upon his, seemed to far-seeing friends the only obstacles to their marriage. During these days of happy intimacy, Mary had not cared to ask the question, which she had so bravely set herself to answer that day, nor had she noted the change her mother had detected until the last week, when a circumstance had assured her at once of her own state of feeling, and the necessity of conquering it.

Isabella Vaughan—her mother's niece, and the daughter of a rich London merchant—had come to spend the Christmas with them, bringing with her London fashions and small-talk, and enough of her father's money displayed in dress and jewellery to set Chillingham talking of her wit and beauty, although she was not quite so good-looking as Mary thought her. She was older than Mary, and more assured in her manners, and she had evidently set herself to make a conquest of the talented young solicitor, whose new house on the other side of the town was beginning to make people talk. Now, properly, Arthur Sandford should have shown himself indifferent to the London beauty, but he did not; he fell into the snare as readily as the silly fish seizes the well-baited hook. On some pretence or other, he was constantly at the house, and always the gentleman in attendance on the well-fledged coquette; and yet with a measure of his old caution, too, for he contrived to keep Mary always in their near neighbourhood.

As the Chillingham ball approached, wonderful garments had made their appearance by coach from London for Isabella, while Mary's more modest toilet was doomed to disappointment.

"Mary," Mrs. Pembroke had said to her, "your papa confesses to a slight embarrassment in money matters just now, and has asked me to be very careful. I know he never says what is not true, or denies us what he can spare,—dear child, can you do without a new dress for the ball?"

Mary considered a moment with blank face, then cleared it rapidly, and said, though with some little effort :

"Oh, yes, mamma dear ! the one I wore last year will do quite well."

"Could we get it altered?" anxiously suggested Mrs. Pembroke.

"It will do quite well, mamma," said Mary ; "to have it altered will be nearly as expensive as getting a new one. I do not mind it in the least."

So it was that when Mary sat in her little room, pondering over life and its difficulties, her last year's dress lay on the bed. There was a nice little fire, an unusual luxury, burning in the grate, for her mother, guessing, but not interfering with, the struggle going on within her, had thought she might like to be alone, and had ordered it early.

It had been a pretty dress, but the trimmings were last year's trimmings, so were the sleeves, and that which had been snow-white last year looked rather yellow now as it lay, reminding her of pleasant dances when he, who must be very dear no more, was by her side, listening for her voice above all others.

"I must go down," said Mary, wearily, and she went down to the drawing-room, where she found Isabel and her mother discussing the merits of a beautiful set of pearls which the former intended to wear with a superb white lace dress over a pink satin petticoat.

Mary came behind them in the gentle dignity of a heart true to itself, and admired the pearls, as who would not.

The door opened, and Mr. Sandford was announced. He entered, carrying two bouquets, one of white and exquisitely scented flowers, and the other composed of different colours, and evidently inferior to the other in beauty. With a courtly little speech of ordinary flattery he handed the white flowers to Miss Vaughan, and with a kind gentlemanly manner he offered the others to Mary.

She took them with a gentle grace, quietly thanking him, while Isabella overwhelmed him with thanks and praise.

"Mary," she said, "let me see if I do not like yours best,—I suppose I may have which I like best, Mr. Sandford?"

"I daresay Miss Pembroke will not object to give you hers, if you prefer it," he said, quietly ; "but I think I have chosen the best for you."

Here was an opportunity for Mary to say she did not care for either, but she only said :

"The white one will match your dress with its white ornaments, and it is much the prettiest."

"Well, if it is the prettiest, I will keep it," said Isabella, coquettishly ; "and the red roses will do best with your old dress, dear, will they not?"

"Only a year old," said Mary, smiling, for she saw her mamma was deeply hurt that the fact should be brought before Mr. Sandford's notice, "and it is almost as good as new."

"Fancy!" cried Isabella ; "hear her, Mr. Sandford ! she says the dress she wore at the last Chillingham ball is as good as new."

"Why did you not have a new dress?" asked Mr. Sandford.

"Papa had other needs for his money this year," said Mary, "and mamma thought my dress would do."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Isabella ; "as if papa was not always making the same outcry. I tell him I must have money, and I always get what I want."

"Perhaps your papa is richer than mine," said Mary ; "but he cannot be kinder or more thoughtful. I would not tease him for the world."

"Your society is so very tempting," said Arthur Sandford, "that I almost forget I have business to do. Miss Vaughan, will you hold yourself disengaged for the first quadrille to-night?"

"Well, as a reward for such a pretty present, I think I must."

"Good-by, ladies," he said, and hurried off.

"How beautifully you do your back hair, Mary," said Isabella, almost querulously ; "I wish I could do mine as well."

"Shall I do yours to night?" said Mary.

"Oh, I wish you would—with those beautiful plaits, and my black hair would look so nice with them, black hair always dresses so much better than brown."

"You must go up early then, my dears," said Mrs. Pembroke, for anxiously she saw Mary's pale cheek. "Mary does not look very well to-night, and I should not like her to look ill at the ball."

Quickly and lovingly Mary looked up—she knew her mother felt for her, and was the more grateful that she did not force her into any confidence, which under the circumstances would be painful to both.

No sister decking another with careful hands could have braided Isabella's hair more tenderly than did Mary that night. Step by step she walked in faith, not caring to question of to-morrow. Arthur Sandford loved her not, but she must not be unkind or impatient to her he did love, or judge her with over careful judgment.

The evening came, and when all the aristocracy of Chillingham and its neighbourhood assembled in the large dancing-room at the Angel Inn, Mary dressed in her last year's dress—which, by the bye, no one remembered, except a few who secretly respected her for wearing it—followed Mr. Sandford and her elegantly dressed cousin into the room, leaning on her father's arm. Her father was not so indifferent to what was going on as he might seem, but deemed her happiness so precious to him, and his dear child so far above all price, that if a word could have recalled Arthur against his will, he would not have uttered it.

The tide had set against Mary that night, however : many who had looked upon her as almost affianced to Arthur pitied her, but wished to be merry, and therefore did not ask her to dance, and as the gay music rattled on, she sat yet by her mother's side, although her gentle looks and patient smile might have attracted any one.

Arthur was dancing with Isabella, and flirting—ah, could such attention be courtship?

Presently they came to her—Isabella laughing,



and holding up her beautiful lace dress which had a long rent in it.

"Miss Pembroke," said Arthur (how happy and handsome he looked), "we need you—your cousin has torn her dress—do you mind coming with us to the cloak-room?"

It was said in that tone which implies that all the world must give way before one person.

"Certainly," said Mary, and she rose and took his arm, that arm which used almost to belong to her, and accompanying them to the cloak-room, borrowed a needle and thread, and mended the dress as carefully as delicate lace could be mended in such a time, Arthur standing by and receiving all Isabella's badinage with good-natured smiles. Oh, Mary felt, if she might but lie down and hide herself in the cloak-room until the ball was over, and that dreadful music silent. But Arthur's eyes were on her, watching her curiously, she thought, and she drew on her gloves with a steady hand, and accompanied them back to her mother, with whom they left her.

She had not danced once—she had begged her mother not to seek for partners, and none had come of themselves—for that evening she had been a perfect "wall-flower," but at the end of the evening Arthur himself came and asked her. She did not refuse—she had no pretence for doing so—she had no intention of showing pique, and she endeavoured to talk in the friendly style of old.

Once again his arm was about her waist,—could it be possible that it would soon be a crime to love him?

"I have a very great favour to ask you," he said, when they were walking after the dance.

"Indeed!" she said, in some surprise; "I will grant it if I can."

"My new house is finished," he said, his voice slightly changing, "and Miss Vaughan is very anxious to see over it, if Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke and you will bring her to-morrow."

Was it pique which induced her eager promise to do so if she could? Shall we condemn her very much if it were so?

"You will really persuade them, and come yourself?"

"Oh yes, if you particularly wish it."

"I do particularly wish it. You cannot do me a greater favour," he said with emphasis.

"Then you may depend on my persuading papa and mamma to come."

"And have you no curiosity to see my new house?" he asked.

The question was too cruel, and tears sprang to her sweet brown eyes. Her feelings had been over-wrought, her strength outdone; but even then she did not try to hide her confusion by an angry word. She only said unaffectedly, "I hope you have made yourself very comfortable."

"I want you to see," he said, looking straight at her, and with a lurking smile in his blue eyes, "if you think it comfortable enough for a lady. I told Miss Vaughan I intended to be a bachelor all my life, but I do not think she believes me."

But Mary was now on her guard, her rosy blushes had died away to a shadow-like paleness, and no words of his, however thoughtless, were capable of recalling them that night.

"Papa says you understand furnishing," she answered; "and I suppose, as there has been so much talk of your new house, there is something worth looking at inside?"

"There will be," said Arthur, smiling, "when all is completed."

She took his words as they were probably meant, as referring to Isabella, and did not reply to them. Even on the part of her cousin she could not assume that he had proposed until he had actually come forward.

"I see mamma looking at me," she said, "she is going, I suppose; let us go to her."

No stiffness in her manner, no unkindness to the last.

He took her to Mrs. Pembroke, and resigning her, gave his arm to Isabella, whom he attended so assiduously to the cloak-room and the carriage, that he quite forgot to say good-night to the others.

Did Mary throw herself passionately down when that night she reached her little chamber? Did she say her heart would break, and, Jonah-like, require that she might die? Did she cast from her the love of parents, the blessings of a well-ordered home, the esteem of many friends, and call them valueless?

No! strengthened as she had asked to be, and lowly kneeling by the snowy coverlid, she hid her pretty head, as she softly breathed with fervent lips and hallowed thought, "Thy will be done."

The next day at breakfast she made the request she had promised, and father and mother both respecting her wishes during her trial time, looked at Isabella's blushing face and consented without comment. If it must be, the sooner over the better.

It was snowing heavily, but Isabella had a new set of sables, which she was anxious to display, she said; and as they cost fifty guineas, she laughingly observed, they would enhance her value in the eyes of Mr. Sandford.

No need of that, Mary thought; Isabella looked so charming, and in such high and mysterious spirits, as if some secret were upon her lips, and longing to be disclosed.

"What farce are we called upon to see performed?" asked Mr. Pembroke, not able wholly to withhold his sympathy from the happy Isabella.

Isabella only laughed and coloured. What better answer could she give? It was impossible to be very angry with her, though she had done them so much mischief, and had so much self-assurance and vanity, for she had a way of coming round those who blamed her most which was irresistible.

"I shall quite eclipse your old cloak, Mary," she said, as she displayed herself in her sables.

"It is not an old cloak," said Mary, trying to be light-hearted; "it was new this winter, and one of Chillingham's newest fashions. Do not call it old," she whispered, "for mamma is looking as if she ought to buy me some sables."

"Well, are they not beautiful?" she said, and proceeded in her rambling self-loving way to give the whole history of their purchase.

Plain French merinos were then all the fashion,

and the cousins were both so dressed—Isabella, in dark becoming blue, and Mary in a rich red brown. They were both much more on a par in good looks than Mary was inclined to believe, but though she accepted her own low opinion of herself, she did not display any ill-humour. Yet who could fail to be depressed? Had not her golden dream past away as the rosy hues of a deceptive sunrise? and was not her day “dark and rainy,” though her fair face looked out so sweet and calm?

Mrs. Pembroke prepared unwillingly to accompany them, and had not Mary asked her, nothing would have induced her to go to see her sacrificed, as she inwardly termed it.

Mr. Sandford came to fetch them, as Isabella said he had promised to do, and taking her and her sables safe under his umbrella, he would have also taken Mary, but she had already secured her father’s arm, and was talking cheerfully to him of some of the little incidents of the night before, for Mr. Pembroke was sensitive, and often liked to know whether, in the opinion of his wife and daughter, his friends had been as kind and attentive as usual.

In this manner they went along the snowy road, amidst trees nodding with heavy drifts of snow, and ever and again the light laughter of Mr. Sandford and his companion came back to the more sober party behind. Presently they reached the pretty new house, surrounded by trees, which in the coming spring would so adorn it, and entered the little hall which formed so nice an entrance. A steady, middle-aged woman, well known to the Pembrokes, and by them recommended to Mr. Sandford, came forward to receive them, and took them to the dining-room, where a substantial luncheon lay waiting for them. Mr. Pembroke wished the meal at the antipodes, but every feeling of delicacy, as well as interest, prevented his taking offence at any line of conduct not positively aggressive on the part of his junior but richer partner.

“Dear aunt,” said Isabella, saucily, and with well-assured ease, “let me see how the seat of honour suits me. May I, Mr. Sandford?”

“Miss Vaughan’s word is law,” replied the host, who, nevertheless, Mary thought, looked pale and thoughtful; and Isabella, with her handsome sables thrown slightly back, took the head of the table, and proceeded to do the honours with mock solemnity.

“Surely they are engaged, and we must make the best of it,” thought Mrs. Pembroke; and she felt as if the breast of the partridge, which Isabella so coquettishly carved for her, would choke her.

Mary, only, was calm, easy, and lady-like. How proud her father felt of her self-command at a time when he was obliged to steady himself by taking an extra glass of wine.

“What do you think, aunt, of me as a hostess—shall I do?” said Isabella.

“Time enough, my dear, to give an opinion, when we see you perform the part in earnest,” replied Mrs. Pembroke.

Was she mistaken, or did Mr. Sandford and Isabella really exchange glances? Certainly, Mr.

Sandford rose, and proposed looking over the house; and they started on the tour of the rooms, giving what admiration they could to the snug library, the pretty drawing-room, and the master’s study.

Mrs. Pembroke had duly interested herself in a newly-invented kitchen-range, a small house-mangle, and many bachelor contrivances for comfort and economy, and even penetrated to the stable, petted Mr. Sandford’s well-known horse, and admired the carriage made for the two little ponies, which looked a great deal too much like a lady’s equipage to be fitted for a bachelor’s establishment; and when they had all done this, and returned again to the cheerful fire, they began to think their duty and courtesy had well been ended, and they might think of returning home.

“You approve of my house?” asked Mr. Sandford of Mrs. Pembroke.

“All very comfortable and appropriate,” said Mrs. Pembroke; “very thoughtfully and nicely furnished, and I wish you as much happiness as you deserve.”

“Thank you,” he said, turning to Mary, “and do you wish me happy?”

A slight flush—just a little bright blush—and Mary calmly said:

“Indeed I do. I hope you will be very happy, and live here many years—and do a great deal of good, too,” she added, in a lower tone, unconsciously lowered for his ear alone—no, there was no anger to the last.

“I must tax your patience once more,” he said, also in a lower voice, “to show you one thing more. Do you mind coming with me?”

But a week ago she would have gone with him to the end of the world. Because he had been unkind—nay, only because he loved Isabella—should she refuse so small a courtesy? and surely he needed some advice, for truly and without mistake he was pale and almost agitated now. Perhaps he thought Isabella over forward and bold. She could assure him she had a good heart at bottom, though careless of speech and self-willed in manner.

She rose from the seat in which she had been resting and trying not to look listless, and followed him. Mrs. Pembroke would have gone with them, but Mr. Sandford said, “What I have to show is only intended for Miss Pembroke,” and her mother let her go.

He led her across a short passage, and paused before a closed door.

“This is Blue Beard’s chamber,” he said, then turned the lock and entered a pretty room—small, indeed, but perfect of its kind—a lady’s sitting-room, with work-table, writing apparatus, and even a furnished work-box open on the table. He led her in and closed the door.

She betrayed no surprise as she looked quietly round, then turned to him and raised those sweet brown eyes, so true to the heart within, kind, forgiving, and gentle.

“You wanted me,” she said, with dignity. She had no wish for tête-à-têtes with other girls’ lovers, and showed that she had no intention to lengthen out the interview.

"I wanted to know if you thought my wife could be happy here."

"If she really loves you," she said, after a pause, which she had pretended to spend in surveying the apartment, "otherwise even such a pretty room as this will fail to make her happy."

"Aye, if she loves me," he said. "Although I admire her more than my life, and respect her more than I admire her, I begin to doubt whether she loves me."

"She will not give you any doubt if you make yourself sufficiently understood."

"I have often said that I never would make an offer of marriage unless certain of being accepted. I find now that it was an idle boast: no man can be certain on that point, though of another still more important I am certain."

"What point?" asked Mary, innocently.

"Of the merit of her I love; of her sweet temper, spiritual firmness, and feminine delicacy."

Mary knew that love is blind, yet she was a little surprised at such very inappropriate praise.

"And in what way do you wish me to help you?" asked Mary.

"Satisfied on all these points, I want you to enlighten me on that I do not know. Mary, does she love me?"

"I do not know," said Mary, simply.

"You do know."

"I am not my cousin's confidant."

"But are you not your own? Mary, can you forgive my little deception? You must know that every chair and table in this house was bought and chosen for you—that the house was built for you."

"But, Isabella—" stammered Mary.

"Is engaged to my cousin," said Mr. Sandford.

"You need have no apprehensions about her."

"Was it well to put me to this trial?" said Mary. "You do not know what I have endured."

"Not kind, perhaps, and altogether selfish; but, Mary, I should never have honoured you half so much—never have known all your worth, if I had not carried out my idle whim."

"Not idle—cruel," said Mary.

"Dear girl," he whispered, drawing closer, "forgive me, for I cannot repent. I only love you a hundred times more than I did last week. Come and let me ask your father for you, for my house is furnished, and I am impatient to get my wife."

He led her out, her hand upon his arm.

"Mr. Pembroke," he said, leading her up to him, "I have furnished my house; will you give me my wife?"

Before the astonished father had time to answer, the impulsive Isabella ran up to Mary and threw her arms round her neck.

"Dear Mary, believe me if I had not known that you were as true as gold, I would have given you a hint to keep your temper, lest this jealous man should find you out; as it was, I had no need. Will you forgive me for helping to make him see how much superior you are to other women?"

Slowly the snow fell—but who cared for the snow?—as they returned to Chillingham, Mary with renewed happiness, leaning upon the arm of Arthur Sandford, and Isabella rattling over her confidences to her amused and easily-forgiving uncle and aunt.

In this manner did Mary become the honoured wife of Arthur Sandford.

#### FOUR AND TWENTY HOURS IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

THE interest created by a newspaper is hardly confined to a perusal of its pages. After we have devoured the motley contents of its voluminous columns, and drunk in the excitement of its serried lines of print, there comes a pause—and in that pause we naturally turn to the marvellous phenomenon of its production. Reflect for a moment what this mighty broadsheet means; what it represents; what a graphic picture it is of "moving incidents by flood and field," how truly it describes events that are taking place in every quarter of the world; how it chronicles the deeds of governments and the actions of individuals; how it is moist with the tears of the mourner, and bright with the joy of the happy; how it toils for the banker and the merchant; how it sits in judgment on Justice herself; how it stereotypes our social and criminal life; how it becomes the mirror in which mankind in every region of the globe is faithfully reflected,—and the greatness of its character, the extent of its influence, the magnitude of its labours will be understood and appreciated. This sheet of news which but an hour before was a blank piece of paper, a *tabula rasa*, becomes, by a magic more potent than any read of in the Arabian Nights or tales of fairy romance, covered with the hieroglyphics of the alphabet, which being interpreted, reveal to the reading public the mighty doings of this vast world of ours.

And what is the machinery by which this great result is obtained? Let us step into the office of the *Daily Argus and Universal Recorder*, and we may perchance learn something. The building is not very inviting; but what of that? It has the air of a factory; the stairs are dirty, the walls once whitewashed are no longer white; there is a smell of oil, and every now and then a rumble of wheels and rollers—still all this is but of small account. Open this door, it is the Editor's room. It is spacious and lofty, well lighted, and lined with shelves filled with works of reference; there may be found "Hansard's Debates" for half a century back; biographies and histories; the speeches of distinguished parliamentary speakers; memoirs of eminent statesmen and diplomatists; volumes of statistics containing the populations of every country in the world, with the revenues, customs returns and forms of government; peerages and baronetages; army, navy, and clergy lists; parliamentary and general directories, not to speak of gazetteers and dictionaries without number which give the dates of events and occurrences long ago silent and forgotten. Perhaps a Blue Book or an official report may be lying on the table. It has been brought from that side room or closet around

which are ranged in goodly order the records of the labours of our Legislature for years past.

Having ushered you into this stately room, allow me to introduce you to the gentleman in the arm-chair. His hair is thin and grey; he is slightly round-shouldered, and stoops even when not sitting; as he looks up you perceive that his face is pale, if not sallow, and his eye is contracted with reading almost illegible manuscript and roods of small type. He is the Editor. At that side-desk is an assistant who opens the voluminous correspondence as it arrives, ascertains what letters are worthless, and what are important, and writes the contents of each upon the back. In this room are received the higher class of callers who seek an interview with the "potentate in the arm-chair,"—merchants with special views and facts connected with trade and navigation; members of parliament riding their own hobbies; clergymen with pet schemes on still more petted grievances; barristers burning to amend the law or panting for recorderships, vacant judgeships, and other "small deer" sinecures; officials who think that a word from the pen of the all-powerful and widely-circulated *Daily Argus* and *Universal Recorder* would carry their point and civilise mankind—all press in succession up to this throne and pour their plaint into the ear or place their petition in the hand of this editorial Rhadamanthus. He, bland and courteous, listens with more or less gravity of attention as he deems the subject brought before him of public moment. When, however, he thinks the visitor trivial and tedious, he quietly dismisses him by a civil gesture of impatience, an allusion to the pressure of engagements, and a touch of the American bell which lies by his side on the table.

Before the hour, however, for admitting this miscellaneous throng of visitors has arrived, essential work has been despatched. The correspondence has been glanced through,—in some instances carefully read,—the morning papers have been examined, and notes made of any important intelligence they contain, or remarkable views enunciated. But the Editor does not examine these papers with a view to find out what they contain alone. Great is the glee of the *Daily Argus* if the *Matutinal Medley* or the *Auroral Agitator* has omitted an important item of home news or failed to enlighten with equal lucidity its portion of the reading public on the mysterious proceedings of a foreign government. On the other hand, should the *A. A.* or the *M. M.* be first in the intelligence-market, deep is the grief of the Editor. Here is food for lamentation, indeed, for the reputation of the *Daily Argus* is seriously menaced. Presently, however, a calm comes over the editorial nerves, and the work of the office falls back into its ordinary grooves.

The most important hour of the four-and-twenty is probably that when the council of leader-writers meets, and the topics of the day are gravely discussed, with a view to their eventual treatment. What subjects shall be selected? What pen shall comment upon them? This is matter of no slight importance. Occasionally the day teems with a plenitude of matter, and then little is the trouble of selection;

but this is not always the case, and the editor and his council have to rack their brains to find the necessary complement. The American war and the Polish question are standard dishes which can be *réchauffé à discrétion*, the arrival of each mail furnishing fresh sauce to make repetition palatable. Mexico and Brazil, like Schleswig-Holstein, and Scandinavian unity, are delicate and cloudy topics, and can only be used at discreet intervals. Parliament ought to be a rich mine, but now-a-days it is nearly "all talk and no work," so that it affords really little that is practical and profitable for the pen of conscientious patriotism to dilate upon. Besides, the Legislature sits but half the year. Society kindly offers a few subjects; but then they usually turn up in the wrong places—in the police courts or the higher judicial tribunals. Railway accidents, aristocratic escapades, official boards, metropolitan improvements, church extension, ill-judged clerical preferment, nepotism in exalted places, street obstructions, the weather, the crops, the harvest, the national revenue returns, garotting, or an execution, all are good in their turn, though, like pumpkins, they soon grow stale. For effect, however, commend me to a thumping grievance, or a shameless scandal. The world grows mad with excitement to hear the naughty doings of naughty people described, and a column of fierce invective against an unfortunate delinquent, be he peasant or prince, peer, commoner, merchant, clerk or artisan, is read with an avidity that would be incredible did not the ledgers of the publisher reveal the truth. All these things the editor and his council have to bear in mind whilst catering for the public appetite. To them belongs a grave responsibility, and they are not unmindful of it. They select those subjects which tend best to inform the public mind and guide the public taste, whilst the entertainment of their readers is not overlooked. When a topic has been chosen, it is not left to the caprice of the individual writer to treat it in any random way he may please. It is thoroughly discussed, viewed in all its various phases, weighed in the balance, twisted round and round, and when it is maturely considered, and not till then, the line of argument is laid down, and, in fact, the general form and scope of the article arranged. To the skill and imagination of the writer entrusted with each text, is left the task of embodying in his own language, and giving life and colour to, the principles to be enunciated, the policy to be advocated. When this has been settled, the council breaks up, and the literary athletes depart, each to his own place, to prepare "copy" for the printer.

Whilst the editor has been holding this important parliament, the sub-editor has, on his part, not been idle. The mass of papers he has to examine and arrange far exceeds that of his chief, and no small judgment is required to determine what shall be retained and what shall be destroyed. Look at that heap of papers. Surprise is often expressed that an editor should be able to fill his forty or fifty columns with such unvarying punctuality, morning after morning. "Whence can he find matter?" it is asked. Look again at that mass of flimsy. The real difficulty is what to do with it

all. In the law reports alone, supplied by short-hand writers specially appointed to the duty of describing the proceedings of our tribunals of justice, there is enough, probably, to fill two-thirds of the newspaper. Then there are the cases in the Police and Bankruptcy Courts to be given, as well as the Stock Exchange and Shipping business matters to be recorded. Sporting has become so thoroughly an English institution that intelligence under this head cannot be neglected. We do not allude solely to horse-racing or steeple-chasing; we have our cricket-matches, and our pedestrian matches, matches at racket, and now must be included matches at swimming, all of which have been enthusiastically adopted by the British public, who will have an account of yesterday's play, come what may. Nor must we forget our gallant body of volunteers, who look every morning in the daily press for the chronicle of their latest doings. All of this intelligence has to appear daily, or the grumbings of the reader would make themselves unmistakably heard, and even felt.

But how is it all to be given? That is the question—that is the Gordian Knot, and had not the sub-editor nerves of steel, and a cool head, he would faint whilst contemplating this labyrinth of matter. It has, however, all to be cut down, condensed, arranged, and put into form for the compositors. None of the information can be omitted; all must go in. By diligent industry, and a judicious procrustean process, that formidable mass is reduced to order, and appears next morning in an agreeable and comprehensible form, for the delectation and instruction of the public. Little do the uninitiated know the labour that is expended in providing for them their regular pabulum of morning news!

I have not, however, yet exhausted the perplexities which besiege the indefatigable sub-editor. What he has already achieved is comparatively speaking smooth and pleasant work. In addition to this daily accumulation of news—the stream of which is constant as the rise and fall of the tide, and as inexorable—flow in occasional freshets of intelligence. They sweep in like the Bore of the Ganges, and all must be made straight for their reception. It may be a grand political banquet, or a dog and cattle show, or a volunteer review, or a Wimbledon rifle-match, or the tour of the future majesties of England through the country, or an agricultural meeting, or the funeral of some distinguished warrior or statesman. Each of these important events has to be elaborately and picturesquely described, and special gentlemen, fluent with their pen, and capable of writing a glowing narrative, have to be despatched in order that the journal-reader may have every particular circumstance and incident detailed for his special gratification. For the elaborate and brilliant reports of these our contemporary Froissarts space must be found, however jammed and crammed the columns of the *Daily Argus* may previously have been. It would be as much as his place is worth for our friend the sub-editor—and he is a plodding, hard-working, manœuvring fellow indeed—to keep out so important and interesting a morceau of news. So the hydraulic

pressure is again applied, and the graphic account of “our special correspondent” appears next morning in clear and unmistakable bourgeois type, realising for the world and his wife the scene as vividly and faithfully as though they themselves had been present on the spot.

Leaving the sub-editor in his room half-smothered in a mass of correspondence and flimsy, sometimes tearing his hair in an agony of desperation and confusion, let us go abroad for awhile and visit the various stations of that large army of purveyors of mental pabulum for the public who are ever and everywhere on the alert to collect and send in the “very latest” news. It is a widely-scattered army, and may be found in greater or less detachments in every continent and country of the habitable globe. For our purpose, however, we will divide them into the Home and Foreign Legions,—the Household Troops, and those which may be despatched on distant service. These, again, may be subdivided into the régulars and irregulars, the Guards and Bashi-Bazouks of journalism.

We will first describe those at home—those, for example, who labour within the precincts of the metropolis. The régulars, however, must take precedence of the irregulars, a force not unknown to fame under the title of “penny-aliners.” Foremost in the ranks we place that learned and industrious body, the Parliamentary corps. Theirs is no easy task. During the hottest working time of the session the House meets at four and sits on till one, two, and sometimes three o'clock in the morning—the business of the nation has been known to have been protracted till four o'clock, long after daylight has appeared. Of course the toil and labour of the Parliamentary staff are not in all cases the same. It stands to reason, moreover, that there is more or less difficulty in taking down the speeches according to the peculiarities of the speakers. Some deliver their ideas fast; others slow; others indistinctly; some, on the contrary, are loud yet not plain, whilst some absolutely stutter over their sentences, so that it is next to impossible to catch their meaning. Lord Palmerston addresses the House in a quiet and familiar manner, and is easy to follow; Earl Russell is slow and deliberate, weighing each word carefully as though it were gold; Gladstone is fluent as a swift-flowing stream; Bright comes next to Gladstone in rapidity and smoothness. Disraeli dashes headlong like a torrent when the spirit of invective is strong upon him, and gives trouble. Again, some journals have a more numerous corps than others; in fact, the proportion averages from six to sixteen. According to the numerical force of each corps, therefore, the hours are divided, some turns being only for a quarter of an hour, others for half an hour, an hour, and even an hour and a half. As soon as the “quarter of an hour” is up, the reporter retires, and from his short-hand notes writes out what has been addressed to the House during his turn. Much, however, is left to his discretion. He is not required to “write out” every member in full. According to the importance of the speaker and the subject of debate, he gives a verbatim report, or condenses the whole speech.

Ministers, leading men in the House, and the chief of the Opposition, are not only given, as a rule, verbatim, but are accorded the dignity of "the great I." The orations of less influential members are reported in the third person, and not a few insignificant speakers are only mentioned as having spoken. It is on sufferance alone, however, that reporters are allowed in the Chambers of the Legislature, notwithstanding that a special gallery for their accommodation has been erected; any member can clear the House of strangers at any moment he pleases. But the "parliamentary reports" have become an institution of the country, and one of the "representatives of the people" would as soon think of interfering with the publication of these reports as he would of proposing to pay the National Debt out of his own purse. Occasionally, indeed, a member does feel irritated at some apparent neglect, becomes cantankerous, and makes a wild effort to punish the press by suspending this privilege. But it is the serpent biting the file; the only notice taken of his spite is to omit his name altogether from the debates. This touches the indignant member to the quick, but sooner or later he falls on his knees before the Gallery, as penitent and humble as a prisoner at the bar of the House.

In our Law and Police Courts may be seen, sitting in a privileged compartment, a busy penman taking down notes of the proceedings. This person is likewise preparing copy for the press. He is generally a barrister not overburdened with briefs, who is glad to eke out an uncertain income by "just doing a little reporting." As a rule, he receives a weekly stipend, and, with one or two exceptions, is in the service of three or four journals, receiving a limited salary from each. He writes upon very thin prepared paper with a pencil also specially adapted to the paper, and is thus enabled to produce six or seven copies of his reports at once. This saves time, labour, and expense. Amongst the other members of the regular force may be enumerated the persons who watch the transactions of the city—the operations of the Bank and the Stock Exchange, Mining Matters, the Coal, Corn, Sugar, Tea, and Tallow Markets, &c., as well as that important and somewhat mysterious individual who peers into the private movements of royalty, and is known to the public as the "Court Newsmen."

During the session of Parliament, when space is valuable, the "Penny-a-liner" finds it difficult to subsist, though such is his art, that he seldom fails to "send in" something true and acceptable. But when Parliament rises and autumn commences, he gathers in a rich harvest. The "Sea Serpent," a "shower of frogs," "four-at-a-birth," "people consumed by spontaneous combustion," "marvellous escapes," and no less "marvellous rescues," "awfully sudden deaths," "wonderful escapes," "curious travels," &c., form the stock-in-trade of these gentry, and vigorously they ply their pen, and this in addition to the legitimate business of real accidents and events which they can honestly record. Not the least active amongst them, however, is the Fire-reporter. This is not a chance individual, created on the

spot by the catastrophe. He is as well known as the turncock of the parish, and is recognised by the engine-drivers as they rattle along the streets, and is taken up along with them to give a full, true, and particular account of each "terrible calamity." This is his prerogative, and one would as soon think of an attempt to oust the sweep from his crossing, as the fire-reporter from his berth.

Next, as to the Foreign Correspondents, and "Our Special." Where are they not to be found? In Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and that fifth quarter of the world, our Antipodes, there they are more than gleaners, plodding away to pick up information for the reader of the "Daily Argus" and his contemporaries. Cast an eye over the map, fix upon one great city, and it would be difficult to say that a correspondent is not there. In Paris and Berlin; at Athens and Alexandria; in India, China, Australia, and New Zealand; in New York and California, Chili and Peru; wherever the track of British commerce and British interests is to be followed, there this indefatigable "servitor of the public" may be found, noting down facts and opinions for the benefit and entertainment of his fellow-countrymen.

In most of the capitals of Europe he is as well known as the ambassador himself. In fact, the duties of the two are closely analogous. The object of the one is to keep his government *au courant* with the political aspect of affairs in that country to which he is accredited; of the other, to acquaint the public with precisely the same information. It not unfrequently happens, too, that the "journalist" is the better man, and can send home a more authentic and more reliable picture of the state of matters. Lord M.,<sup>o</sup> or Sir N. N., is raised too high, lives in too official an atmosphere, mixes too much with notables and politicians of one stamp, to obtain the best means of judging of the truth. His vision is too circumscribed by the gilt and velvet barriers of the court for him to be able to estimate justly the opinions of the nation. The views which a minister wishes him to receive are so strewn in his path, that he cannot resist the temptation of accepting them as gospel. "Our Correspondent," on the other hand, takes a wider range, learns of the masses, and is thus in a position to correct the erroneous impressions of the ambassador. He has the *entrée* not unfrequently of the *sanctum sanctorum* of ministers, and moves in the highest society of the land. Where he is not on intimate terms with cabinet councillors themselves, he is generally acquainted with under-secretaries and officials who let him into the secrets of the Government, and enable him to warn the world while yet there is time. As one of the people, again, he dwells amongst and sympathises with them. They are not afraid to lay bare their hearts before him; they pour their grievances into his ears; they give him their opinions of the state of the country; they regard him as their friend; and whether it be on matters of politics or religion, of art or commerce, of government or of justice, they desire reform, they know that he will be their best advocate and coadjutor; they consequently look up to him as the Mer-

cury who can proclaim their wants, not only with impunity but with effect. His person is sacred, and he can say what he likes and write what he likes without fear of arrest or domiciliary visits from the police.

An important person is "our own correspondent" if he has the tact to use his position and opportunities well; if he has the judgment to lay their true price upon the various pieces of information he gathers; if he knows how to discharge impartially the duties entrusted to him. On very extraordinary occasions, however, "our special" is despatched to aid "Our Own." Like the staff of plenipotentiaries in the diplomatic world, this *corps de reserve* is seldom drawn upon. A royal visit of any moment, the trial trip of a war-ship constructed on a new principle, any grand and exciting event about to take place at home or abroad, would warrant the despatch of a "special," and like Lord Clyde or Sir Charles Napier, they are ready to set out at an hour's notice. But the occasion which tests their powers of intelligence and endurance most is the breaking out of a war. The difficulties, not to say the dangers, they have to encounter would daunt a less bold and enterprising race of civilians. They face equally with the army the perils of the campaign; they run the risk of being shot or taken prisoners; they have to rough it like their belted comrades; they are familiar with hunger and thirst, fatigue, and exhaustion, and often whilst the weary private sleeps by the side of his rifle, "Our Special" is writing the description of a battle just fought, after having been scouring the field the whole day watching the movements of the various divisions, and eagerly listening to the accounts of those who had been engaged, in order that he might make his narrative more complete and graphic by introducing personal as well as general incidents of the struggle. Thus amid the smoke and confusion, the blood and groans of the scene of carnage, he sits down to write, perhaps on the head of a broken drum, his hurried despatches. The narratives of "our special" at the Crimean campaign, in the Italian war, and during the terrible rebellion in India, will remain a monument to their cool intrepidity, no less than their great erudition and masterly descriptive powers. At the present moment in the woods and wilds of Poland, and with the armies of the North and South in America, is to be found "our special correspondent." His is no tranquil labour; he has to write, and does write, in the teeth of obloquy and real peril, and were it not that the ægis of British sovereignty is thrown over him, his very life would be frequently endangered.

Returning, however, from this long flight, let us once more enter the rooms of the sub-editor and his chief. It is 10 P.M. The latter is still where we left him in the morning; but how differently engaged. He is poring over long thin strips—mere ribbons of printed matter, and mercilessly does he drive his pen in amongst these serried columns of words. For every expression in these columns he is responsible. They contain the opinions of the "Daily Argus," and are supposed to represent the opinions of the most powerful section of the political world outside. Again

are they read, corrected, and re-corrected. Not a single epithet is allowed to remain which is likely to compromise the views of the paper; anything that savours of a libel is rigorously struck out; the exuberant humour of each writer is chastened down to comport better with the sober taste of the public. When these alterations and improvements have been achieved, and the style and substance of each leader have passed the ordeal of an unflinching criticism, the "proofs" are sent up to the compositors. Even then the editorial labours are not concluded; ten to one but he takes to nibbling his pen once more and subjects the "revises" to the same surgical operations which the proofs have already undergone.

The sub-editor, no less than his chief, has before him an herculean toil. He has that mass of matter which we have seen pouring into him from every point of the compass to arrange for the hands of the printer. But he has still to be on his guard. At the last moment a lengthy telegram arrives from America, or Poland; or an Overland Mail unexpectedly comes in; or a statesman dies suddenly, and his biography—which has been lying for months, perhaps for years, in a drawer of the *escritoire*, waiting, as it were, the death of the great man—must be used that night. Or perhaps the debates in the Lords and Commons have run long, or a dreadful murder has been just committed, or a terrible fire has broken out, and the claims of all these for insertion have to be attended to. By two or three o'clock in the morning, however, he has pretty well terminated his labours for the day, or rather the morning. Having had one or more explanations with the head printer, and given his last instructions, he goes home yawning to bed shortly before other men rise for their ordinary duties.

HAROLD KING.

### A WORD ON HERNE'S OAK.

AS PUBLIC attention has been very recently directed towards this celebrated tree, the old trunk of which has lately been blown down, a short account of it may not be uninteresting.

In giving this account, the first thing is to prove that the tree in question was the real Herne's Oak of Shakespeare. In my "Gleanings in Natural History," published in the year 1834, I endeavoured to do this; but, in consequence of what I had alleged as to the identity of the tree, I was attacked in various publications on this subject, and amongst others, by the "Quarterly Review," in a notice on Loudon's "Arboretum." In consequence of this, I defended my previous opinion in the best manner I was able, in a letter inserted in the "Times" newspaper, a few extracts from which I now propose giving. The attack on me in the "Quarterly" was as follows:

Among his anecdotes of celebrated English Oaks, we were surprised to find Mr. Loudon adopting an apocryphal story about Herne's Oak, given in the lively pages of Mr. Jesse's "Gleanings." That gentleman, if he had taken any trouble, might have ascertained that the tree in question was cut down one morning, by order of King George III., when in a state of great, but

transient excitement. The circumstance caused much regret and astonishment at this time, and was commented on in the newspapers. The Oak, which Mr. Jesse would decorate with Shakespearian honours, stands at a considerable distance from the real Simon Pure. Every old woman in Windsor knows all about the facts.

There is no occasion to dwell on the spirit of contradiction and flippancy in which this passage was written; but I will proceed to facts.

That a tree was cut down near the Castle in consequence of a dispute the King had with his son, afterwards George IV., cannot be doubted. Sir Herbert Taylor informed me that he heard the order given, but he assured me that the tree so felled was an *Elm*. Indeed, the whole character of George III. would of itself be a sufficient guarantee that Herne's Oak was not cut down by his order. He always took a pride and pleasure in pointing it out to his attendants whenever he passed near it, and that tree was the one whose identity I am now advocating. It may also be doubted whether any monarch would venture to incur the odium and unpopularity of felling such a tree as Herne's Oak.

To set the matter at rest, however, I will now repeat the substance of some information given to me relative to Herne's Oak by the late Mr. Ingall, the highly respectable bailiff and manager of Windsor Home Park. He stated that he was appointed to that situation in the year 1798. On receiving his appointment, he was directed to attend upon the King at the Castle, and on arriving there he found his Majesty, as he said, with "the old Lord Winchelsea." After a little delay, the King set off to walk in the Park, attended by Lord Winchelsea, and Mr. Ingall was desired to follow them. Nothing was said to him until the King stopped opposite an oak-tree. He then turned to Mr. Ingall, and said:

"I brought you here to point out this tree to you. I commit it to your especial charge, and take care that no damage is ever done to it. I had rather that every tree in the Park should be cut down than that this tree should be hurt. *This is Herne's Oak.*"

Mr. Ingall added that this was the tree still standing near Queen Elizabeth's Walk, and it is the same tree I have referred to and given a sketch of in my "Gleanings in Natural History."

Having stated the above decisive fact, I may remark that George III. was perfectly incapable of the duplicity of having pointed out a tree to Mr. Ingall as Herne's Oak if he had previously ordered the real Herne's Oak—"the Simon Pure"—to be cut down. I have also the authority of His Royal Highness the late Duke of Cambridge for stating that George III. always mentioned the tree lately blown down as Herne's Oak.

I might mention many other arguments in favour of the identity of the tree in question, but I will only add that Mr. Charles Davis, the present well-known and much-respected huntsman of her Majesty's hounds, assured me that he had heard the King assert that he had not cut down Herne's Oak, and that he repeated the assertion when his mind was in a perfectly healthy state.

In order that the tree might be readily recog-

nised by strangers I had the following quotation placed upon it:

There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter,  
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,  
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,  
Walk round about this Oak.

I have been assured that after the inscription had been placed on the tree, some females, who had been in the habit of passing between Windsor and Datchet through the park at night, have been alarmed with the fear of meeting "Herne the hunter." If this was so, it curiously shows the fact that superstition holds the same sway in this neighbourhood as it did when Shakespeare made Mr. Page say:—

there want not many that do fear,  
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's Oak.

I may mention as an interesting circumstance, in conclusion, what took place when the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, assembled at Windsor Castle to celebrate the christening of our Prince of Wales. The Queen invited these potentates to walk in her grounds, but some of their attendants remained at the castle. Instead of viewing the objects in it, the celebrated Baron Humboldt inquired his way to Herne's Oak. This was the first object of his attention and curiosity, and probably of his veneration. The splendour of the castle, its pictures, the noble scenery which is to be seen from it, and the many historical facts connected with it, were objects of inferior interest compared with the shattered trunk of an oak, "dry and dead," yet rich with recollections of the genius of our immortal Shakespeare. On arriving at the interesting relic, the Baron gazed upon it in silence; and at last gathered a leaf from the ivy which clung to the decaying trunk, and deposited it in his pocket-book, as a relic to carry back to his own country, to be exhibited there as one of no common interest. The nobleman who accompanied him to the tree acquainted me with this little anecdote, which I must confess afforded me no small degree of gratification.

This ancient tree, alas! no longer stands on the spot which Shakespeare has immortalised: it was but lately—

a huge oak, dry and dead,  
But clad with reliques of its trophies old,  
Lifting to heaven its aged, hoary head—  
With wreathed roots, and naked arms,  
And trunk all rotten and unsound.—*Spenser.*

At present portions of it will be eagerly sought after, like the Mulberry tree of Stratford, to turn into snuff-boxes and tobacco-stoppers—such will be its "reliques"!

Arbore dejectâ qui vult ligna colligit.

EDWARD JESSE.

## THE WHITING.

I NEED not make any apology to my readers for introducing to their notice this exceedingly beautiful and popular sea fish; and a few words relating to it may form a very fitting supplement to my remarks on the "Cod Fishery."\*

\* See Vol. vii., page 496.



Whiting are at their best from the latter end of August until Christmas, the months of October and November being the two in which they are in the finest condition. Nevertheless they are taken all the year round, and are always welcomed at our tables.

Whiting, like most of their congeners, are gregarious, and I might almost say, *sociable* fish, as they congregate thickly in groups containing many score; when they bite freely it is not difficult to take a hundred or two in a very short period, for they are voracious fish; but, notwithstanding, they are dainty feeders, and will not look at a stale or indifferent bait. Whiting fishing with a hand-line, from September to January, is an amusing pastime, for then the herrings are in season, and a whiting is sure to be tempted by the silvery and delicate bait. Whiting bite very sharply, and with a peculiar "twitch"; their mouths are furnished with rows of teeth not unlike those of the river jack, and where they abound they may be caught two and two as quickly as they can be pulled up; nay, so eager are they, that if you cut up a dead whiting, and bait your hooks with the pieces, its surviving companions will greedily snap at their late comrade!

There are more sorts than one of whiting. There is the rock whiting, a small silvery fish; the deep-water whiting; the coal whiting, a beautiful dusky silvery grey; and the whiting-pout, or lady-whiting, so called because some suppose it to be the female of the whiting. I have reason to believe, however, that the "pout" (or "pouting") is a totally distinct variety. Poutings are exceedingly handsome fish, resembling in shape the river roach, with large beautiful eyes and fins. When first taken out of the water they glitter precisely like *opals*, but this exquisite tint goes off in a few seconds. Their usual weight is about half a pound, but I have taken them of three pounds weight. They are truly beautiful fish, but most difficult to catch, as they bite so exceedingly tenderly that they will twitch half a dozen baits away before they get hooked. I have got amongst a shoal of them, and wasted a hundred "log-worms," and not caught half-a-dozen fish all the time.

The "Simon Pure," that is to say, the *genuine* whiting, comes along shore in immense shoals during the autumn months, the shoal grubbing up and feeding on everything in their way. On a still, foggy day in November, and on a good rocky ground, you may take a boatload of whiting with a herring-bait. Sprats—each sprat cut in halves or quarters—are also splendid baits, as is a log-worm; but worms are scarce after October, and I have found raw shrimps put on the hook—shell and all, as they are caught—a killing bait. The "hook-whiting" are most unquestionably far superior to those caught in "trawl-nets." They are generally better fed fish, from coming in along the rocks to feed on the prawns, shrimps, and other sea-insects, and they are not bruised or chafed, as is the case with net-whiting. I have seen net-whiting so knocked about as to have the entrails protruding and the skin broken. "Hook-whiting" look like bright florins fresh from the

mint, and have a very inviting and attractive appearance.

The whiting is usually from nine to fifteen inches in length, and its average weight from a quarter to three quarters of a pound; sometimes, in the spring or early autumn, little whiting are taken on the hand-line not more than four, or even three, inches in length, and I myself have so taken them. There is a peculiar way of preparing whiting for the breakfast-table called "plumping," which renders them a most delicious relish to that meal. A number of moderate-sized whittings are cleaned and washed, laid in salt for a few hours (more or less, according to taste), and afterwards hung up in the sun for about two days, *not longer*. When wanted for use, broil them lightly on a very clear fire, and serve very hot. The whiting is occasionally hung up in what is termed a "herring-hang," and there smoked with oak sawdust, after having been previously lightly salted. Thus prepared they are good, but not equal, I think, to the "plumped" ones.

The price of whiting fresh from the sea, to be used as dinner fish, fluctuates extremely. I have known them to fetch 4*d.* and 6*d.* apiece, even by the sea-side, whilst at other times they are as cheap as 3*d.* a score; but this low price holds good only during the great "glut" caught in the herring season. Like all other fish except cod, herring, and mackerel, the whiting is not caught alone—that is, the whiting fishery is not pursued by itself, but the fish are caught promiscuously with many other varieties, such as codling, plaice, turbot, soles, &c., &c.

The middle-sized whiting are the best for the table; the smaller ones bony, and the very large of too great a size to fry. As I have before remarked, the usual size of the whiting caught on our coasts is from half to three quarters of a pound, but some run immensely larger, and I have taken them on my cod-lines of three and four pounds' weight, and very broad thick fish, looking more like the haddock. A large whiting, smoked and dried, is very good. I will not go so far as to say it quite equals the haddock, but I am *sure* I could so cure them as to deceive very many of my readers. Whiting-fishing, as I have said, is fine sport, and, as a proof how a real love of piscatory amusement may bring *skill* with it, I have gone out alone in a small boat, single-handed, times without number, and beaten all the professional fishermen on the coast. I have even remained anchored close to the shore, and caught score after score of these fish, when crowds of boats all around me could take few or none. Let me, however, say that I had the advantage of being taught by a first-rate fisherman, and as good and bold a sailor as there is existing on the south-eastern coast. Often have he and I taken between us more fish than all the other boats out put together. But this is a digression.

In fishing for the whiting the amateur should use a hand-line about twice as stout as very thick twine, and with two hooks (not over large these latter, as the whiting has not a very large mouth). Bait one hook with a worm and the other with a "white" bait, to give the fish a choice, as they are fastidious, and it is curious that on some days

you will find they will take the one persistently when they will not look at the other. By a white bait I mean a piece of sprat or herring. The white bait takes best when the sea is thick and disturbed, as its glitter is seen by the whiting far off. In clear, bright water the worm must most decidedly be allowed the preference. The soft end of the soldier-crab—or “farmer,” as the boatmen term it—is also a good bait, and so killing for codlings that I have often given a good price for a score of “farmers,” and taken a *codling with every bait*. The codling, too, which take this bait are thick, plump four or five-pounders, and worth the catching. I feel strongly inclined to affirm that, next after a herring or sprat bait, a “farmer” is more taking for cod than any bait whatsoever.

Whittings lie usually from half a mile to a mile from the shore, and generally in very deep water. It is as well not to fish for them in less than six fathoms of water, unless there has been a “dead calm” for many days, and then they will come closer in shore. When fishing for the whiting you will also take codling, whiting-pouts, dabs, plaice, gurnets, mullets, and other fish. I have caught large cod with a hand-line; and it wants a practised fisherman, I can assure my readers, to land safely a great tugging cod at the end of a hand-line, and with a whiting-hook. In the autumn of 1856 I took two cod thus, one weighing twenty-six and the other seventeen pounds; and two years previously I had seen a fisherman’s boy, then a little fellow, land a fine fish of twenty-four pounds in the same manner. A large skate, too, thus hooked will give plenty of “fun,” and a conger will make your line resemble a tangled skein of silk. Congers are great nuisances, as they bite very greedily at a white bait and keep other fish away. Most fish have a mortal dread of the conger, who devours all and each with most obliging impartiality and in wholesale fashion. The luckless herring, however, is a victim to all other fish—a wise dispensation, no doubt, of Providence to keep down its incredible numbers; for when we reflect that a single shoal contains millions, and that a single fish contains sometimes 300,000 eggs, the mind absolutely refuses to comprehend the vast number of herrings that there would be were this prodigious fecundity not checked.

Whittings follow the herring-shoal, literally in such “armies” that the herring-men sometimes take as many as sixty score in a night with the hand-line. The sparkle of the herrings as they are hauled in over the boat’s side causes cod, dogfish, and whittings to assemble in such numbers as to be astonishing. The codfish, dogfish, and congiers leap out of the water at the net, and tear fish and meshes away piecemeal, always to the sorrow, and sometimes to the complete ruin, of the fishermen; hence, with a fierce retaliation, they treat any conger or dogfish they may capture with savage and brutal cruelty. It is almost useless to reason with them; but I have saved many a poor fish from a lingering and torturing death by ransoming it, and then stipulating it should be killed outright. As some little extenuation for this barbarity on the part of the

fishermen, it is only fair to state that the dogfish are really a fearful pest and scourge to those who gain their livelihood by their nets.

The Kentish coast is famous for its fine whiting, as, indeed, is the whole of the south-eastern coast; but, notwithstanding great numbers are taken, the metropolitan supply is rarely equal to the demand, and consequently the whiting is never to be had very cheap in London. It is, moreover, a delicate fish, and does not well bear packing; hence a great portion of those fish taken are sold at the places to which the fishing-boats belong, at a low price, sooner than risk should be incurred of their spoiling in their transit to town. Whittings that would fetch two or three shillings a dozen in London,—that is to say, twopence or threepence each fish,—often fetch as little as threepence a score, or, at any rate, sixpence, which is at the rate of six (or three fish, if you take the higher price) for one penny. Sometimes a boatman with a fine lot will let you have a dozen for a pint of beer and a little tobacco. I once saw a man belonging to a herring lugger sell fifty magnificent whiting for half-a-crown, and a codfish of twenty pounds weight for ninepence. Of course he could not take them to sea when the boat went out again, and he was glad to take any price he could get. Further, he said he was *pleased*, and thought three shillings and threepence a good night’s work, or, in his own words, “good grog-money.” The profits made by London fishmongers are very large; for instance, they retail fresh herrings at a penny apiece which cost them no more than eightpence the hundred (there are 132 to the hundred of herrings). Still, we must make allowance for fish being a highly “perishable” article. Some of the great salesmen make enormous profits on fresh herrings. Sometimes, however, the speculator encounters great losses, but then his profits are usually large in proportion. I remember an instance of several lasts of herrings being bought by a dealer one autumn, in Ramsgate, for seven guineas a last (a last is 10,000 fish). These fish, in Billingsgate, fetched eighteen pounds ten shillings per last, which—carriage deducted—gave a handsome profit. Certainly the captain of the herring-lugger would not have sold his fish at so low a price had he not been in a hurry to catch the tide and get to sea again, it being late in the day. The boat in question was the Elizabeth of Lydd, belonging to one of the Blacklocks—a civil and respectable family of men, and known amongst their comrades for their good fortune in the fishery.

I may add, in conclusion, that whiting make their annual peregrinations round the coast, as do herrings,—appearing and disappearing at certain periods of the year. They are to be caught in abundance on the south-eastern coast throughout the months of September, October, and November, after which they get scarce and disappear until the ensuing August, except in the very deep water on the “trawling”-grounds, and even there they are not plentiful. The shoals, in fact, pass on after Christmas, but we may rest confident of receiving their periodical visit when the corn again begins to grow ripe and heavy in the ear.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

## NUTTING.

## AMORET AND I

Were less than lovers,—something more than friends.  
 All through the summer, undesigned, our paths  
 Had crossed each other. In deep Surrey lanes,  
 Whose sandy banks the fitting martins drilled,  
 We chanced to meet. In pleasant garden walks,  
 At archery, and dance, and country fête  
 We met; made neighbours for the time. We met  
 Without constraint; conversed like ancient friends,  
 And when we parted, did so without sighs.  
 Then autumn came, in his sad, golden glory.  
 The birds flew southward to Egyptian homes;  
 Uplands looked hoary under stubble close;  
 And the soft stillness of ensuing days  
 Was as the tenderer manner in a home  
 Whose inmates sever.

## My long holiday,

By health enforced, was over; and I planned  
 Again to mingle in the din of life  
 'Mid a dark city. Amoret recalled,  
 Soon was returning to her northern home.  
 All things in cadence with the falling leaves  
 Seemed to breathe out Farewell.

To-morrow, then, the parting:—and to-day  
 We four, the relics of a group dispersed,  
 Edward and Grace, and Amoret and I,  
 Spend our last hours among the hazled lanes,  
 In purposeless but pleasant wanderings passed:  
 Our baskets filled with lunch, to be refilled  
 With nuts, and rarer ferns.

## The day was blent

Of sun-bright snatches, and fast-travelling clouds:  
 Not over gay, nor gloomy, but in tune  
 With our own hearts. In presence of The End  
 Our cheerful banter oft gave way to words  
 More true and earnest,—oft in silence died.  
 For sometimes we speak most by silent acts;  
 Averted eyes; the breaking short a flower;  
 A stifled sigh; the pressure of a hand,  
 Its warmth excused, as sign of absent mind.  
 And the heart hath an ear more swift to read  
 Such silent language, than if words precise  
 Were writ on parchment with the best nibbed pen.

We strolled, we sat, we listened to the lark,  
 Opened our sketch-books; put them up again;  
 Watched the grave dancings of the chequered light  
 On the dun, sandy floor—stilled suddenly  
 By thwarting clouds: talked of the pleasant past,  
 The possible future; hoped a thousand things;  
 Threw pebbles idly at a web-caught leaf,  
 Or gazed unspeaking in each other's face.  
 Well: after lunching (for our pensive mood  
 Had not destroyed our appetite) we rose,  
 And girded up ourselves unto the stern  
 And half-forgotten business of the day,  
 The nutting. Grace, whose hazel eyes were quick  
 To find their namesakes, soon led Edward on  
 Through gaps, o'er stiles, and into copses close:  
 And oft we heard her merry ringing laugh,  
 As caught by briars she burst her daring way.  
 Amoret and I in safer, trodden paths  
 Kept on our course. Sometimes I bent a bough,  
 While she with ungloved fingers, shining white  
 'Mid green, translucent leaves, broke off the bunch  
 Of grey and glossy nuts: and if she leant,  
 So doing, on my arm her welcome weight,  
 She blushing begged a pardon for the wrong.  
 When the slant sun shot dazzling through the boughs,  
 We sought our lost companions,—out of reach  
 Of hearing, and of Amoret's clear call.  
 A winding lane, that with circuitous steps

Led homeward, might perchance fall on the path  
 Of Grace and Edward. Beautiful it was  
 In lights and shadows; deep beneath the fields;  
 Famous for ferns, and largest, first-ripe nuts.  
 Our willing feet it won, and long we trod  
 Its snake-like wanderings: stopping now to cull  
 The azure bell-flowers, or a berry ripe:  
 Then moving on: and yet with more constraint,  
 More tongue-tied, than if opportunity,  
 Love's step-mother, had never smiled on us.  
 We were more cold, more timid than at morn,  
 Walked more apart, byrind in separate thought,  
 And almost wished an awkward walk were o'er.  
 Just then, a robin suddenly and clear,  
 Chirped out a song among the boughs o'erhead.  
 When Amoret looked up the song had ceased;  
 But at the spot, there hung a tempting prize,  
 A noble filbert cluster, all the nuts  
 Ready to leave their dry and russet sheaths.  
 Just out of reach it hung; and gained fresh price  
 From difficulty. "See!" cried Amoret,  
 All animation in her tones and face,  
 "I must have this! Ambition, avarice,  
 And love of fame, unite to make me dare  
 To take these filberts captive. Lend your hand,  
 Whilst I this perilous, deceitful bank  
 Scale, in the front of danger."

## Laughing loud

At so much zeal, I aided her emprise.  
 Firmly her delicate hand grasped mine; her eyes  
 Lifted above, intent. But still she slid  
 On the loose sandy bank! and still the nuts  
 Smiled calm defiance. More determined yet  
 By each repulse,—resolved with her own hand  
 To garner them, she mighty efforts made;  
 Ever her eyes uplifted, and her thoughts  
 Rapt from inferior objects. Still she slid.  
 Not Tantalus' lips more nearly kissed the stream  
 Than came her fingers on the swaying branch,  
 Which yet escaped her. A quick glance she threw  
 Half eager, half despairing, all around  
 For something to upraise her;—a great stone,  
 A browsing ass astray,—but there was nought  
 To give her footing. Suddenly impelled,  
 Planting my boot firm in the sandy wall  
 I bent my knee, and made a level floor  
 For fairy feet upon my brawny limb.  
 Amoret took the advantage, and like light,  
 Stepped on the welcome platform, with her eyes  
 Still on their goal. To steady her I placed  
 One arm for balustrade 'neath her left hand;  
 The other gently threw around her waist  
 To save her falling. Thus we stood; the wind  
 Swaying with restless puffs the upper boughs.  
 She laughed; her heart was beating; and the breeze,  
 I think, was laughing too. I, not unpleased,  
 Bearing the precious burthen patiently:  
 Until, at last, she holding firm my arm,  
 I circling fast her round and belted waist,  
 The nuts were won and basketed.

## Just then

Edward and Grace came round the jutting bank  
 Full on the group. Quick, Amoret stepped down,  
 Laughing and blushing, holding still my hand.  
 Our conscious comrades reddened at the chance  
 Encounter,—their own steps being close, and arms  
 Methought entwined. No other nuts that day  
 We gathered: but all coldness vanished quite,  
 Nor kept we separate sides. That lane is long,—  
 Is long and winding. 'Tis the longest lane  
 Perhaps in Surrey; and the sun was low  
 Ere Amoret and I had found its end,  
 Our hospitable home.

Edward and Grace  
Were whispering in the garden, just arrived :  
What they had said we know not ; but all eve  
They sat together in the jasmind porch.

So I and Amoret, —because we lacked  
Companionship from others ; or were glad  
Because we won those filberts ; or were dull  
Because to-morrow brought the parting hour, —



Paced the dim cloistered fir-walk which runs  
round  
A dewy meadow, till the stars came forth.  
And words were uttered that fair autumn eve,  
Tremblingly uttered in the favouring dusk,

Words not repelled at once, nor answered quite,  
But making echoes round the wondering heart :—  
Words that may colour all the life-long fates  
Of two who met in Surrey's hazled lanes.

BERNI.

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &amp;c.

CHAPTER LVII. THE HORRORS OF DELIRIUM  
TREMENS.

No letter came from Richard Thornton. Eleanor was seized with a kind of panic as the days went by, and there was no answer from the young man, the faithful friend, without whose help she felt herself so powerless.

Eleanor had addressed her letter to the Pilasters, enclosed in an envelope directed to Signora Picirillo, with a few hurried lines requesting that it might be immediately forwarded to the scene-painter. He was in Scotland still, very likely, and some days must elapse before he could respond to Eleanor's summons. She felt assured that he would come to her. There are some friends whose goodness we no more doubt than we doubt the power of God; and Richard Thornton was one of these.

But the week passed, and no reply came to Eleanor's appeal for help, so she began to feel that she stood alone, and must act for herself. She must act for herself, since to think of getting any assistance from either the major or his wife in this business, which demanded foresight, coolness, and diplomacy, would have been about as reasonable as to apply to one of the children playing under the trees in the gardens of the Tuileries.

As far as sympathy went, Major and Mrs. Lennard were all that the most exacting individual could require. The major offered to do anything in a muscular way on behalf of his wife's friend. Should he punch the head of that scoundrelly Frenchman? Should he go over to England and horsewhip Launcelet Darrell, and bring Gilbert Monckton to reason, and play up old gooseberry altogether? This good-natured Hercules was ready to hit out right and left in the defence of poor Eleanor.

But the one friend whom Mrs. Monckton wanted in this crisis was Richard Thornton—Richard, the clear-sighted, even-tempered, unprejudiced young man, who was ready to go through fire and water for the sake of his beautiful adopted sister, without noise or bluster; and when the Tuesday, the day appointed by the Frenchman for Eleanor's visit to his apartments, came, and Richard Thornton did not come with it, the lonely girl almost gave way to despair.

She felt that she had to encounter a wretch who was utterly without honour or honesty, and who, seeing the value which she set upon the possession of Maurice de Crespigny's will, would be all the more exacting in his demands. And she had nothing to bribe him with; nothing.

She had been too proud to appeal to her husband; for ever impulsive, for ever inconsiderate, she had not stopped to think that he of all others was the most fitting person to stand by her in this crisis. At first the thought of writing to Gilbert Monckton had indeed flashed across her mind, but

in the next moment she had remembered the bitter humiliation of her last failure.

She could not endure another such degradation; and she had seen treachery and dishonour so long triumph over the simple force of truth, that she had begun to think that wrong was stronger than right, and always must be victorious.

"If I were to write and ask Gilbert to come to me, this Frenchman would perhaps disappear before my husband could arrive; or he would be afraid of Gilbert, very likely, and would deny any knowledge of the will; and I should appear a convicted trickster, who had heaped up one falsehood upon another, in the weak attempt to justify herself. No. Gilbert Monckton shall hear nothing of me until I can go to him with Maurice de Crespigny's will in my hands."

But in the meantime this helpless girl's anxiety grew every hour more intense. What reliance could she place upon the words of the Frenchman? She had encountered him while he was still smarting under the sense of his wrongs, and in that stage of his feelings, revenge had seemed even sweeter to him than gain. But this state of things might not endure very long. The commercial traveller might listen to the dictates of reason rather than to the fiery promptings of passion, and might begin to think that a substantial recompense in the shape of money was better than any sugar-plum in the way of revenge. He had said that Launcelet Darrell would be willing to give him ten times a thousand pounds for the genuine will. What more likely than that Monsieur Victor Bourdon should have thought better of his original design, and opened negotiations with the new master of Woodlands!

Monsieur Bourdon would in all probability have done precisely this, had he not been hindered by one of those unlooked-for and purely providential circumstances which so often help single and simple-minded truth in her encounters with versatile and shifty falsehood.

At half-past six o'clock upon the appointed evening, Eleanor Monckton left the Hôtel du Palais, escorted by Major Lennard, on her way to the Frenchman's lodging. She had waited until the last moment in the hope of Richard Thornton's arrival, but he had not come; and she had been fain to accept the aid of this good-natured overgrown schoolboy, who still persisted that the immediate punching of Victor Bourdon's head would be the best and surest means of getting possession of the will.

"Let me punch the feller's head, Miss Vil—beg pardon, Mrs. Monckton. The idea of your being married to old Monckton! He ain't any older than me, you know, but I always call him old Monckton. Let me punch this dam Frenchman's head; that'll bring the feller to book in next to no time, and then we can do what we like with him."

But Eleanor impressed upon her stalwart protector that there must be no muscular demonstration, and that the conduct of the interview was to be left entirely to her.

"I don't in the least hope that he'll give up the will without a bribe," Eleanor said; "he is the last man upon earth to do that."

"I'll tell you what, then, Mrs. Monckton," exclaimed the major, "I haven't any ready money. I never have had, since I borrowed sixpences of a sucking bill-discounter at the first school I ever went to; but I'll give you my acceptance. Let this fellow draw upon me for a thousand at three months, and give up the document for that consideration. Monckton will enable me to meet the bill, no doubt, when he finds I was of service to you in this business."

Eleanor looked at the major with a gleam of hope in her face. But that transient gleam very quickly faded. She had only a vague idea of the nature and properties of accommodation bills; but she had a very positive notion of Victor Bourdon's character, and, though this plan sounded feasible enough, she did not think it would succeed.

"You are very good to me, Major Lennard," she said, "and believe me I appreciate your kindness; but I do not think that this Frenchman will consent to take anything but ready money. He could get that from Launcelot Darrell, remember, at any time."

Eleanor's only hope was the one chance that she might induce Victor Bourdon to accept her promise of a reward from Gilbert Monckton after the production of the will.

The neighbourhood in which the commercial traveller lived, whenever he made Paris his headquarters, was one of the dingiest localities in the city. Major Lennard and Eleanor, after making numerous inquiries, and twice losing their way, found themselves at last in a long narrow street, one side of which was chiefly dead-wall, broken here and there by a dilapidated gateway or a dingy window. At one corner there was a shop for the sale of unredeemed pledges; a queer old shop, in whose one murky window obsolete scraps of jewellery,—odd watch-keys, impossible watches with cracked enamel dials and crippled hands that pointed to hours whose last moments had passed away for half a century; mysterious, incomprehensible garments, whose fashion was forgotten, and whose first owners were dead and gone; poor broken-down clocks, in tawdry ormolu cases, that had stood upon lodging-house mantelpieces, indifferently telling the wrong time to generations of lodgers; an old guitar; a stringless violin; poor, frail, cracked cups and saucers, that had been precious once, by reason of the lips that had drunk out of them; a child's embroidered frock; a battered christening-cup; a tattered missal; an odd volume of "The Wandering Jew;" amid a hundred other pitiful relics which poverty barterers for a crust of bread,—faded in the evening sunlight, and waited for some eccentric purchaser to take a fancy to them. Next door to this sarcophagus of the past there was an eating-house, neat and almost cheerful, where one could have a soup, three courses, and half a bottle of

wine for fivepence. The whole neighbourhood seemed to be, somehow or other, overshadowed by churches, and pervaded by the perpetual tramp of funerals; and, lying low and out of the way of all cheerful traffic, was apt to have a depressing effect upon the spirits of frivolous people.

Eleanor, leading the major—who was of about as much use to her as a blind man is to his dog—succeeded at last in finding the house which boasted Monsieur Victor Bourdon amongst its inhabitants. I say "amongst" advisedly; for as there was the office of a popular bi-weekly periodical upon the first-floor, a greengrocer in the *rez-de-chaussée*, a hairdresser who professed to cut and friz the hair, on the second story, and a mysterious lady, whose calling was represented by a faded pictorial board, resident somewhere under the roof, the commercial traveller was a very unimportant inhabitant, an insignificant nomad, replaced to-day by a student *en droit*, to-morrow by a second-rate actor at a fifth-rate theatre.

Eleanor found this when she came to make inquiries of the portress as to the possibility of seeing Monsieur Bourdon. This lady, who was knitting, and whose very matronly contour made it impossible for her to see her knitting-needles, told Eleanor that Monsieur Bourdon was very unlikely to be at home at that time. He was apt to return late at night, upon the two hours, in effect, between two wines, and at those times he was enough abrupt, and was evidently by no means a favourite with madame the portress. But on looking into a dusky corner, where some keys were hanging upon a row of rusty nails, madame informed Eleanor that Monsieur Bourdon was at home, as his key was not amongst the rest, and it was his habit to leave it in her care when he went out. The portress seemed very much struck by this discovery, for she remarked that the last time she had seen Monsieur Bourdon go out had been early in the morning of Sunday, and that she did not remember having seen him re-enter.

But upon this a brisk young person of twelve or thirteen, who was busy getting up fine linen in the recesses of the lodge, cried out in a very shrill voice that Monsieur Bourdon had returned before mid-day on Sunday, looking a little ill, and dragging himself with a fatigued air.

He was at home, then, the portress exclaimed; at least, she did not utter any equivalent to our English word home, and in that evinced considerable wisdom, since a French lodging is a place so utterly unhomelike, that the meanest second-floor at Islington or Chelsea, presided over by the most unconscionable of British landladies, becomes better than all the pleasures and palaces we can roam amidst—and it is not everybody who has the chance of roaming amidst pleasures and palaces,—by force of comparison. Monsieur was *chez lui*, the portress said, and would madame ascend? Monsieur's apartment was on the entresol, with windows giving upon the street. Madame would see a black door facing her upon the first landing.

Eleanor went up a short flight of steps, followed by the major. She knocked upon the panel of the black door—once, twice, three times; but there was no answer.

"I'd lay a fiver the feller's gone out again,"

the major exclaimed; "that jabbering French-woman didn't seem to know what she was talking about."

But Eleanor knocked a fourth time, and very much louder than she had knocked before. There was no answer even this time; but a voice was heard within, blaspheming aloud with horrible French execrations that seemed to freeze Eleanor's blood as she listened to them.

She did listen to them, involuntarily, as people often listen in a crowded thoroughfare to the obnoxious clamour of a drunken man, paralysed for the moment by the horror of his hideous oaths.

Eleanor turned very pale, and looked despairingly at the major.

"Hark," she whispered, "he is quarrelling with some one."

The big soldier deliberately turned himself into a convenient position for listening, and flattened his ear against the keyhole.

"No, he ain't quarrellin' with any one," the major said, presently. "I can't make much out of his lingo, but there's only one voice. He's all alone, and goin' on like a madman."

The major opened the door softly as he spoke. Monsieur Bourdon's apartment was divided into two low-roofed chambers, a little larger than comfortable pigeon-holes; and in the inner and smaller chamber Eleanor and her companion saw the commercial traveller wandering backwards and forwards in his obscure den, only dressed in his trowsers and shirt, and gesticulating like a madman.

Mrs. Monckton clung to the soldier's arm. She had some cause for fear, for in the next moment the Frenchman descried his visitors, and with a howl of rage, rushed at the major's throat.

The most intellectual and diplomatic individual in Christendom would have been of very little service to Eleanor at that moment, if he had been also a coward. Major Lennard lifted the commercial traveller in his arms, as easily as if that gentleman had been a six-months-old baby, carried him into the next room where there was a narrow little bedstead, flung him on to the mattress, and held him there.

"You'll find a silk handkerchief in my pocket, my dear," he said to Eleanor, "if you'll be so kind as to pull it out. *Voulez-vous garder-vous *trougeel, dong, vous*—Scoundrel!*" he exclaimed, addressing himself to the struggling Frenchman.

Mrs. Monckton obeyed. She fell into her place quite naturally, giving way before the major. He was the hero of the moment. Frederic Soulié has said that the meanest actor who ever trod the boards of a theatre, has some inspired moment in which he is great. I fancy it must be pretty much the same in the drama of life. This was the major's moment; and he arose out of his normal inanity, resplendent with unconscious grandeur.

The silk handkerchief was a large one, and Major Lennard used it very dexterously about Monsieur Bourdon's wrists; then he found another handkerchief in another pocket, and used it as a bandage for the Frenchman's ankles; and having done this he sat down by the bedside and con-

templated his handiwork complacently, puffing and blowing a little while he did so.

Victor Bourdon lay very still, glaring at the ponderous soldier with eyes that were like those of a wild beast.

"I know thee," he exclaimed; "thou hast been with me all the night, thou hast sat upon my chest; ah, Grôdin! thou art the biggest of all the demons that torment me. Thou breathest the fire and the sulphur, and thy breath burns me, and now thou hast attached my hands with bands of iron, white hot, and thou hast tied my ankles with living scorpions!"

Eleanor stood at a few paces from the bed, listening with horror to the man's delirious ravings.

"What is it?" she asked, in a subdued voice.

"Is it a fever that makes him like this? Or has he gone mad?"

The major shook his head.

"I think I can guess pretty well what's the matter with the poor devil;" he said: "he's been going it a little too fast. He's got a touch of del. trem."

"Del trem!"

"Delirium tremens, my dear," answered the major. "Yes, you can hear his teeth chattering now this minute. I had it once when I was up the country, and our fellers took to living upon brandy-pawnee. I had rather a sharp time of it, while it lasted; used to fancy the tent was on fire; wanted to go out tiger-hunting in the middle of the night; tried to set the bed-clothes alight to cure myself of the hiccough; and ran after Meg with a razor early one morning. This man has got a touch of it, Mrs. Monckton, and I don't think we shall get much reason out of him to-night."

The conduct of Monsieur Victor Bourdon, who was at that moment holding a very animated discourse with a dozen or so of juvenile demons supposed to be located in the bed-curtains, went very far towards confirming the major's assertion.

Eleanor sat down at the little table, upon which the dirty litter of the Frenchman's last meal was huddled into a heap and intermixed with writing materials; an ink-bottle and a mustard-pot, a quill-pen and a tea-spoon, lying side by side. The girl's fortitude had given way before this new and most cruel disappointment. She covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

Major Lennard was very much distressed at this unexpected collapse upon the part of his chief. He was very big, and rather stupid; but he had one of those tender childish natures which never learn to be hard and unmerciful. He was for ever patting the shock-heads of dirty pauper children, for ever fumbling in his pockets for copper coin, always open to the influence of any story of womanly distress, and quite unable to withstand the dingiest female, if she could only produce the merest phantom of a tear to be wiped away furtively from one eye, while the other looked round the corner to see if the shot went home.

He looked piteously at Eleanor, as she sat sobbing passionately, half unconscious of his pre-

sence, forgetful of everything except that this last hope had failed her.

"I thought that he might leave Paris, and go back to Launcelot Darrell," she said, in a broken voice, "but I never thought of anything like this."

"Sh-sh-sh-sh!" cried Monsieur Bourdon from the bed. "Ftz! Cats, cats! Sh-sh-sh-sh! Chase those cats, somebody! There's the girl Faust saw upon the Bracken with the little rat running out of her mouth! There, sitting at the table! Go then, Voleuse, Gueuse, Infâme!" screamed the Frenchman, glaring at Eleanor.

The girl took no notice of him. Her sobs grew every moment louder and more hysterical. The major looked at her helplessly.

"Don't," he said, "my good creature, don't now. This is really dreadful, 'pon my soul, now. Come, come, now; cheer up, my dear, cheer up. You won't do anything by giving way, you know. I always tell Margaret that, when she thinks she can catch the train by sitting on the ground and crying, because her portmanteaus won't shut. Nobody ever did you know, and if you don't put your shoulder to the wheel——"

The major might have rambled on in this wise for some time; but the sobbing grew louder; and he felt that it was imperatively necessary that something energetic should be done in this crisis. A bright thought flashed upon him as he looked hopelessly round the room, and in another moment he had seized a small white crockery-ware jug from the Frenchman's toilet table, and launched its contents at Eleanor's head.

This was a second master-stroke. The girl looked up with her head dripping, but with her courage revived by the shock her senses had received.

She took off her wet bonnet, and pushed the drenched hair from her forehead.

"Oh, major," she said, "I know I have been very silly. But I was so taken by surprise. It seems so cruel that this should happen. I shall never get the will now."

"Stuff and nonsense, my dear," exclaimed Major Lennard. "What's to prevent your getting it?"

"What do you mean?"

"What's to prevent your *taking it*? We're not going to stand upon ceremony with such a feller as this, are we, Mrs. Monckton? He stole the will from you, and if you can get the chance, you'll return the compliment by stealing it from him. Fair play's a jewel, my dear Mrs. M., and nothing could be fairer than that. So we'll set to work at once; and I hope you'll excuse the cold water, which was meant in kindness, I assure you."

Eleanor smiled, and gave the major her hand.

"I'm sure it was," she said. "I scarcely liked the idea of your coming with me, major, for fear you should do some mischief by being a little too impetuous. But I don't know what I should have done without you."

Major Lennard shrugged his shoulders with a deprecating gesture.

"I *might* have been useful to you, my dear," he said, "if the feller had been all right and I

could have punched his head; but one can't get any credit out of a chap when he's in that state," added the major, pointing to the commercial traveller, who was taking journeys on his own account into the horrible regions of an intemperate man's fancy.

"Now the first thing we shall want, Mrs. Monckton," said the major, "is a candle and a box of lucifers. We must have a light before we can do anything."

It was not dark yet; but the twilight was growing greyer and greyer, and the shadows were gathering in the corners of the room.

Victor Bourdon lay glaring at his two visitors through the dusk, while the major groped about the mantelpiece for a box of lucifers. He was not long finding what he wanted. He struck a little waxen match against the greasy paper of the wall, and then lighted an end of candle in a tawdry cheap china candlestick.

"Ease her! ease her!" cried the Frenchman; "I see the lights ahead off Normandy, on the side of the wind. She'll strike upon a rock before we know where we are. What are they about, these English sailors? are they blind, that they don't see the light?"

Major Lennard, with the candle in his hand, set to work to look for the missing document. He did not look very systematically, but as he pulled out every drawer and opened every cupboard, and shook out the contents of every receptacle, flinging them remorselessly upon the floor, he certainly looked pretty effectually. Eleanor, kneeling on the ground amongst the chaotic heaps of clothes and papers, tattered novels, broken meerscham pipes and stale cigar ends, examined every pocket, every book, and every paper separately, but with no result. The drawers had been ransacked, the cupboards disembowelled, a couple of portmanteaus completely emptied. Every nook and corner of the two small rooms had been most thoroughly searched, first by the major in a slapdash and military manner; afterwards by Eleanor, who did her work with calmness and deliberation, though her heart was beating, and the hot blood surging in her over excited brain. Every possible hiding place in the two rooms had been examined, but the will had not been found.

Every possible hiding place had been examined; except the pockets of Victor Bourdon's trousers, and the bed upon which he lay.

The major stopped to scratch his head in despair, and stood staring hopelessly at the unhappy victim of his own vices, who was still raving, still remonstrating with invisible demons. But Eleanor aroused her friend from this state of stupefaction.

"He may have the will about him, major," she said.

"Aha!" cried the soldier, "if he has, I'll have it out of him. Give it me, you unconscionable blackguard," he exclaimed, pouncing upon the delirious Frenchman. "I'll have it out of you, you scoundrel. Tell me where it is directly. *Dites moi où il est, dong!* What have you done with it, sir? What have you done with Maurice de Crespigny's will?"



The familiar name aroused a transitory gleam of consciousness in Victor Bourdon.

"Ha, ha," he cried with a malicious chuckle. "Maurice de Crespigny, the old, the parent of that Long—cellotte; but I will have my revenge; but he shall not enjoy his riches. The will, the will; that is mine, it will give me all."

He raised himself by a great effort into a sitting posture, and made frantic endeavours to disengage his hands.

"He is thinking of the will," cried Eleanor; "loosen his wrists, major! Pray, pray do, before the thought leaves him."

Major Lennard obeyed. He loosened the knot of the silk handkerchief, but before he could remove it, Victor Bourdon had pulled his hands through the slackened noose, and clutched at something in his breast. It was a folded paper which he snatched out of the bosom of his shirt, and waved triumphantly above his head.

"Aha, Monsieur Long—cellotte!" he screamed. "I will pay thee for thy insolence, my friend."

But before the Frenchman's uplifted arm had described a second circle in the air above his head, the major swooped down upon him, snatched away the paper, handed it to Eleanor, and re-secured Monsieur Bourdon's wrists with the silk handkerchief.

So brief had been the interval of semi-consciousness, that the commercial traveller had already forgotten all about Launcelot Darrell and his own wrongs, and had rambled off again into impotent execrations against the imaginary demons amongst the bed-curtains.

Eleanor unfolded the paper, but she only read the first few words, "I, Maurice de Crespigny, being at this time, &c.," for before she could read more, the door of the outer room was suddenly opened, and Richard Thornton hurried through into the bed-chamber.

But not Richard only, behind him came Gilbert Monckton, and it was he into whose outstretched arms Eleanor flung herself.

"You will believe me now, Gilbert," she cried. "I have found the proof of Launcelot Darrell's guilt at last."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## BASE COIN, FORGED NOTES, AND MAGSMEN.

THE public, and even the police, have little idea of the system and ingenuity with which the utterers of base coin and the thieves' gamblers pursue their nefarious avocations. The sinews of the trade are the professional thieves, and though many other classes are involved in it, yet but for the born thieves the unlawful trade would soon be virtually at an end. It is a complete system. When a returned convict wishes to enter the smashing line, he knows where he can lay out his Government gratuity money to the greatest advantage. He makes no experiments, and runs no risk with moulds, and stamps, and melted metals. Every trade has its emporium, and when a thief wants a stock of base coin, he has only to send his orders to Birmingham. They can suit him there with anything from a new

farthing to an old guinea. Or if he does not care for head-quarters, there are London, Sheffield, and Manchester. So well are the manufacturers of base coin known to the regular members of the criminal profession, that there is not a thoroughbred thief in England who could not obtain for himself any amount of base coin in a fortnight or three weeks. The manufacturer of bad money generally considers himself a wholesale merchant, and seldom cares to engage in the retail trade of passing the goods. The base coin manufacturer never lives in the thieves' quarter, but in some quiet and respectable neighbourhood. He always has some one on the alert, and his instruments are broken up on the slightest alarm. Copper and bell-metal are used for the manufacture of gold, and pewter and block tin for silver. The spoons of Messrs. Yates, of Birmingham, are so much liked as material out of which to manufacture silver coin, that nearly all the smashers now call a base silver coin a *Yates*. Moulds, batteries, and solutions play their several parts for the production of counterfeit money. The melted metal is poured into plaster of Paris moulds or "traps." When the coins are cool they are well scoured, so as to make them smooth, then placed in a chemical solution, and by means of a galvanic battery the gold or silver coating is attached to them; after which they are ready for the market. Broken-down smiths, engravers, and electroplaters are the head manufacturers, but many of the habitual thieves take lessons in the art, and become accomplished in the only trade they ever learned. The scale of wholesale prices is regularly fixed, all the coins having a definite market value, and the unsiding scale is rigidly adhered to by the criminal trade, the base coin makers not being in the habit of underselling one another. The following is a regular base coin price-list, compiled from reliable sources. Bad sovereigns cost from three shillings to three and sixpence each; half sovereigns, eighteen pence to two shillings; crown pieces, ninepence to a shilling; half-crowns, fourpence halfpenny to sixpence; a florin, fourpence; one shilling, three pence; sixpence, twopence; fourpenny piece, three halfpence. Base coin is divided into soft and hard. The soft will not ring, and is only passed at races and fairs. The hard rings well, and is difficult to detect.

The methods of passing base coin are very ingenious. The straightforward "pitcher" is the most daring. He puts the base coin upon the shop counter, and takes his chance of detection. Should the shopman attempt to test his money, he will stop him if possible. He will ask the shopkeeper whether he means to insult him, snatch the halfcrown out of his hand, and threaten never to enter the shop again. The thief will sometimes pretend to stand upon his honour, and come back into the shop and insist upon having his halfcrown tested. But he has substituted a good halfcrown for the original bad coin, and so comes off with flying colours. The thief will now make a purchase, and, again changing the coin, he after all succeeds in passing his bad halfcrown. Twilight is the best time for passing bad money, and more counterfeits are passed at

that time of day than at any other. The thieves always go two together for this work. One carries the base coin, but never attempts to pass any; the "pitcher" does the passing in the shops, and takes care never to enter a shop with more than one base coin upon him; so that if he comes to grief, the police find only one counterfeit upon him, and this he professes to have taken in the way of trade. Wherever a man is detected passing spurious gold or silver, his pal, the "swagsman," is always close by. He carries all the base money, together with the small purchases which the pitcher makes in order to get rid of the "snide." A first-class "pitcher" will do nothing lower than half-a-crown, and generally prefers gold. There is one method of passing base gold which I think would deceive any person not in the secret. The thief enters the shop with the intention of passing a bad sovereign. He makes a small purchase amounting to about eighteenpence, and offers a good sovereign in payment. The shopkeeper tests the coin, finds it to be good, and gives the thief his proper change. After receiving his change, the thief says, "Well, really it is a pity to deprive you of all this change; and, now I come to think of it, I know I have some small change about me." The thief gives back the change, the shopkeeper returns the sovereign, which the thief puts into his pocket. He then searches for his small change, and on counting it finds that he has not quite enough, and must, after all, change his sovereign. He takes the golden coin out of his pocket again, and puts it into the hand of the shopkeeper. The tradesman has already rung and tested the sovereign, again gives the thief his change, and he walks quietly away. Nevertheless the shopkeeper is duped, and he has taken a bad sovereign. When the thief gave the sovereign the second time, he took a bad one which he kept ready in the same pocket with the good one.

Women are also very expert in passing base coin. They will go two together into a shop, make some purchases, tender a good sovereign in payment, and take their departure. In about a week after the purchase these two modest-looking and soberly dressed women return to the shop. They are very sorry to trouble the shopkeeper, but he gave them—by mistake, no doubt—a bad half-sovereign in change a week ago. The whole case is then gone into. They call to the shopman's memory their having been in the shop a week ago; where they stood, what they bought, and who served them. A shopkeeper will occasionally, under such circumstances, take the bad half-sovereign, and give them a good one in exchange, rather than have any disturbance.

It is to be feared that a great many other people besides the professional thieves are concerned in passing bad money. Races, fairs, agricultural and other shows, furnish ample opportunity for this wretched trade. If any one doubts this, let him pass through some of these scenes, and change a few sovereigns here and there, as he goes along. He will soon find more base coin in his pockets than is agreeable. The thieves give the cab drivers and omnibus "cads" credit for a good stroke of business in base-coin transactions. The hotel waiters are classed in the same category.

In times of popular gathering some of these waiters prepare themselves to reap a wicked harvest. They are said to have base coin in one pocket and good in the other. If they are serving a regular visitor to the inn, they go to the good pocket, but for the chance-customers and strangers in general the bad pocket is the bank of exchange.

The "magsmen" consider themselves the aristocracy of the criminal profession; they generally abstain from crimes of gross violence, and rely upon sharp tricks for their success. And it must be said that if people would avoid gambling, and be content to look well after their own, the swindling and card-sharpping thieves would soon become extinct. A magsman is obliged to put on a respectable appearance, to keep cool, dress in many different characters, and act many different parts. Sometimes he is a foolish and green young man from the country, sometimes he is a respectable gentleman with a small estate, but he always seems to have plenty of money, and to know or care very little about its value. A magsman's outfit consists of plenty of dresses and artificial whiskers and wigs, so that he may be one character to-day, and a different one to-morrow. His purse is well stored with Californian sovereigns, and his pocket-book is lined with spurious bills and flash notes. We engrave specimens of the two most popular flash notes. This paper-money the magsman takes care to parade before the eyes of his intended victim, who cannot without a close inspection perceive that the showy paper is only "flash." Thus equipped, the magsman is ready for any customer that comes to hand.

A gang of three or four magsmen generally work together. They will enter a railway train from different stations, dress in different characters, and keep up the pretence of being unknown to each other. They soon get into conversation and begin to gamble among themselves; winning, losing, and gaily paying the stakes in flash money. The strangers in the carriage get excited, and begin to make small bets over "cutting the cards." I once asked a magsman how they contrived to induce strangers to play with them. "Oh," said he, "it needs no contrivance. It's human nature over again. They covet what is not their own. They look at our flash money, and stretch out their hand to gather the forbidden fruit, and we fleece them." No stranger has the slightest chance of success with a mob of magsmen in a railway carriage. The flat can never win, though to his own eyes it may seem impossible for him to lose. The cards are "doctored," and the magsman's sleight-of-hand is wonderful. I once got one of them to show me some tricks, but he did them so neatly and quickly that I could not detect the act after it was explained, though when I lifted the card surely enough the trick was done. A magsman will sometimes return his winnings rather than get into a scrape; indeed, I am informed that many hundreds of pounds are returned every year in this way, though the process, no doubt, is a mortifying one to the community.

The forged-note business generally falls to the lot of the magsmen. Suppose, for instance, a number of them agree to get up and pass a quantity of forged notes upon a certain provincial

bank. A gang is formed, and one of them is chosen as head. This captain gives the order for a number of five-pound notes; and the order will probably have to go through two or three people's hands before it gets to the original engraver. The mem-

bers of the gang never know, and the head seldom knows, who engraved the notes. An engraver of false notes will sometimes accumulate stock, in which case he looks out for a magsman in whom he can place confidence. He lets the



magsman have the forged notes cheap, and he gets up his gang and gets to work. The forged-note market varies, as all other markets do; a forged Bank of England ten-pound note fetches thirty shillings; a provincial ten-pound note is worth no

more than twenty or twenty-five shillings. A forged five-pound note generally sells for about thirteen shillings. Bank of England notes are preferred, as they can be passed almost anywhere. Forged notes for a large amount are seldom turned



out, and are always passed off in foreign countries. A gang of magsmen about to pass a quantity of five-pound provincial notes numbers at least twenty men. They work in pairs, and one or two generally keep watch over the whole gang, so

that if any of the men get into trouble the rest may be informed, and leave the town immediately. They spread themselves over the whole town, and all begin to work at the same hour. One of the pair remains outside the shop into which his pal

enters; and this one carries all the bad notes. The passer has one good note in his pocket, and only one bad note; so that, if he has a "tumble," he says the fictitious note was taken in the way of trade. The policeman may search him, but he can find no other note; and thus the magsman escapes heavy penalties. What a pity the policeman does not seize on the pal outside! The magsman makes a small purchase, and offers the spurious paper-money. If the shopkeeper is awkward, and threatens to send for the police, the magsman will get the note out of his hand and swallow it in a twinkling. Should the note be accepted, the magsman gives his pal what he has bought, gets another forged note, and visits another shop. So the whole gang work until the town gets too hot to hold them, when they flee immediately to some other place, and so go through the district of the bank as long as it is safe for them to do so. The remnants are reserved for races and fairs. If they meet with any simpleton having genuine notes of the same bank, they will pretend to compare his notes with theirs—in short, resort to any trick to change the bad notes for the good ones. Should any of the gang be apprehended and brought to trial, his pals will supply him with money to defray his law expenses.

The magsmen are very fond of the notes of broken banks, and these notes are called "cracked jugs." They use them for show in gambling, and they also pass them whenever an opportunity occurs. How they manage to get hold of these "cracked jugs" is a mystery. A large amount of fictitious paper-money was kindly furnished to me by a superintendent of police. The paper had been taken from magsmen, and amongst it there was a genuine banker's bill. It was many years old, and had been duly honoured. The bankers could not imagine how this bill had ever found its way into the hands of the thieves. The following, related to me by a thief, is a remarkable instance of sharp practice with "cracked jugs." A thief gave an order to a Jew for some clothes, paid him for them with two ten-pound "cracked jugs," and received his change in genuine money. In a day or two Jacob found he had been done with two "cracked jugs," and, knowing his customer to be a thief, he gave him in charge for having stolen a pencil-case out of his shop. The thief was apprehended, and Jacob pressed his charge; but the thief was acquitted. Jacob then had his customer apprehended for passing the two "cracked jugs." This time the thief employed a solicitor, who asked Jacob if he took the notes as "cracked jugs," which insinuation the Jew indignantly denied. But it so happened that Jacob had himself been formerly in trouble for passing "cracked jugs," and would have been transported for the offence had he not somehow managed to square matters with his prosecutor. This old charge was revived by the thief's solicitor, and the thief was again acquitted. Poor old Jacob then asked the magistrate if he could not have his clothes back, and he told him no. The "cracked jugs" were ordered to be destroyed in court, but the unfortunate Jacob could only produce one of them. His excuse was he had mislaid it that morning, somewhere or other. The trial and the

trouble passed away; but Jacob, not liking to be done, passed the remaining "cracked jug" in some trading transaction with another Jew. The second Jew got pulled up for passing the worthless note, and he let it out from whom he had received it. So poor Jacob was overhauled again, and thus the biter was bitten both ways.

Of thimble-rigging it must suffice to say, as indeed it may be said of all other thieves' games, the flat can never win. The pea may at any time be planted on the brim of the hat or close held under the long finger-nail; and even, where there is no trick of this kind, the practised evolutions of the thimbles are so marvellously adroit as to escape the detection of any ordinary vision. It is just the same with pricking the garter, or "rolling up the nob," as the thieves call it. There is no possibility of the "green-horn's" success. A thimble-rigging gang is made up of four or five men. One lends his companions money to play with,—he is called the banker; he stands in for equal shares of the gains, and systematically books every shilling that is won. The decoy walks about and picks up likely parties with money. He stands treat for his victim, takes him for a walk, and, as by accident, they approach the "joint," or place where the gamblers are. They see the pigeon coming and begin to play; room is made for the flat and his friend. The decoy plays and wins, to excite the flat, who himself then begins to bet or play, and is soon eased of his cash. The gang always arrange their several parts, and the arrangements are strictly carried out. All sorts of artful dodges are used in what they call "right houses"—public-houses where their roguery is sanctioned. Dressed as a countryman, the decoy goes out in search of a victim, whom he leads at once to one of the thieves' gambling dens. One would wonder how any one could be decoyed, but the thing is done very cleverly. The kid or decoyer is, from long practice and experience, well up to his business. He knows a countryman as soon as he sees him. The "kid" gets into conversation by asking some question about the time of day or the road. He makes free with him, crams him with lies, professes to have been drawing a large sum of money, and shows his flash notes and Californian sovereigns. Of course the kid professes to be a stranger in the neighbourhood, and while talking to the flat he will ask the way to some place from some one who happens to be passing. The countryman is thrown off his guard, if he has one, and goes to a "right house" with the kid, merely for a friendly glass, as the victim thinks. Let us suppose that the victim has entered the "right house," and is seated in the chimney-corner, and enjoying a glass of ale with his new acquaintance. The magsmen, each having his preconcerted part to play, drop in one at a time, as if by accident, and all pretend to be strangers to each other.

The following are some of the many swindling games which may be played on the occasion.

*The Three Cards.*—These are shown to the spectators, and then turned the wrong side up and shifted about upon the table very rapidly. The bet is, that, although you saw the cards, you cannot tell which is which as they lie back upwards. The rapidity with which the cards are moved renders

certainly in naming the right card an impossibility. The gaming begins sometimes by the entrance of the man called the player, who has pocket-knives to sell, and offers them to the company. If nobody will purchase a knife, he offers to raffle one by the cards. If the kid and his flat decline to play, some other members of the company accept the challenge. The player lifts the card, and says, without looking at it, "This is the right one." The kid sees that the card is wrong, and whispers so to the flat. A bet is made, and the decoy bets as well as the victim; the company cause a confusion, in the excitement of which the card is dexterously shuffled and the victim is done. Before playing deep they often make a bargain—"No grumbling at losses;" and the kid bets heavily to keep the game sweet. The man who murmurs against fortune must stand glasses round. When they have won all they can, they begin to leave one at a time. Some member of the company, however, sympathises with the flat, and keeps him at bay until the rest of the gang are clear off, when he also absconds, and the flat is left to the misery which he has foolishly brought upon himself.

*Blacks and Reds.*—This game is worked by three or four magsmen, and the flat is picked up in some such way as we have already described. The game is cutting the cards,—which cuts most blacks or reds. The cards are mixed promiscuously, to all appearance, but not so in reality. The cards are "faked," that is marked—there being a slight difference of sizes; the differentia, though small, is easily felt by the gambler's educated touch. The kid is a man of fortune, out for a spree, and merrily pulls out his cards, and proposes a game. After playing awhile without bets they manœuvre into serious business. The man of fortune goes out of the room and leaves his cards upon the table. One of the gang tells the flat that he will have a lark with the gentleman; so he takes half of the red cards out of the pack and puts them into his pocket. The man of fortune returns, seems not to know that the cards have been tampered with, and at once offers a bet, that he can cut more reds than any of the company can cut blacks. If the flat will not bet some one else bets, and of course wins. Then the flat bets, and loses, by reason of the "faked" cards.

*The Grease Pot.*—A jug of ale stands upon the table, out of which the gambler drinks. He puts a shilling upon the table and sets his jug upon it. In a short while he turns his head, and one of the company quickly takes the shilling from under the jug without the gambler perceiving it. Then the kid offers a heavy wager that the shilling is not under the jug, and the flat joins his bet with his friend. The gambler accepts the bet, lifts the jug from the table, and there, sure enough, the shilling is, and the victim is swindled; for another shilling, made adhesive, was attached to the bottom of the jug, and loosened by a sharp-pressed draw of the jug along the table.

*The Mallet.*—This is an instrument similar to those used by carpenters, and is gambled with in some of the "right houses." The owner shakes it, and a coin, or something of the kind, is heard to

rattle inside the mallet. The gambler leaves his tool upon the table and goes out of the room. During his absence the kid and the flat, for a joke, take the coin out of the mallet and put something else in. On the gambler's return to the room, the kid asks him what there is in the mallet; he mentions the piece of coin. Then the kid offers a wager that such a coin is not in the mallet, and the flat joins in the bet. The mallet is shaken and then opened, when out tumbles a piece of coin similar to the one which had been previously taken out. The flat is done. A second piece of coin had been fastened and concealed in the mallet, and was turned out by a little extra shaking.

*The Sneezer* is a round snuff-box with a loose ring inside, and a second ring made fast. It is used in the same way as the mallet. The magsmen also occasionally use a "Monkey," which is a lock, and the bet is about opening it.

The cleverest card-trick of the thieves which I have ever seen, is called bringing the king and queen together. Thousands of pounds have been wagered and lost on this game by unsuspecting and uninitiated people. It is difficult to explain without a pack of cards. The pack is divided into three heaps, the magsman takes a king and queen in his hand, shows them to the company, and says that he can lay them together, shuffle them, and bring them together again. The three heaps of cards lie upon the table with the face upwards; the magsman then lays the queen—face downwards—upon one of the heaps. He then turns his back upon the cards to show the company the king; and while he does so his pal places several cards upon the queen. He then puts the king upon the queen, as he thinks, says he can deal out the three heaps, and bring out the king and queen together. The company, knowing that several cards have been placed between the king and queen, offer heavy bets. The cards are shuffled, and thrown out of hand, one by one, upon the table; sure enough, the queen is the card which comes out next after the king, to the amazement of the spectators. The explanation is, that the magsman noticed what card it was which he placed the queen upon; he deals out until he comes to this card upon which the queen was placed, and after dealing it out, the rogue knows the queen card comes next; so he thrusts the queen back, holds it in his hand until the king is played, when he at once puts the queen upon it.

A magsman once told me the following stories, which I believe to be substantially true.

"I once attended an execution in the North, and I determined, if possible, to fleece Jack Ketch. My pals and I set to work, found out where he lodged, and by what train he would leave the town where the execution took place. I got to the station in good time, and kept a sharp look-out for my friend the executioner. Presently Jack Ketch arrived, and with him a mob, who hooted and groaned dreadfully. We thieves thought they were groaning at us, and we began to be alarmed; but we soon saw that they were hooting the hangman. He took his seat, and we took ours. Still the mob yelled and groaned. A gentleman asked

what it was all about, when I told him that Jack Ketch was with us in the carriage. On this, several passengers became indignant, and declared they would not travel in the same carriage with a common hangman. I took Jack Ketch's part, and told them that if there was no law there would be no living; and that, as murderers must be hung, somebody must do it. But they all left the carriage, and Jack Ketch quite took to me, because I stuck up for him, which pleased me exceedingly. I told him that I was sorry and ashamed to see a public servant treated in such a scurvy manner. After a while some of my pals—we acted the part of perfect strangers to each other—began to play at cards, winning and losing among themselves with varying fortunes. They asked me to join them, and I carelessly consented. Sometimes I won, sometimes I lost; at last I began to lose heavily, and Jack Ketch, in pity for my easy-going nature and out of gratitude for my sympathy with him, began to offer me his advice and assistance. I refused his counsel, and persisted in losing. Ketch got excited, began to bet, and we soon fleeced him heavily. Gradually the truth dawned upon him that we were a swell-mob party, when he became furious. In angry tones he told us what we were, and demanded the return of his money. With a sneer I answered: 'Give back the blood and life you took this morning, and I will give you back your blood-money.' At the next station I made my escape, and left the hangman in the lurch."

The other story was about a bubble bet—a case of orthography.

"I was travelling in the guise of a Scotch peasant. I had the dress exactly, and, as I could imitate the brogue well, I was naturally an object of interest to the English. I got out of the train at the station upon which I had previously determined, and when the train had started, I began to whistle for my dog. The people about the station laughed at me, and I acted the peasant fool to perfection. I went into a public-house with a company of farmers and others, and was greatly distressed about the loss of my dog, Bob. I got hold of the gas-burner, and pulled at it. They asked me what I was doing, and I told them I was ringing the bell for my Bob. They all concluded—much to my satisfaction—that I was a fool. I then made use of a word which I purposely mispronounced. They asked me what it meant, and I told them. Then they asked me to spell it, which I did. Then they said my spelling was wrong, and I said it was not, for I had received a good education, and knew what I was about, at which the company laughed heartily. I got very angry, and began to show my bank-notes (flash ones, though), to let them see that I was somebody. They offered to bet upon the spelling of the word to a heavy amount, and I accepted the wager. They asked me who should decide which was right and which was wrong. I gave the name of the old dame that educated me far away in the Highlands, and wanted them to telegraph for her, but they would not do it, and so we agreed that the dictionary should decide. So the waiter brought in the dictionary, and according to it I was right. Then

I had to plot my escape with the twenty pounds which I had won, as well as I could. They swore they would take the money from me, and would not let me go. So I pulled away at the gas-burner to ring the bell for my dog. I heard Bob outside, sluggishly went through the door to bring him in, and in doing so I gave my dupes leg-bail, and as I twisted through the back streets, I laughed heartily at my victims. The word was spelt in two ways, but I knew the way in which the word was spelt by the dictionary of that house, and the English fogies little knew that the innocent-looking waiter was a friend of mine, and in my pay. I quickly doffed my Highland costume and red whiskers, and transformed myself into a steady, sleek, and intelligent Englishman once more."

One method of swindling employed by the magsmen is called *mazing*. A magsman goes to a large outfitter, says he is going abroad, and represents himself as an emigrant, or naval or military captain, as the case may be. The magsman gives a large and costly order, and leaves his hotel address. Captain Mag will occasionally send his servant for a considerable portion of the goods, but never for the whole. Should he succeed in getting them, neither the captain nor the servant is ever heard of by the tradesman again. Sometimes they arrange for the tradesman to deliver the goods at the hotel at a certain hour. Captain Mag goes to the bar and gives his name, that he may be called when asked for. The goods are delivered, and the gallant captain receives them himself. He treats the servant handsomely, and pays him with a snide bill or a forged note, and particularly requests that the remainder of the order may be completed by a given date, and gives a further order; to keep the messenger sweet, perhaps "tips" him with a sovereign or so. Then the messenger goes home, and the noble captain retreats to lay siege elsewhere. The remainder of the order is delivered at the hotel, but the captain has left, and, alas! they do not know his address.

A country emigrant goes to the seaport full of fear and trembling, and determined not to be done. Poor fellow! his very caution will lead him into the destruction which he so much dreads. I am sure the reader will pardon a long and tedious exposition of the roguery, as its object is to save his country cousins. In connection with all seaports there is a class of men called "dudders." These formerly travelled the country as pedlars,\* selling waistcoat pieces, sham jewellery, &c., to countrymen. In selling for thirty shillings or two pounds a waistcoat-piece which cost them perhaps five shillings, they would show great fear of the revenue officer, and beg of the purchasing clodhopper to kneel down in a puddle of water, crook his arm, and swear that it might never become straight if he told an exciseman, or even his own wife. These men, frequently dressed like sailors, are a branch of the magsman clan, and sell cigars or other goods. One trick of theirs is to have a few good cigars to show. Their victim is taken to a public-house and treated; there the cigars or goods are dexterously changed, and the flat comes away with an imaginary good bargain under his

\* Vide "Slang Dictionary." J. Camden Hotten, London.

arm, which is in reality nothing but rubbish. These *quasi* smuggled goods however are only by-play compared with the real games by which the poor emigrant is heartlessly robbed of all that he possesses. The chief game of the magmen is called "wrapping up," and takes three or four men to work it out. The kid visits the emigration offices and emigrant ships until he falls in with a likely flat. They get into conversation over a friendly glass. The emigrant makes no secret of his destination. The kid becomes very communicative, tells the story of his life, and shows his money, of which he seems to have an abundance. This kind of friendly intercourse goes on for a week or so. The kid then begins to unfold his plans for future emolument. He is going to take out with him a large quantity of goods which are in great demand in the colony. He insinuates his willingness to take the flat into partnership. At this stage the other members of the gang make their appearance, and they are also emigrants. They begin to wonder what they shall speculate in, and at length the kid and his friend take them into their confidence. At last they conclude that the goods in question will be the best investment, and the whole quintette agree to partnership. The question of capital is started, and they are all naturally anxious to know what will be the joint amount. The magmen put their money upon the table in separate heaps, and the kid and the flat do the same. This is done to ascertain the amount of the flat's money, and whether it is paper or coin. The money is counted back into the purses, or wrapped up, and no more is said. The kid leaves the company for awhile, and returns. But the cashier has forgotten to book the respective amounts, and so the money must all be counted out again upon the table. The cashier counts it, and his friends ask him to put it into their purses or wrap it up for them. When he is counting the flat's cash the rest of the gang get up an excitement, in which they absorb the flat's attention. The cashier quickly puts flash money into the victim's parcel and hands it to him. They gradually leave the room, and the flat is stripped of all he has in the world. If these or other iniquitous measures fail, the last resort is to drug the emigrant's drink.

In addition to forged and spurious notes, the police often find a number of spurious bills upon the magmen. These bills are generally for show and sometimes for use. The history of them has been kindly furnished to me by a respectable accountant of considerable experience. As some poor tradesmen read this brief sketch it will recall to their recollection days and nights of agony and despair. These spurious bills first came into use about five-and-twenty years ago, just at the time when common people became too wide awake to be any longer duped by flash notes. These bills consist of drafts in the usual form, signed, and accepted, and bear several indorsations. They differ from *forged* bills in not pretending to bear the signature of any well-known firm. If intended for circulation in London, they are dated at some remote town, and addressed to imaginary firms in the provinces; but if wanted for provincial circulation, the drawer resides in the country and

the acceptor in London. They are manufactured chiefly if not entirely in London, and there is good reason for the belief that there are not more than three or four manufacturers of the "long firm." The mode of putting them into circulation is this:—The London fabricator has his agent in several large towns, who employs for scouts such persons as attornies' clerks, bailiffs, and pawnbrokers. These give information of all persons who are embarrassed. The principal agent then makes his own private inquiries, and having selected his victim, sends his name with all necessary particulars to London. The chief forthwith despatches a circular to the victim, setting forth the various causes which may occasion temporary embarrassment even to firms of undoubted respectability. The circular urges the importance of preserving credit unimpeached, and that by accepting temporary assistance such firms may overcome their difficulties; and having thus dressed up the bait, the circular kindly offers any amount of accommodation by return of post, provided satisfactory references can be given. The embarrassed tradesman swallows the bait and sends his references. He receives a reply that all is satisfactory, and that on remitting five per cent. of the amount required, he shall receive bills drawn and accepted by firms of the first respectability. Poor wretch! driven to desperation by some frightfully urgent engagement which must be met, he scrapes together cash enough for the purpose, sends it to his benefactor, and receives the worthless bills, accompanied by a second circular informing him that he must provide for the bills on maturity. Should he not be able to do so, the circular says he may obtain a second accommodation at reduced prices. The confiding tradesman soon finds out that he has been swindled. Should inquiry be instituted at the place from which the circulars are addressed, it turns out to be some low shop or house, the inmates of which know nothing of the parties sought; they merely receive his letters and keep them until called for. Some twenty-five years ago this system of knavery was at its climax. It is now nearly extinct, but the magmen avail themselves of it in all sorts of ways whenever an opportunity occurs. The bills are easily detected by a practised eye. They have not at all a commercial look about them. The handwriting is stiff and feigned; its sameness being feebly disguised by different kinds of ink.

Those who have studied human nature for themselves, by observing the huge masses who congregate on race-courses, will have come to the conclusion that races are very questionable in their associations, and that gambling, swindling, bubble bets, and foul play are but two rife upon our race-courses. The Welchers who now throng and annoy the stands are magmen all. They pocket their winnings, but keep far enough out of the way to make their escape from their gambling creditors. These Welchers are generally the landlords of some low gambling-house, and eke out their winter living by the aid of "picking up" women. Out of the racing season others of them wander about the country with a hawk's licence. The thieves who attend races are called

"tug-stretchers." They swindle and rob in the daytime, and plunder drunken men through the night. They have many tricks peculiar to races and fairs, of which we shall only mention two, "fawney dropping" and the "three bars." The former practice is worked by two scoundrels. One tries to get some country simpleton engaged in conversation. As soon as the thief is able to accomplish this, his criminal companion walks in front, and drops an apparently gold ring, marked at a high figure. The thief who has the flat in hand picks up the ring, and pretends to be very much excited and delighted with the value of his find. He attempts to break the ring in two, and says that half of it belongs to the flat. But the flat objects, and says it would be a pity to break and spoil the ring. So the thief agrees to let the flat have it for so much, and probably bags eight or nine shillings for a ring that never cost him threepence. The three bars are worked in streets as well as at races and fairs. It requires three men to work the artifice—a kid, a dropper, and one to act as a policeman in plain clothes. Two common pencil-cases are the instruments, one containing a pin and a pen, the other a pen only. When the kid has got his victim to rights, he raises his hat by way of signal to his confederates. The dropper then walks past the kid, pulls out his pocket-handkerchief for the usual purpose, and in doing so drops a pencil-case with a steel pen in it. The kid picks up the pencil-case, and says to the flat, "That man has dropped this, let us see what there is in it." The flat finds a steel pen in the case. Then the kid proposes to have a lark with the owner of the pencil-case, so he takes the pen out, puts in a pin, and gives the pen to the flat to hold. They call the dropper back, and the kid asks him if he has lost anything. He says that he is not aware that he has, and inspects his flash money in showy style. "It is not money that you have lost," says the kid. Then the dropper examines his pockets, and finds that his pencil-case is gone. They give him the pencil-case, and the kid remarks that there is no steel pen in it. The dropper shakes the case and says there is a pen in it. The kid replies, "But the pen is not like this," producing the one which the flat is holding. Then the kid appeals to the flat, who also affirms that there is no pen in it. The dropper then offers a bet, and if it is taken he puts his hand into his pocket for the money, and at the same time adroitly changes the pencil-case for one with a pin and a pen in it. The case is handed to the flat, and he opens it to his astonishment. The policeman in plain clothes comes up, threatens to arrest them for gambling, and so they all "skeddadle."

#### SELIGENSTADT-ON-THE-MAIN.

THE thirty-first of January of this year '63 was a clear, soft, and bright day. There had been many such in the course of one of the mildest winters within living memory. But perhaps this was the first day in which the promise of an early spring—so often broken, but this year to have a glorious fulfilment—was felt in the air.

On the whole, it was a day which prompted a pilgrimage in defiance of the calendar. On a bend of the Lower Main lies the ancient town of Seligenstadt. It appears to be but a short walk from Offenbach, as the road thence to it appears on the map as the chord to which the arc is formed by the river; and distant but some ten minutes by rail from Frankfort is Offenbach, a thriving, industrious place, whose prosperity was caused by the Huguenot immigration. The road from Offenbach to Seligenstadt is monotonous enough, cutting through dense pine-forests in straight lines, so that a person or carriage approaching is seen for half an hour before he or it is met. This forest was the terror of the Nuremberg merchants in the middle ages, as they could be seen a long way off by the robber knights and their henchmen, who remained ensconced in the wood till a convenient opportunity occurred for making the onslaught on the convoy of wares. The town of Frankfort used to keep soldiers on purpose to protect its customers through this part of their journey, though not always effectually. It must have been nervous work passing along this road in those times, for at any moment any reasonable number of enemies might issue from the thick covert on either side, or on both. Seligenstadt, with its old walls and towers, is seen long before it is reached after the woods have opened and made room for the plain on which it stands, with the Main washing its crumbling fortifications.

As the approach to Verona brings to mind the loves of Romeo and Juliet, so does that to Seligenstadt those of Eginhard and Emma, which, however, had a less unfortunate close. The story connected with the town has been given in different versions, of which the most apparently authentic is as follows. Emma was a beautiful daughter of Charlemagne. Eginhard was a page and private secretary of that great monarch. From the office he held he could not well have been of very high station in those days, when clerky functions were in general contempt, and he was probably a young gentleman reading for Holy Orders, perhaps some son of a good family who had interest at court, who, if he had borne arms at all, would have borne them with a bar-sinister. Comely, however, he certainly was, and of such goodly figure that he found favour in the eyes of the Princess Emma. Under the circumstances it would be probable that the first advances to intimacy were made on the part of the lady, the disparity of rank being so great, and the fortunate issue of any open suit so apparently hopeless. The lovers, who moved in different spheres by day, managed to meet by moonlight in the apartments belonging to the Princess, which had a separate door into the court, which was unfortunately commanded by a window of the Emperor's own rooms. These meetings continued to take place for a long time with impunity; at last Eginhard, late one night or early one morning, after bidding the Princess farewell, started back with horror, as soon as he had opened the door, on seeing that the courtyard was covered with snow. Of course the snow would betray the tracks of his feet. By ill luck, Charlemagne, who had the cares of half a dozen kingdoms on his shoulders, did



not close an eye that night, and on getting up to open his window he saw, proceeding leisurely across the court, a female figure bearing on its shoulders—not the weight of half a dozen kingdoms, certainly, but what was in her case quite as bad, or worse—a tall young man. It was Emma carrying Eginhard. To imagine the scene that followed it is necessary to take a full measure of the greatness of Charlemagne as compared with

the littleness of a pert young clerk. What the exact spot where the scene occurred was, appears uncertain; but it may have been the imperial hunting-seat of Dreieichenhain, between Frankfort and Darmstadt. In such a case the wrath of Charlemagne must have been more like the wrath of the four elements than anything human, except perhaps that of the Chief Druid when Charlemagne put his imperial foot on his over-



Conventual Church, Seligenstadt. See page 392.

turned idol. However, he did not put them to death; that would have created a scandal. He said nothing to any one else, but ordered the guilty pair to quit his sight for ever. Nevertheless, Emma was the favourite daughter of Charlemagne, and Eginhard himself he loved, and would have promoted to great honour but for the presumptuous youth thus dashing all his own prospects to piccos. So Charlemagne was sad, and often longed to hear news of Emma, whose

name he never mentioned, and whose name none mentioned to him; why, they scarce dared to ask even themselves. And he tried to cure his sadness, as was his wont, by exercise and excitement, and now, as he had no wars on hand, by the chase. It chanced, one day that a fine stag had escaped him after a long run in the wood close to the Main, by a small hamlet called Obermühlheim. He was tired and in need of refreshment, and he drew up at the door of a humble house in the

wood adjoining the hamlet. Here he was struck by the wonderful beauty of a little boy who was playing near the door, and who stood gazing at him with the clear blue eyes of a young Frank who did not seem at all abashed by his august presence. He dismounted, and taking the child in his arms, brought him into the cottage, with the thought that he, though chief of Christendom, would only be too happy to have such a grandson. Here he was humbly received by the child's mother, who with muffled face and stifled voice, as if awe-struck, bade the Emperor welcome, and requested to be allowed to retire at once to provide him a collation according to her limited means. In due time a course was placed before the Emperor, and when it was withdrawn he recognised a dish which was the invention of his daughter Emma, and which had always in times past been prepared for him by her own fair hands. In his surprise he ordered his hostess to be brought before him, and immediately on her appearance locked in his arms his weeping and penitent child. Overjoyed, he granted his full forgiveness on the spot, and exclaimed, "Happy (*selbig*) is the spot where I have found my daughter again." And ever since that time Obermühlheim has borne the name of Seligenstadt.

A more prosaic account of the origin of the name, and one certainly more consistent with analogy, is that Obermühlheim was named Seligenstadt, or Town of the Blessed, in consequence of the relics of two martyrs, Peter and Marcellinus, having been brought thither, after a conventual church had been built there, about the time of Charlemagne. In 1840 the substractions of Roman buildings were found in digging for the foundations of a new school-house, and the mediæval remains show evidences of Roman masonry having been used in the construction of the town. The conventual church is first heard of in the ninth century, since which time it has undergone perpetual alterations, until the buildings were secularised in 1803. The lordship of the town was granted by Ludwig the Pious to Eginhard, who, after the death of his beloved Emma, retired into the convent. The outer shell of the marble sarcophagus containing their united bones is still shown, while the inner part has been transferred to the collection of stolen goods at Erbach in the Odenwald.\* In 1013 the see of Mainz by craft obtained possession of Seligenstadt; but Rudolph von Hapsburg made it, in 1184, an imperial dependency, though it afterwards lapsed again to Mainz. The town lost many of its privileges by joining the peasants in the war of 1525, and it was so exposed to the ravages of the 'Thirty Years' War that only a seventh of the inhabitants were said to have been left. When the Swedes came to it in their turn, it is said by Prior Waltz that Gustavus Adolphus himself was kind to the inhabitants; but "the Queen (of Sweden) behaved with stupidity, as she brought an ape in her carriage, with shorn crown and rosary, to mock the Catholic clergy." After the French Revolution, Seligenstadt fell to Hessen-Darmstadt; it is now a quiet little place, and its dark old walls make a good picture on the side next the Main.

\* See Vol. viii., page 501, "The Neckar."

It is very nearly dusk when we reach Gross-Steinheim, on our way to Hanau. Its tower, with its fine heavy projecting turrets, looks grand in the red winter sunset, and its water-gate looks like the entrance to an imposing place, as we leave it to cross the ferry. But failing daylight obliges us to quicken our steps to the Hanau station, with the thought that Gross-Steinheim deserves a visit to itself. G. C. SWAYNE.

#### DIONYSIUS THE SCHOOLMASTER.\*

ONE little year ago and Syracuse,  
Great Syracuse with all its royal towers,  
Lay at my feet, as I leant back to hear  
The Lydian flutes chasing the flying hours:  
The Cystus-bloom, that scarce a day doth shine,  
Was not more short-lived than that power of mine.

I looked and saw the triremes in the port,  
And every trireme bore my purple flag;  
And everywhere the vineyards caught the eye,  
Wrreathing each clayey cliff and stony crag,  
And o'er the bay I saw proud Temples rise,  
Built for my slaves to offer sacrifice.

My garment trailed upon the marble stone  
Out in the sunshine; but a soft green shade  
Played round my brows, and from the inner court  
(On this day year) I mind me that there strayed  
Ionian music, fluttering from the throat  
Of a Greek boy, who mocked the thrush's note.

My cedar chests were brimmed with Persian gold,  
My vats with wine and oil were running o'er,  
My Babylonian stuff, my citron woods,  
Seemed in my treasures to grow still more:  
Gold was to me as dust, jewels as stones  
That strew the weedy coast where ocean moans.

And now I sit upon a fig-tree stool,  
My sceptre for a ferule well exchanged,  
Plodding o'er Homer's verse and Pindar's hymns,  
From all my brittle greatness long estranged;  
And round me press the peasant boys, dismayed  
At my stern face, the badge of my dull trade.

Under this Ilex we sit hour by hour,  
The cicale droning on to mock the task  
That drones below, and in the sunshine fierce  
The sleeping tortoise crawls to rest and bask,  
While in the myrtle brake beyond the shade  
I see the green snake steal towards the glade.

Around me gather all the rosy lads,  
The stalwart ploughman's sturdy, restless child,  
The fisherman's rough boys, fresh from the gulf,  
And still from their hard trade loud-voiced and wild.  
My courtiers nor my parasites are these;  
Discrowned, disrobed, I still can boast of ease.

This is my tiny world, and this my train  
Of little subjects, trembling at my frown,  
Smiling when I smile, as, with weary brain,  
I hear the stammered lines of Homer's rhyme,  
And happier than of old, defying fate,  
Beneath the Ilex rule my petty state.

And when I die, I shall leave gold enough  
To buy them wine to hold a village feast  
Each year upon my grave; and there the boys  
Shall bask and play, and slay the votive beast;  
And I beneath shall rest with peaceful face,  
While rustic music cheers the dim, still place.

\* Dionysius, tyrant, of Syracuse, being deposed, became a schoolmaster in Corinth.

HEINRICH FRAUENLOB.



At Worms, about our Lady's shrine  
 A minstrel's gently haunting shade is ;  
 He sang of Love and War and Wine,  
 His name was Henry Praise-the-Ladies.

This Henry had a yearning heart,  
 And chivalric emotions warmed him,  
 But holy vows kept him apart  
 From all that fired, and all that charmed him.

And many a time his brow grew sad,  
 And many a time his eye grew moister,  
 When lute-like voices, young and glad,  
 Were wafted to his cage-like cloister.

And so, like captive bird, he sung  
 Of cups that kindlier tables graced,  
 Of swords at knightlier sides that hung,  
 Of lips 'twere deadly sin to taste.

The knights he sung were scarce of earth,  
 Not ruffians as we oft behold here,  
 All loyalty and truth and worth,  
 Each one an army in a soldier.

The wines he sung might glad the board  
 Of Duke, Archbishop, or Elector,  
 The produce of some fairy hoard,  
 Imprisoned sunbeams changed to nectar.

But sweet as ever woke his lays  
 To celebrate good wine or true man,  
 The rare quintessence of his praise  
 Was thine, inexplicable Woman.

He praised thee in thine April morn,  
 All tremulous with beauty's budding,  
 When tender thoughts are newly born,  
 And bathe the cheek in roseate flooding.

He praised thee in thy May of youth,  
 The heroine of antique story;  
 Bound soul to soul in ardent truth,  
 And granting maiden love for glory.

He praised thee, peerless queen of home,  
 The hearth-imparadising mother;  
 Fount of the Strong and Fair to come,  
 Most blest in blessing most another.

By Henry wept no child or wife,  
 When bowed to death his silver head;  
 But angel wings, unknown in life,  
 Threw their bland shadows o'er his bed.

Touch closed his eyes more soft than ours,  
 Fair hands dropt wreaths the kind old man on,  
 And eight bright ladies, crowned with flowers,  
 Bore to his rest the genial Canon.

G. C. SWAYNE.

## ON THE RAIL.

### PART II.

BESIDES those cardinal defects of our railroad system, on which I have already\* recorded my dissatisfaction, there are scores of others not less annoying, though perhaps less serious. "*Les petites misères de la vie en chemin-de-fer*," would form an appropriate title for such a work as I should like to see written. Railway annoyances do not belong to the order of troubles that are soon forgotten. On the contrary, the traveller has time to brood over them to his heart's content or discontent, as he is jolted along mile after mile and hour after hour. For my own part, I do not consider railway journeying to be conducive to pleasing reflections. As long as you can look out on the passing scenery, well and good; as long as you can sleep, well and better; but, if the prospect from the windows is dull and dreary, or if it is too dark to see anything, and if you cannot sleep, then I fancy most persons' reflections on a

\* See p. 336.

solitary journey are not peculiarly lively ones. The swaying to and fro of the carriage produces that feeling of heaviness which, as every seafaring traveller knows, is the first step in the downward path towards nausea. Thus the mind is apt to brood over the discomforts of one's position. During a long series of such after-dark journeyings, when I was too tired to read and too wide awake to sleep, I have pondered sadly over the short-comings of our railroad management and some few results of these ponderings I wish now to convey to others.

In the first place then, according to the custom of reformers, let me name my own particular personal grievance. If the tyrant Gessler had placed the apple on the head of Master Schmidt or Meyer instead of on that of young Tell, very likely the Swiss revolution would never have taken place. In the same way, to compare small things with great, if our railway companies had not systematically refused to provide for my individual comfort, I should not perhaps have been tempted to launch these censures on their devoted heads. As the St. Albans potwhalloper said, I am not venal, but I am accessible to persuasion; and supposing I had no personal cause of complaint, my sense of the public wrongs might not be as vivid as it is. This I own in justice to abstract truth; yet at the same time, I feel some satisfaction in knowing that my own wrongs are also those of a large portion of the public. To tell the truth, I am addicted to smoking. This may, as a fashionable ladies' doctor once said to me, be a nasty habit, an expensive habit, and a degrading habit. About that I say nothing. I only aver that in company with nine railway travellers of the male sex out of ten, I do like a cigar while I am travelling; and, what is more, I indulge my liking. If I had a *penchant* for picking pockets or for slashing cushions with a pen-knife, I could hardly be treated with greater severity. I have to indulge my taste slyly, surreptitiously, and ignobly. I look out for empty carriages. I give bribes to officials, who are at once offensively servile and insultingly familiar. I am liable at any moment to be insulted, committed and fined. I am pained by the consciousness that the carriage, when I leave it, will smell unpleasantly of stale tobacco, and that the next occupant may be a lady, to whom the odour is really unpleasant; and, in fact, I am kept in a state of equal discomfort whether I smoke or do not smoke. And these penalties are inflicted on me simply and solely because I do what I am allowed to do in every other place that I frequent. No doubt there is a difference on our various lines. The Great Northern, for instance, inclines to stern severity with respect to smokers; the Great Eastern is lax to a degree hardly consistent with dignity; the North Western is accessible to reason in the person of its officials; the South Western is capricious in its policy; while the South Eastern line is positively Draconian in its antipathy to smoking, and, not content with fining detected offenders, actually gibbets them for weeks afterwards by affixing their names, occupations, and punishments on the walls of its stations—an excess of cruelty which I doubt being justified either by humanity or law. Still one and all these

companies treat smoking as an offence to be dealt with more or less severely and arbitrarily. The whole of this sort of guerilla warfare between guards and passengers might be superseded at once if each train had a smoking-carriage attached to it. Supposing this were done, I would have no mercy on persons who smoked in prohibited places. Till it be done, passengers will break the law, guards will be bribed to wink at an infraction of their duty, and non-smoking wayfarers will be subjected to the annoyance of travelling in carriages redolent of stale tobacco. We always boast of being the freest country in the world, but there is no country except England where the public would submit to such an interference with their tastes and habits as is daily practised upon our great smoking community in its journeyings by rail. I shall never forget the glow of satisfaction I experienced when I first saw written on a compartment in a German train, "Hier darf nicht geraucht werden." Here at last smoking was the rule, and abstinence from tobacco was regarded as an eccentricity. A negro who came into a country where a white skin was considered a sign of inferiority could hardly entertain a more vivid sense of pride than I did at that moment.

I also want to know the reason why our trains are notorious for their want of punctuality. Time is of more value in Great Britain than it was ever known to be in any portion of the globe, or at any period of the world's history. Punctuality is claimed, with some reason, to be an emphatically British virtue. And certainly, as far as your social position goes, you had better break all the ten commandments than fail to keep an appointment. French, or German, or Italian travellers can better afford to be an hour behind time than we can five minutes. Yet there is no reliance to be placed on an ordinary British train performing its journey in the time stipulated. You would suppose, beforehand, that the time required to perform a known distance at a given speed might be calculated with absolute accuracy. Such, however, is not the case in practice. I have travelled across France, from Marseilles to Calais, a distance of some eight hundred miles, without ever being more than a minute behind or before our time at any station. If any English traveller can say the same about a journey from London to Aberdeen, he has been much more fortunate in his experiences than it has fallen to my lot to be. On many, if not all, of the French lines there is a system in vogue which very nearly ensures punctuality. Whenever a train is exact to its time between station and station, the drivers receive an additional gratuity of a centime for every kilomètre run over. To the companies the extra cost is unimportant compared with the saving gained in many respects by the additional regularity thus acquired. If any body examines the statistics of railway accidents, he will find that in nine cases out of ten the catastrophe has occurred owing to some uncertainty about the time when a train would arrive. On one of our London lines, by which of late I have been in the habit of travelling almost daily, the trains are always from five to fifteen minutes behind their time. In consequence, the railway officials must have grown

to regard this delay as a normal circumstance; and, some day or other, the reliance on these minutes of grace will lead to an accident. As far as I can learn, a traveller has no redress for lost time. The delay of a quarter of an hour may often be a matter of incalculable importance; yet the railroads cannot be called upon to give compensation for the losses accruing from their own unpunctuality. In the days when railways were novelties in Italy, a train stopping at a station on the Modena line, delayed there, from some cause or other, for upwards of an hour. The passengers could put up with the despotism of Francis V., of evil memory, but they could not stand the tyranny of a railway official. So they sallied *en masse* from the train, and smashed the windows of the station-master's house, a proceeding which, though illogical, produced the desired effect, and caused the train to be sent on at once. I have no wish to see English passengers take the law into their own hands, but I do think the government might protect us. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is said to be at his wit's end to devise new taxes. Why are not our railway companies obliged to pay a fine to the Treasury every time one of their trains is late? If such a tax were productive, nobody would complain; if it were unproductive, the public would be the gainer. Let it be understood that I have no desire to compel our railways to travel faster; on the contrary, I think that already they travel too fast for their own pockets, if not for the safety of their passengers. All I want is that they should allow time enough to be able to perform their contracts. If I know beforehand at what time a train will arrive, I can make my arrangements accordingly. But I have a cause of complaint when I take my ticket on the understanding that I am to be delivered at a given spot at a certain time, and the contract is not fulfilled.

Then I also want to know, why I am starved upon my journeys whenever I travel in England? I always get hungry in travelling: and even if I am not hungry, eating promotes sleep, and I fancy a desire to sleep as much as possible while travelling by rail, is one very generally entertained by passengers. But yet how am I or my fellow passengers to gratify this natural and innocent taste? It seems to me, that within my memory, railway refreshments have fallen off. I can recall the fact, that when, as a child, I used to be taken along the London and Birmingham line, the Wolverton buffet appeared to me to afford a repast worthy of the Arabian Nights. The ghost of many an Olla Podrida of buns and coffee, and sandwiches, and pork-pies, and lemonade, rises before my memory as I write these lines. Everything, as I remember it, was excellent. It is, of course, possible that my youthful appetite was somewhat indiscriminating. I confess that the poky little room at Wolverton lives in my recollection as a vast and spacious saloon; that the greasy, oilcloth-coloured counter, appears to me in other days to have been surmounted with slabs of dazzling white marble, and that the rather dowdy damsels who now administer at the station to the wants of the hungry public, have succeeded to the place of enchanting Hebes—

nearly as charming in boyish eyes as the buns they handed to you. I acknowledge, further, that but the other day, I saw two schoolboys coming home for the holidays purchase and devour eight stale buns, six flabby sponge cakes, and four pork-pies of venerable and portentous antiquity. And therefore, it is possible that my recollections of the past glories of Wolverton may be tinged with the roseate hues of a youthful imagination. Still, I know that at no period of my life did I ever consider the refreshments provided at Swindon anything but nauseous, and I hope, for the credit of my digestion, I never could have delighted in such a "menu" as that offered to the traveller at most of our English "buffets." Your choice lies between mutton pasties—in which there is very little meat, and what there is, is gristle,—fly-eaten Bath buns with the sugar rubbed off by long friction, mouldy biscuits, and sandwiches, which stick in your throat, if you try to eat them.

The beverages are even worse. Coffee, with a rich sediment of grits; tea, without any flavour except that of chopped hay; frothy beer, and fiery brandy, are the staple articles of consumption. Even at the few stations where dinners are professedly provided, the passenger is very little better off. Supposing the dinner is tolerable in itself, which it rarely is, it is always arranged after the English fashion, the first element for whose enjoyment is time. Now, the guests of an American hotel in the far West would be ashamed to devour a dinner in the time that our railway passengers are expected to consume theirs in. Any man who can eat several slices of under-done meat, a lump of heavy pudding, and a pound of bread and cheese, in five minutes, without feeling the worse for it afterwards, must be possessed of more than mortal powers of digestion. The consequence of this state of things is, that people eat less and less at our English refreshment rooms. I am told that we travel so quickly, and our distances are so short, that there is no demand for refreshments on the road. It may be so: but the journey from London to Liverpool or Manchester is about as long in time, as that from Boulogne to Paris: yet, the buffet at Amiens does an enormous business; and I always perceive that our fellow-countrymen are the first to avail themselves of its hospitality. But then, at Amiens, you can *dine*, as well as feed. In fact, people would eat readily fast enough on our English lines, if they had anything given them fit to eat.

The truth is, that in this, as in many other matters on which I might dilate, if I thought the reader would not be tired of my grumblings, our railway companies suffer by want of perception of their real interests. The chief duty, no doubt, of a railroad is to convey its passengers as rapidly as may be to their destination; but then, this is not the whole of its duty. After all, a railway journey is a slice out of one's existence, and we have a right to ask that it should be made as pleasant as possible. If travelling were more comfortable, there would be more travellers. On our main lines, competition secures decent treatment for a traveller. But on the branch ones, where there is no choice of route, the sole object of our com-

panies seems to be to get as much out of the traveller, and to give him as little, as possible. A wiser and more liberal policy would do much, I think, to swell the scanty receipts of our great purveyors of locomotion. E. D.

### THE RURAL VERMIN QUESTION.

THE perturbation of the public mind this autumn about VERMIN is as great as reasonable men and experienced farmers and gardeners anticipated. For some years past, and above all in the last year or two, farmers and gardeners, rural parsons and squires and their ladies, have been exerting themselves to avenge their own cause on a detested enemy, and to right the wrongs that they conceive themselves to be sustaining at the hand of Nature. These gentry and farmers do not approve of the system they were born into, by which the various orders of organised beings become food for each other, in so curious a proportion that, if not interfered with, the balance of those orders is preserved, and the earth is allowed to yield her increase with a general regularity which is not likely to be improved by human meddling. Like the country gentry and farmers of France, some of our village potentates have been trying to get rid of a good many of the birds of the air, because birds eat grains and fruits, as well as animal food: and if the experiment should be allowed to go on as long as it has done in France, we shall see the same consequences. We shall see wide tracts of once-fertile land lying waste, and certain crops actually driven out of cultivation by the ravages of the insects which the birds would have kept in check, if they had been allowed to live.

I am glad to see so much stir as there has been this autumn, because it is well that unreasonableness, as well as sense and experience, should be brought to the light. By means of a complete collection of complaints we may learn what is being supposed to be going wrong, and what is demanded as a right and proper state of things. Thus far, the argument seems to be something of this sort:—

There has been a prodigious advance in the cultivation of the soil, in fields and gardens; and there has been a no less striking improvement in rural economy. All field crops are more plentiful than they were in our fathers' days; and most of them are of a finer quality. Fruits are more rich and various; flowers are rarer and more precious. All are more costly in their production; and it is of far greater consequence than formerly how much of each yield is sacrificed to accidents. When these improvements began to be interesting and important, it was natural for the improvers to quarrel with any intruders on their property, and to wage war with any creatures which seemed to be destroying what was of so much value. Between the speculators in tillage and the preservers of game several orders of "vermin," winged or quadruped, were hunted almost out of existence: and we see the inevitable consequence in the discontents of this autumn. Where birds have been persecuted, on account of their depredations on fruit and seeds, the plague of grubs,

slugs, and caterpillars is spreading as it has spread in France; and yet the cry is growing fiercer for the destruction of more birds, because grubs and slugs prevail even where they are, while they not the less demolish the fruit. If this last allegation were generally true, it would be evident that the balance of orders in the country generally was really destroyed, and that we might expect national misfortune from insect pests, as Sultans and Pashas in the East do when the clatter of locusts is heard in the breeze. We need not yet, however, make up our minds to the worst. If we can see what it is reasonable to think and to do, we may cheer up as the Eastern ruler never does or can when the locusts are darkening the air,—a veritable cloud of doom.

How was it in our fathers' days? To the best of my recollection there was, in my youth, as much worry from vermin as now, though perhaps there was not such extensive ravage. Kites and owls and rooks were nailed up on barn-doors: foxes spoiled young broods, and caused many tears among children who wept sore for their pet chicks. Farmers called rooks "black rascals," and hired bird-boys to scare them from the fields. The squires' keepers were always provoking village wives, and maid-servants, and school-girls by shooting cats; and the whole neighbourhood complained of the consequent plague of mice. In the kitchen garden, "the worm" was a sad pest in the carrot bed. I used to see gooseberry bushes as bare as any I see now, both as to leaves and fruit; and there was plenty of swearing at the birds in the cherry trees, and the wasps among the apricots. Yet there was no such complaint, as far as I remember, as we hear this autumn of total devastation in the fruit garden. However freely the birds might help themselves, they always left enough for us. I remember no raspberry avenue which yielded, in a favourable season, only two quarts to the household; nor any well-established pear orchard which did not yield bushels, however spitefully the blackbirds might be spoken of which had attacked the sunny side of the very finest pears of the crop. It seems to me that the rude plenty of rural life in former days made the evil less conspicuous than it is now. Three times as much as was wanted was grown of everything; and fruit and flowers were of simpler kinds, and had less cost and care bestowed on them than now. The mice ate the crocus roots as they do now; but there were whole beds of crocuses. Rosebuds were cankered; but they were cut off, and ten times the number rowded into their place. There was an anxious look-out for the rat-catcher when his time was coming round; for not only were the vermin a great vexation in the barn, but the gamekeeper looked vicious at the farmer's terrier, and he would be shooting the dog and taking charge of the rats, if the clearance was not made presently. I used to be said that the rat-catcher came back in the night, to return two or three rats to the back or the barn: but this would not have mattered much if the hawks and owls had been allowed to deal with the remnant. As yet, however, one seldom mounted the hills without seeing hawks swooping down, or went through an old

wood at night without hearing the owl in some ivied tree, or seeing it flying slowly over the dusky meadows. Now there are whole districts where the hawk, or the owl, is rarely seen or heard: and I can answer for it that in some such places one now hears endless complaints of rats in the drains and poultry-yards, and of mice among the garden beds and in the dairies and cheese-rooms.

The other day our rural policeman came up to my house, with a friendly offer to make a clearance of all the small birds. He would net the ivy, on all sides of the house in turn, and let no little bird escape. He had done this for many gentlemen round about: and he would be very happy to do it for me. He was a good deal surprised when I told him that I could not afford any such proceeding, even if I disliked the birds in the ivy. We have quite trouble enough as it is with the slugs among the cabbages, and the caterpillars among the broccoli and on the gooseberry bushes; and with the wireworm among the seedlings: and we might give up gardening altogether if we took away the only check on insects that we have. Our civil constable may have seen the sparrows regaling themselves at the fowls' breakfast and supper pans, or swarming out from among the pea-sticks: but it answers better to let them have a handful of Indian meal now and then, and half my early peas, than to turn my garden into such an insect preserve as some that could be shown in the kind policeman's neighbourhood.

It is no argument for destroying the birds that they do not rid us of the worse enemy. We know, by abundant evidence, that the small birds which most frequent our gardens and dwellings do dispose of an infinite number of caterpillars, grubs, flies, and worms in feeding their young as well as themselves. That there are still more than they can dispose of is no wonder, considering the destruction of birds which has been going on now, faster and faster, more and more spitefully, for years past. It should be remembered that the insect increase goes on at an accelerated rate after the natural check is once impaired. The escaped prey of one pair of finches or sparrows or robins will not only grow up to spoil half-a-dozen vegetables, but will bring forth a progeny which will ruin scores of plants, and leave enough heirs to run through the property of hundreds more. While, therefore, I have wireworms, slugs, larvæ of mischievous moths, &c., in my garden, I shall let the birds try what they can do with the mischief which I certainly cannot manage in any clumsy human method. The thrush which is constant to a corner near my south bedroom window shall not be turned out. The swallows may go on fluttering in and out, under the eaves; the chaffinches shall flit from tree to terrace wall and back again, and come to parade a wisp of dry grass or a fragment of moss at my window, on the way to the nest; and even the prosaic sparrow shall have his green peas and meal pudding (because I cannot prevent it) for the sake of the animal diet which was his first course in life.

The case of the farmer and his fields is a far more serious one than that of any gardeners but nurserymen and market-gardeners. We grow grave when we approach this part of the subject;

for there have been fields this season, rich and full of promise at one time, and then as bare and stony as any bit of chalk-down after paring and burning. There is something really fearful in what most of us have read, and some of us have seen, of the way in which a certain order of farmers go to work to make their crops grow.

When barley is to be sown, it is probably just at the time when there should be young broods in the rookeries, and in trees and hedges and old walls all round about. The old rooks follow the sowers, and are busy in the fresh-moved soil; the farmer concludes they are gobbling up his grain, and he calls them names, and sets a boy to scare them off, or a man to blaze away at them in most vindictive style. The effect of this is to amuse the man, or put wages into the boy's pocket, in the first place; and in the next to afford a halcyon existence to a million or more of unpleasant creatures who are hiding an inch below the soil. The farmer is favouring everybody but himself and his best friends, the rooks. He prevents the parents of the wire-worm from being disturbed, and is sowing the future subsistence of their children. His neighbour, who is sowing turnips or rape, behaves in the same way to the rooks, and gives subsistence in the same generous method to countless hosts of caterpillars. By the time the turnips are four or five inches high, and the rape four or five times as tall, the myriads which he has made happy will come forth in their might, under the stars, and feast at such a rate that the sound thereof will be as a shower of steady rain. If anything in the form of a census should be proposed, these beneficiaries of the farmer will be found inhabiting his field to the amount of fifty per square foot, at the depth of two inches. The favour of the farmer to these children of the Dart-moth is, however, short-lived. When he sees his turnip-field as bare as the public road, and his rape crop disappearing row by row from night to night, he perceives that something must be done. It is too late now to recall the rooks—besides that he is fully persuaded that they were after the seed and not the grubs. He must send for the boy who scared away the rooks, and this boy must bring others, and they must be paid so much per pint for the caterpillars which the rooks would have disposed of if the boy had not been paid so much per hour for driving them away from that excellent work.

This is no fancy picture. These very caterpillars have utterly destroyed acres upon acres of mangels and of carrots this very season: and one year they nearly starved the Germans. The Germans know how to lament aloud; and it is wonderful that their wail over their plague of caterpillars did not put us so far on our guard as to prevent our driving our rooks away from such a prey. There is another resource,—in some places. Where the peewit has been allowed to live it can stay this plague. It has stopped it in Dorsetshire, where the case would soon have been desperate. But we have so few peewits left! And that is the way in which we are met by discouragement when trying to deal with difficulties in which the birds might have helped us if we would have let them.

The farmer who still believes the rook to be his worst enemy, remarks that whatever else the caterpillar or wireworm or slug may do, they cannot root up, or throw over on its side a single root of mangel; whereas he sees with his own eyes that rooks have done it in a score of cases in a single row.—The fact is undeniable: but what makes the rooks take that trouble about a plant which they are not going to eat? The farmer thinks this is no business of his: but there he is wrong; for the rooks' reason is the very point of the case. The reason is always the same:—viz., one or more grubs nestled in the root of the plant. The plants so infested are doomed; and the birds which root them up to get at the grubs are doing the work which no other creature could do, and saving the rest of the crop.

It is a piteous sight when the reward these grubbers meet with is being fed with poisoned grain. It is piteous to see them unable to fly, tumbling from the tree, or quivering in agony on the grass. The same thing can no longer be done by the same means; for the Act of last session, prohibiting the administration of poisoned grain, is already in force. But there are few signs that the real preservers of our country from the most vexatious and mortifying kind of dearth are likely at present to be either respected or made use of as they ought to be. The rooks are among the best friends of all who live by bread; yet we may meet with farmers in every agricultural county who curse the "black rascals," and look sour on everybody who is unwilling to part with the village rookery, while they have not a word to say against the pheasants which half live on their grain; nor even against the hares which eat lanes through their young wheat, or make whole roods of the soil as bare as the caterpillars make the turnip-field.

"What, then, is to be done?" despondent gardeners, and even farmers, will ask. "Are we to go on letting our produce be devoured before our eyes by creatures which cannot appreciate it? Must wasps feed on the sunny side of a peach when sugar and water would suit them as well? Must mice eat out the heart of rare bulbs, brought over the sea at great cost, when an onion or a bit of cheese would answer all the purpose? Must birds nip off fruit buds in our orchards? and the insects bite off the stalks of the grain in our fields? and the rodents make holes for decay in twenty times as many turnips or mangels as they can eat? If so, we may as well yield up the battle, and surrender to the wild animals of all sorts and sizes the dominion over us."

Why, no! I should not advise that: and I do not propose to make any such surrender myself. To me the case looks like this:—

Here we are entering upon, or we have fairly entered upon, a new system of agricultural and horticultural economy. We grow better produce, and more of it on a certain area, at a much greater primary cost. The condition of profit under the new methods is that waste should be prevented,—waste of time, labour, land and money alike. Waste by vermin must be guarded against, with other kinds of waste: and the more valuable our produce the more it is worth our while to take pains to guard our plants and fruits from their



natural enemies. If we do not choose, like our fathers, to leave a large margin for accidents,—meaning vermin,—we must take some pains to protect what we do not intend to give away. If the salvage is not worth the cost and trouble of the protection, we should either not attempt the production, or not grumble when it does not answer. The silliest thing of all to do is to exterminate birds which rid us of many hundreds of insects per nest per day, in the breeding season, because the birds pay themselves afterwards a small commission on their services.

It is well to make sure in the first place how any particular mischief gets done. We have seen how farmers have been apt to charge the rooks with the offences of the grubs. In the same way we gardeners are apt to blame the birds for what the ants have done. The case made clear, we must execute judgment ourselves. The army of caterpillars was disposed of by a trench being cut across their mighty path, in which they were destroyed by sulphuric acid and water when trapped. It is not difficult to destroy ants' nests and runs by boiling water. Rat runs and mouse holes can be got at, and strychnine, on bread and butter, may be safely laid in underground runs, though it is too dangerous to be used aboveground without the strictest personal care. There are many resources against insect pests, soot, lime, tobacco-water, and smoke, and various compounds sold for the purpose; and we may well devote some time and pains to these methods, though satisfied that the shortest way to the end is to protect the birds. The plague of caterpillars on gooseberry bushes is one that we hear most of now. Why not take the small trouble of sprinkling the branches thickly with dust from the road? Why not pare off the soil under the bushes in January, to the depth of two or three inches, and burn it, and if the pest reappears, be ready with your dust? We must be contented to help the birds for a time in a task which we have made too heavy for them. In the neighbourhood of all sparrow-clubs there will long be more pests than the remnant of the bird race can deal with. We must give our ducks their share of the business. Mine keep the garden comparatively clear of slugs, when the neighbours cannot raise a lettuce or a cauliflower. It is true that ducks cannot be trusted near a strawberry bed; and it is wonderful how high they can make their bills reach at bob-cherry, or to pluck currants and gooseberries. They twitch at young cabbage plants too in a mischievous way, and make their mark in a track of torn leaves; but they may do a great deal of good work before the fruit is ripe, and the young cabbages are pricked out.

Are not the strawberry-beds, so mourned over by newspaper correspondents, worth netting over? They do not, in ordinary gardens, occupy much space: and if a stout netting, or one of galvanised wire, which will last a lifetime, is put up at some height above the fruit,—the sides being closed in,—the fruit cannot be reached by the birds. There is no difficulty in removing any portion when the fruit is to be gathered. It is for the owner to consider whether the yearly crop is worth the original cost of the guard. If it is not, it looks rather like trifling to abuse the birds so vehem-

ently. For currants or gooseberries, the choice is between netting the bushes and having an extra number of them, as our fathers had. We can at the same time try if any effect ensues from hanging up floating white threads, or dangling red rags. Wall fruit, from cherries, pears, and apples, down to the choicest of the stone fruits, and grapes, are surely worth netting,—a netting in such a way as to keep the birds at a sufficient distance,—by projection at the top or a slope to the bottom.

There is a resource of indulgence, it must be remembered, as well as of prohibition. Are there not fruits that we may give the birds to eat, without sacrificing our own dessert? How many hollies have the grumblers in their gardens? Do they know the pleasure of having a fine holly or two near the windows, not only to shine and glow in the winter sun, but to serve as the gayest of aviaries. Does not this winter feast suggest the device of berries for almost the year round? A plentiful provision of laurel, and Portugal laurel berries will save just so much of what we call fruit.

The farmers' case is infinitely worse than the gardeners', because they had so much more extensive an interest in the life of the birds which have been destroyed. The best course for the farmers now seems to be, first to look across to the Antipodes, and see what sums English colonists are paying there for pairs and dozens of those very birds which are got rid of here by bribing people to kill them. The appearance of caterpillars there has raised a cry for birds, to be carefully and expensively conveyed over sea, and liberally paid for. While I write, an Australian newspaper arrives, bringing an account of eager purchases of small birds imported from England. A couple of blackbirds sold for 3*l.* 8*s.*; and a single sparrow—the survivor of a lot of a hundred—actually fetched eleven shillings. If the members of our sparrow-clubs stare and laugh at the news, it does not follow that they have the best of the argument. The colonial farmers have, in fact, a keener faculty for recognising their best friends than those they have left behind. Next, the farmers will be wise to refuse any slaughter of small birds on their premises; and if they will moreover use all their influence to get the sparrow-clubs in their districts broken up, they will deserve good crops within their own fences, and a good name in their parishes. Those of them are the best citizens, and the best farmers, who, *ceteris paribus*, work most effectually towards the restoration of every depressed or exiled family of birds which used to have its natural home in the district. Whatever creatures are or are not to be called *vermin*, birds certainly are not.

A printed sheet has been lately put forth which calls attention to the truth that even vermin may as well be treated mercifully in the last dealings of man with them. In the *Gardeners' Chronicle* the familiar and honoured signature, "C. D.," is affixed to the "appeal" on behalf of an easy death for wild creatures who must be caught by trapping. The sheet before me, containing this communication, has another support to its appeal,—a woodcut of the common steel trap used for catching "vermin." The grip of the teeth is made close enough to detain a stoat, or a magpie, or other small animal; and what it must inflict on a rabbit

or a cat it is painful to consider. While the keeper is enjoying his final sleep in the winter morning, the cat or the rabbit is quivering and crying with agony, from its limb being utterly crushed in the trap; and we are assured that the victims are left there sometimes for a day or two, when the keeper happens to be inconsiderate. "J. B." confirms, in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, the statements of "C. D.," and adds that in the Southern counties, where rabbits superabound, trappers are busy from November to February, each man being reckoned to have work enough in the charge of three dozen traps. Thus there are every morning, during those months, thousands of tortured animals writhing in traps, which seem to be made for the infliction of the greatest amount of pain. Whatever the game-keepers may say, it is not conceivable that country gentlemen and farmers should suppose that such agony is a necessary condition of the preservation of either game or field crops. It must lie far within the mechanical ability of the day to devise a snare which shall detain animals, of one size and kind or of several, without crushing limbs. To engage on the one hand, or kill on the other, must be practicable; and we must beg and pray of both the patrons and the enemies of VERMIN that the means may be devised at once.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

### CHIAPA CHOCOLATE.

GAGE, the Dominican, a great admirer of Chocolate, a man who combated with all his energy the objections which medical men of the seventeenth century made to its use, derived its name from *atte*, the Mexican word for water, and the sound it makes when poured out,—choco, choco, choco!

Oh, Professor Max Müller! what do you say to this? Whatever the derivation of the name may be, the composition of the beverage is well known. Cacao, sugar, long-pepper, vanilla, cinnamon, cloves, almonds, mace, anise-seed, are the main constituents, and the cake-chocolate used in Britain is believed to be made of about one-half genuine cacao, the remainder of flour or Castile soap.

We are not going any further into the mysteries of its composition, which may be ascertained from any encyclopædia, for our business is with a circumstance in connection with its history, probably known to few.

And first for our authority—the afore-mentioned Dominican. Thomas Gage was born of a good family in England; his elder brother was Governor of Oxford in 1645, when King Charles retreated thither during the Great Rebellion. Whilst still young, Thomas had been sent to Spain for education, and had entered the Dominican order, and having been, like so many Spanish ecclesiastics, fired with missionary zeal, he embarked at Cadiz for Vera Cruz, whence he betook himself to Mexico, near which town he made a retreat, previous to devoting himself to a life of toil in the Philippines.

However, the accounts he received of these islands were so discouraging, and the monastic life in Mexico was so inviting, that he postponed his

expedition indefinitely. But Gage had no intention of spending his life in ease: he hurried over the different districts of Mexico and Guatemala, making himself acquainted with the languages spoken wherever he went, and he laboured indefatigably as priest to several parishes of great extent.

Gage's account of the cultivation of the cacao and the manufacture of chocolate is interesting, his treatise on its medical properties—conceived in the taste and spirit of his day—curious, and his personal narrative, lively and amusing.

One little statement must not be passed over. Chocolate, it seems, is useful as a cosmetic; Creole ladies eat it to deepen their skin tint, just on the same principle, observes Gage, as English ladies devour whitewash from the walls, to clarify their complexion.

Chiapa was a central point for Gage's labours during a considerable period. At that time it was a small cathedral town, containing 400 Spanish families, and 100 Mexican houses in a fauxbourg by itself.

The cathedral served as parish church to the inhabitants: one Dominican and one Franciscan monastery, besides a poverty-stricken nunnery, supplied the religious requirements of the diocesan city. No Jesuits there! quoth Gage, with a little rancour. Those good men seldom leave rich and opulent towns; and when you learn the fact that there are no Jesuits at Chiapa, you may draw the immediate inference that the town is poor, and the inhabitants not liberally disposed.

Liberally disposed! The high and stately creole Doms, who claimed descent from half the noble families of Spain; the grand representatives of the De Solis, Cortez, De Velasco, De Toledo, De Zerna, De Mendoza, who lived by cattle-jobbing and by pasturing droves of mules on their farms, and who gave themselves the airs of dukes, and were as ignorant and not so well-behaved as the donkeys they reared; who ate a dinner of salt and kidney-beans in five minutes, and spent an hour at their doors picking their teeth, wiping their moustaches, and boasting of the fricasees and fricandos they had been tasting—these men liberally disposed!

They contributed nothing to the treasury of the Church, but gave the clergy considerable trouble. These Creoles particularly disliked and resented any allusion to their duty of almsgiving, and a request for charity was by them regarded as a personal affront.

Gage was soon intimate with the Bishop, Dom Bernard de Salazar, a very worthy prelate, perhaps a little *wee* bit too fond of the good things of this present life, but otherwise most exemplary, very energetic, and as bold as a saint in reforming abuses which had crept into the Church.

Talk of abuses, and you may be sure that woman is at the bottom of them! A certain Czar, whenever he heard of a misfortune, at once asked, "Who was *she*?" knowing that some woman had originated it. The same view may perhaps be taken of abuses and corruptions in the Church.

Dom Bernard de Salazar had the misfortune to live in a perpetual state of contest with the ladies of his flock, and the subject of dispute was cho-

colate. It was a brave struggle—bravely fought on both sides.

The prelate fulminated all the censures at his disposal in his ecclesiastical armoury; the ladies, on their side, made use of all the devices and intrigues stored in their little heads, and gained the day—of course.

Now the great subject of altercation was as follows. The ladies of Chiapa were so addicted to the use of chocolate, that they would neither hear low mass, much less high mass, or a sermon, without drinking cups of steaming chocolate, and eating preserves, brought in on trays, by servants, during the performance of divine service; so that the voice of the preacher, or the chant of the priest, was drowned in the continual clatter of cups and clink of spoons; besides, the floor, after service, was strewn with *bon-bon* papers, and stained with splashes of the spilled beverage.

How could that be devotion which was broken in upon by the tray of delicacies! How could a preacher warm with his subject whilst his audience were passing to each other sponge-cake and cracknels!

Bishop Salazar's predecessor had seen this abuse grow to a head without attempting to correct it, believing such a task to be hopeless. The new prelate was of better metal. He commenced by recommending his clergy, in their private ministrations, to urge its abandonment. The priests entreated in vain. "Very well," said the Bishop, "then I shall preach about it." And so he did. At first his discourse was tender and persuasive, but his voice was drowned in the clicker of cups and saucers. Then he waxed indignant. "What! have ye not houses to eat and to drink in? or despise ye the Church of God, and shame them that have not? What shall I say to you?" The ladies looked up at the pulpit with unimpassioned eyes, while sipping their chocolate, then wiped their lips, and put out their hands for some comfits.

The bishop's voice thrilled shriller and louder—he looked like an Apostle in his godly indignation. Crash!—down went a tray at the cathedral door, and every one looked round to see whose cups were broken.

"What was the subject of the sermon?" asked masters of their apprentices every Sunday for the next month, and the ready answer came, "Oh! chocolate again!"

After a course on the guilt of church desecration, the Bishop found that the ladies were only confirmed in their evil habits.

Reluctantly, the Bishop had recourse to the only method open to him, an excommunication, which was accordingly affixed to the cathedral gates. By this he decreed that all persons showing wilful disobedience to his injunctions, by drinking or eating during the celebration of divine service, whether of mass (high or low), litanies, benediction, or vespers, should be *ipso-facto* excommunicate, be deprived of participation in the sacraments of the Church, and should be denied the rite of burial, if dying in a state of impenitence. This was felt to be a severe stroke, and the ladies sent a deputation to Gage and the Prior of the Dominican monastery of St. James, en-

treating them to use their utmost endeavours to bring about a reconciliation, and effect a compromise, a compromise which was to consist in Monseignor's revoking his interdiction, and in their—continuing to drink chocolate.

Gage and the Prior undertook the delicate office, and sought the Bishop.

Salazar received them with dignity, and listened calmly to their entreaties. They urged that this was an established custom, that ladies required humouring, that they were obstinate—the prelate nodded his head—that their digestions were delicate, and required that they should continually be imbibing nourishment; that they had taken a violent prejudice against him, which could only be overcome by his yielding to their whims; that if he persisted, seditions would arise which would endanger the cause of true religion; and, finally, the prelate's life was menaced in a way rather hinted at than expressed.

"Enough, my sons!" said the Bishop, with composure; "the souls under my jurisdiction must be in a perilous condition when they have forgotten that there must be obedience in little matters as well as in great. Whether I am assaulting an established custom, or a new abuse, matters little. It is a bad habit; it is sapping the foundations of reverence and morality. God's house was built for worship, and for that alone. My children must come to His temple either to learn or to pray. Learn they will not, for they have forgotten how to pray: prayer they are unused to, for the highest act of adoration the Church can offer, is only regarded by them as an opportunity for the gratification of their appetites. You recommend me to yield to their vagaries. A strange shepherd would he be, who let his sheep lead him; a wondrous captain, who was dictated to by his soldiers! As for the cause of true religion being endangered, I judge differently. Religion is endangered; but it is by children's disobedience to their spiritual legislators, and by their own perversity. I am sorry for you, my sons, that you should have undertaken a fruitless office; but you may believe me, that nothing shall induce me to swerve from the course which I deem advisable. My personal safety, you hint, is endangered: my life, I answer, is in my Master's hands, and I value it but as it may advance His glory."

When the ladies heard that their request had been refused, they treated the excommunication with the greatest contempt, scoffing at it publicly, and imbibing chocolate in church, "on principle," more than ever; "Just," says Gage, "drinking in church as a fish drinks in water."

Some of the canons and priests were then stationed at the cathedral doors to stop the ingress of the servants with cups and chocolate-pots. They had received injunctions to remove the drinking and eating vessels, and suffer the servants to come empty-handed to church. A violent struggle ensued in the porch, and all the ladies within rushed in a body to the doors, to assist their domestics. The poor clerks were utterly routed and thrown in confusion down the steps, whilst, with that odious well-known clink, clink, the trays came in as before.

Another move was requisite, and, on the following Sunday, when the ladies came to church, they found a band of soldiers drawn up outside, ready to barricade the way against any inroad of chocolate; a stern determination was depicted on the faces of the military—that if cups and saucers *did* enter the sacred edifice, it should be over their corpses.

The foremost damsels halted, the matrons stood still, the crowd thickened, but not one of the pretty angels would set foot within the cathedral precincts: a busy whisper circulated, then a hush ensued, and with one accord the ladies trooped off to the monastery churches, and there was no congregation that day at the Minster.

The brethren of S. Dominic and of S. Francis were nothing loath to see their chapels crowded with all the rank and fashion of Chiapa; for, with the ladies came money-offerings, and they blinked at the chocolate cups for—a consideration. This was allowed to continue a few Sundays only:—our friend the bishop was not going to be shelved thus, and a new manifesto appeared, inhibiting the friars from admitting parishioners to their chapels, and ordering the latter to frequent their cathedral.

The regulars were forced to obey; not so the ladies—they would go when they pleased, quotha! and for a month and more, not one of them went to church at all. The prelate was in sore trouble: he hoped that his froward charge would eventually return to the path of duty, but he hoped on from Sunday to Sunday in vain.

Would that the story ended, as stories of strife and bitterness always should end; so that we might tell how the ladies yielded at length, how that rejoicings were held and a general reconciliation effected:—but the historian may not pervert facts, to suit his or his readers' gratification.

On Saturday evening the old bishop was more than usually anxious; he paced up and down his library, meditating on the sermon he purposed preaching on the following morning—a fruitless task, for he knew that no one would be there but a few poor Mexicans. Sick at heart, he all but wished that he had yielded for peace-sake, but conscience told him that such a course would have been wrong; and the great feature in Salazar's character was his rigid sense of duty. He leaned on his elbows and looked out of a window which opened on a lane between the palace and the cathedral.

"Silly boy!" muttered the prelate. "Luis is always prattling with that girl. I thought better of the fair sex till of late." He spoke these words as his eyes caught his page, chattering at the door, with a dark-eyed Creole servant-maid of the De Solis family. Presently the bishop clapped his hands, and a domestic entered. "Send Luis to me."

When the page came up, the old man greeted him with a half-smile.

"Well, my son, I wish my chocolate to be brought me; I could not think of breaking off that long *tête-à-tête* with Dolores, but this is past the proper time."

"Your Holiness will pardon me," said the lad; "Dolores brought you a present from the Donna

de Solis; the lady sends her humble respects to your Holiness, and requests your acceptance of a large packet of very beautiful chocolate."

"I am much obliged to her," said the bishop; "did you express to the maiden my thanks?"

Luis bowed.

"Then, child, you may prepare me a cup of this chocolate, and bring it me at once."

"The Donna de Solis' chocolate?"

"Yes, my son, yes!"

When the boy had left the room, the old man clasped his hands with an expression of thankfulness.

"They are going to yield! This is a sign that they are desiring reconciliation."

Next day the cathedral was thronged with ladies. The service proceeded as usual, but the bishop was not present.

"How is the Bishop?" was whispered from one lady to another, with conscious glances; till the query reached the ears of one of the canons who was at the door.

"His Holiness is very ill," he answered. "He has retired to the monastery of S. James."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He is suffering from severe pains, internally."

"Has he seen a doctor?"

"Physicians have been sent for."

For eight days the good old prelate lingered in great suffering.

"Tell me," he asked very feebly; "tell me truly, what is my complaint?"

"Your Holiness has been poisoned," replied the physician.

The Bishop turned his face to the wall. Some one whispered that he was dead, when he had been thus for some while. The dying man turned his face round, and said:

"Hush! I am praying for my poor sheep! May God pardon them." Then, after a pause: "I forgive them for having caused my death, most heartily. Poor sheep!"

And he died.

Since then there has been a proverb prevalent in Mexico: "Beware of tasting Chiapa chocolate."

Gage, the Dominican, did not remain long in Chiapa after the death of his patron: he seldom touched chocolate in that town unless quite certain of the friendship of those who offered it to him; and when he did leave, it was from fear of a fate like the Bishop's,—he having incurred the anger of some of the ladies.

The cathedral presented the same scene as before; the prelate had laboured in vain, and chocolate was copiously drunk at his funeral.

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

## PATHMASTERS AND ROAD-WORK IN CANADA.

WHEN a township in Canada is surveyed and prepared for settlement, it is laid out in "concessions," or strips of not less than a mile in width. Two concessions being thrown back to back, the front of each is, or is to be, accessible by a road; so that the township is crossed and recrossed by parallel roads, two miles apart. These are connected by other roads, running at right angles

to them, also two miles apart, called forty-foot roads, a term which explains itself.

The land is thus divided into regular square blocks, which are subdivided into twelve plots, each containing one hundred acres. These plots are a mile long and one-sixth of a mile wide, and have each a frontage upon a road to the latter extent. They are numbered in the survey from one upwards, in the first, second, or third concession, and so on, and are then ready for purchase and settlement.

No more departure is made from this plan than convenience or necessity may dictate. When the boundary-line of a township is irregular, from its geographical conformation, a straight line is struck, and the "broken front" is parcelled out according to circumstances.

All this is shown upon the map, but very little is done in reality. The lines are slightly marked by a cutting away of the trees and brushwood, for the convenience of the survey; but these soon grow up again, thicker than ever. Rude boundary-posts are set up: very hard to find. The trees are "blazed," at intervals;—that is, a portion of the bark is scored or pared off, so that it gleams white for a time, and the scar remains.

All is yet silent, desolate, unbroken forest. Any idea of straight boundary-lines is confounded and lost in the irregularities of the surface, swamps, and a maze of timber. None but an experienced backwoodsman could hope to unravel their seeming tangle. Nothing could be imagined more confusing. Settlers are lost in the woods within a quarter of a mile of their shanty, in the very spot which becomes, before long, one of the fields surrounding their dwelling.

Tracks of the rudest kind are slowly pushed through this wilderness—perhaps, or perhaps not, in the direction indicated by the survey. The imperious necessities of the backwoodsman set at nought all paper limits. When he may have to carry on his back, or drag on a hand-sleigh, for twenty miles, a single bag of wheat to be ground, he is not very nice about the road he takes, so that it is the easiest he can find. In course of time the cattle play their part. They strike out a course for themselves, and follow it until it becomes a beaten path. From this cause it arose, says the erudite Knickerbocker, that the streets of old New York were so crooked, being originally built along the cattle-tracks.

But roads, practicable for an ox-sled at least, must be made before long. Trees must be cut down; logs rolled out of the way; here and there even a stump removed. Across the swamps "corduroy" bridges, or causeways of logs, must be laid. And woe betide the adventurous traveller who may attempt to force his way into such a fastness, in a wheeled vehicle. These corduroys will dislocate every bone in his body for him. They will be "clayed" after a while, but labour is awaiting as yet, and the net-work of roots makes the road, for a time, almost impassable except on foot.

Such is, and such may readily be understood to be, the rude beginning of roads in a new country.

Bit by bit, matters mend. One settler, by opening up a possibility of getting at his own lot,

helps a neighbour to reach his. Inhabitants multiply; more assistance is obtainable; a gradual and never-ceasing process goes on; stumps and roots rot out; ditches can be dug, to drain off the water, and the excavated earth can be thrown up upon the road to raise and shape it. After a while, gravel, or even broken stone, may be added, and lo! a Queen's highway, upon which you may bowl along at seven or eight miles an hour. Some of the roads in the township in which I live are of the latter class; others, which have certainly been opened for thirty years or more, are yet scarcely passable at certain seasons.

In the making and repairing of roads in Canada, tithe is taken in kind. Every man is rated, not for so much money, but for so many days' work, in proportion to the amount of his assessment. Every adult, not assessed at all, or not at a higher rate than two days, must furnish two days' work. The shoemaker must go *ultra crepidam* for once; the tailor must straighten his legs and descend from his perch; even the schoolmaster must leave his blackboard a *carte noire*, and dismiss his urchins to their own devices. Of course they may act by substitute, if they can or choose to do so; or they may compound with the pathmaster, at the rate of half a dollar a day. All these outsiders murmur; but with only a show of reason. Good roads are for the advantage of the community at large, and, if these persons have no vehicles, they benefit indirectly. Perhaps it comes rather hard upon the hired labourer, who has to forfeit two days' wages.

In the infancy of the colony this method of proceeding was, and in the rude settlements of the backwoods still is, the best plan that could be pursued. Money is a scarce article. The kind of work to be performed is very rough, and the mutual assistance of a gang of men working together is frequently necessary, as in the removal of large trees, rocks, or the like. Besides, the machinery for having the labour performed by contract for money is not yet in good working order.

But, in the old-settled districts of the country, it is about the very worst plan that could be devised. Whether the roads are good or bad, whether much labour is required or little, the same number of days' work must be exacted and must be "put in" somehow. It happens, too, that the disinterestedness of human nature, so universally displayed on all other occasions, suffers an eclipse in this instance. Men have no objection to see their neighbours working hard at a road for them to travel on, but have no idea of labouring themselves for their neighbours' convenience. It seems to be something like those donkey-races, in which every man rides somebody else's donkey, and the last in, wins.

The pathmaster, who is annually nominated by the township council, has it at his own option to appoint the time at which the work shall be performed, under his own personal superintendence and responsibility. But custom fixes the period within the month of June. It is a "slack" time then, and it suits the convenience of all alike. The roads also are, at that time, in good condition for working upon.

Having made up his mind, the pathmaster goes

round "warning out" for a certain time and place. The hours of work are from eight o'clock till twelve, and from one till five. A sleigh, cart, waggon, or plough, with horses, counts for one day, but no more. Still there is always a jockeying for whose horses shall be employed; the driver can take it easy. But, "Oh, come," I think I hear some one say, "I can understand a cart or a sledge, but what can a plough have to do, mending roads?" Plenty, my dear doubter; it is in constant request. By its means the ditches at the sides of the roads are deepened, widened, and cleared out. That is to say, the soil is loosened, furrow by furrow, so that it can be more easily thrown out upon the middle of the road, to round it up, by shovel or by hand. By hand? Yes; for in dry weather the clods are turned up, sometimes, not "as big as your head," but about as big as a bushel-basket. It may readily be imagined what sort of road this must make, until it becomes, by slow degrees, ground and pounded down. The striking out of a footpath across a newly-ploughed field may give some remote approach to it. Nevertheless, this is the only way in which it can be done, and the result comes out right at last. The operation is called "turn-piking." It is rather curious that by this term the Canadians mean the road itself, and the English the toll-gates upon it. It is a queer word, and the *unde derivatur* might be worth hunting up.

Having mentioned a footpath, I must not leave unsaid that that charming feature of the English landscape, so characteristic of that country almost alone amongst all others,—that inestimable boon to the pedestrian and the lover of nature, winding through fields and woods, over stiles, and across streams, shortening and relieving the way, and unveiling scenes of the most exquisite beauty: dust and traffic left behind—does not exist throughout the length and breadth of Canada. The wayfarer must reach his point by a right angle, or a series of right angles; along straight roads, hideous with snake-fences and foul with frouzy weeds. Rather a harsh picture, perhaps. But I am very much afraid that, in the main, it will not admit of much mitigation. Oh, if only for once, for a breezy common, lovely with heath and gorse and broom, or a hollow country lane, lying deep between old sandstone quarries!

The men having assembled, under the pathmaster's direction, at the trysting-place, there ensues a general languor and laziness after the march; a skirmishing for the easiest places; and a grand demonstration of shirking all along the line. They are distributed here and there, but it is not in the power of even a pathmaster, though clothed in the majesty of authority, to be in more than one place at a time; and, where he is not, then there is sure to be a solemn palaver and a smoking of the calumet of peace—and idleness, or idleset, as it is called in these polite circles. When, in his rounds, he flushes one covey, another is sure to settle down in the place he has left. And so it goes on—a playful see-saw of evasion. The pathmaster, in virtue of his office, is exempt from work himself, but he is by far the hardest-worked man on the ground, for all that.

It is common to carry gravel from any place where it can be got to any other where it is wanted. Half a dozen men will be shovelling into a waggon the smallest load with which the remnant of shame that may remain to the driver will permit him to start. But he has so ingeniously accommodated his waggon-bottom and side-boards (the latter probably about three or four inches high), that he contrives to sprinkle the road with the gravel all the way as he goes along, at funeral pace, and to arrive at his destination with not much left. Here are congregated the elders and quidnuncs of the society, each provided with a hoe, and these men set a vigorous example to the juniors by scraping the gravel out of the waggon and spreading it a little more, after they have got it down, with long intervals of inaction between. The great skill of this department of the works seems to consist in resting the elbows or chin upon the hoe-handle, and working out the connection between gravelling the roads and the gossip of the country-side.

In short, so many days, not so much work, have to be "put in." That problem solved, the conclave breaks up, having spread over four or five days (each household having two, or three, or more hands upon the ground) as much work as could readily have been performed in one.

But, with all its charms of easy leisure, it is not exactly the occupation which a man of any education or refinement would engage in by choice. It is not the most agreeable thing in the world if a knot of gay city acquaintances should happen to come along the road, and catch the country mouse in the act of heaving up clods with his hands out of a ditch, in his shirt-sleeves; perhaps but little distinguished in dress or appearance from the motley mob similarly engaged. The best escape out of such a *contretemps* is by an impromptu exhibition of that facile, happy-go-lucky throw-off which those men generally most possess, who have least of anything else. Soon after I came to the colony I was introduced, at the house of a friend, to two young men who had lately emigrated like myself. They were gentlemen by birth, education, manners, association,—by everything, in short, except pocket. Driving home one afternoon with my wife, I came upon these young men in just such a predicament as I have attempted to describe. I had still clinging about me the traditions of the old country, and had not yet learned the golden Canadian lesson, that a man cannot degrade himself by any act that is not in itself discreditably. Would to Heaven that the converse of the maxim held good here also, that every dishonest and disreputable act were visited with the disgrace it deserves! There is not the most distant approach to it. In that respect, Canadian society is rotten to its very inmost core.

To return to the subject from which I have been led away for an instant, fruitlessly, hopelessly led away. I smile now when I remember that when I lived in England there was a garden-door which opened through a wall upon the village street, and that when I had occasion to extend my garden-work outside that door, I used to do it in the twilight, so as not to be remarked or

remarked upon. I should have as much thought of working upon the roads, when I first came to Canada, as of throwing myself into the lake. When I caught sight of those young men working on the roads among a miscellaneous lot of common-looking people, a sensation of awkwardness came over me on their account. I manoeuvred so as to appear not to see them, with the best possible intentions at the time towards their feelings. But I do not now think that I was right. I think now that it was squeamish. I should not do so to-day. Besides, I laid myself open to the suspicion of incivility, or of entertaining feelings directly contrary to those by which I was in reality actuated. No, there is a happy mean, if one could hit it, but it requires good shooting.

The truth is, that in matters of this kind in Canada, we simply please ourselves. We go about our own business in our own way, without much regard for Mrs. Grundy, who suffers not exactly a sea-change, but a freshwater one; the air of the lakes does not agree with her. On my first arrival in the province, I took a trip through the west, to see how the land lay. I was a genuine Johnny Raw, staring at everything that was new to me, and everything *was* new to me then. I had brought a letter of introduction to an old settler, and he was showing me the lions. We met, coming along the road, two persons, each driving a load of lime. The foremost pulled up. He was a man of education and breeding; the first half dozen words he uttered spoke for themselves. I was puzzled. His clothes were shabby and dusty; he wore an undeniable common red flannel shirt, and he had not shaved that morning. The other man was evidently a mere working-man, yet their occupation was the same. But pray do not picture them to yourself as stalking along at about a mile and a half an hour, in smock-frocks and ankle-jacks; brandishing preposterous whips, almost as long as South African ones; bawling some outlandish gibberish to three or four immense brutes, all in a row. That may do in Sussex, but it will not do here. No, they were sitting in the waggons, on seats ingeniously raised above the load, on wooden springs; driving with reins two "span" of smart little roadsters, able to do their five miles an hour with the lime behind them, in light handy waggons. That certainly takes the edge off the rusticity of the position. When we had separated, Mr. — said to me, "That is our clergyman."

"Church of England?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And the other man is his servant?"

"Yes, his hired servant."

Johnny Raw set all that down in his diary. Now he almost doubts whether it is worth the relating.

One great peculiarity about Canada is, that for three or four months out of the year the climate makes our roads for us. Then we discard wheels and slide along on skates. It is a moot point whether the pathmaster's jurisdiction extends into that wintry province. There is a perpetual schism between those who hold that he has a right to call out the men to "bush" roads across the ice,

or to break a track through heavy drifts, and those who contest that doctrine. These last say that such work is thrown away; that there is nothing to show for it; that, if people want the roads broken, they may turn out and do it. No doubt they may. I am an old Canadian, but it is a point upon which I can give no decision.

## LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE'S CITY.

NO. I.

CHARLEMAGNE'S memory is as fresh among the people of Aix-la-Chapelle, as poor old George the Third's among the peasantry around Windsor. "Kaiser Karl" he is still, as though no other Emperor Charles had succeeded him. In rude old images and ruder lays, in the household traditions of the people, in the ancient monkish chronicles, his lofty and majestic presence still overawes us.

Even among the stalwart Franks his stature is gigantic, his strength unsurpassed. He is girt with a broad sword no other arm can wield, a wrought baldric supports the mighty horn which calls his followers in battle and in chace; he wears a crown no other head could fill, even could it bear the weight.

Fierce and terrible as he is in the fury of battle, in peace he is friendly and hospitable, reverent to learned and holy men, loving to his beautiful Fastrada and his children, a frank and cheery comrade with his Paladins, a father to his people.

Rather than fatten on the spoils of the husbandman, he sells the produce of the royal farms, while wealth torn from Italian cities and Germanic tribes goes to build churches, and found cities and colleges.

All this lives in the memory of the people, while they forget the wrongs of hapless Ermenegard, and the fire and sword with which he spread the Gospel of peace.

Romance and tradition have been busy with his name.

The magic ring, torn from the radiant tresses of the beloved dead, his favourite daughter's love, punishment, and pardon, the stately apparition passing over the Rhenish vineyards in years of plenty, and blessing them with shadowy hand,—all these have got interwoven with the dry, hard facts of history. Nor have his faithful Paladins been forgotten, though strangely transformed. These rough old Frankish champions, tall and brawny, with unshorn beard and flowing tawny or flaxen locks, the cherished badge of the free-man, have passed from the domain of history, into the hands of the minstrels of the Middle Ages. These gentry have tried hard to make them out fantastical knights errant, but, despite all gauds of poetry, something of the old barbaric flavour lingers round them still.

Most beautiful of all the stories in which they figure is that of Roland's ill-fated love, the lie,—discovered too late,—the fair young girl's life given to God, in the dreary cloister,—the champion's given for his king on the bloody field of battle.

Then, as a contrast, come the secret courtships and happy marriage of smooth-tongued Master

Eginhard, the learned secretary. Scholars and soldiers are not the only heroes of these old tales. Holy bishops, miraculously conveyed on pious errands, and monks, too wily for the devil himself, duly make their appearance.

A learned professor from Aix-la-Chapelle has thought it worth his while to collect such of these legends as refer to his native city, and has added some historical facts to his sketches. Simple, racy, and vigorous in style, there is much of the charm of old ballad poetry about them. In the hope of retaining at least a part of this charm, some have been imitated rather than translated, and others pretty faithfully rendered.

#### THE FOUNDING OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

CHARLEMAGNE delighted in hunting. It was his solace and recreation in the few hours he could snatch from the manifold and weary cares of state. "The chase," he used to say, "keeps up a man's mettle and spirit, and makes him active and stalwart in body. It is the school where the champion fits himself for war, for, in one as in the other, he must have his wits about him when danger threatens, and thus know how to extricate himself."

A favourite hunting-ground of his was the tract of land where Aix-la-Chapelle now stands. In those days there stretched, far and wide, forests of lofty oaks and beeches, with here and there tangled thickets, mixed with groves of saplings and evergreen pine woods. In other parts, marsh and moorland, and patches of stunted underwood, lay between hills whose shelving sides were beautiful with silver-stemmed birch trees, and glades of the greenest sward. The hand of man had left no trace in those wilds; their only inmates were the wolf and the crested boar, the stag and the roebuck, the badger and the fox, and all these dwelt within them in multitudes. Hence it was no wonder that Charlemagne often hunted there with a great following.

In one of these gatherings the dogs started a deer and a doe. The terrified creatures bounded through the forest side by side, the hounds in full cry on their track, and the Emperor pressing close behind. Suddenly burst on his sight an old and mouldering castle, called the ruins of Ephen, stately even in decay, and mirrored in the clear waters of a lake. On nearing the ruin, Charlemagne reined in his horse, when suddenly the noble steed shied, the ground gave way, and he sank past the fetlocks. Wild with terror, he plunged and struggled till he found safe footing. Charlemagne could not make out what had come over his charger, nor what was amiss with the ground, till he saw, a few paces off, a cloud of steam rising from the earth in the very spot the horse had just trampled. Then almost instantly a boiling spring bubbled up and overflowed. He sprang from the saddle, fell on his knees, and thanked God for the benefit He had granted him by the means of a brute beast. For, then and there, it flashed on his mind how these waters would be a blessing to men from generation unto generation. He then resolved to build a hunting seat on the site of the ruined fortress, and to erect a palace and a city near at hand. He also vowed

to raise hard by his palace a stately temple in honour of the ever blessed Mother of God.

Then he rose from his knees, and wound his horn, admiring Haroun Al Raschid's precious gift. His followers knew the mighty blast, and came flocking at his call, and the Emperor and his Paladins, down to the meanest of his train, rejoiced together at the good gift God had sent them.

Prompt and decisive in all things, Charlemagne lost no time in carrying out his plans. The hunting seat rose from the ruins of Ephen, and the foundations of a kingly palace, and of our Blessed Lady's church, were laid without delay. Builders came from far and near, and a city was begun. Houses rose up on all sides. The desolate moorland vanished, at least in the neighbourhood of the new city. A canal carried off the superfluous waters, and while draining the ground, brought the warm medicinal stream to the bath-house Charlemagne had built. His Frankish warriors resorted thither in numbers to enjoy the luxury of the bath, or to test its healing powers, when worn out with toil or sickness.

Tradition still points to the very spot where Charlemagne used to bathe with his Paladins.

Thus was Aix-la-Chapelle founded.

#### STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.

FROM THE CHINESE OF LI-TAI-PÈ.

[This poet is considered by his countrymen, according to the Marquis D'Hervey St. Denys, their greatest poet. The admiration of the Chinese for him is so great that they have erected a temple in his honour, as the "Great Doctor," the "Prince of Poetry," and, what to European ears savours of bathos, "The Immortal given to drink." He was born A.D. 702. He died at the age of 61, A.D. 763.—ED. O. A. W.]

##### I.

THE sun of yesterday which leaves me,  
No earthly skill can woo to stay,  
To-day's pale gloom which chills and grieves me,  
No human arm can hold away :  
The birds of passage, ever flying past,  
In countless flocks stream down the autumn blast,  
I mount my tower to gaze far off, and fast  
Fill wine-cups from the waning jar.

##### II.

The mighty bards, long dead, seem rising  
Around me in this lonely place,  
I murmur through the old songs, prizing  
Their matchless vigour, truth, and grace—  
I too feel powers that will not be controlled,  
But cannot rival here the great of old,  
Till to pure skies up-soaring, I behold,  
More closely, each unclouded star.

##### III.

Vainly our swords would cleave the river :  
It keeps its ever-living flow ;  
Vainly in wine-cups, mantling ever,  
We strive to drown the sense of woe—  
Man, in this life, when stormy fate grows dark,  
Must let her billows rock his wandering bark,  
Give the wild waves their will, nor pause to mark  
Too keenly how they foam afar.

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.



## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &amp;c.



## CHAPTER LVIII. MAURICE DE CRESPIGNY'S BEQUEST.

RICHARD THORNTON had received Eleanor's letter in Edinburgh, and had been travelling perpetually since his receipt of the girl's eager epistle.

He had calculated that by travelling day and night he should be able to accomplish a great achievement in the four days that were to elapse between the hour in which he received Eleanor's

letter and the hour appointed for the interview with the Frenchman. This achievement was the reconciliation of Gilbert Monckton and his wife.

For this purpose the devoted young man had travelled from Edinburgh to London, and from London to Torquay, back to London again, with Mr. Monckton for his companion, and from London to Paris, still in that gentleman's companionship. Gilbert Monckton would have thought it a small thing to have given half his fortune in payment of the tidings which the scene painter carried to him.

He should see his wife again; his bright and beautiful young wife, whom he had so cruelly wronged, and so stupidly misunderstood.

Human nature is made up of contradictions. From the hour in which Gilbert Monckton had turned his back upon Toll-dale Priory, deserting his young wife in a paroxysm of jealous anger, until now, he had done nothing but repent of his own work. Why had he disbelieved in her? How had he been vile enough to doubt her? Had she not stood before him, with the glorious light of truth shining out of her beautiful face? Even had he not already repented, Eleanor's letter would have opened the jealous husband's eyes to his own folly; that brief, offended letter in which the brave girl had repudiated her husband's offer of wealth and independence; and had declared her proud determination to go out into the world once more, and to get her own living, and to accept nothing from the man who doubted her truth.

The lawyer had made every effort to lure the lost bird back to its deserted nest. But if you render your wife's existence intolerable, and she runs away from you in despair, it is not always possible to bring her back to your halls; though you may be never so penitent for your offences against her. Gilbert Monckton had employed every possible means to discover his wife's whereabouts; but had failed most completely to do so. His search was futile; his advertisements were unanswered; and, very lonely and miserable, he had dragged out the last six weeks, in constant oscillation between London and Torquay; always making some new effort to obtain tidings of the missing girl; perpetually beguiled a little way onward with false hopes, only to be disappointed. He had gone again and again to Signora Picirillo; but had received no comfort from her, inasmuch as the music-mistress knew no more about Eleanor than he did.

It is not to be wondered, then, that when Richard Thornton appeared at Torquay, carrying with him Eleanor's letter, he was received with open arms by the penitent husband. Not an hour was wasted by the eager travellers, but use what haste they might, they could not hasten the Dover express, or the Calais packets, or the comfortable jog-trot pace of the train between Calais and Paris; so they had only been able to arrive at eight o'clock in the dusky April evening, just in time to behold Major Lennard in his moment of triumph.

Gilbert Monckton extended his hand to the stalwart soldier, after the events of the evening

had been hurriedly related by Eleanor and her companion.

"You robbed me of a wife twenty years ago, Major Lennard," he said, "but you have restored another wife to me to-night."

"Then I suppose we're quits," the major exclaimed cheerfully, "and we can go back to the Palais and have a devilled lobster, hay? I suppose we must do something for this poor devil though, first, hay?"

Mr. Monckton heartily concurred in this suggestion; and Richard Thornton, who was better acquainted with Paris than any of his companions, ran down stairs, told the portress of the malady which had stricken down the lodger in the entresol, despatched the sharp young damsel with the shrill voice in search of a sick nurse, and went himself to look for a doctor. In a little more than half-an-hour both these officials had arrived, and Mr. Monckton and his wife, Major Lennard, and Richard departed, leaving the Frenchman in the care of his two compatriots. But before Gilbert Monckton left the apartment, he gave the nurse special orders respecting the sick man. She was not to let him leave his rooms upon any pretence whatever; not even if he should appear to become reasonable.

Mr. Monckton went to the Hôtel du Palais with his young wife, and, for the first time since he had been wronged, forgave the frivolous woman who had jilted him. She had been very kind to Eleanor, and he was in a humour to be pleased with any one who had been good to his wife. So the lawyer shook hands very heartily with Mrs. Lennard, and promised that she should see her daughter before long.

"The poor little girl has had a hard trial lately, Mrs. Lennard, through my folly, and I owe her some atonement. I separated her from her natural protectors, because I was presumptuous enough to imagine that I was better fitted to plan her destiny; and after all I have wrecked her girlish hopes, poor child! But I don't think the damage is irreparable: I think she'll scarcely break her heart about Launcelot Darrell."

In all this time nobody had cared to ask any questions about the will. Eleanor had handed it to her husband; and Gilbert Monckton had put it, still folded, into his pocket. But when the devilled lobster and the sparkling Moselle, which the major insisted upon ordering, had been discussed, and the table cleared, Mr. Monckton took the important document from his pocket.

"We may as well look at poor De Crespigny's last testament," he said, "and see who has been most injured by the success of Launcelot Darrell's fabrication."

He read the first two sheets of the will to himself, slowly and thoughtfully. He remembered every word of those two first sheets. So far the real will was verbatim the same as the forged document: Gilbert Monckton could therefore now understand why that fabricated will had seemed so genuine. The fabrication had been copied from the original paper. It was thus that the forgery had borne the stamp of the testator's mind. The only difference between the two documents lay in the last and most important clause.

The lawyer read aloud this last sheet of Maurice de Crespigny's will.

"I devise and bequeath all the residue and remainder of my real and personal property unto Hortensia Bannister, the daughter of my old and deceased college friend, George Vane, and my valued friend Peter Sedgewick, of Cheltenham, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, upon trust, for the sole and separate use of Eleanor, the daughter of my said dear deceased friend, George Vane, by his last wife, Eleanor Thompson, during her life, free from the control, debts, or engagements of any husband she may at any time have, and so that she shall not have power to anticipate the rents, interest, and annual proceeds thereof; and upon and after her decease for such persons, estates, and in such manner as she shall, whether covert or uncovert, by will appoint; and in default of and subject to any such appointment, by the said Eleanor, the daughter of the said George Vane, to her heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, according to the nature of the said property. And in case the said Eleanor shall have departed this life during my life time, or in case the said last-named trustees cannot discover the said Eleanor Vane within four years after my decease, then they shall consider the said Eleanor Vane dead, and therefrom I give and devise the said residuary estates to be equally divided between my said three nieces, Sarah, Lavinia, and Ellen, absolutely."

"It is fortunate that the money is left to trustees for your separate use, Eleanor," Mr. Monckton said. "If it had been otherwise, the gift would have been invalid, since I, your husband, was one of the witnesses to the will."

A torrent of congratulations from Major and Mrs. Lennard, and Richard Thornton, almost overwhelmed Eleanor; but she was still more overwhelmed by her astonishment at the wording of the will.

"The money left to me!" she exclaimed. "I didn't want it. I am sorry it should be so. It will seem now as if I had been plotting to get this fortune. I don't want it: I only want my revenge."

Gilbert Monckton narrowly watched his wife's astonished face. He saw no look of triumph, no smile of gratification. At least she was free from any mercenary baseness. He took her a little way from the rest of the party, and looked earnestly into her fearless eyes.

"My own dear love," he said, "I have learned a hard lesson, and I believe that I shall profit by it. I will never doubt you again. But tell me, Eleanor, tell me once and for ever! have you ever loved Launcelot Darrell? Have any of your actions been prompted by jealousy?"

"Not one," cried Mrs. Monckton. "I have never loved him, and I have never been jealous of him. From first to last I have been actuated by one motive, and one alone—the duty I owe to my dead father."

She had not abandoned her purpose, then. No; the lurid star that had beckoned her forward still shone before her. It was so near now, that its red splendour filled the universe. The young

wife was pleased to be reconciled to her husband; but with the sense that he was restored to her once more, the memory of the dreary interval in which she had lost him melted away from her mind, and Launcelot Darrell—Launcelot Darrell, the destroyer of her dead father, became once more paramount in her thoughts.

"Oh, Gilbert!" she said, clasping her hands about her husband's arm and looking up in his face, "you'll take me back to England at once, won't you?"

"Yes, my dear," Mr. Monckton answered, with a sigh. "I'll do whatever you wish."

There was a jealous pain at his heart as he spoke. His wife was pure, and true, and beautiful, but this strange purpose of her life divided her from him; and left his own existence very blank.

#### CHAPTER LIX. THE DAY OF RECKONING.

LAUNCELOT DARRELL and his mother had inhabited Woodlands for a little more than a fortnight. The painters, and paper-hangers, and upholsterers, had done a great deal to alter the handsome country-house; for Mr. Darrell had no wish to be reminded of his dead uncle; and familiar chairs and tables have an unpleasant faculty of suggesting tiresome thoughts, and recalling faded faces that had better be forgotten. Almost all the old furniture had been swept away, therefore, and the young man had behaved very generously to his maiden aunts, who had furnished a small house in Windsor with the things that Launcelot had banished from Woodlands. These poor disappointed ladies had located themselves in a quiet little *cul-de-sac*, squeezed in between the hilly street and the castle, with the idea that the wild dissipations of a town life would enable them to forget their wrongs.

So Launcelot Darrell and his mother reigned at Woodlands instead of the maiden sisters; and Parker, the butler, and Mrs. Jercott, the house-keeper, waited upon a new master and mistress.

The young man had chafed bitterly at his poverty, and had hated himself and all the world, because of those humiliations to which a man who is too idle to work, and too poor to live without work, is always more or less subject. But, alas! now that by the commission of a crime he had attained the great end of his ambition, he found that the game was not worth the candle; and that in his most fretful moments before Maurice de Crespigny's death he had never suffered as much as he now suffered, daily and hourly.

The murderer of the unfortunate Mr. Ware ate a hearty supper of pork chops while their victim lay, scarcely cold, in a pond beside the high road; but it is not everybody who is blessed with the strength of mind possessed by those gentlemen. Launcelot Darrell could not shake off the recollection of what he had done. From morning till night, from night till morning, the same thoughts, the same fears, were perpetually pressing upon him. In the eyes of every servant who looked at him; in the voice of every creature who spoke to him; in the sound of every bell that rang in the roomy country-house, there lurked a something that inspired the miserable

terror of detection. It haunted him in every place; it met him at every turn. The knowledge that he was in the power of two bad, unscrupulous men, the lawyer's clerk, and Victor Bourdon, made him the most helpless of slaves. Already he had found what it was to be in the power of a vicious and greedy wretch. The clerk had been easily satisfied by the gift of a round sum of money, and had levanted before his employer returned from America. But Victor Bourdon became insatiable. He was a gamester and a drunkard; and he expected to find in Launcelot Darrell's purse a gold mine that was never to be exhausted.

He had abandoned himself to the wildest dissipation in the worst haunts of London after Maurice de Crespigny's death; and had appeared at Woodlands at all times and seasons, demanding enormous sums of his miserable victim. At first terrorsealed Launcelot Darrell's lips, and he acceded to the most extravagant demands of his accomplice; but at last his temper gave way, and he refused that "paltry note for a thousand francs," to which the Frenchman alluded in his interview with Eleanor. After this refusal there was a desperate quarrel between the two men, at the end of which the commercial traveller received a thrashing, and was turned out of doors by the master of Woodlands.

The young man had been quite reckless of consequences in his passion; but when he grew a little calmer he began to reflect upon the issue of this quarrel.

"I cannot see what harm the man can do me," he thought; "to accuse me is to accuse himself also. And then who would believe his unsupported testimony? I could laugh at him as a madman."

Launcelot Darrell had no knowledge of the existence of the real will. He implicitly believed that it had been burned before his own eyes, and that Eleanor's assertion to the contrary had been only a woman's falsehood invented to terrify him.

"If the girl had once had the will in her possession, she would never have been such a fool as to lose it," he argued.

But notwithstanding all this he felt a vague fear, all the more terrible because of its indefinite character. He had placed himself in a false position. The poet is born and not made; and perhaps the same thing may be said of the criminal. The genius of crime, like the genius of song, may be a capricious blossom indigenous to such and such a soil, but not to be produced by cultivation. However this may be, Launcelot Darrell was not a great criminal. He had none of the reckless daring, the marvellous power of dissimulation, the blind indifference to the future, which make a Palmer, a Cartonche, a Fauntleroy, or a Roupell. He was wretched because of what he had done; and he allowed everybody to perceive his wretchedness.

Mrs. Darrell saw that her son was miserable in spite of his newly-acquired wealth; and a horrible terror seized upon her. Her sisters had taken good care to describe to her the scene that had occurred at Woodlands upon the night of the old man's death. She had watched her son, as only mothers can watch the children they love; and

she had seen that his dead kinsman's fortune had brought him no happiness. She had questioned him, but had received only sulky, ungracious answers, and she had not the heart to press him too closely. The mother and son were alone in the dining-room at Woodlands about a week after the scene in Monsieur Victor Bourdon's apartment. They had dined *tête-à-tête*. The dessert had not been removed, and the young man was still sitting at the bottom of the long table, lounging lazily in his comfortable chair, and very often refilling his glass from the claret-jug on his right hand. The three long windows were open, and the soft May twilight crept into the room. A tall shaded lamp stood in the centre of the table, making a great spot of yellow light in the dusk. Below the lamp there was a confused shimmer of cut glass, upon which the light trembled, like moonbeams upon running water. There were some purple grapes and a litter of vine leaves in a dessert dish of Sèvres china; the spiky crown of a pine-apple; and scarlet strawberries that made splashes of vivid colour amid the sombre green. The pictured face of the dead man hanging upon the wall behind Launcelot Darrell's chair seemed to look reproachfully out of the shadows. The ruby draperies shading the open windows grew darker with the fading of the light. The faint odour of lilacs and hawthorn blossoms blew in from the garden, and the evening stillness was only broken by the sound of leaves, stirred faintly by a slow night wind that crept amongst the trees.

Mrs. Darrell was sitting in the recess of one of the open windows, with some needlework in her lap. She had brought her work into the dining-room after dinner, because she wished to be with her son; and she knew that Launcelot would sit for the best part of the evening brooding over his half-filled glass. The young man was most completely miserable. The great wrong he had done had brought upon him a torture which he was scarcely strong enough to endure. If he could have undone that wrong—if—! No! That way lay such shame and degradation as he could never stoop to endure.

"It was all my great-uncle's fault," he repeated to himself, doggedly. "What business had he to make the will of a madman? Whom have I robbed, after all? Only a specious adventurer, the intriguing daughter of a selfish spend-thrift."

Such thoughts as these were for ever rising in the young man's mind. He was thinking them to-night, while his mother sat in the window, watching her son's face furtively. He was only roused from his reverie by the sound of wheels upon the gravel drive, the opening of a carriage-door, and a loud ringing of the bell.

The arrival of any unexpected visitor always frightened him; so it was nothing unusual for him to get up from his chair and go to the door of the room to listen for the sound of voices in the hall.

To-night he turned deadly pale, as he recognised a familiar voice; the voice of Gilbert Monckton, whom he had not seen since the reading of the will.

Launcelot Darrell drew back as the servant approached the door, and in another moment the man opened it, and announced Mr. Monckton, Mrs. Monckton, Mr. Thornton, Monsieur Bourdon. He would have announced Mr. John Ketch, I dare say, just as coolly.

Launcelot Darrell planted his back against the low marble chimney-piece, and prepared to meet his fate. It had come; the realisation of that horrible nightmare which had tormented him ever since the night of Maurice de Crespigny's death. It had come; detection, disgrace, humiliation, despair; no matter by what name it was called, the thing was living death. His heart seemed to melt into water, and then freeze in his breast. He had seen the face of Victor Bourdon lurking behind Gilbert and Eleanor, and he knew that he had been betrayed.

The young man knew this, and determined to make a gallant finish. He was not a coward by nature, though his own wrong-doing had made him cowardly; he was only an irresolute, vacillating, selfish Sybarite, who had quarrelled with the great schoolmaster Fate, because his life had not been made one long summer's holiday. Even cowards sometimes grow courageous at the last. Launcelot Darrell was not a coward: he drew himself up to his fullest height, and prepared to confront his accusers.

Eleanor Monckton advanced towards him. Her husband tried to restrain her, but his effort was wasted; she waved him back with her hand, and went on to where the young man stood, with her head lifted and her nostrils quivering.

"At last, Launcelot Darrell," she cried, "after watching that has wearied me, and failures that have tempted me to despair, at last I can keep my promise; at last I can be true to the lost father whose death was your cruel work. When last I was in this house, you laughed at me and defied me. I was robbed of the evidence that would have condemned you: all the world seemed leagued together against me. Now, the proof of your crime is in my hands, and the voice of your accomplice has borne witness against you. Cheat, trickster, and forger: there is no escape for you now!"

"No," exclaimed Monsieur Bourdon, with an nunctuous chuckle, "it is now your turn to be chased, my stripling; it is now your turn to be kicked out of the door."

"From first to last, from first to last," said Eleanor, "you have been false and cruel. You wronged and deceived the friends who sent you to India——"

"Yaase," interrupted the commercial traveller, who was very pale, and by no means too steady in his nerves, after the attack of delirium tremens. He had dropped into a chair, and sat trembling and grinning at his late patron, with a ghastly jocosity that was far from agreeable to behold. "Yaase, you cheat your mo-thair, you cheat your friends. You make belief to go to the Indias, but you do not go. You what you call shally-shilly, and upon the last moment, when the machine is on the point of depart, you change the mind. You are well in England, there is a handsome career for you, as artist, you say. Then

you will not go. But you have fear of your uncle, who has given the money for your—fit-out—and for your passage, and you make believe to do what they wish from you. You have a friend, a *confrère*, a Mr., who is to partake your cabin. You write to *heem*, you get *heem* to post your letters; you write to your mo-thair, in Clip-a-stone Street, and you say to her, 'Dear mo-thair, I cannot bear this broil climate; I am broil, I work the night and the day; I am indigo planter;' and you send your letter to the Indias to be posted; and your poor mo-thair belief you; and you are in Paris to enjoy yourself, to lead the life of student, a little Bohemian, but very gay. You read Balzac, you make the little sketches for the cheap Parisian journals. You are gamester, and win money from a poor old Englishman, the father of that lady there; and you make a catspaw of your friend, Victor Bourdon. You are a villain man, Monsieur Darrell, but it is finished with you."

"Listen to me, Launcelot Darrell," Gilbert Monckton said, quietly. "Every falsehood and trick of which you have been guilty, from first to last, is known. There is no help for you. The will which my wife holds in her hand is the genuine will signed by Maurice de Crespigny. This man is prepared to testify that the will by which you took possession of this estate is a forgery, fabricated by you and Henry Lawford's clerk, who had in his possession a rough draught of the real will which he had written at Mr. de Crespigny's dictation, and who copied the three different signatures from three letters written by the old man to Henry Lawford. You are prepared to bear witness to this?" added the lawyer, turning to Victor Bourdon.

"But certainly," exclaimed the Frenchman, "it being well understood that I am not to suffer by this candour. It is understood that I am innocent in this affair."

"Innocent!" cried Launcelot Darrell, bitterly. "Why you were the prime mover in this business. It was your suggestion that first induced——"

"It is possible, my friend," murmured Monsieur Bourdon, complacently; "but is it, then, a crime to make a little suggestion—to try to make oneself useful to a friend? I do not believe it! No matter. I have studied your English law: I do not think it can touch me, since I am only prepared to swear to having found this real will, and having before that *overheard* a conversation between you and the clerk of the *avoué de Vindsor*."

"You use noble tools, Mrs. Monckton," said Launcelot Darrell, "but I do not know by what right you come into my house, uninvited, and bringing in your train a very respectable transpontine scene-painter, with whom I have not the honour to be intimate, and a French commercial traveller, who has chosen to make himself peculiarly obnoxious to me. It is for the Court of Chancery to decide whether I am the rightful owner of this house and all appertaining to it. I shall await the fiat of that court; and in the meantime I have the honour to wish you good evening."

He laid his hand upon the handle of the bell as he spoke, but he did not pull it.

"You defy me, then, Launcelot Darrell?" said Eleanor.

"I do."

"I am glad that it is so!" exclaimed the girl. "I am glad that you have not prayed to me for mercy. I am glad that Providence has suffered me to avenge my father's death."

Eleanor Monckton was moving towards the door.

In all this time Ellen Darrell had not once spoken. She had stood apart in the recess of the window, a dark and melancholy shadow, mourning over the ruin of her life.

I think that she was scarcely surprised at what had happened. We sometimes know the people we love, and know them to be base; but we go on loving them desperately, nevertheless; and love them best when the world is against them, and they have most need of our love. I speak here of maternal love, which is so sublime an affection as to be next in order to the love of God.

The widow came suddenly into the centre of the room, and cast herself on her knees before Eleanor, and wound her arms about the girl's slender waist, pinning her to the spot upon which she stood, and holding her there. The mother's arms were stronger than bands of iron, for they were linked about the enemy of her son. It has been demonstrated by practical zoologists that the king of beasts, his majesty the lion, is after all a cowardly creature. It is only the lioness, *the mother*, whose courage is desperate and indomitable.

"You shall not do this," Ellen Darrell cried; "you shall not bring disgrace upon my son. Take your due, whatever it is; take your paltry wealth. You have plotted for it, I dare say. Take it, and let us go out of this place penniless. But no disgrace, no humiliation, no punishment, *for him!*"

"Mother!" cried Launcelot, "get up off your knees. Let her do her worst. I ask no mercy of her."

"Don't hear him," gasped the widow, "don't listen to him. Oh, Eleanor, save him from shame and disgrace. Save him! save him! I was always good to you, was I not? I meant to be so, believe me! If ever I was unkind, it was because I was distracted by regrets and anxieties about him. Oh, Eleanor, forgive him, and be merciful to me. Forgive him. It is my fault that he is what he is. It was my foolish indulgence that ruined his childhood. It was my false pride that taught him to think he had a right to my uncle's money. From first to last, Eleanor, it is I that am to blame. Remember this, and forgive him, forgive—"

Her throat grew dry, and her voice broke, but her lips still moved, though no sound came from them, and she was still imploring mercy for her son.

"Forgive!" cried Eleanor, bitterly. "Forgive the man who caused my father's death! Do you think I have waited and watched for nothing? It seems to me as if all my life had been given

up to this one hope. Do you know how that man has defied me?" she exclaimed, pointing to Launcelot Darrell. "Do you know that through him I have been divided from my husband? Bah! why do I speak of my own wrongs? Do you know that my father, a poor helpless old man, a lonely, friendless old man, a decayed gentleman, killed himself because of your son? Do you expect that I am to forget that? Do you think that I can forgive that man? Do you want me to abandon the settled purpose of my life, the purpose to which I have sacrificed every girlish happiness, every womanly joy, now that the victory is mine, and that I can keep my vow?"

She tried to disengage herself from Ellen Darrell's arms, but the widow still clung about her, with her head flung back, and her white face convulsed with anguish.

"Forgive him, for my sake," she cried; "give him to me—give him to me. He will suffer enough from the ruin of his hopes. He will suffer enough from the consciousness of having done wrong. He *has* suffered. Yes. I have watched him, and I know. Take everything from him. Leave him a penniless dependant upon the pittance my uncle left to me, but save him from disgrace. Give him to me. God has given him to me. Woman, what right have you to take him from me?"

"He killed my father," Eleanor answered, in a sombre voice; "my dead father's letter told me to be revenged upon him."

"Your father wrote in a moment of desperation. I knew him. I knew George Vane. *He* would have forgiven his worst enemy. He was the last person to be vindictive or revengeful when his first anger was passed. What good end will be gained by my son's disgrace? You shall *not* refuse to hear me. You are a wife, Eleanor Monckton: you may one day be a mother. If you are pitiless to me now, God will be pitiless to you then. You will think of me then. In every throb of pain your child may suffer; in every childish ailment that makes your heart grow sick with unutterable fear, you will recognise God's vengeance upon you for this night's work. Think of this, Eleanor; think of this, and be merciful to me—to me—not to him. What *he* would have to endure would be only a tithe of *my* suffering. I am his mother—his mother!"

"Oh, my God!" cried Eleanor, lifting her clasped hands above her head. "What am I to do?"

The hour of her triumph had come; and in this supreme moment doubt and fear took possession of her breast. If this was her victory, it was only half a victory. She had never thought that any innocent creature would suffer more cruelly by her vengeance upon Launcelot Darrell than the man himself would suffer. And now here was this woman, whose only sin had been an idolatrous love of her son, and to whom his disgrace would be worse than the anguish of death.

The widow's agony had been too powerful for the girl's endurance. Eleanor burst into a passion of tears, and turning to her husband let her head fall upon his breast.

"What am I to do, Gilbert?" she said.  
 "What am I to do?"

"I will not advise you, my dear," the lawyer answered, in a low voice. "To-night's business is of your own accomplishing. Your own heart must be your only guide."

There was silence in the room for a few moments, only broken by Eleanor's sobbing. Launcelot Darrell had covered his face with his hands. His courage had given way before the power of his mother's grief. The widow still knelt, still clung about the girl, with her white face fixed now, in an awful stillness.

"Oh, my dear, dead father!" Eleanor sobbed, "you—you did wrong yourself, sometimes; and you were always kind and merciful to people. Heaven knows, I have tried to keep my oath; but I cannot—I cannot. It seemed so easy to imagine my revenge when it was far away: but now—it is too hard—it is too hard. Take your son, Mrs. Darrell. I am a poor helpless coward. I cannot carry out the purpose of my life."

The white uplifted face scarcely changed, and the widow fell back in a heap upon the floor. Her son and Gilbert Monckton lifted her up and carried her to a chair in one of the open windows. Richard Thornton dropped on his knees before Eleanor, and began to kiss her hands with *effusion*.

"Don't be frightened, Nelly," he exclaimed. "I was very fond of you once, and very unhappy about you, as my poor aunt can bear witness; but I am going to marry Eliza Montalambert, and we've got the carpets down at the snugest little box in all Brixton, and I've made it up with Spavin and Cromshaw in consideration of my salary being doubled. Don't be frightened if I make a fool of myself, Eleanor; but I think I could worship you to-night. This is your victory, my dear. This is the only revenge Providence ever intended for beautiful young women with hazel brown hair. God bless you."

Launcelot Darrell, with a grayish pallor spread over his face, like a napkin upon the face of a corpse, came slowly up to Eleanor.

"You have been very generous to me, Mrs. Monckton, though it is a hard thing for me to say as much," he said. "I have done wicked things, but I have suffered—I have suffered and repented perpetually. I had no thought of the awful consequences which would follow the wrong I did your father. I have hated myself for that wicked act ever since; I should never have forged the will if that man had not come to me, and fooled me, and played upon my weaknesses. I will thank you for the mercy you have shown me by-and-by, Mrs. Monckton, when I am better worthy of your generosity."

#### CHAPTER THE LAST.

GILBERT MONCKTON seconded his wife in all she wished to do. There was no scandal. All legal formalities were gone through very quietly. Those troublesome people who require to be informed as to the business of their neighbours, were told that a codicil had been found, which revoked the chief clause of Mr. de Crespigny's will. Mr. Peter Sedgewick and Mrs. Bannister

were ready to perform all acts required of them; though the lady expressed considerable surprise at her half-sister's unexpected accession of wealth. Eleanor Monckton entered into possession of the estates. The impulsive girl having once forgiven her father's enemy, would fain have surrendered the fortune to him into the bargain—but practical matter-of-fact people were at hand to prevent her being too generous. Mrs. Darrell and her son went to Italy, and Mrs. Monckton, with her husband's concurrence, made the young man a very handsome allowance, which enabled him to pursue his career as an artist. He worked very hard, and with enthusiasm. The shame of the past gave an impetus to his pencil. His outraged self-esteem stood him his friend, and he toiled valiantly to redeem himself from the disgrace that had fallen upon him.

"If I am a great painter, they will remember nothing against me," he said to himself; and though it was not in him to become a great painter, he became a popular painter; a great man for the Royal Academy, and the West End engravers, if only a small man for future generations, who will choose the real gems out of the prodigal wealth of the present. Mr. Darrell's first success was a picture which he called "The Earl's Death," from a poem of Tennyson's, with the motto, "Oh, the Earl was fair to see,"—a preternaturally ugly man lying at the feet of a preternaturally hideous woman, in a turret chamber lighted by lucifer matches—the blue and green light of the lucifers on the face of the ugly woman, and a pre-Raphaelite cypress seen through the window; and I am fain to say, that although the picture was ugly, there was a strange weird attraction in it, and people went to see it again and again, and liked it, and hankered after it, and talked of it perpetually all that season; one faction declaring that the lucifer-match effect was the most delicious moonlight, and the murderess of the Earl the most lovely of womankind, till the faction who thought the very reverse of this became afraid to declare their opinions, and thus everybody was satisfied.

So Launcelot Darrell received a fabulous price for his picture; and, having lived without reproach during three years of probation, came home to marry Laura Mason Lennard, who had been true to him all this time, and who would have rather liked to unite her fortunes with those of a modern Cartouche or Jack Sheppard for the romance of the thing. And although the artist did not become a good man all in a moment, like the repentant villain of a stage play, he did take to heart the lesson of his youth. He was tenderly affectionate to the mother who had suffered so much by reason of his errors, and he made a very tolerable husband to a most devoted little wife.

Monsieur Victor Bourdon was remunerated—and very liberally—for his *services*, and was told to hold his tongue. He departed for Canada soon afterwards, in the interests of the patent mustard, and never reappeared in the neighbourhood of Tolldale Priory.

Eleanor insisted on giving up Woodlands for the use of Mr. Darrell, his wife, and mother.

Signora Picirillo lived with her nephew and his merry little wife in the pretty house at Brixton; but she paid very frequent visits to Tolldale Priory, sometimes accompanied by Richard and Mrs. Richard, sometimes alone. Matrimony had had a very good effect upon the outward seeming of the scene-painter: for his young wife initiated him in the luxury of shirt-buttons, as contrasted with pins; to say nothing of the delights of a shower-bath, and a pair of ivory-backed hair-brushes, presented by Eleanor as a birthday present to her old friend. Richard at first suggested that the ivory-backed brushes should be used as chimney-ornaments in the Brixton drawing-room; but afterwards submitted to the popular view of the subject, and brushed his hair. Major and Mrs. Lennard were also visitors at Tolldale, and Laura knew the happiness of paternal and maternal love—the paternal affection evincing itself in the presentation of a great deal of frivolous jewellery, purchased upon credit; the maternal devotion displaying itself in a wild admiration of Launcelot Darrell's son and heir, a pink-faced baby, who made his appearance in the year 1861, and who looked very much better than the "Dying Gladiator," exhibited by Mr. Darrell in the same year. Little children's voices sounded by-and-by in the shady pathways of the old-fashioned Priory garden, and in all Berkshire there was not a happier woman than Gilbert Monckton's beautiful young wife.

And, after all, Eleanor's Victory was a proper womanly conquest, and not a stern, classical vengeance. The tender woman's heart triumphed over the girl's rash vow; and poor George Vane's enemy was left to the only Judge whose judgments are always righteous.

THE END.

## SAUMUR.

LES PIERRES COUVERTES. LE CARROUSEL.

I RETRACED my steps in order to see Saumur, of the beauty of whose site and of whose cheapness I had heard marvels. I was disappointed in both. Saumur, partly built on the rocks overhanging the Loire, and its handsome long stone bridge, white houses of Tufa stone, intermixed with green foliage, with here and there church spires, and quaint old towers rising from among them, and on the topmost heights the strong castle frowning above all, is pretty, rather than strikingly beautiful. A long line of windmills reaches from the castle, crowning the wooded banks of the river. I am not like a certain Yorkshire lady, who said the view from her window wanted nothing but a windmill to make it perfect. To me, these innumerable mills spoil the grace of the picture; however, there they are, and I must mention them, for they are a distinguishing feature of the place. The Loire is very inferior in beauty to the Wye, the Wharfe, and a thousand other less-famed English rivers, whose banks are infinitely more steep and romantic, and more richly fringed with umbrageous trees: and at this time of the year it is disfigured by immense sand-banks, which divide it into numerous shallow streams.

Entering the town from the *chemin de fer*, I crossed the bridge. Before me lay a wide, handsome street, traversing the whole length of the town, the road continuing in one straight line up a green avenue of trees and across a smaller bridge (Pont Fouchard), through the faubourg of the same name, till it was lost to sight as it sloped straight upwards and onwards in a second long green avenue, whose distant tree-tops closed-in the distance. This one handsome main-street, beginning and ending in leafy verdure, seems common in France, and it certainly gives an air of grandeur to the town, which is not justified by the reality. My first care was to seek for lodgings, hotels being too dear for a spinster's purse. I made many inquiries in the shops, but was told I should find none. To save others similar trouble, I advise them at once to go to the *quartier* St. Nicholas, near the Ecole de Cavalerie, or about the Rue du Collège. There are plenty in both neighbourhoods. I hired pleasant rooms, *au premier*, numero 70 Bis, Rue St. Nicholas. There is a small terrace, trellised over with flowers, on the first landing, and my apartment is so thoroughly French, and so unlike English cheap lodgings, I must describe it. My *cabinet de toilette* is a small room; but the bed, standing in a recess, shadowed by white curtains, leaves an ample space. Against the closed fire-place are my washing utensils, on an unpainted wooden table, washed clean every morning. I find this more convenient and cleaner than the English wash-stands, with their cracked, discoloured, half-washed paint. Over the chimney-piece hangs a mirror against the wall. Swing looking-glasses are only used by great people. From my window I look out upon an old tower of singular form and curious construction, whose use and history are unknown. It is conjectured, however, to have served at some distant date as a *phare*, or lighthouse. A number of gentlemen have been lately sent through France to sketch all antique monuments, and this among them. The stones of which it is built are so placed as to lay like tiles, one over the other—all sloping and regularly diminishing to the top. Beyond it is a pretty garden, and a house *au fond*, where lodge some officers. My salon opens with large French windows on to a balcony with oleanders, and a Persian lilac tree, flowering now for the second time. There is none of the vulgarity of an English lodging in a back street in London about it. I have a long settee with two large cushions, two fauteuils, and an easy chair of mahogany, covered with scarlet damask, two rush chairs, and a small round walnut-tree centre table covered with a scarlet and black cloth. There is the usual commode of mahogany, with its deep drawers and grey marble top, for my clothes; and besides these a mahogany *placard*, or cupboard, where I keep my eatables, with its door of plate-glass, which serves me as a cheval glass, in which I can see myself from head to foot. The chimney-piece is of brownish marble, and the open chimney has no grate, only two iron dogs with the usual sphinx-heads, for confining the wood fire. *Sur la cheminée* stands a very beautiful ormolu clock which strikes the hours, under a glass shade; and two handsome large china vases of elegant form,



which I always keep filled with fresh flowers. I can buy a large bouquet for a *sou*. There are none of the vulgar little trumpery china baskets, dogs with three legs, glass ships, and other horrors, which make lodgings in England seem so vulgar. On each side the chimney-piece are two large cupboards in the wainscot, for wood and coals in winter, or clothes in summer. The paper is of French grey and white, relieved by a dead gold-brown border, and both rooms are carpeted with what we should call a stair-carpet, which is a marvel in itself for the manner in which it has been mended in the stitch. I pay at the rate of thirty-five francs a month to Madame Bayot and *Je m'y trouve bien*. But it must be understood French landladies do not cook for lodgers. They "mount" my café, and keep my rooms in order, that is all. Red coats and green coats, dark blue coats and light blue coats, laced with silver and gold, gleam beneath the trees like fire-flies, and loom from every balcony and window. I have two *officiers* for my left-hand neighbours, one on my right, and half-a-dozen *en face*. In fact, *les officiers* are the life of Saumur.

But for the *École de Cavalerie*, the few dear, bad shops might shut up; and instead of there being as now, "*à vendre à l'aimable*," or "*à louer présentement*," posted on one-fifth of the houses in the town, one large *affiche*, "Saumur to be sold or let," might be put up. There is no life in the streets. Nobody ever seems to enter those dreary, miserable-looking shops—and indeed I do not wonder. The people of Saumur generally seem to look upon a stray visitor as a gold-mine to be *exploitée* to their profit; and if you demand the price of any article, calculate how much you may be fool enough to give. Yesterday I was asked eight sous (fourpence) for a ball of cotton, its real price being three at most. The people here have a way of their own—neither like English life, nor that of any other French towns—owing, it is said, to the officers living chiefly *en pension*, eight or ten taking their meals together in a house, where no other person is admitted. There are no restaurants where one can get a cheap and good dinner. When the editor of the "Times" said, during the Crimean war, that the French were "born cooks," he could never have heard of Saumur. I wish he had had my goose for dinner, that's all. I was tired of dining on melons, peaches, bread, and sour wine; and seeing an old woman under a tree at Pont Fouchard, with geese and half-geese and quarter-geese to sell, I desired Madame Bayot to buy me half a goose. She came, exultant to show me what a fine one she had got, soon afterwards. I looked at it in horror. It was not half picked; large downy feathers and multitudes of pens were sticking in it; nor could it now be *picked*, inasmuch as it was jointed across the back and breast-bone in five or six places, so that it more resembled a neck of mutton covered with slue, than anything bird-like. The bones and shank of the legs, and the pinions, had been cut off to be sold separately; so that, in fact, I had half a breast, half a back, and half of each limb only. Its price was twenty-six sous, and in the state described it was sent to a little woman next door,—who keeps a *pension* for

soldiers, and who has twice made me very good omelettes with meat in them,—to be cooked, with strong injunctions as to plucking it free of feathers. In about half an hour it returned, surrounded by potatoes, and swimming in a sea of melted lard. It had been sent to the *four* and baked, and it tasted of grease and fish, and oil and burnt feathers, and was as hard as if it had been part of an antediluvian goose that had been in the Ark; impossible to masticate or eat it; and even Keeper despised it, and played at ball with the bits given him, which he threw up in the air, and then caught as he lay on his back rolling about, which is his way of signifying supreme contempt for any food that does not happen to please him. Talk of all the French being "born cooks," indeed? Why, everybody nearly (except the rich folks and the hotels), cooks his meat in the bakers' ovens! I poured off the oleaginous matter; I skinned what remained, and gave the skin to Keeper, who ate it disdainfully; and next day I requested it might be stewed as a *ragout* with a teacupful of water. In *half* an hour the *petite femme* brought it back, assuring me it was quite hot, and well done, as it had been well boiled. Of course it was only half warm, and as hard, or harder, than ever. Who ever heard of letting a stew boil? I gave it up in despair, and somehow managed to eat it; but let nobody ever tell me again that the French are all "born cooks"! The fact is, cooking is a very difficult affair in a Saumur house. There is neither stove, nor range; nothing but a few sticks placed on a hearth, gipsy fashion, and *not* the gipsy's covered kettle to cook with. Wood is very dear, and the *ménagère* calculates the cost of every stick she burns. Even if one paid her, she could not find in her heart to consume wood enough to cook any dish properly,—she would consider it a sinful waste. No doubt in the houses *ou l'on tient pension pour les officiers*, it is different. I speak of the mode of life among the *bourgeoisie*, or middling class, and of the inconveniences any one living in lodgings, and unable from want of means to dine at the hotels, where there is a *table d'hôte*, must expect to meet. A French *ménage* seems very simple; and in very truth I believe there is no sort of necessity for the innumerable kitchen articles we have in England. Half a dozen knives and forks, a covered *casseroles* to make the indispensable soup in, a few pots and dishes of various sizes, and six dessert spoons, seem all that is necessary. I do not think there are above a dozen plates in this house, for I find great difficulty in getting a sufficient number at breakfast and tea-time. The boiled milk comes up in a tin saucepan, and they seem to wonder I insist on a plate to rest it on, instead of dirtying my breakfast napkin by placing the smoky pan upon it. However, both here and at Tours I have been fortunate in my landladies: I ask for everything civilly, and I get all I want. It would be a great saving of expense to all these householders, if the *cuisine* customary in Paris were adopted. There, there is in every kitchen an iron stove, with a small square grating in the midst for fire, which is rarely used; and round it six or eight little hollows, varying from the size of a wine-glass top to a saucer, in which a little lighted

charcoal is placed, and then the article to be cooked, being properly prepared, and set over it in a covered earthenware pan, may be safely left to cook itself. It can neither burn nor spoil. You may go all over Paris, and when you come back find your dinner of soup and five or six dishes, all done to a turn. Dressing a dinner seems no trouble there.

I have had bad weather nearly ever since I came to Saumur; but the first fine day I went to visit Les Pierres Couvertes, the Dolmen of Pontigné, about a mile from Saumur, beyond Pont Fouchard, in a village to the left, called Bagnieu. It stands in a little croft belonging to some labourers, and a few sows are usually asked for showing it. The people were all absent, so I went in, and saw it for myself. Murray says it measures eighty feet in length: I should not have guessed it to be so long: but, at any rate, the interior, which is used as a stable and barn, is larger than my salon, which is a good-sized room. The walls consist of upright slabs of unhewn stone, with others of the same kind placed athwart them for a roof. I made a rough sketch of one end, because it best showed the immense size of the stones, which would be difficult to move even in the present day, with all our complicated and powerful machinery. Murray says, "the blocks forming it are sandstone found in this district, but not near at hand, or near the surface." I am not a geologist; but they struck me as being of granite, a dark grey, close-grained stone, of which I found large blocks lying very near the surface, less than half a mile off.

There is another smaller *Pierre couverte* consisting of fewer stones, on what is called *les terres fortes*, among the vineyards on the hill above. The old road between Douai and Saumur, looking like a ravine, runs just below it. Here I sat and made a rough sketch of the Menhir, and admired the beautiful panoramic view opposite of Saumur and its majestic castle, white tower, and the neighbouring plains, where woods and houses and fields were all intermingled till they melted finally into the blue haze; and thought that if I were rich and wished to settle at Saumur, here I would build for myself a resting-place. A labouring man came up from the old road and joined me, asking if I did not admire the panorama. I told him what I thought.—"Ah," said he "*il n'y a que les Anglais pour faire cela*"—a Frenchman only thinks of what his *terres* will bring him in—he would never build a house here for a view—"*mais c'est beau tout de même.*" I inquired the way to Rion, where there was another *Pierre couverte*, and he said he was going there, but the stones were at Rou, about half a *lieue* further still. So we walked on together, talking as we went. He was a man of the ordinary French peasant type, in blue blouse, blue linen trousers, naked feet, and wooden shoes or *sabots*, but possessed some information. He told me I should find all about *les pierres* and other *antiquités* near Saumur in the work of Monsieur Bodin, of whom the *employé* at the *chemin de fer* had also told me, but whose book I have never been able to get, inasmuch as the public library at Saumur, stated by Mr. Bell to be a very good one, seems to be *non inventus*. I hope it has not gone,

like that of Alexandria, to feed *les fours*, and that my goose was not cooked *à la Bodin*, or by any other learned work. I inquired of every one for this library, meaning to do a little literary work here as I had at Tours. No one knew anything about it; no one had heard of it. I asked the chief bookseller; he told me it was at the *Mairie*. I asked at the *Mairie*; there I was told first there was none, next that it was an *collège*. To the *collège* I went. The porter, or rather a gentleman in the porter's lodge, told me the librarian was absent; he had no regular days, and no fixed hours of attendance, as few people ever read there, and that "*enfin*"—I could not see it, as *les livres* were all *entassés les uns sur les autres*, so that one could not get at any; they were piled on one another *en attendant*, till they were removed to the *Mairie*. I suspected still more that they went not to the *Mairie*, but to the *ovens*. So I can give no learned dissertation on Celtic remains for the benefit of my readers.

Besides having read Monsieur Bodin, my companion was an *esprit fort*, and believed in nothing. He thought indeed there was a God, but as to Christ, and the angels and devils, they were all devices of the clergy and the governing powers—moral bugbears set up to frighten people and prevent the commission of crime, and it was good policy. As to their reality being proved by the Bible—who made the Bible? *Men*. I asked him if he had never heard of spirits, whose return from the dead proved the truth of Scripture, and the reality of an invisible world?

"Bah!" he said, "*Contes*. Man was an animal and died as other animals died—living no more."

"A sad creed," said I "for the poor and the suffering. Would you not be happier if you believed there was a recompense hereafter for those who had suffered and striven to do right on earth?"

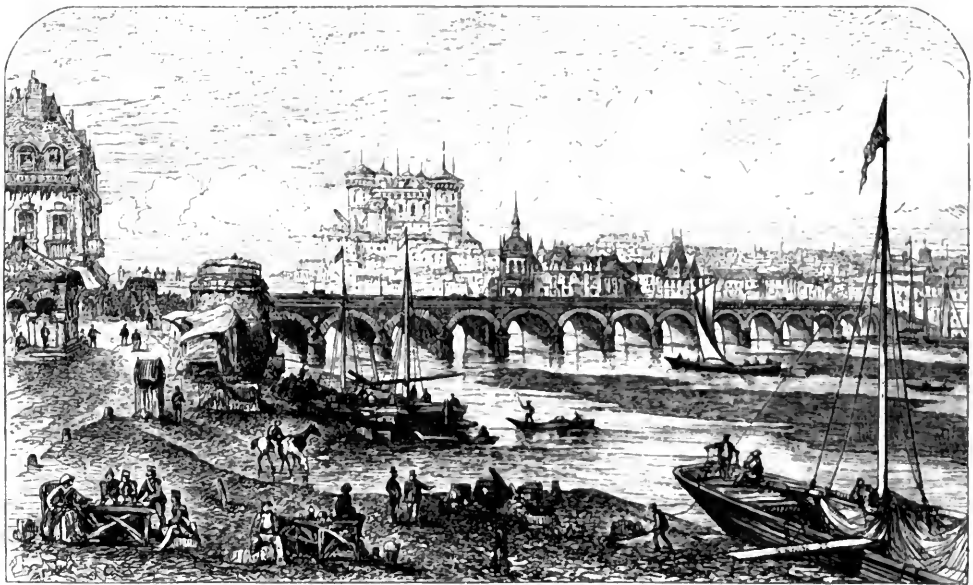
"Mais puisqu'il n'y a pas de Ciel?" was his reply, and we argued all the way we went, and I could not shed a gleam of hope into his soul. One day he will *know better*.

Let me say that a sad infidelity appears to me the prevalent tone of feeling among the French of all ranks. In the railway carriages, from officers, merchants, labourers, travellers of all ranks and degrees, when no priest or nun was present, I have heard nothing but sneers at the weakness of those who believed in *la mythologie* of Christianity. The Revolution has left its traces, and a vast proportion of the people are atheists still. The French seem divided into two classes: those who believe everything, and those who believe nothing. Even on earth the first are the happiest, for in their sorrows, however dark and rough their path, the sunshine of God shines above the mountain peaks, while the unhappy doubter sees nothing but the bleak rocks and precipices around him. The fulness of all sorrow is to cease to believe.

At Rion my companion turned off to the village, first pointing out my road to Rou. I was not sorry to be alone. It was a gloriously beautiful sunny day, with here and there grey clouds floating across the blue sky, too surely indicative of coming rain. My way lay among richly cultivated fields, *vignes*, orchards, and meadows, all

thickly planted with poplars and fruit trees. The grasshoppers chirped in the grass, and troops of brown butterflies, and a few blue ones of the species common where marjoram abounds, flitted around me, while the breeze passing through the large walnut trees which shaded the road, and studded the fields around, was delightfully aromatic. Clematis grew in the hedges, and I gathered a bouquet of that and wild mint, and marjoram and walnut leaves; and when I grew tired smelt it, and was refreshed, and thought the lovely trailing plant so pretty, whether in flower or in feathery seed, was rightly named "Traveller's Joy." On my right were many little plantations, chiefly of evergreen oak, and on the left, amid the meadows, two old castellated châteaux, whose names I forget. Just where the road divided I saw a peasant shaking down plums, and asked the way

to Rou, which he pointed out. There was nothing interesting in the village, except that its style of architecture was unmistakeably French. Nowhere in England do we see those steep high-pitched roofs, projecting garret-windows, *persiennes*, and ledges and corners that are indescribable, but which give variety and picturesqueness to the most tumble-down *grenier*. Nothing strikes an English person so much as the absence of life in the fields. In all this long walk, I saw no birds but two magpies, and scarcely any human beings. On the railways it was the same. We travelled *miles* without seeing a single person. Two Frenchmen, one a priest, the other a farmer, noticed this to me and commented on it sadly, asking me if it was the same with us. I answered, "England was *over-populated*, labour was so plentiful that the market was over-stocked, and our labourers in some



Saumur.

counties could scarcely earn *dry bread* for themselves and their families." *A true and most lamentable fact.*

"Ah! but," said the priest, almost in the language of Goldsmith—"Le peuple fait la richesse d'un pays. Here the number of inhabitants diminishes yearly. There are not above two-thirds of the population in my village that there were twenty years ago."

"There are not near two-thirds of what there were twenty years ago where I come from," responded the farmer.

I asked how it was—and was told partly because the young people went to the towns; partly because French families wished only for one child, that that one might be rich. I passed through Rou without seeing a living soul—only some large dogs barking furiously rushed out from a farm-yard, which my dog with his usual impertinence had entered, but

no one followed to see at what they barked. I was tired and thirsty and saw no sign of a village inn. At last I spied an old woman with a pail in her hand, in a yard. I opened the gate and asked if there was a *Cubaret* in Rou. "*Non, ils n'y ont pas.*" Could she give me any milk? Yes, if I would go to the *cave*. To the *cave* I went; she first shewed me all the pots (which stood on the ground) were very clean, and then gave me one full of warm new milk from her pail, and I pulled out some bread from my bag, sat down on a large stone that happened to be in the *cave*, and ate my dinner, and looked round. The cellar had no aperture but the door,—its floor was of earth, and in the middle stood about twenty grey blue-rimmed jugs, nearly four inches thick—similar to that in my hand, which I found rather difficult to drink from, since its edge was far thicker than

my finger,—all full of goat's milk, and cow's milk, and in a corner lay some goat-milk cheeses on leaves. The little old woman was a curiosity herself. Her face was brown, withered, and wrinkled like an unpeeled walnut, and the sinews of her shrivelled wizened neck stood out like whip-cord—but she had a good countenance, and might have been a pretty *paysanne* once. She wore an old blue gown very much patched, but perfectly clean, as was her close-fitting thick small white bonnet or cap—and although it was Saturday, the coarse well darned knitted stockings she wore under her sabots were snowy white. She seemed to take a fancy to me, and when I had eaten my bread and drank my milk, for which I paid two *sous*, she invited me to see her house on the opposite side of the way, of which she seemed very proud. It was very dark and very dirty, so that I excused myself from entering, on the ground of being in a hurry to see *les pierres*, and get home to Saumur, but peeping in, I noticed there was a large open fire-place, over which hung a black pot; the furniture consisted of a dusty round table and some dusty chairs, and a large bed with blue linen curtains in the awful depths of obscurity *au fond*. On the floor was an iron pan containing quartered potatoes unpeeled, and various other condiments, in which stood the fire-shovel; which I hoped might be a mess for the cow, as it did not seem fit for the *human animals* my Rion friend called mankind, but dared not ask, lest I should give offence, and wound the good old soul's feelings. Upon my naming *les pierres*, she said they were in a *vigne* and I should never find them—she would show me the way—so she led to the field by which I had entered the village, and over another, and across a rough road, skipping along in her *sabots* over the furrows with far more agility than I could, though she was, she told me, seventy-two years of age, and I noticed with admiration her small wonderfully beautifully formed feet and thin ancles, notwithstanding the heavy *sabots*. As we crossed the road we met a *garde champêtre*, I called him, but he said he was a *garde particulier*, and belonged to that beautiful chateau beyond,—which was a modern erection rather in the *parvenu* style I thought;—and Marie Catineau née Aubin informed him I was Anglaise, and had come all that way over the sea to see *le pays et les pierres*, and then, he too, quoted *Monsieur Bodin*, whose *ouvrage* he had at home, and which he seemed disposed to lend me, if I had not been so far off at Saumur. The two *pierres couvertes* of Rou resemble that of *Terres Fortes*, in being far smaller than the *Dolmen of Pontigné*, and are also used as out-houses. On our way back Marie Catineau inquired my history, and pitied me for not being married, and being, as she had told the *garde, si délaissée* as to be obliged to travel alone *toute seule*; and told me hers, and how she had a grandson who also would travel and see the world, but could get no work, and was half starved, and had to come home, for "*v'yez vous*, what he earned in one place he spent in going to another, and what would become of me if I fell ill? *J'avons quatre petit fils*, and only this one took such a strange fancy, and he was the only one of *ma famille* who voyaged." Then she asked me

what England was like, and whether there were trees and meadows there. She fancied it all water, *de l'eau partout*, and I daresay thought we had fins like mermaids, only we hid them when we came to a country where there was *terra firma*, like France. I gave her a few *sous* for her trouble and thanked her, but it was clear she had not come for any hope of profit, but from pure kindness, and it may be a little love of gossip. Then she pointed out my homeward path, which I easily traced by the plants and trees I had noticed. Keeper had made his remarks too. On the way to Rou I stopped to gather blackberries and gave him some, which he licked, spit out, played at ball with, and tried again and again with much the same expression of face as a person who eats olives for the first time, very doubtful as to whether he ever can like them. It appeared that *en route* he had decided the question, and come to the conclusion that ripe blackberries were good for dogs, for he ran on before me, stopped at each bush I had previously stopped at, and ate up the blackberries he had rejected.

As I returned, I saw among the copsewood pale sulphur and black butterflies. One of the beautiful creatures let me approach so near that I could see the long silky hairs which thickly covered its slender body. It seemed a different species from our English swallow-tail, but I have no books to consult here. I saw, too, a large black-and-white moth, apparently, whose under-wings, instead of scarlet, were a rich crimson, almost a magenta, hue. Beyond these woods were crags covered with purple heather, gleaming crimson in the light. Tired as I was, I could not resist going out of my way to enjoy a clamber over the wild moor, and its fresh breezy air. I traversed field and coppice, got over a hedge, and scrambled to the highest peak, whence, looking down, I saw four or five workmen taking their afternoon meal, who seemed as startled as if I had dropped from the clouds when they saw my pilgrim hat and grey cloak peer up above the rocks. I sat down and examined the huge masses of stone around. They were the *same grey slabs* as those of which the Dolmen are formed, and lay piled upon one another as in one of our Cumbrian mountain-valleys, in most fantastic positions. I could not help thinking *it was possible* that these Dolmen were merely huge masses of rock forced into their situation by some vast body of water, which had whirled rocks and earth together, and that all man had really done had been to scoop the latter away so as to form for himself a rude dwelling-place. No doubt had any antiquarian been there, he would have looked as aghast at my theory as Monkbarons, when Edie Ochiltree "minded the biggin' o'" the Roman camp. After I had gathered handfuls of heather, I descended, fell into the road again, and soon came to a coarse sand-stone, like that on which Nottingham Castle stands; very unlike the boulders I had quitted, which resemble those at the head of Derwent Water, as one goes to visit the Rocking Stone.

There is yet another *Pierre Couverte* beyond St. Florent, on the opposite side of Saumur. The walk to St. Florent is bordered by acacia trees most of the way, while the Loire winds through the

meadows on either hand, is pleasant and pretty. Up a narrow lane, from whose walls of unhewn stones hung common English ferns, I passed more huge boulders wedged in the ground. Some peasant women were sitting on them, resting and enjoying the lovely view of the valley of the Loire, with Saumur and its four-towered castle crowning the rocks. For the French peasant has a keen sense of natural beauty. Similar boulders were scattered all along my way, half buried in the ground. The *Pierre* was the smallest I had seen. It is in a field opposite a solitary farm-house, from whence there is a most lovely view.

Le Carrousel.

Donné par l'Ecole Impériale di Cavalerie de Saumur,  
Le Lundi, 18th Août, 1862.

For the last three days there has been bustle enough in the little town. Le quinze d'Août was at once the *fête de la ville et de l'Empereur*. So we had a fair and fireworks, and crowds of peasants in holiday costume, with wondrous superstructures of lace and embroidered muslin upon their heads. I cannot help thinking those curious round towers which seem suddenly to spring out of the walls a *l'improviste*, are modelled after a *Normande bonnet*, and meant as a compliment to the fair sex; or, at least, that the *bonnet* suggested the towers. Of course I went to see the fireworks and the illumination of the town-hall and market-house, which was pretty, and no more. I had set my heart on seeing it from the bridge, and watching the effect of light and shade on the water of the Loire, and on the turreted and crenellated Hotel de Ville, and the massive castle above. Madame Bayot and her daughters thought only of *les feux d'artifices*. I was forced to content myself with a walk across the bridge after all was over. That was more beautiful than rocket or bouquet. Looking down from the parapet one did not see by night the huge sand-banks which disfigure the Loire: the coloured lamps decorating a house in the suburb were reflected on the still, glassy waters, and the contrast of the illuminated Hotel de Ville, the lit-up town, the dark-wooded hill *des Petits Puits*, and the Loire, dark as night, except where the moonlight fell upon it, or some lamp or illuminated house cast a white, quivering gleam,—was as poetically beautiful as heart could desire. At that hour I do not think Venice itself could have looked more lovely. On Sunday there was a race, to which I did not go, of course, but I saw from my window the officers ride or drive past in all their variety of resplendent uniforms, and yesterday I went to the carrousel, which is one of the gayest, prettiest sights I ever saw, and must, I should think, greatly resemble an ancient tournament. Knowing no one in the town, I had not an officer's ticket, and the benches of *les Tribunes*, to which only our *billets de l'Hôtel de Ville* admitted us, were so crammed, Mdlle. Nina and I returned home in despair. As we bewailed our hard fate in not seeing the carrousel, to Mdlle. Louise, a Monsieur — passed, who was some way employed in the Ecole. He took us back with him and admitted us with some bourgeois, friends of his, into the Ecole itself. Up stone stair after stair, through long corridors and vaulted passages, we hurried till

we reached *le grenier*, where planks and soldiers' bedsteads, pillows, and mattresses, were piled neatly away ready for use. In front of the garret windows stages of planks were erected, clearly for sight-seers, and on to these we scrambled, not without danger to our heads from the beams of the roof, and the planks above us. From the open window the view was splendid. Before us was the sanded closed-in arena for the carrousel, on the left the tribunes for the populace, on the right the officers' tents, the General's in the centre, marked by its superior height and decorations and flag, all full of gay ladies and gentlemen; and facing us, under cover, beyond the arena, the orchestra,—while behind the *levée*, or artificial bank raised to protect the town from the inundations of the Loire, was one mass of heads, above which spread like a panorama Pont Fouchart, Bagnieu, and *les terres fortes* closing in the gay scene with leafy trees and green sloping fields. But, alas, we had not long enjoyed it when the General spied us, and sent orders for every one to leave the windows. I pleaded that I was a stranger, an *écrivain*, finally that Lord Brougham had given me authority to use his name in travelling whenever it could benefit me, and I was sure, had I written and stated that to *Messieurs les officiers Français*, they would have given me an officer's ticket at once. Monsieur —, who had admitted us, retired, and shortly afterwards we were informed that we might remain, but *les croisées* must be closed. Vexatious, for the officers were just entering the arena, but military orders must be obeyed, and every *croisée* was closed. In they filed, two by two, fine young men in splendid uniforms. I was told there were eighty-two *concurrents* for the prizes that day. There are generally between three and four hundred *sous officiers* at the Ecole. Among the jousters were three Spaniards,—for foreign officers are permitted to study here,—and there are Russian, Swedish, and Wallachian officers. The Duke of Wellington was partly educated at the Ecole de Cavalerie at Angers, since transferred to Saumur. The French may therefore at least boast with truth, that they taught our greatest general how to beat them.

It is impossible to describe the gay and splendid uniforms. There were four with steel corslets on the breast and back, and four with similar golden corslets. One Spanish officer had a light blue hussar jacket richly braided with black, and red trowsers. Some wore cocked-hats, dark blue or green coats edged with red and gold, and tight-fitting white breeches, like our hunters. The beautiful prancing horses had knots of coloured ribbon on their foreheads and manes. The prettiest were some bright bays, with violet purple ribbons and reins. To each officer as he reached the middle of the arena a sort of lance, with a pennon streaming from it, was handed, which he took, held out at arm's length, and riding up to the general's tent, lowered it gracefully as a salute, the horses of most seeming to make a sort of bend also, and then each rode off to the end of the lists. When all had saluted they rode backwards and forwards, passing and repassing each other, still with the lance poised in the outstretched arm. Their arms must have

ached, I thought. Then a message was sent that the windows might now be opened, with which order we and other occupants of the many *croisèes* gladly complied; and the scene was really gay and beautiful beyond description. Beside all the glittering uniforms, the blue *blouse*, common to the working man of France, the white head-dresses of the peasant women, and the gay ribboned caps of the *bourgeoises* on the Tribune and the *levée*, and the scarlet clad orchestra with their brazen instruments glittering in the sun, all relieved and set as it were in a frame of green verdure by the trees on each side the arena, and the panorama of woods and meadows beyond the *levée*, made up a picture that was perfect in itself. And now, upon the ends of four crosses affixed to poles in the ground, much like a child's windmill in form, coloured rings were suspended by slender threads, and each officer as he rode round the lists—his horse dancing sideways with measured steps to the music—tried to carry off as many of these rings as he could. Several got three; some none; others one only; and each, as he rode round, gracefully laid his rings on the ground before the general's tent. Afterwards, those who had gained the rings contested again for the prize. A broad-shouldered, fine-looking man, apparently older than the others, who seemed to go most systematically to work, carried off four at the first round. None of the others got so many, and of course he had the decoration. The prizes were not given publicly. After this the crosses were removed, four little hillocks of sand erected, and coloured balls, to represent heads, stuck on them; each officer held a pistol in his right hand, a drawn sword in his left, and as he cantered round the lists to music, fired his pistol, threw it on the ground, where it was picked up by men stationed on purpose, changed his sword from his left hand to his right, and tried to spear as many of the heads as he could. One officer speared four, which he carried round the arena, and deposited on the ground before the general's tent. The others speared only two or three at most. Therefore he had the prize. Then they all rode out two and two, as they had entered, to music. The heaps were levelled, baskets, topped with reeds, to imitate a hedge, placed across the arena, and a fresh set of officers rode their horses at, and leaped across it. I rather scorned this exhibition, thinking, in my heart, how our hunting men would have laughed at these fences after a five-barred gate, or the leaping poles at which I have known them practice. In fact, I don't think, when I was younger, I should have thought anything of such a leap myself. They also departed, the mock-fence was cleared away, and a troop of soldiers entering on horseback performed a sham-fight, and various manœuvres, which were somewhat like the figures of a quadrille, all to music. The whole scene was very gay and exciting, could one have forgotten that all this was but the rehearsal of the terrible

drama of war. A heavy shower of rain fell just as the fête concluded; and we again rejoiced that we had been so lucky as *not* to get seats on the uncovered *tribune*, but to get sent to the *grenier*, where we saw everything infinitely better than even the general from his tent, and were safely sheltered from the heavy downfall. As we scuttled home as fast as we could to avoid the great crush we had endured on entering, we saw the gay ladies from the tents endeavouring to save their elegant dresses from being spoiled. They were in full *toilette*. Many of the dresses were clear white muslin, trimmed with black. Some were richly braided in black. So were the buff dresses and the thick white piqué frocks and blouses worn by the children. They all looked very elegant and pretty. To-day there were more races outside the town, and I sat and watched carriage after carriage full of bright uniforms, and gaily dressed ladies, go past. An officer *en face* stood on his balcony *claquant son fouet*, and talking to my right-hand neighbour; another below the *balcon* was mounting his horse. Then came a curious double carriage, like two half-vans raised on springs; into it he of the whip got, with half-a-dozen others; other carriages followed, and away they drove, cracking their long whips as loud as they possibly could. This evening I saw them all return. My left-hand neighbour *au second* has won a prize, an *objet d'art*, but he has not exhibited it to me, so I cannot send ONCE A WEEK a facsimile of it. So ends the Fête of Saumur and the *Carrousel*. I am very glad I came in time to see it. MARY EYRE.

#### A LITERARY PIRACY.

OUR attention has been called from various quarters to the fact that the story entitled "My Affair with the Russian Countess," in No. 221 of ONCE A WEEK, September 19, 1863, is obviously a plagiarism from Chambers' Journal, No. 418, January 4, 1862. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to inform our readers that we are unconscionable and most unwilling parties to any such appropriations from other periodicals. Indeed, every precaution has been taken by the Editor from the commencement to guard against such malpractices, and in the present instance the article was not accepted until a letter was received from its transmitter, explicitly stating that "'My Affair with the Russian Countess' had *not* previously appeared in print, and had *not* been offered to any editor or publisher, other than the gentlemen connected with ONCE A WEEK." This letter was signed

"D. CONNELL,

ABBAY WOOD, LESSNESS HEATH, KENT; "

and the Editor trusts that the publication of this extract from it, with the name and address of the writer, will at least render a repetition of the offence on his part in other quarters impossible. ED. ONCE A WEEK.



In our next Number will be commenced a new SERIAL TALE, entitled "BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT," by T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE; and an HISTORIETTE, by HARRIET MARTINEAU, Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS, will be commenced in an early Number.

## BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTORY.

ONCE upon a time the narrow strip of territory shut in between the Apennine and the Adriatic to the south of Bologna and to the north of Ancona, was, as Byron has written of Venice,

The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

That small district, so niggardly squeezed in between the encroaching mountains and the sea, was once one of the high places not only of Italian but of European civilisation. It was there that the brilliant dynasties of Rovere and Montefeltro held courts at Pesaro, at Urbino, or a little further inland among the hills, at Gubbio, who gathered around them all that was most distinguished in poesy, in scholarship, in art, and in chivalry. It was there that Tasso wandered among the green valleys and by streams made classical for the second time in their existence, by his genius—wandered now a brilliant courtier, and now an outcast mendicant, as the breeze of court favour, or more surely his own love-sick fancies and morbid imagination impelled him. There flows from its ice-cold cradle in the higher Apennine to its glowing death-bed in the genial Adriatic, that storied Metauro, whose second golden age, thanks to the imperishable names and memories attached to the halcyon days of the Ducal House of Urbino, has well-nigh eclipsed the glories of its first. There, mostly on the sea-board of the Adriatic, are a constellation of cities, once the chosen abode of the arts, of prosperity, and civilised culture in every kind; the rescued fragments of whose wealth have furnished forth the museums of every country in Europe, and the story of whose prime is one with that of the morning-tide vigour of every liberal art.

It is a different region now! And a very different spectacle, and other ideas and associations are impressed on the mind of a wanderer among those Adriatic cities! The Church stretched over them its leaden hand, and numbed them! Priestly power came, and literature ceased; education was no more; commerce pined and died; wealth made itself wings and flew away; all energy departed from them; the national character became deteriorated; the cities decayed; palaces fell to ruin; even churches were defaced and their beauty destroyed by the base greed and tasteless criticism of a clergy, whose scope was to use religion as a begging impostor's swindle. Ever increasing poverty, and the spreading canker of mendicancy invaded fields and cities. Lazy squalor, brutifying superstition, and the degrading and unmanly vices fostered by the morality of the confessional, marked the fallen region as their own!

It was not to be wondered at that a population which had stagnated and languished under priestly

government, while the rest of the world had been more or less rapidly and unmistakably progressing and improving itself, and which had long been hopelessly and fruitlessly beating its maimed and broken wings against the bars of its prison-house, should have seized with boundless enthusiasm the first really promising chance of escape! Nobody was, and only few pretended to be, surprised, when the all but entire population of Romagna rose to welcome their deliverers from the worse than Egyptian bondage under which they had been suffering, and to assist in the not very arduous effort needed for driving their oppressors from the country.

But neither should it have been surprising, though many more persons were surprised at it, that a population, which had grown up under such circumstances, moral and political, should have shown itself, as soon as the first enthusiastic impulse, by which it had achieved its deliverance, was spent, little fitted for the duties and discipline of well-policed political and social life, and above all indisposed for further regularised efforts and sacrifices, the necessity for which was not apparent to them, or at all events did not recommend itself to them as requisite for their own escape from present suffering. There was nothing, I say, in this that might not have been anticipated. As usual, the emancipated slaves thought that every kind of prosperity, happiness, and well-being was to be the immediate result of their emancipation;—that no further self-sacrifice was needed;—that a millennium of universal cakes and ale had arrived;—and all troubles, at all events all troubles connected with the governing of the country, had been got rid of for ever.

Of course the disappointment that awaited on the waking from this dream was great. Of course a certain measure of discontent with the new order of things supervened. Of course this was increased to the utmost, and in every way made the most of by those whose interests or prejudices placed them among the "*laudatores temporis acti.*" The class which might be so designated in the Romagna was a very small one. But it was one that wielded a special and peculiar power; for it embraced the very great majority of the clergy. The clerical government, and its myrmidons, whether lay or clerical, might be driven out. But it was impossible to drive out all the clergy in the country. It was impossible to deprive parishes of their parish priests. The deposed government thus left behind it a special and very effective army, vowed unalterably to its interests. And this army was composed of a class of men to whose consciences *all* means were lawful for the destruction, if possible—for the embarrassment, if more than that were not possible, of the new rulers. And it is difficult to exaggerate the power which

such a mass and such a class of irreclaimable malcontents exercised, when a special point of attack was offered to them, by any particular subject of discontent felt by the bulk of the population against any particular part of the conduct of the new government.

Such a point of attack was offered to them by the conscription laws.

Military service was in the highest degree repugnant to the feelings of the Romagnole peasant. He had been used to suffer almost every evil that could result from bad and oppressive government, but he had not been used to this. It presented itself to his mind as a new and unheard-of form of calamity—a burthen the more intolerable in that the back had never been trained to bear it. It was not that the Romagnole peasant is especially averse from the business of fighting. By no means so! Call on him to fight for any cause he approves, there and then, on his own plains and hillsides, and put his wonted weapon, the knife, into his hand, and there could be no reason to complain of his unwillingness to fight. But to submit to strict discipline, to move at word of command, and above all to go away from family, friends, neighbours, from the well-known and well-loved localities and names into a strange land, this was what was intolerable to the imagination of these people.

But was there any prospect of probability that the Romagnole conscript would be sent forth on foreign service? Was it not for the defence of his native land, for service on Italian ground that he was needed? Such considerations were urged on the young men of Romagna in vain. Native land! Their native land was Romagna,—the flank of the Apennine, the banks of the Metauro, the shore of the Adriatic, the fat soil and fertile fields which make their district the granary of Italy. To their imagination Piedmont was as much a foreign country as France, or as China! A country the ways and manners, and, above all, the language of which were utterly and distastefully different from their own.

To be seized and forcibly sent away from his home, from his interests, from his loves, from his habitudes, into an unknown and distant land, where the people were hard and unfriendly by nature (the constant prejudice of Italian provincialism against the inhabitants of other districts), where they talked an unintelligible and disgusting gibberish, where they made bad bread, and grew intolerable wine, and the girls were all ugly, and not kind like the dear ones of their own genial land, this was what the Romagnole youths, especially those of the rural districts, could not make up their minds to endure.

Great, accordingly, was the amount of discontent and trouble occasioned by the inevitable enforcement of the conscription in these districts, and very numerous were the *refrattarij* or run-aways, who "took to the hills" rather than submit to the fate which an unlucky number at the drawing of the dreaded conscription had awarded them.

And the natural peculiarities and conformation of their country afforded special facilities for such means of escape. The fertile low-lands of Romagna are but a narrow strip shut in between the sea

and the mountains. The latter are nowhere far off—nowhere beyond the reach of one day's journey on foot. And these mountains represent not only a physical but a political barrier; a frontier which, in the case of the ill-regulated and ill-agreeing governments of Italy, always involved an extra degree of lawlessness in the habits of the people. The Apennine frontier line between Tuscany and the Papal provinces of the Bolognese and Romagna was always, especially on the Papal side, a district notorious for evil deeds and lawless violence of all kinds. And although the great majority of the Romagnole conscripts, who took to the hills to escape from military service, were for the most part very honest, and in some cases well-to-do country bumpkins, who contemplated no other breach of the law than simple escape from the conscription, yet resistance to the law, and the manner of life to which it necessarily leads, are not good training-schools for the civic virtues. Between breakers of the law, whatever may be the nature of the difference which puts them at odds with it, there is a fellowship and a community of interests which is apt fatally to widen the breach between the law and those whose quarrel with it is of the lesser gravity.

All which, of course, made the disorders arising from the dread of the conscription, prevailing specially among the rustic populations of Romagna, so much the more mischievous and deplorable, and ought to have prevented the ministers of religion, who understood the nature of the case perfectly in all its bearings, from manifesting their political hostility to the Italian government by contributing to place the young men of their parishes in positions of so much moral danger.

Yet the clergy were everywhere the agents of and inciters to desertion.

Did a Romish clergy ever yet hesitate to sacrifice morality to a political object? Their own reply would be, that they never do so because the political objects which they have at heart are, in fact, essential to the good morality of generations yet unborn, and that whatever sacrifice may be made of the moral good of present units is justified and compensated by the advantage gained for future thousands;—not to mention that the moral harm done in the meantime can all be put right by a stroke of their own art!

Throughout the Romagna, accordingly, during those first years that followed the incorporation of that province with the new Italian kingdom, wherever a conscript wished to abscond instead of joining the *depôt*, his parish priest was ready to aid and abet his flight; and wherever his courage failed to take that step, or his good feeling towards the new order of things struggled against the temptation to take it, the priest was at hand to suggest, to counsel, to persuade, to urge it. Had it not been for the clergy, the evil would have been easily eradicated; and that state of things in the Romagna, which gave rise to the events related in the following pages, would not have existed.

#### CHAPTER II. BELLA LUCE.

THE flat strip of rich alluvial soil at the foot of the hills, and on the sea-shore, which makes the wealth and prosperity of the province of Romagna,



is not specially interesting in other than agricultural eyes, save for its numerous and storied cities. The higher Apennine range, which hedges in this district from the rest of the peninsula, is a bleak and barren region for the most part, from which its clothing of forest has, to the great injury of the country in many respects, been stripped in the course of many greedily consuming and improvidently unproducing generations. This rugged backbone of Italy is not devoid in many parts of points of interest and beauty of the wilder and sterner kind; but it cannot be compared, at least in this section of it, with the mountain scenery of either the Alps, the Pyrenees, or even the Jura. But between these two regions there is a third, which teems with beauty and interest of no mean order.

The great massive flanks of the mountains are there broken by an innumerable multitude of small streams into a labyrinth of little valleys,—a world of bosky greenery, of sunny meadows on the uplands, of rich fat pastures in the watered bottoms, of woodlands on the swelling hill-sides. Less valuable as a grain-producing country than the alluvial district along the shore, it is hardly less smiling to the eye of the husbandman; it is far more varied in the nature of its products, and infinitely more beautiful. From many a snug homestead deep-niched in the hollow of some dark-green valley, a peep of the restless Adriatic, tumbling itself into white-crested breakers flashing in the southern sun, is seen across the sea-side plains, through the valley's mouth, like the section of a landscape through a telescope. Many a time the storm-wind is sweeping down from the wilderness of the upper Apennine, and teasing the Hadrian sea into meriting its Horatian epithet, "iracundus," while the sheltered nooks among the lower hills, though they can hear the distant tempests far above them, and can see the working of it on the face of the sea far beneath them, feel nothing of it.

It is not wonderful, that the inhabitants and tillers of this favoured region should love it, and be loth to quit it; for it is in truth a lovely home,—a smiling, grateful, genial, and beautiful country.

In one of the most beautiful parts of this beautiful region, a little to the south-west of the small sea-side town of Fano, and a little to the north-west of Ancona, there is among the hills a farm and farmhouse called Bella Luce. "Beautiful light" is the translation of the name; and whether a stranger visited it when the first rays of the sun, rising out of the Adriatic, were smiling their morning greeting to it, laughingly peering round the wood-clothed shoulder of the hill, which shuts in the entrance to the valley on the southern side of it; or whether he saw it at the Ave Maria hour, when from the cool obscurity of its green nook it looked out on the last reflected beams playing with a fitful and fading smile on the darkening waters, the perfect propriety of the appellation would hardly be questioned by him.

The little stream, which in the course of ages had hollowed out for itself from the friable side of the Apennine the narrow valley, in which the house and a great part of the farm of Bella Luce

are situated, runs into the river Metauro from the north. It falls into the river, that is to say, on its northern side. But as the large valley of the Metauro runs towards the Adriatic not in an easterly, but in a north-easterly direction, and as the small valley opens into the larger one not at right angles, but sloping in a direction from the west, it commanded the peep that has been described of the distant sea.

The farm-house was situated about half-way up the sloping side of the valley, the declivity of which was so shaped that the part above the dwelling was very much less steep than that below it. Immediately in front of the house, which was so placed as to look down the valley, the ground fell away in a descent as steep as it well could be without depriving the soil of its character of pasturage. Had it been steeper, the sod must have been broken by the rains, which are often very violent in this region, and the valley-side would have assumed the character of a precipice. As it was, it was a rich, deeply green, buttercup-mottled pasture. Above and behind the house, where the declivity was, as has been said, very much less rapid, there was a small quantity of arable land and a wider extent of wood. Along the sides of the valley below the farm residence—towards the opening of it, that is to say—there were several fields mainly of root-crops; but the upper part of the valley, beyond the house, was almost entirely occupied by pasture-land.

All this constituted a large farm, as the farms run in that part of the world, and a rich and valuable one. And Paolo Vanni, the farmer, was a rich and prosperous man—not so rich and prosperous as an Englishman might have imagined, if the long frontage of the farm-house had been pointed out to him from the opposite side of the valley, but richer and more prosperous than the same stranger would have supposed if he had formed his estimate from a near examination of the dwelling. In the first case, the imposing length of the frontage, and the quantity of the masses of building attached to it, would have led the Englishman to imagine that none save a man living in a house with considerable pretensions to something more than mere comfort, and carrying on his agricultural operations with a *luxu* of appurtenances and out-buildings of all sorts, could be in the occupation of premises making so great a show. In the second case, he would have marvelled at the quantity of brick and mortar apparently wasted, and would have concluded that only a man whose affairs were going to the bad could be the master of so unrepaired, so untidy, so ramshackle, so poorly-furnished a residence.

Neither conjecture would have hit the truth. Paolo Vanni was of the race of well-to-do peasants—a very common race in the rich and fertile province of Romagna. He was neither better instructed, nor more industrious, nor more enlightened, than any of the peasant farmers of the district, nor differing in his manners and ideas from them. But he held a very good farm—his father and grandfather had held it before him—and he was very fond of saving his money.

The strikingly long front of the building, which

makes so magnificent a show from the further side of the valley, resolves itself into elements which have very little of the magnificent about them when seen close at hand. One very large portion of the frontage consisted of an open *loggia*. The *loggia* at Bella Luce occupied one end of the façade of the building, and consisted of a space enclosed by three solid brick walls, and in front by a range of five arches resting on red-brick pilasters. In that one of the three walls which formed the partition between the *loggia* and the rest of the house there was a door of communication, which, by the aid of two stone steps projecting into the space enclosed, gave access from the latter to the kitchen of the house.

Most of the *case coloniche*, or farm-houses, in this part of the country have an open *loggia* of this sort, half cart-shed, half stable, partly poultry-house, and partly family sitting-room. And much pleasanter and wholesomer sitting-rooms such *loggia* are in the fine weather, despite the heterogeneous uses which they are required to serve, than the almost always dark, close, and blackened kitchens. There, in the summer evenings, the cradle is brought out, and the wife plies her distaff, while the father of the family, and the son, or the grandfather, or a brother, or a wife's brother—for these rural families are generally composite, and consist of more members than a single couple and their children—are husking a heap of maize, shot down in a corner, or busy in some other such task of rural economy. Or, quite as probably, the male members of the family are smoking their cigars, and enjoying the dear delights of chat and *dolce far niente*.

In contradistinction to the ways of some other districts, the rural habitations of this hill country seem almost always to have been selected with some regard to prospect. Perhaps other more material considerations than the pleasure of the eye may have presided over the selection; but the fact is, that most of these hill farmhouses are so placed that the front commands—as was eminently the case at Bella Luce—a view of more or less extent and beauty. And to a stranger, if possibly not consciously to the inhabitants themselves, a charm is added, which makes some of these picturesquely arched *loggie*,—especially when, as is often the case, a vine is trained around the columns and over the arches,—most agreeable and enticing tempters to an hour of *farniente*.

A large kitchen; a huge room next to it, that served in part as a sleeping-room for a portion of the male inhabitants of the farm, and in part for a store-room for grain; another still larger building used principally as a wood-house, and beyond that a stable for those important members of an Italian Contadino's family, the oxen, made up the rest of the long façade. But in order to appreciate justly the entire extent of this frontage, it must be borne in mind that each one of all these rooms and buildings was at least twice as large as any Englishman would deem requisite for their respective purposes.

Over the *loggia* there were three good-sized sleeping chambers, two of them, however, accessible only by passing through that nearest to the rest of the house, and the furthest only by passing

through both of those which preceded it. It would have been perfectly easy to arrange the two latter in such sort as to have rendered them both accessible from the first. But no such modification had struck the architect, or any of those who had had to use his handiwork, as either necessary or desirable.

Over the huge kitchen was an equally large room, intended apparently, as far as might be judged from the nature of its furniture, as the eating-room of the family. And it was used as such on high days and holidays, and other great occasions, whether the farmer's family had guests on such occasions or not. It was to the solemnity of the occasion, and not to the guests, that the respect manifested by the use of this state chamber was paid. When no such great occasion was to the fore, the great room over the kitchen remained empty of all save its long table and massive benches, and vile French coloured lithographs around the bare yellow washed walls. Above this room was a garret, which served the purpose of a dove-cote. It was the only part of the building that had a second story; and the difference in height thus occasioned broke the outline of the building, as seen from the outside, in a manner very favourable to the picturesqueness of its appearance.

Over the large nondescript room on the other side of the kitchen was a huge chamber, the two windows of which were unglazed, and closable only by heavy, massive, brown-red shutters opening on the outside. It was unceiled also, and the bare rafters were inhabited and draped by a family of spiders of very ancient lineage. The principal use for which it served was that of a deposit for grain, and at certain periods of the year for various fruits, which were spread out on its wide floor to dry. But there was a bed in one corner, which in very bad weather might appear to some persons a more desirable place of repose than the green-hill side, on which the windows looked.

The other two component parts of the long façade, the wood-house, that is to say, and the stable for the draught-oxen, had no buildings over them; and the few chambers, which have been mentioned, together with a staircase, which seemed to have been constructed with a view of ascertaining how much space a staircase could be made to occupy, constituted the entirety of the large house, with the exception of certain annexes at the back, which were devoted to divers purposes varying in dignity from that of a back kitchen to that of a pigstye.

It will be understood from the foregoing account that, notwithstanding the imposing appearance made by Bella Luce, when seen from a distance, any tolerably comfortable English farmer lives with a much greater degree of house-comfort and convenience than Paolo Vanni. With the one exception of space, every point of comparison would be very much in favour of the Englishman. But ample space is an important element in a dwelling, especially in a southern climate.

But of all the appurtenances and appendages which the English farmer possesses, and the Italian farmer does not possess, that of which the Englishman would least tolerate the absence, and

the presence of which would be least cared for by the Italian, would be a garden. On that charmingly sheltered hill-side in front of the house, on that magnificent terrace on either side of it, situations that seem calculated to inspire the idea of creating a little paradise, if it had never occurred to any man before, no inhabitant of Bella Luce has ever dreamed of creating anything of the kind. Profit has been neglected, as well as pleasure, in this direction. There are no more onions than roses. Strawberries have been as little thought of as gilly-flowers! There is an old fig-tree near one corner of the house; and there is a grape-vine trained over the pilasters and walls of the *loggia*. There may be also a patch of potatoes among other farm crops, and certainly there will be a crop of some kind of beans, which will contribute to the sustenance of the Bella Luce family. But that is all. Nothing is more a matter of surprise to an Englishman in Italy, than to find houses and townlets in the country unable to produce a morsel of fruit or vegetable,—sometimes not even a potato.

Another large department of rural comforts and luxuries was almost as much neglected at Bella Luce as the horticultural. Cheese was the only form of dairy produce used or cared for by the inmates. They made no butter, and drank no milk, giving to the pigs all that was not converted into cheese.

The Scriptural and classical catalogue, in short, of the oriental cultivator's needs and desires, pretty nearly completed those of Paolo Vanni and his family. Corn, wine, and oil were the main articles on which they subsisted. Meat in no very large proportion, and eggs in somewhat greater abundance, may be added, it is true. And certain moderate supplies of coffee and sugar were brought from neighbouring Fano,—sufficient to give the male heads of the family a little cup of muddy black coffee after their dinner on high days and holidays. The women took none; and the men took it rather as a symbol of feasting and luxury, than because they cared anything about it.

For all that, Paolo Vanni was a warm man,—quite warm enough to have bought up many an English small farmer, who would have most amazingly turned up his nose at the Romagnole farmer's mode of life.

As for the question, however, which of the two,—the English farmer, or the Romagnole agriculturist,—lived the happier life, and got the greatest amount of satisfaction out of it,—why that would probably have little to do with the absence or the presence of all that the Englishman could so ill do without; but rather upon matters of a more intimately personal nature;—with some of which, as regards Paolo Vanni, it is time that the reader should be made acquainted.

(To be continued.)

#### A FEW WORDS ON OUR MEAT.

WHAT is it that makes the butcher's bill so heavy of late years? This is a question which every one is asking, and to which no satisfactory reply can be obtained. We find by the annual

imports that the live stock of the island is being very largely increased, and the natural result we should fancy would be that meat would fall in price; but if you ask any housekeeper, the answer is, that on the average throughout the country meat is a penny a pound dearer than it was twenty years ago. The reply to the question housekeepers have so often asked in vain, has been at length given in the Fifth Report of the Medical Officer of Health to the Privy Council. The growing reports of the increasing consumption of diseased meat having led "my lords" of the Privy Council to order an inquiry to be made into a matter so closely concerning the public health, Mr. Gamgee, the president of the Edinburgh New Veterinary College, was deputed to report upon the subject, and this report throws a light upon the whole question, which not only explains the reason of the dearness of meat, but gives us hints with respect to the quality of some of it, which will astonish and alarm the public. We have all heard incidentally of a fatal disease among horned cattle, but few will be prepared for the enormous mortality that has been going on for years, decimating these beasts. Mr. Gamgee tells us that in the year 1860 no less than 374,048 horned cattle, worth 3,805,938*l.*, perished of disease, and that during the six years ending in 1860, the total loss was 2,255,000, valued at 25,934,650*l.* Taking this tremendous mortality into consideration, we think we need not complain at having to pay a penny a pound dearer for our beef than we used to do. The reduction of the tariff, which gave Sir Robert Peel such undying fame, and which was to have made England the market of the world for corn and cattle, has unfortunately totally failed to fulfil the promises of free-traders in respect to the latter item, as far as the consumers are concerned, inasmuch as we imported what we did not bargain for—a disease hitherto unknown to our stock-breeders, which has actually swept off four times as many beasts as have been imported into these islands. One half of this tremendous mortality is due to pleuro-pneumonia, or lung fever, which is infectious to the last degree, especially where the cattle are crowded in sheds, under cover. Thus out of a total of 1839 milking-cows kept in 88 dairies in Edinburgh, in the year ending 1st January, 1862, no less than 1075 fell victims to this disease. In Dublin, again, we find the mortality, taking the average of the last twenty years, was nearly as high, for out of 315 dairy cows kept within that period, 161 became diseased and were obliged to be killed. The annual loss among sheep, through disease, is estimated at 1,600,000*l.*; and among pigs, at 1,209,000*l.*

What becomes of all these diseased beasts? Fully one-fifth of them are sold to the butchers, the major portion for human consumption, and the remainder to feed, and, in many cases, to disease pigs. Every now and then we hear through the newspapers that some unprincipled butcher is fined for exposing diseased or tainted meat for sale in Newgate Market; but these proceedings give not the faintest idea of the trade that is being carried on in animal food that is not fit for human consumption. In fact many of the butchers themselves are unaware of the poisonous stuff they are

supplying to the public, inasmuch as large quantities of meat are purchased at Newgate in the dead meat market, the carcasses having been prepared in distant parts of the country. In many cases it is only the viscera, such as the lungs, as in the deaths from pleuro-pneumonia, that is to outward appearance diseased; this being removed, leaves the muscular fibre but little changed in appearance, but still unwholesome, and to a certain degree poisonous. It does not always happen however that town butchers are so blameless. Mr. Gamgee describes a process called "polishing carcasses," by which they ingeniously manage to make diseased, lean carcasses look like good fat meat. This is managed by killing a good fat ox at the same time that a number of diseased and lean animals are being killed. When the lean kine have been skinned, their flesh is rubbed over from the fat of the healthy ox. In order to distribute this fat equally, hot cloths are used to distribute it over the carcase and give it an artificial gloss, and an appearance of being generally fat. The diseased organs of animals, however bad, are not wasted. They are either given to pigs, or taken direct to the sausage makers. Nothing seems too bad for the makers of these atrocious compounds. "I have seen," says Mr. Gamgee, "carcasses dressed, and portions of it prepared for sale as sausage-meat and otherwise, although thoracic disease had gone on to such an extent that gallons of fetid fluid were removed from the pleural sacs, and that large abscesses existed in the lungs."

One of the most pestilential of the diseases that attack stock of all kinds is anthrax, a blood disease, which shows itself in boils, and carbuncles, and gangrenous complications. Even beasts dying of so loathsome a disease as this, find their way to the butchers' shops. It has been proved that pigs partaking of this poisoned flesh have become infected with carbuncular irruptions, and there seems good reason to believe that the great prevalence of carbuncular irruptions in the human subject, noticed within these last twenty years, is due to the use of this class of diseased meat. Dr. Livingstone remarks "that whenever the natives of Africa eat the flesh of an animal that had died of pleuro-pneumonia, they always suffered from carbuncle." One of the most common diseases prevalent among stock is the measles in pigs. The term is rather inappropriate, as the measles is nothing less than the larvæ of the tape worm. The Irish say that "there is no pig without its measles." So common is this affection among Irish pigs, that it has created a new profession among those who deal in these animals, called "measle triers." Mr. Gamgee says, before the animals are paid for, they are examined by a measle trier, a man who proceeds to work with a short and stout stick, a penknife, and an assistant. The pig is caught by his hind legs, then by a fore one, and then turned up; the stick is forced into the mouth and turned down on the ground, with a knee placed upon it, inflicting pain and bruising sadly the pig's upper jaw. The tongue is then drawn out and wiped, and measles looked for, or felt for, beneath or at the root of the tongue. When it can't be found there and

the seller denies the fact of measles being present, the measle trier has to cut into the tongue and draw out the larvæ.

It is not very satisfactory to hear that nearly all the measly pigs find their way to London, the Irish being too knowing to eat them. Mr. Gamgee tells us that there cannot be less than 50,000 measly pigs in Ireland, and that for every measly pig at least one person contracts tape-worm, hence the prevalence of that parasite in the human intestines. It has long been a puzzle how the larvæ of the tape-worm could enter the stomach of man alive, considering that the heat of cooking generally kills them, but it is pretty certain that they are not always killed in the curing and smoking of ham and bacon, and in this manner it is supposed to obtain access to the human intestines. Measles are never found in Wiltshire bacon, therefore we should advise all our readers who wish to avoid this unpleasant parasite, to confine themselves to the home-bred article. Another circumstance which tends to make pork at times unwholesome is the practice of feeding pigs with all kinds of offal. It is very common to give them the diseased viscera of all animals that have died, and in many cases their flesh is thereby rendered poisonous. Mr. Gamgee says that sows fed on horse flesh and other offal, always die shortly after they have farrowed, and that young pigs fed on flesh soon die. All carnivorous pigs may be known by their soft diffulent fat. Mr. Huxtable, the famous pig breeder, is accustomed to fatten his stock by giving them a slice of fat bacon every morning. We hope after the evidence given by Mr. Gamgee that he will no longer pursue this objectionable practice. There is a great temptation to feed pigs on offal, as they so speedily make flesh on this diet. For this reason many butchers breed pigs, and let them find their living in their slaughter houses. Beware, therefore, good reader, of butcher pork.

We are told that in the great establishments in France for the rearing of chickens and fowls, that they are fed upon horse flesh, which they eat voraciously. If carnivorous feeding makes our pigs' flesh poisonous, it is very probable that a like system of feeding will make our delicate chicken meat a curse rather than a blessing to invalids. We may feel pretty sure that the horse flesh is not of the most healthy kind or of the freshest quality. This rank food is not given primarily with the idea of fattening the fowls, but for its known quality of stimulating them to lay eggs, a carnivorous feeding hen, it is asserted, never failing to give her egg a day the whole year round; a discovery this not very refreshing to the lovers of new-laid eggs, as so many of them now find their way here from France.

To revert again, however, to the causes at work affecting the healthy quality of our meat, we may refer to the very unnatural manner in which our live-stock is fattened. Some time before Christmas all animals intended to compete for the great Smithfield prizes at the Agricultural Show are dosed with oil cake and other carbonaceous materials, at the same time that they are stall-fed and deprived of all exercise. The result, in the butcher's eye, is "a perfect picture" of a beast,

for which the breeder is rewarded by the judges with a handsome prize. But, in reality, these prize-beasts are all, more or less, diseased by this over-feeding on highly stimulating food. Mr. Gamgee tells us of severe outbreaks of disease in cattle incidental to plethora—the blood becomes poisoned by the amount of carbon they are supplied with—the fat and flesh increase, especially the fat, in a remarkable manner, and the breeder profits, but the result is not so satisfactory to the consumer. The fine ruddy beef overwhelmed in fat we see adorned with holly at Christmas is, in reality, diseased food. We are loth to disparage the Roast Beef of Old England, but this over-fed prize-meat deserves no quarter. Some two or three years since, Mr. Gant, of the Royal Free Hospital, suspecting that the extraordinary high-pressure work suddenly put upon the great internal organs—such as the liver, heart, and lungs—of young animals thus fattened for the market, must be highly prejudicial to their health, determined to note some of these prize-beasts, and then to follow them up to the slaughter-house and hold a post-mortem upon them. This he did: and the result was, that he found their hearts were all affected with “fatty” degeneration—a disease which affects humanity as well as beasts among that well-to-do portion of mankind who love their stomachs “not fondly but too well,” and who neglect those exercises of the body which will alone permit a man thus to indulge. The heart thus damaged, the whole circulation is interfered with, and the animal can by no means be said to be healthy. Such meat may therefore be justly classed under the head of adulterated food. It is bad enough to find our bread falsified in the course of its manufacture by man, but it is outrageous to find the poor beasts subjected to a similar falsification, making them miserable whilst in this life, and, to a certain extent, deleterious as food when dead; and, above all, it is truly monstrous to find a gigantic association, with dukes as presidents and experts as judges, selecting these bulky, apoplectic, plethoric, heart-diseased beasts as models of feeding, as fine examples of good meat, and as flowers of produce to be held up as patterns to the energetic stock-breeders of the land.

The question is, however, can we in any way prevent the evils we have pointed out, and restore the meat we eat to its natural healthy condition, before the free-trade introduced foreign diseases among our stock, and high feeding and fattening further deteriorated it? It is quite clear that the only means of insuring the slaughtering of healthy beasts only must be the introduction of some measure that covers the whole country. The rapidly growing practice of killing and dressing the meat in the country, and then forwarding it by rail, altogether frustrates any plan of mere inspection of metropolitan slaughter-houses; and we are told it is not sufficient to inspect the dead meat market at Newgate, inasmuch as there is much meat unquestionably diseased which does not look bad to the eye. Mr. Gamgee, for instance, says: “Many of the worst forms of disease are very sudden, and only slightly affect the colour and texture of the muscular apparatus. A fine

fat bullock with florid meat may have died from splenic apoplexy, or been merely killed *pro forma* when already on the point of death. Remove the spleen, and the carcass appears sound! Yet dogs and pigs in this country die from eating, *although first cooked*, any portion of such cattle.” It must be remembered, that town butchers send to the dead meat markets occasionally, as they cannot get sufficient of their own killing. Thus it will be seen that poisonous and unhealthy meat is as likely to reach the tables of the rich as those of the poor and middle classes. We have heard of persons being poisoned by eating a mutton-chop. Such dietetic eccentricities are generally ascribed to some peculiar idiosyncrasy of the individual so suffering. The effect of diseased mutton upon the stomach would, however, much more satisfactorily account for such a mishap. It is clear from what we have said, that a strict watch must be kept over the country slaughter-houses, as well as those in town, if we wish to prevent the bringing of diseased meat to town for sale.

The wilful spoiling of meat by the errors of diet is, we are glad to see, on the decrease, as the judges at our fat-cattle shows, in obedience to the public voice, have of late inclined to discourage the over-feeding of cattle, and look more now to their good points than to their powers of contributing to the grease pot. As the public voice cannot, however, reach the fraudulent meat purveyors, we must look to the Board of Health for protection against them, and upon the foundation of this Report we think the Legislature will feel inclined to act.

### DRESS AND THE AGE.



The tendency of modern dress is to give greater youthfulness to the appearance. This is especially the case in regard to men's dress. The introduction of the turned-down collar, and its adoption by persons of all ages, took off ten years from the aspect of Englishmen generally. With the *roudeur* of dress went also the stiffness of advanced age.

The peace after Waterloo dealt the first blow to senility, by permitting civilians to discard at will the

hitherto almost compulsory white neckcloth. The bold innovator who appeared at Almack's in trousers, and justified his renunciation of breeches on the ground that his legs were crooked, submitting that fact to the Ladies' Committee for verification, kicked down the remains of the old dress fabric.

The external symbols formerly considered appropriate to the advancing stages of life having been abolished, it is difficult now to judge correctly of a person's age. In our own recollection the man of seventy looked his years; at this day he might pass as sixty, or even fifty-five, for anything we can determine. The gradations of time on the stage were still more marked. A father of the last-mentioned age used to be represented as an old gentleman,—wore a wig, or long white hair,—

And his breeches, and all that,  
Were so queer.

Increased ease in manners has kept even steps with that of dress, and has doubtless been affected by it. When nightcaps and trouser-straps were thrown to the winds, men found, with additional bodily freedom, a corresponding mental emancipation. Unquestionably, there is a danger of the reaction being too great: an imminent danger of plunging from rigidity into a rude negligence. Our countrymen are no longer accused by continentalists of the stiffness of their attire, but of its nondescript vulgarity. The French are very fond of caricaturing their British neighbours in the article of dress, but the mass of Frenchmen are bad dressers themselves. An elaborable quiz, seen in the shop windows in Paris and elsewhere, called "L'Anglais à Mabilles," presents an extraordinary combination of colour and form, and it would not be recognised as an Englishman except by the title at foot. Much of the bad taste now seen in men's dress here—a sloppy description of clothes—is borrowed from our French contemporaries.

In ladies' dress, the greatest *coup* in modern times has been the restoration of the close-fitting sleeve. It was a return to the true principles of taste.\* With many variations, and an occasional attempt of dress-makers to discard it, the natural sleeve keeps its place, and has done so now for years. The stomacher was a fanciful reproduction of the Elizabethan age. So far it was looked upon with favour for a considerable period; but it was a mistake. It was a protracting of the waist far below its real position; and, at one time, fanaticism brought the point down almost to the knees. The introduction of the hat instead of the bonnet was a great modern gain. Even the much-abused "pork-pie" brought out our countrywomen's beauty in no small degree.

The cardinal canon in costume is, that dress should conform itself to the human figure. It is not intended by this that persons of both sexes are to go about in elastic tight coverings, or that no liberty or variation within limits is permissible. But wherever dress greatly deviates from the form,—goes upon lines not in harmony with those of the person,—there is error, there is bad taste. Dress is to run its epicycle over the curves and

contour of the body. The hooped petticoat or steel skirt, foolishly called crinoline, conceals the form, and, when excessive, reduces a lady to a pyramid. It is not likely, however, that this contriverted instrument will be talked down, because it has its aspect of health and convenience.



The True in Principle.

The application and power of colour are known to all intelligent dressers. Redundancy of figure is to be killed or kept down by black and dark tints, whilst, to deficiency in fulness, white and light-hued materials give the greatest breadth and outline. Many years ago, waist-bands were much worn by ladies. They were frequently made of two colours, longitudinally divided: and those



The False in Principle.

for whom they were intended were quite aware that, by wearing the dark portion of the ribbon downwards, it increased the conic diminution of the waist, whilst the light portion above gave force to the spring of the bust.

In the selection of colours "that go together,"

\* See next illustration.

in the frequent sobriety of tone in their dress, and in their careful interposition of a wide space of neutral between opposed colours worn at the same time, consists the famed superiority of the Parisian lady over the Englishwoman. It is said commonly, also, that the former invariably "knows how to put on a shawl," implying that our ladies have not that knowledge. Our belief is, that English ladies possess, by whatever means obtained, a considerable taste and skill in dress; but it may be years before a cry to the contrary will subside. It does not matter how well anybody does anything, if there is unfortunately a cry against him raised by designing people, and continued by uninquiring ones. Frenchwomen can, and do often, dress vulgarly, with an ostentatious disregard to rule, and with violent and novel colouring. If



The "Gigot."

you should see the bonnet pathetically described by Haynes Bailey,—that bright blue bonnet, when its renovator was about to "trim it with yellow, and line it with green,"—it would probably be on the head of a Frenchwoman.

The effects of colour on complexion are learnt from experience; and the subject cannot be treated successfully in a short paper like the present. Portrait artists know how many are the colours that mingle in one face, and slightly varying proportions and small omissions produce differences in the skin, so that colours which suit one person are not becoming to another, although the complexions of the two are supposed to be the same. A candid friend, or the more candid looking-glass, must be the ultimate appeal. Now that we have touched the delicate subject of the mirror, let us notice the fact of how much the position of a glass, in reference to the light, has to do in making a person satisfied or discontented with his, or her, appearance. The most *flattering* position for the glass is when placed *between* two windows, the equal cross-light reducing inequalities and roughnesses to a minimum. The most unbecoming reflexion is from a glass *in front* of a window, the only one in a room. It is remarkable, and perhaps unexplained, that any irregularity of the features, anything out of drawing in the face, is increased when seen in a glass. There is a great difference in the colour of the

glass itself: some glasses are very pure and white; some have a greenish tinge, necessarily producing disheartening reflexions.

Returning to form, we must own that the bonnet adopted for the last two or three years—the spoon-bonnet in all its varieties and sub-species—is most reprehensible. If an ellipse is needed, the longer axis is required across the brow. By generating two ellipses from the chin, the oval face and the oval bonnet—the latter including the former, and



The Oval.

having the same perpendicular axis,—the effect is most disagreeable. Contrast with these the Norma wreath, the Mary-Queen-of-Scots head-dress, or even the bonnet in fashion four years ago. Pile Pelion on Ossa; put inside the spoon, above the forehead, a large bouquet of flowers, and make feathers nod over the extreme summit, as we saw in Paris last June; or bring the hair above the head, on cushions surmounted by a crown of stars, as we have seen in a London theatre in July this



Paris, June, 1863.



London, July, 1863.

year,—yet taste and simplicity will triumph over what is artificial and unsymmetrical.

One observation about milliners and modistes, and our few remarks on modern dress are finished. Why is it that when the tide of taste turns in our favour—when, after many efforts, we at last apprehend simplicity, and rejoice that a female costume rather enhances than detracts from its wearer's natural beauty—why is it, we ask, that the flood so soon turns, and that next season the charming head-gear and the becoming sleeve have

been displaced, and that something *different*, not so pretty, not so correct, is the only thing to wear? What was round has become elongated; what was small is enlarged; lines which ran transversely are now longitudinal. The word *different* contains the secret. The law-giver is the artiste in robes and bonnets. There must be activity, there must be business; there *must* be such variations this season that a last season's dress or hat shall be instantly detected and known, and its wearer held up to well-merited ignominy. It does not matter to Madame Lucile or Mdle. Henriette, whether ladies wear what is intrinsically better or more becoming to them, but they *shall* wear something that is different; and their steps must wear the staircase of Madame Lucile and Mdle. Henriette. Hopeless, therefore, is the struggle after æsthetics in dress when the trade depend on violent changes. Happily the people at large—the masses, if you will—are not equally constrained. They too rapidly seize on what is new, and often retain what is really pretty. Some of the best of modern changes in dress are already adopted as national costume. What, for instance, can be more becoming than the prevailing dress of our female servants: the well-fitting dress, cotton, or dark material; the snowy apron; the round cap of lace, below which appears the knot of glossy, well kept hair; the close, short sleeve; the white stocking? Observe the female domestics of good houses, and it will be thought that they have hit a happy mean in dress, and have succeeded in combining in a remarkable manner the elegant and the modest.

. BERNI.

## HOW THOR WENT TO FISH FOR THE SERPENT MIDGARD.

A LEGEND FROM THE NORSE MYTHOLOGY.

Without his magic belt of power, or panoply of war,  
Without his magic gauntlets, or brazen thunder car,  
Over the rainbow bridge of heaven the son of Odin  
went,  
Nor gods, nor men, nor dwarfs, nor elves, knew ought  
of his intent.

Seeking the haunts of fishermen along the sounding  
shore,  
Where those who hunt the whale and shark dwelt in  
the times of yore,  
He came unto a giant's hut with feigned looks of  
shame,—  
He seem'd a fair-hair'd stripling, as he shouted  
Hymir's name.

\* \* \* \* \*

At break of day the giant rose, and from a chalky cave  
He dragg'd his boat, so huge and black, down to the  
heaving wave.  
Then Thor besought him long and loud his toil to let  
him share;  
But Hymir cried, "Thou puny boy, thine be a meaner  
care,—

"To sweep the floor, and tend the kine; thou canst  
not go with me.  
I go to where the walrus dives far 'neath the frozen sea,  
Where the sun glows at midnight, and where the  
storm-birds scream  
In millions round the icy cliff, and bergs that float and  
gleam."

"I fear no cold nor tempest," exclaim'd the eager  
youth;  
"I'll serve thee, Hymir, as a serf, with honesty and  
truth,  
I will not be the first to say, half tremblingly, 'Pat  
back,'  
Though wind blow high, or ice close in, or tempest-cloud  
grow black."

Hymir relented; then the lad ran to the nearest herd,  
And from the mightiest bull its head wrung off without  
a word;  
Then both leap'd swiftly in the boat, and thrust it off  
to sea,  
And, bending to the massy oars, drove it on silently.

Three days and nights the stripling row'd, till Hymir  
bade him stay,  
For they had reach'd the sunken sands beyond the  
walrus bay;  
But Thor replied, that farther yet he knew of better  
shores;  
And silently, with head bent down, drove fiercer at the  
oars.

The fifth day Hymir, frowning, rose and seized the  
rower's hand:  
"Now stop," he said, "thou stubborn youth, we've  
reach'd the frozen land;  
Turn ere the serpent swallow us, or ice, with closing  
teeth,  
Grind us in two, or our frail boat split on the reef  
beneath."

Thor knew the day and hour had come; he straight  
uncoil'd the line,  
Then thrust the flesh upon the hook, and, without  
word or sign,  
To Hymir's horror through the surf the stripling toss'd  
the head,  
And down through fathoms of blue wave it sunk as it  
were lead.

Fast flew the boat, as flies the shark upon the scatter-  
ing shoal,  
It seem'd as if it breathed and strove to reach the  
distant goal;  
Hymir, in vain, protesting, cried, "Turn, turn the  
boat to land;  
The icebergs are around us now, below us the quick-  
sand.

"The Midgard Serpent the nine world girdless as with  
a chain,  
The All-Father threw him there to roam the unfathom-  
able main;  
That serpent, sprung from Loki's race, rules in the  
ocean gloom.  
Turn, boy, and draw not down on us the inevitable  
doom."

Thor answer'd not, but stood erect, frowning at earth  
and sky,  
And Hymir trembled when he saw the red light of his  
eye.  
Far, far the ice-cliffs glittering shone, far the white  
cliffs stretch'd forth,  
Until the blue mist rose and hid the boundaries of the  
North.

The moment that the gory bait dragg'd on the ocean  
bed,  
The serpent, gluttonous and fierce, ran at the great  
bull's head;



The anchor-hook, so sharp and strong, deep in his palate drove,  
The keen steel flakes their bloody way into his gullet clove.

Stung with the pain, the serpent rush'd, lashing the frothing deep,  
O'er shoals and splintering bergs and rocks, where herds of walrus sleep.

Thor, by the rowlocks, grim and stern, held stalwartly and fast,  
Clenching the cable in his grip until the worse were past.

Then, with a power divine, he seized the line that held his prey,  
Until the waves rose frothing up and hid that savage fray;  
He pull'd until he forced his feet through the boat's yielding planks,  
And, planted firm, he stood at last upon the granite banks.

Slowly uprising through the sea the Midgard Serpent came,  
Spouting out venom in black floods, and breathing clouds of flame;  
O'er leagues of ocean spread his coils in scaly mountains piled,  
Far o'er the ice that roll'd and crash'd in tumult loud and wild.

When Hymir saw the serpent rise, cold turn'd his coward blood,  
For fast his skiff was settling down into the whirlpool flood,  
And just as Thor upraised his mace, his hunting-knife he drew,  
And with a stroke the massive rope he sever'd clean in two.

Down, down the wounded serpent sank, writhing round a sunken rock,  
Deep in the dark abyss to wail till the day of Ragnarök,  
The axe-age and the sword-age dire, when shields shall cleave in twain,  
And Loki over Nifheim with his wolf brood shall reign.

Then the god turn'd and struck the boor a fierce and crushing blow,—  
A buffet that would split an oak. Into the rolling flow headlong he fell, and headlong sank; then, with swift strides the god  
Forded the whirling torrent, and once more dry land trod.

### SHARKS AND CONGERS.

It is not long ago that I was staying with a friend at the Land's End. We had taken a little house about a quarter of a mile from Sennen Cove, and had tried most of the sports of the place, such as fowling, shooting, and fishing in the bay or from the rocks, but we had not yet been able to have an expedition against the larger fish, for which these waters are famous. They are only fished for at the dead tides, as they inhabit such deep water, and the currents are so strong at the edge of that branch of the Gulf stream, that it would be impossible for the leads to reach the bottom or a bite to be felt. The weather had been roughish for a month, but was tolerably calm

now, and meanwhile our imagination had been inflamed by wonderful tales told by the Cove "sea-dogs" in their languid Cornish drawl, while we all sat or lay on the shingle smoking and longing for an east wind. They had told us of horrible sounds heard through a fog, which at last rolled away in the moonlight and showed a whale attacked by threshers: one had been chased by grampus, a "school" of which clumsy fish had insisted on following his boat, probably meaning to have a game of play with it, till he thought of throwing out some bloody water and insides of fish, which frightened them off. Another man had gone to fish by the Longships Lighthouse, and in the shallow water saw fish twenty feet long, "speckled and spotted, and with snouts and long saws on their noses," chasing the cod and coal-fish. Then we had long heard of boats coming back from a night at the Seven Stones, laden with congers to the gunwale, for the Seven Stones are a favourite haunt of the big fish, which find abundant food in the seaweed round these granite columns, which rise far above the surface in forty fathoms of water.

There are several columns of rock like the Seven Stones in these parts, round all of which there is abundance of fish. Not to dwell on the seven rocks, on the highest of which stands the Longships Lighthouse, or the small rock near them called the Shark's Fin, there is the celebrated Wolf Rock, nine miles out, on which they are attempting to raise a lighthouse, and which had once a huge bronze wolf with open mouth upon it, which was to warn sailors by the roars and bellowings of the wind in its throat. The Seven Stones are twenty-one miles from the shore, but amply repay a long sail to them. A gentleman lately there came back with 112 congers of different sizes. Another fisherman is said to have come back with his boat perfectly full, which would hold about two tons of fish.

My friend C— unluckily could not come that day; but I started off for the bay, with my roughest clothes and a thick great coat, carrying a basket well stocked with beef, whiskey, and tobacco. There, as I had been told, I found all hands "lying like great pigs in the sun," and determined not to fish that day: for, unless it is such fine weather as to drive them for very shame, they do not go out till there is nothing in the cupboard at home. Partly, however, excited by the prospect of meat and spirits, partly by finding that one of their number had all along secretly determined to try his luck, one Billy Penrose and his sons prepared to come with me, on condition that if it got rough I was to be content with catching one conger and then go home. When one started the rest were all activity, for in Cornwall, where a joke lasts a long time, it would never do to give one man a chance of crowing over the rest for the next few years. About one o'clock P.M. we all started, with as much shouting and swearing as if the whole Channel fleet were called out for active service at half an hour's notice. As we danced over the waves with full sail, Billy took the opportunity of praising his two sons, who were then fighting at the other end of the boat. "Them's two noble lads, sir, and I've

giv them so much learning as a fayther should do, sir ; but (be still lads!) so careless they would kill a man in a minute, and never think no more about it at all, sir—that's what they be." The noble lads were rather a bore sometimes, when they would fight just at the wrong moment, but they certainly understood their trade well enough. When we were about nine miles from land we anchored, and fished for bait; the water being deep and having a sandy bottom, was a good place for gurnards, and also, unluckily, for dog-fish. These last pestered us not a little, snapping off the gurnards sometimes just as they were near the surface: so that after pulling up 200 feet of line, one got only the head of a "tubb" or a "soldier." The tubbs are the large gurnards, with blue wing-like fins, the soldiers are smaller fish, with scarlet backs and white bellies. By the time the sun was low on the horizon, we had about a hundred fish for bait, besides "dogs" large and small, and a peculiarly unpleasant-looking fish called a "nuss." This is a sort of dog-fish, not bluish-grey, but yellow, with brownish spots all over it, and without the sharp claw or spine on the dog-fish's back. The clouds were gathering and the breeze was rising, and Penrose and sons wished to return, but I was determined to hold to my bargain and catch at least one conger. They held out fearful prophecies of having to beat about in the Channel for a day or two, and steer for Scilly or Penzance according to the wind; but finding that I really wanted to fish, they prepared for work. While we are sailing along a few miles to the nearest conger-ground, I may say a few words on the fish itself. There are two varieties at the Land's End, the black and the white, but this seems to arise only from the difference of their habits. The black conger is never found in more than fifteen fathoms water, and this is also the limit of the large oar-weed. Those fish which hunt under the shadow of these weeds are black, those which live in the deep water (which averages forty fathoms from Land's End to Scilly) are pale brown on the back. The people catch a good many at the entrance of bays with the "spillers," and I have myself caught a fine fish on some spillers which we had laid down in the sandy bay for turbot and plaice.

The young congeners hang about the rocks, which are bare at low tide, and in dabbling about for "whistlers and pettifoggers" one is often surprised at pulling out from his hole a vigorous young conger. Perhaps people in general do not know what whistlers and pettifoggers are: they are the different species of rockling, the whistlers or four-bearded rockling averaging about six inches in length, and being of a dark colour; the pettifogger sometimes reaching eighteen inches, and of a pale reddish colour, with spots. This last is a preternaturally ugly fish, but, like his brother the whistler, is most delicate eating, when fried. They are caught at low water, when the waves are just keeping the holes under the rocks full. You must find a rock with a free passage under it to the sea, and with a dark hole. Thrust in a withy-stick with a crab-baited hook, and you may catch a succession of these fish, who catch hold of the worsted round the bait, and if they

drop off before you get your basket under them, will come again with a greedy rush to get before the small fry, which nibble the bait, such as gobies and blennies, and what they call there the toad-fish.

After this digression, we may return to our fishing twelve or thirteen miles out, with the sky black in the west, and a breeze inclined to get up. Down went the lines, forty fathom of thick cord, bound round for six feet above the two hooks with copper wire: the hook itself was of enormous size, and baited with half a bream twisted round it. After one or two false alarms I felt a good tug at mine, and hauled: up came a brace of very large cod. There are, besides the common cod, the ground or silver cod and the red cod, but not in any great numbers. The cod about there are not of much value, seldom running above an average of thirteen pounds, and being rather coarse in flesh; they are not much sport to catch, except near the shore with small tackle, when, unless you coax them very gently up to the gaff, they flap their tail and go with your tackle. In a minute or two young Penrose got a bite, and lost the fish: this shows that they are difficult to catch, for he is a first-rate fisherman, and understands the fish's ways as well as most. Then a little pull at my hook,—very faint: I struck hard, and pulled in a couple of fathoms.

"What is it, Billy? Conger, cod, or skate?" handing him the line.

"That 'm a dog, sir; they've found us out, worse luck!" was the answer.

However, I hauled in hard, and was delighted to find no dog-fish, but a "handy conger," that is, about sixteen pounds weight.

The weather was now clearing up, and we lit pipes, took a pull at the brandy, and made up our minds for work.

Young Billy caught a ling next, a fish which is very good to eat in steaks, but is not very nice to look at: it has a very unpleasant smell, and looks like a cod-fish in a consumption and pulled out long. After this we began to catch fish in good earnest, pulling in cod, conger, and ling, till all of a sudden I felt a tremendous jerk, and began to pull up with the utmost difficulty. That quarter of an hour was certainly hard work, kneeling at the end of the boat, pulling the line in over the gunwale, and cutting the skin from the inside of one's hands. The others came round and looked on with great interest.

"I can't tell what it is," I gasped; "just feel the line, Billy!"

He took it in his hand, and shouted:

"Pull away, sir, I know; heave 'm up, heave 'm up, I know what the beast is!"

Then a flash through the water, and a sight of some monster, like an enormous mackerel, darting from one side to the other, and nearly pulling one's arms from the sockets. It was a blue shark, nearly nine feet long. Billy fetched a small axe and a knife, and we had a most exciting struggle with him, now getting a cut at his head, now holding on while he darted round the head of the boat. In the end, we got him in, mashed a good deal about the head, but still flapping hard with his powerful tail. This was one of the finest

sharks they had seen about there lately: for though there are much bigger ones about, they cannot be caught with the conger-lines. Once the fisherman got hold of some enormous fish, whether large porpoise, shark, or some skate, like that caught by the Eddystone, which weighed a quarter of a ton, he of course could not tell; but three men could not move it, and at last the creature gave a steady pull, and went off with line, hook, copper wire, and all.

These sharks are by no means so uncommon about our coast as many people suppose. Not only are they seen at Land's End (where I have noticed a huge back-fin working along quite close to the shore), but along the South Devon coast. We have heard this year of a regular family of sharks hanging about the Isle of Wight, and occasionally one has ventured near enough to the Brighton beach to frighten ladies from their morning dip. Not long ago, at Exmouth, a friend of mine caught a small shark on the spiller-lines, and managed to kill him and bring him home, after nearly capsizing the boat.

There are several different sorts of sharks occasionally seen by Land's End. The huge basking-shark, which has attained the length of twenty or even thirty feet, according to the books, though his proper home is further up St. George's Channel, sometimes floats about in these waters: but, as he only feeds on jelly-fish, and does not break into the nets or chase away the other fish, he is not much hated or noticed by the Cove-men. Then there is the blue shark, our old friend, who is very destructive to the fish, and drives them from the baits; the fishermen hate him very hard, and refuse positively to eat a slice of him. This is the worst insult they can pay any creature, for I believe they do or would eat any other. I told one of them how sailors are often rather glad to try a slice of shark beef, and he replied with profound disgust:

"Sir! I would just so soon eat a slice of the old devil!"

And I believe him. However, I never saw them torturing one deliberately, as the Welsh fishermen will put pins or thorns in the eyes of a dog-fish, and turn him out, or as these very men treat the skates; they dislike these last for being very heavy and very profitless, besides entangling all the lines with their struggles. When the skate comes up at last with his nose out of water, sighing and grunting, they as often as not cut the hook clean out of him, and let him sink or swim away if he can.

Besides these there are the Fronken shark, the Porbeayle or Beaumaris shark, the fox or ape shark (a rare fish, with one flap of his tail prolonged out of all proportion), and the usual small fry of dog-fish, of various kinds, among which are the small spotted dog or *nuss* (corrupted from its Scotch name *Robin Huss*), the large spotted dog, the shark-ray or monk or angel, the blackmouthed dog, and the tope or miller's dog (*le milandre* of Cuvier). These, of course, are much smaller, though I have caught a grey dog more than five feet long; and though, in the narrow seas, a fish of nine feet seems very large, yet he is a mere baby compared with the tropical sharks, the Port

Royal shark, the enormous hammer-head, or that still more monstrous creature which was caught near Aden not long ago, I mean one which was hauled in by all hands on a steamer bringing back soldiers from Peking, and which was said to measure forty-one feet.

After we had killed our shark, the dead of the tide came on, in which very few fish bite. The bait hangs quietly at the bottom, and, even if a fish touch it, hardly moves: so that at this time of the night it requires a very practised hand to recognise the gentle vibration caused by some large fish playing with the hook. Of course, unless one does make sure somehow, and without striking hard, the fish blows the bait out of his mouth when the hook pricks him, and comes no more. Even at other times it is sometimes impossible to tell if the fish is on, as a large conger will swim up with the bait, and only begin to kick when close to the surface.

It was very dark now, and we were obliged to keep a sharp look-out for steamers. We carried a lantern and lots of candle-ends, not wishing to be run down by some Liverpool vegetable-steamer, or Frenchman. The fishermen say that they are sometimes in great danger from the neglect of the sailors, who do not attend to the shouting and the light in some rather foggy nights. They told me that they liked American vessels least and the French best of all they saw; because the Americans, they said (unfoundedly, as I suppose), would occasionally tie their helm and go to sleep; they liked the French, because they often stopped to buy fish for money or grog.

The Land's Enders have an idea that few English and no French can catch fish at all like them, and if you want to provoke their scorn, tell them of Welsh or French conger-fishers. Foreigners, they say, they cannot abide, and by foreigners they mean especially Welsh, Irish, Manxmen, and French. Of these they hate the Welsh most, since they enter into competition with them sometimes in the mines and other rough work across the Channel. The Welsh do not like Cornish labour being brought in to reduce the price, and try to make their life a burden to them. They go over to Ireland for the herring fishery, and have an amusing idea of the dirt of Ireland. One of them gravely assured me that he had to drag his new Jersey frock behind his boat from Kingston harbour to Land's End, to clean it. I tried to express deep sympathy and joy that it was not spoilt by the remedy or its cause. They get on much better with the Manxmen, who do not, however, mix much with their Cornish visitors; but they look with a friendly eye on the French sailors. I heard one with great pride telling how he had sold a skate, of a hundred weight, to a French ship, at a halfpenny a pound, whereas the whole fish was hardly worth bringing back to their village, being at most worth sixpence, as they do not value the London dish of crimped fins of skate. Some fishmonger might possibly make a good thing of buying up these skates for almost nothing, as the railway comes within eleven miles of the village. They have evidently not heard of the Breton conger fishery, as I heard a story (solemnly vouched for) of two

French fishers who caught a conger, and were in bodily fear of their lives at the other end of the boat, thinking they had caught some water-devil, till the beast jumped out, when they cut the line and gave up fishing for evermore.

I was sorry not to catch more than one sort of skate that night, as there are here, I believe, two species of skate, besides the ray, and what is called the Calbijana ray. I do not know what this last is. The fishers do not get the rays as large as the skates, which run from one to two or three hundredweight, and occasionally, as in the Eddystone skate (to which I alluded before), to a still larger size, reminding us of stories of krakens and live floating islands in the North Seas, with which Bishop Pontoppidan and many a Norsk fisherman regale us. The Land's Enders are too practical to have belief in many sea-superstitions; to them seals are seals,—not enchanted princes, as in Irish legends, or mermaids, as in Norse folk-lore,—and a "school" of porpoise or grampus is not there eagerly mistaken for a sea-serpent playing on the surface. Like other sailors, they have a wholesome dread of "Davy Jones" and "Old Nick;" but there is nothing like Nipen the fog-spirit, Mólnir, the demon in the surf, or Uldra, the water-spirit, who must have victims from time to time.

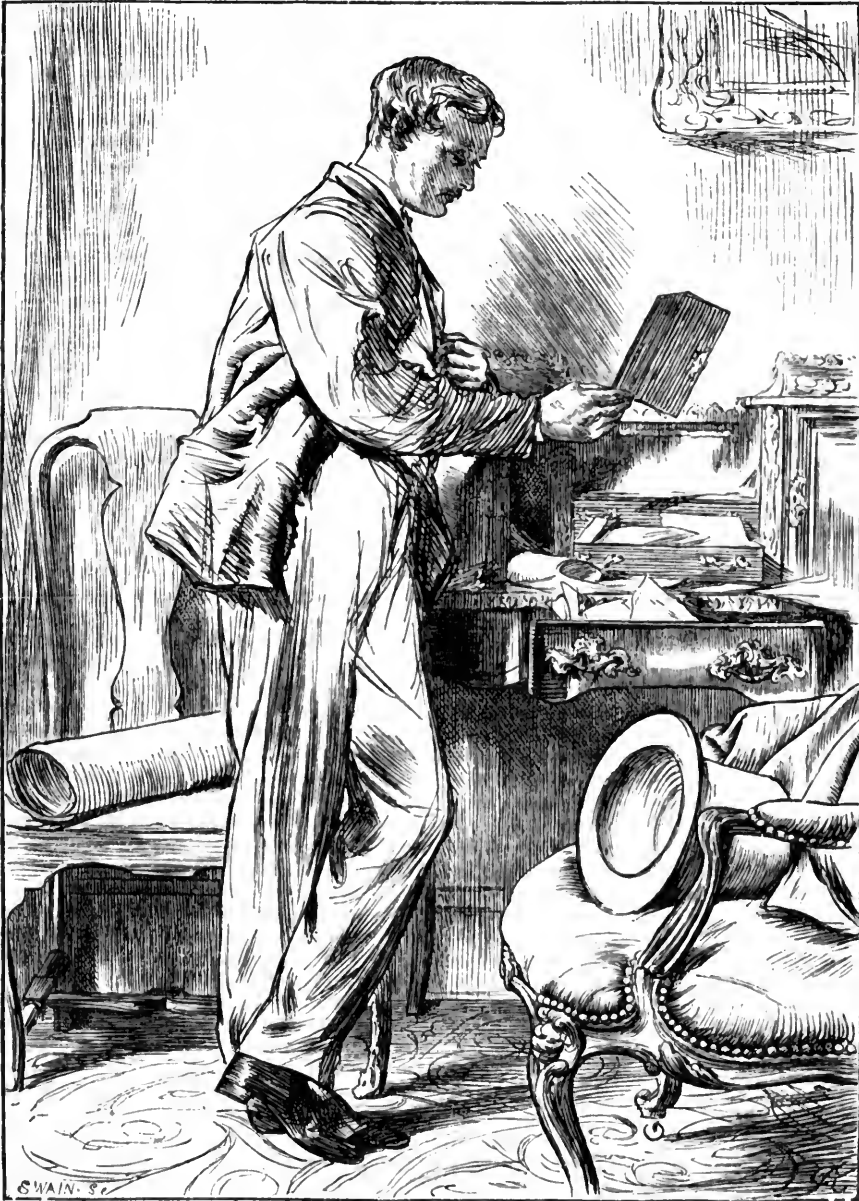
I think most of the wild superstitions that remain in Cornwall are connected with the mines, where "the Jews are heard knocking" with the old flint and deer-horn tools, which are found sometimes. The legend is, that after the taking of Jerusalem many thousand Jews were sent to work the mines, some of which (as Botallack) were then at work. People quote the name of Marazion, or Market-Jew, as meaning "the bitterness of Zion," and others say that Perran-Zabuloe (*i.e.*, in *sabulo*) is a Hebrew word. Be that as it may, there are many legends about the Jews among the people, which may be accounted for by the fact that the Jews in early English times certainly flocked here to trade in the tin and copper.

The inhabitants of Sennen Cove have fewer legends of any sort than those of the surrounding villages, which arises probably from this, *viz.*, they are said by the others, and hardly deny the accusation, to be a mixed colony from other parts with many un-Cornish elements among them, *e.g.*, Flemish, from the time that a Flemish colony was planted in Pembrokeshire; nevertheless they have many fine old Cornish names among them, such as Penrose, Pender, Trewhella, Trudgeon, and others: these no doubt are old native families. Though I have shown that there is not much real folk-lore to be picked up among them, nor yet much historical legend,—for they keep no dim remembrance of the days when Cornish insurgents, led by a Land's Ender, fought the King on Blackheath for young Perkin Warbeck, A.D. 1497; nor of the song of Trelawney; nor the loss of Sir Cloudesley Shovel and the British fleet at Scilly; not even whence came the cannon in the sand of the Cove over which they run their boats to the sea,—yet they will tell many a story of more modern life, as you sit smoking on the beach, or at the slack tide out at sea. Then is the time to hear for the hundredth time the story of the

wreck on the Brissons, when they took out the life-boat from the Cove, and to have it explained by the actors in that scene how the captain's wife was dragged through the water at the wrong moment and drowned, and how any of them would have done it better and saved her life. Then you hear how an India ship broke up on the shore, with all hands lost, and how they were buried close by in the turf, by some very apocryphal Government order. Or how all the fishers were caught in a storm and driven to Scilly for three days, while the women in the Cove were mourning the loss of all their husbands and sons at once; how son Billy took the old shag's nest, or caught a loon, and another was dragged along by a huge sunfish in the net. All this and more of fish-talk and sea-stories pass the time very pleasantly, till some big fish sets you all to work again. So it happened when we were out this night, for I was lucky enough to hook a very large conger, which thoroughly woke us all up. In hauling up I was inclined to think it was another shark from its weight, but the pull was too steady. A shark gives quick darts from side to side, and acts in the water (as if he were what he resembles a little) like a magnified mackerel. A skate, when he first takes the bait, scuds away among the rocks at the bottom, and, to judge from the jerks of the line, must have a hard time of it below bumping over the stones; but when the skate is some way from the ground, then his resistance is indeed desperate. He keeps himself flat against the water so as to offer the greatest possible amount of resistance, occasionally giving a rush back, and giving the fisherman hard work to recover the lost ground. A conger, on the other hand, gives a long steady strain, occasionally, as I have said, swimming up rather faster than you are pulling. This particular Grandfather of congers, after pulling frightfully hard for a long time, came rushing up at last to the surface, and leaped about there. In the general excitement the fisherman had neglected to bring the big knife from the other end, and there was not time to get it, for our fish might give a great leap and get the hook out or break the line. Between us we got him in, but he instantly knocked over the fisherman with his tail, and left me holding on to his throat and the line, about a foot from the mouth. Of course the fish and I fell down in the boat, the fish dashing about, and I holding on to prevent a leap, and carefully holding his head away as far as possible. These congers have terrible jaws, and a large one like this could have bitten off a man's arm. I must do them the justice to say that they only seem in a horrible fright, and not at all disposed to attack; but I have seen men's hands very nastily torn, who got too near a conger which had been left for dead. Billy soon came up with the knife, and released me from the slimy embrace, and we got the beast's head down on a thwart and cut through the back-bone. This conger was the biggest which they had seen for some time in those parts; it measured exactly six feet six inches in length, and was very thick, being about twenty inches round the neck. The weight was about one hundred pounds.

## THE HEIRLOOM.

IN TWO PARTS.



## PART I.

THERE was always something peculiar about our family. As a child, I knew it well. The earliest recollections which my memory treasures up have

reference to that mysterious barrier which divided the Sherringhams from the common sympathies of humanity. Mine was a prosperous lot when measured by earthly standards. I was the infant

possessor of not only a considerable estate, but great accumulations. I was also the chief of an old and honoured name, and the holder of an ancient baronetcy.

I must not omit to reckon the love and care of a most fond and devoted mother, who was left my sole guardian at my father's early death. Of that father I remembered nothing, nor was his name familiar to my ears, for my surviving parent never once mentioned, to my recollection, the slightest trait or memory connected with him she had lost. The servants observed the same strange reticence. Even the garrulous old nurse, who poured into my greedy ears her stores of gossip and tradition, never spoke of my dead father. *His* portrait did not hang among the many family pictures on the walls. Closely locked in a cabinet, and covered by a veil, my mother kept the likeness of the husband of her youth; nor did I ever become, during her lifetime, aware of its existence.

That father, unmentioned but unforgotten, must have died when I was in my fifth year, but not at Sherringham Priors. I have seldom doubted of the date, because, though I seem to remember my poor mother never dressed otherwise than in deep mourning, I can recollect that my white frock and pretty blue sash were exchanged for black, and that I was no longer called "Master Willy" by the menials about me. "Sir Wilfred" was my new designation; and I can recall that, child as I was, I was proud of the implied promotion, and provoked because no one would explain to me its cause or meaning.

If I may trust to the vague impressions of infancy, I was an object of affection, but also of something very like fear, to those about me. My mother, I am sure, was afraid of me; at least, such was the idea that I derived from the timid glances which she would cast at me as I sat apparently absorbed in my lesson-books or my toys. She was of a most gentle nature, but to me she behaved with a studied gentleness, an excess of patient kindness, that suggested even to an unformed mind the notion of extreme precaution. Although tenderly reared, I may say that I was humoured rather than indulged, and met with more compliance than spontaneous caresses. These are subtle distinctions to have suggested themselves to one so young, but children have a surprising keenness of instinct, especially when bred up alone. Such was my case.

I had no brothers or sisters whose play, and studies, and baby quarrels and reconciliations I could share: mine was a moody and wayward infancy, and my mind became the more active because healthy play seemed to be denied me. No one chid me; harshness and injustice were unknown to me, but at the same time I met with no real sympathy. With all my mother's affection for me, I knew, I felt, that there was a gulf between us two. And with a strange perverseness I began to think of my dead father, to long for his presence, to canvass in my own mind his probable aspect and disposition. I should have loved him, I thought, better than I loved the fond patient mother. For I felt that he must have resembled myself, that there would have been a fellow-feeling between us.

It seems wonderful to me, in looking back, that I should, at so early an age, have so clearly comprehended my relationship to a person never openly mentioned. But children are for ever on the look-out for some fresh information about the new marvellous world which they have lately entered, and they catch up and piece together broken scraps of their elders' talk in a manner hardly explicable. No doubt the servants at the Priors had been well drilled, but no authority can quite padlock women's lips. Here and there I caught a stray phrase, such as—"how like old master," or—"a true Sherringham all over," and the warning "hush!" of the other persons present seldom failed to give point and weight to such utterances.

As I grew older, still stronger became the wish to learn *what* it was that made the Sherringhams a race apart, and why I was treated with a deference which instinct rather than experience assured me to be unusual. The servants were not only obsequious to their young master,—that was perhaps natural,—but they were grave and cautious, and never ventured on the jocosse remarks so often heard from the old and privileged retainers who have known the heir from his cradle. The gardener was never testy when I trampled his flowerbeds and made havoc among his peaches. The gamekeeper and grooms touched their hats as seriously as to a grown man. No provocation could induce my nurse to scold me, though I have often seen her crimson with anger, actually biting her lips to keep down the tart reproofs that rose to her tongue. My mother, hitherto my sole instructress, let me learn as much or as little as I pleased. If I complained of headache, or even if I had a whim for a walk or other pastime, the book was closed at once. It so chanced that I was a studious child, and I learned fast, but no coercion was ever attempted; my will was law, and I was in a fair way to become what is vulgarly called a spoiled urchin. That I did not become such was owing to the very peculiarity which made the curse and the burden of my life, to that viewless something that I was always trying, with my half-formed intellect, to grasp and grapple with, and which filled me with the first and only fear I have ever known.

I saw that the servants treated me less as a fellow-creature than as some valuable and frail property which might sustain injury from careless handling. My mother's conduct was even harder to endure. She loved me, I knew, but she gave no free expansion to her love. Good conduct met with no hearty praise, such as wins a child's allegiance when judiciously bestowed; idleness and peevishness elicited no blame. My mother watched me as if I had been a young wild beast, tame indeed, and reared in silken captivity, but which might at any unguarded moment break out into the bloodthirsty fierceness of its savage stock.

*She* was not a Sherringham, and therefore I felt that she could not be as I was, for I had gathered from hints and morsels of talk that I was the true type of my race. We lived in a midland county; the house and gardens of the Priors were one of the boasts of the countryside,

and on certain days they were free to the public. On these occasions, I remember that there always seemed to exist a wish on the part of the household to keep me from mixing, as my boyish curiosity prompted, with the groups of casual sight-seers.

There were other visitors, however, from whom it was impossible to seclude me. The gentry of the shire paid formal visits at the Priors, and then alone did I see strangers of my own rank, for I never accompanied my mother in her rare drives to return these attentions, and no hospitalities were exchanged. How well I recollect the drawing-room, with its store of guests, the artificial intercourse, my mother's efforts at lively converse, and the cold caresses which the high-born matrons of the county aristocracy were wont to bestow on me—the lonely child.

Sometimes the visitors brought children with them, and then I bitterly felt my isolation. The little boys and girls held aloof from me, gazed at me fearfully, despite the polite encouragement of their mammas, and I could read in their wondering eyes that they knew I was not a fit playmate for them, not one of themselves. It may seem surprising that I did not speak out respecting the weight on my heart, that I did not question the domestics, or even boldly inquire of my mother what it was that severed the Sherringhams from the rest of mankind. But to this I was averse; I shrank from avowing that I perceived myself to be an object, if not of suspicion, at least of peculiar care. It was not for me to cause scandal or to bring on explanations which could not be of a pleasant kind. Besides, distrust is apt to be contagious. I was never quite open and frank with my mother, because of the restraint in her manner towards myself.

Thus I grew up, more alone than if I had been a dweller in the wilderness, a melancholy, large-eyed boy, with a face of the sickly character which premature thought imparts. My health was not good, nor my disposition amiable, but I was a quick learner, and had a power of commanding my temper which is rare in the young. I became taciturn, vindictive, and very proud, but with a hidden pride quite unlike the usual arrogance of conceited children. Altogether, I was very selfish, and in a fair way to become a hater of my species, when an illness, during which my mother nursed me with untiring assiduity, brought about a change in my life. The family physician, old Dr. West, shook his head very seriously during my convalescence, as he marked how wan and thin were my face and hands, as well as the unnatural size and lustre of my eyes.

"He's moped to death here, my lady," said the old man, as he adjusted his spectacles on his nose; "send him to Eton, ma'am; send him to Eton!"

And to Eton I went.

Five years at Eton did wonders for me. In the merry, active boy of the playing fields, always at cricket, boating, or football, you would never have recognised the pining recluse of Sherringham Priors. The bustle, the cares and interests of the great school, the healthful companionship, above all, with youthful and frank natures, took me out of my track of gloomy egotism. I was a little

teased and tormented at first on account of my solitary habits and dark looks, but, to my great joy, I found myself treated as an equal, as a responsible person, for the first time. I had been apt, at home, to fancy myself a monster cut off from humanity: at school, I soon found myself one of the many.

No one had ever heard of the Sherringhams and their peculiarities. No one watched me; no one humoured me. I received praise or blame when I merited either, and I declare in all sincerity, that at first one was as sweet to my ears as the other. I wish to pass lightly over this, the pleasantest time of my life. The holidays were not to me the pleasant treat which they were to my schoolfellows. I did not like going back to the Priors; but there was no help for it. And yet, after a time there arose a new sense of satisfaction in these visits to the home of my childhood. People began to treat me differently from the old artificial system. My altered bearing, more decided, more cheerful, and more boyish, produced its effect. The servants seemed to lose their awe of me. The gamekeeper ventured to crack a joke at my misses when he taught me to shoot; and the gardener begged Sir Wilfred not to damage certain shrubs, because Lady Sherringham was fond of them, just as he would have spoken to any other master of twelve years old. Even my mother began to be less constrained with me, and the old look of watchfulness was but seldom to be noted in her eyes.

I left Eton a tall and blooming youth, having entered it a sickly child. After a year or two at a tutor's in Gloucestershire, I went to Oxford, where I wore my velvet cap for the usual number of terms, and took my "ordinary" degree in the usual fashion. I had no need to toil for Double Firsts and college prizes. I was Sir Wilfred Sherringham, master of a noble property. And yet, how often have I envied the poor servitors and Bible clerks, the red-fisted sons of Cumberland curates, to whom I may often have been in turn an object of envy. The snake was scotched, but not killed. I was improved, but still a Sherringham, and I knew now that with our ancient blood went an Heirloom—never mind what! No one had told me the truth: I was left to puzzle it out for myself. There was that in my ancestry which set their descendant apart from the rest of the world. We had a good old name, great alliances to boast of, ample means, but there was a canker in the flower. It was a subject I did not love to think of, yet I thought of it. I often fancied, too, that others were thinking of it, speaking of it, sneering about it. And it stung me as an adder's tooth: still, I was not unhappy, not unpopular.

Soon after I took my degree, my mother died. There had always been reserve and mistrust between us, and yet we loved one another. My tears—not easily drawn forth, for mine is a stubborn nature—fell like rain upon the wasted hand she stretched towards me as I hurried to her bedside, and she smiled with a fond, wan smile, and seemed to forget her former terror of me. And yet—she lingered for two days after my arrival—I saw it in her eyes on the very morning

that she died, the old haunting look of fear, and I bowed my head as if in shame, and my heart was cold and hard.

She passed away, and breathed not a word of the secret. But it was needless. I knew the worst without being told—knew it long before. I found in desks and closets, under lock and key, a quantity of papers bearing on the Heirloom. I did not peruse them. I sealed them all up, unread, and sent them to my mother's lawyer for safe keeping. I would have burned them, ay, and the house and pictures too, if in that blaze I could have annihilated all proof and memory of the taint. But what was the use of destroying miserable papers? Every gossip in farm or cottage, every knot of alehouse guests, all the county, knew the worst that could be known.

In the cabinet I spoke of before, veiled and muffled, was my father's picture. His name was on it—Sir Percy, seventh baronet. I was the eighth. It was with a thrill of awe that I looked upon that face, the very likeness of which had been so carefully hidden from the day. Myself! and yet different. The brow, the mouth, the complexion, were the same; but there was a difference in the eyes. Mine were large, but thoughtful and sad; his were glittering and prominent, fraught with wild meaning; in them the secret was revealed. I could not bear to look at them. And yet, odd as it may seem, this picture I took with me when I left the house, never to return. The portraits of bygone Sherringhams remained in peace to moulder on the walls: I only cared to remove that one likeness.

For more than two years I travelled far and wide. On this portion of my life I shall not linger, nor does it bear upon the crisis of my fatal history. What I have hitherto told it was needful to tell, lest what followed should fail of being understood. The task has not been painless. That must be a singular nature to which the task of anatomising one's own heart, of spreading one's own weakness and failings before the world's gaze, is free from pain. Let me hasten on.

The late summer of the year 185— found me at Ryde, where my yacht was lying. Of aquatic amusements I had ever been passionately fond, having caught the boating mania at Eton and at Oxford, and enjoyed several cruises in the Mediterranean. My new vessel, the *Calypso*, was one of the most superb in the Royal Yacht Squadron, and was backed at heavy odds to carry away the prize at the next races of that holiday flotilla.

But another attraction more potent than emulation had drawn me to the Isle of Wight; I knew that a family, whose acquaintance I had made, the winter before, at Rome, would be at Ryde during the gay yachting season. The name of this family was Digby,—it consisted of four persons. The parents were commonplace enough, worldly, pretentious people, who contrived to make a considerable display with a moderate fortune; a random, extravagant son, and a daughter,—Lucy. Despite the stern training which I have had in the school of misfortune, despite the self-discipline which has become a part of myself, it is hard to write her name calmly, and to discuss her attributes as I should do those of a stranger. How I

loved her, and how fatal, to myself at least, that love has proved. But for her, I might still occupy a place of honour among my fellows. But for her, should I now be what I am? Who can tell! The mine was laid and ready long ago, and only a spark was needed to ignite it.

Lucy was in her twentieth year, and perhaps ought rather to have been called lovely than beautiful. I shall not describe her, suffice it that she was a fair and gentle girl, with something in her eyes of the placid softness of summer moonlight, and a nature as tender and good as mine was wayward and capricious. I loved her, *how* strongly I will not say, but it was a love that twined its roots among my very heartstrings. It is not, nay, it never was, a matter of surprise to me that my love was not returned. Lucy was utterly unfit for me. Her delicate, pliant character instinctively sought to lean for support on some powerful but honest mind, on some bold and affectionate nature. What sympathy was there between her and me? Her repugnance to me was perfectly reasonable; my temper, my cast of intellect, my very talents, were such as frightened and repelled, instead of attracting her.

And here let me put in a disclaimer. From the stern indictment I have drawn up against myself, the reader may probably think me a very odious individual; such, however, was not the prevailing opinion of society. A rich and titled bachelor is seldom harshly regarded. The club men with whom I lived voted me a good fellow, seeing that I neither won their money at cards nor refused a loan to an embarrassed friend, while my dinners disarmed criticism. Nor did ladies avoid me. Many bright eyes grew brighter at my approach; many musical voices described me to mutual friends as a dear, delightful, talented creature, *so* odd, and *so* fascinating. Few mothers would have objected to Sir Wilfred Sherringham as a son-in-law.

And yet, and yet! the one heart that I strove and cared to win was closed to me. I am convinced, now that I can take a calm retrospect of the past, that Lucy was actually afraid of me, and that she never felt happy when I was near her. I was wilfully blind to this; I chose to attribute her reserve to maiden coyness, and have often drawn false hopes from the timid drooping of her eyes before mine. Poor Lucy! she had much to endure, for those who should have been her protectors against my hateful suit were my devoted allies. Mr. and Mrs. Digby were resolved on securing so advantageous a settlement for their daughter as my courtship offered. The former, at once pompous and niggardly, dreaded nothing so much as that his child should wed a poor man, in which case the opinion of the world which he worshipped would compel him to make some sacrifices towards her comfort. Mrs. Digby was a hard managing woman, who valued station much and money more, and who had quietly made up her mind that the rich baronet should not woo in vain.

Did Mrs. Digby know of the Heirloom? was a question I many times asked of myself. She *may* have done so. She had made it her business, most prudently, to learn the amount of my rent-roll, and the fact of the property being clear of mortgages.



It is hard to believe, that along with these financial statistics, no whisper of the Sherringham peculiarities should ever have reached her maternal ears. But she was resolutely bent on having her own way. Have I said that the Digbys were nobodies, in the polite acceptance of the term? such was the case; but they were of that class of aspiring nobodies who contrive to hang on to the skirts of society, and who are tolerated by some because they are endured by others. Lucy had no such pitiful ambition as this, but her mother had decided that her child should be Lady Sherringham.

Events took the usual course, when a soft and yielding character is compressed between two opposite forms of selfishness tending towards a common end. I proposed, and was accepted, with what a tearful, shuddering, reluctant acceptance, I do not like to think. Father, mother, brother—for even that hopeful heir of the Digbys, who found it convenient to borrow my money and ride my horses, was on my side—father, mother, and brother were able to browbeat or cajole Lucy into a mockery of consent.

She only made one stipulation. The crowning mockery of marriage that was the necessary result of the first mockery of consent was to be deferred—deferred till the middle of the winter. In vain I pleaded, in vain Mrs. Digby expostulated, urging with affected hilarity that the murky winter was a cheerless season for such a festive ceremony.

“The fitter time for my marriage, mamma,” said Lucy, and she was pressed no more.

And now I ought to have been happy, but I was not so. I had gained my point, Lucy had promised; she was too honourable to draw back; and besides, her family would hold her to her word. But I began now to see more clearly how she shrank from me, feared me, avoided me, and that as the bright days of early autumn passed, my utmost assiduity could not conquer her innate dislike to her future husband.

This would have been a bitter discovery for any man,—it was gall and wormwood to me. Did she, Lucy, know of the Heirloom? Impossible, unless a friend had whispered it in her ear. Mrs. Digby was too worldly-wise to have spoken on the topic, and the majority of our friends neither knew nor cared to suspect anything amiss. Still, I felt there was a barrier between us, invisible, but strong as adamant. I sometimes saw in Lucy's eyes the old look of watchful fear that I had so early detected in those of my mother; but in the poor mother's eyes there was love, deep, yearning love, to soften that detested scrutiny. Not so in Lucy's frightened gaze. Worse, almost, than this, I was jealous. Jealousy is a mean passion, and I do not think it would have taken root in my breast, had I been as others. I was not. A gnawing sense of my inferiority, in consequence of the accursed Heirloom, to the very clowns who tilled my estate, to the servants who did my bidding, made me morbidly sensitive on this score.

A nephew of Mrs. Digby's, and of course a cousin of Lucy's, had returned from India, and was a guest in the house. His name was Captain Harold Langley, and he had a high reputation for courage, ability, and honour. I must own that he deserved his reputation. He was a fine soldierly

fellow, with a bronzed face and frank bearing. He stole Lucy's heart from me; no, let me be just even here, and fully admit that even if Captain Langley had never come back, Lucy's aversion to myself would have been insuperable. I soon saw the truth, knew it sooner than either Lucy or Langley. Each of those two had grown dear to the other, almost insensibly, without the exchange of a word of sentimental feeling. I alone saw the growth of this affection, for Lucy's engagement to myself served to shut the eyes of her relations, and only the hateful future husband knew how Lucy's colour rose and fell, how Lucy's eye and mouth brightened and dimpled into smiles, at the approach of the handsome cousin.

It was enough, more than enough, I did not seek to dissemble with myself. My glimpse of happiness grew dim, but other and darker thoughts assumed an empire over my troubled soul. I proposed a yachting expedition, sent out numerous invitations, and prepared to give a sumptuous fête on board the *Calypso*. Mrs. Digby did not care to thwart me, but she said something about the ungenial season,—it was already November.

That mattered little to me; the stormy and uncertain weather matched well with my own perturbed spirit. I was slowly maturing in my stricken brain the details of a horrid design.

## THE MELON.

### II.—ITS VARIETIES.

THE fact of the male and female flowers of the order Cucurbitæ growing apart from each other, though upon the same plant, causes great care to be necessary in order to preserve purity of breed, and gourds and cucumbers especially must be banished from the vicinity of melons, since if plants of the same genus as the latter, however differing in species, should be growing in their neighbourhood, the pistilliferous melon-flowers are as likely to become impregnated with pollen from their blossoms, as with that of their own stamiferous ones, and thus some hybrid, and most probably far inferior kind, be produced. It is thus that so many varieties have been created as to have now become almost innumerable, so that though the broad distinctions of widely different varieties are easily recognisable, it has been found quite impossible to reduce sub-varieties to any sort of order, or give determinate descriptions of them. The French writer, Noisette, devoted himself for some years to the cultivation of every kind of melon he could procure, with the intention of publishing drawings and descriptions of them, but was forced at last to give up the attempt in despair, acknowledging that the further he advanced, the harder he found the task. A work of the kind, entitled “*Monographie complète du Melon*,” has indeed been since published in France by M. Jacquin, but the constancy of the characteristics assigned can never be reckoned on with certainty, since even should the outside of a number of fruits resemble that of the parent from which they sprung, it is very common for the interiors to present great differences, one perhaps having white flesh, another green, and a third red. Noisette regrets that a

passion for novelty should have induced growers to encourage a multiplicity of varieties, since, as he says, were the culture limited to about twelve varieties, this number would include every important diversity, while consumers could then much more easily identify and secure whichever kind they might have learned to prefer.

Melons are now generally divided by English cultivators into four sections: the thick-skinned, soon perishing sorts, grouped together under the general name of Cantaloupes; the longer-keeping Winter Melons; Persians; and Water Melons. The type of the first enumerated class was probably the original old-fashioned Musk Melon, characterised by the thick network of grey lines over its surface, and by possessing very little scent, varying in size from 1 lb. to 30 lb. or 40 lb. weight, but being so uncertain in quality that out of half-a-dozen fruits but one perhaps would be found good. This earliest-known sort was almost banished from good gardens on the introduction of superior kinds. One of the first to supersede it, and still one of the most esteemed throughout Europe, though reckoned in America but second-rate, was the melon which claims in a more restricted sense, as the original owner of that name, the title of the Cantaloupe, having been so called from a town of that name, situate about fifteen miles from Rome, and where this fruit has been cultivated ever since the Mithridatic war, having been brought, it is said, by Lucullus in the last century B.C. from Armenia to Italy, and thence taken by Charles VIII. into France. Usually nearly round, and of middling size, though not constant even in these particulars; its exterior, always remarkably rough and irregular, varies much in colour, being sometimes orange mottled with green, sometimes green and black, or some other variegation, the darkest colours being those which are generally preferred; while the flesh also assumes different tints, being in some nearly white, in others orange or pinkish. The diversity of size among melons classed as Cantaloupes is very great, but all are characterised by a more or less rough and thick rind, which considerably reduces the eatable proportion of the fruit, a defect which seems to increase in the larger-growing kinds, as in the old Black Rock Melon, for instance, which often attains a weight of 14 lbs., about three-parts of it, however, being composed of a rugged wall of rind studded with carbuncles, and a mass of seeds within, embedded in the fraction of eatable pulp, small indeed in quantity and very poor in quality.

The Citron, or green-fleshed melon, was brought into France by a monk from Africa, in 1777, and has thence spread into many countries and given birth to numerous varieties. Frederick the Great was so passionately fond of a small melon of this sort, that he could not conquer himself sufficiently to abstain from them even when his health was in danger; for Zimmerman, who attended him in his last illness, finding him suffering severely from indigestion, discovered that he ate three or four of these fruits daily for breakfast, and on remonstrating with him the only reply he could get from the despot was an attempt to make them their own apology, by promising to send him some the

next day, that he might taste for himself how excellent they were. It is this Citron melon, too, which is the greatest favourite in America, being one of the finest grown there, and yet peculiarly easy of culture, the climate of the middle and southern States suiting it better than even any part of Europe, so that it is raised as a field crop by market-gardeners, and sold in August, in the markets of New York and Philadelphia, at the price of half-a-dollar for a basket containing nearly a bushel, proving even then one of the most profitable of crops. The warm dry climate of Long Island and New Jersey is specially suited to the culture of melons of any kind, but many other sorts require greater care than the green-fleshed favourite, without compensating for it by any superiority, and it therefore has few rivals. Melons flourish too in California, where, however, they command far higher prices, selling throughout the season (from July to November) at from seventy-five cents to one dollar each. "To those who have never seen melons grown," says the author of "California and its Resources" (published in 1858), "it will seem simply absurd to say, that confident hopes are entertained of realising from 15,000 to 20,000 dollars from one patch of two acres, belonging to Major Barbour, this present year. But we were assured that 200 to 300 dollars' worth of melons per day were sold during the first week of the season."

The distinction which assigns Winter Melons to a separate class, seems due rather to the fruiterer than the botanist, since, irrespective of other peculiarities, any melon which will keep long after gathering, must belong, as of right, to this class. Melons which can be kept till the winter when hung in a dry room, are common in Spain, and the name of one of our best winter fruits, the green Valentia, points to a Spanish origin; while another, the Dampsha, is asserted to be a hybrid Persian.

A very distinct variety, comparatively recently introduced into Europe, is the Persian Melon, the seeds of which were sent here direct from Persia by our ambassador there, Mr. Willock, in 1824, and were first sown in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, where they produced at once ten different varieties. Though requiring in their native country no further attention than a regular and abundant supply of water, mostly obtained by irrigation, the meadows in which the plants are grown being flooded so that the roots are kept absolutely under water, yet they are found elsewhere to need great care, and on this account, though introduced into America and attaining great perfection there when duly tended, they are very rarely seen, Transatlantic impatience grudging generally the expenditure of so much assiduity. In England it is by no means easy to secure the requisite combination of a wet warm soil and a dry air, the covering used to confine the heat tending also to cause general moisture by producing evaporation: but in spite of these difficulties, our gardeners contrive to rear them in great perfection, and as some may be eaten as soon as gathered, and others must be kept for months, even quite into winter, they are obtainable during a great portion of the year. In Persia they attain such magnitude that, according to

Malte Brun, three or four of them form as heavy a load as a man can carry; but though their dimensions here are far more moderate,—the sweet melon of Ispahan, which is one of the largest varieties, seldom exceeding ten pounds in weight,—their skin is so much thinner than that of other kinds, that they afford nearly twice as much flesh as those do, even when no larger in size, besides being peculiarly sweet and rich in flavour. Not needing such powerful sunshine as is required to penetrate the thick hides of their pachyderm brethren, they can be ripened much later than the latter.

The plant which produces the Water Melon is of a different species (*Melos citrullus*), and may be easily distinguished from the varieties of *Melos cucurbita* by its deeply cut leaves, while the fruit itself shows an equally marked distinction in its smooth green surface. Roundish or oval in form, it is usually rather large sized, sometimes measuring a foot and a half in length; the flesh is white shading into red or yellow towards the centre, and the seeds are very dark brown, or black. As it could not be raised in this country except artificially by the aid of glass, and Parkinson, who wrote in 1629, is the first English writer on such subjects who gives directions for its culture by means of hot-beds and bell-glasses, it is not supposed to have been introduced very long before that time; and in a climate where heat rarely becomes very oppressive, its watery insipidity has never been very highly appreciated; but though far inferior to other melons in richness of flavour, it is yet more prized in very sultry climates on account of its abundant flow of deliciously cool juice, the central pulp being, when ripe, almost in a fluid state. Identified with the "melons" mentioned in Scripture, water melons are said to have originated in the Levant, but are found abundantly (and are probably indigenous) in India and China; and, requiring very little care or attention, immense fields of them are raised annually in the warmer States of America; in Southern Europe they are both common and popular, and in Africa, in the words of Hesselquest, "This fruit serves the Egyptians for meat, drink, and physic. It is eaten in abundance during the season even by the richer sort of people; but the common people, on whom Providence has bestowed nothing but poverty and patience, scarcely eat anything but these during their season, and are obliged to put up with worse fare at other times." It is one particular and rather rarer kind, the juice of which, when the fruit is full or almost over-ripe, that is administered in fevers as the only medicine the poorer Egyptian has within his power.

Later travellers give similar accounts of their great abundance and utility in Egypt, one recent writer in particular stating that "water melons hold the first rank among Egyptian fruits," and that, though constituting a chief item in the diet of the poorest classes, they are also usually seen at the table of people of rank, it being the custom to eat slices of water melon at dinner in the intervals between each different dish. He adds that "they certainly come to great perfection in this country, and, as I myself experienced, may be eaten freely

in any quantities without danger." This, however, is by no means the case in cooler climates, for they are said to cause worms if indulged in constantly, and more serious consequences have occasionally ensued from eating them to excess, sudden death having even been known to follow an imprudence of this kind. The whole melon tribe indeed are scarcely to be reckoned perfectly wholesome, some constitutions being quite unable even to taste them with impunity, though on the majority of people they produce no bad effect when partaken of with moderation. As a general rule, it has been found that the hotter the weather the better are melons, and the less danger is there in indulging in them freely. In Paris, where they rarely appear at the dessert, being mostly eaten as a *hors d'œuvre* with salt, which facilitates their digestion, as the temperature of the season becomes lower towards the 20th of September, the sale of them is forbidden by the police. They are less used than perhaps any other fruit in any culinary process, but in the south of France preserves, more or less good, are sometimes made of them, the best being that known as *Ecorce verte de citron*. The seeds—reckoned cooling, diuretic and anodyne—were formerly used in medicine for purposes for which sweet almonds are now preferred; and, pierced and strung on wire or thread, they may be formed into pretty bracelets and other ornaments.

A near, but very humble relative of the aristocratic melon is our common pumpkin (*Cucurbita pepo*), more familiar to many as the fairy chariot of Cinderella than as an article of consumption, and, as it sometimes attains the size of four feet in circumference, it may, on the memorable occasion of having been thus appropriated, have needed at least very little enlargement to fit it for the accommodation of so slender a sylph. A far hardier plant than the melon, in a rich soil and warm situation, the pumpkin, or, as it was formerly, and we are told still ought to be called, the pompon, grows luxuriantly and ripens its fruit perfectly in the open air in England; and in its favourite situation, trailing over a manure heap, it is not only useful in assisting to decompose crude material, but veiling the unsightly mass with its large handsome leaves, can turn an eyesore into almost an ornament. Remarkably rapid in its growth, when well supplied with water, it will form shoots forty or fifty feet long, so that a single plant is capable of extending, in the course of a season, over an eighth of an acre of ground. The fruit occupied, says Soyer, "a prominent place in the precious catalogue of Roman dainties, being stewed or boiled in oil or water, and served with various seasonings;" and growing abundantly in the warmer parts of each quarter of the globe, it is still much used as food in many countries, though mostly as furnishing an article of sustenance to the poor, rather than of pleasure for the luxuriant. It seems to have been earlier introduced into this country than either of its allies, the cucumber or the melon, and it is indeed credibly supposed that it was the "melon" of early English writers, to whom the true fruit of that name was unknown, or who were accustomed to distinguish it as the "musk melon."

Gerard, however, speaks of "pompions," which are never eaten raw, but mixed with apples in pies, a use which he justly condemns, or boiled in milk or fried in butter. To the latter process it is still often subjected on the Continent, where too it is yet more commonly made into soups and stews, a system we should do well to adopt here, where the worst method of disposing of it is now almost the only one prevalent; since *soupe à la citrouille*—very easily made by merely stewing sliced pumpkin in milk, enriched with a little butter or gravy, and seasoned with pepper and salt\*—is a dish few would not relish and find vastly preferable to the insipid preparation known as a pumpkin pie. If, however, that delicacy be desired, perhaps the best mode of obtaining it is the one followed by the villagers in some parts of England, who cut a hole in the side of their pumpkins, scoop out the seeds and stringy part, then stuffing the cavity with apples and spice, bake the whole, and eat the case and its contents together. Plainly boiled in water, the pumpkin may be eaten, like its relative the vegetable marrow, as a vegetable, but the tender tops of the shoots of the plant, boiled like greens, are superior to the fruit for this purpose. In judging of the latter, mere size and weight carry the day, for there being very little difference of quality in a fruit having at its best so little pretensions to flavour, quantity becomes the chief consideration. In this respect the mammoth gourd, or large American pumpkin, towers supreme over the mightiest of its brethren, weighing sometimes over two hundred pounds, and which, exceeding in its vast dimensions the requirements of any single family consumption, is mostly sold in London shops in slices at the price of about twopence per pound.

Clumsily bulky in its huge growth, yet offering but few charms to the taster, the pumpkin early furnished a comparison for persons whose heads were larger than their intellects, and which it would seem "the world would not willingly let die," since it has survived from the time of Tertullian to the present day, the initial letter only slightly hardening when we now apply to a thick-headed clown the appellation of a *bumpkin*.

ASTERISK.

### THE CEMETERY AT MUNICH.

It is only in later years, and since the passing of the Bill against intermural interments, that the English people have become, in some degree, familiarised with those picturesque and attractive places of burial, which have been at once the solace and the ornament of continental towns, affording not only a resting-place for the departed, and a seemly retreat for sorrowing relatives and friends, but a promenade for the meditative, amidst gardens and alleys, that speak of death, but tell their tale in a soothing spirit. It is only at a comparatively late period that we have permitted ourselves, in this country, any sympathy with those gentle

and graceful cares, and affecting symbols of lingering attachment, which our continental neighbours have long since been accustomed to bestow upon the last dwelling-place of those they loved or respected in life. These testimonies of love beyond the grave—the carefully tended rose-tree—the garlands of variously-coloured everlastings—the handful of freshly-gathered flowers, flung upon the tomb—the embedded plants, in themselves the poetical symbols of "death in the midst of life" as they fade and die away, but no less emblems of a second life and resurrection, as they spring forth again in verdure and fresh bud after the death of winter,—all these graceful and touching evidences of sorrow seeking to find a soothing vent in garnishing the holy place where the loved one awaits a second life, were long unknown among us. In continental countries these posthumous traits of the poetry of feeling struck us with surprise; and, although they found response in some English hearts, would still as frequently—or perhaps more frequently—elicit the genuine matter-of-fact John Bullish exclamation of "humbug," as obtrusively and openly displayed excesses of sensibility, which our own manners and habits had never accustomed us to see: and here lay the gravamen. Since the introduction of similar traits of feeling among us, we have taken to them not unkindly. In former days our very localities afforded us no scope for the exercise of such a train of associations. The spirit was impossible to be fostered in the close and choked-up burial-place of the town, o'ertopping in its mass of corruption, gathered for centuries past, the streets that seethed with busy or careless life, and offering only the dismal aspect of blackened grave-headings, for only a brief space white, interspersing flagged monumental tablets, from which all inscription was wont quickly to disappear, as if as glad to be rid of its duty of recording, as the living might have been of the due meed of memory.

These places told of little more than the desire to put away death and decay. The English country churchyard, it is true, has had its tribute of romance from the poet and the novelist; and perhaps there are few of us who have not known some picturesque spot of the kind, the very sight of which commanded us to draw forth sketch-book and pencil, and where there was always some warm and cozy nook on the sunny side, that a weary octogenarian might gaze upon lovingly, with the thought that he might rest there "so comfortably" when all was over. But, in general, like its hideous and dismal town rival, it failed in all the attributes that would have fostered the spirit of adornment, or the feeling of graceful tribute to those who lay beneath the sod. It was but the skirting-ground of the village pathway, along which the hundreds plodded on, without a thought of turning aside to gaze upon the grave of any lost one. It was the playground of the village scamps, who played leap-frog over the grave-stones, and pitch and toss between the mounds; it was the pasture-field of the Vicar's mare and cows; it was the gossip-shop of Sundays. It was all this: and if it condescended to any romance, admitted so unpractical a feeling

\* The most economical recipe for this excellent soup is as follows: 1 lb. pumpkin sliced and boiled in water till soft enough to pulp through a colander into a half-pint of hot milk; season, stir till smooth, give one boil, and then serve.

only in the matter of that awful ghost "with eyes as big as tea-saucers," which Giles and Joan had seen one misty night. It had no analogy whatever with the suburban cemeteries of recent construction, and the picturesque and highly-ornamented burial-grounds of continental cities.

Long before suburban cemeteries were known in England, or if known, in rare instances, only looked upon askance, and even with reprobation, as savouring of dissent from the customary forms of the Church, and, consequently, even of impiety, my travelled memory had been filled with pictures of continental burial-grounds, all more or less, to my young eyes, brightened by a varnish of romance. Sometimes the vision that came back upon the mind, spread out before it a scene of long walks, shadowy avenues, bright flower-beds, and clustering shrubberies—all studded with a thousand monuments, varied in architecture, and decked out with all the wealth of a neighbouring capital—here gorgeous trophies, erected to the fame of a country's heroes—here elaborate works of art—and each, grand or humble, in itself a history. At other times it came in the form of an embowered field, perched in rural loneliness in some secluded nook of a mountain side, or stretching along the margin of a quiet lake, and reflecting white crosses and dusky green cypresses, with ghostly dreaminess, in the waters. But of all these visionary pictures, none rises so distinctly to my mind as that of the "Cemetery at Munich."

The peculiar circumstances under which I was first induced to visit it, caused it probably to strike more forcibly upon my imagination, and dwell more strongly in my memory, than any similar spot. For the first time in my young existence the contrast between animated, bounding life and sudden death had been rudely forced upon my mind. The spectre had risen, all at once, in the midst of a wreath of thoughtless gaiety. The skull had stared upon me unexpectedly in the midst of the flowers of the festive cup, as at the old Egyptian feasts. One step had hurried a friend, to whom I was sincerely attached, from the ball-room to the grave. With the horror of the shock still crushing me down, with a sorrow that I had not known till then, as a fresh tenant for my heart—it has often dwelt there since, and long—with a new-born terror at my first discovery that "even in life we are in death," I was taken to the "Cemetery at Munich." No wonder, then, that this first visit gave a hallowed and melancholy charm to the place, which no time, when I afterwards rambled there, could ever thoroughly wear out.

It came about in this wise. It was the early spring of—no matter now what year; it is a long, long time ago—the Carnival at Munich was drawing to its close. One of the last of a series of brilliant festivities was a grand ball at the palace. Amidst the light-hearted and animated who were revelling in the glittering scene, none seemed to wear a happier smile, or evidence a more lively sense of life's enjoyment, than my poor friend Baron K—. Young, rich, and handsome, sailing with the full tide of prosperous fortunes, with the first feeling of gratified expectation in his newly-acquired commission in the

Guards still fresh upon him, and just affianced to the girl he loved, he seemed born to be Fortune's favourite; and yet the fiend of evil had already been at work to undermine this brilliant structure of hope and pride. He had been dancing with his pretty bride—an engaged lady receives the title of "bride" in Germany—and as he passed me in the crowd I seized his hand to offer him my congratulations on his happy future.

"Don't talk to me of the future just now," he said.

"And why?" I asked.

"I will tell you to-morrow," was his reply. "*Perhaps*," he added, with a strangely melancholy smile, and grasped my hand; and so we parted.

The morrow came. The fineness of the morning tempted me out earlier than usual. All nature was bursting with new life under the first rays of a spring sun. The whole world seemed filled with the brightest hope. The more startling was the contrast in the haggard expression of my friend F—, as he hurriedly crossed me in the English Garden,—pale as death, looking, as I observed with a laugh (sadly repented afterwards), as if he had "committed a murder." He had seen one committed! My poor friend K— had been shot that morning in a duel. F— had been his second. The quarrel had originated in a trifling dispute on a subject equally trivial. The bright, hopeful being of last night's ball-room was a corpse. It was horrible!

It was with some reluctance that, a few days afterwards, I acceded to a proposal to see the body of my unfortunate friend for the last time. It was laid out, I was told, in a building in the great cemetery, destined, by the law of the land, for the public exposure of the bodies of all persons of every degree until their interment. To me, this revelation of a custom common to most continental nations, but unknown to me until then, was singularly repulsive. I would not accept the thought that the remains of kindred and friends could possibly be exposed to the flippant remarks of careless observers; and I listened with singular unwillingness of conviction to the demonstration that this custom, instituted by "paternal governments" to prevent the possibility of the interment of the living (medical attendants and watchers being constantly employed in the building to observe minutely the state of the dead bodies committed to their charge), and to render vain any attempts to conceal an unnatural death from the eyes of justice, was one of great and notorious service. But curiosity, and perhaps a better feeling, prevailed. I went.

The "Cemetery at Munich" is situated at the extremity of one of the liveliest suburbs of the capital, its great gateway forming the vista of a long avenue of trees, that was in those days the customary promenade of the middling and lower classes on a Sunday. Far off, beyond, on the horizon, rise the rugged forms of the mountains of the Tyrol, breaking hard upon the sky on a clear day, now purple, now bluish grey. There is no mistaking the strait road onwards to the *Gottes Acker*. There is a poetical charm in the name given by the Orientals to their places of interment, "The City of the Silent." But, to my mind, there

is a simplicity, a touching faith, and even a sublimity, in the German expression, that far surpasses the Eastern poetry. The German cemetery is "God's ground" (*Gottes Acker*).—God's own peculiar and hallowed ground, to which He has recalled those whom He had sent forth upon their worldly mission, as their abiding place, until He shall please to summon them.\* But the expression of "city" still strikes upon the memory here. It is a city of graves, where broad avenues, streets, and lanes divide and subdivide the dwelling-places of the dead. A main avenue leads up the centre: what may be called a *boulevard* sweeps, in similar breadth, along the outer walls; the streets and lanes intersect the plots of dwellings as ordinary streets and lanes, but with symmetrical regularity. These passages are nameless, it is true; but each bears at its corner a low numbered post, the especial mark of which is a sufficient direction to the dwelling to which a mourner may be bound. A city it is, once more, in its variety and distribution of building. The noblest monuments stand upon the broadest thoroughfares; the humbler graves are skirted by the narrower lanes. There are gorgeous chapels, sarcophagi, pillared crosses, and pyramids, with a magnificent mausoleum now and then rising in its marble pride above the rest. There are the lowly *tumuli*, marked by the plain black cross or wooden effigy, daubed with the conventional attributes of the grave. Along the outer *boulevard* are ranged the most costly monuments—the gorgeous chapels, with their ever-burning lamps—the artistic marbles—the temple and the statue. The great family charnel-houses of nobility increase in consequence and splendour as they approach the termination of each *boulevard*, and the great stone colonnade that skirts the entire upper end. In this it is again a city, where fashion has its favourite quarters, and wealth purchases rank and precedence even in the pride of death. Strikingly beautiful as are many of the specimens of monumental architecture in these "West-End" districts, the more hidden portions of the city may still lay claim to precedence in "the picturesque," with their painted crosses and quaintly picked-out epitaphs. One attribute the last dwelling-places all have in common. Around all are gardens, greater or smaller—now filled with shrubberies, now only affording room for a few tiny plants. Everywhere hang the chaplets, woven of yellow, white, and green—everywhere lie scattered flowers, recently strewn—now fresh, now withered. Another peculiarity is as frequently to be found by the side of the humbler grave as on the splendid monument. Little miniatures of the deceased who lie below, are let into a frame, overhanging the sculptured or painted epitaphs—poor memorials indeed, sometimes, and rude remembrancers of a living face. But in this again, as in all "city" life, the wealthy have their privilege. Little windows, to be unlocked alone by private key, preserve the glazed portraits for *them*. Among some of the more lowly a wire grating affords a partial protection against the destructive ravages of weather upon these remembrancers; but in most the colours disappear, the features decay, and

\* *Frieden Hof*, "Court of Peace," is another of the German designations for a cemetery.

the feeble outline that remains, bears only the same ghastly resemblance to a pictured face that a skeleton does to a living body. On the portrait above the same process of decay is going on, as on the body of the once living original that rests below. Scope enough here for the moraliser!

It was with that "bated breath" with which we converse in the sick man's chamber, that I felt myself speaking, on first entering the "Cemetery at Munich," as if fearful of disturbing those who slept that sleep which one sound alone shall disturb. A bell was tolling heavily as I passed the gates, from the further end of the ground. A slow and dreary procession was advancing down the middle avenue. A monotonous chant came with the tolling of the bell, along the air; and rows of burning torches sent up gusts of smoke, with flame invisible, into the bright sun-lit air. A funeral ceremony was just taking place. The crowd around the mourners and the priests was thick. Presently the procession turned slowly down an intersecting street; and the main avenue was once more clear. All was soon comparatively still. The sound of distant muttering alone was heard. Here and there, on advancing up the main street of tombs, a form might be seen kneeling on a grave, in prayer, or busied, with a basket, replacing faded flowers with fresh offerings, or watering the first roots of vegetation planted on a fresh-turned sod. Most of the visitors had been attracted by the funeral ceremony.

At the end of the ground was the long low building, already alluded to as the depository of the dead before interment. It extended with a curve to meet the upper colonnade, on either side. Several windows, and large glass doors in the centre, gave a view into various compartments within. The corpses—each on its bier—were numerous. All were decorated in life's finest clothes, and generally strewn with flowers—the humbler, as the wealthier, in their best! A beautiful young girl, dressed in white satin, slept beneath a bower of roses. Children were there, with chaplets of white roses on their heads. A government official was arrayed in uniform, with all his orders on his breast. Aged females were decked out with gaudy caps, false curls upon their heads, and rouge upon their yellow waxen cheeks—an appalling mockery of life—a fantastic coquetry, hideous to see, even in the arms of death. Such was a constant custom, I was told. No one shuddered at it but the novice. There, too, lay my unfortunate friend, arrayed in his gay uniform of the Guards. Unchanged, but pallid, he looked the sculptured effigy of him I had known in life. It was all too much to look on with composure.

The city of tombs has its great holiday, like other cities. On "All Souls' Day," all Munich that has a friend or relative to mourn, flocks to the great Festival of the Dead, to adorn a tomb. On that day, amidst the thick mass of the unmeaning faces of the many of both sexes, and of every age, groups of interest now and then cross the visitor's path. Here, a family of orphans, seeking, hand in hand, their parents' grave—there, a widowed husband, bending his

children's knees to pray by the monument erected to his wife—now, a lover hanging a garland above the lost beloved—now, an aged mother, prostrate and weeping for her son. On one side may be heard the prayer—in some lone corner the stifled sob; and, above all these sounds breaks, now and then, a burst of laughter. For is not this the *Festival of Death*? The "Cemetery of Munich" is the fashionable promenade of the day. The vanity, that comes to see and be seen, jostles the shrinking sorrow. The tear of regret meets the stare of intrusive curiosity; and the heavy heart is wrung by the smile of thoughtless daily congratulation. It is not on its high festival that the cemetery city wears its most favourable, although its most striking and stirring, aspect. There is one scene, however, connected with the day, which has a festive, and, at the same time, imposing colouring. Around one monument, reared high in sculptured marble above all others, the greatest crowd is collected. The monument is decorated from summit to foot with innumerable banners, garlands, and laurel boughs. Bearded sentinels guard it on every side. It is the monument of the Bavarian patriotic host that fell at Sendling. Most of the surrounding crowd press near to fling a chaplet, or a flower. But those who would see the great "Cemetery at Munich," should visit it under its ordinary aspect, to feel the true impression it cannot but convey to the observing traveller.

P.

## LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE'S CITY.

### NO. II.—THE BUILDING OF THE MINSTER.

ON none of the many buildings which the Emperor Charlemagne erected, did he bestow greater care than on the minster of Aix-la-Chapelle, and none did he carry on with more zeal and love. He brought thither marbles and pillars from Rome and Ravenna, and huge blocks of cut stone from Verdun; while from the quarries of the surrounding country, from the site of the present Cornelimünster, and from Breinig, from Mاسترcht, and from Valkenburg, day and night, materials were conveyed for this edifice.

To Eginhard, his true friend and secretary, Charlemagne entrusted the direction of the building, for which Ausigis, abbot of Fontanelle, in Normandy, drew out a plan.

The Emperor frequently appeared amongst the masons, and roused them to greater diligence and activity. The best workmen of every country were invited to Aix-la-Chapelle, while many artists from Italy and England were associated in their labours. Thus the building advanced rapidly.

But ere half the Minster was completed, the war with the Saxons called Charlemagne to a great distance.

Before his departure he spoke to all the workmen, urging them to lose no time. And, speaking particularly to the town council, he ordered them to have the building completed by his return. He foresaw that the Saxon war would not soon be ended. And, in fact, it lasted so long that the

Emperor's treasury was drained, and the wealth of the municipality well-nigh exhausted. The coffers being empty, the building was at a standstill, and there was no likelihood of finding means to finish it. The town-councillors were in woeful plight; all the skilful workmen were quitting the city, and their worshippers had promised the Emperor that the Minster should be finished against his return. They knew, too well, this redoubtable liege lord of theirs was not a man to be trifled with, and on their offending heads would fall his dread displeasure, when he should see the half-raised walls of his church abandoned to decay and overgrown with grass. In their perplexity they held meeting after meeting, listened to the wisdom of this and that oracle, but all to no purpose; no one had wit enough to find a way to complete the building without money. Dire necessity stared them in the face, until at last one, bolder than the rest, spoke out, saying, "Money they must, should, and would have, though they had to borrow it from the Devil himself."

It is still a disputed point whether Satan had slipped into the meeting and prompted the speaker, or whether he merely overheard the speech. Be that as it may, it certainly came to his ears, as will be shown by the sequel.

One evening the councillors were discussing the never-ending theme of the building of the Minster, the spent money, and the terrible anger of their Sovereign, when a stately lord, in gorgeous attire, entered the council chamber. He greeted their worshippers with easy dignity, saying, "Masters mine, the whole city is in trouble, and, even did I not know it before, I could read in your rueful countenances that ye lack gold. Each day, owing to the duration of the war, it grows scarcer and rarer, and were you to resort to the usurer, you would have great difficulty in raising a good round sum. I alone can help you, and get you stores of gold to finish the building."

All the long faces brightened as his hearers drank in these words of comfort. The head of the council then inquired the terms, and the interest on the loan.

"The interest," replied the Unknown, "is not worth mentioning, and on one condition I shall give you the sum for good, namely, that the first soul which enters the Minster be mine."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when their worshippers sprang from their seats and ran to seek shelter under the table; for, to their horror in their courtly visitor they recognised the Devil.

"Worshipful councillors," quoth he, composedly, "truly I deemed ye not so faint of heart; you desired some money from me, and now that I good-naturedly offer it ye, you hide like a pack of boys. Fie, fie! Are ye councillors? are ye bearded men that ye are scared by the Devil's courtesy? He will not go back of my bargain, and for a like sum, which He counts as naught, I could buy half-a-dozen souls. For gold hath ever been, is still, and will be to the end of time, the bait with which we angle for souls. Besides, He is no stingy reckoner. How many souls will be freed from His clutches by means of this very church which He will give ye the means of building, in return for one poor soul. You

must all see that ye, not I, have the best of the bargain, and truly it was silly of me to make ye so fair an offer. Soon your abandoned Minster will be a bonnie resting-place for my bats and owls; so, my masters, take what is offered ye while ye can get it. The gold on my terms, or I leave ye to the vengeance of your Emperor."

The Devil was so courteous, so persuasive, he gave such excellent reasons, and his offer was so tempting, the councillors forgot all their scruples; and, on condition He paid down the money, agreed to give the soul, and the Devil departed with the deed of surrender bearing their hands and seals.

#### HOW THE DEVIL LEFT HIS THUMB IN THE WOLF'S GATE.

No sooner had the Devil got hold of the compact, than money began to shower down from all sides of the hall; every piece fresh from the mint, and none of less value than ducats or golden guilders. All the coffers were filled to the brim, and the councillors chuckled over their good luck. They talked the matter over very earnestly; gave utterance, doubtless, to many excellent opinions; and, before the meeting broke up, agreed, with seeming unanimity, to keep the matter a profound secret.

But, alas for the feebleness of man's good intentions! One of their worshippers let his wife draw the secret from him. Somehow it then got wind; the news spread like wildfire; soon young and old knew of the mysterious compact.

However, that business once settled, the work progressed so rapidly and so successfully that the building was soon nearly finished. The question then was—should their worshippers, after all, really get the worst of their bargain with the Devil?

Now that the whole story was bruited, no one could be got even to cross the threshold of the Minster. Still, the Devil had the treaty signed and sealed by the councillors, and the promised soul he must get, by fair means or by foul. It was natural enough that these worthy citizens, having to supply him with the worth of his unhallowed money, should pass many a sleepless night. Besides, it was very possible that finding his prey so long coming, the Devil might lose his temper, and lay his claw on one of their worshippers.

The matter had thus been at a standstill for some time, when at last a townsman proposed that a councillor should walk into the Minster, and by thus freely giving himself up to the Devil, prove that they had not been trying to make game of him.

This counsel not pleasing any one, their worshippers were still in a state of utter helplessness, when a crafty monk came to their aid. He stated clearly the particulars of the bargain, that they had pledged themselves to give up a soul to the Devil, and give it they must; but the compact did not specify that it was to be a human soul; and they ought therefore to be ready to redeem their word by giving the soul of some animal. The councillors again breathed freely, and, it is needless to add, resolved to follow this good advice.

At last the Minster was finished from top to bottom, and the Devil brought the great entrance

gate of beautifully wrought bronze, and set it on the hinges with his own hands.

On the morrow it stood wide open; the foul fiend skulked behind it, shrewdly reckoning that curiosity would draw crowds to the church, and then the first who entered would be his prey.

In this case he reckoned without his host. The councillors had had a wolf snared in the forest—no difficult task then, when the woods were alive with them. The cage containing the wolf was placed near the portal, and the assembled populace lent their aid that he might be the first soul to enter the Minster, for they hunted him with such good will that he soon crossed the fatal threshold.

Lightning flashed forth as the Devil, wreaking his vengeance on the wolf, tore out his soul. He showed his rage and fury at the cheat men had inflicted on him, by fearful howlings, and, gnashing his teeth, he rushed from God's new temple. In his passion he banged to the door; it slammed on his hand, and his right thumb remained fastened in one of the handles, and there the bone still is in the mouth of the brazen lion's head.

Folks from far and near have vainly tried to get it out. When they think they have nearly succeeded, and the thumb is all but out, back it slips into the very cranny where the Devil left it. Whoever shall succeed in extricating it, and shall present himself with it before the canons in chapter assembled, shall receive a golden robe as his reward.

As a lasting memorial of the memorable occurrence just related, the magistrates had a bronze statue, representing the wolf with a hole in his breast, cast, and erected on the spot where the Devil rent away his soul.

As the soul of a wolf was popularly supposed to be somewhat of the form of a pine-apple or an artichoke, it was likewise cast in bronze and erected outside the Minster. The statue of the wolf, on a low pillar, with a richly carved capital, now stands on the right hand of the great gate; his soul, on a similar pedestal, at the left hand; and the massive portal itself is called the "Wolf's-gate."

He who leaves Aix-la-Chapelle, and has not seen the captured wolf, his soul, the Wolf's-gate, and the Devil's thumb, has seen nought of Charlemagne's city.

#### HALNAKER AND BOXGROVE.

UPON the southern side of the great natural defence formed by that wall of Downs running from Eastbourne to Portsdown and skirting Goodwood, lies the fine old park of Halnaker, in which stand the ruins of the ancient manor once the home of the Delawares. Like all baronial residences of an early date, its site occupies a commanding position, overlooking the great plain stretching from Portsmouth to Brighton, and having the ocean for its southern boundary. Upon the north rise the Downs, on the other side of which lies Petworth, while eastward is Goodwood, and westward the great masses of forest which hem in Slyndon, the picturesque seat of the late Countess of Newburgh.



With such accessories as these, wedded as they are to its own unrivalled beauty, the painter and lover of the picturesque would find it difficult to light upon a fairer field for labour or admiration, especially at this season

When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,

and the changing foliage starting forth from the dark background of evergreen, oak, pine, and yew, lights up the dying year with a veritable blushing smile, as if it would remind us that although we are one year older, we are one year nearer the great fruition of all hope and labour. That portion of the park which was more especially

called the Home Park, presents a fair, smooth slope, surrounded by elm, beech, and Spanish chestnut, some of them of a magnificent growth.\*

The avenue (which I imagine has skirted the lower portion of the park) had two entrances, both meeting in front of the principal gateway, up to which a straight avenue bordered by Spanish chestnut trees leads. The house itself is of very ancient date, having been granted by Henry I., together with the neighbouring priory of Boxgrove, to Robert de Haia, as a royal dowry. The Staunton St. John's obtained it, and again lost it, by marriage, Elizabeth St. John carrying it to Sir Thomas West, Lord Delaware, well known to students of the time of Bluff King Hal,—who it



Boxgrove Church.

seems so highly appreciated the beauty of the place and the enormous outlay made by Lord Delaware, that a royal exchange was commanded, and Boxgrove and Hainaker passed to the crown. They were thus held until Elizabeth, in the twenty-ninth year of her reign, granted the estate to Sir John Morley, whose descendant, Mary Morley, in 1708, married James, Earl of Derby. At her death the estate passed to her kinsman, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, by whom it was sold, in 1766, to the Duke of Richmond.

From that period the old house began to suffer decay, until about thirty years ago it was deemed advisable to pull down a portion of it, leaving

only the outer walls, which now, mantled by ivy, form a most picturesque ruin.

The house itself in the days of its magnificence must have covered an immense extent of ground, the plan of which may still be traced in a great measure, though the main body of the building alone remains. This has a fine gateway, originally flanked by octangular towers, having greater corner towers at a considerable distance. The form is a square; the spacious court within was surrounded by the various portions of the dwelling,

\* Six of these chestnuts, forming the old avenue, measure from 18 to 104 feet in girth, two yards from the ground. The elms and beeches are of proportionate luxuriance, and perfect studies for the artist.

the windows of the principal apartments being of the sort then peculiar to baronial residences, and ornamented with fine mullions and rich carving.

I was fortunate enough to fall in with an ancient dame, who, having been "born and brought up" upon the place, could give me—partly from memory (she owned to 75), partly from hearsay—a pretty fair description of what had existed within the last hundred years. She pointed out to me the spot where her mother, in hunting for firewood, found a box of papers and deeds belonging to the Morleys, for which lucky chance the old lady and her husband obtained a life pension, and their daughter, my informant, still enjoys a cottage of the "Duke's," rent free, together with a pension from the Dowager Duchess of Richmond.

During the period the Manor was in the royal possession, we find that its lower apartments were found useful as dungeons, and that a number of "heretics," taken from among the citizens of Chichester, were carried thither and confined; until fearing the fact would become known to Edward VI. on the occasion of a royal visit which he made to Halmaker, Bishop Gardiner removed them, first to Arundel, and thence for safer keeping to his immediate presence at Winchester, from which place they were again brought back to Halmaker when the king had departed, and finally taken thence to suffer their final doom of the stake and faggot at Chichester. during the reign of Mary. Lord William Lennox has woven a pretty legend of love and tourney in connection with the visit of Edward VI. into one of the Annuals.

Boxgrove Priory was so inseparably connected with the history of Halmaker, that a few words descriptive of its antiquarian interest will, I think, be acceptable.

The priory was founded by the same Robert de Haia to whom Halmaker was granted. It was dedicated to the Virgin and St. Blase for three monks of the Benedictine order. It was further increased to fifteen monks in the reign of King Stephen, which number was again reduced before the suppression. When Edward took possession of the alien priories, Boxgrove was permitted the privilege of being what was called "indigena," or denizen, thereby obtaining its independence and retaining its endowments. Of the ancient conventual buildings, the church and refectory alone remain, the remainder having been taken down to erect a farm-house; and the site was so completely obliterated, that it is impossible now even to trace the ground plan. The refectory, until the time of the present rector, the Rev. W. Burnett, formed a portion of a barn and rick-yard; but now, thanks to an improved ecclesiastical and antiquarian taste, these evidences of the age have been cleared away, and the quaint old ruin left in peace, forming, as seen side by side with the church, an object of no small beauty.

"It is probable," says the local historian, Daloway, "that the ancient parochial church was the nave, which from its remains was evidently of a higher era than the choir, preserved by Lord Delaware, and given for the service of the

parishioners, which was done in many instances by the purchasers of the monastic sites, instead of pulling down the chapels to sell the materials. At this time the choir and semi-transepts, with the central tower, are perfect. The nave retains a low arcade only, left as a ruin, and the small chapter house at the end of the north transept may be traced. A doorway with three Norman arches, opened into the cloister, which extended to the refectory and the habitation of the monks; the tower is very low above the roof, which has windows and a general form resembling Winchester Cathedral, and of the era of Henry II."

The portion now used as the parish church consists of a nave, chancel, and two aisles. The south transept is imperfect, and is curiously ceiled with a flat frame of timber. The dividing arcades are in the form of low pointed arches, resting upon circular pillars, having above an ambulatory lighted by open triforia. The eastern window has three long lights, internally separated by marble shafts, while externally it has the nail head-moulding. This window is now a very interesting and beautiful ornament, having been recently filled with a magnificent stained-glass memorial to the late Duke of Richmond, the spontaneous tribute of the tenantry upon the Goodwood estate. In the choir there are a number of curious monuments, and a very grand and beautiful chantry chapel, erected for the celebration of masses by Lord Delaware, and now used as a family seat by his Grace of Richmond.

The proportions and chaste appearance of the interior render it independent of any ornament, and if the disfiguring coffin-like high pews were swept away and replaced by open-backed oaken forms. Boxgrove might challenge all the country churches of England for beauty.

I. FENTON.

## "TWO LIVES."

### I.

Two travellers toiling, ever parted,  
By a deathless love between;—  
Two travellers toiling—broken-hearted—  
Their work by each unseen.

### II.

Two souls, whose star hath long been clouded,  
Praying on separate shores;  
Two barks, by love divine enshrouded,  
Drift out as the ocean roars.

### III.

Two travellers watching, ever parted,  
For their love, on a far-off strand;  
Two travellers weeping, broken-hearted,  
Have met in a far-off land.

\* \* \* \*

### IV.

Two graves in one holy sod—  
Two throbbing hearts, now still;—  
Two glorious spirits gone to God!  
To bless His perfect will!

CLARE.

## BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER III.—DOMESTIC POLITICS.

PAOLO VANNI, to tell the plain truth at once, was not a happy man, very far from it. And the real cause of his discomfort was in fact that "warmness" which has been spoken of. Yet old Paolo was continually laying up treasure where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. The carefully kept account of the amounts that he had from time to time invested in this way, all duly paid over to heaven's appointed stewards here below, and regularly acknowledged, showed really very considerable investments in that absolutely safe stock. Yet somehow or other the promised satisfaction of mind did not follow from the operation. Perhaps it was that he laid up still larger treasures in the storehouses where moth and rust *do* corrupt, and where thieves *do* break in and steal. But neither the moth nor the rust could much damage old Paolo Vanni's treasure, for it consisted in hard silver dollars; and no thief had ever broken in or stolen from him as yet. It is true, however, that he did strive very pertinaciously to serve two masters. His spiritual guide assured him that this was not only possible, but very easy to be done; easy at least for him, who had the means to do it. For curiously enough, according to the teaching of Don Evandro Baluffi, the *curato* of Santa Lucia, the more successfully you served Mammon, the more satisfactorily you were enabled thereby to serve God. How was a man to found a perpetual mass, with music and tapers of the larger size—or even without these luxuries, for that matter,—if he had not paid sufficient court to Mammon to secure the means of paying for it?

Perhaps, however, it is all a matter of proportion. Perhaps Paolo Vanni did not insure highly enough, for he looked on the treasure laid up in purchasing masses and such like, in the light of money paid for insurance; not exactly against the moth, and the rust, or against thieves, but against certain other contingencies that he had somehow or other learned—assuredly not from Don Evandro!—to fancy might attend the possession of wealth.

Notwithstanding, however, the kind and constant encouragement of that judicious spiritual guide, philosopher, and friend, and the undeviating payment of this insurance money in many forms, poor old Paolo Vanni, despite his wealth, despite his thriving and prosperous farm, despite his hale and vigorous old age, was not contented or happy. I take it there must have been some importunate voice, though no one of those about him ever overheard it, which must have been constantly carwiggling him with doubts and disagreeable suggestions, of a kind quite opposed to the consolatory assurances of the good Don Evandro. But surely this "voice," whatever it

was, could not have incarnated itself, or rather investmented itself, in a triangular beaver, snuffy black waistcoat, long-tailed surtout coat, shiny black camlet shorts, black worsted stockings, and thick, low-cut shoes, with big plated buckles on them! Surely it did not come out of any tonsured head on which the Episcopal hand had ever rested in ordination? Surely it was not the voice of any teacher duly appointed, authorised, and guaranteed by the Church; and therefore ought not to have been listened to for a moment in opposition to Don Evandro, who spoke with all the authority that these things could impart? Nevertheless so it was, that old Paolo Vanni, though his sixty odd years sate as lightly on him as sixty years could well sit, though his six feet of height was still a good six feet, undiminished by droop or stoop; and though he could not be said to have been what is usually phrased "unhappy in his family," was a discontented and querulous old man.

There were, however, other causes besides the presence of that importunate voice which I have conjectured might have annoyed him, causes connected with the Bella Luce family politics, which no doubt contributed to this result.

With Assunta Vanni, his old wife, he certainly had no cause to be discontented. Assunta, the sister of a farmer holding a much poorer farm than that of Bella Luce, higher up and further back among the hills, had been a beauty, very tall like her husband, who had also been a remarkably handsome man. This, however, is of less account in a country where beauty, especially of figure and person, is the rule rather than the exception, than it might be considered elsewhere. Sunta had been a good wife, an excellent helpmeet, a thrifty housewife, and had borne her husband two children, both boys. What could a wife do more to merit the admiration of a Romagnole farmer husband? Moreover, Sunta had the highest possible reverence for her lord and master, and looked on his will as law beyond appeal. If ever they had any difference of opinion, it was that whereas Paolo always wished to retain the savings of the year in the shape of hard cash—*scudi sonanti*,\* as the expressive popular Italian phrase has it,—Sunta would fain have hoarded them in the shape of additions to her already uselessly abundant store of house-linen. The difference had years ago been arranged on the understanding that all that could be made or saved by the assiduous labour of the females of the family in turning flax into yarn, should go to increase the store in Signora Vanni's presses; always on the understanding—a point which had given rise to a slight contest, in which Paolo had been easily

\* Sounding crowns.

victorious,—that Sunta should herself pay for the weaving of her yarn in the neighbouring town out of the proceeds of it.

The labour of the females of the family, I have said; and have nevertheless mentioned that Sunta Vanni was the mother of two sons only. And doubtless the English reader pictures to himself Dame Vanni in the similitude of Dame Durden, who, as the rustic old stave says, “kept five serving maids.” But this would be an error. Italian farmers, with the exception of a few in a larger way of business than Paolo Vanni of Bella Luce, do not in that part of Italy use any labour on their farms save that of the members of their family. A large family is held to be a sign and means of thriving. But it must be a family in the strict sense of the word, connected by blood, and not merely by the tie between the employer and the employed. Whose, then, were the other fingers besides Dame Vanni’s own, which assisted in twirling these ceaseless Bella Luce spindles, and contributed to the accumulation of sheeting and table-cloths as little intended to be ever used as such, as the *rarissimi* of a bibliomaniac’s library to be read. Whose were those active fingers?

They belonged to Giulia Vanni; and were among the very few things that Giulia Vanni could call her own. Giulia was the orphan child of a distant cousin of Paolo, who was nevertheless his nearest relative. Paolo was, I think, hardly the man at any period of his life, to charge himself willingly with the support and care of other people’s children. But in the first place it must be understood that public opinion, and even the exigencies of the law, are much more stringent upon such points in Italy, than they are with us. A nephew, who is capable of doing so, may be compelled by law to support his uncle by the father’s side—(not so his mother’s brother)—and public opinion would extend the claims of kinship very much further. To a mediæval Italian, it was quite a matter of course that a brother, a son, a father, or even a cousin, should suffer death for his relative’s political or other crime; and this strong solidarity of all the members of one house has left deep traces in the manners and sentiments of the people to the present day. Paolo Vanni may have therefore felt, that he could not without risking a degree of opprobrium that he was not prepared to face, refuse to take this little orphan cousin, far away cousin though she was, to his home.

But in the next place there are strong grounds for thinking that Giulio Vanni, the father of little Giulia, though a poor man, was not altogether a destitute one. He must, people thought, have left some little property behind him. But Paolo Vanni, who was with him during his last illness, and at the time of his death, and who naturally had the management of whatever small matters there were to manage, showed that when all was paid, there was nothing left; that Giulia was wholly unprovided for; that there was nothing for it but for him to show his charity by supporting and bringing her up. I believe that, if all the yarn those rosy taper fingers had twiddled off that eternal distaff, had been fairly sold in Ancona, the proceeds would have paid the cost

of Giulia’s keep. I have a strong idea, too—to speak out plainly, and shame that old thief against whose machinations Paolo Vanni was always paying insurance money,—that if that troublesome voice, which has been mentioned as bothering the wealthy farmer, could have been overheard, one might have learnt some curious particulars about the executorship accounts of Giulio Vanni. Don Evandro, at all events, must have known all about it . . . *sub sigillo confessionis* . . . for Paolo was a very religious man.

All these matters, however, were by-gones, and altogether beside the present purpose. Whether Giulio Vanni had ever been entitled to any modicum of this world’s goods or not, she clearly possessed none *now*,—at the time, that is, to which the singular events to be related in the following pages, refer,—some year or so before the present time of writing. It will be more to the purpose to tell the reader what Giulia at that time *had*.

She had eighteen years; and all the knowledge, experience, wisdom, health, and talents that could be gathered in that space of time on the slope of an Apennine valley;—and not altogether such a bad dowry either, as some of the more tocher’d lasses of the cities either on the northern or the southern side of the Alps may perhaps be disposed to imagine. Imprimis, there was a figure five feet seven inches in height; lithe, springy, light, agile as that of a mountain goat; a step like a fawn’s, and a carriage of the pretty small head to match; a fair broad brow, not very lofty, but giving unmistakable promise of energy of character and good practical working intelligence; above it a wonderful profusion of raven black hair, not very fine, but glossy as the raven’s wing, and falling on either side from the parting at the top of the head in natural ripples, on which the sunbeams played in a thousand hide-and-seek effects of light and shade; well-opened large black eyes, frank and courageous, with a whole legion of wicked laughing imps dancing and flashing about like fire-flies in the depths of them; a little delicately formed *nez retroussé*, which very plainly said “beware” to such as had the gift of interpreting nature’s code of signals; a large but exquisitely formed mouth, the favourite trysting place of smiles and innocent waggeries, the home of irresistible sweetness,—a mouth that bade him, or even her, who looked on it pay no heed to the warning conveyed by neighbour nose, but on the contrary, place boundless trust and confidence in the proprietress of it,—a mouth whose signals every human thing with eyes in its head could read, whereas only cynically philosophic physiognomists, who had burned their fingers, or at least their hearts, by former investigations of similar phenomena, could understand what that queer little nose said. It cannot perhaps be fairly asserted that all these good things were wholly the gift of old Apennine; but the splendid colouring,—a study for Giorgione!—the rich, clear brown cheek, with a hue of the sun’s own painting, like that which he puts, when he most delicately touches it, on an October peach!—that was Apennine’s own present to his daughter! For the rest, the mountain women said that Giulia Vanni was too slight to be good

for anything—a mere wisp! The mountain men said that she was as beautifully made as any lady of the cities. The town women said that her waist was thick and clumsy. The town men, when they saw her, thought slender waists a mistake. Phidias would have said that she was the incarnation of his beau idéal.

In short, no lovelier nut-brown maid ever stepped a hillside than Giulia Vanni, as she was at eighteen years of age! That warning nose might hang out what signals it pleased, and that host of laughing devils in her eyes might mockingly bid you take care, every time your glance met hers;—it was all in vain! The male creature under thirty that looked on Giulia Vanni fell in love with her! And how well she knew her power! And how she enjoyed her royalty! And what pleasant fun she found it to scatter her fire-darts around, herself scatheless and invulnerable the while, the cruel Diana that she was!

But if it was impossible to look on the brilliant, flashing, dangerous creature for an instant without receiving a wound from her eyes, what must have been the lot of poor Beppo Vanni, the eldest of Sunta's two sons! Poor Beppo, who had to live in the same house with her, to grow up with her, to share his work with her, to play with her, and laugh with her, to have little household secrets with her, to be her slave and work for wages in smiles not unpunctually paid—what could become of him? What, but to worship the very ground she trod on, and look to the hope of winning her as the lode-star of his life!

Winning her, quotha!—a pretty winning, old Paolo and old Santa considered it! *Winning* a wife without so much as a pearl necklace to begin the world with! And he, Beppo Vanni, heir to the lease of Bella Luce and—nobody knew, not even dame Sunta—how many thousands of *scudi* besides. Not if they knew it! The sly puss might see what she could win for herself; but it would not be Beppo Vanni—no, nor even Carlo Vanni, his younger brother.

And thus it appears what else there was, besides those suspected small-voiced impertinities which have been hinted at, to make old Paolo Vanni querulous and discontented. Besides, it was not only that his son and heir was bent on making a fool of himself by marrying a girl without a *bajocco*; but he would not make a match which his father was very anxious to secure for him. Don Evandro, like a true friend of the family, had proposed the thing in the first instance, and would doubtless have managed the whole affair with that tact and success which the Italian clergy are so remarkable for in such matters, if only Beppo would have been reasonable. But to his father's intense annoyance, he would not; having been bewitched and rendered wholly unreasonable by the "laughing devils" in Giulia's eyes. Don Evandro had tried to exorcise them once, summoning Giulia to an interview in the sacristy for that purpose. But it was clear from the result that he did not succeed; and he never tried a second time!

To Beppo himself it was really a question—could he win her? And a very dubious question too. It was not that he was not perfectly well aware of the advantages of his social position. He

knew all that was due to the presumed future tenant of Bella Luce. He knew that his father was the richest man in the parish of Santa Lucia, and in the neighbouring parishes around it (putting the owners of the soil who lived in the cities, and of whom the cultivators of the soil saw little, out of the question; as of course they *were* out of the question); he knew that he was presumably his father's heir; and he was quite as well aware as any Romagnole peasant, of the value of money and the social position it commands—which is equivalent to saying, he was as well aware as anybody in the world. But for all that, it was an anxious question with him—could he hope to win her? He knew that she had absolutely nothing; that she was maintained by his father's charity; and for all that it was with him a very anxious question, whether he could win Giulia Vanni for his wife or no.

And Giulia herself? What was her view of the matter? Her public conduct in the little world of Bella Luce, and her private feeling? Well, the last perhaps is hardly a fair question. Perhaps Giulia would herself scarcely have been able to answer it consistently and entirely, even if her own heart were the asker. I suspect that her own heart never had categorically asked of her that question up to the time in question. Of course the writer has a means of forming some notion as to the real state of her feelings at that period—a clearer one perhaps than she could have formed herself—because he has the knowledge of her subsequent conduct to guide him to an appreciation of them. And it will probably be best to let the reader arrive at a knowledge of the secrets of her inmost heart in the same manner. As to her visible behaviour in the little Bella Luce world, little, it must be admitted, can be said in defence of it, beyond what Beppo always said, appearing to consider that it was an abundantly ample answer to all possible fault-finding.

"But she is so beautiful!" he would say; "she is *so* beautiful!"

So she was! But that did not justify her in wearing an honest man's heart to fiddle-strings! spoiling his rest, destroying his appetite for supper, and keeping him awake o' nights. And really if it had been the settled purpose of her life to do all these cruel things, she could not have set about it in a more workwoman-like manner. Did you ever observe a kitten rub its nose and cheek against a person's hand, purring in the most insinuatingly flattering manner all the while, and then start away with a sudden bound, rush under a neighbouring chair, and then put up its little back and spit? Well, this was exactly the type of Giulia's manner to Beppo! There was never anything of *tenderness*,—no symptom of love,—such love as Beppo wanted,—to be detected in her manner, in her looks, in the tone of her voice. But she would be so good, so kind, so frankly affectionate, that he would be tempted either by eye or voice to some manifestation of the passion that was consuming him. No sooner had he done so than she was off like a startled fawn, and either avoided him, or was cross to him for the rest of the day.

There was one sign only that might perhaps

have led an intelligent looker-on at the game to hope that there might be something better in store for poor Beppo, though it altogether failed to assure or comfort him. This was the way in which Giulia would behave when others attacked, or slighted, or belittled Beppo; especially when his brother, who was about two years his junior, and just Giulia's own age, did so, as was not unfrequently the case. Then, indeed, it was clear enough that Beppo had a *friend*, if nothing else, in his beautiful cousin! And surely it ought to have led him to see a thing or two! Only Beppo was not the man to see anything that anybody tried to hide from him. Besides, it was more generally in his absence that Giulia would make a *sortie*, like a tigress from a jungle in defence of her young, in Beppo's behalf. And Carlo would get a scratch from the claw that he did not forget as soon as he ought to have done. And then old Paolo or dame Sunta would sneer, and say something disagreeable if they were present; and Giulia would be as cross and scratchy as possible to Beppo afterwards.

This younger brother Carlo was by no means a lad of whose allegiance most pretty girls would have been otherwise than proud. He was, though not so tall as his brother, who was slightly taller than his father—and he was over six feet in his stockings,—nevertheless, like most of the Romagnole peasantry, a very fine young man. He was of a lighter build altogether than his brother, somewhat darker in hair and eyes, and of a less jovially ruddy brown complexion. Beppo would have been deemed probably the handsomer specimen of manhood by a jury of girls—(delivering a secret verdict to a female judge)—taken from the fields and hill-sides. Carlo might perhaps have had the verdict from a similar jury chosen from a city population. Then he was cleverer than Beppo, or at least was held to be so by all the world in which they both lived, including Don Evandro, and both Beppo and Carlo themselves. Beppo considered Carlo as a quite unprecedented (at least in those parts) prodigy of genius. And Carlo, if not quite persuaded of the justice of that opinion, was thoroughly convinced that his brother was a brainless lout, while he himself was a very clever fellow.

He was the cleverer of the two, certainly. His intelligence was the readier, and nimbler; he was the better scholar, wrote a better hand, and was infinitely quicker at accounts, or calculations. But Beppo, though slow, was no fool; and there are many subjects—and those not amongst the least important that human hearts and heads are called upon to decide for themselves—respecting which—give him time to bring his mind to bear upon the point—I would far rather have bound myself to be ruled by Beppo's than by Carlo's judgment. And then one was always sure to know what Beppo really did think and feel. And I am not so clear of that in the case of master Carlo.

Perhaps old Paolo and Sunta might have made up their minds to allow young Carlo and Giulia to come together, if only she would have kept her hands off the sacred person of Beppo their first-born. It is too bad to use such language! As if

Giulia showed any sign of wanting to . . . . I think I can see how her eye would flash, and all those laughing devils in it we talked of, would turn to fire-darting furies, if the phrase were used in her presence. But that was the thought of the old couple upon the subject. And though I don't think either of them would have dared to say as much in crude words in Giulia's hearing, I have little doubt that she had to brook many a sneer and insinuation of the sort from them,—to be rebutted by cruel treatment from her towards poor Beppo, and, I strongly suspect, to be followed by midnight hours of weeping, and bursts of passionate agony, of which laughing, flashing, proud, scornful Giulia's pillow was the only witness.

I think, as has been said, that Giulia might have had Carlo Vanni, if she would. But though there were symptoms enough that he would have been well pleased to settle all the family disagreements in that manner, it was very clear that Giulia would have nothing to say to any such arrangement.

Clever, sharp Carlo, with his handsome dark eye, his locks as black as her own, his fine long Grecian nose, and light *svette* figure, did not suit her taste. Was it really true that she liked heavy, good-natured Beppo, with his honest dark-blue eyes, and curly dark-brown hair, and Herculean shoulders, at all better? Old Paolo would have sneered bitterly in reply, that Giulia knew which side of the bread the butter was, none better! Young Beppo would have almost as bitterly answered, that she cared as much about him as she did about the oxen in the stable!

In fact, he often did say so; for it was a favourite comparison of himself in poor Beppo's mouth.

"I don't remember ever to have seen cousin Giulia steal away into the fields to help the oxen at their work, the way she went off to'ther night to help you, Beppo, with shueking that lot of *gran-turco*\* in the loft," said Carlo once, viciously, for his father and mother were present.

"Because the *gran-turco* would never have been finished that night, if I hadn't given a hand; for Beppo was so sleepy he could not hold his stupid head up!" replied Giulia, colouring up and tossing her head.

"And wouldn't she do as much or more for you, or for *Babbo*,† or for old Cecco, the blind beggarman, or for the oxen either, for that matter? Would not she do anything on earth she could for any living creature?" demanded Beppo, with immense energy. "But for me more than another," he added, with bitterness, "no! You know better than that, Carlo!"

But what would most have tended to make all straight and comfortable at Bella Luce, would have been that Beppo should have made up his mind to the match which his father and his parish priest had picked out for him. And there was really very little reason why he should not do so;—very little reason, that is to say, except those mischief-making eyes of cousin Giulia;—and the natural and notorious perversity of Dan

\* The common country name for maize in Italy—"Turkish grain."

† Daddy, the common phrase with Italians of all classes.

Cupid, who really can only be led or driven by parents and guardians on the same principle on which Paddy is said to have succeeded in driving his pig from Cork to Dublin,—“by making the cratur think it's from Dublin to Cork, that I'm wanting him to go!”

If cousin Giulia had been out of the question, really Beppo might have done worse than make up to Lisa Bartoldi, the rich Fano attorney's only daughter; as his father, and Don Evandro, and Lisa's father, old Sandro Bartoldi, wished him to do.

“Ay, if cousin Giulia were out of the question! as she would have been if Paolo Vanni had never taken her to live at Bella Luce.”

“See what comes of doing a charitable action, and sacrificing one's own interest to one's goodness of heart! It's always the way!” said old Paolo Vanni one day, in talking the grievance over with his guide, philosopher, and friend, Don Evandro.

The priest did not answer him save by a steady and meaning look right into the old man's eyes; the full translation and meaning of which I take to have been, that that able divine and confessor wished to intimate that his view of the circumstances in question placed that bringing home of the orphan cousin on the debtor, and not at all on the creditor, side of that double-entry account between his parishioner and the Recording Angel, which it was his duty to keep properly posted up.

And, after all, it was not so clear that all would have gone upon wheels—as the Italian phrase has it—even if cousin Giulia had never come to Bella Luce. Beppo might possibly have looked kindly on Lisa. But the attorney's daughter was not a bit more disposed to accept Beppo Vanni for a husband than he was to take her to wife. And that, at all events, was not cousin Giulia's fault! And though old Sandro Bartoldi was very desirous that his daughter should marry all Paolo Vanni's hoarded scudi, he was far too dotting a father to his motherless girl to have attempted compulsion.

And really Lisa Bartoldi was a very nice girl,—pretty, delicate-featured, golden-haired, blue-eyed, very fragile-looking, and slender. Worse wrong could not have been done her than to place her side by side with Giulia Vanni. It was to make her appear a poor, washed-out, faded, half-alive, wisp of a creature by contrast with that richly-developed and magnificent organisation! Her hair was really golden when the sun lent a little real golden light to tinge it. Her complexion was really charmingly delicate, with the faintest possible tint of the blush-rose in the cheek. But by the side of Giulia she seemed to fade into a general whity-brown atony of colour, like wood-ashes that still glow feebly in the gloom but fade into lightless grey when the sun's beam touches them. “*Che vuole!*” \* as the gossips said. Poor Lisa had been born and had grown up in a very dull house, in a very dull street, in the very dull town of Fano, while Giulia had been drinking from morning to night the free, fresh air of the breezy Apennine. What chance had Lisa in sleeky, stuffy Fano, from which even the sea-

breeze is shut out by its walls, and by a range of sand-hills still higher than they, with a creep to mass in a neighbouring church for her whole dissipation, and a crawl on the *passeggiata* \* under the lime-trees on festa days for her sole exercise?

Lisa knew, however, a great many things that Giulia did not;—necessarily so. Not that, to the best of my judgment, she was in any degree the cleverer girl, or had the more powerful intellect of the two. In the first place, I have a great notion of the truth of the *mens sana in corpore sano*; and, in the next place, there was always a sort of feeble, sickly sentimentalism—a great deal more common on the northern than on the southern side of the Alps—about Lisa, which did not give me the idea of a strongly-constituted mind. But, of course, she was by far the more cultivated, had far more pretension to lady-like manners—(though it must be understood that there is infinitely less difference in this respect between one woman and another in Italy than among ourselves, the manners of the lower classes being better, and those of the upper strata of society worse, or at least less refined, less educated, and less conventional, than those of the corresponding classes at home)—and to refinement. Though, as to lady-like feeling, my own impression is, that Giulia's sentiments, if one could have got at her heart and seen them there *in situ*, instead of coming at them through the medium of her own exposition of them, would be found to be such as might have done honour to any crusader-descended duchess, and set a very useful example to not a few such.

And Lisa Bartoldi was a good girl in her way, too. But dull, herculean Beppo, with the frank, deep blue, steadfast eyes, and the honest, sun-burnt, open face, would have nothing to say to her, preferring his nature-created duchess. Not that it ever had entered into his head to compare the two. Compare our Giulia to Lisa Bartoldi! or, indeed, to any other of mortal mould!

No; he *could* have nothing to say to Lisa—nothing to say to her, that is, in the way of love, for they were very good friends, perfectly understood one another, and sympathised upon the subject, and would speak very freely upon it when they met, as was often the case, on occasion of the young farmer of Bella Luce coming into Fano on market-days.

And indeed they found much to say to each other upon such occasions. For Lisa had a secret of her own—a secret the joint property of herself and a certain captain of Bersaglieri,† one Giacomo Brilli—which she had no objection to trust to great, honest Beppo, in return for his bewailments of his hapless passion. The exchange was hardly a fair one; for Lisa was happy in her love, and, with a little perseverance, had not much to fear from the rigour of a dotting father, who, however, for the present, declared that it was altogether impossible to bestow his heiress daughter on a man who proposed “no consideration, positively none!” in return. It would be a one-sided and altogether unformal contract. Besides, it was no

\* “What would you have?” or, “What can you expect?”

\* Parade, town-walk. † The Rifle Corps.

secret that simple Beppo gave in return for Lisa's confidences. All the world knew his pains! He would bellow out his soft complainings to any one who would listen to him, pouring out all his great, big, earnest, simple, deeply-smitten heart.

Carlo said once that Beppo reminded him, when the elegiac fit was on him, of one of his own oxen, breathing with outstretched head its melancholy bellowings to the breeze as it went a-field. And if Giulia's eyes could have wielded daggers as well as look them, when he so spoke, methinks Carlo would never have jibed at his brother or any one else any more.

Farmer Paolo Vanni, and his counsellor Don Evandro, supposing it finally admitted that it was beyond their united power to bring Beppo and Lisa together, would have been glad to secure the Fano attorney's crowns on behalf of his younger brother, Carlo. And Carlo, despite a certain degree of inclination to make love to his beautiful cousin, half due to real admiration of her beauty, and half to a feeling that it would be very pleasant to carry her off from under his brother's nose, would have had no difficulty in acceding to such an arrangement. But neither in this way did it seem likely, for the reasons that the reader is in possession of, that Sandro Bartoldi's money could be made available for increasing the greatness of the Bella Luce family.

And it is now intelligible, also, why old Paolo Vanni, despite all his worldly prosperity, was not altogether a happy man, and why the Bella Luce household was not an abode of that unbroken felicity, contentment, and peace of mind, which are usually supposed to be the characteristics of dwellings placed in romantic situations, and ten miles from the nearest post-office.

*(To be continued.)*

### GOLD, BREAD, AND SOMETHING MORE.

In our "voyages by the fireside"—the only voyages that most of us are able to indulge in—there has been a great change of scenery going on for some time past. Scenes that we supposed we had a distinct and faithful idea of, have presented new features within a few years, and some have wholly changed their aspect. An Australian plain was conceivable enough twenty years since—an expanse of coarse grass, spreading to the horizon a surface varied only by a few ups and downs, and clumps or belts of gum-trees; and nothing could appear more simple to the imagination than the position of the shepherd, seated on the great stone amidst the grass, in the intervals of his toils with his sheep. The case was not quite so simple as it looked. That big stone happened to be gold; and when this was found out, the solitary shepherd gave place to hundreds and thousands of such people as put an end to quiet wherever they go. A barbaric town and its rude commerce and conflicts fill the space in the mind's eye so lately occupied by sheep and their shepherd. Even a greater change has come over our notion of the interior of Africa. We used to see a scorching wilderness of sand, glaring rocks, a sky without clouds, and an earth without water; and now we

are preparing to watch the progress of Captains Speke and Grant, as they march for weeks together on the banks of vast rivers, and traverse valleys rich enough to grow all the finest products of the soil. We see them forcing their way through jungles, and taking shelter from the sun under noble timber trees; and, in short, finding themselves plunged into a region of teeming fertility, as unlike a parched, sandy, and rocky desert as one part of the earth's surface can be to another.

In one of these cases, actual change has been wrought in the aspect of the scene: in the other, we have merely substituted a true for a false conception. The time seems to have arrived for both kinds of change to take place in our mind's pictures of a region which ought to have great interest for us,—that prodigious expanse of land and water which belongs to us in the northern latitudes of the Western hemisphere. Nowhere in Australia itself have the transformations been so marvellous as some will be, for months and years to come, in certain regions of the Hudson's Bay territories,—as we have been accustomed to call the expanse which stretches, north of the Canadas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Some of us thought we knew those regions so well! In the Barren lands, the dreary district west of Hudson's Bay, we have seen the Esquimaux trudging through the snow, on the track of the musk-ox or the reindeer; or fishing when the lakes melt, and gathering moss and weeds for vegetable food. Even this scene may grow milder and more animated as new reasons arise for seeking the shores of Hudson's Bay. Due south of these barren lands lies a tract which till lately had hardly come before our imaginations at all. We did not hear of many fur-bearing animals there; and that feature—of furry animals—was the only one we knew of in Hudson's Bay territory which was not specially described to us. Two or three travellers, or companies of travellers, who had been exploring in search of a road to British Columbia, at length told us what was under the sun in that part of his course. There were lakes of various dignities,—from Lake Superior, to bright pools hidden in the forest, and betrayed only by their streams when the settlers desired to learn whence came the useful waters. In some parts these lakes were known to be deep; but for the most part they were believed to be shallow; and in some so reedy and weedy that canoes could scarcely pass along them. We were able, after reading thus much, to see the polar water-fowl arriving in this watery region, in long lines from the north, the lines becoming wavy and uncertain, and then breaking up altogether, as the wild swans and geese and ducks plunged in throngs into the swamps and lake margins. We could see the Indian fowler skulking in the sedges, with his snares or his bow. He had waited long for more feathers for his adornment, and for this change of food: and now he was patient to wait in his lair till he could bag birds enough to make him welcome at his wigwam. We could image to ourselves, too, the gloomy forest, damp and mossy, which all the settlers who had yet gone there had scarcely been able to open to the light, so as to dry a space big enough to live on. Most of them



preferred going a little further west, where the forest stopped short, and the savannas succeeded. There, at the Red River, at the entrance to this region, we see the last of British civilisation. We see farms on the river bank almost adjoining for miles; and a good road stringing them together, so as to make real neighbours of them. Beyond that settlement, everything has hitherto seemed to grow wilder and wilder, till the whole country looked like an unpeopled wilderness.

There was the Saskatchewan River, flowing on for ever without sign of any human being taking an interest in it, except when some roving party of Indians came, hungry and gloomy, to spear fish. When they went away, hiding their canoe in some grassy creek, all was as before, except for the stench of offal on the bank.

From either shore spread the prairies, which were as desolate as a sea without a ship. For weeks together, there was no sound but of the wind, and no movement but of grass and clouds. Then came silently a herd of soft-footed deer; or a thundering throng of heavy buffalo. If unobserved, the creatures fed, and grazed their way gradually to the horizon and beyond it. If discovered and pursued by the Indians, the tumult was tremendous. The most savage of men seemed to be matched with the most savage of beasts; and the uproar was worthy of the occasion. But it was short-lived. There was a gallop across the scene,—the ground shaking with the tread, and the air quivering with the shriek and the bellow, the shout and the roar of the antagonists. The sounds died away, and then their echoes were lost, and then the scene became lifeless as before. The mere presence of observers who could disclose this landscape to us was a prophecy of a change; and those observers were in fact explorers, sent to find a way through the Rocky Mountains to the gold fields of British Columbia beyond.

When they told us, after their return, that there was a mountain pass here, and another there, over which a road might in time be carried, they at the same time disclosed so vast a scene of wilderness lying on this side that the interest of a feasible passage to our Pacific colonies through British territory seemed to belong to a future generation, and to be shared by us only through the imagination of patriotism and poetry. The Red River settlement itself is less than half-way between the mouth of the St. Lawrence and Vancouver Island. It was encouraging to hear that, up to the Rocky Mountains, there were rivers, or lakes, or prairies, nearly all the way; so that we might imagine the line of settlement lengthening till it stretched across, and the number of travellers always increasing till, in some future century, a broad belt of population would make a vast new state for English life to flourish in. Still, for our own time, we could expect to see little there but the full quiet river flowing on, and the Indians fishing, and the grassy plains, with the wild herds roving at will. But already, within a few months, the scene has changed its character; and the change in the prospect is yet more marked.

In the long days of last Midsummer the quiet

was gone from some of the stillest spots which had hitherto slept in the noon of the year. The sound of men's voices and tools scarcely ceased for an hour or two of the short night: for the men were digging gold; and they were impatient to get all they could before others came for a share.

There were half-breeds from the great lakes to the east; and whites, and Indians and half-breeds from Minnesota and Nebraska to the south; and mining adventurers from as far as California, and from England, who had come round by British Columbia. On that side the mountains, rumours had reached them of gold deposits in regions where game and fish were plentiful, and no competitors would interfere with the first searchers. So, last spring, there were parties dropping down from the mountains on the Peace River, which had hitherto seemed the end of the world, and on tracts which none but Indians and hunters had hitherto traversed. There they are now, getting gold, and breaking up the solitude of silence for ever. If we now look, on the map, at the course of the Saskatchewan (as far as known), and the Assiniboine, and the Peace River, we may see the awkward half-breeds greedily picking out gold from the mud at the rate of 40*l.* or 50*l.* each per week. Where trained diggers have halted, the work goes on much faster; and the river banks are spoiled at a much quicker rate. In May there were not fewer than five hundred of these miners on the rivers which flow east from the Rocky Mountains.

After what we have witnessed in Australia, we know what we may expect to see in our western colonies, in the lifetime of this generation. Already gold has been looked for and found in the very heart of Canada,—even within a few miles of Quebec, and in the district of Ottawa. There is already a thickening of the population wherever any gold has been found; and we may now look upon the familiar scenery of life in those rather inert colonies as a dissolving view. No greater change ever took place in the circumstances of any settlement of men, than may be anticipated for the Hudson's Bay territories and Canada, now that their soil has begun to yield gold.

Hitherto we have never reckoned the population of Canada as reaching three millions: and it would be difficult to assign any number small enough for the settlers beyond Lake Superior. What will it not now be within a few years, or even months? It is for the interest of all parties—British Columbia, Canada, and England—that there should be a broad and safe highway through British territory from sea to sea; and the road will naturally extend to every point at which gold-diggers are at work. The game will not long suffice for their subsistence, even if their noise and movement do not drive it away. There must be purveyors of food and clothing first, and luxury afterwards:—in other words, commerce must spring up at all the stations. There will be farmers and stock-keepers to supply the food, and merchants to supply everything else to both miners and farmers. Artisans will be sent for at any price; and they will come in throngs. Towns will arise on convenient spots; and an immigration, probably equalling that in Australia, will produce

great effects in England, and much greater in her western dependencies. The immigrants will form a populous and powerful state,—as unlike as can well be to the Canada which till now has expected to be nursed and protected by England, and been accustomed to insulting menaces or invitations from the adjoining republic. If the new treasure makes our territory more tempting to filibusters, it will at the same time make it stronger to resist intrusion and repel menace. If a populous and strong group of colonies can live in profitable and amicable commercial connection with their republican neighbour, so much the better for everybody. If this should not be practicable, there is no advantage that the United States have hitherto enjoyed which will not henceforth be equally at the command of the adjoining colonies. The stream of emigration will flow into the Hudson's Bay territories, in preference to all other American soil, from the day when the new gold shall have caused the peopling and enrichment of the country to begin. The imagination may then mourn the solemn quiet which will have passed away; but the reason and the heart ought to rejoice that a new portion of the earth's surface is, as it were, given to our people in which to live and flourish, strong in their numbers and power of self-government, and rich in the diligence of their own hands.

The other great approaching change in that part of our world which I am thinking of in connection with the gold discoveries, shows us, as distinctly as we could wish, what the development of our territory will be like. We have so strong an interest in the proposed enterprise, that it may hardly occur to us at first to look at it as yielding a prophecy to our colonists; but it is worth while to glance back for a moment, to see how it is so. At a moment when the great granary of the West is likely to be freely opened to us, we may well inquire whether the creation of that granary is a promise that we shall have something like it from the same causes.

Seventeen years since, an event took place which should have its place in the history of the Western continent, and which may appear hereafter worth mention in connection with the history of the working classes of England. In the summer of 1836, the first ship traversed the lakes which divide Canada and the United States. There had been intercourse by water before,—missionaries and pioneer-settlers passing westwards by boats and small steamers; and of late, land speculators and agents, and the hands necessary for building towns. The settlers had tilled the soil, and raised cattle on the prairies; the speculators had made wharves and built stores at the foot of Lake Michigan to receive the new produce; and now the time seemed to have arrived for shipping to show itself, to convey the produce to some populous region where it would sell well. It was true, the lakes had not been properly surveyed, so as to make the voyage safe: there were no stations prepared on shore, no accommodations on board for the convenience of trade or travellers: the thing was an experiment: but it was one of such significance and importance that I have rejoiced ever since that I was a passenger in the first ship which sailed

through the chain of lakes from Chicago to Buffalo.

At Chicago, in those days, it was truly the pursuit of commerce under difficulties. The canal was planned, and lots on its banks were selling at vast prices; but not a sod of it was raised. Scattered settlers sent their corn, and beef, and pickled pork, in single waggons over the prairie; and the sales were hap-hazard: but the pork trade of Cincinnati afforded a hint of what the corn and provision trade of Chicago ought to be, with its facilities for water-carriage. So this ship opened the new game; and I, as a passenger, can compare the facilities for water-carriage then, with those which are to give our working-classes cheaper corn than they have ever had yet.

The Milwaukie sailed from Chicago on Monday, June 23th, 1836. She was crowded with roughs for the first eighty miles, the gentry of that description who had been hanging about the land-auctions at Chicago being on their return to the still rawer settlement of Milwaukie. We had to put up with them till mid-day on the 30th, when they tumbled ashore, among the woods. Seven young women came on board to see the ship—the total female population of Milwaukie at that day! A printing press had arrived that morning; and a newspaper would soon bring more settlers, and they would make more commerce for the ship. Already there were apple-pies, cheese, and ale to be had; and orchards, dairies, and corn-fields would rapidly spread back on the prairie. We had but too much opportunity for hearing all about this: for our captain, never having navigated this lake before, and having no proper charts, had got aground on a sand-bar, and we could not get off till the cargo was removed.

Next day came bad weather; and we lay on a leaden sea, under a leaden sky, eating the toughest of salt meat, and with no chance of getting on. When the wind and rain ceased the fog came, and we were at the very base of the high hard Michigan shore, after sunset, when a chance opening in the fog showed us our danger. Next, before sunrise on the 4th of July, we passed the Sacred Isles of the Indians—the Manitou Isles—where the spirits of their dead were believed to dwell. That evening, just in time to see the flags floating, and to hear the last guns firing for the great Fourth, we found ourselves before Mackinmackinaw—more practically called Mackinaw. The wigwams and bark-roofed huts, the Indians on the shore, and the half-breeds on and in the water, gave the place a wild appearance, though civilised dwellings were visible about the fort. The scene was incomparably beautiful, both evening and morning, and as unlike a trading station as could well be conceived; but a great traffic in furs went on here, at this central position among the great lakes. It is an island nine miles in circumference, lying in the strait between Lakes Michigan and Huron, and communicating with Lake Superior to the north.

We had now, I beg my readers to observe, sailed northwards for nearly 400 miles: and we were about to sail about as far south along Lake Huron. We were making a vast circuit north and south, in order to make another afterwards to

the north-east. Lake Huron, be it observed also, is always squally; and I never saw the majestic scenery of storm and of the Aurora Borealis more splendid than during our troubled passage. There would have been a refuge for us within the line of the Manitouline Islands and Cabots' Head, if the ship's track had led into Georgian Bay, as it soon will: but we could only take our chance amidst buffeting winds. As we proceeded we met more squalls, a headwind, and so many obstacles that we did not see the southern extremity of the lake till the evening of the 8th. We went aground at the entrance of the St. Clair River, amidst thunder, lightning, roaring winds, scampering wild horses, and gathering Indians, who held us completely in their power all night. Next day, the anxious hours were passed amidst the shallows and eddies of the St. Clair,—the ship now whirling in the pools, and now grazing the shores. Then there was a headwind again: and, in short, it seemed as if we could not traverse the shallow windy Lake St. Clair to Detroit. When within sight of the city we went aground so fast that there was no hope of progress, or of getting a meal (the provisions being exhausted). My party and I had had enough of it. We stepped on board a wood raft, and so gained Detroit. Before we left it, by land conveyance, we saw our ship working her way still south down the Detroit River, after which she would have to turn up to the north-east, and traverse the entire length of Lake Erie to Buffalo. Her cargo, if for exportation, or the New York market, would have a long transit yet to perform,—costly from its transshipments, and absurdly circuitous. It must travel still eastwards, now in canal boats, by the Mohawk or Erie canal for 300 miles, till it reached the Hudson, when it would again be shifted by costly labour into the great river-boats, and carried south once more to New York, for final despatch to England or elsewhere.

Now, let me beg my readers to follow this route on the map, and see what a winding track it is, through many waters, each requiring different vessels, and the levy of a tax on each transshipment. By this method of carriage it will be clear that England will not buy, nor Western farmers sell, much bread or meat from the great Mississippi valley. Let us see how the aspect of the case is changing.

Chicago has grown in proportion to the development of the country behind it; and that country supplies us with one-third of the wheat and one-half of the flour we buy from foreign countries,—even now, when the wheat and flour traverse that long and expensive line of transit which I have described. But, for want of a more direct route, every 100*l.* worth shipped at Chicago costs us 150*l.* for carriage to Liverpool, and vast amounts of the best goods are wasted on the spot. It is actually the case that the Western farmers use their wheat as fuel, because, being otherwise useless, it is cheaper than coal or wood. Chicago wants to send away fifteen millions of quarters of corn; and, as it cannot get carried, the surplus lies in sheds, one of which is two miles long, and quite full; or it is used to light the fires. So much for the want of a good channel to the sea!

The natural consequence has followed. The

western Americans, the Canadians, and the people of England, as far as they have heard of it,—and especially the English Ministers,—are hoping and planning to obtain this improved channel. As soon as the English people make up their minds to have corn and meat as cheap as the Western growers and shippers are willing to sell it, the thing will be done; and the Duke of Newcastle has publicly declared that the Queen's Government will do everything in their power to aid an enterprise which is of the highest importance to the country.

The waste of route is, by the new plan, to stop abreast of the Manitouline Isles in Lake Huron. The corn-ships will enter Georgian Bay, and make for French River, which flows between that Bay and Lake Nipissing in Canada West. At the eastern end of Lake Nipissing, a canal will join it with the Mattawa River, which flows into the Ottawa. Thence, all is plain sailing, and as nearly direct as may be, by the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence. The works required will, in all, extend over 200 miles, and cost only 4,000,000*l.*,—a sum which will be immediately repaid by the saving in carriage and transshipment. It is inconceivable that such an improvement should not be at once proceeded with, saving, as it would, 500 miles of costly carriage, which goes to enhance the price of bread to English buyers.

It was in February last that the subject was brought to a practical issue in the Legislature of Illinois, by the appointment of a Commission to confer with the authorities of Canada and of England on the establishment of this route. In March, the Governor-General of Canada received the proposals of the American Commission, and referred them to Parliament; and in April, the Canadian Parliament reported as strongly as possible in favour of the project. The Sheffield deputation which went up to the Duke of Newcastle last month have obtained for us the plain declaration of the goodwill of our Government, in whatever constitutional way it can be shown. When it is sufficiently well understood throughout the country that by means of this open road to the great Western valley, the cost of transport will be so reduced, as that we may bring for two millions what cost us seven millions and a half in 1861, and that the difference will pay for the new route in a single year, there can surely be no lack of popular support.

The cheapness and plenty of bread and meat are not the only benefits to be considered. The whole route, from the head of Lake Michigan, would lie through British territory. What the flow of such a commerce through the heart of Canada would be, we ought to consider. A better thought still is of the close connexion which would thus be formed between the great Western States of the American Republic and ourselves. The project originated with them: it is welcomed in Canada and in England; and, if there be one security for a lasting peace more trustworthy than another, it is a commerce of such vital importance to both parties.

Such are the changes which, new and striking to us, will be old-established facts before the end of the century,—improvements so interwoven

with the destinies of our Western territories that men's wonder will be how colonial life went on before their date. FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

## FALCONRY.

MODERN England is once more rapidly assimilating her field sports to the nobler and more picturesque woodcraft of our feudal ancestors. A club of Falconers exists at this moment, near Ware,—the United Holland and English fraternity, known as the "Loo Hawking Club." A hundred private mews,\* supported by gentlemen in every county of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, with a regular trade in and interchange of falcons, broken and unbroken, † foreign and domestic, as of old, indicate an enthusiastic desire to revive this, the cherished sport of chivalry and mediæval England. Well adapted, like archery, for extending the scanty range of open-air exercises in which women can appropriately indulge, both these graceful pastimes have been enthusiastically adopted by the sex, by which their permanence and popularity are secured. Falconry has been revived, too, amongst officers of the army, as a congenial recreation for the military caste. At Aldershot camp, the Curragh of Kildare, and in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, scarcely a day in the season passes by in which this sport may not be witnessed, accompanied with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance peculiarly its own.

It may be observed that no art or craft has more copiously lent itself to the figurative and proverbial language of our forefathers, than the sport now enlarged upon. Poets, from Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, down to those of modern date, have borrowed metaphors and illustrations from falconry. Such of us as are familiar with Shakespeare will easily recall a hundred instances of these sylvan technicalities, which cavaliers and high-born dames deemed indispensable to colloquial elegance. "A gentleman," says Lady Juliana Berners, the sporting prioress of Sopwell Nunnery, writing four hundred years ago, "is known by his horse, his hawk, and his greyhound." "Hist, Romeo! hist! —O, for a falconer's voice, to lure this tassel gentle back again!" sighs Juliet after her lover's enforced departure. Prince Hamlet also uses "a falconer's voice," when to his friend Marcellus's hawking cry, "Hillo-ho-ho! my lord," he responds—"Hillo-ho, boy! come bird, come!" like a sportsman recalling a goshawk to his wrist. Let me now briefly explain these terms of art. Lure is a device imitating the body of a fowl,

with the real wings of partridge, grouse, or drake, fastened to its sides, whereon the hawk, whilst training, should be constantly fed, the meat being tied to it, whirled round the falconer's head, or thrown to a distance. The docile bird, anticipating food, swoops down from her loftiest pride of place, and is again easily placed upon her master's fist. "Tassel gentle" means a sagacious, loving, well-conditioned male hawk, being a corruption of tiercel, he being a tierce, or one-third less than his mate. Nature has endowed the latter with superior size and strength, for on her devolves the entire care of the brood, to find sustenance for which is no trivial labour where game is few and far between. In "Othello," we have Shakespeare again speaking in the technicalities of this ancient sport, which he loved so well—the Moor thus apostrophising his hapless Desdemona—

If I do prove her haggard,  
E'en though her jesses were my dear heartstrings,  
I'll whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
To prey on fortune.

Haggard, is a hawk wild and stubborn, which no caresses can reclaim. Jesses are the short straps fastened to a falcon's legs, by which she is retained on the wrist.

The Lady Juliana Berners—a sort of celibate Di Vernon in her day, who loved perhaps a high mettled falcon better than her breviary—was a lady of great beauty and mental endowments. Some of you have looked into her "Boke of St. Alban's," printed in Westminster Abbey by Wynkyn de Worde, and esteemed on that account by Frognall Dibdin's disciples to be worth exactly its own weight in sovereigns: perhaps "fifty or so" might "turn the scale of its avoidupois." My lady regarded falconry as a sport for princes, and a passionate love of it the sure criterion of gentle birth. Indeed, how many of our ancient worthies, in their portraits adorning the ancestral halls of Britain, are represented holding a hooded falcon on the wrist. She enumerates the various species of hawk specially assigned to different sportsmen according to their degrees of rank. Thus, the falcon gentle is for a prince, a falcon of the rock for a duke,\* a peregrine for an earl, a goshawk for a poor man, † a musket for the holy water clerk, a kestrel for a knave, ‡ and last, not least, the bold, diminutive merlin for a lady.

For the ladies of old—and in modern days likewise—were and are passionate amateurs of this fascinating out-of-door pastime. When travelling from castle to castle in a round of fashionable visits, the beautiful little merlin, equipped with embroidered jesses and silver bells, was never off their wrist. Sorry am I to add they carried them to church also, and many an edict is on record, launched by successive ecclesiastical councils, against the heathenish custom of perching hawks upon the edges of pews, where the sound of their

\* "Mew" means a building where hawks are generally kept, but more especially during the moulting season and in cold weather. During fine weather they do best and look bestraunged in line, each with perch and teler upon a smooth-shaven velvet lawn. The King's Mews at Charing Cross, though latterly used as stables, and also for keeping a very large portion of valuable Public Records in—to the great advantage of the legion of the genus *Rodentia*, that burrowed in them—were built originally for housing the royal falcons, which remained there for ages.

† Dutch falconers, from the village of Falconswaerd, near Bois le Duc, which is a colony of these old-world sportsmen, visit England every season, bringing for sale a supply of ready-trained falcons.

\* At the Manchester Exhibition was a portrait, by Titian, of a Duke of Milan, holding the spar-hawk on his fist. The painter greatly errs in giving him a falcon beneath his rank.

† "Musket," the male sparrow, or spar-hawk, a very game bird, of extremely elegant form, and very rapid wing. Hand firearms were quaintly named after this sporting hawk, allusive to the swiftness of the missile they discharge.

‡ "Knave," a serving-man.

jingling bells sacrilegiously intermingled with that rung out at the elevation of the Host.

In the hawking-field, the obsequious cavalier felt a pride and pleasure in waiting upon these fair dames, and by every gallant assiduity to enhance the pleasure of their flights.

A falconer Henry is when Emma hawks,  
With her of tiercels and of lures he talks.  
High on her wrist the tow'ring merlin stands,  
Practised to rise and stoop at her commands ;  
And when obedient now the bird has flown,  
And headlong plucked the trembling quarry down,  
Her Henry hastens to relieve the fair,  
And with the honor'd feather decks her hair ;  
Yet still, as from the sportive field he goes,  
His plaintive sighs reveal a lover's woes,  
And by his inward sorrow is expressed,  
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

Amongst the English monarchs who delighted in hawking, the most enthusiastic was James I. Many warrants are extant amongst the State Papers for compelling the owners and cultivators of land around his hunting-seats, to open the fences and plough all arable fields in broad furrows, that his and prince Henry's necks might not be endangered in their headlong career, galloping after his soaring hawks. His royal continental cousins, well knowing his dominant taste, were at times completely triumphant in the most important State business by timely gifts of a cast\* or two of high-bred, highly-trained falcons. "The king," writes my lord treasurer, in an unedited State Paper now before me, "means this day to be at Newmarket, though his physicians and most about him are against the journey : but he is so desirous to see certain new hawks fly that he would not be stayed. Here is a Monsieur, come from the French king, with a present of fifteen or sixteen casts of hawks, some ten or twelve horses, and as many setting dogs. He made his entry very magnificently with all this retinue in excellent good order, and with store of torch-light, which gave the more lustre to all this long show, and to his own bravery, being indeed very rich and gallant. His hawks fly at anything, kites, crows, pies, or whatsoever comes in the way.† He is to tarry until he hath instructed our men in this kind of falconry, which had not need be long, being so costly, for he and his train stand the King in five-and-twenty pounds a-day. I have forgotten his name, though he be a baron, but the best reputation he hath is to be a good falconer."

The cost of entertaining these gallant woodsmen soon began to tell unpleasantly upon James's at all times slender exchequer ; so, thinking he paid somewhat dear for his whistle, he directs the Secretary of State, who was also Prime Minister of his wood-craft, to take measures for their dismissal. "Go," he writes‡ to Sir Anthony Pell, his own chief falconer, "and inform yourself of him, or receive directions how to find out the number of inferior falconers that are fit to receive gold chains, being of the train of this Frenchman, and about what value the chains have been that

any of our men received, that have carried hawks and dogs to the French King."

The baron-falconer having become quite a pet with all the court ladies who loved to bear a hawk upon their wrists, is in no hurry to re-cross the Channel, seeing which, his Majesty—whose falconers have now acquired all the art and mystery of the French mode of hawking—again addresses Mr. Secretary Conway, to move my Lord Cecil in the matter. "His Majesty hath commanded me to signify unto your lordship," writes the Secretary, "that he thinks it high time to deliver himself from the great burden of the noble falconers ; and therefore desires your lordship to make expedition with the presents and jewels specified in the note endorsed, to be furnished by Mr. Heriot,\* his jeweller, and therefore prays your lordship to give order for his picture, and the case garnished with diamonds, value eight hundred or a thousand pounds."

Falconers rejoice in a language peculiarly their own—wholly incomprehensible to the uninitiated, which is what they specially desire : thus, in their dialect, a nestling, or young hawk, is an eyass (in French, *nyasse*), i.e., a young bird from the nest, unfledged. Mrs. Ford wittily terms her little page "my eyass-musket," i.e., young sparrow-hawk.

Eyasses, † of whatever species—whether goshawk, peregrine, hobby, launier, small and valiant merlin, or sparrow-hawk—are best for a tyro to try his hand upon, because young and manageable,—like himself, we hope. They may be procured by making friends with any gamekeeper who has a large extent of woodland in the vicinity of the trainer's residence. In this case, the enthusiastic youngster will do best if he leave the birds with the old ones as long as possible ; if procured from a distance, on the contrary, they should be taken from the nest when quite callow, and before the feathers are enough grown to be in danger of being broken on the journey, the rapidity and perfection of a falcon's flight, be she trained or wild, depending on the preservation of her pinions.

The little birds—in this state not much larger than a house-sparrow, and covered with milk-white down, but even now looking formidable by their large, fierce, stern eyes, and sharp, aquiline beaks—should be tended with unremitting assiduity. Instead of caging them within-doors, as some do foolishly, place them on fresh clean barley-straw in a large hamper, firmly fixed on its side about breast-high, amongst the branches of some convenient tree, in a retired, sheltered situation. The hamper lid may be so supported, on a level with the straw, as to form a dining-room for your eyasses to come out upon when they are fed. This is an interesting process—interesting to the lad in charge, doubly interesting to the birds, which have, perhaps, journeyed far and are sharp-set. Expecting their arrival, he will not fail to have in readiness a freshly-killed pigeon, rook, or two or three blackbirds: the brains, heart, and entrails of which they are quite *au fait* in extracting, and appear to enjoy mightily. Failing of these, a nice juicy, *raw* out of fresh

\* A brace.

† To this diverse training Hamlet alludes in the passage—  
"Let us to it like French falconers—fly at anything we see."

‡ State Papers.

\* See "Fortunes of Nigel."

† "An airy of children, little eyasses."—"Hamlet."  
Airy, a hawk's nest.

beef, without skin or fat, will supply their place. With a shout—"Hoo-hoo! ha, ha, ha!"—and a shriek of the hawking-whistle, constantly hanging at your button-hole at feeding-time, and subsequently in the field, present a morsel about the size of a small horse-bean to each of the greedy little pensioners in succession, till they cease altogether their shrill, chirping screams, and will receive no more. Thrice or four times in the day, but always at unvarying hours, from sun-rise to sun-down, the interesting process should be repeated. Leave no meat in the hamper, which should be kept scrupulously clean, and the eyasses are never to be handled. Hawks do not drink, the blood and juices of their flesh diet being all that nature requires, but they intensely enjoy a bath in hot weather. Place them gently on the brink of a shallow sandy spot in some small crystal brook, and they will rush in, splashing vigorously until wet as a fish, and then sunning and pluming themselves upon the grassy bank. If no brook lies convenient, a shallow earthen pan, about thirty inches in diameter, and four inches deep, nearly filled with pure water, will serve. But a bath of some kind cannot be dispensed with. They sicken without it.

By pursuing this treatment, your hawks, which are by nature exceedingly intelligent, and, when subdued, fond of human society, speedily learn to challenge, the moment they hear the whistle and voice of their keeper. This they do by uttering a loud, chirping note, and as soon as their pinions are grown they will leave their hamper at their master's well-known call, and, flying towards him, perch upon his head, arms, and shoulders, eager for the expected meal. Give to each by times an oft-repeated fancy name—"Jessie," "Death," "Beauty," &c., are appropriate. Shakespeare has "Old Joan"—"In sooth, my lord, the wind was very high, and, ten to one, 'Old Joan' had not gone out,"—*i. e.*, had refused to fly. They hate a breezy day. The growth of eyasses is rapid: they will soon desert the basket entirely, perching on the branches of adjacent trees and roofs of buildings, sometimes extending their flights to a considerable distance; but, if fed constantly at the same spot, and at the same hour, they will certainly return. At this time only, leaden bells, covered with soft leather, are by some falconers attached to their legs in addition to the usual sonorous musical ones formed of silver bell-metal, and thus hampered they may be confidently left to their own pleasure and devices. Feeding times are now reduced to twice a day, and the meat need be no longer carved for them. Cast down to each a fresh blackbird, rook, jackdaw, starling, &c., or slice of fresh beef and mutton, throwing yourself on the greensward in the midst of your plumed favourites, and cheering them to the onslaught with voice, whistle, and swinging-lure, till you waken the echoes from rock, hill, and valley. The lure consists of four jackdaws' wings, placed two and two, face to face, firmly united at their butts, so as to resemble a bird's pinions as they appear when extended in flight; a couple of slight thongs, three or four inches long, are fastened to the upper and lower surface, to which meat can be tied in training, and a looped strap

of three feet enables the hawker to whirl it round his head as he cheers and shouts to his falcon, when he calls her from the perch a long distance off, or desires to make her descend from her pride of place, invisible amongst the clouds. Garnished with meat on both sides, up goes the lure, and almost before it descends to the ground, the falcon has seized it, and with covering wings makes it her prey. The falconer must bear in mind that appetite—appetite—is the chief bond of union and obedience between him and his favourite, however noble and generous the race to which she belongs. A *very* moderate meal, therefore, if any, should be given on the morning a falcon is taken to the field. If full-fed, she probably will take perch in some tree or rocky ledge—like deaf and insensible to voice, whistle, and lure. And now it is that the utility of her bells becomes manifest, for, although out of sight, each movement gives them sound. Should she also, after killing her game beyond the falconer's ken, attempt to plume—*i. e.*, feed upon it amongst the tall fern or stubble—every movement of her talons reveals her whereabouts with a silver sound.



Hawk with Trappings.

The bells are of composite metal, one, for harmony's sake, being pitched half a tone lower than the other. Maestricht in Holland was and is still famed for selling famous hawks' bells. But the boy falconer may find a very effective and cheap substitute in the larger kind of brass ferrets' bells, which in form exactly resemble the real thing, and are, indeed, the cheap hawks' furniture of our forefathers. Excellent and genuine falcon bells, and all the gear of falconry, *viz.*, hoods, jesses, bewits, leash, and lure, are now to be bought. The country boy who is clever enough to help himself will find tanned hound's skin, which does not shrink, the best of all leather. Besides this, he must beg of some

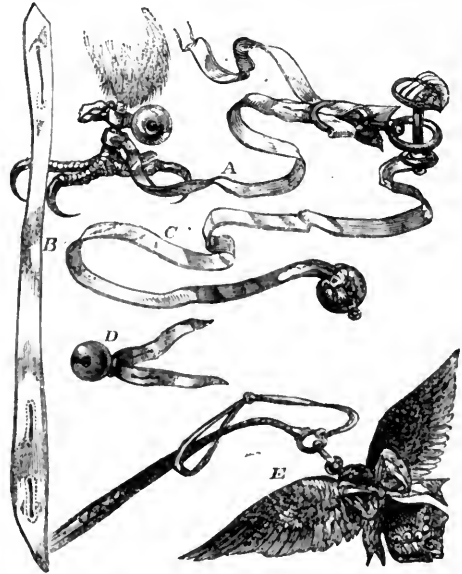
fair friend scraps of crimson silk velvet and gaily-dyed ostrich plumes for his home-made hoods. He must also provide himself with a russet-coloured stout buckskin gauntlet, called a hawking-glove, and a leathern bag like a courier's, called also a hawking-bag. Elegant and very ancient old English specimens of each are now exhibiting at the Kensington Museum. The glove, worn on the *left* hand, on which hand a falcon should always be perched, and never on the right, reaches nearly to the elbow, and is necessary to protect the sportsman's flesh from the formidable talons of his bird, and to feed her upon. In the hawking-bag are stored various nick-nacks useful in the chace, amongst which two or three dead small birds, or a portion of flesh, should not be omitted.

And thus having sufficiently dwelt on all essential preliminaries, we proceed to the main business of training. The sportsman begins by fitting her with jesses, hood, bewits, and bells, the use of which has been already explained. She must be carried continually on the fist for a certain period, and if stubborn and disposed to *bate*, *i. e.*, to struggle to get away, the old falconers plunged her head into cold water. I can recommend a better mode of curing this shyness, natural to all her species. It is to carry her day by day to the village smithy, where, perched upon your hawking-glove, she will have to endure the bustling concourse, the noise, and clouds of fiery sparks flying everywhere about. It is also well to set up a perch and leave her there for a brief period. Thus, by assiduity and watching, she is brought to submit to have her head covered with the hood—in which, be it remarked, she will afterwards greatly delight, as a feeding signal. This troublesome employment, fatiguing to both trainer and bird, continues for a week at least; but it rarely happens but at the end of this, her necessities, and the privation of light, make her lose all idea of liberty, and tame down her natural wildness. The master judges of his success when her head can be covered without resistance, and when, uncovered, the meat presented is seized and eaten with avidity and contentedly. The repetition of these lessons by degrees ensures success. Her wants being the chief principle of dependence, it is endeavoured to increase her appetite by giving little balls of flannel and feathers, which are greedily swallowed. Having thus excited the appetite, care is taken to satisfy it, and thus gratitude attaches the bird to her tormentor.

When the first lessons have thus succeeded, and the falcon shows signs of docility, she is carried out upon some green, the head uncovered, and by tempting her with food at intervals, she is taught to jump upon the fist and continue there. It is now necessary to study the character of the bird; to speak frequently to her if she be inattentive to the voice, to stint the food of such as do not come kindly or readily to the lure, and to keep her watching, if not sufficiently familiar.

When the docility and familiarity of the bird are sufficiently confirmed on the green, she is then carried into the open fields, but still kept fast by a string about twenty yards long. She is then unhooded as before, and the falconer standing some

paces off shows her the lure; when she flies upon it, she is permitted to take a large morsel of the food tied thereon. She is, lastly, shown the game itself, alive but tame, which she is designed to pursue. After having seized this several times with her string, she is left entirely at liberty, and carried out for the purpose of pursuing that which is wild. At that she flies with fierceness; and having seized or killed it, she is brought back by the voice and lure.



A. Hawk's Leg, with Jesse attached.  
B. Jesse (of dog's skin).  
C. Leash and Swivel.  
D. Beewit.  
E. Lure.

Let us here describe the hood above spoken of. It is a head-piece formed of leather and crimson velvet, surmounted by a stem, bearing aloft a plume of particoloured feathers. The hood is very becoming and ornamental to the brave bird, and an essential aid to the falconer in training: being put off and on at pleasure, its properties as a restraint are very great. Wearing this, the hawk, whether at home or abroad, can be kept perfectly quiet; without it, our control over her wild and timorous disposition is very limited. Varvels are silver rings, sometimes attached to the ends of the jesses, bearing the owner's name, crest, and address.

Modern falconers encourage or call the attention of their hawks to the springing quarry by some distinct cry, the usual modern one being "Hoo-ha-ha-ha-ha!" Upon killing, the cry is "Whoop!" and that to give notice to the field upon viewing a lost hawk, "Upho!"

Hawking at the brook—*i. e.*, at waterfowl, such as ducks, teal, widgeon, &c.—was one of that royal Nimrod James the First's prime diversions, so much so indeed that my MS. describes him often rising abruptly from the council-table, saying "that he had worked long enough, and would fain go see his hawk fly a mallard at the brook." More than

once, when confined to his bed with the gout, he insists upon being carried out in a litter for the same purpose.

The sport of brook-hawking necessarily belongs to an aquatic district, where rivers, mires, ponds, &c., are frequent, the game being ducks, teal, widgeon, &c. To train your hawk for this sport, procure three or four tame ducks of the same colour as the wild one, and throw her up one of these daily for as many days. When she brings them down, suffer her to plume them at her leisure, giving her the heads and necks for her reward; then get several more which, on trial, you know to be good flyers, and send one of them with a servant before you to a pond surrounded with bushes, where he is to be hid till your arrival. On coming to the same place, strike the bushes with your pole, as a signal for your servant to cast the duck into the air, but without discovering himself. The hawk being sharp-set will swoop directly after her, and bring her down in an instant, selecting the mallard "young and gay, whose green and azure brighten in the sun." She is now completely made, and after a few more similar lessons you may boldly enter your falcon at wild game. Creep as near as possible to the pond or marsh, beating the bushes or hedges to raise the fowls. As soon as she brings one of them down, let her plume and amuse herself with it, and then reward her as usual.

In partridge hawking, when the game rises, the falcon will swoop down upon it with wonderful velocity, and either kill at its first flight, or force it to take refuge in a bush or hedge. In the latter case the hawk makes her point, that is, rises perpendicularly in the air, and hangs with quivering wings over the spot where the partridge dropped into cover. The falconer must be on horseback, provided with a steady pointer and one or two spaniels under good command. When a bird is marked down, or pointed by the dog, the hawk is to be unhooded and cast off (thrown from the fist). She will wheel in airy circles around her master, and if of a good race, mount to a considerable height, the higher the better. If she ranges at too great a distance, make her to incline inwards by the voice and lure.

The gyr falcon was the ancient falconer's prime favourite—a present, as already observed, meet to be offered to the monarch on his throne. She is the boldest, the most perfect winged, and, in proportion to her weight, the strongest both for action and endurance of all the feathered tribe. Dwelling in inclement Iceland, subjected to violent winds, heavy snows, and protracted rains, and often compelled to endure severe abstinence in a locality where there is no tree, hardly even a bush, for the shelter of a bird, and requiring at other times to range for several hundred miles before she can procure a meal either for herself or her young, the gyr falcon has indeed a very laborious life, which it bravely upholds. The weight of a female Icelandier is about three and a half pounds; its length from bill to tail about twenty-three inches; the spread of its wings above four feet. Fine stuffed specimens may be seen in the British Museum. She is excellent for hawking at the heron.

Lo! at his siege,\* the hern,  
Upon the bank of some small purling brook,  
Observant stands, to take his scaly prize,  
Himself another's game. For mark, behind,  
The wily falconer creeps; and on his fist  
Th' unhooded falcon sits: with eager eyes  
She meditates her prey, and, in her wild  
Conceit, already plumes the dying bird.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The falcon hovering flies,  
Balanc'd in air, and confidently bold,  
Hangs o'er him like a cloud;† then aims her blow  
Full at his destined head. The watchful hern  
Shoots from her like a blazing meteor swift.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Observe th' attentive crowd; all hearts are fixed  
On this important war. The vulgar and the great,  
Equally happy now, with freedom share  
The common joy. The shepherd-boy forgets  
His bleating care; the labouring hind lets fall  
His grain unsown; in transport lost, he robs  
Th' expectant furrow; and, in wild amaze,  
The gazing village point their eyes to heaven.

The Loo Hawking Club wear appropriate uniform, "the Lincoln green," and those beautiful, slender, black feathers found at the back of a mature heron's neck, in their caps, set in a jewelled aigrette. The heron's plume, as most people know, has ever been the distinguished symbol of knighthood, and of noble and princely rank. To gain this much coveted falconer's trophy, the members of the United Loo Hawking Club gallop as recklessly (what more need be said?) as in a fox hunt after Reynard's brush.

These are expensive joys, fit for the great,  
Of large domains possessed. Enough for me  
To boast the gentle spar-hawk on my fist,  
To fly the partridge from the bristly field,  
Retrieve the covey with my busy train,  
Or, with my soaring hobby, dare the lark.

Daring larks is a minor species of falconry. The hawk cast off the fist hovers a few feet above the falconer's head, whilst he quarters any likely field. The larks feeding there, terrified at the sight of their ancient enemy, lie on the ground close as stones. The sportsman, carrying in his hand a little contrivance like the angler's landing-net, drops it over any number of larks he pleases, the birds submitting to be thus captured, rather than encounter the swoop of the hawk the moment they take wing, and terrified by her tinkling bells. †

\* The place where he stands fishing.

† About the year 1844, there was a wonderful hawk, belonging to the Loo United Hawking Club, named Bulldog, which generally took his heron at the third stoop—a feat unsurpassed. Two falcons, named Sultan and De Ruyter, in their third year, killed, at Hockwold, Norfolk, and at Loo, fifty-four herons; and subsequently, fifty-seven herons the same year. This Club consisted of about fifty members, under the immediate patronage of the King of Holland, with His Royal Highness the Prince Alexander of Holland at its head. It had many English subscribers, and those particularly zealous in originating it are the Duke of Leeds, the Lord Berners, Hon. Charles Wortley, and Mr. Gage Earle Freeman, Premier Falconer of Britain.

‡ Even the largest game, when unsuccessfully chased into covert by a falcon, will almost suffer itself to be trodden on, rather than rise to the enemy that soars remorselessly overhead, awaiting till it is sprung. So Shakespeare, who was an adept in hawking, and every sylvan sport,—

"The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,  
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells."

"Henry VI.," part iii., act i., sc. 1.



## THE HEIRLOOM.

IN TWO PARTS.



## PART II.

DURING the night which preceded our pleasure trip on the Calypso, and which also preceded the public announcement on the part of Mrs. Digby of what was a secret to none, her daughter's betrothal to me, I had no sleep, no rest. The crescent moon

kept watch, but my vigilance outlasted hers; the stars shone golden and peaceful in the clear evening sky, and they burned white through the darkness, and they paled and vanished before the dawn, as day came stealing on, and I watched still.

In that one night, if existence were to be measured by keen sensation and flaming thoughts, I lived long years. My memory brought before me, with pitiless vividness, every event of childhood, every daydream of youth, every struggle of manhood. And mingling, blending with all these, was a passionate thirst for—not revenge. No, not revenge, but for a consummation that should break to pieces and grind to dust the stumbling-blocks in my path.

I have already hinted at a hideous thought, a fiendish design, which had been fermenting in my secret soul for days past. It came first, as one of those wild notions that we all know well, and which, seeming to be of too infernal a character for the normal productions of the brain, have suggested to timorous minds the startling fear of a demoniacal possession. A healthy organisation would have rejected the grim visitant; mine was just fitted for it; it grew like the gourd of the prophet, and its shadow was over me. Ha! they turn from me, these happier fellow-pilgrims of mine; they have no sympathy with me, my love meets no response, my hatred is flung back by pity and forbearance. I am cast off as an accursed thing. But let the loved and the loving look to it!

The night waned. I could endure no longer to lie, as I had done, passive and half-dressed on my bed, thinking, thinking, until thought became torture. I sprang up, and for the rest of the dark hours I moved restlessly about, candle in hand, opening drawers and trunks, searching for some papers, destroying others, reading, writing, docketing, and seeking employment perforce. Then I drew from its case the veiled portrait of my father, which I so seldom ventured to look upon, and indulged in a long, long gaze upon those pictured features of the dead.

Yes, my own self. I glanced at my own image in the mirror, and then quickly at the portrait, and absolutely started at the identity of the two faces; myself! Even the age seemed the same, or, if any difference existed, the pictured lineaments bore the more decided impress of youth, as if the artist had been a flattering limner. But the wonderful similarity struck me as more than natural, and it was long before I espied its cause, for never before had the same resemblance existed. The eyes; they had formerly been unlike, but now an alteration had taken place; the eyes that I met in the mirror were the same in expression as those that looked from the canvas, the same melancholy fire, the same wandering light, the same lurking terror. There was *that* in them that chilled the blood of the gazer, even mine. This impression I had previously derived from my father's picture, but now I could meet the stare of the portrait on equal terms, giving back glance for glance. Why? A look at the glass told me; my own eyes, with their boding flame and brilliancy, told the secret. The Heirloom was written there in letters of fire.

I laid the picture by. I went to the window, threw up the sash, and allowed the chill air to blow upon my fevered brow, and watched the night die and the day begin. The morning star glittered like a silver spear-point, and the yellow-

ing rays glided aslant the grey confusion of clouds till they rolled off like a misty sea, and then there were streaks of purple, and pink, and lilac, and crimson, and the sun rose, and it was day. I sat and watched the changes in the mottled sky. A red morning, thought I, with the customary sense of disappointment which men in our climate feel on seeing signs of bad weather. But then the strange thought that haunted me recurred, and I said aloud in a chuckling voice:

"So much the better!"

I started with astonishment at the words, and then I waited, motionless, until I heard the noises of the awakening town, the cries of early hawkers, the muttering talk of labourers going to their work, the voices of sailors on the quay. Then I closed the window, and proceeded to make my toilet. My servant had orders to call me at a particular hour, but I resolved to dispense with his assistance in dressing, for I could ill have endured his presence. Unlocking a desk, I drew out a heavy purse of gold, and placed it in an inner breast-pocket of my pea-coat; why, I scarcely knew, but with some vague idea of providing for a possible flight. Then I took from its case a revolver pistol, carefully charged it, and concealed it under my clothes, in such a position that the butt was ready to my hand. Here again I protest that I acted without any clear project. I had once, in far off countries, made a practice of going armed, but had relinquished it long ago. I now resumed the habit as if by instinct, and a thrill of satisfaction ran through me as I did so.

I took my hat and went out. On the stairs I met my valet, a discreet, well-trained man. I was a little nervous lest there should be any unusual peculiarity in my looks. My servant, who had been long with me, winced a little as he caught my eye, but instantly resumed his demure expression. Without speaking, I walked on, and reached the open door of the hotel. A woman was on her hands and knees, with pail and brush, scrubbing the steps, and she had to make way for me as I passed. She looked up, met my eye, and jumped to her feet with a half-smothered exclamation of alarm. I ground out a curse between my set teeth, and strode angrily away. As I went towards the harbour I observed that my face must indeed have something singular in its aspect, on this morning, for children shrank back as I went by, women started, and men nudged one another and followed me with curious gaze.

By a great effort, I composed my features, and moderating my quick stride to a more common pace, I sauntered to the quay, took a boat, and went on board the Calypso. Once on board my yacht, my dissimulation and coolness surprised myself. Mr. Hemmings, my sailing master, saw nothing odd in his employer's manner, nor did the steward, the cook, or the crew. I busied myself for hours in the inspection of all the preparations, patiently listening to the dreariest details, and merely anxious to kill time. After a long interval boat after boat, crowded with my guests, arrived, and the Digbys among the first.

Lucy was pale and depressed, but I had seldom seen her so lovely. The broad straw hat and simple muslin matched well with her soft beauty;

she looked delicately pure and fair; a snowdrop rather than any other flower, might have been her emblem. A pang shot through me as I reflected that I could never be viewed by her with any feeling but aversion, as I recalled a half-formed resolution to resign her. Then Langley came up, and I saw her eyelids quiver, and the blood mantle in her pale face. A spasm of rage actually shook my frame; but I turned gaily away, and gave orders to weigh and stand out, for the tide was making fast. The loosened sails were fluttering from boom and yard, and the last guest had arrived.

Up came the anchor, and soon the Calypso, under a cloud of canvas, stood to the north-east, and weathered the projecting point. The day was delightful. All my guests were in raptures, as the well-handled yacht performed her holiday cruise around the island, and ran past frowning cliffs and beetling crags whose picturesque grandeur called forth the enthusiasm of the young ladies of our party. There was a good band of musicians on deck, a tempting collation spread below. Cabins and deck were the scene of enjoyment and mirth; and there was feasting and flirting, and a dance on the smooth planks, and all went well. My guests were happy, hungry, and merry. My own spirits were unusually high, and I gleaned golden opinions on all hands.

At last we were clear of the island, heading towards the Atlantic. The beauty of the day had in a great degree gone off; there was a thin haze over the sky, and far away to eastward lay piled up, layer upon layer, a bank of darkening clouds. The company had no eyes for these ominous signs; the wind, which now came in puffs, was still south-westerly, and we had to tack repeatedly. I was standing near the binnacle when Mr. Hemmings came up and asked me, in a respectful tone, whether he should "put her about."

"Not yet," said I, as my eye lighted on Harold Langley at Lucy's side; "I want to stand along the Dorsetshire coast, and we can get back to Ryde by nine o'clock or so."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Hemmings; "I don't half fancy them clouds to east'ard, there, Sir Wilfred, over our larboard quarter. The ladies!"—

Just then I saw watchful Mrs. Digby interpose her portly person between her daughter and Langley; I saw Lucy's look of disappointment. All hell was in my heart, and I swore inwardly that I would have my revenge. For what? Alas! pure envy prompted me.

"Mr. Hemmings," said I, "you will be pleased to follow my instructions."

The old sailor bit his lip, touched his hat, and moved off. Not half an hour elapsed before a rustling and flapping overhead, a creaking of the booms, and the hurrying tramp of the seamen, made all look up, and alarmed the more timid. The wind had changed. It had chopped round to the south-east, blew harder and harder, and as the sea got up, the schooner's motion increased. The cloud-bank blackened. At first, all went well. We scudded gallantly, the gentlemen of the party encouraged the ladies, and declared the cruise charming and the weather delightful.

My mind was fully made up. I *would* do as I had planned. Lucy should have a grimmer bridegroom than the one she had loathed so much. Her bridal robe should be the white foam of ocean, and its fathomless depths her tomb. Yes, all should perish, and I, the banned, the accursed one from my cradle, should prove mightier to slay than all these to save. I hugged the notion that I should see Langley blench and quail, and should earn the right to depise him ere he died.

I took the command of the schooner. This caused little surprise or comment. I was acknowledged a tolerable sailor, even by Hemmings, who had a gruff contempt for yachtsmen in general, and was more competent to manage a vessel than is often the case with amateur navigators. But mine was a hard task. I had to crush down my own feelings, to wear a mask of composure, to issue orders that should appear reasonable to my crew, and yet to bring about the ruin I thirsted for.

I gave orders to reduce sail, and the men sprang gladly to the reef-points and brail-lines. I kept the yacht before the wind, and old Hemmings reluctantly obeyed. And I had my reward; for presently a flash of lightning clove the swarthy clouds, and the ladies shrieked as the thunder-peal rolled past, and the wind howled fiercely through the rigging. Down came the squall in its strength. Rushing before the wind came the black bank of clouds, the driving rain, the gusts that tore up the seething sea and made the water hiss and boil like harm. The first shock laid the Calypso on her beam-ends; the waves washed her decks; all was confusion, screaming, and dismay. The schooner righted; she behaved well, but to go about was impossible, and to run before the wind was our only chance. I had a strong crew. Hemmings was a first-rate seaman, and the Calypso had good handling. Under just as much sail as gave her steerage way, we went flying to westward, chased by the dark clouds and driving scud. Still, I eluded suspicion. No notion of my design entered the mind of any one, and I was outwardly calm. Calm! I could have whooped and shouted in unison with the turmoil of the elements. What was death to me, and in such goodly companionship? I was too clever for them, then, after all! I hugged the thought to my tortured heart. Thus we flew, arrow-swift, before the gale, plunging, darting through the wild and stormy sea, and on our starboard bow lay the line of Dorsetshire cliffs, while the stony heights of Portland Island were to larboard.

A great change had come over the gay company. They were too frightened for sea-sickness, but they covered and crouched, wet, miserable, with white faces and drenched garments. A few of the male guests were trying to quiet the fears of the terror-struck women. Langley was at Lucy's side. We had to fetch a wide compass to clear Portland Bill, but the Calypso was a weatherly craft, and old Hemmings lauded her performance with all a seaman's pride.

"After all," said he, "it was but a wet jacket, and a pleasure trip spoiled."

I laughed inwardly. And now the Portland rocks were left on the starboard beam, and

though the gale was high, the gallant vessel rode the waves like a cork. She could buffet it out, with sea-room.

Just then my eye rested on a line of breakers at the southern extremity of the island—a reef of dangerous sunken rocks, the “Grapples.” I could mark the black stones, coated with weed, showing their sharp points through the white froth of the waves. The hour had come! I went aft, and took the helm, ordering the steersman to go forward and take a pull at the weather-braces. The man hesitated: but I was a master to be obeyed, and he complied, though reluctantly. However, I was no unpractised helmsman, and for a while I steered as steadily as the sailor had done. I looked over my shoulder, then to left and right. The line of white foam tempted me, allured me. One glance at Lucy, as she cowered under the bulwarks, her hand in Langley’s, her eyes fixed on his face, so affrighted, yet so trusting—the die was cast.

Down went the helm! The brave vessel gave a leap like a frightened horse, and, swaying and swerving like a terrified thing, flew up into the wind. In a moment more she was darting, swift as a hawk, towards destruction. The cruel rocks were but a few cables’ length ahead. Hurrah! on; on. A cry of despair, a yell of execration, rose from the spectators, as the yacht neared the rocks, and I, the enemy of all, stood with flaming eyes and mocking smile, grasping the helm. The Heirloom! It glared in my eyes, it was stamped on my writhing features, lurid and menacing.

“Seize him! Down with him!” shouted Hemmings, his grey hair floating in the wind, as he rushed aft, followed by the crew. But, quick as thought, my right hand drew the hidden weapon from my bosom. Before the levelled pistol the sailors recoiled, with a cry of dismay, as if they had to deal with the archfiend in person. Steadily I stood, jamming down the spokes of the wheel, and firmly I covered them with the barrel of the revolver, while my eldritch laugh froze their very marrow. Ha! too late; too late! The Calypso gave a bound and shudder, rose upon a wave, crashed upon the bard rocks, rose again, and again struck. Rigging snapped, masts, broken like pipe-stems, went over the side; the sea leaped like a drove of white wolves upon the deck, hungry and howling for prey. And all were borne down and flung upon the dripping planks, all but myself. Clinging to the wheel, I stood fast. I laughed and hallooed, I yelled out taunts and threats; I shouted, and uttered aloud a defiance to the raging waves.

None dared approach me. But Death gaped for all, and the screams of the women were drowned by the noise of wind and waves. The boats! They had been washed away: small loss, for they could never have faced that dreadful surge. And now the Calypso was wedged between two rocks, and could move no more; but the waves lashed her, and threatened to tear her plank from plank. In my frenzy I shouted and cheered on the billows, as a huntsman his hounds. The sea washed clear over the deck. It was necessary to fasten the ladies to any woodwork or bolt that might keep them from being swept over-

board. The seamen, encouraged by Hemmings, behaved well, but none dared venture where I stood, menacing and dangerous, pistol in hand.

There was a stir amidships; the bulwark had been shattered; the waves poured in like a flood, making the weakest cling desperately to their hold lest they should be sucked away by the retreating surge. I heard a faint scream, and something white went floating out on the wave as it rolled off, then sank. Lucy! I saw her pale fair face and streaming hair on the crest of the black wave. Stirred by an involuntary impulse, I sprang to save her: I—who had meant her to perish.

Another was quicker than I. His strong arm was round her, but the wave was too mighty, and both were hurried out into the boiling sea. Ha! yonder rises a human form out of the very jaws of death, clinging to the rock, but holding in a still firmer grasp something—an inert female form—Langley and Lucy again! Will not the sea devour them? He struggles hard; the sailors set up an exulting cheer; he will save her yet, and I have been cheated of the price for which I have sold my soul to the demon.

Grinding my teeth, I lifted my pistol to fire, but as I did so another huge wave washed me from my feet, and my weapon dropped upon the deck. I rose, holding to the bulwarks. The men cheered again. Harold Langley, bruised, wet, and bleeding, was standing on the stony beach beyond the reef, safe, and with Lucy at his feet.

And now our peril had been observed, and hardy men, fishers and quarrymen, came crowding down to the shore, and they set up a cry:

“The lifeboat! the lifeboat!”

I saw her. She came round the point, pulled gallantly by brave oarsmen, plunging, sinking, tossed hither and thither. My frenzy died away. I clung to the taffrail, weakly weeping, but not with fear. The lifeboat was thrice driven back to the beach, thrice she pushed boldly on. I saw Langley place Lucy in the kindly arms of an old sailor on the beach, and spring into the boat as she pushed off for the fourth effort. The lifeboat reached the Calypso. I heard the cries, the prayers, the incoherent words of gratitude to God and man for the timely rescue, and then my strained nerves gave way, and sense and memory left me.

\* \* \* \*

When I recovered, I was in a darkened room, and in bed. I tried to lift my hand, but could not. My arms were bound to my sides. I cried and complained feebly, like a child in pain. Some one, a nurse, slipped out of the room. A grave, kind man in black, a physician, entered. He felt my pulse. He did not speak. I read in his eyes what had happened. The secret of the Heirloom was a secret no more.

\* \* \* \*

They were married, as I have since heard,—Langley and Lucy Digby. What matter! I am dead to the world.

\* \* \* \*

I write this in my calmer moments. I have times that are not calm—times of great anguish, fury, and bitter wrath. I should tear myself then, like the “possessed” of old days, but for

the friendly bonds that restrain me. I am quiet now. I have no more to relate. My captivity is hopeless. Farewell.

### DRAWING BY MACHINERY.

I HAD just come up from Ross—that quaint old Western town, where the salmon-traversed Wye, fresh from Plynlimmon, gambols along amongst everything that is beautiful in nature,—and was waiting at Birmingham for the Northern Evening Express. The great station in the New Street of that town, though one of the finest in the kingdom, is not, perhaps, one of the most agreeable at which to spend a spare half-hour. The din of the arriving and departing trains of the six different lines that meet there; the panting and shrieking of some dozen or two unattached engines, that prowl wistfully to and fro, as if in search of prey; and the strange reverberations of all these discordant noises high up in the arched glass-roof that stretches away for a quarter of a mile and covers everything but the two tunnelled outlets to the station, are not the pleasantest companions for an evening promenade, nor the best possible incentives to serenity of mind or continuity of thought. Nor is there much to admire in the building itself, except the engineering skill that devised so great a span of roof without the aid of intervening pillars. So, quite stunned out, and “used up,” I determined on a short stroll in the “Hardware Village” to while away the time. Setting out in prosecution of this design, I had hardly reached that peculiarly stark-looking statue of Thomas Attwood, which fronts the station-gates, when I was slapped familiarly on the back by no feeble hand; and, turning round, I recognised in my smiling assailant an old school-friend of nomadic tendencies, whom I had not met for some six or seven years. The last time I saw him, he was pursuer in a ship lying off Calcutta; the time before that, I think, he was engaged on a Government survey in Wales. Like most of his class, too, he had had something to do in the Crimea, during the war; had taken trips to New Zealand, China, and Japan; and, in fact, had been almost everywhere excepting to the North Pole and the Lake Nyanza.

Preliminary greetings over, therefore, my first inquiry was as to what he was doing in Birmingham.

“Well, you see, I got married about two years ago,” he replied; “and as it then became necessary that I should settle down, I took to a quiet little drawing business in this ‘great Midland Metropolis’—that is the phrase by which we modest Brums now Birmingham.”

“Drawing!” I repeated; “I did not know your tastes lay that way.”

“Nor do they, in the ordinary acceptation of the word ‘drawing,’” he said, with the suspicion of a wrinkle of fun in his eye; “but the fact is, I draw by machinery. I hate that dreary old hard work, you know.”

“Surely, you do not mean that you have settled down as a photographer?”

“O no,” he replied, laughing at my evident

perplexity; “something far more lucrative than that. By the way, didn’t you see any of my work in the Exhibition?”

“No, not to my knowledge.”

“You must have seen it, my boy; I had tons of it there. However, just run up to my studio and I’ll show you some.”

I explained to him that I could not do so then, but promised to call and see him on my return from Windermere.”

“Well,” he replied, “if you like to run up and spend a few weeks with us, we shall be delighted to give you welcome; but pray, do not come for the purpose of seeing any of my works of art, or you’ll be disappointed. To tell you the truth, I am a wire-drawer—a most interesting and important manufacture I assure you. You should see the trade-circular I drew up for the American market; that will give you an insight into the uses of wire. It took me weeks to do it, but I flatter myself it’s the thing. Just listen; I know it all by heart. ‘Who,’ it asks, ‘has ever seriously thought of the inconveniences that would attend a sudden annihilation of that simple commodity called wire? To suppose the infant world deprived of its pins, and the feminine world of its hooks and eyes and bonnet-wire, were to suppose a disordered state of dress in those we love shocking to contemplate; and to suppose the home circle’—that’s a good term, isn’t it?—‘deprived of its fire-guards, were to suppose Paterfamilias driven to dispense altogether with his fires and the comforts thereof, on pain of allowing his wife and daughters to become burnt-offerings to fashion. And, then, who has knowledge to say to what extent the mysteries of cooking depend upon contrivances in wire, or what in point of convenience could replace our house-bell system? But for wire, too, the pianos of our daughters would cease to charm away the cares of business in the evening, and spring-chairs would no more soothe us into after-dinner slumbers. The only tenants of our houses, indeed, to whom the annihilation of wire would not come as a misfortune, would be our prisoned songbirds, with, here and there, a giddy squirrel doomed to run forever the narrow circuit of his barrel-cage.’ All this, you see, gives the matter a domestic interest,—now listen: “But taking a broader view of the matter, and travelling out of our homes for a while, we shall find wire in use almost everywhere,—sometimes as a convenience, oftener as an essential. It is the highway along which our telegraphic messages are flashed with a swifter speed than lightning—the agent by which signals are turned on and off, and life preserved on our railways. In our manufactories it releases hundreds of tons of steam-power at a touch; enters into a thousand processes; binds up the products of British industry for shipment to all parts of the world. Twisted, it deposits the miner safely in the bowels of the earth; worked into gauze, it protects him there. Without it, electricity could scarcely be evolved for any useful purpose; to it chemistry owes many valuable discoveries and delicate tests. It is employed, in short, in most arts and some sciences, and may be found in almost every piece of mechanism in existence—from a rat-trap to a gold chronometer, from a child’s toy to a

steam-engine. Price-lists sent free on application. What do you think of that, my boy?"

"Bravo, Gus!" I said, as my voluble friend paused to take breath. "Your prospectus has done it. I shall certainly visit your 'studio' in a week or two, and bring a friend with me; but, for the present, good-bye, for my train is nearly due, and I must not miss it on any account."

"Ta-ta! old fellow!" he replied, shaking hands warmly. "Come as soon as you like, and bring as many friends as you like; you shall all be welcome."

As I am now about to accept my old friend's offer, I hereby invite as many of my readers as are desirous of knowing out of what wire is produced, and how it comes into existence, to accompany me to Birmingham. There is no difficulty about getting there. Travelling by that quickest of all conveyances, the imagination, it is the easiest thing in the world to suppose ourselves, not only at New Street Station, but fairly out of its Pandemoniac din, and on our way to the manufactory we purpose visiting.

The first thing that strikes us, on approaching it, is its enormous extent. It covers some two or three acres of land, and runs the whole length of two of the scores of narrow streets by which it is encompassed. The noise it gives out is almost deafening—a ceaseless, wearying, rolling sound, as of a hundred iron garden-rollers upon a hard roadway. Are we astonished that so much room should be required to make so small an article as wire, or that so much noise should accompany the manufacture?—we have only to step inside the works, and the secret is revealed. We at once find ourselves in the midst of a frightful chaos of huge wheels, stretching away as far as the eye can follow them, and revolving in all directions, at all speeds. Some are spinning round swiftly, others sluggishly, some edgewise, some flatwise; but all are in motion, and all seem to be deliciously devouring great cakes of red-hot metal, with which they are being fed by some forty or fifty grimy workmen. Close to us are two great iron rollers revolving one over the other, and on either side of them are half-a-dozen workmen, who are passing and repassing an immense sheet of red-hot metal from one to the other through the wheels. The moment the metal is through, bang! go the rollers together; and, in another moment, the sheet is coming over the top of them as swiftly as it went through them. Other pairs of rollers, with their attendant workmen, are doing similar work on every hand; and here and there are immense pairs of shears, whose crocodile jaws are for ever in motion. A piece of metal, an inch thick, is thrust into them, and they bite it asunder; a piece of pin-wire, and they snip it off crisp and clean as a pair of cutting pliers. Huge hammers there are, too, that strike, as the wheels turn and the shears bite, by some agency unseen, but in the extent of its power terrible—hammers that will smash a red-hot cannon-ball flat, or crack a nut without bruising the kernel. The motive power, of course, is steam, but how applied? Look through all those black beams and rafters that support the roof of the mill—for it is the "rolling mill" we are now in-

specting—right out there where the bright sun light is streaming down through the smoke, and steam and dust upon the intermingled mass of wheels, and rollers, and workmen, and red-hot metal. Do you not see that huge black arm, plunging up and down, and swaying from side to side, as if turning some great windlass? There is the Giant who does the work. Let us have a nearer look at him. Two great boilers, buried beneath the floor of the mill, supply him with the power of a hundred horses: and, at the will of his keeper, he distributes that power amongst the whole mass of wheels, and rollers, and hammers, and shears we have seen in our passage. A huge beam of iron, weighing five tons, is his agent. It is poised high up there, in the cupola of glass above the roof. At one end of it is the arm we have seen, which arm grasps hold of one of the spokes of a wheel, whose cogs fit into those of another wheel, whose long axle holds other wheels, whose cogs and axles communicate with other wheels, until we come to the last wheel in the place. So that all the wheels are connected with each other and the great rollers, and by turning one you can turn all, and work the hammers and shears into the bargain. All our Giant has to do, therefore, is to seize hold of that end of the balanced beam farthest from the arm, and to occupy himself in pulling it down and pushing it up continuously. By this means the arm, which hangs free to swing backwards and forwards, pulls the spoke of the wheel to which it is attached up one side, pushes it down the other, and thus sets its own and all the other wheels revolving. And when they are thus set revolving, they help to perform the first process in wire-making. An ingot of copper or brass, or a "bar" of iron, as the case may be, is softened by heat to the point at which it is workable; and a pair of great iron rollers, such as we have seen before, are "set"—that is, raised one above the other to a required point—to receive it. All being ready, the ingot is dragged from the annealing furnace to the "rolls," and thrust between them; upon which the rolls, turning in opposite directions, seize it; and, carrying it through, flatten it in the passage. It is then run over the top roller by a set of workmen on the other side, and passed through again and again—the upper "roll" being lowered as often as necessary—until it becomes a comparatively thin sheet of metal, ready for the next process.

This next process is called "cutting." Our sheet of metal, its edges trimmed at the shears, is carried out into the "cutting mill," where we find another chaos of wheels and rollers, more numerous, perhaps, but of smaller dimensions than those we have just left. We find, too, that these rollers are differently constructed. Instead of having a smooth surface, they are deeply grooved; the teeth of the upper roller fitting closely into the grooves of the lower, and *vice versa*. Through these grooved rollers, then, one sheet of metal is passed, and, being crushed asunder by the two sets of teeth in its passage, curls out on the other side in little square strips, of whatsoever size the rollers are constructed to produce. All around us are lying piles of these strips, of all

sorts and sizes, ready, when cold enough, to be carried into the "drawing room," which apartment we will now honour with our presence.

Pray, do not run away with the idea that it is a drawing-room in the ordinary sense of the term. No; it is a great barn of a place, uncarpeted, unpapered—even unfurnished, excepting with immense wooden benches, that run all round it and across it in every direction. At regular intervals upon these benches there stand brazen drums as bright as the helmet of a Life Guardsman; and in front of each drum there stands a workman busily engaged in wire-drawing. Let us take our stand by one of them for a few seconds and see what he is doing. Taking one of the square strips of brass we have seen in the cutting-mill, he hammers its end to a point on a small anvil at one side of him, and passes it through the eye of a huge needle fixed in the bench on the other side of him. He then seizes the point of the strip of metal with a great pair of pincers attached by a chain to the drum, puts his foot upon a treadle beneath him, and round goes the drum—the Giant in the rolling-mill turns it—dragging the pincers with it, and drawing the strip of metal slowly but surely through the round eye of the needle. As soon as a foot or two of the strip has passed through the eye, the machinery is stopped; the metal released from the pincers, and fastened to the drum; the machinery set in motion again; and the strip, transformed from square to round in its passage through the needle's eye, is wound off in godly wire upon the drum. But the wire is very large—as thick as telegraph-wire—and we are told that the whole of the hands are employed on pin-wire. Well, it is merely passed to the next workman, whose needle's eye is smaller, and to the next and the next, until it is reduced to the required fineness. You could not pass it through the small eyes first; it would break in the passage. So it is passed through the larger ones to reduce it from square to round, and graduated through the smaller to bring it down to its proper size—scarcely a particle of metal being lost on the way, but the wire gaining in length what it loses in thickness. I am the happy possessor of a reel of gold wire, so small and so tenacious that any of my lady-readers might sew very fine work with it; and I am still happier in the knowledge that, so long as I retain possession of that reel of wire, I shall never be without what was once a half-sovereign. I cannot tell you how many needles' eyes that coin passed through before it came to its present condition, any more than I can tell you how many processes and pockets it must pass through before it could be brought back to the state in which it was when I handed it over to those strange workmen who wield the Giant's power in that strange drawing-room. But this I do know, that I registered up to twenty-five or thirty, and then lost count by reason of being thrown into a perfect fever of anxiety lest my much-loved coin should be drawn to nothing. Of course ordinary wire, not being so finely drawn, does not pass through so many eyes as this—some half-a-dozen or a dozen at the most perhaps. But I mention this as an illustration of the fact that fine wire cannot be produced

at one drawing, but must, so to speak, be coaxed down to the requisite degree of attenuation, even when so valuable a metal as gold is used. As a general rule, it may be taken that iron wire requires more coaxing than brass, brass more than copper, and copper more than the precious metals—their different degrees of malleability rendering them amenable to different degrees of treatment. It may also be taken as a rule that those metals which require least coaxing may be drawn finest.

After drawing there is but one other process necessary to the completion of the manufacture, and that is "pickling." As soon as the wire we have seen drawn is taken from the last drum, it is carried off to the pickling-shed, and there steeped in a solution which effectually preserves its colour and its brightness. And having visited this shed, where there is nothing to see, excepting large vats of pickling-liquor, and a great many workpeople, who look as if they had pickled themselves instead of the wire, we have passed through the whole of the building where my old friend practises "Drawing by Machinery." J. L.

#### AN EXCURSION AFTER CHAMOIS.

"WHAT do you say, Paulet, to a day or two among the mountains, chamois shooting?"

"I should like it very much. This is a very pleasant place to visit, and the scenery is very grand, and all that sort of thing, but I am getting dreadfully tired of having nothing to do."

"So am I. Let us have Karl in, and ask him how we can manage it."

Without loss of time we sent for Karl. He had been serving us in all sorts of capacities ever since he had relieved us from an unpleasant situation, by procuring a couple of mules from some distant place for our use on an emergency. This was about ten days previously, and though he was of no particular use to us, he was so urgent that we would not send him away while we remained in the country, that we had not the heart to dismiss him. When we asked him if we could not have some chamois shooting, he brightened up in a most singular fashion. Generally he was subdued and rather cringing in his manner, but at our question he drew himself up, looked full in our faces, and seemed altogether another individual. From his answers we found that we might get permission to hunt, but that to do so would occupy more time than we had to spare, and so we gave him to understand; whereupon he timidly suggested that if we did not object to go without permission, he and a friend of his, one Ludwig Bachstein, would willingly accompany us. As what he proposed was nothing less than a poaching expedition, we hesitated whether we ought to accept the offer of their services; but however easy it is to see the enormity of shooting a man's pheasants without his consent, or at all events of killing them without having first procured the authorisation of the law, the case seemed widely different when it was a question of risking one's life and limbs in the pursuit of wild goats in Bavaria. After some further discussion, in the course of which Karl assured us that it might be undertaken with

perfect safety so far as the keepers were concerned, if we gave them a fee in the event of our meeting them, we agreed that we would make the excursion. We had only to go to the gunsmith's in the town to borrow a couple of capital rifles, and to Karl was left the task of providing everything else we required. We were met by Ludwig at a hut on the side of the mountain, where, at Karl's suggestion, we stopped to get a drink of milk. He was by no means so prepossessing in appearance as Karl; there was an air of recklessness about him which seemed to indicate greater familiarity with the pursuit of game in opposition to natural risks and gamekeepers. The first day was spent in climbing without either of us getting a shot, and towards evening, when we were all so tired that we could scarcely put one foot before the other, Ludwig led us to a cavity hollowed out of the friable stone which formed the side of the mountain at this place. The material displaced in this operation was heaped up in front of the cavity, and thus served not only to make it a more comfortable place of shelter, but also to screen the interior from the view of persons even at a short distance. Being heated and tired, we requested Karl to light a fire at once and make some tea; but before he did so he and Ludwig set to work to dig up the ground beneath the spot whereon it had been lighted on some previous occasion. On our inquiring the reason of their doing this, Karl told us Ludwig would explain it presently. At last the fire was lighted, the tea made, and our evening meal finished, and we were adding considerably to the smoke from the fire—which pervaded the hollow to an extent anything but agreeable—by that from our pipes, when I thought of the preliminary digging to which the hearth had been subjected.

My question on this matter was replied to by Ludwig.

"Between three and four years ago," said he, "there was a man named Fuchs who lived in a hut lower down. He had one cow and some goats, and was not badly off; but he had a great passion for hunting, and he used to gratify this at all risks, but by a lucky chance the keepers could never lay hold of him. He had himself been a keeper some years before, and had been dismissed, it was supposed through information given by another keeper who had courted the girl Fuchs had married, that he was in the habit of shooting game for his own use. This keeper, who was better known as the Black Bear than by his real name, for some time after the dismissal of Fuchs, kept out of the way of the latter, fearing, and not without good reason, that in the event of their meeting in the mountains it might fare ill with him; and though the law was on his side, he was too much of a coward to trust himself within gunshot of the man he had injured. Years even had passed, and both had travelled from the sunshine of life into the shade, and yet they had never once spoken to each other; on the contrary, the enmity of the Black Bear seemed as strong as ever, for he was often heard to declare that if he ever caught Fuchs poaching on the mountains, he would shoot him with no more reluctance than he would a wild cat. It was perfectly well known to everybody

round, that Fuchs did not keep his rifle for target shooting only, but though everybody knew this, he continued to set the law at defiance with impunity, till the occurrence of an event which terminated his career as poacher and farmer.

"One morning his wife came down in great affliction to the village nearest his hut to ask for help to seek her husband, who had been away among the mountains for four days, and to whom she feared some accident had happened. Her son had started in search of his father some hours before, and had not returned. Several men immediately left their work, and, staff in hand, began their journey through the woods and up and down the mountains in search of the missing man. They had divided themselves into parties of two each, and travelled in different directions. One of these parties found themselves at sunrise the next morning on the verge of a wood, into which they entered. The first rays of the sun penetrated between the trees here and there, and lighted up a golden path, till it was stopped by the trunk of a tree. To men in search of an object in the gloom of a forest, these glowing tracks were so many lures to attract the eye. Following one of them, it led to their perceiving the man they were seeking. He was sitting on the ground, his left side leaning against the trunk of a tree, and his head hanging down, as though he were asleep. Beside him lay his rifle, and about him numerous birds were hopping, as if aware he was no longer capable of injuring them, or else attracted to the spot by the sight or smell of the body of the chamois which lay behind him. His neighbours spoke to him, but he made no answer, and on one of them raising his head he had but just strength enough to open his eyelids and faintly murmur the words, 'Bear—shot;' and then he closed them again, to open them no more. He had been shot through the body.

"The men shouted, to attract the attention of their fellow-seekers; but instead of their calls being responded to by these, three foresters, among whom was the Black Bear, presented themselves. One of the men directly charged the last-named keeper with having caused the death of Fuchs, and he admitted it, but asserted that he had not fired till after Fuchs had fired at him. Of course the keeper was not punished. Fuchs was in the act of breaking the law, and not only that, but, according to the statement of the keeper, was the aggressor. This assertion neither the son nor the friends of Fuchs believed; and though his rifle had been fired, and the wadding was picked up close to his body, they asserted their belief that the Black Bear had himself fired it off after shooting its owner.

"Ernest Fuchs, the son, was at this time sixteen years of age. He was not much esteemed by his associates, being regarded as effeminate, a character he had acquired chiefly through his love of reading romances. After his father's death he left off reading, and took to wandering about among the mountains, so that many thought the tragical end of his father had completed what romance-reading had begun, and that his brain was disturbed.

"Some eight or nine months after the event



related above, a frightful rumour spread through the district in which widow Fuchs's cottage was situated, to the effect that five of the foresters had been blown to pieces while sitting round their fire. The rumour slightly exaggerated the fact: instead of five, only three of the keepers, including the Black Bear, had been killed in the manner related. The way in which their murder was effected was soon known. Ernest Fuchs had previously told a companion that he would revenge his father's death, and how; but the latter had regarded it as being mere wild talk, resulting from ideas he had derived from the perusal of the works referred to. Ernest, on being captured and interrogated, stated that he had employed himself during the whole of the period that had elapsed since his father's murder in following the keepers and watching where they lighted their fires, and, after they had gone, burying a quantity of gunpowder beneath the site of these, knowing that in the course of their rounds through the forests they would return and light their fire on the same spot, in consequence of its being a sheltered nook. The suspicion that Ernest was not in his right mind was confirmed by the doctor, and very soon afterwards he was seized with brain fever, which carried him off. Wherefore," concluded Ludwig, "and because we have heard it said that the foresters have resorted to the same plan of burying gunpowder in several of those places where poachers have been known to pass the night, we always dig up the ground beneath the cold hearth before we light another fire."

At the height to which we had climbed, the morning sun lighted up the mist, so that we seemed to be moving midst a golden vapour, while below us it appeared still dark. But for Ludwig's perfect acquaintance with the locality, we should not have dared to move; as it was, we had to be extremely careful to save ourselves from falling down rough descents which, though not dangerous to life, would have caused considerable pain. I was close to Ludwig, and was thinking much more of my personal safety than of chamois, when he suddenly put his hand on my chest, and then pointed to the summit of the crag we were about to ascend. I could just discern the dim outline of a goat, standing with stiffened legs and head raised in a listening attitude. I was removing the handkerchief I had wrapped round the lock of my rifle, when my friend fired, and the animal's body came rolling down the side of the crag to the place where we were standing. It was picked up and hidden in a hollow beneath pieces of rock, which our guides heaped over it, and we continued our way in pursuit of others. The mist soon cleared away, and gave us a splendid view of the wild mountain scenery, which of itself would have repaid the labour we had undergone. Our glasses were soon in requisition, for the purpose of discovering what to us, just then, was of far more interest than the picturesque; and by dint of careful examination we discerned three chamois feeding in a little valley a considerable distance below us. Ludwig took my friend with him, to make the descent at some distance, while I and Karl were to descend from the spot whereon we were standing. The width of the valley was but

trifling in comparison with its depth, and the side was so steep and rugged, that before we had descended a hundred yards I felt disposed to throw a piece of rock into the valley, to disturb the animals and attract their attention to us, knowing they would, according to their usual practice, rush up the steep side of the mountain opposite, which I felt assured was within range of our rifles. Karl objected to this, as being an expedient which was not likely to be successful; as, though they would rush up the side, they would not be likely to climb it exactly opposite us, but would spring from point to point in a lateral direction, which would carry them beyond the effective range of a bullet. Soon the descent became so very difficult, as to be absolutely dangerous, as the consequence of slipping and rolling down the side of these mountains is far more serious than a similar slip among the snow-covered Swiss mountains, a broken limb and innumerable bruises being the least misfortune which might be expected to result from such an occurrence. At last I refused to go any lower, as on looking down I perceived that the descent was rapidly becoming almost vertical. Placing the point of my staff against a slight projection below me, and the butt against my chest, I sat up to take a fresh view of the chamois in the valley. Their heads were turned in the direction in which my friend and Ludwig had gone, and it occurred to me that if I alarmed the animals now, they would certainly rush within range of their guns, if I failed to kill. I loosened a fragment of rock from the side of the mountain, and threw it as far from me as I could; I then put my hat on the end of my rifle, and waved it. The chamois were at once alarmed, and began bounding upwards from point to point of the narrow projections, with limbs as rigid as though the mere concussion was sufficient to carry them upwards to any height they desired. Seeing they were taking a lateral direction, which would effectually prevent my getting a shot at them, I determined to fire, small as was the chance of hitting them. Hastily capping my rifle, I was in the act of raising it to my shoulder, when, finding the end of the staff in my way, I knocked it aside with my left elbow, forgetting in my eagerness how much I depended on this to keep me from rolling down the precipice. The next instant I fell over on my face and hands, my fingers being so lacerated by being beaten between the sharp rock and the rifle, that I was quite unable to use them for the moment, so that I lost the chance of stopping myself at the outset, and went rolling down the side of the mountain as helpless as a stone. I clutched at everything that came under my hands, but vainly, either owing to the friable nature of the rock, which gave way and rolled down after me, or my fingers were torn away by the weight of my body. A continual succession of acute pains, varied by a sensation as though I were falling through space, was terminated by a blow which rendered me insensible. When I recovered my senses, I found myself wedged in a chasm, utterly unable to move, and too weak to call out. Battered, bleeding, and suffering so acutely as I was, every second may have seemed an hour between the time

of my recovering consciousness and hearing the voice of my friend Paulet calling to me from above, and beseeching me to make a sign, if I could not answer him. I was held with my left side downwards, and was able to move my right arm slightly. This motion, which showed him I was not dead, removed his fears, and he called to me in a cheerful tone to keep up my spirits, as they would soon get me out. Directly afterwards I felt somebody was trying to raise me, but I was jammed between the sides of the chasm so tightly, that the force required to drag me out caused me such intense agony, that I became insensible again. Fortunately, while I was in this condition, they succeeded in raising me to the surface; and when I was again sensible, I was lying on my back in the valley. By arranging a portion of their clothing in the manner of a bier, they carried me to a hut without the motion adding very much to the pain caused by my wounds and bruises. I had to lie here for three weeks, swathed in bandages dipped in cold water, before I could move about with tolerable ease; so I think I have good reason to remember my first and last poaching excursion in the wilds of Bavaria.

#### AUTUMN LEAVES.

At the present season when, turn which way we will, we are so strongly reminded that the year is in its sere and yellow leaf, it is impossible to view these autumn leaves without remembering Mr. Millais's beautiful picture of their dying grace. And then, because all art tends to call forth solemn emotions, and is not indeed worth the name of art unless it implants in us higher thoughts and calms the world-wearied spirit, we naturally fall into a few serious reflections respecting the withered leaves which strew our path. The first which strikes us is perhaps one which is as old as Homer—that is, coeval with Western civilisation, and as old as the hills on which the trees that furnish the comparison themselves flourish. Just as the generations of men rise and decay, says the poet, so do leaves appear yearly, and wither and perish. We will leave the reader to follow out for himself the inferences to which such a simile must lead, and content ourselves at present with a few remarks on the first clause of it—the defoliation of trees, as botanists term the loss of their leaves.

Although with us it is in autumn that our shrubberies lose their beauty, we are not to suppose such is the case everywhere, or that the same tree drops its leaves simultaneously in all countries. Many trees lose their leaves in spring, and the approach of winter is but a secondary element, so to speak, in the complicated list of causes which seem to operate in the fall of the leaf. In some tropical countries the leaves fall during the dry season which answers to our summer. Again, as the elm, for instance, is earlier in putting forth its leaves at Naples than at Paris, and is some fifteen days earlier there than in England, so it retains them proportionably longer. Balfour informs us that the apple-tree, the fig-tree, the elm, birch, and different kinds of oak, which in Paris lose their

leaves in the beginning of November, do not drop them at Naples till the end of December. Of course with us most forest trees are stripped by the end of October.

It is often said that the cause of defoliation in trees arises from a deficiency in the leaves of the power of absorbing moisture. The delicate pores by which the life of the leaf, so to speak, is sustained, and which ought to be vigorously inhaling carbonic acid and giving forth oxygen, alternately receiving and yielding moisture, become clogged, and the leaf fades and falls, just as a human being dies when his respiratory organs cease to act healthily. The diminished light and heat of the shortening days is at the root of this derangement of the leaf's vigour: but the latent process (as Bacon would have said) which develops itself from the very unfolding of the leaf till it drops from the tree, and acts in subordination to the above causes, is a problem physiology cannot easily explain. However, winter, with its high winds, frosts, and sapping rain, soon practically decides the question, by removing the decaying leaf. The scar left by its withdrawal gradually heals up, and from the axil of the leaf that is gone a bud may be discerned, which will swell through winter and expand in spring into another. Many of the characteristic markings on the stems of palm-trees and tree-ferns are due to the permanence of these scars, where their fronds have decayed and dropped off.

The above remarks only apply to our deciduous trees. Evergreens retain their leaves till those of next season succeed. In the case of evergreen firs, so many varieties of which are to be found in our ornamental grounds, leaves of one, two, and even more seasons, may be observed on the same branch, so exhaustless is Nature in her expedients and resources.

Just as the eye is charmed in spring with observing the different tints of the opening leaves, so in autumn a similar variety of colours may be noticed, one tree varying in shades of the same hue from another of a different kind, even if they do not differ more strikingly in utterly diverse hues. Frost is undoubtedly the chief agent in working those marvels of distant colouring which light up our autumnal woodlands, though with us the effect of such a prospect is said to be as nothing compared with that season in the American woods known as the Indian summer. Still there are few who do not enjoy the pleasant quietness of October's fortnight of fine weather known as St. Luke's summer, that lull in which all the characteristics of the three sunny seasons linger awhile about their old haunts, as though unwilling to resign in favour of winter, when

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,  
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose  
An hour before death.

When autumn's fiery breath has scorched vegetation, and yet, as Wordsworth beautifully expresses it—

Departing summer hath assumed  
An aspect tenderly illumed,  
The gentlest look of spring;  
Unfaded yet prepared to fade.

The moral of which seems to be that just as we admire the unclouded calmness and honour which attends that man's old age who has lived well, so our feelings are insensibly tinged with some such tender regard for dying Nature, and the certainty that we shall lose in a short time the green foliage makes us cast more lingering glances at it while it yet stays. Most people, however, are contented to admire the colours of leaves when massed together, and rendered more effective by distant haze. Yet, without being microscopic, much beauty may be discerned in the fading hues of each tree. Thus the lime once so green invariably changes in autumn to a deep uniform yellow. The leaves of the mountain ash and elder are curiously bronzed and reddened before they fall. The walnut turns black and yellow where the early frosts have nipped its delicate green. The sycamore also turns black, and the leaves curl up and wince at autumn's approach long before they drop off. Yellow and brown are the prevailing hues amongst ashes. Such are the most striking colours that fleck the general duski-ness of our autumnal woodlands, harmonising well with the yellow stubbles hanging, as it were, in patches over the hills purpled with evening, to which, if a fine sunset be added with its brilliant bars of colour paling into the track of an October moon, few lands can show a more delightful scene. The horse-chesnut, with its deep yellow foliage shading off to red and brown, especially if it be growing near the water's edge, must by no means be omitted from our enumeration, as those will readily allow who have seen a fine clump of them in October near Croxby Lake, Lincolnshire, or who remember the banks of the Isis.

Another customary study in our autumn walks is to observe the order in which the trees lose their leaves. The willow is often seen looking ragged and forlorn even at Midsummer. This, however, is due to the fact that it has then ripened its buds, and the leaves which have hitherto sheltered them, having performed their main functions, then drop off.

So in such trees as the beech, which produce two sets of buds during the season, those leaves which were formed during spring fall some time before those of the summer growth. In young beeches these wither, but remain on the tree during the winter, adding much to the picturesque-ness of a coppice, till displaced by the buds of the following spring.

White of Selborne remarks that all lopped trees, while their heads are young, carry their leaves a long time. In the garden, currant-bushes and laburnums decay first, even while the foliage round them is still green. Indeed, most fruit-bearing trees and bushes begin to lose their leaves as soon as the fruit is mature. Apple trees, however, are an exception, the young summer shoots luttering their bravery of verdure through all the early frosts until quite the end of November. When these leaves fall the pruner knows he may use his knife. The first appearance of autumn in the orchard is invariably among the walnut-trees. The mulberry, which puts on its summer foliage latest of our familiar trees, and is generally supposed to lose it at the first frost, is even stronger

than the walnut, and waves a beautiful head of the deepest green leaves long after that tree has become ragged and unsightly. The ash, if it bears many keys, is perhaps the next in succession to lose its leaves. Many ashes bear no seeds, and then they abound in foliage, while their more fertile brethren look the picture of misery. The high winds, which generally set in with the end of September, soon cause the acacia to be in distress; while even at the end of August the white poplars have lost all their beauty, and many of their leaves. As an ornithologist can, within a very small margin, tell the exact day of the year by noting the arrival and departure of the migratory birds, and the botanist construct a floral time-piece by remarking at what hours of the day the different flowers close or expand, so a lover of the country might almost exactly hit upon the precise period of spring's approach or autumn's decay, by observing what hues were predominant in the foliage around him.

Very sad in October are the retired woodland glades. The plumed ferns, but lately so light and green, are now clumps of blackened lonely fronds, hanging over the stones whose nakedness they covered so tenderly during summer, dripping with morn and evening's mists, and looking like the Dryads of Greek fancy, weeping with dishevelled hair for their ravaged habitations. Still moss and ivy are putting on their greenest tints on the banks, while the holly-berries overhead are reddening; and, if some solitary mullein, with its tall spire of yellow flowers, keeps its melancholy watch over the dell, reminding us of the lost wealth of summer, we have a contrast in the clumps of butcher's broom, gladdening our eyes with their deep green. These skirt the moor to where brown sheets of decayed heather-blossom are flecked by the white wiry lichen, that so often shelters under its tufts. Such uplands as these are far more cheerful, and when enlivened by a hawk skimming over them, or a long line of hunters sweeping to a distant cover, are very pleasantly associated in most person's minds with the presence of autumn.

Autumnal scenes are not great favourites with our painters. Their beauties change every day, and are so fleeting, that the utmost industry of the artist can hardly stay their tints and reproduce them on canvas. We have many studies of trees, or clumps of trees, in their fading dress, but it is not every one who will set himself to cope with the deeper shadows and softer lights of the shortening days, and paint the versatile foliage of large woodland pieces, when

Barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue.

In America, because there is a longer interval between the end of summer and the violent setting in of winter, there is also more opportunity to gather up the effects of the fading leaf into a large composition, as Mr. Cropsey has done in his "Autumn on the Hudson River," which was in last year's International Exhibition. It has always been a favourite season though with poets, who can affect the imagination by a few vigorous touches of word-painting, and brings in a fertile

harvest of reflections for the moralist. We have sought to show that under every aspect it has something noteworthy, something of interest in every shade of its waning beauty. Autumn brings back most people to work; from Swiss mountains and Norwegian fiords, from glen and corry of Scotland, from the well-laden apple orchards and lovely combs of the west. And, doubtless, the sober reflections with which we began this paper, come home to us with tenfold force as we leave the scene of our summer holiday; so that unpleasing as is the moraliser generally, his trite wisdom harmonises well with inclination, when he says:—

Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float,  
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

M.

## UP THE MOSELLE.

### PART IV.

As everybody knows, spring, and summer too, came a month earlier than usual this year 1863. The cold, wet, winless summer of 1860 taught us that summer, even on the Continent, may turn out a miserable failure; and this is not a pleasant thought, for a wet summer is contrary to the course of nature, like grey hair in youth. Far worse than a white winter is what the Irish peasants call a black summer, and the fewer we get in the course of a life the better. In spite of its suspicious earliness, the year is not spoiled yet; the barometer is high; the distance from Boppard to Brodenbach is but about seven English miles across a hill, and the way had been performed last autumn in the contrary direction. Bædeker says in his guide-book that it must not be attempted without a guide; but it is only necessary to inquire where the footpath to Buchholz begins, just beyond the railway-station at Boppard, taking care in approaching Brodenbach not to miss the Castle of Ehrenburg, which lies to the left, and with which I concluded my account of last autumn's ramble.\* At the pretty little inn at Brodenbach, kept by "Probst," I learn from a traveller "in the silk line" that there is a fine church at Münster-Maifeld, and decide on turning aside to see it. Münster-Maifeld is a little town about a couple of hours' walk inland on the north side of the Moselle. It lies at the edge of a fertile table-land, and commands an immense prospect. The church and town is seen a long time before we reach it. The Maifelder Hof is the hotel generally mentioned in the guide-books, but "the Sun" is very good, and the landlord, as his sign denotes, an enlightened man, who has lived many years in Paris, and is now ready to throw light on the sights of his native town. The chief of these is the old collegiate church. It has a remarkable tower, shaped as if a round and square tower had grown together; part of this structure is believed to have been Roman, as the site of the church is undoubtedly the same as that of the original *Castrum* in the "*Vicus Ambiativus*." This is one of the places which disputes the doubtful honour of having

\* See Vol. viii., p. 131.

given birth to the Emperor Caligula. The present church was built probably towards the end of the thirteenth century, on the site of the older one built by Archbishop Madoald, who died in 656. The choir appears to be the oldest part. This is remarkable for its polygonal shape, and the crown-like appearance presented by its little gables. The laucet-shaped windows do not, however, harmonise well with the pure Byzantine character of the rest of the apsis; and they are, doubtless, more modern than the rest of the choir, the date of which must be placed shortly after the grant of Archbishop Baldwin to the chapter, A.D. 1333. Behind the church is to be seen what is said to be the oldest house in Münster, distinguished by its quaint beams and gables, and probably having belonged to the old conventual establishment in some character or other.

A walk to the lower part of the town discloses a singular stone conduit, like a long covered box with water spouting out of several openings, and crowded with women washing; and below this a considerable portion of the mediæval walls, with one ruinous tower, which slightly leans from the perpendicular.

The comparative height of the ground here, as compared with the vast depression to the westward, from which strange round and conical hills rise, is very striking. It is just one of those sites which the Romans loved for their winter camps, their dislike to being overlooked by a possible enemy overcoming any objection they might have to bracing air.

The origin of the name of the town is, as some antiquaries think, to be sought in the May-meetings held by the ancient deliberative assemblies of Germany under Charlemagne and his successors; but others only connect it with the town of Mayen. We saw a Maypole standing in a village below the town, showing that the ancient festival is not confined to Britain. In the town-ditch the cockchafers, or May-chafers, as they are called in Germany, have been holding a terrible orgy, as they hang as thick as the few leaves they have left on the devastated oaks. The ravages of this insect are said to have grown more alarming of late years in consequence of the great destruction of woods, which harboured their enemies—the birds.

From Münster-Maifeld it is easy to drop down on the valley of the Elz; and this is, in fact, the only approach for carriages to that Castle of Elz which is undoubtedly the most worth-seeing object with the exception of those in the city of Treves, on the whole course of the Moselle. The very considerable and steep hills in this region are thickly clad with oak and beech. A sudden turn in the road discloses close to us the remains of the dogged-looking Castle of Trutz-Elz, which was built by Archbishop Baldwin in order to reduce the stronghold, which he had attempted to storm in vain. The device of building a fortress over against an enemy's city is one with which all classical scholars are familiar, as being that by which the Dorian immigrants reduced the Peloponnesus. It appears that in this case it was effectual to bring the lords of Elz into a full recognition of the supremacy of their doughty

diocesan, and to transform them evermore into faithful vassals of the Church. There is an advantage in this approach to the Castle of Elz, that it is revealed suddenly like a stage-vision to one passing through the curtain of trees that screen it from the road. There it stands, on a rock, in the midst of a lovely glen, as if it were the completion of the rock itself—a most fairy-like structure, looking aerial and unsubstantial from its marvellous perpendicular elegance and its cluster of pinnacled turrets. It so happens that most of our ideas connected with castles are associated with battlements and square topped towers, which is partly the result of castles

in ruin having lost their pointed roofs, so that some might be inclined to think Ehrenburg more beautiful. But, associations apart, or, rather, it being conceded that ruinousness does not confer an exclusive title to the picturesque, it is impossible to conceive the lines of any building more beautiful than those of Schloss-Elz. It is not a ruin, but an ancient castle, not restored with questionable taste like Stolzenfels on the Rhine, but preserved by some wonderful good luck, or traditional good taste, inside and outside exactly as it was. The blood of its owners is shown by this instinct of beauty to have run marvellously pure from generation to generation.

By a bridge over the ravine, and a low gateway, an entrance is effected into the court of the castle, which is as grand as the exterior, and in many respects closely resembles that of the far-famed Wartburg in Thuringia. The interior is as intricate as a rabbit-warren may be supposed to be, containing rooms of all shapes and sizes, from the Rittersaals and reception-rooms to little cells in the turrets. The old black straight-backed furniture is still to be seen in its old places; amongst other things a four-post bed, such as one seen in Pre-

Raphaelite pictures, grand and commodious rather than comfortable, and ascended by a ladder.

There are pictures of ancestry on the walls, more grim than artistic, from the times of rude chain-armour, through that period when plate-mail was crowned by a huge judge's wig, to that when pig-tails reigned supreme. The ancestresses are more remarkable for bloom and good case than for beauty, but doubtless this was the idea of a flattering likeness which suggested itself to the artists of those early times.

In the court there are heaps of round stone balls, which were either shot from the earliest cannon, or used from catapults in the preceding age.

The vestibule is garnished with antlers, and the mouldering remains of prey are gibbeted on a wall in the court. From the castle we drop down on the Brook of Elz, one of those clear bubbling and babbling Welsh-like streams, so rare in Germany generally, though common about the Moselle, abounding in pebbly shallows and clear pools, called Diana-baths by painters, because, from their sylvan seclusion, they might tempt the goddess to bathe in them without fear of being overlooked by Actæon.

The gorge here is so very narrow, and the rocky hills so interlace their steep fingers, that the path to Moselkern crosses the brook on treacherous stepping-stones some thirteen or fourteen times before it reaches the bank of the Moselle. This path has awakened the maledictions of the compiler of Murray's Handbook, who probably performed the distance in rather tight patent-leather boots. But, this inconvenience apart, the walk of three or four miles is one to be remembered for its beauty.

The woods are lovely, and at this season the wild flora most gorgeous. At intervals the shape of the hills affords room for vine-terraces, in one particular basin the vineyards forming a complete amphitheatre: yet they are generally so steep that



Schloss-Elz.

we must fancy the vine-dresser's feet furnished with clinging appliances like those by which flies stand on ceilings.

At Moselkern we came out into the open world again at nightfall, and were obliged to put up with roughish accommodation. Moselkern is full of those old gabled tumble-down houses in which painters delight, and the same may be said in a greater or less degree of all the villages we pass. On the opposite side of the river are some remarkable rocks. Our course lies direct through Müden to Carden. The church at Müden is remarkable for its queer steeple, which is a conspicuous object from the river. Whether it was so finished in default of funds or from sudden death of the architect, is uncertain. At Carden the beautiful Byzantine church arrests the attention in its restored arch, but even more remarkable is an old round-arched house built of dark basaltic stone, evidently religious in origin, but now profaned into a barn. The church is said to have been built by Saint Castor in the sixth century on the ruins of a Roman castle. The Roman name of the place was *Statio Caradaunum*.

In the year 836, Archbishop Hatto caused the relics of St. Castor, which were deposited here, to be transferred to the church which bears his name in Coblenz. Carden, as well as Treis, which is opposite, produces a light clean red wine, remarkably pure and wholesome. An opportunity here presents itself of joining two Westphalian clergymen in a one-horse conveyance through Cochem to Alf and Bertrich, which was the proposed end of this excursion. The places on the way must be visited as we return. At Cochem we leave the river, which makes a great loop, and climb the hill by the road which leads over to Eller. The whole mountain seems covered with gold, so as to dazzle the eye; but the nuggets, when examined closely, take the shape of broom-blossoms.

G. C. SWAYNE.

### THE HORSE OF THE DESERT.

(FROM AN ARABIC POEM, GIVEN IN GENERAL DAUMAS'S  
"CHEVAUX DU SAHARA.")

My steed is black—my steed is black,

As a moonless and starless night;  
He was foaled in wide deserts without a track,  
He drinks the wind in fight;

So drank the wind his sire before him,  
And high of blood the dam that bore him.

In days when the hot war-smoke rises high  
My comrades hail him as the unwing'd fier,  
His speed outstrips the very lightning fire;—  
May God preserve him from each evil eye.

Like the gazelle's his ever-quivering ears,  
His eyes gleam softly as a woman's, when  
Her looks of love are full;

His nostrils gape, dark as the lion's den,  
And, in the shock of battle, he uprears  
The forehead of a bull.

His croup, his flanks, his shoulders, all are long,  
His legs are flat, his quarters clean and round,  
Snake-like his tail shoots out, his hocks are strong,  
Such as the desert ostrich bear along,  
And his lithe fetlocks spurn the echoing ground.

As my own soul I trust him, without fear,  
No mortal ever yet bestrode his peer.

His flesh is as the Zebra's firm, he glides  
Fox-like, whilst cantering slow across the plain;

But, when at speed, his limbs put on amain  
The wolf's long gallop, and untiring strides.

Yes, in one day he does the work of five;  
No spur his spirit wakes,  
But each strong vein and sinew seems alive  
At every bound he makes.

Over the pathless sand, he darteth, straight  
As God's keen arrow from the bow of fate;  
Or like some thirsty dove, first of the flock,  
Towards water hidden in a hollow rock.

A war-horse true, to front the clash of swords,  
He loves to hound the lion to his lair;  
Glory, with booty won from alien hordes,  
And the soft voices of our virgins fair,  
Fill him with fierce delight.

When on his back through peril's heat I break,  
His neighings call the vultures down, and shake  
Each foeman's soul with sudden fright;  
On him I fear not death, she shrinks aside,  
Scared by the echoing thunder of his stride.

My darling says, "Come, come to me alone,  
Through night and silence come to me, mine own."  
(O stranger, from beyond the howling seas,

Leave, leave those flowers,  
Whose bloom is ours,

To the love-murmur of their native bees.)  
Then, by some sweet and subtle instinct taught,  
He learns to read aright each secret thought.

Obedient to the impulse which I feel,  
As to my hand this lifeless steel,  
Like a hawk, sweeping homeward to her nest,  
Strong in his quechless will,  
He rushes onward still,

That I may clasp the loved-one to my breast;  
But whilst I lay me down, with happy sighs,  
Under the light of those entrancing eyes,

In some secluded spot, beyond her door,  
With countless dangers near, he stands alone,  
As if his fiery heart were changed to stone;  
And champs his bit till I return once more.

By our great Prophet's head, this matchless horse  
Is the true pearl of every caravan;  
The light and life of all our camps,—the force  
And glory of his clan.

Born, when the war-shout wakes, to lead,

I am an Arab scheich,  
My flocks are there the poor to feed,  
My name protects the weak.

The stranger from my father's tent  
Is never turn'd aside,

For God his choicest gifts hath lent,  
And bless'd me far and wide;

But if change come, and angry fate  
Hold forth her bitter cup to drink,  
The path of honour still is straight,  
From thence I shall not shrink.

I shall live nobly yet, if ills are borne  
In patient trust;

I shall be rich enough, if I can scorn  
The sordid lust

Of gold, and look for happier days, to bloom  
Beyond the night-frost of the tomb.

Yea, though misfortune's iron hand  
Should smite me with her heaviest rod,  
I shall be strong enough to stand,  
And praise the name of God.

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

## BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER IV. A GUEST FROM THE CITY.

THE seniors of the party, whose comfortable and reasonable arrangements were all thus disturbed and traversed by Dan Cupid's tricky perversities and self-willed rebelliousness, were not, however, disposed to give up the game without some further attempt at winning it. And matters stood at Bella Luce as has been indicated in the preceding chapter, when shrewd old Sandro Bartoldi, the rich Fano attorney, made a move with a view of weakening the enemy by a diversion. Intent on a scheme he had concocted with this purpose, the attorney ordered his stout, well-fed cob, one fine March morning, for a ride up to Bella Luce. Neither Sandro nor his beast were so well inclined to active movement as they once had been. They took the uphill work easily, therefore, among the lanes that crept up the green valleys; and though they left Fano betimes in the morning, only reached their destination some half an hour before noon.

That, indeed, was the hour at which the attorney had wished to time his arrival. For his errand required that he should hold a conference with the head of the Bella Luce family; and he knew very well that on this precious bright March morning all the males of the place would be at their vocations in the fields. But at noon came the hour of repose, and of the mid-day meal—the hours, rather, for few labourers, either in city or in country, of whatever class, allow themselves or are allowed by their employers less than two hours—from twelve till two.

March is a busy month in the country in Italy. It is the time for pruning and dressing the vines. And it was on this work that old Paolo Vanni and his two sons were engaged when Sandro Bartoldi rode up the last steep bit of the hollow lane that climbed from the bottom of the valley to the level of the house.

A French vineyard is one of the ugliest agricultural sights in nature. Nothing can be more unsightly than little low bushes, not much bigger than ugly brown cabbages, set in rows along the fields. But France produces good wine, and declares that this is the only way to do so. For the present, however, Italy is content to drink her somewhat harsher and coarser, but more generous wines, and to hold to the picturesque old method of cultivation that Virgil has described. Paolo, Beppo, and Carlo Vanni were tending their vines exactly as any Corydon, or Tityrus, or Thyrsis did two thousand years ago on the same hill-sides—marrying them with wedding-knots of withy, not exactly to elms, but to the white mulberry trees. These also had been previously pruned, and the wood and the leaves carefully gathered, till little remained save the trunks, whose office was to support the vines, and a few leading branches

cut into a cup-shaped form at the top of the trunk, destined to produce a fresh crop of shoots and leaves from the old, much-scarred, pollard head.

The rich, red tilled land of the large field in which they were all three at work, was now nearly covered with the bright green of the young crop. For the Italian agriculturist, unlike the French, does not think that his field has done enough when it has given him wine; the same land must give its corn, too; and, generally, to make up the Scriptural trio, its oil also.

The father and the two sons were in different parts of the field, at some distance from each other, each engaged on a separate tree. They were all mounted on broad double ladders, some five feet wide at the base, tapering as they rose to a height of about twelve feet or so from the ground, to a width of six or eight inches, and ending in a little platform of those dimensions. The old man was in his shirt-sleeves, and wore short fustian knee-breeches, and bright blue worsted stockings. The two young men wore trousers of cloth;—for Bella Luce was not utterly beyond the limits of fashion's jurisdiction; though her writs were made returnable thence a considerable time after they were issued. Beppo and Carlo Vanni also had retained their jackets, either in consequence of a falling off from the hardness of the previous generation, or from a sentiment of respect for the presence of the lovely Giulia. Each of the three had a peculiarly shaped small hatchet suspended, save at the moments when it was in use, by a hook at the end of its handle, from a strap around their loins, and a bundle of slender osier twigs tied in front of their shoulders;—the first to do the pruning; the second for the tying of that Virgilian marriage knot, which was to unite the drooping vine firmly to its support, till after the vintage.

Giulia was in the field, as has been intimated, and was busy in gathering, and binding into bundles the prunings, to be carefully carried to the homestead as precious food for the sheep and goats. This duty required her presence under the different trees on which the three men were engaged, one after the other; and Giulia was very careful to linger no longer over her work under the one tree than under the other. What! give old Paolo an opportunity of grumbling, or Carlo a chance of sneering, that she sought to make time for saying a few *l'oe-à-tête* words to poor Beppo! Not if she were never to have the chance of saying another!

Perhaps ball-room belles fancy that their lot only subjects them to the delicate embarrassments of similar considerations, and that the "happy simplicity of the peasant's life," frees them from all such little troubles. Ah! Giulia Vanni in

the upland farm of Bella Luce could have told them a different story!

However, be scrupulous as she might to gather the vine cuttings under each plant as quickly as she could, and to linger no longer over one part of her work than another, it was impossible to avoid giving each of the three men, in turn, an opportunity of saying a few words to her from the top of his ladder, which was out of earshot of the others.

The field in which the party was at work commanded the hollow lane, by which the Fano attorney was approaching Bella Luce; and it so happened that Giulia, who was at that moment gathering up Beppo's cuttings, was the first to catch sight of the guest.

"Beppo! there is a man on horseback coming up the lane! I declare I think . . . yes, it certainly is," she added, shading her eyes with her hand, "old Sandro, the attorney at Fano!"

"What can he be coming here for? . . . no good, you may swear!" said Beppo, who considered the attorney only in the light of one of a conspiracy to deprive him of Giulia.

"Fie, Beppo! I am sure you ought not to say that of him of all people in the world! As if you did not know that he was coming here to propose his daughter for your Excellency's acceptance!"

"The apoplexy catch him and his daughter, too! No, poor Lisa! I don't mean that! But I wish he would let Lisa go her way, and me mine!"

"What a fine thing it must be to be a rich Signore, and to have the girls, pretty ones, too, like Lisa, coming to beg for the honour of your alliance! But it's cruel to be hard upon her, Beppo! I would not refuse her, for we poor girls, you know, are apt to break our silly hearts for you ungrateful men."

"Giulia! how can you go on so? As if you did not know! Ah! it's only the girls who break their hearts, I suppose. Well! if you don't know—"

"All I know is, that I must run and tell the *padrone*"—it was so that Giulia always spoke of the master of the family;—"that Ser Sandro is coming up the hill! Good bye, Beppo! Don't be cruel to poor Lisa!"

And off she tripped to the part of the field where Paolo was at work, and from which that part of the hollow lane, in which the attorney was riding, was not visible.

"Gnor *padrone*! There is Ser Sandro, from Fano, coming up the hill! Had I not better run and tell the *padrona*?"

"Ser Sandro coming? where?"

"He is in the hollow of the lane there; I saw him just now."

"Whatever is in the wind to bring him out to Bella Luce to-day of all days in the year!" exclaimed old Paolo. "Yes, run, my girl, run, and tell *la sposa* that Ser Sandro will take a mouthful of dinner with us!"

Giulia waited for no second bidding, but ran off to the house, to prepare the mistress for the great and unusual event which was impending over Bella Luce, while old Paolo came down from his ladder, and, with his pruning-hatchet still hang-

ing at his loins behind, and his bundle of withy twigs still stuck in front of him, hastened to the edge of the field where it overlooked the hollow way, to greet his visitor as he came up.

"Why, Signor Sandro!" he said from the top of the bank, as the attorney passed below him, "who would have thought of seeing you out at Bella Luce this morning! What news from town? How is the Signora Lisa? Come up, come up! there'll be a mouthful of something or another to eat in the house."

"Eat! Ah; you may talk about eating up here! What a beautiful air you have on the hill-side here. Per bacco, life must be worth fifty per cent. longer purchase here than down in the city there!"

"What time did you start this morning, Signor Sandro?"

"Oh, we've taken it easy, Moro and I! I knew there was no use in getting here before the *angelus*, if I wanted to speak with you, Signor Paolo! How are the vines looking?"

"There is not much to boast of! If we have a glass of wine to drink, it is as much as we shall have!"

"Why, they tell me that there are no signs of the disease yet, none even down in the plains; and you are sure to be better off here!"

"Wait a bit! It's too soon yet! You'll see in another couple of months! I never cry till I'm out of the wood: The disease will come quite time enough, never you fear! What else can you expect?"

"Expect! why should I expect it? There was much less of it last year than the year before! I expect to have none this year!"

"And do you think that is likely, Signor Sandro, with such maledictions as we have in these blessed times! With the beastly smoking, spluttering railway, that's going to be finished they say this year, is it likely that the air would not be poisoned. There'll be no more crops such as there used to be,—you mark my words!—as long as those things are in the country. Why, it stands to reason, they are against nature!"

"I know there are many that consider the vine disease to be caused by the railroad," replied Signor Sandro; "very good judges and competent persons too, ay, and 'sponsible men like yourself, Signor Paolo. So I'm sure it's not for me to say it is not so. Only they do say that the disease is just the same, where there are no railroads."

Chatting thus, the attorney and the farmer approached the house and each other together—the former coming up the road which reached the level of the house and of the field, along the edge of which the latter was walking—a few yards only from the door.

Beppo and Carlo had come down from their pruning ladders, and were following their father at some distance towards the house.

Giulia meanwhile, after communicating her tidings to Signora Sunta, slipped away to her own chamber to make some little preparation for appearing before the eyes of the townsman. She would not have dreamed of doing anything of the sort for any visitors from any of the neighbouring



farms or villages, young or old, male or female. But the Italian peasant has, without much—at all events acknowledged—respect or liking for the city or its inhabitants, a very great awe and admiration for the townsfolk. The peasant considers them to be less honest, less kind, less hearty and healthy, less instructed in all matters really worth knowing, than he himself is. At all events he professes so to consider. But he looks upon the luxury, the *fasto*, the pomp, the magnificence, and the finery of the neighbouring city, as something wonderful and stupendous;—affects to reprobate and despise it all, and probably, if an old man, would in reality not change his own life for a city one; but nevertheless looks up to his town-bred neighbours with a very considerable sense of their superior position.

This same feeling, which had sent Giulia off in a hurry to her chamber, manifested itself in *la sposa* in care for the reputation of her kitchen. It was supremely displeasing to her that a stranger from the city should arrive thus unannounced a few minutes only before the dinner hour. If she could have got warning in time, she would have sent into Fano for delicacies of all sorts. If there was no time for that, she would have ransacked the neighbouring villages. But here she was left to make the best figure she could entirely on her own resources. And she had no doubt that the townsman thus managed that his visit should be wholly unannounced, for the express purpose of triumphing over her unprovidedness. That he might himself be hungry and like a good dinner, and be pleased at getting one at Bella Luce, never occurred to her as a possible phase of the matter. It shaped itself to her mind as a contest between town and country, in which the townsman's object would be attained, and his vanity gratified at the expense of hers, in proportion to the poorness of the fare set before him. For to an Italian the gratification of an appetite is a small matter in comparison with the gratification of a vanity.

So *la sposa*, much and deeply grumbling between her teeth, set herself to do all that could be done at so short a notice.

"Carlo," she said to her second son, as he came in from the field, "run quick to his reverence, and tell him to come and take a bit of dinner with us, and ask *la Nunziata* (the priest's house-keeper) to send me a pot of her quince preserve, and some biscuits,—quick."

It must not be supposed that the priest was invited for the sake of the quince sweetmeats and the biscuits. He and they were equally benefactions to her board, and the priest himself by far the most important of the two. It was respectable and in good style, and perhaps even what Signor Sandro himself could not have accomplished at so short a notice, to have the parish priest at the board. His reverence, on his part, it may be observed, hastened to put on his very best coat and a clean collar, not so much from any personal care about or vanity in such matters, but in order to do honour to Signor Vanni's board, and to support the country in its contest with the city. That was the feeling of the priest, as it would also have been of any of the neighbours. They were all in one boat, so far as the necessity for hiding

the nakedness of their land, and making the best possible appearance in the eyes of the townsman went.

Meanwhile Sunta did her utmost within the cruelly short space of time which the cunning of the citizen had allowed her. Eggs in abundance were brought in from the poultry-house and stables, and *la sposa* proceeded to concoct a *frittata* with slices of ham cunningly introduced into a stratified formation of egg and flour, fried in abundance of oil, and flavoured with some herbs according to a special receipt in the possession of Signora Sunta, and which were supposed to be Apennine products unobtainable in the towns. Beppo was sent to catch and kill a fowl in all haste, and prepare it for instant spit-cking. This, with a sweet confection, in which more eggs were the principal ingredient, and the *minestra*—the pottage—which would have constituted the entire dinner for the family, if Signor Sandro had stayed at home, made out a tolerably presentable repast, especially when accompanied by an unstinted supply of Signor Vanni's choicest wine, which they all knew was really such as the attorney did not drink every day of his life.

But for all this, be it observed, the Bella Luce family, however anxious to shine in the eyes of their guest, did *not* dream of changing the venue of their repast to the great eating-room upstairs. That would have been too serious and solemn an affair to be thought of for such a mere extemporary matter as the present. The dinners eaten in that state room *were* dinners indeed! To have placed the hurriedly prepared modest meal of to-day before their guest in that huge, bare-looking guest-chamber, would have been to render it and themselves ridiculous. So the little party sat down as usual at the table in the kitchen, which was the common living room of the family.

Giulia stole down from her room, the young men washed their hands and faces, the anxious and hard-working Sunta seized a moment to give one re-ordering touch to her hair and kerchief after her culinary labours, and then announced to her husband, and Don Evandro, and Signor Sandro Bartoldi, that "their lordships were served," *i.e.*, in base plebeian terms, that the dinner was ready.

"It's not to be expected," said Signora Sunta, as they sat down, with an *aigre-doux* manner, half mock-modest hospitality, and half self-asserting defiance, "that the like of us can set before a gentleman from the city anything fit for him to eat, and that too at a moment's notice! I am afraid the soup is not what you can eat, Signor Sandro!"

"On the contrary, my dear madam, I positively must take the liberty of asking for another ladleful. I was just thinking that I had never tasted a better *minestra* in my life!"

"Ah! that's our Bella Luce air! We can grow appetites up here, if our soil is too poor to grow anything else!" said farmer Paolo.

The farm of Bella Luce was anything but poor land; but an Italian farmer always calls his land poor, and a land-owner as invariably *dee* as it rich.

"Any way," said the priest, "I find that, let

me bring what appetite I may to Bella Luce, I never take any away with me, and I daresay Signor Sandro will experience the same thing."

"That I'll be sworn I shall!" said the attorney.

"There's no dinner, to say dinner!" replied *la sposa*. "You are sadly out of luck to-day, Signor Sandro! This is such a place out here in the mountains. There's never a bit of meat to be got at Santa Lucia except Saturdays. There's nothing for your dinner except a grilled fowl of my own fattening, and a Bella Luce *frittata*, and some rashers of our own curing, and a bit of salad"—the lettuce had been brought by Don Evandro in his handkerchief from his own little bit of garden, and given privately to the *padrona* with many precautions against the detection of the transaction by the guest,—and a *dolce*, and some preserve, and a few biscuits!

"Oh! oh! oh! What a dinner! What a feast!" exclaimed the attorney. "How you country people do live! Ah, one must come into the country to know what living means."

"But you are not to think, Signor Sandro, that all my parishioners live as they do at Bella Luce," said the priest. "*Tutt' altro, lo posso dir io!*\* There's not such another farm as Bella Luce, and not such another manager as *la Signora Sunta* in all the country side."

"I believe you. Look at this cloth and these napkins," rejoined the courtier-like attorney. "I think I know whose hands spun the yarn; and I think I could tell, if anybody in Fano asked me, where to find enough of the same make to turn all yonder cornfield as white as this table. Aha! *la sposa!* Am I in the secret, eh? I think I was honoured by a peep into the great press up-stairs once upon a time; and I never saw such a show, let the other be where it would!"

This touched the *corde sensible* in *la Signora Sunta*, and she was much flattered by the compliment. She smirked and purred, and admitted that, thank God! they were not badly off for linen at Bella Luce; they had enough for the needs of the house, and mayhap a trifle to furnish forth a son's house at need—or maybe a couple of them for the matter of that!

And thereupon Beppo suddenly suspended half-way between the table and his open mouth the huge fragment of bread, with which he had been scouring his plate round and round, in order to mop up the last viscous particles of the *frittata*, and looked hard across the table at Giulia, blushing crimson the while all over his great frank face, as if the most excruciatingly delicate and suggestive thing had been uttered. Giulia, on her part, kept her eyes fixed on her plate, and would have been supposed by anybody, who had never had any daughter of Eve under his observation before, to have been wholly unaware of Beppo's demonstration.

"You don't drink, Signor Sandro! Yet the wine is not so bad as it might be, though I say it that should not," observed old Paolo.

"Per Bacco! I've drunk enough to find out that we town's-folk must not drink it without counting our glasses. *E un gran' vino, davvero!*

\* Very much otherwise, I can assure you.

*Che colore! Che squisito sapore! È for di roba!*"\* said the attorney, holding his glass up to the light. "We don't drink such wine down in Fano, I can tell you, Signor Paolo!"

"And we don't make such at Bella Luce, now-a-days;—more's the pity! And never shall again till these cursed railroads are cleared out of the country . . . and something else has happened, that need not be more particularly mentioned," said the old farmer.

Every one present knew very well that this something else meant the restoration of the papal government. And Signor Sandro Bartoldi thought to himself, that if no more good wine was to be made till that happened, it would be wise to make the most of the old while it lasted. But of course nobody was so un-Italianly impudent as to take any notice of the farmer's manifestation of his political faith. Don Evandro turned up his eyes towards heaven, and took advantage of the action to drain his glass; but no word was said.

The railroad, however, was not a tabooed subject, and Beppo ventured, after mature consideration, to say that, if it was true, as he was told, that the vine disease had visited countries where there were no railroads, it did seem to him as if they could not be the cause of it!

"What has that to do with it, *figliuolo mio?*" cried the priest, firing up. "Do you think that the Almighty did not know that those countries were going to make those abominable things against nature, upsetting all society, and sent his curses for their punishment accordingly? Why there is not one of those countries that you allude to that has not now, as I am informed, fallen into the iniquity. And are not the works of Providence thus justified, and is not the abomination of these nuisances proved past all denial!"

Beppo was too well brought up to dream of arguing with his parish priest. He made no reply; but set himself to consider the question, and soon arrived at the conclusion that he should like to ask Giulia what she thought about it?

Signor Sandro, protesting that he did not presume to judge the matter under its theological aspect, yet ventured to say that in a wholly worldly point of view, he thought the railway was adding, and would add, to the riches of the country.

The priest answered him that all such wealth would be found to be of the nature of devil's money, and would turn to dust and ashes in the pockets of those who flattered themselves that they were enriched by it.

To this exposition of doctrine the attorney bowed meekly; but thought to himself that for all that he should not part with a single one of the shares which were locked up in his strong box at home.

And so the dinner and the conversation went on till *la Signora Sunta* rose and left the table to prepare coffee for the three seniors of the party.

The two young men put cigars in their mouths and strolled out of the kitchen-door, Beppo giving a beseechingly inviting glance to Giulia to follow him as he went.

\* It's a grand wine, truly! What a colour! What exquisite flavour! It's a very choice article;—literally "flower of goods."

Giulia, however, was as blind to this appeal as she had been to the look across the dinner-table, and stealing out of the opposite door of the kitchen, which opened on the huge staircase, tripped up to the privacy of her own room.

(To be continued.)

### BLOCK-BOOKS.

It is difficult in this age of popular literature to realise as a fact that at so comparatively recent a period in the history of man as the fourteenth century, books were so rare as to be worth their weight in silver. Those born to the enjoyment of wealth rarely reflect on the toils that were involved in its accumulation; and, while exulting in its strength, this generation, the heir of all other ages, is apt to forget how largely it is indebted to the exertions of its ancestors for its superiority, and by what slow and laborious processes of thought the useful arts, whereon its prosperity is founded, have been brought to their present perfection.

That the flickering lamp of learning was not extinguished during the ages of anarchy that succeeded the dissolution of the Roman Empire is undoubtedly due to the monastic orders; but to whom the world is indebted for the diffusion among the masses of that practical religious knowledge which was the germ of modern civilization is not so generally known or recognised.

Dwelling in a tranquil seclusion which must have strangely contrasted with the tumultuous whirl of events around, enjoying the popular reverence, material ease, and abundant leisure; and familiarised by the ritual of the Church with the tongue exclusively employed by the learned, the monks naturally became the depositaries of the scanty knowledge of a period when a score of volumes constituted an important library, and when princes, more familiar with the sword than with the pen, could often do no more than, like Hodge, the ploughman, make their mark. The attainments of the monks, though generally very limited, were sufficient to inspire them with a hearty admiration for ancient literature, foreign as its spirit was to their peculiar views and modes of thought; and they were incited by that admiration to collect, preserve, and transcribe the classical writers, some of whom they must have regarded with a vague and ignorant interest, somewhat akin to that with which a virtuoso may contemplate the stone, the mystery of whose cuneiform characters he is unqualified to solve. Though there is reason to conclude that a monkish chronicle or a saintly legend was occasionally inscribed on a parchment whence the monks had obliterated a valuable work, which their ignorance incapacitated them from appreciating, yet respectful gratitude is due to these reverend men for their services to literature.

In the accumulation of these treasures the monks acquired a sad habit of hoarding them; and, partly from reluctance to resign an intellectual pre-eminence flattering to their pride, and partly from a habit of looking on knowledge as esoteric, proper to ecclesiastics, and incommunicable except to the initiated, were very jealous of

their escaping from their care and passing into general circulation. In fact, the Catholic hierarchy, showing the ignorant prejudices of the times, conceived that unrestricted knowledge was incompatible with faith and orthodoxy—though it is hard to apprehend the value of a faith without knowledge, or in what lack of faith can originate but in an imperfect knowledge—and, thus conceiving, it endeavoured to limit education and subject it to the absolute control of the Church. The perpetuation of its own authority being what the hierarchy principally aimed at in cherishing learning, it had constructed out of the precious wrecks of pagan antiquity a philosophical basis for the doctrines of the Church; and in association with this arose an abstruse dialectical system, extending over the entire realm of mind, and imprisoning thought within a narrow circle of abstract and barren ideas intelligible only to the erudite. This scholastic philosophy, by substituting in an age emerging from barbarism a system of logical reasoning for ignorant acquiescence in authority, was undoubtedly favourable to the growth of learning; but, as it was a form rather than the substance of knowledge, and attached more value to the art than to the profitable results of reasoning, it materially impeded the progress of real enlightenment. In order to exercise a wide and profound influence, knowledge should not be abstruse or veiled in a learned tongue; but, like the Gospel, should accommodate itself to the ignorance, appeal to the hearts, and satisfy the spiritual needs of men.

The middle ages were characterised by a propensity to association—derived from the necessity for combination against the tyranny of princes and the rapine of nobles—and by a singular disposition to mysticism which was the protest of the popular heart against the arid and unspiritual theology of the period. In the Netherlands, which had long been ravaged by wars and pestilence, and the genius of whose people was practical and industrious, the spirit of charity born of the Gospel combined with these two popular tendencies in the formation of various fraternities for religious and charitable purposes, the result of whose labours was the wide diffusion of that spiritual religion and that practical knowledge which scholasticism in itself could never have originated.

The debased idea of Christianity then prevalent—identifying it with monachism, assuming monachism to be its highest form, and, as the spirit of an age is shown by its use of words, terming the monastic orders *religious*—this, and the expediency of conciliating the favour of an all-powerful hierarchy, led these fraternities to adopt the monastic organisation, submit to a rule, and assume the cowl, and, while distinguished from the monks by the temporary nature of their vows and dependence on labour for their support, become an intermediate class between the monks and the laity.

The disproportion between the sexes, caused by the Crusades, favoured the establishment, in the eleventh century, of the first of these associations, the Beguines, some communities of which yet survive; and this was succeeded in the early part of the thirteenth century by the Beghards and Lollards,

or *prayer-makers* and *chanters*, as the words may be interpreted, who devoted themselves especially to the education of youth. After a century of benevolent exertions, which won for them the love of the people and the approbation of the authorities, the tendency to decay being inherent in human institutions, the mysticism of the Beghards and Lollards lost sight of the distinction between moral and substantial unity with God, and assumed a pantheistic form almost identical with Vedantic Hinduism; and the notion that all man's impulses are divinely originated, the corollary of their speculations, countenanced immoralities which brought the fraternities into collision with society and justified their extinction.

The traditionary mysticism, however, survived and received a higher development, being reduced by John Ruysbroeck, prior of an Augustine monastery near Brussels, into a contemplative system, akin to Quietism, which aimed at absorption of the soul into the divine substance, and was distinguished from the pantheism it succeeded by its broad assertion of the divine *transcendence*. The disposition to religious association and the conditions rendering co-operative benevolence practicable yet existing in the Netherlands—the canon Gerhard Groot and other disciples of Ruysbroeck were actuated by love of letters and religious zeal to form themselves, in 1380, into a community on the apostolic pattern—having their goods in common, living by their own labour, submitting to a rule, but preserving individual freedom—for the purpose of spreading practical Christianity among the people by the transcription and circulation of the Scriptures and religious works, and for the improvement of general education.

Town and conventual schools had long existed in the Netherlands; but education in the first was costly, and in the second superstitious, and, being founded on scholasticism, at variance with enlightenment. The age was erudite, but not wise; for its learning, like that of the Greek sophists, was abstruse, treating of words, not of things, and therefore altogether unprofitable. As of old, it was necessary to recall philosophy from the clouds; from idle or presumptuous speculations to practical wisdom. The estimable Brethren of the Common Lot did this, by boldly casting aside the absurdities of scholasticism, replacing the cumbrous old grammars by simpler and more intelligible ones, and putting the classics themselves into the hands of their pupils; and all their religious teaching, being in the vernacular and founded on the Gospel, was imbued with a new life and spirit. Such acceptance did these labours meet with, that Brother-houses soon arose in various parts of the Netherlands and Germany, that at Deventer, in Overijssel, the birthplace of the society, retaining the pre-eminence. Some female communities and monasteries of regular canons, in connection with the parent society, were also organised, but without any noticeable results.

The good effected by the Brethren was incalculable. They revolutionised the educational system; their teaching and their example caused a revival of spiritual religion in an age of superstitious formalism; their practice of mutual confession spread, and awoke a new moral sense; their

use of the vernacular in prayers gave new fervour and depth to devotion; and their dissemination of the Scriptures in the common tongue brought truth within the reach of the unlearned. Moreover, their translation of the Scriptures defined the popular language, and gave birth to a national literature; and as nationality is based on language, the acquisition of literature of their own was the first step to the emancipation from Latin Rome of the European nationalities, which were ripe for freedom when religion thus assumed the national garb.

Thus an association, many of whose members were priests entertaining profound reverence for and protected by the hierarchy, by its silent labour in the very bosom of scholasticism and the Roman Church, prepared the way for the emancipation of the people from both. Their reverence, however, was of a negative character; for,—assuming the “*De Imitatione*” of Thomas A-Kempis, one of the most zealous of the brethren, to be a fair exposition of their religious views—without impugning any of the dogmas of the Church—they considered the dogma only in its moral and spiritual import, employed it merely as the vehicle of an ascetic mysticism, and insisted, above all, on spirituality and Christian freedom. It seems unaccountable that the hierarchy should have been so short-sighted as to sanction doctrines the tendency of which was subversive of its power; and it is greatly to its honour, that so far from opposing, as is a prevalent impression, it favoured the translation of the Scripture into the vulgar tongue. Self-interest rendered the mendicant orders more perspicacious as to the ultimate tendency of the labours of the brethren who had taken education entirely out of their hands, weakened their influence, and sadly diminished their customary revenues; for they were always persistently hostile to the association, and at the Council of Constance made a vigorous but unsuccessful effort to procure its interdiction.

If not the first to substitute block-printing for transcription, the brethren largely employed it for the diffusion of religious knowledge; some of the finest block-books extant having been produced by them,—as the “*Biblia Pauperum*,” and “*Canticum Canticorum*,”—illustrated summaries wherein scriptural history was presented pictorially to the imagination of the unlearned, and rhythmically to the memory of the intelligent; meagre substitutes for the Bible, it is true, but invaluable when books were rare. The invention of type in great measure superseded the occupation of the brethren as producers of books, but their estimable labours were continued down to the era of the Reformation, when, their work being accomplished, what was good in their efforts received a higher development, what was narrow and particular decayed of itself. Luther highly commended them as the “first to begin the Gospel,” and opposed the interference with them of those who “knew how to destroy but not how to build,” on account of their wearing the religious habit and observing old and laudable usages not contradictory to the Gospel.

The honour of the invention of type is claimed by both Germany and Holland. The claim of Holland rests chiefly on a statement made by Junius,

the historiographer of the Netherlands, to the effect that an eminent citizen of Haarlem, named Laurence Coster, had made the discovery by accident in 1430, had employed it to print certain books, one of which, named the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," he had himself seen; and that it was in consequence of the treachery of a servant that Fust had been able to print his book in 1442 at Metz. This statement has the defect of being founded on hearsay, but its circumstantiality, the probity of Junius, and the technical evidence furnished by the book itself, favour the conclusion that it is correct, though the question is yet controverted.

An admirable fac-simile of this book, on paper, and with ink of the same description, as were employed by Coster,—reproducing so accurately the peculiarities which render it dear to bibliographers, that it is not improbable that, at some future time, it may be palmed on the unwary as the original—has recently been published by Mr. C. J. Stewart, of King William Street, Strand, with a learned introductory essay by M. Berjeau; and since the work, interesting as it is in many aspects, is not of a character to get into general circulation, Mr. Stewart having obligingly permitted us to reproduce two of its illustrations, we propose adding some description of the work.

The "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis" is a rhymed Latin poem,—the Latinity of which is respectable, though not exactly Ciceronian, consisting of a proem and forty-five chapters, whereof the last sixteen being omitted by Coster—on the Redemption and its prefiguration in History. MSS. of it yet existing are dated 1324, but conceal the author's name "from humility." The first printed edition, now under consideration, consists of sixty-four leaves, printed on one side only, so that thus the two cuts, which the size of our page compels us to separate, are in the original printed side by side, and form the upper half of a folio page, the letter-press being subjoined below. Besides the proem, it exhibits fifty-eight folio pages in double columns, each headed by a pair of illustrations within an architectural frame. The engravings, and twenty pages of the text, are printed in pale brown, and the remaining pages in rich black ink; the distinction indicating that this, the first edition, must have been printed partly from wood-blocks and partly from metallic type; and was therefore produced at the very period of transition from the ruder to the improved process; though there is neither date, place, nor printer's name in this or in the three later editions wherein the text is typographed throughout. This conclusion is confirmed by the unique character of the types,—not found in any other books of the period but those of Coster,—by the use of masked type to fill up lines, and by the exceptional substitution, from paucity of type, of certain letters for syllables—such, for instance, as m for ni, in, in, &c., and nn for im, mi, uv, &c. The similarity observable in subject, style, and artistic execution of the plates of the "Speculum" to those of the "Biblia Pauperum," and other works known to have been produced by the excellent Brethren of the Common Lot, justifies the supposition that the community prepared the plates and partly engraved the text, but, dis-

concerted by some untoward occurrence—such as the loss of their artist—the latter plates being very inferior to the earlier—or perhaps by Coster's discovery, parted with the imperfect impression to him to be completed by the new process.

Apart from the value attaching to it on account of the peculiar circumstances under which it was produced, the "Speculum" is very interesting as illustrating the state of art, peculiar theology, imperfect instruction, and costume of the age.

As conventional modes of artistically treating sacred subjects had prevailed for centuries, and were abundantly exemplified in missals painting, sculpture, stained glass, and orfèverrie, much originality is not to be expected from one restricted by traditional rules to imitation of his predecessors. Designs varying but little from some of these are to be found among the relics of early Christian art disinterred from the catacombs of Rome. If, where they may fairly be supposed original, the designs generally betray poverty of conception, they are always pure in idea, and without other errors in drawing or perspective than a disproportion between buildings and their inhabitants attributable to lack of room. Scripture and the narratives of pilgrims being the only sources of information about oriental life then available, the artist was reduced to pourtray the life around him. Hence Patriarchs, Egyptians, Israelites, Philistines, Syrians, Babylonians, and Romans, all alike recline on couches, and sit in chairs whose mediæval form and carving would be at a premium in Wardour Street; attire themselves in doublet, hose, and pointed shoon; put on the uncomfortable Christian hat; travel in boots and spurs, begirt with sword and dagger; and combat under knightly pennons with lance, mace, battle-axe, and two-handed sword, arrayed in all that variety of armour wherewith, as worn by rapacious counts and their ruffianly followers, the peaceful citizens of the day were unhappily too familiar. It is impossible to refrain from smiling at Abraham clad in steel, and courteously doffing his plumed hat to Melchizedek; at Jephtha armed *cap-à-pie*, and stooping from his destrier to clutch his kneeling daughter by the hair;—at David in plate armour, his shield emblazoned with a harp, and with the head of Goliath on his lance, making his triumphal entry surrounded by men-at-arms; at David sitting in his palace in regal state, wearing a broad-brimmed hat; at Sampson in top-boots bearing away the gates of Gaza; at Eliezer in boots and spurs communing with Rebecca at the well; at high priests in episcopal mitres, and kings reposing, according to the nursery fancy, with their crowns for nightcaps.

There are many singularities in addition to these and other incongruities. The idea of Satan differs somewhat from that of later times, for he is not only represented as *κερκοκεριονουχα*, but with a monstrous supplementary visage on his abdomen, and once with the head of a swine. In one place the serpent, as in Raphael's picture, has the form of a dragon in every respect but the long-haired feminine head. At her birth Eve is a pigmy rising and but half emerged from the side of the slumbering Adam. After the fall our first parents are arrayed in flowing garments, Adam

digging, and Eve sitting beside him with a child on her knee and a distaff in her hand. The passage of the Jordan is represented by two men in very Israelitish hats bearing a tabernacle or shrine like those wherein the Host is kept in Roman Catholic churches. David wears a crown when slaying the Philistine champion. A vine, rising from the bosom of the sleeping psalmist—amid the brauches of which crowned cherubs perch like sparrows, while the Virgin and Child are seen on its topmost branch—represents the root of Jesse; a fancy which recalls Spanish paintings similarly representing the growth of a monastic order and the saints it has

produced. Our Lord, bearing a bannered cross, delivers the souls of the patriarchs from Hades, which is depicted as a monstrous maw—a fancy derived probably from Dante. The traditional physiognomy of Christ is uniformly preserved. Trees are suggested rather than depicted, the palm appears not at all, but the vine invariably is accurately drawn. The representations of animals proper to Europe is good, but reference to the annexed illustrations will show that the idea of an elephant must have been evolved from the artist's own self-consciousness, being as vaguely incorrect as that of the military costume of the Dorians.



Codrus.

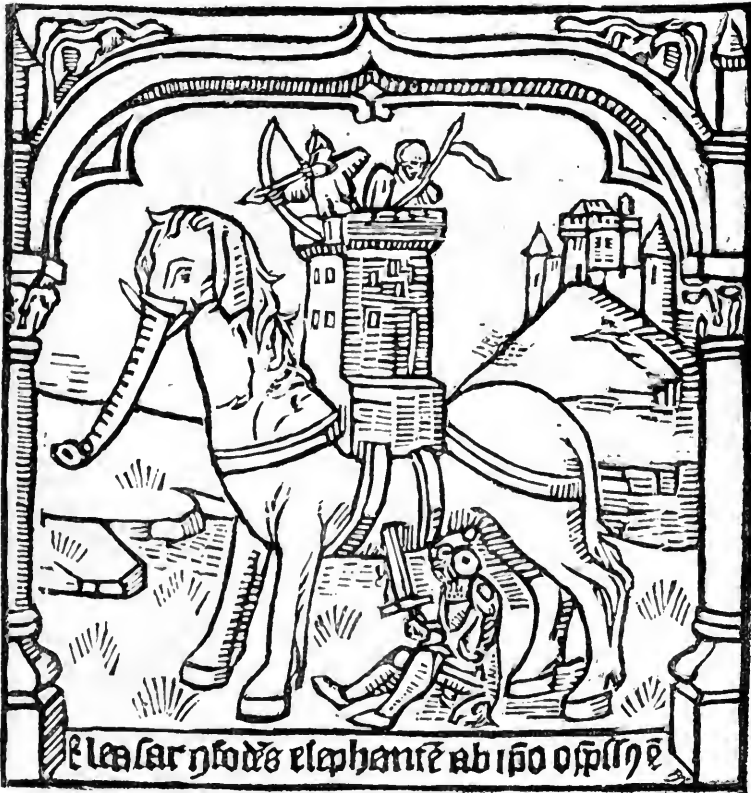
In his poem the author states it to be his purpose to adduce for each event in the History of Redemption three instances from general history prefiguring it; and after giving a brief outline of his plan, closes with the observation that this poem had been compiled for the sake of preachers lacking matter for their discourses, but without means to purchase the entire work; which, while showing the rarity of books and the apostolic poverty of the lower clergy, also suggests the threadbare character of the teaching founded on such "skeletons of sermons." Those parallels drawn from sacred history are often legendary, or founded on sin-

gular misconstructions of the text; and those selected from profane history fabulous; such as adducing the self-devotion of Codrus as typifying the sacrifice of Christ, or twisting the dream of Astyages, that a vine springing from his daughter overshadowed his kingdom, into a type of the Miraculous Conception—Christ delivering men from sin as Cyrus liberated the captive Jews.

Sharing the tendency to mysticism of his day, the writer is disposed to allegorise all historical events, finds "sermons in stones and words in running brooks," and his fancy riots in extravagances only comparable to the dreams of Philo-

Judaeus and the Talmudists. But only once does he lapse into that indelicacy of thought unfortunately so common in old religious writers. As might be expected, such undue pre-eminence is given to the Virgin that it might be conceived her glorification had been the chief object of the work. As Stella Maris, she is thought to have been prefigured in the star seen in vision by Balaam; as Cella Dei, in the closed door of the sanctuary seen by Ezekiel; and Jephtha's daughter, Aaron's rod, the sacred ark, the seven-branched candlestick, David's tower, the sealed fountain in Canticles, Esther, the temple, and

Solomon's throne are all converted into types of Mary. Types of the Miraculous Conception are found in the burning bush, Gideon's fleece, and in Rebecca, who drew water for both Eliezer and his camels, as the Virgin drew water from the well of life for both men and angels, Mary also having been sought by the angel as a spouse for God, as Rebecca was by the steward as a spouse for Isaac! Eight strange reasons are assigned for the marriage of the Virgin to Joseph, which event is supposed to have been prefigured by the virginity of Sara, who was married to seven husbands. A type of the nativity is found in the



Eleazar.

dream of Pharaoh's butler: the vine being Christ, its three branches His flesh, soul, and divinity, and the wine pressed from its grapes, the blood of His passion whereby the wrath of God was appeased. A passage in Jeremiah is assumed to prefigure the flight into Egypt, said to have been attended by the downfall of idols; which again was typified by the ancient Egyptian adoration of the Virgin and Child—an allusion to Isis, and the breaking of Pharaoh's crown by the boy Moses—a legendary incident. Types of the baptism of Christ are found in the Brazen Sea, the twelve oxen supporting which typified the apostles; and in the Passage of Jordan, the ark

being Christ and the twelve stones similarly the apostles. The Passion is conceived to have been prefigured by Nebuchadnezzar's dream,—the felling of the boughs of the tree being the death of Christ and the dispersion of his followers, the root which was left the resurrection, and the bands of brass and iron the fetters whereby He was bound; and likewise by the invention of music, which was suggested by the ringing of the hammer of Tubal Cain, as agony elicited from the Lord a melody of prayer. Yet despite these absurdities, the earnest piety of the writer and his luxuriant fancy render the work an agreeable study.

FRANCIS MORTON.

## ANA.

ANCIENT INHERITANCES.—The interesting and often-quoted statement made some time since by Lord Palmerston, respecting the uninterrupted descent for nearly eight centuries, from father to son, of a small estate in his own neighbourhood in the new forest, relates, as is well-known, to the family of Purkis, the lime-burner, who picked up the body of William Rufus, and carried it in his humble cart to Winchester to receive the last sad rites. But we can place upon record a case of still longer descent of a small property among persons in no way allied to rank and fortune, and who have never risen above the condition of yeomen; while, we believe, they have never fallen below it. At Ambrose's Barn, on the borders of the parish of Thorpe, near Chertsey, still resides a farmer of the name of Wapshot, whose ancestors have lived, without a break, upon the same spot, ever since the reign of Alfred the Great, by whom the farm was granted to Reginald Wapshot. There are several families among our untitled gentry—the county aristocracy, who can trace their names and possessions in a direct male descent back to the Saxon times; but below that rank we are not aware of a more striking instance of permanence among change than the past history of the Wapshots.

SCOTTISH PLUCK.—The late Earl of Buchan, brother of Lord Chancellor Erskine, himself an accomplished scholar and man of letters, came into possession of his title whilst quite a young man. At that period it was the practice, as no doubt it had been from the time of the Union, for the ministry of the day, at each new election, to forward to every Scottish peer a list of the names of sixteen of his fellow peers who should be chosen to represent the nobles of Scotland in the House of Lords; and for nearly a century the descendants of some of the most illustrious members of the Scottish Peerage had tamely submitted. The Earl of Buchan regarded this submission as an insult to his order; and being a man of strong feelings and apt to use great plainness of speech, he took an early opportunity of declaring in public, that any Secretary of State who should insult him with such an application, should wash out the affront with his blood. Duels were at that date in the height of fashion; and doubtless this was one reason why the practice was at once discontinued, the ministers being obliged thenceforth to find out some other less offensive way of exercising their influence over the elections of the Scotch Representative Peers. Lord Buchan was an eccentric being, and after having asserted and secured this amount of freedom for his brethren, he took no further part in the matter, and to the end of his long life never again troubled himself to give his vote in the elections at Holyrood.

## ACROSS THE SANDS.

THAT was a happy week which I spent at Avranches eleven years since, in the midst of the preparations and pleasing bustle which even the humblest wedding seldom fails to call forth. It

was to attend Emma's wedding that I had, with some difficulty, obtained a brief leave of absence. Emma was my sister, and she and I were alone in the world, with no nearer relation than the kind old aunt with whom Emma had lived since our mother died. This aunt's name was Pearson, and she was one of the English residents at Avranches, whom economical living had allured to the coast of Normandy. At Avranches, then, Emma had lived for two years, and in that bleak air the early delicacy of her health grew more and more perceptible, until aunt Pearson became alarmed, and consulted a physician. The physician looked grave, and talked of the seeds of consumption, of prudence, and of a warmer climate. It was one of those prescriptions easier to give than to follow.

For Aunt Pearson was poor, Emma had nothing, or next to nothing, and I, her brother, a second lieutenant of Marines, possessed little more than my pay. We were the children of a clergyman, who had been too good a parish priest to die rich, and the kind aunt herself had but a modest annuity whereon to maintain her niece and herself, while a migration to the south would have overtaken her slender purse. Under these circumstances, I was rejoiced to hear that Emma's long engagement to Henry Hilton was at last to be brought to a happy close. Harry, who had been a school-friend of mine, and visited at the Vicarage when we were all children together, was a good fellow and a clever one, though a little fiery of temper and stubborn of will. He loved Emma very fondly and faithfully, and they had been long troth-plighted, conditionally on the young man's getting his father's consent. And, by degrees, old Mr. Hilton, a rich merchant at Bordeaux, senior partner in the great house of Hilton and Vaillant, had been won over to receive as his daughter-in-law a girl who had no portion but a sweet nature and a fair face. The young folks were to be married at once, and to set up house at Bordeaux, with Mr. Hilton, who was a widower, with no other child than Henry, already a junior partner in the firm.

Dr. Briggs, the English physician who played the part of Galen to the little British colony, and who accommodated himself with a pretty good grace to the five-franc fees that in that needy community were the substitutes for guineas, congratulated me on my sister's prospects.

"Miss Lethbridge," said the worthy old man, "has a good constitution, apart from the hereditary predisposition to phthisis, and she has youth on her side. In the mild air of the southern coast, she may recover her strength, and live long and happily. But another winter in this cold and rainy climate would—Well, never mind that now. I have said enough, at any rate, to assure you that my congratulations on your sister's marriage are not a mere compliment."

My leave of absence, as I have said, was short, since H.M.S. —, on board of which I was junior marine officer, was to sail very soon for the West Indies, and I had only obtained permission to attend my sister's wedding, as an especial favour, and even my brother-in-law was anxious to get back to Bordeaux and his desk, as early as possible. His father and his senior partner were more



than commonly deep in business details; the young man had a good head for accounts and considerable abilities, and he was desirous of proving to his father that he was not ungrateful for the latter's compliance with his wishes as related to the marriage itself. Therefore it had been arranged that after a brief tour among the Pyrenees, the newly-married pair were to proceed to Bordeaux, and that Harry was to make up for lost time by redoubled assiduity in serving the interests of the firm of Hilton and Vaillant.

The wedding was fixed for Wednesday, and my place was bespoken in the *malle-poste* for the evening of that very day, an arrangement which gave me time to sleep a night in Paris, and to see a few of the wonders of the French capital before I scampered back to Portsmouth. And on the Saturday preceding it, we planned an excursion to Kervæen, a small town on the Breton side of the river Couësson, and formerly a frontier post belonging to the old Celtic duchy.

Our party was rather a large one. Mrs. Pearson had many friends in Avranches, and as soon as it was mentioned that we designed an excursion to the Breton borders, several of the English residents had expressed a wish to accompany us. There were, therefore, four or five carriages, besides two or three boys, who were home for their holidays, and were wild with excitement as they galloped on their shaggy and sure-footed ponies. Hilton rode a fine English horse, a new purchase which he had made in Paris, and which he intended to take down with them to the south. And I drove Emma in a queer little jangling pony-chaise of native construction, while Aunt Pearson shared a *voiture de louage* with three friends.

The day was a beautiful one. We spent some hours pleasantly enough at Kervæen, and dined among the ruins of the fort. The beauty of the day had faded, though very gradually. Clouds, like huge skeins of unravelled wool, that covered the violet sky, were not unwelcome as screening off the sun. We had started early, for, though the evening was fine, the road was a long one, winding among the curves and undulations of the bay.

"Are those Norman fellows never coming back with the carriages?" said Hilton, looking at his watch, impatiently. "I have letters to write that *must* go to England by to-night's post."

But nobody else was in any particular hurry to start, and we continued to lounge about the ruins. Even Emma did not seem, for once, to sympathise with Hilton's wish to be moving, and she scolded him playfully for his impatience.

But Hilton was seriously bent on getting back to the town. He had received, that morning, two letters, bearing the London postmark, and it was absolutely necessary that the young merchant should write by return to his correspondents.

A bare-legged boy was induced, by the promise of a ten-sous piece, to run to the other end of the village and summon the lagging charioteers, who had put up their horses at an auberge of tolerable size, rejoicing under the title of the *Soleil Levant*. But this messenger did not return, and when Hilton and I went together to the road-side inn, we heard the sounds of the rustic music, which are the invariable accompaniments of a

Breton festival, and found that a christening-feast was in progress. This sufficiently accounted for the truancy of our coachmen, who were in the thick of the merry-making, having recognised old friends among the company.

But there was something contagious in Harry's uneasiness at the delay which this inopportune banquet had helped to occasion, and I saw, with some annoyance, that our Jehus had not failed to do justice to the contents of the huge pitchers of cider that were passed incessantly from hand to hand, and that their faces were red and their eyes dull from the effects of their potations. With a good deal of trouble we succeeded in half coaxing, half compelling the drivers to leave their hospitable friends, and impressing as many of the hangers-on of the auberge into our service as possible, we contrived to get the horses harnessed and the men upon their coach-boxes. Fortunately Norman heads are too strong to be utterly overflowed by even immoderate draughts of apple-juice, and no sooner were the laggards on their driving-seats, and in possession of whip and reins, than their instinctive knowledge of horses resumed its sway, and they prepared to conduct the vehicles homewards, with all proper gravity and steadiness.

Much time had, however, been wasted, and the sun was going down while we had many a kilomètre of road to travel. The members of the party took their places in their different carriages, the schoolboys remounted their ponies, and it was pretty plain that the drivers were quite sober enough to pioneer their living freight to Avranches in safety. All was ready for a start when Harry, who had been chafing terribly at the delay, and who was apprehensive that we should reach the town long after the departure of the mail, proposed to strike across the sands, which were hard and firm, and thus to curtail the distance by nearly one-half. Indeed, to an impatient traveller, there was something provoking in the idea of crawling round the shores of the bay, when it was possible to make a short cut from point to point, a course doubly tempting when time was of such value.

Indeed, when I looked at the wide stretch of smooth sand, gleaming wet in places that lay far out to seaward, but in general as dry and flat as a billiard-table, I felt disposed to comply with Harry's desire. We had but to ford the shallow stream of Couësson, a little river only note-worthy as the old barrier between France and Bretagne, and our way lay clear before us. So at least I, in my innocence, opined; but I was startled at the vehemence with which the old residents combated the project. The sands, they said, were notoriously treacherous and insecure; they were full of shifting quicksands of fabulous depth and tenacity; the tide, at certain states of wind and sea, ran in over those flats with a speed that even well-mounted horsemen could not evade; fifty persons, on an average, perished yearly on that fatal coast, through some imprudent confidence in their own judgment or activity, &c. In short, even with a guide, the Grève de St. Michel was best avoided, and without a guide it was madness to venture upon it. I did not exactly believe all this chorus of evil; but I put sufficient faith in the popular opinion to consider that the tempting sands had

better be left in possession of the sea-crows that were solemnly walking to and fro beside the pools, digging ever and anon with their sharp bills into the soft surface, in quest of worms or shellfish. Not so, however, did my brother-in-law elect. His lip curled scornfully, and he could hardly listen with patient politeness to the Cassandra-like predictions of the old ladies who were the chief speakers. He had, in fact, been too long on the Continent not to be aware how prone to the marvellous, and to exaggeration of the peculiarities of the country, English residents are apt to be. He was of a bold spirit, too, and not easily turned from anything by the mere notion of problematic peril. Thus he persisted; the others demurred; and the result was an animated discussion, in which Harry was in the minority. He was only backed by the schoolboys, who were wild with delight at the idea of such "jolly fun" as a race homewards across the sands, all the more attractive because their elders held them in such horror. Emma, indeed, would willingly have gone by that route, though she was sorely puzzled between Aunt Pearson's boding remarks and her lover's confidence that there was no risk, and that the dangers of the Grève, at low-water, must be purely fanciful.

I don't say that Hilton was a perfect character. He was, as I have hinted, rather hot of temper and excessively obstinate, though of a generous and kindly nature. His petulance increased with the well-meant but injudicious efforts of our friends to dissuade him from the wild idea of crossing the sands. He would, I do not doubt, have given up the plan, though not perhaps with a very good grace, had Emma asked him at first to stay for her sake. But she did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, she was disposed to side with him, and when the rest vowed that for untold gold they would not tempt Providence by such an act of folly, she was still inclined to hearken to her lover's voice, had I not interposed.

"No, no, Emma," said I, turning it off with a laugh. "After Monday next, when you have promised to love and obey our headstrong friend on the chestnut charger, of course you may risk your life as much as you please. Till then I am your lawful guardian, and shall not stir one yard from the Prince President's highway; so you must submit to go home in safety."

Hilton declared in dudgeon that he would go alone, write his letters, and have time to smoke a cigar and play a game at billiards at the Cuercle, before we returned. He would not listen to a word of advice, though two or three old Breton fishermen, and some shrill-voiced fisherwomen added their warnings to those of our company.

"There are many dead Christians in the cimetière of Kervaen," said one white-haired old sailor, speaking in a thin and piping voice, but solemnly and impressively enough; "but there are more who sleep in unblessed graves, without shroud or coffin, under the *lises* of the Bay. The tide has turned, too, and the wind is westerly."

"Ah, ah! it is wrong to tempt Heaven's mercy thus," cried the women, crowding round Hilton's horse. "In the name of our Lady of Sorrows, monsieur, take the advice of the poor."

Hilton merely shrugged his shoulders, made some good-humoured but contemptuous rejoinder, and tightened his horse's girths. The good horse neighed and pawed the beach impatiently.

"Harry," said my sister, now alarmed for the first time, and with imploring eyes fixed on her lover's face, "Harry, to please me——"

It was too late. Had Emma spoken before, her influence would have carried the day, but now Hilton was piqued and nettled by so much opposition to his proposal, and his mind was made up. He was, as I have said, a brave man, but he had also that sensitive shrinking from the slightest imputation of fear which is only felt by the young, and which wears off with experience of the world's ways. To recoil now, when everyone was busy in conjuring up perils and obstacles in store for him, would have been a bitter pill for his proud and hasty nature to swallow. Yet he hesitated for an instant as he saw the tears in Emma's gentle eyes; but most unluckily one of the Norman coachmen broke in with tipsy gravity, and in the nasal drawl of his native province:

"C'est bien dangereuse, monsieur, savez-vous——"

The spell was snapped at once. Hilton, who had finished adjusting his girths, angrily told the man to hold his tongue, gathered up his reins, and spurred off, waving his hand in adieu to Emma, and drily remarking that we gave ourselves a great deal of unnecessary anxiety about the safety of a person so insignificant as himself, but that the laugh would be against us, when we met at Avranches, by tea-time. So saying, he rode off at a brisk canter, splashed into the Couësson, and, fording the shallow water with perfect ease, gained the opposite bank, and took his way across the sands. Twice he looked back to us, with a half-playful gesture of leave-taking, and then a rising headland concealed him from our view.

"Follow him, George; oh, pray let us follow him!" exclaimed Emma, struggling to keep back her tears, but to this I decidedly objected. To overtake Hilton, well-mounted as he was, was out of the question, even had there been any good object to be attained by sharing his danger, if he were indeed in danger. Of this I felt by no means assured. Popular tradition is generally vague and full of exaggeration, and I did not repose unlimited faith in the appalling statements I had just heard. Heartily I wished that Harry had been wise enough to avoid what might prove a very ugly scrape; but, for all that, I counted on finding him, flushed with victory, puffing his cigar at the door of the Hôtel de Londres.

We started at a good round pace, glad to get away from the croaking of the Breton peasants, whose dismal predictions had anything but a reassuring effect upon my poor sister. Our little pony chaise was much lighter than the cumbersome four-wheeled carriages, and as Emma was eager to get back to Avranches and assure herself of the safety of our rash knight-errant, I drove fast, and we soon outstripped the rest of the party. As for the youngsters on their ponies, they were somewhat sulky at the parental prohibition, sternly reiterated, to accompany Hilton across

the Bay, and therefore kept aloof from the train of vehicles, scampering up by-lanes, leaping any fence where a gap afforded a tempting passage, or tearing along the road in a breakneck race that usually ended in a harmless tumble.

For some time after quitting Kervaen the road trended somewhat inland, and it was only now and then that, between the gnarled boughs of the orchards, or across the weedy ridges of the fallows, we could catch a glimpse of the sea. But presently we found ourselves skirting the coast line, winding among sand-hills and frequently crossing the narrow bridge that crossed some brooklet on its way to ocean. To the left was the broad sea, to the right were the bare sands, and far away loomed the rock-crested fort of Mont St. Michel, and the twin islet of Tombelaine, and even Avranches, clinging to and crowning the crest of its steeply scarp'd hill—but of Hilton we saw nothing. This was the less surprising as, owing to the twists in the road and the many sandy bluffs that stood out between us and the sky-line, our view of the strand was limited to that portion immediately before us.

Emma was excessively agitated, though she did her best to hide her fears, and was perpetually standing up in the carriage to gaze forth over the yellow stretch of sand, dappled already by the flickering shadows of evening. The sun was sinking, and the wind rising. The white clouds overhead had grown thicker and darker, growing like the web of the Parca, till they covered the whole sky. I felt uncomfortable, and the more so because, for Emma's sake, I felt it necessary to keep a cheerful countenance, but I began to recognise the signs of an approaching gale. The wind, as the old fisherman had remarked, was westerly, and it came every minute in stronger and angrier gusts, sweeping the dead leaves from the trees, and making a melancholy sighing among the sedges and tamarisks of the lonely shore. I looked out to sea, and even at that distance I fancied I could see the dark blue line of the advancing tide gaining, still gaining, on the shore, and rushing on, swift and smooth, over the level strand where neither rock nor shingle barred its way.

"Where can Harry be? I don't see him. O, George, your eyes are better than mine!" said Emma, trembling, as she stood up for the tenth time to strain her gaze across the yellow flats.

"I see nothing," answered I. "Stop, there is something in the distance, a dark object, but it cannot be a man and horse, it is so small, and so near the water, where no sane person would venture, with the tide coming in at such a rate. Some sea-bird, driven in by the storm."

"Then there is going to be a storm?" asked Emma, with such white lips, and such evident distress, that I could have bitten off my tongue for my lack of caution.

She was very pale; the hectic bloom on her cheeks came and went, and her eyes were strangely brilliant. In her delicate state of health, all agitation was hurtful, and I groaned inwardly at Hilton's mad prank, though I did my best to put a good face on the matter. I laughed at the idea of any apprehension from the storm, whether of

peril to Harry or ourselves, and spoke confidently of the adventurous horseman's safety. I expressed myself sure that he had already reached Avranches, and would have the laugh on his side when we came in, with wet clothes, after a drive through the rain. In fact, I played my part admirably, in my own opinion, but I could not deceive a woman's quick instinct, and my sister laid her hand on my arm with—

"Hush, George, pray. You frighten me, dear, for I see that you are afraid for *him*. Oh, it is all my fault; I should have begged him, urged him to stay with us, and if he, if he should——"

Just then the eldest of the English schoolboys, who had raced past us some little time before with his noisy crew of young comrades, came tearing back with his pony in a lather of foam and heat.

"O, Captain Lethbridge," said the boy, "we have seen a gentleman on horseback trying to escape from the sea, and I'm sure it's Mr. Hilton, and the poor horse seems so tired, and the tide's coming in dreadfully fast, like a millrace."

I tried to stop the boy. It was of no use. The words were spoken, and Emma gave a scream so piercing and heart-broken in its agonised accents, that it haunts me to this hour, and will haunt me to my dying day. Lashing the vigorous little nag into a gallop, in an instant I gained the point whence our young informant had come, and there I sprang out, and assisted Emma to scramble up a steep ridge of sand that overlooked the whole of the desolate flat, now terribly encroached on by the advancing tide. A few drops of rain fell, and the wind whistled shrilly by, and the sea-gulls and gannets flew hoarsely screaming around, and fluttered off inland on their white wings. The muttering growl of distant thunder resounded, but we cared nothing for rain or thunder. Our eyes were riveted on a horseman who was making his way, slowly and painfully, through deep and moist sand in which his weary steed sank fetlock deep at every bound.

Hilton! There was no mistaking him; but how came he there, and how had he lingered so long among those dangerous wastes? No doubt he had missed the safe way, hardly to be found, even by natives of the country, and had wandered long among the treacherous quagmires and pools of sullen waters, for I could see that his noble horse flagged wearily, and that there were stains of mud and sand upon his heaving flanks, as if he had floundered through more than one of the *lises*, as they are locally called. The sea was behind him, swift and pitiless, like a low wall of dark blue water, crested with foam, and seeming to devour the shore as it swept onwards. Worse still, the coming tide was "quickenings" the sands as it advanced, for we saw pools appear where dry banks had lately been, and the surface heaved and glistened, and the horse had to make desperate efforts to advance shorewards.

I shouted loudly, to encourage the poor fellow, but the wind drowned my voice; and now the thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed redly over the sea, and it seemed suddenly to grow dark, while torrents of rain came dashing down;

but we did not heed them. If my own life had been trembling in the balance, I could scarcely have felt more cruel anxiety; and as for Emma, I hardly dared to steal one glance at her pale and anguish-wrung features, as she stood on the highest point of the rock, clinging to me for support, and waving her handkerchief, poor thing, while her eyes pierced the twilight, riveted on the figure of that lonely horseman on whom the sea was gaining with fearful rapidity.

"Why does he not head straight for the shore? Ah, now he takes the right course! but the horse can scarcely answer to the spur," I muttered between my set teeth. "Oh, push on, for Heaven's sake, press on!" I shouted with the full strength of my lungs, using my outspread hands as a trumpet, and Hilton heard the call, started, and knew us, for he gave an answering hail which only reached us as an inarticulate cry. But the voice of human sympathy, or the sight of her he loved, seemed to revive him, for he lifted his steed with the rein, and pressed on more steadily, while immediately afterwards the horse seemed to find firmer footing, for he no longer sank beneath the surface, and as he broke into a quicker pace he shook his head with a long neigh of triumph. The carriages had by this time arrived, and had come to a halt, but the horses were alarmed by the lightning, which was now almost incessant, and they were with difficulty kept under control, while two or three of the party came scrambling on foot up the bank, uttering exclamations of dismay and compassion.

"He is nearer, nearer now. The horse goes fast. He will be saved, he is safe! Harry! Harry!" cried Emma, taking hope as the firmer ground was reached; then, as the storm gathered, she turned wildly to me: "George, brother, say that he is safe!"

I said something, I do not remember what, to encourage Emma's despair, perhaps, should her hopes be disappointed, but I meant it for the best, and the boys, who were excitedly watching the struggle, set up a cheer.

"Well done! he can gallop now. He is on firm ground. Mr. Hilton is safe, papa; he is out of reach of the sea! Hurrah!"

But the joyous shout died away on their young lips as, with an awful plunge, the good horse sank to the saddle-girths, snorting, plunging, rearing wildly, but in vain, for every effort served but to bury him deeper and deeper in the tenacious quicksand, and his neigh of distress changed to that horrid scream, seldom heard but on the battlefield, which nothing but extremity of pain or fear can elicit.

We shouted to Hilton to throw himself from the saddle—to fling himself flat upon the treacherous surface—as the only chance of life; but I do not think we were heard, so hoarsely did the thunder roar overhead, while the darkness deepened so much that it was only when a flash of lightning showed every detail of the scene that we could distinguish the sufferer.

Emma's despair was fearful to witness, and in her passionate grief she upbraided us for allowing the victim to perish, unhelped, before our eyes; but human aid was useless there, and we

could but remain spectators of what we were powerless to prevent. At every fresh flash we could see, by the vivid though momentary light, the horse sinking deeper and deeper. The moist sand was up to his withers now, a few short moments and it reached his neck; now the horse was wholly lost to sight, and the rider was waist-deep in the quagmire, sinking, still sinking, as if dragged down by some viewless monster below into a living grave. And the sea came on, triumphant, relentless, its blue wall curling and frothing as it ran, arrow-swift, over the strand, and already a foamy line of shallow water had reached to within a few yards of the spot where Harry remained, helpless.

Another flash. The line of foamy water crept snake-like on, reached Harry, passed him, and rolled on far to landward, and line after line, streak after streak, came in the deepening water, and then rolled on the low blue wall, and still the quicksand gaped, insatiate, for its prey. It was up to his armpits now, the water, and presently another flash showed the poor wretch, his head alone above the salt flood, with a face deadly pale, and eyes that glared, white and ghastly, in the lurid glow of the lightning, while the lips seemed to move, but whether in prayer to Heaven or a hopeless cry for aid, can never be known. No sound reached us. The rain was blindingly thick, and the wind raved as it swept the hurrying clouds before it. There was a longer pause than usual between the flashes. To our impatience it seemed as if the dreadful darkness endured for ages. At last it came, broad and bright, the fierce flare of white light, but nothing was visible; nothing but grey sea and white foam, where the little waves began to toss and curl, and the curving wall of blue ran far shoreward. We strained our eyes, but could see nothing more. Unwilling to trust our senses, anxiously we waited for the next flash, and it came; but we saw nothing but a waste of sea and sky. Harry Hilton was lost for ever to men's sight until the Judgment Day.

In the agony of that suspense, I had almost forgotten my poor sister. Her voice had died away in sobs, and she had sunk at my feet, and lay there, crouching. But when I saw that the grave had closed over its victim, I bent to raise Emma, and thought at first that she was in a swoon, but a cry of dismay from one of the party aroused me to a new fear. We lifted Emma tenderly, and by the light of the carriage-lamps saw the signs of the mischief I had dragged, only too plainly. Poor girl, the white handkerchief she had waved so long was pressed to her lips now, and stained with crimson drops that ran heavily down, and left a dark stain on the light muslin she wore, and on the small white wrist that lay passive between my hands.

Why linger on the sad story? Suffice it that Emma's frail health had not been able to endure the anguish of that hideous scene. A blood-vessel had given way, and she never spoke more, and before we reached Avranches she was dead.

We buried poor Emma on the very day that was to have witnessed her union with him whom she had loved—loved too well to survive his fearful end.

SON CHRISTOPHER:  
AN HISTORLETTE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER I. PIOUS ORGIES.

THE winter day closed in early on a certain Saturday in February, 1685, when the weather was dreary all round our shores. On the Dorsetshire coast the winds blew shrill; and the mists that they drove inland brought on an earlier night than the almanack told of. In Squire Battiscombe's mansion, which looked down upon the fishing town of Lyme Regis, as little account was made of the weather as in any house in England, for the family could seldom have gone out of doors at all if they had been afraid of the gales on the bare downs; or the chilling blasts which drove up the ravines from the beach below; or the sea-foam, which, on stormy days, wetted everything within a quarter of a mile of the margin of the tide.

In Battiscombe House, therefore, the children

made no remark on the darkness of the evening except when their attention was drawn to it.

"You take too much of the fire for such a little one, Joanna," observed the mother, to a child who was poring over her book by the blaze from the log in the chimney. "How this cheek of yours is scorched, while some of us are chill!"

"I only wanted the light," Joanna observed with a sigh, as she at once retired into the twilight behind her mother's chair. She was called to that chair, and kept warm with an arm round her waist, and soft kisses on the crown of the head. Still she held the book, with a finger between the pages, where she had been stopped.

"That child is always reading!" the Squire remarked, and nobody gainsayed the observation.

"These little ones get their own will out of us in a way for which we shall be answerable," the

Squire proceeded. "Arabella and Judith are thinking at this moment how strictly they were cut off from vain learning when they were that child's age."

Arabella and Judith looked up with a smile which showed how truly their father had read their thoughts. They were not likely to forget the wrenchings of the heart they had endured, many a time, when some beloved volume was snatched from their hands at the cruellest moment.

"I have gone to their bedsides," said their father, "and taken from under their pillows the idol of the moment,—not always a romance or a narrative of a voyage, but some treatise of philosophy, or perhaps the grammar of some foreign tongue. See their smiles now! They not only forgive me, they understand me."

The girls looked up cheerfully.

"My daughters are my friends, and their mother's friends," the proud father observed. "They have had other and better teaching than books; and I, for my part, doubt whether the most learned damsels that my grandfather used to extol, could have been safer and truer friends to their fathers than my daughters are to me. I would have this last little daughter please me as well."

Joanna here thrust her book behind her mother's skirt, and the mother did not show that she was aware of the act.

"But we have not grown up entirely ignorant, sir," said Judith.

"You can read the Holy Word," he replied, "and that is enough."

"Except the foreign tongues, in which men read the Holy Word in sympathy," observed the family tutor, from his seat in the window. "The ladies have no small knowledge of the French and Dutch languages—"

"I reckon those things as included in their study of the Word," the Squire replied. He did not wish to discuss a family arrangement by which opulent gentry, under cover of a plan for educating their children, kept up communication with continental Protestants of their own way of thinking.

At this moment a shout was heard outside, and the tramp of horses' feet on the shell walk in front of the house. In those days, every unusual sound was supposed (by Nonconformists, at least) to mean misfortune of some kind. The father of the family stood upright; the mother's lips moved in prayer; and the looks of the daughters waited upon both. Their suspense was short, for Anthony, and David, and little Will, came up to the windows crying out "Christopher! Christopher! Christopher is come!"

In another minute, Christopher, the heir and the pride of the household, was in the midst of his family, and the tutor had withdrawn. Christopher had never looked so comely; but he was thoughtful. There was no mystery about his appearance. He had come down, with a party of comrades from the Inns of Court, to attend the sessions at Dorchester: and he found he could ride over to Lyme to spend the Lord's-day in his old home. He was aware that the morrow was to be a remarkable Sabbath to his family and

friends at Lyme, and he had used great efforts to arrive in time. At one part of the journey he scarcely hoped to accomplish it. The waters were out, so that his brother barristers and himself, and their guides and servants—twenty-three in all—had been compelled to go many miles round; and at dusk yesterday it had seemed an inevitable thing that men and horses would spend the night with no better shelter than a leafless wood. By means of Christopher's new groom, however, who seemed to know the country better than the guides themselves, the party had been brought round into the Dorchester road, and enabled to divide themselves between two inns before the lights and fires were out: and they had ridden into Dorchester to breakfast.

"Who is this new groom of yours?" the Squire asked.

"Reuben? Oh! he is one of the Coads that there are so many of among the fishermen below. I believe his father is the horse-dealer, and that may be the way that Reuben knows the county roads and bridle-paths so well."

"I suppose he was trustily recommended to you?" observed the careful mother.

"As a horse-keeper, he was. As for the rest, I liked his coming straight to a Dorsetshire man, and offering his services on the ground of neighbourhood and our good old country non-conformity. Oh, yes! he is one of us. He would walk twenty miles to hear John Hickeys."

"You will allow him a good rest this night?" observed Mrs. Battiscombe. "None but trusty old acquaintances should be of our company on this occasion."

"As it pleases you, mother. I fear Reuben will be hurt when he learns how near he has been to Hickeys's pulpit without knowing it; but I will observe your pleasure."

When Christopher left the room, and the young people followed him all over the beloved old mansion, the Squire observed to his lady that Kit's arrival was, to his mind, rather perplexing. Had she supposed he would come?

"I had hardly liked to wish it, or not to wish it," she replied. "It will be a blessing to us to have all our elder children with us this night; yet, if his suit had been favoured, he would scarcely have left his lady-love at the first moment to hear John Hickeys."

"I have little fear for his suit," the Squire observed. "He has had no disappointment. You may see that in his face."

"He has secured that strength by which the keenest disappointment—"

"Yes, yes, my dear. No doubt of that. But his countenance is bright with success. Elizabeth Bankshope is to be our daughter, I have a full persuasion."

"If so, how strong must be his faithfulness, that he leaves her to share the services and dangers of his family this night!"

When the supper was over, and prayers had been read, and the younger children were gone to bed, and the tutor, M. Florian, had withdrawn, Christopher explained that he had brought news which he had thought it best not to commit to paper. He should have ridden over on this

account, if there had been no question of other matters. It was understood that this news was of public concern; for Christopher had not been four hours in the house without obtaining his parents' blessing on his betrothal to Elizabeth Bankshope,—the toast of the county, and the sister of the high-sheriff.

"It is certainly true," Christopher declared, when he was satisfied that he could not be heard beyond the fireside, "it is certainly true that the King died a Catholic. They smuggled in a monk, who administered the sacrament. I had particular information of this three days ago: and I doubt not the news is creeping from house to house in London by this time."

"Florien ought to hear this," the Squire observed. And Christopher went to bring him in.

Then a long discussion followed of the prospects of the Church and of Nonconformity. There had been a hope, since King Charles died, that the new sovereign would be gentle with the Nonconformists, in order that they and the Catholics might co-operate to keep the tyranny of the Church in check; but if Protestantism itself was in strong peril, there was no corresponding chance of an alliance between the Church and the Dissenters. Some great change must be at hand. The question was,—what it would be.

No one of the party put the thing into plain words: but Arabella and Judith agreed, when they had reached their chamber, that what father, brother, and tutor expected was a new king—a Protestant king, who should send King James to the Continent, to make himself happy in some Catholic State.

At an hour past midnight, a part of the family assembled in silence in the hall of the mansion. A dim lantern gave the only light. The Squire carried this lantern, and he held it up to the face of each of the muffled figures before the back door was opened.

"My daughters!" whispered their mother, when she saw that Arabella and Judith were there. "This winter night and these perils are not for young creatures like you!"

"Let us go, mother!" said the one. The other put her arm round her father's neck. "Father, you will not forbid us! You said, this very evening, that we were your friends. Where you go, we will go."

"Yes, yes!" he replied. "Wife, we must be just to our children. How was it with you when your father chose to abide in the midst of the Plague?"

Mrs. Battiscombe was always silenced by a reference to her conduct in the Plague-year; and she now took one daughter under her own wing, and committed the other to the Squire. Nurse had oiled the locks and bolts, so that the party left the house without wakening the sleepers up-stairs. Once in the yard, they dispersed to a certain extent. One or two went round first to the road, to see whether anybody was about; and then two took that way down into the town. Two more passed into the garden, and down a footpath which led to the beach. Others waited a few minutes, till the first should be half-way to their destination. As far as any of them could

see, they were not dodged or seen; but the night was very dark. There were no lights in any windows, and, till they came near the rendezvous, the young people saw nobody moving. Then, they passed or followed people muffled like themselves: but where they went in the darkness, no group could tell of any other.

They in fact passed up various alleys, and through several private houses, in order to meet in a large room, well hidden from the street. This room, once used for the storing of wool, had been offered for a chapel by a staunch Presbyterian citizen, who had used his influence among the men in his employ to get the proper fittings introduced and put up, as if they were improvements of his place of business. The few windows were so thoroughly closed that no ray of light escaped: there was a double entrance,—the one to be closed while the other was opened; and the pulpit was so placed that the hearers could gather round it, and save the preacher from speaking louder than the size of his congregation rendered necessary.

The place was nearly filled when the Battiscombes dropped in; but the pulpit was still empty. Presently, as a man in a fisherman's dress passed under one of the dim lights, a whisper went round that that was John Hickee. In a few moments more he had put off his disguise, and appeared in cap and bands, inviting the congregation to pray.

It required less power and skill than John Hickee was noted for to interest by his discourse that night: but he moved his hearers deeply. He made them proud instead of ashamed by contrasting the opening of this House of the Lord with all the consecrations in religious story, from the gathering of the Jews into the Temple of Solomon, to the late thronging of the people of London into the new St. Paul's. He made his hearers bold instead of alarmed when he set before them the danger they incurred by being there, listening to him who, under the Five Mile Act, was under condemnation for being about this night's business in the town where he had formerly ministered in the face of day. Some of them had perhaps considered that they had done a brave thing in having service in their homes in the presence of guests who brought up their numbers above the four prescribed by law as the largest company of Dissenters that might worship together. Some really had run great risks in taking adjoining houses, and making an opening in the wall, covered by a picture or the like, in order that two households and a few visitors might join in their services. But the risks run this night far exceeded those. None but such as were fast anchored on the Lord had need be there; for they were encompassed with dangers which no care or faithfulness could avert. Suspicion was always awake: bribes lay ready for the vile to clutch: spies were everywhere:—perhaps there were some now present. And then the preacher launched an anathema against any traitor who might be present which innocent hearers at least never forgot. He described the miseries to which faithful confessors were subjected in their imprisonments,—the bad company, the bad air,—both that which was breathed by the body and that which stifled the soul; the filth, the loathsome

food and foul water; the rheumatism or the spotted fever; the ridicule of the vile, the oppression of the magistrates, the horror of the pillory and the scourge, and the lifelong trial of beggary, when repeated fines had drained the fortunes of men and women delicately reared:—he described these things as in full prospect for any and everybody there; and then declared that the most painful of them were joys and blessings in comparison with the retribution which should await the spy who now heard him,—if such an one there were. His description of the anguish to be endured sooner or later by any one who should bring the righteous into trouble,—of the pangs, intolerable and eternal, which he should not escape, made the most innocent tremble; and it seemed an act of mercy when the preacher, after a pause, leaned over the desk, and said, in deep, low voice, which, however, was heard by the remotest listener, that a way of escape should be opened for any wicked who would forsake their wickedness. A path should be made to the door, from which the keeper should withdraw for the time: the lights should be extinguished for five minutes; and any spies who might be present could steal away unseen. Departing in such a manner, it might be hoped that they would for ever hold their peace on what they had this night witnessed and heard. Entertaining this trust, and regarding them as penitents, he sent his prayers and blessings with them.

As soon as the lights were out, some of the congregation made a shuffling of their feet on the sanded floor, lest the silence should daunt any one who wished to withdraw. The lapse of three minutes was announced by a voice below the pulpit; and then of four; and then of the fifth; and when the few candles were re-lighted, it was observed that all heads were turned towards the door.

The preacher remarked that it was not perhaps yielding too much to natural solicitude to ask whether, to the knowledge of any who heard him, any person had passed out. Two or three answered,—one being sure that at least one, and he believed two, had stolen forth; while others were quite certain that the door had never been opened. The preacher invited to prayer before disclosing his further counsel; and he was wise in doing so; for, while he was “wrestling” with more vehemence than he had hitherto been betrayed into, for strength to the sufferers for the testimony, and pardon to the weak and treacherous, and while all heads were bent in prayer, some person certainly did leave the place.

The assemblage was now sifted, the preacher said: and he could open counsel further. He related the news—for news it was to nearly all present,—of the administration of Romish rites to the late King on his death-bed. This event, he announced, was a date posted up in fiery characters in the history of religion. It was true, no persecution from Catholic James could well be worse than what the people of God were still suffering from the government of Protestant Charles,—so-called: but, as Charles turned out to be no Protestant, it was clear that the time had become ripe for the royal enterprise of over-

throwing the Reformation altogether; and if the attempt could not be baffled, the doom of the world was sealed. The most monstrous of worldlings, Louis of France, was sitting quiet, watching for the lapse of Britain to Rome; and now, that monster no doubt thought his game secure, as England, under two successive Romish kings, could be no true ally to Holland; and Holland, with England against her, could no longer defy France.

The question was,—what was to be done? The Lord’s chosen would stand fast. A seed would be left in England,—and also in Scotland,—from which a harvest might arise to the Lord at some future day: but was England going to allow her kings to hand her over to Rome, as a tenant hands over his Michaelmas gift to his landlord? Was such a lapse as this a fitting result of the conflict the last generation had waged, and of the death the father of these two kings had died?

Some murmurings of emotion had been heard at former points of the discourse: and now several voices exclaimed that a Protestant king must be had. It had become difficult to say so, one manly voice declared, because, since the Rye-house plot, every one who desired a Protestant king was supposed to favour the assassination of the Catholic princes on or near the throne: but the time had come for men who were no zealots, and who abhorred bloodshed, to insist on a Protestant king for a reformed kingdom. Could any brother within the sound of his voice give information of any dealings by which the coming in of a Protestant king could be hoped for?

The preacher repeated the question, which was made more weighty by his authority.

“That can I,” replied some one in a foreign accent. “I have some knowledge. But to disclose it is to put my liberty on a random cast: and I have sacrificed much—my country and my kindred, and my patrimony,—for my liberty.”

The preacher leaned forward, and said, in a solemn voice:

“And what man of God’s elect has, in these evil days, obtained liberty but by sacrifices? And what man is worthy of liberty who would not put it to hazard to secure to Christ’s own the liberty with which he has made them free? It vexes me to speak of myself in such a case: but which of you does not know that I stand here as on the threshold of a prison, or on the ladder of the gallows? If I thus trust the brethren here assembled, another man surely may. If John Hiekes is safe in the honour of Christians, so is Emmanuel Florian. I know you, Florian, and the stoutness of your heart. If I adjure you to speak, you will utter what concerns the cause.—I adjure you to speak.”

“I obey,” replied Florian: and of the whole assemblage, none were so amazed by his disclosures as the Battiscombes.

“I have information,” he said, “no matter how, for I will not involve others, and it is for those who hear me to test the truth of my words—I have information that a Protestant king for England has long been in view; and that since the late king’s death, the movement has quickened greatly. The exiles in Holland . . . .”



"He would be a madman who should trust the exiles in Holland," observed a grey-headed man who sat under the pulpit. "How many of them have betrayed members of the late plot whom they had first incited to conspiracy, keeping from them the aim against the lives of the Popish princes?"

"Hear me!" Florien continued: "and remember that those exiles are of various quality. John Locke is one of them."

"Is he one of the movers you tell of?"

"I know not: but I know that he is as malcontent as any. When he learned that, by the King's order, his name was blotted out of the books of his college, he said that this was equal to a command to take up the work from which Lord Shaftesbury had been released by death; and that he was an Englishman no more till an Englishman's birthright of liberty was restored. It was not of him, however, that I rose to speak; but of others of whose transactions I will say no further word, if inquiry is made, directly or indirectly, about their names."

"Speak on," said the preacher; and his words were echoed by many.

"Certain of those Protestant patriots are now on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, waiting on Edmund Ludlow, to ask him to be their leader in cleansing the throne of England from Popery."

A murmur of enthusiasm ran through the congregation. A voice here and there said that the Lord's people would see the face of the Lord Protector's old friend again before they died; while others feared that Ludlow would not be again brought forth from his retreat.

"He has steadily declared," said Florien, "that he has fulfilled his part; and that it is for young men, and citizens who cannot be charged with the blood of a king, to save Protestant England, if indeed she may be saved."

"What next, if he refuses?" asked the preacher.

"There is the choice," Florien went on, "among the late and present King's Protestant children. Of these there are three,—yes, three," he repeated, so loudly that those near him pulled his cloak, to remind him to moderate his voice. He did so; and the more distant hearers stood up and leaned forward, and pressed upon one another, to catch every word.

"Lord Shaftesbury, we know, held information that the late King had gone through a private but legal form of marriage with the mother of the Duke of Monmouth. Some credit this, and some do not. The question is whether to use this uncertainty to press on the demand for the son of Charles being King, or to turn from him to the daughters of James and their husbands. Such was the question; but the King's death has wrought strongly."

"Which way?"

"It has brought evidences of the love of the people for the Duke such as might excite and determine a man of another quality of mind; but he has wavered much; and something is said about an oath which is in the way. Nay,—the terms of the oath I know not; nor the circumstances of it. It is rumoured to be in exchange for the counte-

nance of the Prince and Princess of Orange, and for the princely maintenance they have afforded him."

Here some questions arose, and a few groans, about the unholy fashion of life of the young Duke, as reported by travellers from the Hague, and by Dutch merchants in London,—the masques, the gay skating parties on the ice, the new dances from England, figured forth in painted halls this very winter, and . . . There might have been more of such scandal, but for the peremptory command of silence from the pulpit. The preacher declared that it was not God's will that England should lapse to Rome, while search was made for a prince who had forsown courtly vanities and usages; and no one knew but that this young princely soul might be saved by such a task as the redemption of England being appointed to it. The present might be the precious hour for saving prince and kingdom both. But how were the eyes of the Prince and Princess of Orange to be blinded, and their ears to be stopped to these movements at the Hague? The doubt, however, was faithless, and the preacher desired to take back his words. Florien replied that there was no need. The Duke was not now living at the Hague, but at Brussels; and in a retirement which was at present full of grief. One in whom Florien could repose trust had reason to know what the grief had been. Through the long night which had succeeded the arrival of the news of the Duke's father being dead, and his uncle proclaimed in his place, the groans and sobs of the young man were mournful to hear. Yes, Florien said, his own friend had heard them.

When this point was reached, a common idea seemed to take possession of the preacher and the whole congregation. The discussion was closed by an appointment of three of the elders to meet the preacher to-morrow at a spot beyond five miles from Lyme, to arrange for opening a communication with the exiles,—if not with the highest exile of all. The discourse thus strangely interrupted was resumed for a few minutes,—in order to point out how the Divine blessing had been manifestly bestowed on the opening of this house of prayer,—the congregation having been brought together to hear great tidings of hope in the darkest hour of Popish triumph. An ardent thanksgiving followed; and the general enthusiasm would gladly have found vent in the shouting of a gladsome psalm: but this could not be permitted. Nothing could be allowed in these night meetings but a low chant by a few select voices. It was said that these could scarcely be heard in any neighbouring house; and if they should chance to penetrate to any chamber, they would be as the music of dreams in the ear of the sleeper. Or the devout who solaced the night-watches with prayer might naturally suppose these strains to be the response of spiritual beings, who, as John Milton had said, are wont to walk the earth both when men wake and when they sleep.

The church clock tolled four as the Battiscombes entered their own yard. No one had spoken on the way home; and their hearts were so full that no one seemed inclined to speak in the hall,—except

that the parents whispered the indispensable blessing before going to rest, and that the Squire said as he stroked his daughters' cheeks that there must not be many such short nights for young Christians, or the fairest roses in God's garden would fade before their time.

At the head of the stairs, Christopher was stopped by his mother's hand on his shoulder. She whispered,

"I thought it was your intention not to inform Reuben Coad of the preaching to-night?"

"Certainly, mother. I spoke no word of it to him or any other."

"How, then, was he present?—Nay, it is true. I saw him, in the shadow,—far behind us. You will find he was there."

"Then he will be full of it on our ride to-morrow."

"I hope he will. And I trust you will leave it to him to begin. I would have you watch that man closely, Christopher."

"I will, mother: but I am certain you need not fear him,—unless for some indiscreet zeal."

All found food in their chambers, placed there by Nurse. When they met at breakfast, no child or servant in the house saw anything in their faces which betrayed that the night had not been spent in sleep.

#### CHAPTER II. CONSPIRACY, COULEUR DE ROSE.

THOUGH March was not past, it was a warm spring afternoon in the sunny spaces of the park at Brussels when certain messengers from other countries paced the avenues in consultation. Round two sides of the park there were grounds, some of them deserving the title of parks themselves. These belonged to palaces and mansions, one of which was the present abode of the Duke of Monmouth.

On the wide lawn which spread from the terrace in front of the mansion to the boundary of the park, the fine old trees were parting with their wintry aspect; and some were tinged with green, as the fan-like chestnut leaves began to promise to unfurl their folds, and the sycamores showed bursting buds. A lady, in a light cloak of black taffety, with the hood folded back on the top of her head, sat on a garden seat carved out of a group of yews. A flickering sunlight played over her, and made her look very beautiful. She was trifling with a pencil and a sketch-book, aiming at sketching a noble chestnut-tree at a little distance, but making no great progress, because she was restless and preoccupied. A lady stood near enough for conversation, and a page not too far off to receive his mistress's orders. These orders had been so often repeated in the last half-hour that she was ashamed to send him on the same errand again: and she therefore looked every minute to see whether the Duke was coming, instead of inquiring of any other. She and her lady agreed that the season was advanced, that the violets now made no secret of their whereabouts, that the oak would be out before the ash, that the city chimes sounded most musically in this retreat, and that the chestnut was not the easiest of trees to draw; and then the lady listened, and her mistress turned, and the page

approached, and the Duke emerged from the shade close at hand, his black suit and mourning sword having prevented his being seen among the trees, as he would have been in his ordinary splendour of dress. The attendants withdrew to a more distant walk when the Lady Henrietta went to meet the Duke, and he drew her arm within his, to return to the yew-seat.

"No trouble, I trust?" she said, looking anxiously in his face.

"All interruption of our peace is trouble," Monmouth replied. "Why cannot my friends leave me in quiet? I am sure Mary and Orange ought to know me well enough by this time to see that it is best to let me be content while I am willing to be so."

"What would they have?"

"Orange sends me this letter. Read it, love."

When it was read, he went on:

"He was not satisfied with writing his advice and his offers in this way, but he sent Bentinck to exhibit to me all the honours and political weight to be obtained by fighting the Turks, and parading before Christendom in the Emperor's train."

"It is not empty advice," Henrietta remarked. "Here are generous offers of means which should spare us all danger of your being mistaken for a soldier of fortune."

"But why should I be a soldier at all?"

Henrietta laughed in his face, with a glance which said, as plainly as words could have spoken, "Because you are so brave, and dashing, and glorious!"

Monmouth smiled a gratified smile, saying that this was all very well when war was necessary, but it was no reason for a man's leaving a life that pleased him, and turning to one that did not, without any need so to mortify himself.

Henrietta sank into thought for a while, and sighed, Monmouth watching her countenance. Then he sighed too, and said women could not love like men. He believed she would have him go and fight the Turk, and leave her in solitude, when the reason why he did not go was that he could not live apart from her.

"And is that a sign of want of love, or of an over-mastering love?" asked Henrietta. "Is it love, or lack of love, think you, which makes me ready to undergo dreary days, and nights of terror, that my love may win his right place before Europe and the world? If you were slain, what would my life be to me but a long-drawn pain? Yet I long to venture this, because, if you escape the risk, life will be to you what life should be to my Monmouth. Is it love, or lack of love, to feel thus, and to dare and desire the sacrifice?"

"Well, well! Let it count for love. But yet love is more to me, for I desire nothing beyond it."

"Nothing! Would you acquiesce in slights and sneers about base birth, rather than stir to prove your rights? Would you, born to be a king, and kingly all over, sit in the shade, and bask in the sun here, by a woman's side, in the very crisis of Europe, and let Orange and Louis struggle for your own England? Would you look another way while they decide whether the destiny of Christendom is turned back or carried forward?"

"I would. Nay, do not look away from me," he continued, embracing her head, and compelling her to look up into his eyes. "Remember what reason I have to desire no further change in my life. I have striven to obtain my due position, and found myself disgraced and exiled. I have hoped to conquer my birthright by patience and policy; and death has cut short my scheme, and the world sees in me a disappointed man. At this very hour I find myself happy for the first time in all my days; and I take this as an admonition to be content. Not seeing me, the world will soon forget me; and then, Henrietta, we shall have nothing left to wish. I owe nothing to Turk or Emperor which should come between us and our natural delights and holy quiet."

The page approached, evidently to announce further interruption of this holy tranquillity. He presented letters, and said that three gentlemen had arrived on business with his grace. He was dismissed, but desired to remain within call; and then the letters were opened. Monmouth's hand trembled so that he could not read the first he opened. Unable to hide his agitation, he said:

"You know what it is that, in the sight of English letters, agitates me beyond control."

"Yes, I know. Any news of her? I dare say not."

There was nothing about the Duchess of Monmouth, and the Duke sighed.

"Why think of her at all?" the Lady Henrietta asked.

"You have said that before: but how is it possible not to think what news might possibly arrive——"

"O, hush!" said Henrietta, raising her hand in admonition. "If we think at all, we shall find ourselves some day wishing for an innocent young creature's death. Let us look away from that side altogether. Let us wish her no ill, and forget her. I am sure I pity her; and I try to forget her."

"I do not strive, one way or another," said Monmouth, now satisfied that his letters contained nothing about his deserted wife. "My nerves may, like those of an injured man, be shaken at times by a sudden start, but my mind is at ease. You are my wife, Henrietta. Heaven has wedded us, and no power on earth can put us asunder. Others are answerable for the ruin of Ann Scott's life. They married us when we were children, and then they parted us by my exile; and now they may take charge of her, and leave me to the wife and home that God has been pleased to give me."

"Is this the purport of those letters?"

"I know not what is to follow from them. The bearers are to tell me that; but I do not want to hear it. I will send a message to them that I have wholly withdrawn from public affairs. Yes, I will," he repeated, laughing, in reply to Henrietta's look of remonstrance. He changed his mind, however, when he saw the eagerness with which the attendant lady spoke to Henrietta about the personages who were now in the house.

These personages were presently conversing with Monmouth on the yew-seat,—the ladies having withdrawn. On the lawn there could be no eavesdropping; and the conversation was so long that it

must needs be important. After an hour's suspense, Henrietta was informed that the three gentlemen from England would remain to supper.

The party sat late at table; and the Lady Henrietta and her attendant did not think of withdrawing. Mrs. Katherine Johnston was of remote kin to Henrietta, and had so devoted herself to a mistress who had forfeited honour, that she was naturally treated with confidence, and encouraged to bestow her sympathies. She therefore remained this night at table, hearing with as much excitement as her mistress, the tales that the guests had to tell of the desire of the kingdom for Monmouth to appear. M. Florian could tell of the eagerness of the Nonconformists in the Southern counties for a Protestant king. His particular errand was between him and the Duke; but he was full of strange tales of the superstitions of the country people, and the fanatical devotion of his sect, which captivated the imaginations of the ladies,—if not of Monmouth himself. Lord Grey of Wark related that the Whigs were everywhere ready to rise on the first news of Monmouth's having left the foreign shores: and he appeared to be charged with so many anecdotes, if not messages, in regard to the hatred of both Church and aristocracy towards King James, that it really seemed as if a Protestant Pretender had only to appear to put down the Catholics for ever.

The third delegate, Ayloff, the lawyer, was less liked by Henrietta; for she observed that in proportion as he spoke, Monmouth's ordinary mood of caution and indolence returned. Ayloff said too much, the ladies afterwards agreed, about the stiffnecked and arrogant character of the Scotch, who would yet be the main prop of the enterprise; and of the haughty joy of the English Catholics, who trampled all Protestant interests under foot, secure in the King's countenance, and armed with the repute of his cruelty, in the prospect of which the boldest might quail. Ayloff had heard what all the world knew, of Monmouth's valour in war; and he supposed himself to be rousing the Protestant leader to enterprise by his disclosure of wrongs and troubles. Henrietta knew him better; and she led the conversation back to the friendly population who might be expected to greet a deliverer,—and especially the most popular of Pretenders. By degrees Monmouth admitted the intoxication of his imagination and his heart. He remembered the hurras of the soldiers whenever he appeared; and Lord Grey told him that the regiments in and about London would pass over to him as soon as his standard was raised. He remembered how the people in the city ranged themselves on the footways, and looked out from their windows to do him homage. He remembered how the women were devoted to him everywhere, and how the children set up a shout of transport as he turned any corner in his rides. He remembered how, when he crossed country in sporting, or rode from one to another of his now forfeited seats, the people came thronging from remote farmsteads across the fields, and gathered in the lanes, ready to worship him if he would accept green boughs for his horse's head, or a cup of milk for himself. He seemed to have a keener sense than ever of

the pleasure of being so beloved, now that he was assured that the same love, intensified by disappointment and trouble, was still ready for him. When he asked for definite descriptions and for evidence, he was told that four counties were completely prepared to receive him; that the City of London was his own; and that all the counties, from faithful Hampshire to the Wye, and down to the Land's End, only needed an appeal from himself. Part proof of this should be supplied in the morning; and the rest would await him at Amsterdam.

When the guests were gone, it was plain that the mention of Amsterdam had damped Monmouth's satisfaction. Mrs. Johnston ventured to suppose his Grace might please himself about going there or anywhere else; but No! it was necessary, if anything was to be done, to meet the Scotch leaders and the English exiles at Amsterdam. Then Mrs. Johnston fell into her lady's method, and blessed the people of England for their loyalty to their own gallant prince, and longed for the day when she might see and hear the welcome they would give him.

"What shall we call him, Kate?" asked her mistress. "It must not be JAMES. Pity his name is James!"

"It must not be James," Mrs. Johnston agreed. There would be—at least, there might be—difficulty about whether it should be James the Second or Third. But there would not really be any difficulty. If the people could find themselves a glorious king, they would find some glorious title for him. No doubt they had settled all such matters already.

"It is all very fine," said the Duke; "but do not be beguiled by a dream. To go to Amsterdam is—is impossible to me; and, if it were not, there are a thousand obstacles. The Scots—these Scotch leaders—are insufferable to me; and Argyle is impracticable. Wiser men than I will have nothing to do with these Scottish schemes. Edmund Ludlow—"

"Let us do without the Scots, then," Henrietta proposed. "It is not for love of the Scots and Argyle that the Whigs in Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire and Hampshire are praying for the sight of you. Go and be king, and settle terms with the Scots afterwards."

"Without question of the Scots," replied Monmouth, "Ludlow has refused to come from Lausanne, and Mr. Locke from Utrecht."

"And who refuses while a nation is with us!" exclaimed Henrietta; but she did not know whether the Duke heard her. He had opened the shutter, and stepped out on the verandah.

He longed for the coolness of the starry March night—or rather morning, for it was very late. He walked to and fro for a time which he did not measure, distracted as his mind was with opposing passions and affections. When at length he entered Lady Henrietta's dressing-room, Mrs. Johnston escaped by the other door. There were jewel-cases on the table; and Henrietta had a sheet of paper before her, and a pencil in her hand, as she gazed into the chimney, where a wood-fire burned, in English fashion.

"Surely," she said, looking up at him, "these

funds will suffice till you are master of the exchequer. Now listen."

And she read to him the calculations she had been making, with Mrs. Johnston's help, of the amount of the proceeds of her rents as Baroness Wentworth of Nettlestede, her jewels, and the money she could raise by mortgaging some of her estates.

"I trust you have not uttered this notion to Mrs. Johnston," Monmouth said, hastily.

"Indeed I have," Henrietta replied. "We have been making this calculation together: and why not? I care not if every friend we have in the world knew what this sheet of paper holds. Everybody is aware that a throne cannot be seized without money to carry us within reach of it; and, as for where the money comes from—"

"Aye!" said Monmouth, his trouble melting fast in the fire of her eyes,— "Do you suppose I would beggar you of your fortune, to play so rashly for a stake which is nearly sure to be ruin? Does your friend Kate suppose it?"

"Certainly she does. If I am your real wife, as you say—"

His radiant face encouraged her to go on.

"Then my fortunes are your fortunes. And when you are King, which of us will remember how you became so?"

He folded her in his arms as he whispered:

"When I am king, my Henrietta—for no one can gainsay me then,—my Henrietta shall be my queen."

The last words that Henrietta said were:

"You have pledged your faith to me. Let your mood as well as your word hold in the morning."

"My love! who ever heard of such a scheme being engaged in so suddenly!"

"I mean about going to Amsterdam. The rest will follow: but you must go to Amsterdam."

"Is it possible that you can seriously desire it?"

"Seriously! I so desire it that if you could refuse, I could never forgive you. How could it be possible to forgive it?"

"Very well, then; I will go to Amsterdam."

(To be continued.)

## AN AUTUMN BIRTHDAY.

Not beautiful,—but in thine eyes  
Such depth of tranquil light there lies,  
That when thy gaze is turn'd to mine,  
It seems less human than divine.

No longer young;—the soberer years,  
And Time, who decks his flowers with tears,  
Have taken less than they have given,—  
And earth looks pale the nearer Heaven.

Thine is the soft autumnal day  
Of russet wood and welkin grey:  
The quiet fulness that hath ta'en  
The place of summer's mirth and pain.

What birthday gift is fitly brought,  
That Nature yields or Art hath wrought?—  
A woven crown of ripening wheat,  
And sprays of scented meadow-sweet.

The berried holly's leaf of thorn,  
I think thou wilt not dread or scorn;  
For thou hast learn'd the lesson rare  
Of patience,—both to do, and bear.

Encircled thou, in twofold light  
From both the worlds thou hast in sight:  
Like Cortes, blessing on his knees  
His God, as he two oceans sees.

Not mine, as yet, to know thy calm;  
Not mine to raise thy peaceful psalm;  
But I may love thee, and not less  
For thy more perfect happiness.

So, sitting the ripe shocks beneath,  
I crown thee with an Autumn Wreath;  
And hail thy birthdays as they flow:—  
Our hearts were one, long, long ago!

BERNI.

### EARTHQUAKES AND THEIR RESULTS.

ONCE upon a time when London was threatened with an earthquake, a quack doctor advertised his pills as good for the occasion. It is not to be supposed that, gullible as is the Britisher generally, it was intended to physic Mother Earth with boluses, but simply so to physic her children with gamboge or whatever other drug might be current, as to render them quite prostrate and indifferent to what further might befall, as in the case of sea-sickness. On another occasion, some years back, when this terrible prognostic was again broached, people left London in numbers, *i. e.*, those who had money wherewith to travel out of it, and wives wrote to their husbands to join them on that day that they might at least die together—at which a French writer remarked that “they had not been long married.”

The “Times,” for two successive days, has had its columns filled with letters testifying to a veritable earthquake, in this our England, on the night of October 6th. The descriptions and signs given by so many persons, all tallying, render it tolerably certain that this was no false alarm, albeit more fright than hurt. The hollow rumbling sound, as of a carriage or fire-engine driving up and suddenly stopping, is a familiar image with all who have ever experienced an earthquake. For my part, I did not know of the earthquake till it appeared in the “Times,” and had I awaked, sleeping some thirty feet above the ground, in a brick house built in this century, I should not have considered it a condition of absolute safety.

I once, as our Gallic neighbours have it, *assisted* at an earthquake in a far-off land. It was no sudden fright and away again, but a piece of earnest business. It shook down whole streets in towns; it drove ships ashore and swallowed up rivers of clean water to vomit them forth again in avalanches of mud; it killed people in thousands, albeit not their sleeping time. It never ceased for a whole month, with intervals of five minutes, and finally, it left some nine hundred miles of sea-coast and “pented hills with all their load,” permanently raised a fathom higher out of the ocean than they had been before.

It was a fine night, and the moon shone bright, when the distant roar was heard, and the earth swayed with a horizontal rocking movement, now north and south, and then east and west, and then in a circular whirl; huge trees bowed down like giants in sport; men and women rushed from churches and chapels; horses broke their bridles and halters and rushed with the cattle to the hills; the lake disappeared, and the wild birds from its surface flew screaming into the air. A sensation like sea-sickness came on; and, as on a ship's deck in a heavy gale at sea, it was impossible to stand without stretching the legs wide. I was in a house at the time, and the house had a chimney of brick. It was like Paddy's house, all the stories were on the ground-floor, built of wooden posts planted firmly on the ground and filled in with brushwood or wattle and daub, and heavily thatched with rushes. It was, before the earthquake, a very comfortable rustic dwelling. With the shock the chimney fell in through the ceiling; tables, chairs and bookcase were all heaped on one another, and covered in a cloud of dust and ruins. I was “nowhere.” The house lay like a ship on its beam-ends, and doors and windows were all jammed. To get out it was needful to wait till a reverse rocking enabled them to open. Once outside, there was a clear sky and bright moon looking down, and but for the thought that all in-door comforts were wrecked, and the possibility of a great ocean wave coming up the bed of the lake, and the lofty sand hills tumbling down into the valley, one might have imagined oneself at sea in a bright gale of wind. But the groaning of men and the screaming of women and children, dispelled that illusion. Their shouts to the Virgin for help were incessant.

Now, in all that country, houses of one floor—the ground—were the rule, and two floors the exception. The walls were very thick and very low, of bricks such as the Children of Israel made, but with good tough barley-straw entwined through them to hold them together. The tall churches of burnt brick toppled over like packs of cards, and wooden altar-pieces stood erect in the ruins, while even the low thick walls were thrown down. The people in the towns fled to the hills to dwell in tents, for the incessant shaking left them no hope of returning to their several dwellings; and when, two days after, a heavy and uncustomary rain set in, it added to their misery; but fortunately it did not continue. Attempts were made at repairs, but abandoned, for incessant shocks threw down the brickwork as it was being erected. And what were the poor people to do? They had no timber to build with, for rafters and roof-poles were brought from afar off.

Our English earthquakes are apparently but the reverberation of the distant mischief. We do not appear to live on the edges of the great cracks, the weak spots in the shell of the inner furnace, which serve as safety-valves; but there was once an earthquake in our neighbourhood—Lisbon. Where the volcanoes are, the “imprisoned vapours in the womb of earth” find easier vent. Were a stopper put into the mouth of Hecla we know not how far the mischief might spread. The builders of Babel seem only to have been conscious of the evils

wrought by water, and were possibly unconscious of earthquakes, a calamity fatal to all such building craft.

Now let us suppose what might be the result in London of an earthquake similar to that of Lisbon, and happening in the night. The single-storied dwellings of the poor might probably remain erect, though damaged; but what of the four and five storied dwellings of the middle classes—what of the huge palaces, piled floor on floor in the heart of London, and let out in offices? What of those ranges of houses in the main streets serving for shops, the whole fronts of which stand on slender stilts of cast-iron, which would crack like potsherds did they once overhang their bases. Oxford Street, Regent Street, the Strand and Holborn—all the buildings in main thoroughfares, whose front walls stand upon plate-glass, would fall prostrate at a blow, and choke the thoroughfares with heterogeneous ruins and the mashed frames of humanity. The huge Cathedral of St. Paul's would bury its own churchyard in its fragments. The Bank and the Exchange would mingle their crumbled materials together; churches and their many spires would fall down; the warehouses and stone bridges on the river would block its channel, and the breached and riven banks would again convert the whole low-lying lands into the marsh that they were in the days of Julius Cæsar; but all putrid with dead bodies. Water and gas supply would cease, and the great sewers would be underground reservoirs of pestilence. A plague would supervene, and many hundreds of thousands would perish. The dockyards would be destroyed, and speculating despots on the Continent would gloat over the downfall of English supremacy, and talk of invading us with the pretext of help. The cast-iron bridge at Queen Street would not be left for the New Zealander, and though the forged upper structure at Charing Cross would be indestructible save by time and rust, the masonry of the piers would burst through the cast-iron casings, and leave the bridge a wreck. And meanwhile throughout England similar ruin might prevail, and commerce be stopped, and famine add its presence to other evils. The transit of food and fuel by water would cease, and the toppling down of brick viaducts would stop for a time all railway transit.

But men would be left, and women, racy of the soil, and the soil itself would continue to produce its fruits, and we should begin the world anew, but with a mass of knowledge to begin upon such as the world has never before massed together. The Colonies would suffer, for working men and women would become too valuable to be spared till we had again "filled up our numbers," if war, prompted by our misfortunes, did not intervene. And if it did, we should still hold our own, and our Colonies would come to the help of the mother from whom they sprung.

After all, the evils of an earthquake would be less evils of nature than of art. The shaking of our soil can do no more to us than the shaking of the water round our soil. The trees and the corn and the fruits of the earth will continue to grow let the earth shake never so often. Only, if earthquakes are to come at frequent intervals, we must give up our luxuries of lofty buildings of brick and

stone, and such-like brittle material, and betake ourselves to a material that will not break. Wood is combustible, and therefore dangerous; but we have an indigenous material that will neither break nor burn if rightly used—iron.

Nor, therefore, would there be a necessity of abandoning this home of storied greatness, even though earthquakes were to become perennial. We should have to build our dwellings as we now build our ships, of iron, and they would lie as well on the surface of the shaking land as our iron craft do on the surface of our shaking ocean, and the landsman might "seal up his eye and rock his brain" in cradle of the land as well as of "the rude impetuous surge;" and if men will make monuments to lift their tall spires to heaven they must build them of tough wrought iron, keeled deep in the ground, and formed like the iron masts of our war-ships, that still stand erect, let the vessel rock never so wildly. And take the very worst condition of an earthquake and all its consequences, better that than the atrocious civil war now raging between our descendants in America. We should not be demoralised, but become better and stronger men by our physical trials, and all the new circumstances we should have to surmount by improved art. Who shall say that such an event would not ultimately serve to increase our commerce, making us the iron-house builders for the earthquake zone of the earth, as we are already the iron shipbuilders to girdle the ocean round?

It is not good to live in fear, nor is it our habit. A fight with nature is better than a fight with our fellow man; and, after all, this world would be little worth living in were there no work to do to exercise the faculties and energies that God has given to us. The land where fruits grow spontaneously, and where peasants live on milk and chestnuts, as do wild animals, is no land for the grand old English race that has done more than all other races put together to win the world from the wilderness, and make it a habitation for civilised man.

We "went down to the sea in ships" along the river courses, but we did not stop there. We went on the sea also, and out into the great ocean. Storms came and men perished. It was not always in sailor craft to keep off a lee shore in a land-locked bay that offered no harbour of refuge. So when foul winds failed us, or only bore us hap-hazard, we found out the force of steam, and made it our servant, and then in the teeth of wind and rain and hail and storm we left the lee-shore behind us, strong in our God-given might—given to save, and not to destroy. We laughed the tempest to scorn as we "clawed off the land," and we shall find fitting remedies for earthquakes as well as waterquakes when we are once put to our work—if the earthquake should visit us in permanence. If we cannot make chimneys vertical we will make them horizontal; and if it should so happen that a Hecla were to take up its abode in the Scilly Islands, it would go hard but we should turn its hot-water privileges to special economical account, sparing the labour of many a coal-miner. We have heard of stray English travellers boiling their dinners in the Geysers for

an experiment : we should turn these, if at home, to the uses of agriculture and many other purposes ; and earthquakes also may be a blessing, under Providence, when human art shall take the place of human ignorance. We continue to use the ocean for a highway, albeit amidst shaking mountains of water, and we shall not abandon the shaking land when we have adapted our dwellings to its new circumstances, if such new circumstances are to be, as the whirligig of time turns round.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

### WOLF LORE.

It is curious how few subjects can be chosen which will not afford a fund of amusing legends and strange learning to those who take the trouble to search in old books. Let us take, for example, such an unpromising creature as the wolf, and trace out a few of his associations ; premising that tales and incidents connected with wolves are so abundant, we shall only extract a few as samples. Everyone is familiar with the wolf from zoological gardens and menageries, and knows that he is much like a large shepherd-dog ; from which he is, however, scientifically marked off by the fact of his tail being straight, whereas it is curved in the canino families. They are almost universally distributed through the temperate regions (where they have not been exterminated), shading off into jackals, hyenas, &c., towards the tropics, and giving way to their warmer-clad brethren, the foxes, in the Arctic regions. As their bones have been found in the great fossil cave of Aurignac in France, they can assert a high antiquity ; for the relics of seventeen human skeletons were also found there, which are the oldest specimens of humanity known to geologists. With their regal memories of rearing the founders of Rome, it is humiliating to be obliged to confess that, like Eastern ghouls, they condescend to tear up and devour the dead, when hard pressed by hunger. There are even stories extant of their eating earth when in such straits, but their friends explain away this unpleasant fact by cleverly turning it into a virtue. They wisely lay up food in times of abundance, it is said, and then dig it up when starving ; and hence the calumny has sprung.

In English poetry wolves serve as examples of cunning and ferocity. One modern poet makes Iphigenia, just before her sacrifice by the Grecian chiefs, say :

Dimly I could desery

The stern, black-bearded kings, with wolfish eyes,  
Waiting to see me die.

They are more important in the domain of fable. We all remember how wisely one discourses of the joys of perfect liberty to the pampered house-dog, whose neck is yet somewhat grazed by the chain ; and how another picked a quarrel with the lamb, and reproached the crane for asking payment for its surgical assistance when it had had the good fortune to escape from his very jaws. Their character is here looked at in its shrewd worldly-wise aspect : something like Ulysses himself, they have seen much and learnt much, and are always equal to the occasion. They do not fare quite so well

perhaps in popular estimation, if we judge from proverbs. "Talk of a wolf and you will see him," was the Roman proverb we translate "Talk of the devil, &c.," or, as the present more delicate century paraphrases it, "Speak of the angels, and you may hear the rustling of their wings." The same people expressively spoke of "having a wolf by the ears," to signify that they were in great straits and could neither advance nor retire. Similarly, to "be between the dog and the wolf," was to be between two fires, to interfere between husband and wife ; and "to take a lamb from the wolf," was to snatch meat from a dog's mouth. Dean Trench justly stigmatises "One must howl with the wolves," as being the most dastardly of all proverbs. You must join in running down, that is, every object of popular detestation, lest you should be supposed guilty of sympathising with it. The Greeks with their lively fancy took a humorous view of the animal, speaking of "a wolf's wings," as we do of pigeon's milk or pig's wool.

As for wolves in England, everyone knows from his school-books in whose reign they were exterminated by making taxes payable in their heads. Quite recently, however, a few have been killed at different places in England, the theory for their discovery being that when fox-cubs are imported (as often happens) from France, one or two wolf-cubs have come accidentally amongst them. As late as Queen Elizabeth's reign they are said to have been seen in Dean Forest and Dartmoor, and in 1281 a commission was appointed to destroy wolves in the midland counties. We may gather the rigour with which wolves used to be hunted down in earlier times from a collection of Edward the Confessor's Laws, ratified by the Conqueror. If anyone violently infringe the Church's protection, it is there laid down, on contempt of its sentence, he is to be outlawed by the king, and then, "from the day of the outlawry his head is a wolf's head." In Ireland wolves used to swarm, and the Irish wolf-dog is a breed as distinct and as celebrated as the Scottish deer-hound. In this latter country the last two wolves were killed between 1690 and 1700. An amusing writer, who travelled through Sutherlandshire about 1650, says of it, after enumerating divers animals, "specially here never lack wolves more than are expedient." Even now, in a severe winter, wolves leave the forests and press up to the very outskirts of a place no further from us than Rouen, attacking the sheep and alarming the inhabitants.

But it is in superstition and magical ceremonies that the wolf's fame stands highest. All the ancient nations associated it with the world of darkness. It is represented on the painted walls of the Egyptian catacombs and temples, and is probably connected there with some esoteric doctrine of the transmigration of souls. In all the descriptions of Roman magical practices which have come down to us, the commonest feats ascribed to Mæris or Canidia (those wizards of world-wide renown), are to draw the moon down from the sky, and to become wolves at pleasure and hide themselves in the woods. If the unfortunate wryneck was the bird sacred to the softer impulses of love, and when bound to a wheel and slowly turned round was believed to bring a

recreant lover to his languishing admirer's feet, the wolf was universally consecrated to darker deeds of blood and vengeance. Nothing escaped Shakespeare, and the "tooth of wolf" is of course an ingredient in the hell-broth brewed by the witches in Macbeth. That most credulous of old naturalists, Pliny, has some wonderful stories of the potent effects of this animal's influence. Horses are rendered torpid if they do but tread on its tracks. With some glimmering, we suppose, of the mediæval doctrine of signatures, he goes on to tell us its liver is shaped like a horse's hoof. If any one wished for an infallible receipt to keep wolves off his premises, he had only to cut off a wolf's feet, sprinkle the blood round his grounds, and take care to bury the animal itself at the place where the operation commenced. This has a wonderful smack of Mrs. Glasse's celebrated roast-hare, which it is first necessary to catch. Just as peasants nail up horseshoes at the present day to keep away witches, so the snout of a wolf used at Rome to be considered a sure charm against witchcraft, and was frequently fastened over house-doors. Superstitions, like children's games, often linger in the world longer than arts and kingdoms and schemes of government.

From very old times there has been a current belief that some men by the aid of magic and demons could become wolves, and return at will to their real nature. The author we have just quoted (than whom Herodotus himself was not fonder of marvels) tells us of an Arcadian who lived nine years with wolves and then returned to mankind, just as "Bonny Kilmeny" spent her time with the fairies and came back,—

When seven long years had come and fled ;  
When grief was calm, and hope was dead.

And another Arcadian priest, while offering human sacrifices, chanced to taste "the boy he was offering up," and forthwith became a wolf for ten years; a story which must be true, for did not this very man after his restoration win a victory at the Olympic games? These "wolf-men," as they were called, curiously enough reappear under the name of were-wolves in Gothic superstition: that gloomy people told of strange men meeting you and forthwith bounding off like wolves. In this state they used to prey on sheep and men with unusual ferocity, and were objects of great dread to all. Our word "turncoats" springs from this belief. It was also said that if a wolf once looked behind it while feeding, a sudden forgetfulness came upon it and it departed. This story can easily be traced to the indiscriminate rapacity of the animal, which forbade its ever leaving off while anything remained to eat. Let us conclude these legends with one of special interest to the ladies. For the peace and quietness' sake of the poor wolves in the Zoological Gardens, we have half a mind to forbear; but remembering the fate of Orpheus, and having once aroused a woman's curiosity, perhaps the safer plan will be to go on. Well, then, there is a love-charm of peculiar virtue resident in one hair of a wolf's tail. It is even more potent than the fabled hippomanes, more quick than the drug the

"caitiff wretch" of an apothecary sold Romeo in his need. Alas, that we should throw any obstacles in a lady's way! but—it must be plucked from the tail of the animal while it is alive!

Wolves have left their traces on our flowery banks. The *lycopodiums* or puff-balls are so called from their resemblance to the dark circular cushion-like foot of a wolf. Its upper surface, again, was seen by the fanciful botanists of old in the cut leaves of the gipsy-wort or *lycopus*, which means wolf's-foot. The gaping mouth of the wolf has also its supposed analogue in the bugloss or *lycopsis* (wolf's-face).

How far the huge bits used by our horse-breakers answer to the "wolfish teeth - bits" with which the Roman horses were ridden, we must leave to those of our "horsey" friends who are also classical scholars.

Not unnecessarily to remind readers of the boy in the fable who cried "wolf, wolf!" untruly, we will now really conclude this paper with one more instance of wolf lore. It speaks with peculiar propriety to travellers in lands where wolves may reasonably be expected to appear. Be sure, then, that you keep a sharp look-out for the animal, and contrive if you possibly can to see him before he sets eyes on you; otherwise you will infallibly be struck dumb.

Lupi Mœrin videre priores.

## HACHO, THE DANE; OR THE BISHOP'S RANSOM.

(A LEGEND OF LLANDAFF.)

THIS incident of the capture of one of the early Bishops of Llandaff by a band of marauders is mentioned both in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and in that of Florence of Worcester. The unlucky Prelate was Camelac, or, as called by the Welsh, Cyfeiliog, whose episcopacy dates about the reign of Edward, the father of Athelstan, by whom, according to one account, he was ransomed. I have not, however, thought it necessary to apply to the King, as cathedral endowments were, there is reason to think, even in those early days, amply sufficient for maintenance, for charity, and for something more.

I.

Ho! what ship is this on Hafren? \*  
See, before the storm she dies,  
Like an eagle in the sunset,  
Dashing through the lurid skies.

Night is closing on the waters,  
Far is borne the crested spray,  
Stout must be their hearts who trust her,  
Strong their arms who guide her way.

Tales of wondrous men are told us,  
Men who loved, and ruled the sea;  
He who guides that bark to safety,  
Of those brave sea-kings must be.

Shifted sand-heaps shall to-morrow  
Finger-marks of Ocean show,  
Where against the groaning sea-banks  
Dealt he thundering blow on blow.

\* Hafren, the ancient name of the Severn.



Ere that morrow much before ye  
Must be borne and must be done,  
Then hurrah ! stout hearts and sinews,  
If ye'd live to see the sun.

If there's much to bear we'll bear it,  
To be done, that much we'll do ;  
Then hurrah ! the raven's plumage  
Is not lightly wetted through.

## II.

On the shrine of good Saint Teilo \*  
Brightly breaks the morning sun,  
And fair Taff's exulting waters  
Down to Hafren blithely run.  
Quivering drops are thickly sprinkled  
Diamond-like on roof and tree,  
Studding the Cathedral mouldings  
With rich gems of purity.  
From the portals comes the Bishop,  
With his crosier in his hand,  
And attendant priests around him,  
And shorn monks a goodly band ;  
For a sacred progress marshalled,  
All amongst his flock to go,  
Carrying comfort to the troubled,  
Warning guilt, and soothing woe.  
Towards the cottage and the castle  
Go they forth with words of peace,  
That contentions may grow weaker,  
Envy die, and hatred cease.  
What, though still the swooping Pagan  
Dares about the coasts to skim,  
Look we to our Holy Father,  
Trust we to the saints and him.

## III.

But what's this ? these frightened peasants  
Rushing through the marsh and wood,  
And that sable flag, their terror ?  
'Tis the Raven and her brood.  
Ho ! the Dane, the Dane's upon us !  
Good St. Joseph, be our aid ;  
Holy Virgin ! these are they who  
Fear no man, and spare no maid.  
From the plough-horse cut the traces,  
And ride hill-wards as ye may ;  
Women, leave your kine and dairies ;  
Children, 'tis no time to play.  
Let the bread burn in the oven,  
Let the seed rot on the land ;  
Life's worth more than cakes or barley,  
Not more safe with yonder band.  
Pale-faced monks in wild confusion  
Round the sacred symbol cling,  
Calling for their saints by hundreds,  
And what succour saints might bring.  
But stout-hearted stood the Bishop,  
Quailed not when the Danish band,  
Circling round, with brandished weapons  
Threatening pointed towards the straud.

## IV.

On the shore stood blue-eyed Hacho,  
Leader of the Danes was he,  
And around him grimly wondering  
Grouped his savage soldiery :

Wondering at the glittering vestments,  
Worked with strange devices o'er,  
At the shaven monks so shining,  
At the banners bright they bore :

Doubting if, as warlike symbols,  
These before their host were borne,  
Doubting if, in furious grapple,  
Best be shaggy or be shorn :

Wondering at each cross and crosier,  
And if these were weapons good,  
And, not least amongst them, Hacho  
Still a good while wondering stood.

Plain it was he little reckoned  
On the capture they had made ;  
Crosiers, cowls, and priestly vestments  
Seemed not staple of his trade :

For he shouted to old Sidroc,  
"What are these you bring to me ?  
No such birds on Northern mountain,  
No such fish in Northern sea.

"Saw ye not some strong-armed workers ?  
Saw ye not some ladies fair ?  
Little worth is all this rabble,  
Men in gowns who grow no hair :

"Nay," cried Sidroc, "hold to ransom  
Him with crook and cloven crest ;  
Glossy plumes like his are only  
Grown on plump and fatted breast."

"Ten good pounds then let them pay me,  
And at once I let them go."  
To the Bishop they interpret,  
And his cheeks are all a-glow :

"Whence hath sprung this wretched heathen ?  
What dark land his host hath reared ?  
Little knows he what's around us,  
To be loved, and to be feared.

"Little knows he on his conscience  
How great sin henceforth is brought ;  
He must deem us paltry traders,  
Peasants, villeins, things of nought.

"Rates he thus a holy Bishop ?  
Let the Pagan set us free,  
And with twice ten pounds for ransom,  
Sail he hence, content are we.

"Nay more, if he'll leave us quickly,  
And will spell six paters through,  
When a day's sail lies between us,  
We will add our blessing too."

Pondering then awhile stood Hacho,  
Calm his eye, and slow his words :  
"Blessings do not feed my ravens,  
Blessings seldom sharpen swords.

"Loth am I too low to rate him,  
Little know I cross or crown ;  
But, since 'tis my turn to double,  
Forty pounds he lays me down.

"Forty pounds be now the ransom,  
Or, if still too low we stand,  
'Tis for him to double doubling,  
Not for us to hold his hand.

"If he fail, by Thor's red hammer,  
When just half this night is done,  
In mid-channel will I pitch them,  
Every sainted mother's son.

\* The Cathedral at Llandaff was dedicated to St. Teilo.

"Wise are they, and learn'd, and saintly,  
Rough am I and wild of mood,  
But"—and towards his crew he pointed—  
"Ravens' claws are sharp and good."

Grinned the crew, and whirled their axes,  
Kicking high the blinding sands,  
Whereat many a monk in terror  
On his pale face struck his hands.

Puzzled, bit his lip, the Bishop,  
Then he laughed both loud and long :  
"Henceforth will I aye remember,  
They count best whose arms are strong.

"Tell him if, despite our warning,  
From good Church this gold he drain,  
He shall have it, but our blessing  
Hold we till he bring 't again.



"For his own sake, pricked by conscience,  
Some day hope we this to see."  
Then a murmur passed amongst them,  
"Soon for his sake may this be."

V.

Ho ! what ship is this on Hafren,  
Stretching outwards towards the west ?  
Raven wings once more are flapping  
Homewards towards their Northern nest.

In the ship of blue-eyed Hacho  
Went the gold across the main ;  
Did the Bishop's promised blessing  
Ever bring it back again ?

Hark ! an answer.—No, 'tis Echo  
Singing but the same refrain,  
"Did the Bishop's promised blessing  
Ever bring it back again ?"

C. H. W.

## BEPP0, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER V. SIGNOR SANDRO BARTOLDI.

AS SOON as the three seniors had been thus left to themselves, sitting over the table, at which they had been dining, and which continued covered with the cloth that had excited Sir Sandro's admiration, the attorney prepared to enter at once on the subject of his visit. The glasses and flasks were still upon the table; and the farmer and the priest replenished theirs yet once again; but the more abstemious townsman, less accustomed to deep potations, and who had been really in earnest when he said that farmer Vanni's wine was of a quality that made it necessary to count the glasses, declined to drink any more, though strongly forced to do so by his two companions.

Signor Alessandro Bartoldi, the well-known attorney of Fano, was a good sort of man enough in his way. He had long been a widower, and lived only for his one daughter. He had very little comprehension of living for her, or doing anything for her in any other way, than by increasing the handsome fortune which he had already accumulated for her. Though too much disposed to be all things to all men, to be called a perfectly honest man in the largest sense of the word,—he was thoroughly such in the more restricted and ordinarily understood signification of the term. He was strictly honest in his professional avocation, and in his pursuit of wealth; being genuinely persuaded that for that purpose, at least in his department of the world's affairs, honesty was the best policy. A veritable Vicar of Bray in politics, he had quite sense enough to understand, that the recent changes were calculated to increase the material prosperity of the country; and was, therefore, well disposed towards the new government. But, not being at all of the stuff of which martyrs are made, he had felt no disposition to risk getting himself into trouble by taking any part in the extrusion of the old order of things. He never talked politics, nor got into the way of hearing them talked if he could help it. He always obeyed the law; and was one of those men, who may take oaths of allegiance to a dozen different governments in succession, without being justly chargeable with any false swearing; for his allegiance was sincerely rendered to every ruler as long as he was in power; and he most assuredly never contemplated promising it for an hour longer. Besides, and after his daughter, the only thing he cared for in the world was his collection of ancient documents, charters, grants, contracts, and such like, which was noted as the most important collection of the kind in that part of Italy, and by means of which he purposed some day illustrating a work on the history of Romagna and the March of Ancona.

He was a little, alert, brisk old gentleman, with a

small, round, closely and always cleanly shaven face, a florid complexion, a shrewd twinkling eye, a benevolent expression of features, an almost entirely bald head, and a forehead deeply marked with a whole series of horizontal furrows, the result probably of a life-long habit of raising his eyebrows and assuming an expression intended to suggest that there was a great deal to be said on both sides, which he always resorted to whenever any difference of opinion or difficulty of any sort was mooted before him. If that little pantomime was found insufficient to set the matter at rest, as far as he was concerned, he would, if sitting down, nurse one leg laid over the knee of the other, handling it with the greatest tenderness, as if it represented the question in hand; or, if standing up, stick his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, throw his head back, and enunciate the ejaculation, "Per—r—r Bac—co!" or, sometimes, if the case were a grave one, "Per—r—din—ci Bac—co!" uttering the words very slowly and with a long-drawn breath, and following it up with three or four raisings and depressions of his chiu, executed with a slow uniform motion like the working of a steam-engine piston.

Signor Alessandro Bartoldi was no fool withal; but these little peculiarities constituted the arms, offensive and defensive, which he had found most available for making his way and holding his own in a somewhat disjointed world, and in difficult times.

"I wanted to speak to you to-day, my esteemed friend," said the attorney, addressing the farmer, "on a little matter, in which it has seemed to me that I might be able to be of use to you. I know I may speak freely before his reverence; for I am aware of the friendship that unites him to your family. Indeed, I am fortunate in having an opportunity of profiting by his valuable counsel in the matter;—though it is a bit of good fortune that I did not anticipate."

The priest gave a little bow, but said nothing. Signor Alessandro Bartoldi was no favourite of his; for Don Evandro was a politician of the class, whose members consider every one against them who is not with them; and he knew what to expect from Sandro in that matter. Although the project of a marriage between Beppo Vanni and Lisa Bartoldi had been first set on foot by him, the idea had not arisen out of any personal intimacy between him and the attorney, but had first been suggested to him by a brother priest of Fano, who was anxious to secure the attorney's wealth to the good cause; which Don Evandro had thought effectually to do by conferring it, with Lisa's hand, on the submissive son of his eminently right-minded parishioner and intimate friend, old Farmer Vanni.

Honest little Sandro, on the other hand, did

not much like the priest, who had now and then a way of looking at him which he did not fancy. He always felt in his company as if he were in the presence of a sharp detective officer prepared to make use against him of any word that might fall from his lips should a time ever come when the priest might find it desirable to do so. However, in obedience to his unflinching maxim and practice to hold the best candle he could lay his hands on to every devil or devil's emissary whom he might be doomed to meet in his way through life, he spoke as above in opening his business with the farmer.

"Everybody knows," resumed the little man, "the admirable and truly Christian manner in which you have received, educated, and supported your orphan relative, the Signorina Giulia. All Fano has rung with your praises on this score, my valued friend, and you have well deserved them!"

Don Evandro here looked at the farmer with a fixed and peculiar look that caused the hard-featured old man to drop his eyes before it. The priest had no special reason for thus reminding his parishioner of any circumstances that might be in both their hearts at that moment. But it was part of his system, so long practised as to have become quite habitual to him, never to lose any opportunity of acquiring or consolidating power over others, be they who they might, or let the means be what they might. That was all the object of the look—and the object was gained. The old man's eyes fell, and his heart recognised his master.

"But," resumed the attorney, "for a girl such as the Signorina Giulia, who has her bread to earn, and her way to make in the world, it would be a great thing to obtain some knowledge of many things which she would perhaps be more likely to pick up in the city than in your own undoubtedly more agreeable home. I put it to you, your reverence, since we are happy enough to have the benefit of your presence, whether it does not strike you in that light?"

"Most unquestionably!" replied the priest. "There can be no doubt about the matter. It would be extremely advantageous to *la Giulia* to sojourn for awhile in the city, if we only knew any means of placing her there with propriety. But that is the difficulty."

"Just so! that was the difficulty! Now that difficulty I think I have been fortunate enough to find the means of removing!"

"Indeed, Signor Sandro!" said Vanni, beginning to see that the removal in question might be desirable for more reasons than that assigned by the cautious little attorney. "Truly we shall have reason to be very much obliged to you. What is it you are good enough to think of proposing for *la Giulia*, *poverina*?"

"Why, this it is," replied Signor Sandro, addressing himself to the farmer, but looking at Don Evandro, and evidently considering him as the more important personage to be consulted; "a friend and very good client of mine, an elderly widow lady, whose—a—companion has lately left her, wants to meet with—what shall I say? not exactly a servant, and perhaps not altogether a

companion; somebody, in short, who for a moderate recompense—moderate, for my friend is not rich—would live with her, and take care of her and her house, and be taught all of housekeeping that my friend could teach—not a small matter, allow me to say, for *la Signora Clementina Dossi* is a capital housekeeper, I can tell you—and—do what there is to be done in the house."

"Be a servant-of-all-work, in short!" said Farmer Vanni.

"*Che! che! che!*" "Servant-of-all-work!" cried the attorney, who had been particularly labouring to prevent his proposition from assuming any such appearance; for he well knew and understood the "contadino's" pride, which would be likely to rise in arms against such a proposal. It was not, as the attorney knew perfectly well, any tenderness on the part of the old farmer for his adopted child that made the notion of accepting a place as maid-of-all-work distasteful to him, but that he shrank from having it said that an inmate of *Bella Luce*, one of his family and bearing his name, had been obliged to accept such a position.

"Nothing like a servant-of-all-work! scarcely a servant at all, I tell you."

"I should not like *Giulia* to take a place of maid-of-all-work. None of the Vannis have ever been in service!" said the old farmer, rather grimly.

"Of course not, my dear friend! Can you imagine such a thing! I should not like to stand in the shoes of the man who should come up to *Bella Luce* to propose to the head of the Vanni family to send one of its members to menial service. But this is quite a different matter. We are upon quite other ground. I appeal to his reverence here, whose opinion we should both of us bow to implicitly, whether there is any similitude between the two cases."

And Signor Sandro ventured a speaking look at the priest as he spoke.

"Certainly it does seem to me," said the priest, "since you ask my opinion, that this is a proposition which any man might freely accept without in any degree compromising the credit of his family. Judging, my dear Signor Vanni, from the details Signor Sandro has been good enough to lay before us, I should say that there was nothing in common between the position he has in view for the Signorina Giulia and that of a menial servant."

"Clearly not! I was sure his reverence's admirable judgment would see the thing in its true light at once. You see, my dear friend, there is no question of any wages as such;—merely a gratuitous douceur,—'*gratitudinis causa*,' I may say,—our friend Don Evandro will appreciate the appropriateness of the expression;—for service willingly rendered on the one hand, and thankfully received, rather than exacted, on the other. You will perceive, my esteemed Signor Vanni, all the essential differences of the position from that of one holding a menial capacity."

The farmer would have been very much puzzled to explain in what the difference consisted, that Signor Sandro had been setting forth so eloquently. But he understood that his priest approved the measure. So he said:—

"I am sure, Signor Sandro, that we are very much obliged to you, on poor Giulia's account; and, since *il Signor Curato* thinks well of it, it can't be other than right. I should not have liked the girl to go to service, because it's well known that none of the Vannis ever did go to service," repeated the farmer once again.

"And then, you know, my much esteemed Signor Vanni, I will not attempt to conceal from you, that to a certain degree I had an eye to other considerations,—to a certain degree, I say,—and hoped in this matter, as I may say, to kill two birds with one stone."

"Which was th' other bird, then?" asked the farmer, bluntly.

"Well, now, I would bet a wager that his reverence the Curato has already guessed my thought upon the subject! Is it not so, your reverence?" asked the little man, putting his head on one side, and looking at the priest in a way that seemed to claim the fellowship of a kindred high intelligence.

"You have been thinking, Signor Sandro, that it might be just as well to remove *la Giulia* for awhile from the companionship of our young friend Beppo, if we are to hope to bring those arrangements to bear which I had the honour of proposing to my friend Vanni. That was your worship's thought, I take it; and I agree with you."

"*Rem acu tetigisti*," which means, as your reverence knows better than I can tell you, that you have exactly hit the nail on the head! Don't you see it, Signor Vanni?"

"I see that I don't mean to allow our Beppo to have anything to say to Giulia,—not in the way of marrying;—it isn't likely."

"Well, then, my dear sir, since we have our eyes on a young lady who may perhaps with better reason pretend to the honour of an alliance with Signor Beppo, and since youth is sometimes apt to be blind and self-willed in these matters, does it not appear to you a judicious measure to remove the source of danger?"

"Surely, surely! And I do hope that, when she is gone, the lad will come round, and not break my heart any more!" said the old farmer.

"Ha! the best way to exorcise the charm, is to pack off the charmer, in these cases. Is it not so, your reverence?" laughed the attorney.

"I think, as I have said, that your proposal is a sound and judicious one, Signor Sandro," replied the priest, "both with a view to our young friend Beppo's advantage, and as likely to be exceedingly useful to *la povera Giulia*."

"Then we may consider the matter as settled. I am sure I shall have killed *three* birds with one stone, and rendered a service to my old friend and client *la Signora Clementina* into the bargain. I have no doubt she and *la Signorina Giulia* will get on capitally together!"

"And we are all very much obliged to you, I am sure!" said the old farmer, a little more graciously than he had spoken hitherto. "When do you think that *la Giulia* had better go to her new home?"

"Well! of course I would not say a word to Signora Dossi till I had consulted you. I am

quite sure she will be only too glad to get such a prize as the Signorina Giulia. I must see her, and settle about it. I should suppose it would be a case of the sooner the better!—perhaps next Sunday. You would then be at leisure to bring her into town yourself, Signor Vanni; and see my good friend Signora Dossi, which will be satisfactory to you. Would that suit you?"

"Yes, I could bring Giulia in on Sunday very well! Yes, that would suit very well!" replied the farmer.

"And then you should come and eat a bit of dinner with me, you know, before returning home," added Signor Sandro, rubbing his hands cheerily.

"Well! thankye! You are very good! That would all suit very well! On condition, however, that you will come up and dine at Bella Luce on Lady-day!" put in the *contadino* pride. "Is it a bargain?"

"With pleasure, my dear sir! There is my hand upon it. I would ask my friend Beppo to come with you on Sunday, only—; you understand! There would be no use in long leavetakings, and chattering, and nonsense; you comprehend me! And it would be better, perhaps, if he and Lisa were to meet not so immediately, but after a little while."

These conditions were quite beyond the reach of Farmer Vanni's mental powers. He said, however, that "certainly that would be best;" and the priest gave the little attorney an intelligent nod, which the latter returned with half a dozen, accompanied by winks to match.

"It is understood, then, my dear Signor Vanni, that, unless you hear anything from me to the contrary, you bring in *la Signora Giulia* on Sunday. Come direct to my house, and I will go with you to Signora Dossi. You will find her, and *la Giulia* will find her, an excellent, worthy creature—a heart of gold! At what hour can you be in the city?"

"Oh! early! so as to be back at Bella Luce before the Ave Maria!"

"Then I'll tell you! You must be early enough to go to *la Clementina*, before high mass—say before eleven o'clock. We will dine at mid-day, which will give you plenty of time."

"Thank you. That will do very well. Will you come and have a look at the vines?"

Signor Sandro knew the *contadino* nature too well, and was too desirous of standing well with the wealthy farmer, to refuse this invitation. So they strolled out together into the field where Vanni had been at work, and to which his two sons had already returned. The first, remarking that he had a few words to say to *la Signora Sunta*, remained behind; and he and Signor Sandro exchanged an adieu with somewhat more cordiality than they usually adopted towards each other.

And thus poor Giulia's destiny was settled for her, as women's destinies mostly are settled, without their knowledge or co-operation in any way;—and the old gentlemen made up their minds that when the dangerous charmer should have been removed, the charm would cease to operate on the refractory Beppo.

## CHAPTER VI. THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

As soon as the attorney had started on his way homewards, carefully leading his old horse Moro by the bridle down the first steep bit from the house of Bella Luce to the bottom of the valley, Farmer Vanni pulled off his jacket and returned to his work of dressing the vines in the home vineyard, without saying a word to any one of the family of the important business that had been determined on. He knew, however, that his wife would hear it all from the priest; but was pretty sure that it would not be mentioned by either of them to Giulia before he should himself communicate the tidings to her. He pondered a little on the question, how and when he should break the news to his son; and eventually determined to say nothing at all to him specially on the subject;—to mention it to Giulia in his presence, treating the matter as if it was one which very little concerned Beppo in any way.

Don Evandro, when the farmer and the attorney went out together, passed from the kitchen into the loggia, where he found *la sposa*, as he thought he should, quietly plying her distaff and spindle, seated on the squared trunk of a chestnut-tree, which had done duty for a bench in the loggia for more than one generation.

"Signor Sandro came up here to make a proposal which seems to me to have much good sense in it," said the priest, sitting down by the side of Dame Anunta, and offering her a pinch of snuff as he spoke.

"A proposal, your reverence? And what was that?"

"Why, that this troublesome, headstrong girl, Giulia, should be sent to service in Fano, to a place he has found for her. Of course he has his own object to serve."

"To service! Will Vanni consent to that? None of the Vannis ever *did* go to service!"

"He has consented. The lawyer made it out that it was not altogether a regular servant's place; and in speaking to Vanni, you must not call it so, mind."

"He has consented?"

"Yes! of course he did! It is a very good thing. What is the use of letting those two go on in the house together? The only way is to part them! Don't you see?"

"I don't think she gives him any encouragement!"

"Bah—h!" cried the priest, shrugging his shoulders and drawing out the expletive into an expression of the most utterly contemptuous unbelief. "She has got eyes in her head! I tell you, the only way is to separate them."

"Well, I am sure, if your reverence thinks so!— But I am afraid he won't forget her a bit the more! He isn't of the sort that forgets. The Vannis are all terrible holders-on to anything they once lay hold of,—terrible!"

"Forget! Well, perhaps his remembering may serve our purpose equally well! Is there no way of falling out with a lover, Signora Vanni, besides forgetting him? Don't you see?"

"I don't see what is to serve, unless we can

get him to put the girl clean out of his head. I wish to Heaven she had never darkened these doors; I do with all my heart!"

"Ah! It's too late in the day to wish that now! But, don't you see what will happen? Look at that girl! You don't see such a girl every day! Do you think the men won't come round her down in the city, there, like the flies come to the sugar! And she with her spirit and giddy laughing ways, and eighteen years! You don't think she is going to mope and pine, and think of nothing but Beppo! And he need not fancy anything of the kind."

"I am quite sure the hussy will see nobody so well worth thinking of!" said the mother.

"That's very likely. But she will think of what's under her eyes! The fellows will come round her! She can't help herself, if she would! Then what follows? Beppo will be jealous—angry—furious! He will hear all her goings-on! Of course he will; it will be our own fault if he does not! And it's odd to me if we can't bring him to the point of marrying the first girl ready to have him!"

"But *is* Lisa Bartoldi ready to have him?" asked Signora Anunta.

"That will be Signor Sandro's business to see to. A girl is always more easy to manage than a boy, in these cases. And such a girl as Lisa Bartoldi! I have seen her. There will be no difficulty with her. Signor Sandro has only got to say that it is what he chooses!"

"You think so!"

"*Altro!* no doubt of it. So you see, *signora mia*, this plan of sending la Giulia to the city may serve our turn, even if we don't persuade Signor Beppo to forget all about her," said the priest looking, at her with a smile that was half a sneer.

"I hope it may; and I've no manner of doubt that your reverence knows what is best and wisest," said the farmer's wife, submissively. "Had I better tell Giulia that she is to go?"

"I think not. No doubt Signor Vanni will speak of it this evening. Perhaps you had better leave it to him to mention it."

"Yes. I think I should like that best. Giulia is a good girl, poor thing, and submissive enough, mostly; but now and then she will break out, and then there is no speaking to her. I declare I have shaken in my shoes as I stood up to her, before now, though you would not think it."

The priest smiled a peculiar smile, and took a pinch of snuff.

"It comes like a flash of lightning with her," continued Signora Vanni, busily twirling away at her spindle as she talked, "and it's all over in a minute; and then she runs away and shuts herself into her room. Yes, I should like best that Vanni should tell her himself. Is it fixed when she is to go to Fano?"

"Signor Vanni has promised the attorney to take her himself next Sunday, if he hears nothing from him to the contrary," replied the priest, quietly.

"Next Sunday! And this is Thursday! Mercy upon us! that's very sudden! And her things! The poor girl should be sent decent, you know.

She is a Vanni, after all!" remonstrated the *padrona*, no little startled by the abruptness of the proposed measure, though her surprise did not avail to arrest the habitual plying of the spindle.

"The only question is, whether the time between the telling her and the sending her off is not too long, as it is," said the priest. "I should have preferred letting her know nothing about it till Vanni called her to start with him for Fano!"

"But her things!" exclaimed the mistress of the house, whose housewifely notions of propriety were painfully shocked by the idea of having only forty-eight hours allowed her for preparation in that exclusively female department.

"Anything that is not ready can be sent after her. Do you not perceive," continued the spiritual adviser, "that it is by no means desirable that there should be much opportunity for leave-taking and exchanging of promises, and vows, and tears, and all that sort of thing?"

"Oh, dear! I don't think that Giulia would give in to anything of the kind. I don't, indeed, your reverence! Bless your heart, if we had seen anything of that sort, we should have made short work of it before now, you may depend on it! Oh, no! Giulia is a sensible girl, and knows her place; though she does go off into a fit of tantrums now and again. Though I am his mother, I must say that the foolery has all been on Beppo's part. But, there! we know what young men are! It was so in my time! And, though they do talk so much about the world being changed, I suppose it's much as it was, in that matter."

"Well! if you will take my advice, you will just keep an eye on them, as much as you can, for these two days, and don't let them be together a bit more than you can possibly help."

"I'll take care, your reverence!"

"And, look here!" said the priest, as he rose from his seat on the chestnut log beside her, and turned to leave the loggia, you can send her up to the cura to lend Nunziata a helping-hand. I'll tell la Nunziata to detain her all day; and that will help to keep her out of his way one day, at all events."

"Yes, your reverence."

"Good afternoon, Signora Vanni."

"Good afternoon, and many thanks, your reverence."

Breakfast, as a meal, is not known to Italian peasants, and is not a matter of much moment to the inhabitants of Italian cities. In the farm-houses, the usual practice is to eat at mid-day, and again when the day's work is over in the evening. And there is very little difference, if any, between the two meals. *La zuppa* is the standing dish, generally the most important; and, in the poorer families, often the only dish at either meal. There is far less difference, however, between the more easily circumstanced and the poorer families of the *contadino* class, than is the case among our own rural population. The poorer are less hard pushed than are our own very poor; and the richer are more thrifty,—more niggardly, if the reader please,—and more given to saving, than our own people when in easy circumstances.

A rich Italian countryman likes to make a show of his wealth; but it is only done on special and rare occasions and solemnities. The general staple of his life is fashioned on very much the same plan as that of his poorer neighbours.

The whole of the feast spread before the unexpected visitor at Bella Luce, the *menu* of which had been rehearsed by the mistress of the house with almost as much ostentation as that which struts in the written *cartes* of more aristocratic houses, had been, with the exception of the *minestra*, and probably the rashers, an improvised addition to the family repast. And at supper-time, the remnant of the *frittata*, and a fragment of the fowl, furnished an unusually luxurious second course after the never-failing *zuppa* or *minestra*; the difference between the two being, that the first is made with bread *sopped* (*inzuppato*) in broth, and the second always with some form of what is known in England as macaroni, but which is more commonly called in all parts of Italy, save Naples, *pasta*. The latter is often, especially in the north of Italy, eaten with so large a proportion of the solid material, to so small a quantity of the liquid, as no longer to correspond with our idea of soup at all.

Giulia did not make her appearance again in the kitchen, till she came out from her hiding-place to prepare the evening meal. On any other occasion la Signora Vanni would probably have been after her before that time, to see that the spindle was duly twirling, and the ball of yarn on it duly swelling; though, to tell the truth, Giulia was not an idle girl, and generally got through the hank of flax on her distaff in as short a time as *la sposa* herself. But upon the present occasion, the mistress was not anxious for a meeting with Giulia; and the latter attributed the unusual prolongation of the privacy permitted to her to the dish of chat with the priest, which she knew Sunta was enjoying, and which she supposed was being prolonged during the whole afternoon.

When she came into the kitchen to perform her evening duty, *la sposa* was not there; and Giulia prepared the supper by herself.

The usual hour came; the sun was dipping his red disk behind exactly that bit of the crest of the Apennine, which he always touched every evening at the time when the vines were being pruned, and was flinging a great glowing patch on just that section of the far-off Adriatic, which was visible from the mouth of the Bella Luce valley; and Giulia, having completed her preparations for the evening meal, was standing at the door dreamily looking out at the slowly fading glory, when the farmer and his two sons came strolling slowly up from their light day's work.

Reverie is generally accompanied by a graceful position and arrangement of the body and limbs. It is not advisable to practise reverie with a view to attaining this result, inasmuch as the intention would suffice to prevent the desired effect;—the cause of the fact being simply this, that reverie presupposes an absence of self-consciousness, and, therefore, ministers to grace exactly as an excess of self-consciousness mars it and insures awkwardness and affectation.

Giulia's attitude, as she stood at the kitchen-door, is chargeable with this little *excursus*. It was singularly graceful; and her figure as she stood, so that a slanting ray just caught and lent a glory to her head, while the rest of her person was in shadow, if only it could have been transferred to canvas by some artist, who would have been contented to add nothing to what he saw, would have made the painter's fortune.

She was dressed in that mixture of colours so much affected by the Italian peasantry—red and blue. She had a blue skirt, a scarlet body, and white linen sleeves. The skirt was short enough, and the shoe cut low enough, and the white stocking well drawn enough to show to proper advantage a specially trim ankle and well-formed foot. The scarlet body fitted well enough to set off admirably all the contours of a bust such as is rarely seen in cities—rarely among the over-luxurious rich; more rarely still among the imperfectly nourished poor. A little frilled collar, scrupulously clean, circled the matchless column of a throat, that, sunburnt as it was, carried the head so exquisitely poised upon it, in a manner, and with a proud expression of unconscious dignity, which would have become a maiden queen. The rare abundance of raven hair was neatly and indeed artistically arranged in masses on the sides and at the back of her head. A long silver bodkin, with a large round head of filagree work, was passed through the knot of it at the back. She was standing with her left shoulder slightly leaning against the door-post; the elbow of her right arm was resting on the palm of her left hand; and her chin, somewhat drooping, was supported by her right hand.

If it be asked whether all the girls in the farm-houses of the Romagna have their collars as scrupulously clean, and their whole costume as neat and attractive as that of Giulia Vanni undoubtedly was, I can only say that I have every reason to believe that the Romagna girls have the peculiarity of always appearing so when they live in the same house with such a young man as Beppo, whom they consider it to be their duty to keep at a distance.

The beauty of Giulia's figure and attitude had not been lost on Beppo, as he approached the house. His eye had eagerly sought the door-way; for it often happened that she stood there a few minutes at that hour to look out on the sunset sea and landscape. But as soon as she saw him—was it *quite* as soon?—she flashed away like one of those pretty bright lizards of her country, which may be watched basking on a stone as long as they are unconscious of the watcher's presence, but which flash out of sight with the speed of lightning as soon as they become aware that they are looked at.

Giulia vanished, and did not show herself in the kitchen till the men and the mistress of the family had taken their places at the supper-table. Then she slipped in and quietly took her usual place on the bench next the wall, by the side of the Signora Sunta. The farmer occupied one end of the long row table, and the two young men sat on the outer bench, opposite to their mother and cousin.

The meal proceeded in silence till the soup had

been eaten, and then the farmer said, "There! a man can talk better when he has got something in the inside of him, especially when he has been in the fields all day; and I have got something to tell you. There is a *benedizione del cielo*\* for you, Giulia. What should you say to going to live a spell at Fano, to learn—all manner of things that city-folks know, and that you might live up here everlasting without ever knowing?"

"Me, Signor Paolo!" said Giulia, looking up in amazement.

"Yes, you!—who else? And, to make it short, it don't much signify what you think of it, for it's all settled. There's a place found for you!"

"A place! go away from Bella Luce!" gasped Giulia, while the open scarlet bodice began to rise and fall very perceptibly.

Beppo had remained fixed, as if suddenly turned to stone, with his mouth open, one hand with his fork in it raised in air, and the other grasping his knife, held bolt upright on the table, staring at his father, and making but slow progress as yet towards realising the full import of the announcement.

"Yes, a place, and a very good one too!" resumed the farmer.

"Oh! Si'or Paolo! please don't send me away! I'll work harder and spin more! Don't send me to service! I'd far rather live always at Bella Luce!" said poor Giulia, wholly unconscious of the possible construction that might be put on her last words.

"Always live at Bella Luce! Ah! that I'll be sworn you would!" sneered the old man, bitterly and grimly; but that is just what I don't mean you to do, my girl!"

The blood rushed in an impetuous torrent all over Giulia's brown cheek, and over her forehead and neck. Her ears tingled, her hands burned, and she felt as if she should have choked. It was some relief to her to know that no one of the party save the old man was looking at her. Beppo was still staring in speechless dismay at his father; and Carlo was watching his brother with a malicious smile. The eyes of *la sposa* were fixed upon her plate. With a mighty effort of will, Giulia prevented herself from sobbing or giving any other outward sign of her distress. Presently all the tingling blood flowed back again, and she sat as pale and motionless as a corpse, with her eyes fixed on the table.

"And what do you mean by talking about service?" continued the farmer, angrily. "Who said anything about service? You are not going to service; and you are never to speak of your position as such. None of the Vanni ever did go to service; and you are a Vanni, worse luck! You are never to speak to any one of going to service, do you hear?"

"But, father, everybody will know it! You can't think to keep it a secret!" said his son Beppo, at last, flattering himself that he had found an unanswerable argument against the measure.

"You hold your tongue, booby!" said his father, roughly, yet with a very different sort of

\* A popular phrase for a great and unexpected benefit.



manner from that in which he had spoken to the stranger within his gates. "Believe me, you know nothing about it. What I mean is, that the place Giulia is going to is not the place of a menial servant. Do you hear, Giulia?"

"Yes, Signor Paolo!" said Giulia, now able to speak calmly, in a low, submissive voice.

"And you understand that you are never to speak to any one of being in service?"

"Yes, Si'or Paolo!" repeated Giulia, still keeping her eyes fixed on the table.

"And his reverence quite approves of it; and thinks you ought to be very thankful for your good fortune! Do you hear?"

"Yes, Si'or Paolo!"

"And Signor Sandro, who was good enough to think of you, and to find this fine opportunity, and to ride up here to-day on purpose to bring the offer of it, says that it's a very advantageous thing!"

"Was it Signor Sandro's kindness to think of this scheme?" asked Giulia, looking up at the farmer for a moment.

"Yes, it was! and very kind of him, I take it!" replied the old man.

"Very!" said Giulia, while a very legible sneer curved her lip into a form of beauty that was not habitual to it, and flashed in one brief gleam out of her eyes, before she again dropped them on the table.

"Do you think it necessary, Si'or Paolo," she asked in a hard, constrained sort of tone, after there had been a minute or two of silence, "to send me away from Bella Luce, for—for—your own views, as well as for my advantage?" She knew that the old man would understand her, and that the others, at all events Beppo, would not.

He looked hard at her, as he answered, "Yes, I do think it is necessary."

Giulia set her teeth hard together, and clenched her hands under the table till the nails nearly cut the skin, while a little shiver passed over her, leaving her as rigid, as pale, and as hard-looking as marble. And she said nothing more.

"But you have said nothing about the time, Paolo!" said la Signora Sunta, who, with the difficulty about "the things" heavy on her mind, felt that the worse part of the farmer's communication still remained untold.

"The time! why, as his reverence said, and Signor Sandro said too, the sooner the better! You can't be too much in a hurry to make sure of a good thing! I shall be able to go into Fano with her on Sunday; and that will be the best day. It was all settled so with Signor Sandro!"

"It'll be very difficult to get anything ready at all decent by that time! Do you hear, Giulia, my girl! You are to go on Sunday!" repeated la Sunta; for Giulia gave no sign of having heard a word more since the last answer the farmer had given to her question.

"Yes, Si'ora Sunta; I hear!"

"Well! how ever we are to get your things ready by that time, I don't know!"

"It won't signify much about the things!" said poor Giulia, making a very narrow escape from letting a sob escape her (and she would rather have knocked her head against the wall than have done so!) as she spoke.

"Nonsense! don't signify! Why, you must go decent, child! You are a Vanni, after all!" remonstrated Signora Sunta.

"Worse luck!" said Giulia, re-echoing the farmer's previous words.

The old man scowled at her, but said nothing.

"Come upstairs with me, child, and help me to see what there is to be done. And thank God that you *are* a Vanni, and have got decent people to think for you and care for you!"

So Giulia got up and followed the padrona out of the kitchen, venturing as she passed to cast one furtive side-long look at Beppo from under her eyelashes. It was by no means intended to meet any look of his. It was merely a look of observation.

It found him still in a state of collapse from the extremity of his astonishment and dismay.

(To be continued.)

## THE STAG BEETLE.

AN AUTUMNAL MONOGRAPH.

WHILE autumn is fast dying, phantoms of summer still meet us in the woodland walk or haunt the river's edge. The horse-chestnut leaves have changed to red and yellow, but like the setting sun which blazes upon their glowing tints, they seem more beautiful in death than life. Here and there some wild flower timidly shows itself—a blue meadow cranesbill for instance—which missed blossoming in July. Often, too, a strawberry flower, large, white, and lustrous, may be detected lurking in the garden amongst leaves scorched with autumn's fiery breath,—

Fair as a star when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

There is a mysterious silence in the morning gleams and at evening's hour during this season, sure prophet of approaching decay, which tempts us to moralise on our buried years:—

The air is damp, and hush'd and close,  
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose  
An hour before his death.

Animated nature, too, has changed. The gaudy tribes of butterflies and the large white moths of twilight have disappeared. But the gorgeous red Admiral seeks the ivy-blossoms on every sunny noon in great numbers, as if to compensate for the decreasing ranks of his brethren. Swifts have long fled to warmer climes—those most interesting members of all the swallow tribe which visit our treacherous climate latest of all the summer immigrants and leave it first. Their cousins, the chimney swallows and martins, are congregating for their departure to sunnier climes round our roofs and towers. So loath are we to part with these cherished visitors of sunshine and enjoyment, that we are for once inclined to be angry with the robins which now emerge from private life, as if conscious that ere long they will be gladly welcomed. The newspapers will soon contain the usual autumnal notices of the great northern diver appearing on some southern sheet of water, or of some credible witness having observed the last of the swallows, after several unsuccessful

attempts, dive into the Thames for its lengthy winter slumbers.

So, too, in lower grades of life there linger reminiscences of July. If at this time of the year we miss the noontide lullaby of insects, a familiar summer sound occasionally greets us in our evening rambles, the shard-borne beetle's hum.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight.

This noise generally proceeds from the wings and wing-cases of the "*geotrupes stercorarius*," the common black "watchman" beetle. Pleasant as the hum is to the ear, their habits and habitations are not very savoury. If you knock one down, too, and examine him, you will often find a colony of very objectionable creatures located upon him, like poor relations feasting upon a rich uncle, and (literally in this case) eating him out of house and home. Most people, therefore, give the "watchman" a wide berth. His relative, the stag-beetle (*lucanus cervus*), is a much more pleasant acquaintance. A few of them occasionally flit by us in autumn before permanently removing into winter quarters, and from their social, good-natured character well merit a few words here.

From an entomological point of view, both these beetles belong to the Lamellicorns, so called from their antennæ being tipped with protuberant discs. Of this large tribe, containing more than 2000 species, above 120 occur in Britain, and amongst them are those with which most people are familiar. All through the soft summer evenings of several of the southern counties of England the stag-beetle may be observed crawling on posts or the boles of trees, and floating round the foliage. Hants and Berkshire form his headquarters, from which he passes into the west, being occasionally taken on the Haldon Hills beyond Exeter. Being impatient of cold, they are not found in the northern English counties, nor in Scotland, but are common enough on the Continent.

Some feeding-grounds are particularly grateful to them, and here they are of course found in greatest numbers. I well remember a favourite spot of theirs in Berkshire, where a road separated a vast tract of heather from woods of oak and fir. Amongst these trees, and up and down the road, hosts of stag-beetles might be descried every evening; some exploring the ground, others, like aerial fleets sailing (this word best expresses their flight) through the balmy air round the tree-tops, and well relieved on the amber sky beyond. This flight of theirs is peculiar, and to strangers rather terrifying at first. You see two or three of the huge fellows floating up to you in a vertical position as you approach their haunts, with their threatening mandibles extended like stag's horns, as if ready for immediate combat. In reality, however, they are, like many other large animals, exceedingly pacific, and will float on harmlessly, as though, conscious of their superior might, they remembered the poet's words—

'Tis excellent to have a giant's strength,  
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

The stag-beetle is in colour a dark chestnut shading into black; the males are two inches long, longer and with larger mandibles than the females—in direct contrast to birds of prey, where the female is generally the finer animal. On the ground their movements are sluggish; but when they open their *elytra*, or wing-cases, and spread out the wings of fine tissue so neatly folded under them, to the span of a couple of inches or more, they can fly very strongly. Several of them seen thus hovering over a bunch of foliage are sufficiently impressive, and help us to realise what must be the appearance of such tropical monsters as the grotesque but rare "*Goliathus magnus*" beetle, a specimen of which, found floating dead in the Gaboon river, may be seen in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow.

If captured and kindly treated, stag-beetles are said to become tame in a very short time, and to display amusing traits of destructiveness on anything which falls in their way. Their mandibles are very powerful, strong enough to raise up a tumbler when placed under it. As the habits of larger animals are discerned by a glance at their teeth, the huge jaws of the stag-beetle direct us at once to his manner of life. By their aid they pierce and tear leaves or the bark of trees, and so get at the sap and juices underneath. The damage this causes to plantations is not so extensive as might at first sight be imagined. At the approach of cold weather they dig a hole in the earth, and pass the winter in seclusion; thus their ravages are not continuous, unlike those of the *Scolytus destructor*, which have proved so fatal to the trees of the Boulevards at Paris, and the elms in St. Giles's at Oxford. Owls also keep down the numbers of the stag-beetle, and they form the favourite food of the great shrike.

In the tropics, where vegetation is more rank and abundant, the beetles are of corresponding strength. The *prionus cervicornis* takes the place of our stag-beetle in Cayenne. They resemble each other much in appearance and habits, but the exotic beetle is proportionably larger and stronger. In the steaming swamps of that country it may be seen attacking the branch of a tree or shrub with its powerful mandibles, which are edged like a saw, and flying round and round it till it has completely sawn it off.

Like many other British productions, even the stag-beetle was made subservient to Roman luxury. Latin epicures and cooks revelled in a large white grub called *cossus*, which they fattened to the requisite size upon flour. They describe it to us as inhabiting the interior of oak-trees. This grub is with reason identified by Kirby and others with the larva of the stag-beetle, which is hatched under the bark, and sometimes eats gradually on to the very heart of the tree. If we are inclined to wonder at such a strange taste, we may remember that to this day the palm-tree grub is eaten as a delicacy in the West Indies. In cookery, too, more than in anything else, the proverb, "*Chacun à son goût*," holds good. It is lucky we can never know how many similar dainties we have unwarily consumed amongst our cauliflowers. Perhaps (though I shudder to write it) they were often the chief cause of that fine

flavour for which the vegetable obtained the credit.

Such are a few particulars of a beetle on which, notwithstanding its size, naturalists still possess not very accurate information. As our orchids and ferns are our closest link to tropical vegetation, so the stag-beetle, from its habits and economy, forms the best British representative of the myriads of beetles that prey on the foliage of hot climes. It is by no means so scarce as many other of our large insects, and thus may hope to escape extinction at the hands of those enthusiastic collectors who bid fair to thin the ranks of British insects as their brother ornithologists have helped to exterminate many of our native birds. A true naturalist always prefers an animal at freedom to its mummy in a glass case. Thus the stag-beetle has much of the charm of the "Great

Unknown" about him, and is just sufficiently uncommon to break the monotony of an autumnal evening's walk. If he has not the same claim to the interest of the fair sex that many beetles of the *buprestis* family can bring forward, from furnishing their iridescent wing-cases to glitter as ornaments on snowy necks and arms, he is at all events a patriotic animal, and as such is always sure of their sympathy. Though he is a Tory of the old school, this is to some people all the greater recommendation. Having been in high favour with our ancestors long before the Normans came, like a true follower of the merry monarch, he is very glad to shelter himself amongst the acorns. In these days of naval reform he utterly abjures iron plates, and, with many more of us, is still always to be found strongly attached to the heart of oak of old England. M.

"MY EMMA AND CUPID."



"No earthly love my path shall cross,"  
Romantic Emma cries; "Love's dross,  
And hearts are foolish empty toys,  
For moon-struck maids and sillier boys.  
No! happy in my single state,  
I'll live and die without a mate."

Sly Cupid heard the fair maid's vow,  
And, chuckling, drew his amber bow,  
Then whispered in mine ear, "My friend,  
Fear not, this whim will find its end;  
Fair Emma is not what she seems,  
And when a young maid vows, she dreams.

"I swear by these unerring darts,  
I can read maidens' inmost hearts;  
And what is true of A. B. C.  
(Not to say anything of D.)  
Can scarce be false of E. F. G.

"Trust me, your Emma means but this,—  
Should some fond lover steal a kiss,  
Standing upon her left or right,  
She'll not let slip the lucky wight,  
But *do her best to hold him tight.*"

RALPH DE PEVEREL.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

I SHOULD never have thought of my amiable friend, Mrs. Denison, as the heroine of such a tale as she related to me one evening in the autumnal twilight. Yet she, a timid, sentimental old lady, had really been placed in a position of extraordinary trial, and had come nobly out of it. And she told the adventure with an utter unconsciousness of anything heroic in her conduct, which added a strange charm to her recital.

When I was about seventeen or eighteen, (she said,) my father took me for change of air, after a slight illness, to the sea-side. I was romantic; moreover, I had been motherless from my infancy, and my dreamy fancies had received no check from the dull routine of my school-life, nor from my association with girls as silly as myself.

Shortly after our arrival at the watering-place, I was struck by the appearance of three people, who were often to be seen together of an evening on the sands. One was a very handsome woman of about forty-five; the others appeared to be her son and daughter. The son was one of the most interesting persons I ever saw. The daughter, who was about my own age, was very pretty. The mother was a cripple. She was drawn nearly every day to the same spot on the sands, and sat there watching the setting sun, while her children occupied themselves with gathering shells. Occasionally we met the brother and sister riding, and my father declared that he had never seen so good a horsewoman as the young lady.

One evening, as I was sitting on a low black rock or stone, near her chair, the elder lady spoke to me with a civil apology for troubling a stranger. She asked me if I could distinguish whether her son and daughter were on the beach. Her sight was too bad for her to see herself. I looked, and replied in the negative. She seemed anxious and uneasy, and kept turning her eyes in the direction from whence she appeared to expect them. I asked if she required anything? She thanked me, but replied that she wanted nothing; only she was anxious for her daughter's appearance; she feared accidents when they were late home.

"I should think you could have no cause for fear," I said, "your daughter rides so well."

She assented with a sigh.

"I dare say," she added, "I am foolishly nervous, but my life is a trying and monotonous one, and affords time for idle fears."

I was sorry for her; it was very sad to be helpless and crippled at her age, and with her apparent health, so we gradually fell into conversation. Mrs. Deloraine—I remember what a charming name I thought it—was not very lady-like, still she was not vulgar. I could see she was not a highly-bred person; nevertheless she was interesting and clever, and had a very fascinating way of her own. After a time, the son and daughter returned; they thanked me for my kind attention to their mother, and were so pleasant and agreeable, that I was enchanted with them.

When I returned home, I teased my father to call on the Deloraines. He demurred at first; we

know nothing of these people, he said; it was not wise to pick up acquaintances as one would shells; but I was urgent, and he seldom refused a request made by his motherless girl. He made a few inquiries; ascertained that Mrs. Deloraine and her children lived a quiet, secluded, blameless life in a lonely cottage, on the outskirts of the town; a place which the librarian told him had had the reputation of being haunted, and was let at a low rent; that they paid their bills; and were, apparently, respectable, good people. Then he consented to call on them.

We approached the Deloraines' dwelling through an orchard and pine-grove, so dismal and gloomy in appearance, that I did not wonder at its ghostly repute. The cottage itself was an old house, built partly of wood, partly of brick. A very ill-looking man-servant opened the door, and ushered us into the drawing-room, where we found Mrs. Deloraine and her daughter.

The former was lying on a sofa placed against the folding-doors. She could not rise to receive us, but she greeted my father and me very warmly, and seemed delighted to make our acquaintance. He thought her manner theatrical and studied; but she managed, nevertheless, to please him, and the acquaintance, thus commenced, progressed into intimacy.

We rode together frequently, accompanied by my father and William Deloraine. I am quite sure that dear father never dreamed of anything like love between William and me; he still thought me a mere child; he was too much occupied by his own affairs to observe my gradual advance towards womanhood.

But I was gradually becoming attached to William Deloraine. He was just the sort of man to please an imaginative young lady like myself. Moreover he constantly betrayed his love for myself, and as constantly recalled the manifestation (if I may say so), by a sudden and distant coldness of manner, which piqued and teased me.

But I am not telling a love tale, and therefore will not linger over those tantalising but bewitching days. On one of them the desired declaration came; William Deloraine, in approved poetic phrase, assured me that he adored me. I referred him, of course, to my father. To my surprise, he hesitated; told me that an unhappy mystery clouded his life;—a fatal secret which he could not as yet reveal even to me; and he implored me to conceal our attachment from my father. Now, though I was very silly and romantic, and William gained an additional hold on my fancy by having a mystery attached to him, I was too honourable a girl to enter into an engagement without my kindest father's sanction, and I said so at once. He was bitterly disappointed, for he hoped I should have consented to an elopement, or secret marriage; and I grew angry at the supposition.

We had a quarrel, but made it up afterwards, of course; and I promised to keep the secret of his avowal from my father, though I would promise nothing more. He declared also that he should keep his secret from his family; but I guessed that he had told Kate, as she looked vexed and disappointed when next I saw her. Nevertheless, our rides went on as usual.

One day when we were all out together, Kate and papa behind, William and I in advance, my lover suddenly drew up his horse, sprang to the ground, stooped, and then, holding up a pocket-book, cried, "Look here, Miss Morton!" I *did* look in considerable amazement, as I had distinctly seen him draw the pocket-book from his bosom, put it on the ground, and then take it up again. My father riding up, asked what was the matter. William exhibited the pocket-book, saying he had just picked it up. My father advised him to open it and see if the name of the owner was inside. He complied, and they examined it together. There was no name. The book contained a roll of bank-notes; and William, observing that they must advertise it, put it in his pocket. You will wonder that all this time I continued silent. But remember how young I was, and how shy. Besides, I had not the slightest idea what it could all mean; that there was a mystery—a secret—which Deloraine wished to veil under this apparent *trouvaille*, I believed, and since he had not intended to take me into his confidence, I fancied it would be dishonourable to betray him. For his part he had not noticed my silence, but re-mounting, began to chat gaily on indifferent subjects, and was even more than usually fascinating and attractive.

A few days afterwards an advertisement appeared in the local papers stating that a gentleman had found a pocket-book on H— Hill, containing bank-notes, and that they would be restored to the owner on application, provided he could describe the contents of the book, and tell the numbers of the notes. This advertisement appeared daily during the remainder of our stay at the sea-side. My father remarked that Deloraine's honesty put him to a great expense, and that it was singular no one claimed the pocket-book; then we took no further notice of the matter, though I secretly wondered what it could mean.

Once more before we left our sea side home, Deloraine urged me to become his wife secretly. He was sure, he said, that my father would forgive me when once we were married; and I also should have been sure of that; indeed, I believed he would not have refused his assent at all, even though Deloraine was (as he avowed) poor; for I was a rich Welsh heiress, as you know. However, my lover was as strangely timid as I was confident in my beloved father's goodness; and would have me keep his secret, and wait. Thus we parted without any engagement having been made between us.

I found my home in the Welsh valleys dismal enough when I returned to it. I missed the animation of the bathing-place; the society of bonny Kate; the sentimental devotion of her brother. Without excitement, without employment, I grew weary of my dull existence, and called my *emui* disappointed love. After all, my dear, if the busy young ladies of this part of the century don't do much real good to others, they do something for themselves in keeping their minds employed. It is astonishing how much foolish love imaginations are thus kept in check. As for me, I gave way to the vainest regrets and the most profitless day-dreaming. I cast from me God's great gift

of time sinfully, recklessly—my sole occupation being that of writing long letters to Kate, which she rarely answered. But one cannot be idle and discontented with impunity. I was naturally delicate, and I began to pay for my vain imaginings the tax of loss of health and good looks. My poor father was alarmed for me. He called in a physician, and as the doctor could not detect the real cause of my lassitude, he judiciously banished me, and sent me again to the sea-side. We had only been absent from it five months. It was March (close to the assize time) when we again took possession of our former lodgings; but much had happened during that period to "startle" the place "from its propriety." My maid came to undress me the night of our arrival, quite eager to communicate her news.

"Oh, ma'am," she cried; "you remember the Miss Deloraine you used to ride with when we were last here, and her brother?"

"Of course," I replied, with a beating heart. "What of them?"

"Well, ma'am, they say Mr. William is taken up for forgery, and will be hanged."

I nearly fainted; but my pride upheld me in my servant's presence.

"What nonsense!" I said; "how can you repeat such idle scandal."

"Well, I don't believe it, of course; but the poor gentleman is in prison at A— on the charge. They say that no end of forged notes have been passed here, and all have been traced back to Mr. Deloraine, his servant, or the ladies."

I was horror-struck. I did not believe it: still I doubted. I had not heard from Kate for a long time, and assuredly there must be some ground of suspicion to cause William's detention in prison, if he were really there. When I saw my father next morning I told him Sarah's tale. He was greatly astonished, and declared he would ascertain its truth by riding over to A— after breakfast.

How long, how miserable the hours were till he returned! But he came with a bright face: his heart relieved from a load of kind anxiety.

"It is quite true that the poor lad is in prison," he said, in reply to my eager inquiries; "but by a mere accident. You remember his finding a pocket-book? Well, he was so imprudent—being pressed for money, he says—as to use some of those notes, intending to keep the numbers, and return the amount he spent, if they were ever claimed; but they proved to be forged; and he is taken up for passing them. He had actually directed his lawyer to appeal to us as witnesses of the manner in which he obtained them, and the letter is gone to Bryn Gellert."

My heart ceased beating for the moment as I remembered how I had seen Deloraine take the book from his own bosom; but I was quite silent. Between horror and fear I could not speak.

My father continued:

"I have promised, of course, to appear for him; and probably you may be called on—"

"Oh! don't let them call me! I can't—I can't," said I, in an agony.

"Well, of course, it is unpleasant for a young lady to appear in a court of justice, and if I can

prevent it you shall not; but we must not let proprieties peril a fellow-creature's life."

I made no reply. I would not for worlds have deprived Deloraine of my father's testimony in his favour. And how could he give it if I spoke? Forgery was then punished with death. Could I voluntarily condemn, by my own words, the man whom I loved, to the gallows? I was wretched; distracted by doubt, fear, and horror, when my heart was wrung by receiving a letter from William (forwarded by the gaol chaplain), in which he thanked me for my kind remembrance of him, and said, how it pleased him, amidst all his trouble, to think that it was *my* testimony that would acquit him, for I had seen him find the fatal pocket-book. Imagine, if you can, my distress. I dared not write and tell him that I *knew* he did not find it, lest my letter should be read before it was given to him. I could only be silent on the subject, and urge my father to keep me from the public court, and prevent my being subpoenaed as a witness. Alas! it was in vain!

She paused—moved by the old sad memory.

"What did you do?" we asked.

The trial came on, (she continued.) It was distinctly proved that the Deloraine family and their servant had passed false notes, and that William had purchased a diamond ornament of a jeweller in London, and paid for it with a forged note. This tradesman was the chief witness against him. For his defence Deloraine declared, as he had told my father, that he had found the notes; and had merely borrowed their present use. My father was called to testify to the fact, and to state what he thought of Deloraine's character. The latter statement was of course favourable, but on cross-examination it was proved that my father had not actually seen William pick up the book, and to my horror and despair I was put into the witness-box. I can never forget it! At this minute I can see Deloraine's eager look at me—his look of love and trust and hope. A word from me would give him life!—a word consign him to the gallows! It was an awful temptation. . . . But I dared not fail in truth; I could not—no, thank God! I was not perjured. I tried to hold the truth back; at least, I answered reluctantly; but my cross examination was severe, and when the counsel for the prosecution asked me—"Did you actually see William Deloraine find the book?" I almost shrieked my fatal "No!"

"Did you see him take it from his own person?"

There was a pause. I gasped out—"I did!" And then I heard a wild, piercing cry from the prisoner. I remember no more, for I fainted, and was carried out of court. Deloraine was condemned to death. He confessed his crime, my father told me; and showed much earnestness in acquitting his mother and Kate of all share in it. They were consequently set at liberty, for they, also, had been under restraint.

But I was miserable. I felt like a murderer, and besought my father, as he ever hoped to see me happy again, to procure a commutation of the sentence. We had powerful friends; and Mr. Morton used such exertions, that, difficult as the task was at that time, he achieved it,

and the sentence of Deloraine was changed into transportation for life. All this dreadful anxiety increased my previous indisposition, and it became impossible for me to return home, as my father wished, when the trial and his subsequent efforts were over. So we remained by the sea-side. One day I received, to my astonishment, a letter from Kate Deloraine: it was full of gratitude for my father's goodness in saving her brother from the last rigour of the law; and of regrets over his blighted life and their own ruined prospects. She did not blame me for the part I had had in his conviction. She pitied me for it, and said poor William admired my unshaken truthfulness.

"And now, dear Jane," she concluded, "I am going to urge one last request. We are about to leave England for ever, to hide our shame and sorrow in a strange land. We go to-morrow. Will you come to the old cottage (to which mamma and I have returned) and bid me a last farewell, and hear a message poor William left, which will explain and extenuate, in a degree, his sad fault?"

This letter touched me deeply. I greatly desired to see Kate once more, to assure her how cruelly I had felt the dreadful duty cast on me, and to hear something more of William Deloraine. My father was from home; he had gone to spend a few days with a friend some ten or twelve miles off, and was not to return till the next day, or perhaps the following one. If he had been at home, assuredly I should not have been permitted to go, but as it was, my girlish enthusiasm, my lingering pity and tenderness for the convict William, induced me to comply. It was all very silly and romantic, I know; but so it was.

The cottage was within a walk, and not liking to expose the unhappy Deloraines to the curious gaze of servants, I determined to go alone, and for the same reason did not tell any of them whither I was going.

It was a chilly, windy April afternoon, about four o'clock, when I started on my walk.

I hurried along, and, in about an hour's time, found myself in the lane leading to the cottage. It was certainly a very lonely place, and now association added to its natural gloom.

The grove had been much trodden and the trees broken in the search made by the Bow Street officers for graving-tools, &c. (which, however, they had failed to find), and altogether it looked very wretched and depressing. Just opposite the eastern gable of the dwelling, was an old oak of great size, which I was obliged to pass in approaching the door. As I glanced at it, I perceived a hole or cavity recently dug or uncovered (for I had never noticed it before) close to the root.

Why, I never knew, but the sight of it made me shiver, and altogether a strong feeling (perhaps induced by the dreariness of the place), made me turn back. Just as I did so, Kate Deloraine emerged from behind the tree and stood before me.

She was sadly altered, very pale and thin, and she shed bitter tears as I embraced her. I walked into the house with her. The drawing-room was empty; the sofa moved; the folding-doors opened.

"You miss my mother," she said; "she is in

her room, very ill; but she trusts that you will go up and see her—”

I assented, and then very timidly asked for William. She said he was about to sail for Botany Bay with the next party of convicts; that he was patient and resigned, and bore his fate better than could have been expected.

“Poor fellow!” she added, with real feeling, “he is very young, and was badly trained. I declare to you, Miss Morton, we never, either of us, knew what goodness was till we became acquainted with you.”

I looked, doubtless, as I was, astonished.

“No! our parents educated us without any principle,” she continued, “and though poor William so generously acquitted his family of all complicity in his guilt, they did not deserve it.”

At this minute the ill-looking man-servant opened the door and said Mrs. Deloraine would be glad to see me alone in the north parlour, an upper sitting-room in the gable end of the house. I did not know how to refuse, though Kate's revelation had made me feel very uncomfortable. So I followed the man up-stairs into the little parlour where she and I had been wont to sit and talk and work during our brief intimacy. There was no one there; but James, muttering that Mrs. Deloraine would come directly, placed a chair for me and left the room, closing the door after him. I walked to the window, and looked out. The casement (it was nothing more) opened upon that part of the shrubbery in which the old oak, with its suspicious earth-hole, stood. As it caught my eye, the same misgiving I had felt just before, rushed on my mind. Was I looking at my own grave? . . . Very uneasy, I walked at once to the door, determined to go away immediately, but, on turning the handle, I found it was no longer possible for me to do so,—I was locked in! Obeying a first impulse I shook the door violently, and called loudly to be let out. No voice answered me.

I looked round the room; there was no other door, though, I remembered; and the window was too high up for me to jump out on the top of the verandah; yet even that I might be obliged to dare. I was evidently at the mercy of these people, whose aim in luring me thither, and making me a prisoner, must of course be to rob or murder me. With renewed fear I gazed out of the window on the gathering twilight. The wind moaned and sobbed round the old house, and shook the ill-fitting casement. I opened it and called for help as loudly as I could; but the breeze blowing full in my face nearly stifled my voice; and, save the old trees which creaked and bowed their huge heads towards me, I saw no living thing outside.

Twilight deepened into night, and I sank on my knees and prayed fervently for help in my hour of sore peril. I rose, strengthened with a new hope and fresh courage. I felt that I had enlisted a Mighty defender on my side.

At last, after a period of suspense which appeared years to me, I heard footsteps advancing to the door; the key turned in the lock, and Mrs. Deloraine—no cripple, but an agile, powerful woman—entered, followed by James, bearing a light and an inkstand.

“What is your meaning in thus making me a prisoner?” I asked firmly.

“I should think your own conscience would tell you, traitress!” was the reply. “Betrayal of my darling boy! The death he so narrowly escaped would be too good for you.”

“But he owes that escape to me, Mrs. Deloraine.”

“Yes! he is to live, that you may not suffer remorse. I understand it all. But what kind of life?—that of a felon!—my boy!—my pride!”

She clasped her hands passionately. The man whispered sullenly in her ear.

“You are right,” she said, “put down the ink, and get yonder writing-case. I suppose Miss Morton does not travel with a cheque-book in her pocket?”

“For once she does,” I answered steadily. “I feared poor Kate might need assistance, and put it in my pocket.”

And I drew it out.

“That is well!” she said, sternly. “Sit down and write a cheque for five hundred pounds.”

I complied readily. I had but fifty of my own allowance in my banker's hands; for I had spent liberally of late, and had no present command of the large fortune I inherited. I felt convinced that her rapacity would defeat its object, for the banker would make inquiries before he cashed such a cheque. But the same thought had evidently occurred also to the man.

“It is too much!” he said, slowly, “fifty will be enough for our immediate wants. We dare not present a larger cheque.”

With a murmur, Mrs. Deloraine put the first cheque in her pocket, and desired me to write another—perhaps she kept the five hundred for some future opportunity.

“That will do,” said the man, taking the second; “now, come,”—to his mistress—“we have no time to lose.”

They turned to leave the room.

“You will allow me to go home now?” I asked.

“That is so probable!” said the woman, sarcastically. “That you may betray us again.”

“But I will pledge you my honour not to send after you, or give any clue to what has passed.”

“Oh! but you may be put upon your oath!” cried Mrs. Deloraine, mockingly.

“That is impossible, unless I gave information of my imprisonment; as for the money, it is a free gift—I intended to help you, as I told you.”

She sneered again.

“No doubt! Nevertheless as you might repent of it, we will not try you. Now listen! I hated you from the time you won my boy's heart from me, and marred his young life for ever; and I swore, when I heard that you had betrayed him, to avenge him. I do so now! With the money you have given us, Kate and I will follow him to his place of exile. We shall have a success there, I fancy! For you,—you will remain in this room. It is not known in the town that we are here now; we were supposed to have left yesterday, therefore no trades people are likely to come near the house—in fact they have not troubled us with calls lately,—and as there is no food in the larder, and you might be starved, we shall lay a train

to the house and put a slow match to it, in order that by the time we are safe off, the flames may bring you deliverers, or put you out of your misery."

And she laughed a horrible, mocking laugh.

"You will not surely be so cruel," I cried in an agony of fear. "You are but frightening me."

"You will see! Good-bye, Miss Morton; thus I return our obligations to you."

And forcibly releasing her arm from the clasp with which I sought to detain her, she left the room. I strove to get out of it at the same time; but the man pushed me in again with an oath, and I heard them lock and bolt the door after them.

Thus I was left to the anticipation of a lingering, horrible death. I opened the window and called for help again and again in vain. No one could hear me save those monsters. At last, I sank on a seat, and grew calm from exhaustion.

Very slowly the hours passed. I sat watching the wide space between the ill-fitting door and the floor, expecting every moment to see the red, dull glare of fire through it; but the grey dawn stole into the room, and still I saw no sign of the threatened conflagration. I was unharmed; only exhausted by want of rest, want of food, and that most horrible expectation.

The light grew, and there was still no perceptible fire. I began to hope that the match had gone out,—that I was safe. Alas! I was deceived. The house had ignited long ago, but the old damp wood smouldered slowly. By-and-by, when it was again near evening, I saw the red gleam I had so feared on the threshold, and I heard the rush and the hiss of the flames. A few moments, and the door would catch, and I must perish. Once more I rushed to the still open casement, and looked out.

Should I spring at the peril of my life to the verandah? There was nothing else left for me, and I was preparing to take a leap that might have been fatal, when a voice called to me from below.

"Stop, stop, Jane! Wait, I will save you!"

And I saw Kate Deloraine mounting a garden ladder placed against the verandah.

I watched her breathlessly. She ascended with ease, drew it up after her, and raised it to the window. I was out and on it, in a moment; I can scarcely tell how the descent was achieved, but I stood in safety at the bottom, clasping Kate's hand.

"We have not a moment to lose," she gasped. "I escaped them at our last stage, but when they find I am gone, they will guess why and where, and will follow me."

At that moment we heard a sound of approaching wheels in the lane. I was so weak I could scarcely move; and she had to pull me and lead me to a fly standing near, in which she placed me. I observed that there was a crowd of people round the burning cottage, endeavouring to extinguish the flames—but we drove off apparently unnoticed.

"I am so sorry," said poor Kate, "that I should have been made the instrument of placing you in such peril, Miss Morton. When my mother told me I might write to bid you farewell, and ask you here, if I pleased, I had no notion she intended

so awful a crime,—nor did I know that they had left you in the cottage when we left it. But when they thought we were safe, my mother boasted of the revenge she had taken on you. Then I seized the first opportunity to escape from them, and returned in the same fly we are now in; leaving it in the lane while I sought for you. I feared they would have pursued me, but I was mistaken. Probably they thought if I returned to you it would be too late,—or James feared to venture back. The wheels we heard were those of the approaching fire engine."

I shuddered—these people had been my friends! I would never blame English caution and reserve in future.

But by this time we reached my home. We found the servants in a great state of alarm at my disappearance; they had sent off for my father, though he was not yet arrived—and every search was making for me.

I was so exhausted that Kate, who placed me with great tenderness on a sofa, had to feed me; and to give me wine slowly; and before my father returned, I had sunk into a profound sleep from which I did not awake for hours.

When I did, I found him sitting beside me. He embraced me with joy and gratitude, and was eager to know where I had been, and what had befallen me—as all that the servants could tell him was, that Miss Deloraine had brought me back, very faint and ill.

I related my adventure, and he grew pale with horror and indignation as he listened. He vowed he would have the monsters traced, and as severely punished as their crimes deserved.

"But where is poor Kate?" I asked.

"She was gone when I arrived," he answered.

"Sarah says she left directly you fell asleep, telling the servants not to wake you, as you had had great fatigue and excitement. She left this note for you."

And he gave me a little twisted paper written in pencil.

"Adieu, Miss Morton," she wrote, "forgive me. You will never see me again. I go to the Continent to earn my living, as I was wont to do before I knew you, by riding in a circus. That woman's crime has separated me from her forever. Pray sometimes for poor Kate."

"Poor thing!" we said. "And what became of her?"

"We never knew," replied Mrs. Denison. "My father advertised for her, offering in the advertisement to provide for her if she would let us know where she was; but, probably, she never saw the paper containing it."

"And that horrible Mrs. Deloraine and the man-servant? Were they ever found and punished?"

She shook her head.

"No. We had no railways, no electric telegraphs in those days. They escaped. Probably they went to Australia. We never heard of them again. By degrees we forgot the whole affair, or rather never thought about it. But you will allow I had a very narrow escape."



## SON CHRISTOPHER.

AN HISTORLETTE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



## CHAPTER III. RESTORATION DAY.

"O, FATHER!" cried David Battiscombe to the Squire, rushing into the supper-room, on a fine May evening, "may not Tony and I ride the downs to-morrow after the bustards?"

"There will be such a hunt!" Tony exclaimed. "All the fellows that have horses are going; and every greyhound for twenty miles round will be there. You will let us go, father?"

The Squire looked them in the face a minute before he replied, with the question,

"Can you tell me the day of the month?"

"No,—not I," said David. "M. Florian used to keep count of such things for us. Since he went we have never known where we were; and that is the reason why Mr. Defoe, and even Joanna there, made game of me on All Fools' Day. Let us ask Nurse, Tony; she has a story ready for every day of the year."

"Stay, my son; do not go," said his mother. "This day is the 28th of May."

"O, the fast!" cried the boys, dolefully. "Of

all days, that Restoration Day should be fixed on for the bustard-hunt!"

"It is done on purpose," Arabella observed. "There is always something of the sort on Restoration Day, to make it as gay as a fair. It was on the 29th that they caught and baited the Charmouth witch."

"And last year," said Tony, "they went after the pair of fen-eagles that frightened the fishermen so. It is very hard that there are hunts just when we cannot go. I suppose," and the boy flushed up with daring, "I suppose we may not go?"

"My son, it is our fast-day," said his mother. "For every feast-day that the loose world's people make, God's people are constrained to have a fast."

"I think there are more every year," Tony observed. "I wonder what it will come to."

"I will tell you what the Lord's people think it will come to," said the Squire, drawing Tony towards him, and putting his arm over the boy's

shoulder. "If I keep my sons from the pleasures which are natural to their age and station, I am bound to satisfy them with the reason why."

"This is private family conversation, my sons, understand," said Mrs. Battiscombe.

"No fear of their being indiscreet," their father averred. "You see, lads, there have been four generations of the family of Stuart governing, or claiming to govern, this kingdom, and corrupting its religion more and more. And there have been four generations of the Lord's people who have striven to cause the true religion to prevail. The season has arrived when men generally are persuaded that the end is at hand; and in these times all faithful men and women, and their sons and daughters, are more than ever bound to bear a clear and true testimony."

"But why should there be an end very soon?"

"Because,—I will trust my boys as Christians in their own persons,—because the royal race has become more prone to the wrong, and the chosen people to the right. The third Stuart was a concealed Catholic: the fourth is an open one: the scandal can go no further; and at the next change we shall have a Protestant king. Why do you ask 'When?' The times and seasons rest with God: but King James is old: we shall need all our patience while he lives: but those who are steadfast shall have their reward at length."

"David's thoughts are among the bustards," Judith remarked. "He does not see why he should not go coursing on the downs, because King James is a Papist."

"O yes, I do," David declared. "To-morrow is a great feast of the Tories: and we are not Tories."

"There is something more," said the mother. "These gatherings on Restoration Day, on pretence of making holiday, are used to test the people, all over the country. All who are not present are marked down as disloyal, though it is not true that all who are present are loyal. There are cowardly conformists; and we should not wish our sons to be registered as such."

This satisfied the lads entirely. But their sisters were troubled; they did not like the word disloyal. In their family service the life of the King was daily prayed for, in order to his conversion: and nobody had been more indignant than their father at the late conspiracy to murder the Stuart princes. They believed he would lay down his very life to bring the King and Court to the true Light.

"I would," said their father: "but this would be considered anything but loyalty by the King and Court. Now, my sons, you see?"

"O! yes; we cannot go to-morrow." It was impossible to say this very cheerfully.

"But we will all go another day," their father promised. "If the run to-morrow finishes these bustards, there are more beyond Farmer Lecky's. There is a wild bull, too, in the waste which will certainly have to be looked to before Restoration Day comes round again."

Little Joanna ran in to announce that she heard the horses, for which she had been listening from the summer-house.

One of these horses was bringing Elizabeth

Bankshope, Christopher's betrothed; and another bore a relation of hers, very unlike herself: an aged aunt who was on her way to pay visits in Somersetshire, and who used the rare opportunity of taking a journey to see various friends, from point to point, between her home at Winchester and the palace of her old friend, Bishop Ken, at Wells. Lady Alice, as Madam Lisle was called, had lived in close intimacy with the Battiscombe family while her husband was in the Long Parliament, and in the Commission of the Great Seal of the Commonwealth; and if the dangers which scattered their party after the Restoration had kept them asunder, from mutual consideration, they were not the less anxious to meet when favourable opportunities arose. The engagement of Christopher and Elizabeth, which filled the old lady's heart with joy, was such an occasion. The loyal repute of the Bankshopes was a protection, in these troubled days; and it had really seemed for some time past that the enemy had forgotten the scandal of John Lisle the Republican having been made a lord by the Protector. When the Winchester people called his widow the Lady Alice, it was passed unnoticed as a token of respect to the Lady Bountiful of her neighbourhood. She, for her part, had no enmities in her heart, and was aware of none among all the people she knew; yet she was attached to her own faith, and the customs of her church and party; and this was the reason why she and Elizabeth were arriving this evening. The young niece did not care for losing the festival of Restoration Day; while the aged aunt did desire to avoid the celebration in which her host, as High Sheriff of Dorset, must bear a conspicuous part.

"Do tell me how you fast!" said Elizabeth to her future sisters, when they were in her chamber that night. "Stay, and tell me a little about it; for you know it is all strange to me; and I am afraid of behaving ill, and doing something which may shock your feelings."

"That is exactly what we feared about your feelings," Judith answered. "My mother means to offer that you should spend to-morrow . . ."

"O! nowhere but with you! I cannot think of leaving you," Elizabeth declared. "And I have to learn your ways for another person's sake; and I am sure he will be pleased that I am here, instead of parading at the games and among the guns in the morning, and dancing at the county ball in the evening."

"No doubt he will: but I am sure he would be far from wishing that you should feel compelled to listen to such a way of speaking of the last and present kings as is the custom among us in our Restoration Day services."

"Do you imagine that I and my brother, and our party, like these kings?" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Is it possible that you do not know how we hate them?"

"Hate them! What then are the rejoicings for, to-morrow?"

"I am sure I have no idea. I suppose it is something about the Church; or, that it was: for that is all over now, and the Papists are uppermost. But why on earth should we be thankful for these princes? You know our park,—my

brother's place. Well! those ragged remains of the grand old woods just show what King Charles has been to us. My father cut down his oaks,—to the very last,—and raised all the money he could, and spent none on the estate, that the King might have it all, so that the lawns are mere swamps, and the gardens have gone to ruin, and the house is growing mouldy, and there are not half enough servants, or labourers, or horses, or anything; and my brother has to strain his credit to get the means of keeping up the office of sheriff at all; and, what he and I feel most, I shall carry no fortune to Christopher, who really had a right to expect one——”

Here Christopher's sisters charmed her by a merry laugh; and she laughed, too: but went on.

“Now, pray tell me what reason we have to thank Heaven for the gift of that family! And then,—their manners!”

“We had always heard that the Duke of York was no pattern of courtesy,” Arabella remarked; “but we thought the late King had been so agreeable as to be unquestionably a snare of Satan.”

“We heard,” added Judith,—“and it was from Mr. Baxter, who lived for some time at Court,—that King Charles's winning ways were the great stumbling-block in the course of the Word. Indeed, nobody could resist his wiles.”

“When he chose to be gracious, I suppose,” Elizabeth observed. “But the old servants and devoted supporters of their cause are precisely those whom these Stuarts amuse themselves with insulting. My brother will not allow it to be spoken of publicly, lest it should appear that pique has affected his loyalty: but he has never forgiven the late King a light jest on my father. For my part, I add to this the Duke's mean way of courting us for our influence when the Exclusion Bill was in question, and his behaving since as if he had never heard our name.”

“How was that?”

“O! it was only (for my brother would not be pleased that I should speak of it) that when Theodore went up with the deputation to congratulate him on his accession, the new King pretended not to know who he was,—never to have heard the name. I suppose Mr. Baxter would be surprised to hear of such manners, considering that he was familiar with the charming Christian courtesy of the Roundheads.”

“Are you in earnest?” asked the sisters.

“Certainly. Where in all England are there finer manners than you see in a person now in his very house?”

“Lady Alice?”

“Yes,—Aunt Alice. While our party, with the princes at their head, have been tormenting the Roundheads till it is astonishing that there is not another rebellion, see how the oppressed party have borne themselves. Mr. Baxter himself has been shut up in a horrible prison . . . . But you did not tell me why he went to Court, nor why he left it.”

“He went, as a very young man, by the advice of his friends, with the notion of getting a living, and perhaps saving the souls of some of the courtiers.”

“What reason had he to suppose they had any souls?—But I should not say such things. I see you are shocked, and I beg your pardon. He got no living, I suppose?”

“No; and he has sought mercy ever since for perilling his own soul for the chance of saving any he was less nearly concerned with.”

“Was it not a generous act?” asked Elizabeth. “To me it seems so. He came away when he found his mistake, did he?”

“The immediate occasion was a prank of some fine gentlemen. They were going down to Newmarket, and stopped at an inn, where a crowd gathered to see their cavalcade. They drank too much——”

“Of course.”

“And then they came out on the balcony to make game of the Roundheads. It was not that which made Mr. Baxter order his horse and ride away, though he had no place to go to. They came out in their shirt-sleeves, and turned up their eyes, and pretended to preach,—making the mob shout with laughter at the most solemn and holy things.”

“Ah, that is their way! There have been some of those Cavaliers who ventured upon such jests under Aunt Alice's very roof.”

“How came such people there?”

“In the only way in which they could have found entrance. If they had made sure of a welcome as noblemen and the King's friends, they would have had no word of encouragement from her. But it was in the days of their adversity; and they came hungry, and ragged, and penniless, and with pursuers on their track. Then her doors opened to them; and she concealed them for hours, or days, or weeks, as might be. She allowed no jesting on holy things; but she crossed them as little as she could while they were so humbled. At present, their party insults most the weakest of their victims. This is what I mean by the difference in their manners. I have seen so much of the practice of hurting the feelings of religious people that I dread doing it myself,—and to-morrow especially. Do tell me how you fast.”

“Oh, you will see for yourself. There is nothing formal here. Just do what seems to you right at the moment, and you will not offend anybody.”

So far from offending, Elizabeth won upon the goodwill of the family before the morning meal was over.

As soon as she looked abroad from her window, on rising, she saw that there was no work going on in the grounds, and that the servants were in their Sunday clothes. Though the bells were ringing out from the church tower, and some blowing of trumpets was heard down in the town, the children of the house were walking up and down the verandah, with their arms over each other's shoulders. No green boughs were on the gates, no garlands on the house front, no sprigs of oak in the boys' hats. Elizabeth was thus prepared for the disclosure made in the morning devotions,—that this was the anniversary of a great calamity to the Reformed Church, and to the cause of the Reformation; and that, as the

calamity had lately become more heavy and threatening, by the accession of a Romish king, it was truly a day of humiliation to the most advanced Reformers.

One member of the family was, however, in a mood of high exhilaration. Joanna had had a present thus early on this dismal day. When she came to the breakfast-table, she had a book in her hand; and this explained her timid glance at her father.

"Come hither, child!" said the Lady Alice, "I have told thy father that I have brought thee a book. Come and show it him."

The Squire's grave face looked graver still when he found it was a story-book, and that his little daughter was already full of the earliest adventures in it. But Madam Lisle's opinion had much weight with him; and when he found that the intent was holy, and the story about holy things, he made no remonstrance. The case seemed quite altered when he further learned that the writer was a sufferer for the Cause, being even then in Bedford jail, using every occasion for testifying, even as he had testified in his book. The oddest thing was, that Elizabeth was the person in the whole house best acquainted with the name of John Bunyan. In fact, she had a strong wish to read a book which had spread all over the country, but which she had hardly hoped to lay hands on. It was not a book which could be permitted at the High Sheriff's.

The fasting was scarcely perceptible, for the young people were desired to eat of what was set before them; and the children, while growing, were never allowed to fast at all. The grace was long and solemn, but the conversation was cheerful. It was expected that nobody should go beyond the gate this day; and that nobody should appear at any window when the procession went by. Beyond this there was no restraint. What prayers there might be in closets when the door was shut, there was no knowing; but in the sitting-rooms and the grounds the day was like a bright spring Sunday. So it seemed up to the time of the passage of the procession.

With the first sound of the trumpets and the shouts approaching from below, the family retired to the back-rooms, so as to see nothing of the really pretty spectacle of the oak boughs and garlands of spring flowers, and the flags, or of the platform on which figures represented King Charles and his brother, led by the hand by a bishop and a very grand nobleman, the group being completed by a donkey in a skull-cap, gown, and bands, and the devil in the mask and dress of the Protector, who was overthrown and trampled upon every two or three minutes. The mayor and corporation led the way with great zeal; and it was decidedly the voice of Mr. Gregory Alford, the mayor, which called a halt before the Squire's gate.

It seemed a long halt to those who heard the jeering laughs of the crowd, and were aware that the merriment was provoked by insults to themselves; but the composure of the elders had its effect on the young people, and their agitation showed itself at last only in the general exclamation—"There! they are gone!"—when the

cavalcade had accomplished turning round in the narrow road, and the rough music had died away down the hill. When Nurse came in to say that nobody was in sight, mother, daughters, and guests went forth into the shrubbery, and the boys to the bowling-green to refresh their spirits. There they quietly walked, sat in the sun, played, put a bunch of white lilac in Madam Lisle's stomacher, and played ball with Guelder-roses, little imagining what was going on within doors.

When they went into the house they found a party of constables, and very ill-behaved constables, in possession. They must have watched the moment of the household being out of doors to demand entrance. They at once obtained it, as they would have done at any other hour. Their object was to search for a traitor, of whom they had information that he was hidden in the mansion. After having gone over the whole house, looking behind all the curtains, and under all the beds, and knocking down a good deal of plaster and dust by hammering with a mallet at the ceilings and the walls, from the cellar to the rafters, they condescended to answer the question—who it was that they were in search of. They were charged to arrest one Emmanuel Florian, who stood accused of treason.

"What! our tutor?" exclaimed the boys.

"You hear!" the leader of the party observed to his subordinates, very ominously.

"Why, Mr. Markland!" said Anthony, "that is no news to you. You know our tutor very well. We bought my last fishing-rod at your shop; and you yourself showed M. Florian what you called the cupboard in the butt-end."

"You hear him called the tutor," repeated the solemn Mr. Markland. "We shall find out next what he has taught these young plotters. The main point is, however, where the fellow is."

This was what nobody in the house could tell. M. Florian had gone abroad in February, as for a temporary absence. He had written a few lines on his landing in France—

Where was that letter?

It was in the Squire's desk; and, being produced, was found to tell nothing but that the writer had had a safe voyage. There was something in the look of it which persuaded Mr. Markland and his *posse* that M. Florian was now in the house; and again they went all over it, making a most vexatious disorder wherever they went, and ransacking every hole and corner for papers. All the clothes of the family were left on the floor, with the bedding on the top of them; the men grew cross, and became mischievous,—broke the mirrors, spoiled David's new knife by trying to wrench open a lock, though the key was proffered, and were on the point of opening and reading a packet of letters found in Elizabeth's dressing-box, when she quietly observed that those letters were the property of the High Sheriff of Dorsetshire, when they dropped the packet as if it had burned their fingers. Finally, they turned upon poor little Joanna, who was sitting on a low stool, reading her new book, with her hands at her ears. She was startled by one of the constables taking the volume from her knees and handing it to his superior, as desired.

"'The Pilgrim's Progress.' Hum! I doubt about this book, Candler. Here, you are a ready reader. Is not this some mischief about the Pope? I do not know what his Majesty would say to that."

After some consultation, the decree was given forth that the book had a dangerous appearance and must be detained, at least till something could be learned about it.

Madam Lisle looked amused, and requested Mr. Markland to turn to the title-page, where she showed him the words "Tenth edition." She had to explain that the first bookseller he saw could satisfy him that this was a work known all over England. There was nothing new to be discovered in it now.

While pondering over this, the officer was roused by the sight of the name in the title-page. "Bunyan!" what Bunyan? He had heard of a low fellow,—a pestilent traitor of that name,—a tinker or a cobbler, or something of that sort, who was tied by the leg at last,—a prisoner in Bedford jail.

Candler thought it could not be the same; for the writer of the famous book was a preacher, and had crowds to hear him every Sunday, and often in the week time.

Madam Lisle explained the case. The author, the prisoner, and the preacher were the same man. John Bunyan was trusted to go forth and preach, and return to his prison. This strange story so quickened Mr. Markland's curiosity, that he pocketed the book.

The sympathetic mother saw how overwhelming this affliction was to Joanna, and that a burst of grief was coming. Holding up a finger in admonition, she drew her child towards her, and said something which induced her to stifle her sobs in her mother's bosom.

"Never mind! my little lass," her father said to her. "You have read enough for to-day. You shall tell me the story to-night; and to-morrow we will get the book, if it is in Lyme."

"It is in all bookshops," Madam Lisle repeated. But Joanna could not comprehend how she should pass the rest of this day without the book,—poor Christian was in such terrible danger, just where she was interrupted.

There was much to be done, however, before the lay was over. Officers were to remain in the house; and therefore some of the family must eave it. The object of the spies could hardly be to catch M. Florian, in the absence of all evidence of his being in England: and it probably was—the common device of the time for plaguing Puritans—to detect the family in some breach of the Conventicle Act, by the presence of more persons than five at a religious service. The practice of the house was to have one service for five in the house, and another, conducted by the parents and the elder daughters in turn, for the servants in the summer-house. In patrolling the road, or in spying about the premises, the constables had now and then heard the voice of prayer, or a psalm, from the summer-house. Now here was hope that the visitors from Winchester and Dorchester would swell the attendance beyond the legal number; and this was, no

doubt, the reason why the officers of justice were to remain.

The service of God must not be given up for a mere inconvenience. The children and nurse and one elder sister must be sent to the refuge, for such case made and provided. Five miles off, upon the down, stood Malachi Dunn's farm-house,—a well defended stone house, with rooms fitted up for the reception of friends in trouble. An hour before sunset a carrier's cart drove up to the door of Battiscombe House; and the children, Judith, and Nurse were ready to start. It might be hoped that it was only for a few days. The Squire whispered to Joanna that he would be sure to ride over with the book, as soon as he could get it. The child's red eyes began to overflow again; and Madam Lisle kindly observed that we all have our first hard cross; and this seemed to be Joanna's.

"Let me say a word to you, my children," said the Squire, after a moment's thought.

All listened eagerly; and, when they saw that he wished not to be overheard, they gathered round him, leaning on his shoulders and his knees, and kneeling before him. Elizabeth bent forward, and the old lady put her hand behind her ear.

"This has been a trying day for most of us," said the Squire. "My little daughter here is not the only one who has had her cross to bear. Our guests have had their visit spoiled; the elder has been agitated and alarmed, I fear—"

"Trouble not thyself for me," said Madam Lisle, smiling. "At the far end of life there is nothing to fear in this world; and, fond as we old people are of repose, a day of mere disturbance is not worth remembering the next morning."

"You see, my children! Which of us has been so calm this day as the frailest in body? Then, there is our guest Elizabeth,—instead of the jollity of a Restoration Day at home, there has been something worse than an execution for debt for her to witness."

"Surely you are not pitying me!" exclaimed Elizabeth, blushing and laughing. "I hold it a great advantage to obtain an insight so early into the way of life that I—that Christopher—"

"That you render yourself liable to for Christopher's sake," said Christopher's mother, with a kiss which deepened the blush on the dimpled cheek of her future daughter.

"Your mother and I," continued the Squire, "are not too proud to own that our natural temper rises against insult and intrusion; and we have therefore suffered to-day; and our children no doubt yet more, inasmuch as they are less experienced in conflicts. I was pleased, however, at Anthony, when the roughest of these men demanded of him with menace what his tutor had taught him about the King and the Church. My boy called out to me, 'Father! need I answer that?' I told him I should not in his place: and not a word on that subject did the whole party get out of him."

"Nor out of David either," Anthony observed.

"Indeed! Then that is better still," said the Squire, "inasmuch as David is the younger." And he pressed the boy more closely to him. "But what impresses me the most deeply," he

continued, in a lowered voice, "is, that these vexations are a sign and a token, and a gentle training for graver troubles to come. My children have been accustomed to think that there may be something worse to bear than the deaths of the martyrs, when the world lay in darkness, and the heathen raged. Ah! I see we are of one mind about those things: and it is well that we are. The world is dark and raging about us. Let my children understand and remember why. Satan and Christ are contending for this kingdom and people: and those who side with Christ must not only hold their life in their hand, but do what is harder,—yield up cheerfully the lives which are dearer than their own."

"Can it possibly come to that, sir?" asked Elizabeth.

"I have no doubt that it will. 'When?' At the end of the present reign, if not sooner; and it may be next week, or to-morrow. The spirit of persecution rages over the land, seeking to devour such as ourselves. There will be no more peace and quiet for us till the strife is over."

"I have beheld," said Madam Lisle, "the composure with which men have gone to their deaths, young and old alike, because they saw a brighter day coming for those who should live after them. Where that forecast is granted, it seems not to be very difficult to give away one's life. But there is no saying: and God keep us from presumptuous assurance!"

"Amen!" said those who heard her.

"Our children are not daunted," the Squire observed to the mother, who was gazing upon their young faces.

"I should not fear for them," she answered, "if God asked the lives of any of them at an hour like this, when they are wrought up to courage and cheerfulness. 'God loveth a cheerful giver;' and there is cheerfulness in their hearts, and His love is on their faces. But how will it be if trials come, one upon another, for months and years, wearing the strength and bearing upon the patience? There are worse punishments than death in the hand of our enemies; and there is meantime a suspense, and a dread, and a vexation of spirit which—which—I would fain see my children spared."

"They know, however," said their father, "that there is a rest remaining for the people of God."

As he rose and hastened away the party of exiles, as they called themselves, there was not a gloomy countenance in the whole company.

Before the parents slept, they indulged in some natural mutual congratulations on the promising spirit of their children. Not less gratified were they with the "solidity," as they termed it, of their daughter elect, whose training had been that of the outside world, and who yet manifested, quite unconsciously, as noble a courage—perhaps as devoted a courage—as any child of grace could be blessed with.

"Has this changed thy view in regard to Joanna?" the anxious mother inquired.

She had long had much conflict of mind about this child,—so highly endowed, as she believed,

and now so cut off from all chance of cultivation since the departure of the family tutor. Madam Lisle, being inquired of by both parents, had given her opinion. Why this sort of "talent" should be buried, more than any other, she could not see. In her eyes it was no sin, but the contrary, to put young minds under the best instruction that could be had. She was going where some little kinswomen of hers were at a sober and sound school, under a devout and staunch Protestant woman,—a lady whose repute was high. If Joanna's parents were inclined to give her such an education, the child might travel with Madam Lisle, who would place her at this school at Taunton, on her way to Wells.

"I should like to know thy view in regard to Joanna," the mother repeated.

"I promised to consider the case, and I will do so," he replied; "but I can say nothing till we have sought guidance."

The parents prayed for direction as to their duty to their child as fervently and as naturally as if the one had not been as spirited a country gentleman as ever led the hunt or commanded the militia; and the other as devoted to the small occupations and interests of life as the praying nun was above them.

"If I were sure that there is no poison of prelacy in that school—," said the Squire, after they had risen from their knees. "But I fear Bishop Ken has his eye upon it."

"Bishop Ken's is not an evil eye, surely," was the reply. "How much of the poison of prelacy is there in Madam Lisle? And he has looked upon her with the eye of a friend for many a year."

"That is true."

And so the matter closed—somewhat hopefully for Joanna.

(To be continued.)

## BURIED HISTORY.

WHAT are the secrets that remain in the keeping of our Mother Earth? Such was my soliloquy as I passed out of the galleries containing the antiquities in the British Museum. All things earthly must pass away, we know; but the mind is staggered as it contemplates the relics still left to us of great empires of which history gives us but a hazy dream. Year by year Earth, the great tomb of all animate and inanimate things, is casting up fragments which speak of the mighty past—fragments which come like a resurrection to corroborate the traditions of history, and sometimes to correct or restore its lost or faded pages. Everything that we see about us, from the primal granite rocks to the child's toy which ministers to the whim of the moment, is by a slow process of disintegration passing away into a fine dust, which goes on for ever, building up the crust of the globe—a fine dust which in the course of time becomes animated with verdant sod, and to all appearance silently obliterates the marks which humanity is ever graving upon its surface, or building or shaping with its pigmy hands. To all appearances only, however; for year by year we are

discovering that beneath the smiling sod and the sad-coloured earth, lie the scattered remnants of the ages that have gone. The successive waves of men that have passed over the globe have left traces as indelibly inscribed beneath our feet as the light ripples of the ocean, thousands upon thousands of years ago, have graven themselves upon the sandstone shores of the pre-adamite world.

Let us for a moment retrace the long Egyptian galleries that have given rise to these reflections. As we pass along, the self-same shadows from the statues of the gods fall upon us as darkened the white-robed priests of Isis four thousand years ago. We pass the Rosetta stone which alone retains the key of that language, in which the science and learning of the early ages of the world were inscribed. Those sculptured stones, as we proceed, as plainly as though they spoke, yield up traces of the Greek conquest of this ancient people, and as plainly we see succeeding these, the rougher marks of the Romans who followed. But time, the reader will say, has been resisted by enduring stone. This is true, but the extraordinary circumstance is, that the most perfect records of these long past ages, are to be found associated with the most fragile materials. As we ascend the stairs, for instance, towards the upper Egyptian gallery, we find the walls covered with the brightly painted hieroglyphics inscribed upon papyri born of the trembling reed. As we enter the mummy room, peopled with the silent dead, one of the first coffins that strikes our attention is that of King Men-ka-re, the builder of the third pyramid! And near it are the remnants of a body supposed to be a portion of that of the monarch himself. Together with the dust of kings there has been preserved to us, in these Egyptian tombs, an infinity of articles, which show us how this ancient people lived and moved and had their being. Herodotus gives us many microscopic pictures of the habits of this people in his time; but here we have before us their very surroundings, even the food they ate—the corn, the barley, the oats of which they made their bread, the very bread itself, and the remains of wild duck, roasted, and looking as though it had been only just cooked. The folding-chairs of the present day may have been copies of the one to be found in this section of the Museum, and the wig that once belonged to an Egyptian lady of rank may, from the brightness of its curls, have just left the curling-tongs of Truefitt. The balls, the jointed lolls, draughtsmen, and dice we see here, show that both children and men of this ancient race amused themselves pretty much as we do now.

Perhaps the most frequented stall at the late International Exhibition, was the one in the gallery devoted to the products of Egypt. Among these, appearing like a ghost at a festival, were the amous antiquities found in old Egyptian tombs. Nothing startled the spectator so much as being ed back by these remains to a period coeval with many events related in the Bible. The well-made bronzed weapons, the gilt car, in the shape of a boat with rowers, representing the passage of he soul to another world, and (more interesting fill to the ladies) a diadem, a necklace, and armlets of gold. How little the Pharaohs of that

period imagined that their old-world art would be exhumed and laid before the curious eyes of a nation that in their day had not even begun its move westward, borne on the surges of the great Caucasian wave. Of all the remnants handed down to us by antiquity, the most wonderfully preserved are articles of pottery, glass, and gold; the first are almost absolutely indestructible, and gold, in consequence of its unoxidizable nature, is almost as everlasting. In the Italian Court, for instance, we all of us saw the old Etruscan jewelry, necklaces, and bracelets, as perfect as the day they heaved upon white bosoms, or clasped the delicate wrists of maidens of a race about whom history itself is silent.

In our own Museum again, the Etruscan vases, as perfect as when they came from the hands of the artist, are to be seen by the hundred. The mind can scarcely believe that these precious works were made long before the appearance of Christ upon earth. They look rather, in their modern glass cases, like the stock in trade of Minton's shop, especially the Greek rhytons, or drinking horns, terminating in an animal's head, one of which, shaped like a mule, is probably one of the most delicately designed and the most perfectly preserved work of art of its kind in existence.

It would seem as though Nature treasured up the features of the past in her bosom, in order to show to the children of the present, that our toys and geegaws are but reproductions of those of the most remote generations. We should recommend all those who seek to dive deeper into ancient history to study well before they write, what the spade has brought forth from the depths of Mother Earth. Can it be denied that Mr. Layard has made us better acquainted with the public and private life of the Assyrians, than all the historians who have written about them? How many eyes have gazed upon the sand mounds that covered ancient Nineveh, in ignorance that beneath them history itself lay buried! If the historians who wrote in their hazy way about the nations of antiquity, in the last century, had been told that Assyria lived beneath those mishapen mounds, or rather slept like the enchanted princess in the fairy tale, and that one day she would come forth and speak—tell us her tale, graven on enduring marble, and would show us through her royal halls, and take us to the steps of the throne of Sennacherib himself—would they not have smiled incredulously? What Rollin of the pen could tell us a hundredth part of what Layard has written for us with the spade? The stranger tired with his desultory wanderings in the British Museum, at last loiters into the long low gallery in which the spoils of Assyria are ranged. If he happen to be of an imaginative turn, he finds food enough around him to fire his flagging spirits. These sculptured slabs discover to him a picture history of one of the greatest eastern empires. He may see the very throne upon which Sardanapalus sat, and the sceptre he used, and,—we say it in order to show that we need not despair of having presented to us even the minutest details of the past,—we find the very studs, and buttons, and pins, that that mighty monarch probably wore, for they were dis-

covered in these royal halls. Need we despair that the earth will yield up thousands of secrets equally curious with those she has so long kept silently in the sand beside the swiftly flowing Tigris? Let us salute those human-headed winged bulls, for they guarded the portals through which monarchs and slaves have passed, whose deeds and sufferings the sacred historian has chronicled in the Great Book.

But what shall we say to our Mother Earth not only handing down to us the belongings of the past, but often preserving for our curious inspection the very attitudes of terror, and the passing actions of a despairing people who perished long before the birth of Christ? Pompeii has been famous as the one startling example of a petrified past, if we may be allowed the expression. Destroyed in a moment, as it were, by the overwhelming fall of dust and ashes, it presented to us an ancient city with its full tide of life suddenly arrested. The wine stains upon the counters of the vintners, the bread just broken at the meal, the tools of the mason and the mound of mortar beside the wall in the act of being built, and the most perfect collection of the appliances of a great city, and of the furniture of houses of every condition, have long been shown to the public in the National Museum at Naples. Amid all these relics of the overwhelmed city, thus like a fly in amber so carefully preserved, to us, there was, however, wanting some memento of human terror to make the picture complete. It will be remembered that Pompeii was not so suddenly destroyed as Herculaneum—that the rolling waves of liquid lava did not reach the former city and destroy it at once; but that timely warning was given by the fall of the fine dust and pumice stones, and it is supposed that the inhabitants had time to escape; at all events, very few human remains have been found within its walls.

A discovery within these last few months has been made which will give a ten-fold interest to that ghostly city, which cannot now be said to be deserted, at least not by its silent dead. The chief of the works of excavation, M. Fiorelli, has lately been pushing his inquiries in the neighbourhood of the Temple of Isis; one day inside a house amid fallen roofs and ashes the outline of a human body was perceived, and M. Fiorelli soon ascertained that there was a hollow under the surface. In accordance with a plan he has adopted of taking casts of any hollow he may find, he made a small hole into the cavity, through which he poured liquid plaster of Paris until it was filled up; the result was a cast of a group of human figures transfixed as it were at the very instant of their agony, and petrified for ever in the last attitudes of their terrible death. The first body discovered was that of a woman lying on her left side with her limbs contracted and her hands clenched, as if she had died in convulsions. The bones of the arms and legs were slender, and from the richness of her head-dress and the texture of her robes, it was evident she was of noble race. The plaster had given the impression of the hair with the greatest minuteness; on the bones of the little finger of this lady were two silver rings, and close to her head the remains of a linen bag of pieces of silver money and some keys: she was

evidently the matron of the house. By the side of the Roman lady lay an elderly woman with an iron ring on her finger; from her large ear it was supposed that she was a servant of the family. A girl was found in an adjoining room. She had fallen in her terror, and it was evident that she was running with her skirts pulled over her head. Pliny the younger, in his account of the catastrophe, tells us that the inhabitants escaped with pillows bound over their heads, in order to protect themselves against the shower of stones that poured upon them. This poor girl wandering in the total darkness of that day, having taken the like precaution, must have been suffocated as she tried to escape. The other personage was a tall man lying at full length. The plaster had taken with the utmost minuteness the form, the folds of his garment, his torn sandals, and his beard and hair. The family appear to have remained within the shelter of the house, hoping that the dreadful fiery tempest would soon cease. In this hope they remained until the fine dust, which penetrated everywhere and completely filled the interior of the house, suffocated them. The dust continued to fall, however, and completely buried them, hardening in the course of ages into a perfect mould, the impress of which the Italian savant took two thousand years after it was made, and presented the world with such a posthumous group as it had never seen before.

In another house just uncovered, all the furniture was found in a very perfect condition, and in the triclinium or dining-room, a most completely served table covered with the remnants of dishes filled with food. On the table-beds around, made of bronze and adorned with gold and silver, several skeletons reposed. The guests had evidently been suffocated by some noxious gas, while partaking of the meal, and thus we have preserved to us a dinner-party of the antique world. Elegant statues adorned the board, and many precious jewels were scattered around. About the same time a baker's oven was discovered with eighty-one loaves within it. They retained their shape perfectly, which is identical with that of loaves now made at Palermo and Catania.

From these cultivated people of Lower Italy, let us turn for a moment to the rude inhabitants of this island at the time of the invasion of the Romans.

History gives us the most unsatisfactory accounts of their habits and customs. The child is taught to believe that they tattooed themselves with woad, like the Australian savage; but the earth has disclosed to us remnants of this so-called barbarous people, which lead us to doubt their being so extremely barbarous after all. For instance, in the department devoted to Ancient British Antiquities, the first thing that strikes the eye is a shield of bronze, so beautifully and boldly designed that we do not believe it could be better executed in the present day. Its centre is inlaid with different coloured enamel. It was found a few years since in the bed of the Thames, at Battersea; its owner probably perished in some battle with the Romans whilst contesting the passage of that river.

But Mother Earth has preserved to us tokens of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country of an



earlier and later period than was the chief who owned this curious shield. The traveller, in the lonely wilderness of Exmoor, comes upon the circular foundations of the huts of the ancient Britons, of a very remote period, and the marks of their hearths are yet observable stained with smoke. Perhaps there is no period of the history of our aboriginal islanders—at least within the historic limit—that is so dark as the time which immediately succeeded the withdrawal of the Roman Legions, and the brief attempt of the Romanised Britons to stand alone. History confines itself to a few lines in which they are described as attempting to repel the savage Picts, who finally overwhelmed them.

The future historian who dwells upon this stage of history, must dig his facts, not out of these threadbare and untrustworthy records, but out of the ground. Not far from Shrewsbury, on the banks of the Severn, underneath some fields of turnips and wheat, the very facts of which the historian was in search lay hidden. Within these last few years a perfect Roman city (as far at least as its ground plan was concerned), has been disinterred, streets, halls, market-places, baths, houses, —a perfect British Pompeii—in fact, has been laid open to the public eye. Among these ruins vast numbers of articles of daily use were found; half-finished stag-horn work, such as the Germans and Swiss are so fond of making, was discovered in an old workshop; a supply of charcoal, in the shop of a baker, the stoke-hole still covered with the soot of a sweating-bath, and tessellated pavements without number. But relics such as these are plentiful enough in the world. The ruins of Uriconium\* have an interest far surpassing the possession of even these curiosities; it was evidently the scene of one of those terrible conflicts between the half emasculated Briton and the Pict who destroyed him. It is pretty evident that the fair and beautiful Uriconium was destroyed by fire, and that its inhabitants were put to the sword. In one of the hypocausts the skeleton of a man, hiding in the corner, was discovered, and a little heap of money, together with the fragments of a money-box, lay immediately beneath his hand. He had evidently crept into his place for security, in the moment of peril, and the conflagration must have prevented his progress. The coins bear the effigies of the Constantines, thus marking the period of the city, as about the end of the fourth century. Immediately outside the walls, upon some irregular ground being examined, it was found to contain numerous skeletons lying in all directions, and entombed, possibly as they lay on a field of battle. There had evidently been a great struggle at this spot, which was immediately beneath a water-tower guarding a ford across the Severn. Here there is every reason to believe Mother Earth has preserved to us, together with many implements of battle, the terrible invading Picts themselves, as the configuration of the skulls was entirely different from those found within the city itself.

Here is a culminating point in the past history of Britain. Sealed and preserved to the present time—put away, as it were, under the verdant

turf, and the feet of beasts, and the golden crops to be exhumed by the chance stroke of the labourer's pick. There are countless such treasure troves as these, however, yet to be discovered. The Danes have left innumerable marks of their invasion of the island; not so very long ago, the skin of one of these sea-kings was to be seen nailed to the door of the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey; and on some of the doors of the old Lincolnshire parish churches may yet be witnessed the epidermis of captured and flayed Vikings of old. But may we not go back ages and ages, and yet find Mother Earth preserving for us the story of the past? was she not busy in making the moulds, and taking off the delicate impressions of a chain of life that was not destined to reach to the period of man's appearance on this globe? The many pages of the great stone book preserved in the geological department of the Museum come to our recollection as we write. What texture so delicate or perishable, the impression of which she has not preserved to us by means of the soft mud which afterwards gradually hardened into stone? The scales of fishes, the forms of the softest insects, as well as the skeletons of the most tremendous creatures that crawled, and swam, and walked the splashy earth, ere yet it was fit for the foot of man, are to be found in this museum, and may be dug out any day from the lias of the Weald of Kent. Nay, the earth and the waters are yielding up the relics of man himself of the stone period, which it is estimated must have been at least ten or twelve thousand years ago. On the banks of many of the existing Swiss lakes, have been found the indications of the pile-built habitations of this ancient people. Like many of the South American races at the present day, they built over the water, and the soft mud of the lakes has preserved to us their skulls and skeletons, the remnants of their food, including even their bread, the stone implements of the chase, and others of domestic life. The further that science examines, however, into the secrets of our great mother, the more quaint are the records she brings forth from her bosom. In the limestone caves of Belgium, the bones of man have been discovered, together with those of the larger carnivora and pachydermata that roamed this earth, possibly a hundred thousand years ago. Who shall say what a depository, thus faithful through such long ages to its trust, may not yet bring forth to elucidate the history of the past? Madame de Staël used to say that if you scratched the Russian, the Tartar appeared;—it may be said, with still greater truth;—You have but to scratch the earth, and there you will find the records of man.

A. W.

#### THE BRAZILIANS OF THE INTERIOR.

THANKS to Senhor Bento Soares and Mr. W. D. Christie, our acquaintance with the coast population and the governing classes of Brazil has quickly ripened of late into intimacy. Haughty as were their Portuguese ancestors, the civic Brazilians are also similarly quick in their resentments—indeed, a people not to be reckoned amongst the most placable races of mankind. In addition to

the influence of this original groundwork of character, the Brazilians of the cities and alluvial provinces regard their empire as standing on the threshold of an unexampled national progress; and hence, there may be some excuse for them putting on, what to us may appear as, a somewhat defiant front. Setting aside the difficult task of estimating the moral capacities of this high-mettled race, there are natural advantages of every kind in favour of Brazilian prosperity. A territory extending over thirty-six degrees of latitude and thirty-four of longitude—including within its borders some of the finest rivers of the globe,—possessing a soil all but universally fertile, and a climate whose tropical heats are tempered by Atlantic breezes: such a region, of which not one-hundredth part is yet cultivated, presents a splendid field for material progress and future national greatness.

Turning from these anticipations, and glancing beyond the Brazilian life which is already familiar to us, we catch glimpses of another population connected with the Eastern Brazilians only by the necessities of commerce and production. In this inland society are mingled—under some strange and many picturesque aspects—several distinct varieties, of which the early creole, the aboriginal, and the negro races are the original types. Any rapid material progress will bring changes into this strange society, and already is it entering on a transition stage. Yet all the races of Brazil now contribute towards the exports of the empire; even the dejected *Indios mansos*—the unhappy Botocudo, brings his collection of vanilla, caoutchouc, and sarsaparilla to exchange for knives or cotton goods.

The creole planter forms the link between the subject and ruling races of Brazil. His habits and style of living present a combination of patriarchal simplicity, with the luxury of the modern slaveholder. His *fazenda* is always open to the passing traveller, who freely avails himself of this hospitality, it being one of the established customs of the country. Thus the planter constantly finds at his table guests unknown to him by name, who represent the various classes of the moving population of the provinces. A brief description will suffice to introduce some of these, and may serve to illustrate the manners of the free races. Frequently these guests are of the planters' own class, who may be present in his *fazenda* either as hunters or visitors. This last, though a general term, has a special significance. A Brazilian *senhor* whenever he pays a visit, does so with the intention of indulging in the sole dissipation of the provincial creole—that is, cards or games of chance. Ordinarily temperate and regular in his habits, the planter when once absorbed in *lansquenet*, forgets the changes of day and night, and all his usual occupations.

Here may be named a character peculiar to the inland provinces of Brazil—the *bilheteiro*. He is the administrator of the system of lotteries, and posts rapidly through the provinces to dispose of the tickets. He cannot accept the hospitalities of the *fazenda*, the feverish anxiety of his clients forbids his resting, and his frame is early worn out by fatigue and exposure to torrid heat or the

humid atmosphere of the forests. This taste for gambling is inherited from the early Portuguese *conquistadores*; and to such an extent does it prevail that a recent traveller, M. D'Assier, says, that this practice absorbs all the spare revenues of the creoles, and consumes those funds which might otherwise provide the much-needed roads and railways into the interior.

Perhaps the most striking physiognomy which appears at the *fazenda* is that of the muleteer, or rather the mule-dealer. He is of mulatto race, though his swarthy sunburnt countenance often displays hints of Indian blood, and his tall stature and long flowing hair give an aspect of wildness to his figure. Coming from a distant province at the head of two or three hundred mules, he pastures them on the plantation until they are sold or reared. The planter, having little use for his extensive pastures, expects no return from the muleteer, except occasional assistance in the training of the horses and mules on the farm; and whilst he stays in the neighbourhood, he comes and goes as he pleases at the table of the planter. The mule-dealer, being at little charge for his stock, often amasses a fortune; he then buys a plantation, and often gives to his son a professional education in one of the eastern cities, where men of mulatto race frequently rise to positions of eminence.

The mule-train is the only means of communication between the distant provinces of Brazil and the cities or river-ports. The guardian of these caravans, called an *arreador*, is always a mulatto. His position is one of considerable responsibility: he is the treasurer, captain, and veterinary surgeon all in one, and he has to control his negro assistants as well as the mules. On his care the planters depend for the transmission of their sugar, coffee, and cotton to the cities, and for their supplies of salt and *carna seca* (dried meat), for the negroes, as well as wine and European luxuries for themselves. From a lower class of mulattoes the planter generally chooses his overseer, or *feitor*, as he is called. These men, often of huge stature and coarse in manners, are said to combine in their character the ferocity of the early invaders with the sensuality of the negro race.

Let us return to the free table of the *fazenda*. There is often found the *mascata*, a superior class of pedlars, who, for the sake of profits (which have often exceeded two thousand per cent.) are content to brave the perils of the forest and mountain torrent. These men are generally Europeans—either Jews from the Rhenish provinces, who carry jewellery and trinkets; or Parisians, who bring perfumery and light silks; or Swiss or Italians, who are vendors of plaster saints and figures of the Virgin. The *mascata* has abused the hospitality of the generous planter, and has all but ruined his own craft by his anxiety to maintain his splendid rate of profit. These wandering merchants all speak French, but it is only the true Parisian *garçon* whose address enables him to stay without offence week after week at the *fazenda*.

The *padre* (priest) and the *doutor* (surgeon) are often seen at the table of the planter, but more as regular visitants than as guests. A glance at the position of these two professional classes will in-

identally throw light on the social economics of the Brazilian planter. The priest of to-day believes himself to have fallen on an evil time—that of political independence; and he sighs when he recalls the days of King John VI., for then more masses were required than time sufficed to perform. Now, in order to live, the *padre* must include many farms in his curacy; and he is often obliged to eke out his stipend by such secular devices as dealing in cattle or mules, or even that of keeping a *venda*, or store. He performs low-mass every Sunday and fête-day; generally the ceremony is conducted in a warehouse or barn, with a table for an altar, a muleteer as sacristan, and a choir of negroes who contribute some indescribable music. These rustic services, together with the task of baptising the infant negroes, are all the duty that the planter requires the *padre* to undertake on behalf of his slaves. The priest, although always ready to attend on the freeman for a fee, does not trouble himself with ministrations to the dying negro, nor with any *post-mortem* services on his behalf. This apparent indifference is not to be attributed to want of feeling, but, on the contrary, may be traced to the mild temper and loose theology of the Brazilian priest. He thinks that the negro having been admitted within the pale of the Church by baptism, his sins may be expiated by his life of hardship and toil, so that for the black, confession and penance are unnecessary. The Brazilian *padre* is generally married; perhaps to this happy circumstance may be attributed some of the tenderness of his sentiments. Unlike his brethren of Europe, he is not habited like an inquisitor, but dresses like the rest of the creoles; and his presence must often be an acquisition to the society of the *fazenda*, for he converses, smokes his pipe, or even dances like the rest of the world.

The medical profession has of late years risen considerably in the estimation of the Brazilian planter, and that owing to very practical reasons. Since the stoppage of the foreign slave-trade the price of negroes has reached a ruinous rate, and in proportion the preservation of their strength, and the prolongation of their lives has become to the planter an object of great solicitude. On every plantation stands an infirmary, with negress nurses and a dispenser of drugs always in readiness. Some of the larger *fazendas* have a resident doctor, but generally two or three neighbouring planters maintain one conjointly. The proficiency of the surgeons has risen with the increased demand for their services, and new chairs of medicine have been established in the universities of the eastern states. Epidemics frequently rage in the provinces of Brazil, and at those times the planter spares neither trouble nor expense in his efforts to meet the emergency. The hospital staff is then doubled, a caravan of negroes is sent off into the forest to gather medicinal herbs, and frequently the planter sends for a more skilled doctor from Rio or Bahia, nor are the efforts of the planter confined to his own dependants. The hospital is opened to all in the neighbourhood, bond or free, who happen to be sick; and should the *senhor* hear of some poor, round freeman dying in his *roncho* (hut), the doctor is sent off on horseback to try to save him.

This solicitude on the part of the planter cannot be attributed solely to his self-interest; his zeal bears evidence of a deeper motive than that. So it is due to the Brazilian creole to accord to him not only praise for his hospitality, but also the merit which is due to his sincere though impulsive philanthropy. For the rest, he does not forget that he is a slaveholder, and he insists on prompt obedience, and exacts all the labour from the slave which his frame can support, or that his listless will can be induced to perform. Only the needful physical wants of the negro are supplied, and in all minor matters of treatment the slave and his family are at the mercy of a brutal overseer.

Nothing has yet been said here of the *senhoras* of the Brazilian provinces. To leave them without description illustrates their social position. In deference to a sentiment of excessive jealousy, which the *senhor* inherits from his early Portuguese predecessors, the women of the *fazenda* are generally kept in something like Eastern seclusion. They necessarily suffer through their continuous exclusion from the proper position of woman; and in some cases the intellectual faculties of the *senhoras* are reduced nearly to the mental level of the negresses, who are their sole attendants.

This sketch of the provincial Brazilians has so far referred principally to the semi-civilised and agricultural portion of the population. It has included two of the original races from which that population has sprung,—the creole of European origin, and the negro of direct African descent, together with the product of both—the mulatto, who now forms a distinct class. There is a third group, however, an original stock of the Brazilians of the interior, which must not be forgotten,—that is, the aboriginal Indian; and with him should be named the hybrid race of *mamelucos*, or *guachos*, who chiefly inhabit the south-western provinces of Brazil. This half-wild but energetic people sprang at first from unions between the native women and the early Portuguese invaders, after the Indian warriors of the coast and on the larger rivers had been exterminated. The *mameluco* is perhaps the most skilful horseman in the world; and with his terrible lasso he is master of the buffalo, the jaguar, and the wild horse of the pampas. His skin is naturally dark, and his countenance sunburnt with constant exposure—his eye glistens as if with an untameable light; but he is not cruel in nature, and his habits and manners are far above those of the savage. Gradually the *mameluco* has become an important producer, and ultimately he may be gained to the side of civilisation. Formerly, he only hunted the wild cattle for sake of the hides; later, he learned to cure and preserve the flesh, which, under the name of *carne seca*, is sold as a regular article of provision throughout South America; still more lately, he has begun to melt and sell the tallow. Some *mameluci* become men of substance, owning herds of cattle and troops of half-tamed horses. In some districts they own flocks of sheep; but as the sentimental occupation of a shepherd does not suit their restless temperament, the guardianship of the flock is entirely entrusted to dogs, which they train with remarkable success.

Thus the Brazilians of the interior consist of three original races,—the creole, the negro, and the Indian; and of two hybrid races,—the mulatto and the *mameluco*, making altogether five distinct reproducing classes. There is also a third hybrid variety, the *cabocles*. These have arisen from unions between negroes and Indian women; and though at present they form a recognisable variety, they will probably be absorbed in the ranks of the natives and share their fate.

## RECENT SHOCKS OF EARTHQUAKES.

SINCE the occurrence of the great earthquakes at Manila, on the 3rd of June last, the following have been recorded:—

On the 19th of June, at noon, and an hour after, two shocks were felt at Anatolai, and the surrounding country, east of Constantinople; and on the 25th, at Rhodes, a slight shock, accompanied by subterranean bellowings (*mugissements*).

At Jamaica and Spanish Town, two strong shocks are reported to have occurred recently, but no precise date is given.

On the 21st of August, at 5h. 15m. A.M., at Setif in Algeria, the earth was slightly agitated during a period of about ten seconds. On the same day at 11 P.M., a shock was felt at Palmi and at Gerace, in Calabria; and a slighter one in the same locality at 9 o'clock on the following evening.

At Mont Dore (Puy de Dôme), between September 18, 6h. 20m., P.M., and September 19, 3h. 5m., P.M., eighteen shocks were felt, five of them so strong as to terrify the population, who in consequence passed a part of the night in the streets; and between 7h. 15m., P.M. on the 19th, and 5h. 5m., P.M. on the 20th, seventeen fresh oscillations, some of which, especially those that occurred during the night of the 19th, again compelled the inhabitants to quit their houses and bivouac in the street. These phenomena were accompanied by a noise resembling the roll of distant thunder.

Concerning the slight shock we in England have lately experienced, enough — perhaps too much — has been already said. The editor of a French scientific journal remarks, "Aucun incident qui mérite d'être relevé n'est cité dans les longues correspondances des journaux anglais."

J. C.

## UP THE MOSELLE.

### PART V.

At Alf we dismiss the carriage, and walk up the gorge to Bertrich in the cool of the evening. The beauties of the way are only suggested in the darkness, but the air is fragrant and full of music. The song of the nightingale, however, overpowers all other sounds, and one sometimes wishes that this accomplished artist would distribute himself more evenly over the face of the earth. He manages a duet very well, but it is a mistake for him to attempt a symphony—the many voices mar each other's distinctness. An agreeable sur-

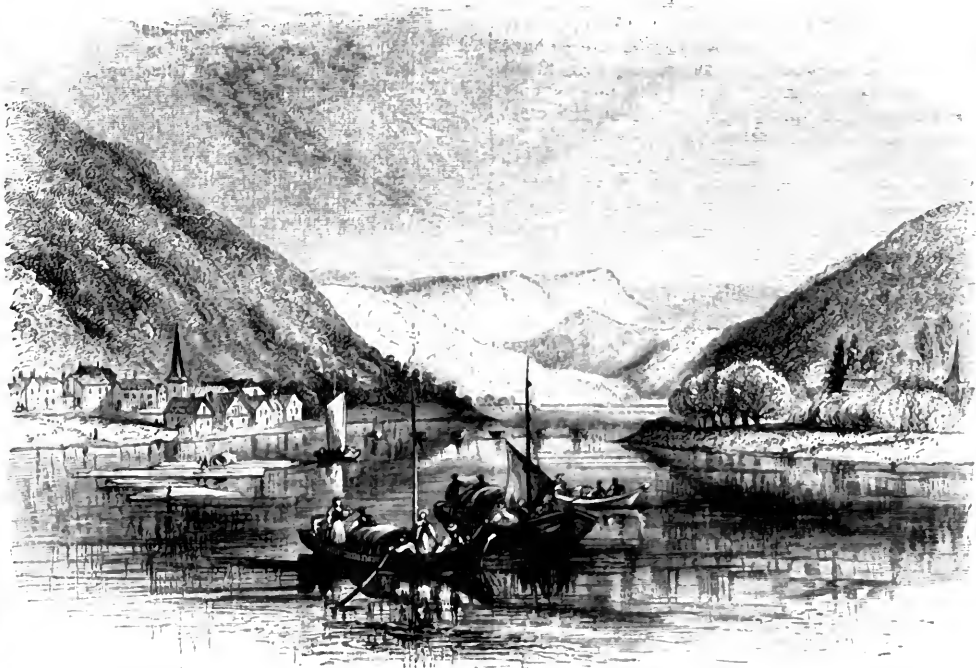
prise, in the shape of a supper of delicious trout, awaits us at the Post at Bertrich. The dawn discovers a new world, and we seem to have been transferred in the night to some luxurious nook in the neighbourhood of the bay of Naples: no wonder that the Romans thoroughly appreciated the baths of Bertrich! Bertrich lies in a basin in the gorge of the Uesbach, which is here 700 feet deep, and joins that of the Alf by the Castle of Arras. It is a centre of volcanic disturbance, which has produced here hills of the softest outline and the most lovely colour. There are three slag-heads on the slate towards the edge of the tableland; of these two have craters, the third, the Falkenley, has only a depression in the centre. The Roman Kessel or Cauldron is a most lovely spot, formed by an amphitheatre of hills; in the midst is another hill, where the inspector of the baths, Captain Steffers, has built a pretty Protestant church to commemorate his wife. The Catholic church stands on another rock, evidently on the ruins of a Roman temple. In 1843, when the baths were being enlarged, the old Roman fountain was discovered, five feet broad and seven feet long, hewn in the rock twenty-seven feet deep, and also a public bath, twelve feet square, in which lay a large amphora. Coins were also found on the same occasion, several of Constantine, and a gold Vespasian. By an old record the place was named after one Saint Bertielus, who lived here as a hermit; but as it was known to the Romans under the name of "Baudriaci Fontes," the name must be older than the age of saints. The water of the baths is comfortably warm, about twenty-five or twenty-six degrees Reaumur, and by no means disagreeable to drink, although it contains a proportion of Glauber's salt. Bertrich rejoices in a profusion of shade; and its avenue of noble limes, cooled by the airs from the brook, make it a most desirable retreat in the dog-days. It is just such a place as Horace recommended to Tyndaris at that season:

Hic in reductâ valle, Caniculæ  
Vitabis æstus.

An invalid who really wished to get well would surely come here, instead of seeking one of the crowded fashionable baths. Here the mind, which has more to do with ill-health than the body, would find repose, exquisite scenery, moderate prices, simplicity, and regularity; and the temper would not suffer, as it infallibly must in those dens of thieves and gamblers which are resorted to by the idle and wealthy of all nations and those who prey on them. On the brink of the brook are several stacks of basaltic columns. If we follow the course of the Uesbach for about half a mile above Bertrich we come on a spot where a tributary brook leaps into it; and over the waterfall is a rustic bridge, and by the side of the glen a path leading through a most remarkable cavern, which is commonly called the cheese-cellar, but which would be refinement has endeavoured to rebaptise the Fairies' Grotto. It consists of columnar basalt, which has crystallised into spheroids, or rough balls, and forms a Fingal's Cave on a small scale. Its picturesque effect is much enhanced by the beautiful trailing

plants which hang from the dripping rocks above. Above this grotto the path leads into a road, which ascends a glen to the top of the platform, where stands the village of Hartheim. We mean to devote the day to a ramble in the volcanic scenery of the Eifel. From Hartheim we strike across a burnt-up, dreary, swelling upland to Gillenfeld, which is some eight English miles distant. This region bears the same relation to Bertrich that Arabia Deserta does to Arabia Felix. We are attracted by a fine specimen of an extinct volcano, looking like a miniature Vesuvius in form, behind which is a fringe of trees. On arriving there we find the fringe is the edge of a basin, which might

be compared to a round fish-pond in a garden, save that it is vastly larger. And the moss on its margin is represented by beech-woods of moderate size. This basin is the Pulver Maar, or Powder Mere, so called from the volcanic gravel of which the banks consist, the grains of which are about the size of the gunpowder used for blasting rocks, soft to the touch, clean, and of a dull purple colour. This little tarn is a more perfect specimen of a volcanic crater lake (of which there are several in this country) even than the Lake of Laach, which some think may have been produced by other causes, and is not strictly circular. The Pulver Maar is 1,266 feet above the sea-level,



Alf, on the Moselle

and the rim of the crater 1,495; it is 6,700 feet round, and 2,300 in diameter, and in some places nearly 300 feet deep. The water has no visible inlet or outlet, but is always fresh, and of the usual green colour of lakes, not of the lovely blue of the Laacher See. It produces fish of several kinds, and crawfish of remarkably good flavour, as we found at the inn at Gillenfeld.

At Gillenfeld I parted with regret from my clerical friends, who went to explore the recesses of the Eifel in a country-cart, (which looked likely to set any bone they might happen to have dislocated, and dislocate all that might be in their places), and retraced my steps to Bertrich and, the next morning, to Alf. It was well worth while to see that glen again by daylight. The Castle of

Arras stands in the junction of the Alf and Uesbach glens. If its nearly perpendicular rock was overgrown with wet brushwood, as I found it, it is no wonder that Archbishop Albero had some trouble to take the robber's nest. It is said that the worthy prelate made a vow that no razor should come on his chin till he had accomplished the task—a vow the conditions of which do not seem very severe, unless indeed he had the same horror of clerical beards which distinguishes the Bishop of Rochester. Above Alf is the old Convent of Marienberg, of which little remains now but walls, and a few arches of which the mullions are gone. The forester has a collection of stuffed animals in an adjacent building, amongst them a fine wild-boar and some young ones, whose striped skins

make them look as if they belonged to some other species of the pig genus; and hard by there is a restaurant where the passengers of the steamer have a good half-hour to refresh themselves on the ascending voyage, while the boat is making the long circuit of the promontory. Hence is seen perhaps the finest panoramic view of the Moselle, several reaches of which are visible at once. Especially beautiful are the folds of the hills behind Alf looking down the river. From Alf a short walk down the river round a rocky corner brings us to Bremm. This ancient town shows a long front of cross-beamed gables to the river, as if the houses had been built for the purpose of making picturesque reflections in the water. There is an English artist sketching them in a boat under the shade of a huge umbrella. He appears to have taken up his quarters here for the summer, from the number of his pictures that are lying at the inn in a finished and unfinished state, and to have acted wisely in doing so, as the rocky banks about Bremm are of the grandest, and the inn kept by Herr Amelinger appears to be one of the most comfortable on the Moselle.

On a tongue of flat land opposite Bremm is the shell of the Convent Stuben, looking very beautiful at dusk, and reflected in the still river, but disappointing in broad daylight, as all the architectural details have disappeared, and the hollows of the lancet-shaped windows only remain. The ground on which the ruin stands was once an island. One Egilof, a rich nobleman, gave the ground to the Abbot of Springiersbach, on condition that he would erect a nunnery here where his daughter Gisela might take refuge. It was chartered by Archbishop Albero in 1137 for the reception of 100 ladies, who are called in old records "sorores de insulâ beati Nicolai in Stuppâ." In 1208 the convent came by gift into possession of a piece of the Holy Cross, taken at the storming of Constantinople out of the Church of St. Sophia, having been worked into a curiously-wrought table. This relic was carried away when the French overran the country, and is now supposed to be somewhere in the possession of the Duke of Nassau. There is a curious legend to the effect that the monks of Bremm being demoralised by the voluptuous songs of the numerous nightingales there, a certain saint banished all the birds to the island of Stuben. The nuns were found less susceptible to the impressions conveyed by the feathered songsters.

G. C. SWAYNE.

"THE E'EN BRINGS A' HAME." \*

I.

I'm dreaming alone on an islet  
In the deep and murmur'ing sea,  
And the song of its rippling waters  
Is melody sweet to me.

II.

It rose in rough waves this morning,  
That foamed upon its breast,  
But a hush has fallen upon it,  
Evening has brought her rest.

\* Scotch Proverb.

III.

With white sails furled, the fishermen  
Back to the shore have come,  
They are resting now at their cabin doors,  
Evening has brought them home.

IV.

The sea-bird's wings are tired at last  
Of their flight across the foam,  
They are folded now in her rocky nest,  
Evening has brought her home.

V.

I'm dreaming of my long journey  
Across this stormy world,  
And the hour when my boat will anchor,  
And its tattered sails be furled.

VI.

Many a friend has gone from me,  
Very far away are some,  
But this whisper dries the tear-drops,  
Evening will bring them home.

VII.

Some may have perhaps forgotten me,  
On the battle field of life,  
But a bond unites our severed hearts,  
We are partners in the strife.

VIII.

And some—their hearts were blighted  
In the early dawn of day,  
Their sky is dark with stormy clouds,  
Life is very cold and grey.

IX.

Others are very faint and worn  
In the heat of noonday sun,  
They raise their burning hands and cry,  
O! when will day be done?

X.

Ye may cease your weary moaning,  
There are angels at your side,  
Who will lead you through this furnace  
To the calm, cool eventide.

XI.

Perhaps they had once in sorrow  
Across this earth to roam,  
But that passed away for ever,  
When evening brought them home.

XII.

The crimson cloudlets are glowing  
Above the water's breast,  
Over the ripples there is a line  
Of gold that leads to rest.

XIII.

The west gets redder and redder,  
The shadows are very long,  
The time for slumber is coming,  
And the hour for evensong.

XIV.

Lovely and fair is the morning,  
Bright is God's glorious sun,  
But weary spirits rest at eve,  
When the long, long day is done. G. F. G.

## BEPP0, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER VII. MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.

WHEN Giulia at last escaped from la Signora Sunta, and the inspection and consideration of "things," and was able to get away to her own little chamber for the night, she felt as if she had been stunned during the last two or three hours, and was only now for the first time able to bring her mind really to bear with anything that could be called thought, or the communication that had been made to her. She drew the rough bolt which supplied the place of lock, and handle on the door of her room through its two rusty staples by its hanging handle, and having thus made sure of privacy, she sat down on the side of her bed to think.

And the thoughts that came were very bitter. It was not that she was being separated from Beppo. *Che!* What was Beppo to her? What could Beppo ever be to her? She had known all that before; not now for the first time. She knew very well that he loved her. What was the good of pretending not to be aware of it? But was that her fault? And she herself—did she care for him? What business had anybody to ask that? What right had anybody to think it? She was quite sure that Beppo must fancy she hated him. Had not she always behaved as if she had an aversion to him? Had she ever sought his love? Had she not abstained from even raising her eyes to look on the sacred hair-apparent of the house? Had she not striven loyally? She knew his position; she knew her own; she knew his father's hopes and wishes. Had she not been loyal? And now she was turned out of the house for fear Beppo should make love to her! And others were to be consulted! She was to be talked over with strangers! This smooth-spoken attorney from Fano—his kindness to her! *Oh bella!* as if she did not see through his kindness, and understand it all! Had she tried to stand in the way of his daughter? Let the whitey-brown thing have Beppo, if she could catch him. She had a certain amount of doubt about her success in that respect; even though she, the poor cousin, were turned into the streets to secure it!

It was hard to bear; very, very hard! How cautious she had been! how proudly determined never to allow room for a suspicion that she had abused the charity of which she was the object, to the securing of a rich marriage! Cautious!—she had been cruel in her proud humility, yes, cruel to poor Beppo—honest, frank, simple, loving-hearted Beppo. Love her! That he did. At all events, she would never be guilty of the hypocrisy to herself of pretending not to know how truly, deeply, devotedly, untiringly he had loved her! And how proudly cold she had always been to him! How she had denied him every opportunity of being alone with her! How she

had affected not to understand his simple, honest love-making, to despise his bluff, awkward compliments; to turn away from the frank, loving glance of his great blue eyes! And all for this! And as these thoughts passed through her mind the hard, proud mood gradually faded out of it, the lip began to quiver, her breath came short, the tears gathered slowly in her eyes; and presently, as a special recollection crossed her mind of poor Beppo's look, when at his last *ceppo* he had walked into Fano, and bought a neck ribband of a colour she had praised, and she had told him at his return that he had better give it to Nina Sganci, at Santa Lucia, for that she had changed her mind, and should never wear that colour again. A passionate agony of weeping seized her. Oh! how she saw before her his look of pain and disappointment, as he flung the despised gift behind the kitchen fire! And she flung herself down on the pillow, sobbing at the thought as though her heart would break.

But when the paroxysm of uncontrollable weeping had in some degree subsided, she began to question herself about her future conduct, especially on the immediate occasion of her departure. Beppo would endeavour to speak with her;—to bid her farewell, at least. Was she to take care that he got no opportunity of doing so? Was it likely that he would confine himself to a simple farewell? Would not so fair, so plausible an opportunity, be seized for saying something else as well? And how was that something else to be answered? Must her answer—her final answer to him, be of a piece with all her past conduct? Had his father deserved of her that it should be so? Was she bound in honour and in gratitude for the charity, that was now about to be withdrawn from her, to continue to sacrifice his happiness, and—her own? Yes! the hot blush came with the thought, though no human eye was there to see it. It was the sacrifice of her own happiness. Yes! Conscience had spoken the truth! Let it stand. She would affect or attempt to deny it no more. Was she bound to continue this self-sacrifice? Had she not done enough? Might she not consider all accounts to be squared between herself and Paolo Vanni? In that case, with how different a heart should she go away from Bella Luce, and face the world! In that case—ah! would not the little attorney's interference turn out to have been a blessing? In that case—at the delicious moment when those dear, honest blue eyes should look once again so wistfully into hers, and she should be able with one glance and half a word to let him know that all the past had been a delusion and a falsehood;—that the cruel duty, which had coerced her every word and look, was a duty no longer! And Beppo would know at last that she was not cold,

nor proud, nor capricious, nor insensible. Ah! the happiness of giving this happiness!

But hold a moment! Was it solely duty and gratitude towards Paolo Vanni, and respect for his wishes, that had governed her conduct towards Beppo? Why had she felt at supper time, when he had misunderstood, or affected to misunderstand, her unlucky speech about her wish always to live at Bella Luce,—why had she then felt as if she wished the earth to gape and swallow her up? Surely that was not all because the old farmer seemed to suspect her of ungratefully opposing herself to his will! If he had accused her of any other form of ingratitude, would she have felt the same? No! assuredly she would not. There was some other feeling then at work, to stir her heart so powerfully and painfully?

She honestly then set to work to discover the nature of this other feeling.

Like to live at Bella Luce! She, the poor, portionless, destitute orphan! No doubt!—said old Paolo Vanni. And oh, what agony it had been to hear and see his sneer, as he spoke the words! Would nobody else say and think the same? If she were to suffer dear, honest Beppo to love her, would not the world also sneer, and say, that she liked to live at Bella Luce,—especially as its mistress? And could she endure that? Would not men tell each other, that the worst day's work old Paolo Vanni ever did, was when he brought the orphan girl home to be received into his family? Would it be tolerable that such things should be said? Would not the women say, that she laid herself out for poor simple Beppo's admiration,—had baited the hook with smiles, and who knows what else, and cleverly caught her fish? Could, oh! could she bear that? And for all the family, and the friends and relatives to look on her as an unwelcome intruder, who had pushed her way among them by— Oh, it made her turn sick, and a cold shiver pass over her, to think of the filling up that would be supplied to that blank!

Like to live at Bella Luce, would she? I dare say! And poor Beppo too! Lord bless you, *he* never suspected anything!

No! no! no! she could *not* bear it! Death rather, a thousand times rather than such agony!

Bless you, sir, she snared him like a bird in a springe! He had no chance with her—there, in the same house with him! And he so simple and honest too! Ah, she was a cunning one! Love! don't tell me! Yes, I dare say, she was in love with the broad acres of Bella Luce. Ah, it was a bad day for the Vannis when that sly baggage came into the house;—and she without a smock to her back. Why, if it had not been for her wiles and lures, Beppo might have had old Sandro Bartoldi's daughter; and what a match that would have been!

And then the women would smile, and cast their eyes down, and say that a woman could always bring a man to her lure—if she chose to do so! Only it is not every woman, nor many women, thank Heaven! who would do it.

No! These things should never, never be said of her. No! Though her heart broke in the struggle. No! Though she should be obliged to keep a

smiling face to-morrow, while her heart was dropping tears of blood. Ay, to-morrow! it would be a hard task that morrow,—and the day after! A hard and difficult task.

Poor Beppo, too! How he would be pained! How she must torture him! Avoid all possible meeting! That was the only way! No good-byes! No leave-takings! That would never do! She would not answer for herself, if on the eve of parting, those honest, loving eyes got a chance of looking full into hers, while Beppo asked her if she had no word for him,—if all his many years' faithful love must go for nothing? How could she trust herself to answer that? No, no! no leave-takings!—no last words!

“Good-bye, Beppo!” with a nod and a saucy smile, as she turned on her heel to go.

She acted the scene as the thoughts passed through her mind, and burst afresh into passionate and bitter tears in the midst of it.

Sudden as a flash of lightning the thought dashed through her brain, “Could Beppo have understood these horrid words, at dinner, as his father understood them? Did he, too, think that living at Bella Luce might mean—” She started to an upright position, and put her hands to her forehead, as if to help her mind to answer this question. And the answer came from the depth of her own heart, with assurance of its truth. No! No such thought would have found entrance into Beppo's heart. He was too good, too frank, too honest,—and—and—and loved her far too well!

And to leave him with the pain in his great loving heart without a word!

But no doubt he would soon console himself! There were plenty who would like to live always at Bella Luce. Was there not Lisa Bartoldi, a city lady, as fair and dainty as snow, and as rich as a Jew, ready to give him all the love of her heart? Oh! no fear of his pining!

And then she told herself that it was a lie—a wicked lie to say so! She knew that Beppo would never love Lisa Bartoldi. She knew that he would not console himself. She knew that none other than she could console him. She knew that he could love no other! And yet she must be mute, and say no word. She must be hard—hard as marble! cold, indifferent, gay as ever!

Oh! would to Heaven that these next two days were over! Would to Heaven that it were *all* over!

And then she cried herself to sleep.

The next morning *la padrona* would have availed herself of the priest's hint, and sent Giulia to the parsonage to be out of the way, had it not been that the question of “the things” was still pressing too heavily on her. So she kept that resource in reserve for the next day, the Saturday, before the Sunday fixed for Giulia's departure; and determined to keep her under her own eye all that day, assisting in the work of getting ready. Giulia acquiesced more than willingly in the commands of Sunta, to this effect. She was very glad to escape any meeting with Beppo that morning. As it was, she never went down-stairs till after the men had gone out to their work in the field.



The great room over the kitchen was turned into a laundry for the nonce, for the making ready of Giulia's modest wardrobe; and there she and *la sposa* worked together till it was time to prepare the mid-day meal. That Giulia had no objection to venture down to do, for she knew that the men were away in the field. But when the time for dinner came, she had a strong inclination to say that she was not hungry, and would continue their work up-stairs while Sunta went down to dinner. But she was afraid of letting the old lady suspect that she feared meeting Beppo. She was afraid of the remarks that would be made, and the questionings. And especially she was afraid that the inevitable meeting, which must come, would be worse and more significant if it were deferred, and if it followed so unusual an event as her absence from the family mid-day meal.

So she made up her mind to go down to dinner. Only when the sunlight streaming in under the eaves of the farm-house touched that particular beam, which indicated that it was nearly noon, she said to *la sposa*, "Will you go and take the soup up, *Sióra Sunta*, while I finish plaiting this collar. I will come down directly it is done."

But as soon as ever the old farmer's wife was out of the room, Giulia ran to the window, which was over the kitchen-door, and looked out on the path by which the men would come home from the field; and carefully hiding herself behind the great heavy *persiane*, so as to be invisible from below, kept watch for their coming.

No chronometer can be more accurately true to time than the Italian peasant is in knocking off his work at mid-day! They carry no watches, but they never miss the time! It was not many minutes therefore that Giulia had to watch before the men came towards the house. Yes! there was Beppo, with his pruning-hatchet hanging from his loins behind, and his broad, shallow white hat on the top of his curly brown hair, just as usual!

Was he just as usual? Generally the men would come in talking to each other. There was something to be said about the morning's work between the father and his eldest son; but this morning the old man and Carlo were walking in advance, and Beppo was lagging behind. Giulia could not help fancying too that there was not the usual springy elasticity in his step. He was looking down on the ground as he walked, and she could not see his face, therefore, as he entered the kitchen-door below her post of observation.

Giulia allowed a few minutes to elapse, to give them time to seat themselves at the table, and then slipping quietly down the stairs, she noiselessly entered the kitchen, and gliding to her usual place, sat down without raising her eyes or speaking. The meal passed in silence. Such a circumstance was not so strange at the table of a family of peasants, as it would have been at any other. The peasantry are less given to talking than the people of the towns, especially at table, unless indeed on the occasion of some festival. But that is a totally different thing—not differing in degree, so to speak, from the ordinary every-day dinner, but altogether in kind.

No remark therefore was elicited from any one

of the party around the family table at Bella Luce, by the silence which prevailed among them. Nevertheless, every one of them knew what the cause of it was. Beppo tried hard to get an answering look from Giulia, as she sat opposite to him at the table, but in vain. She held her eyes obstinately glued to the table. He tried to get between her and the door, by which she had to leave the room when they got up from table; but she perceived or guessed his purpose, and was too quick for him, slipping through the door and bounding up the stair to the upper room, before he could get clear of the bench on which he had been sitting.

And so the dinner was got over! The slow hours of the afternoon wore away in completing the work of the morning by the two women up-stairs in the great room. *La Sunta* tried two or three times to enter on a little talk about Giulia's prospects, about Signor Sandro's kindness, about the place Giulia was going to; but she found her unwilling to talk. She answered in half-whispered submissive monosyllables, and seemed utterly indifferent alike to all the little information *Sunta* could give her, and her many speculations concerning *La Signoria Dossi*, and the duties that she, Giulia, would be expected to perform in her new sphere.

But when *la padrona* ventured on a few observations on the expediency of prudence as to her general conduct amid the dangers and temptations of the great world into which she was about to be launched—on the difficulties apt to arise from the combination of good looks such as hers, with poverty and a dependent position such as hers—and on the necessity of remembering always that she was a Vanni, Giulia's eyes gleamed in a manner which admonished *Sunta* that there were signs of "tantrums" in the air! She raised herself up from the work over which she was stooping, as she stood at the long table, and flashing through the tears that rose to her eyes, at the mistress, who was on the other side of the table, opposite to her, she said,

"Would to God that I could forget it! Would to God everybody could forget it! Would to God a pestilence might blotch my face, and leave me as ugly as—"

"*Lisa Bartoldi*" was on her tongue. But a sudden thought of all the revelation there was in such a display of temper dashed through her brain just in time to save her from uttering it. The sudden pull-up brought with it too a change of feeling.

"Not that am I ungrateful, Signora *Sunta*," she added, in a submissive tone, "for all your kindness to me. I hope you will never think so. I know how much I owe to you!"

"*Va bene! Va bene!*" said the old woman, glad that the threatened storm had dissipated itself after one lightning flash and thunderbolt; "there, let us get on with these sleeves and the collar, and then there will be nothing more to be done but to put a new hem to the petticoat; and everything will be ready."

So they bent in silence over their work again. *Sunta*, considering that it was perhaps natural that the girl should be a little out of sorts at the

change before her, and having been sufficiently admonished by the little outbreak that had taken place, did not torment her further by any attempt at talking. Nothing further was uttered by either of them, except such brief words as the work in hand rendered necessary; and before the Ave Maria Giulia's little *trousseau* was completed.

And then came the supper, which was an exact repetition of the noontide meal. Again Giulia contrived to slip into her place after the others had taken their seats. And again she baffled Beppo in an attempt to gain one word, or at least one look, from her, by cutting off her retreat as they rose from the table.

And then there was another night of tears and passionate outbursts, succeeded by sad musings, which only confirmed her in the determination she had reached on the previous night, that no other course was open to her than an absolute avoidance of any private interview or last words of any kind with Beppo, and at every cost a continuation, for the few more hours that remained to her at Bella Luce, of the repelling conduct she had hitherto observed towards him.

And then, *du capo!*—tears, followed by the sleep that at eighteen years rarely fails to visit pillows so wetted.

In the morning of the Saturday she was still making something to do about the work that had been finished over-night, in order to avoid going down-stairs, till the men should have left the house, when *la padrona* came into the room, and told her that she had promised his Reverence the *Curato* that Giulia should go up that morning to the *Cura* to lend *la Nunziata* a hand at some work. Possibly, too, his Reverence might wish to say a few words to her, before parting with his parishioner.

Giulia perfectly well understood the meaning of this arrangement, and was not at all disposed to quarrel with it. She was well pleased to spend the day at the *Cura*; and only hoped that his Reverence's few words might be as few as possible. So she dallied yet a few minutes in the room over the kitchen, till she saw from the window of it the old farmer and his second son go forth to their work in the vineyard! Could it be that Beppo intended to absent himself from his day's work, and keep guard in the kitchen till she should come down! Surely under the present circumstances he would not venture upon such a step as that! What should she do? *Could* she tell *la padrona* that Beppo was alone in the kitchen, and that she could not pass through it except under her escort? She would jump out of the window rather!

She was not left long, however, in her difficulty. She was still standing at the window, not so carefully concealed as when she had been watching for the men to come home, when Beppo came slowly out of the door. He had only been lingering behind a few minutes in the hope that she would come down! When he had stepped two or three paces from the door, while Giulia was sadly marking his drooping head and dejected mien, he turned and looked up at the window. He evidently saw her, for his head was instantly raised and stretched upwards in an imploring

attitude. He dared not raise his hands, for his father and brother were yet within sight of him. Yes! he evidently had seen her; but it could only have been for half an instant. For with a backward bound, as if she had put her foot on red-hot iron, she placed herself out of sight behind the shutter; yet so that she could still see him standing in the same attitude in anxious hope for awhile. Then he turned; his head dropped again on his chest, and he dragged his limbs heavily to his work.

Then Giulia hurried down, and fitting like a frightened thing round to the back of the house from the kitchen door,—for the village of Santa Lucia was a little way up the valley, whereas the vineyard on which the men were at work was to the front of the house, looking down the valley,—set off for the priest's house.

His reverence, the *Curato*, was from home when she reached the *Cura*; but his housekeeper, *la Nunziata*, was evidently prepared to receive her. She had rather dreaded to encounter the preachment which she expected from the priest, and had still more shrunk from all the questioning and gossiping which she anticipated from *la Nunziata*. But she was agreeably disappointed in this respect. *La Nunziata* had evidently received her cue. She just said that she was sorry they were going to lose Giulia from Santa Lucia;—that it was very good of her to give her one more day's help, as she had so often done, before she went; and then plunged into all the variety of little household matters, which she had, or had made a necessity for attending to.

The priest came home to his dinner at mid-day, but went out again, after his *siesta*, without Giulia having seen him. She began to flatter herself that the preachment part of the business would be spared her. The day passed better and more quickly than she had hoped; the evening came, and she told *la Nunziata* that it was time for her to go home. But the housekeeper said that she must not in any case go without having spoken to his Reverence;—that he would soon be in;—and that her orders were to keep Giulia till he came.

The preachment then was to be administered.

It was about half an hour after sundown when Don Evandro returned home,—just about the time they would be finishing supper, and going to their rooms to bed, at Bella Luce. As soon as ever he came in Giulia was called into his little sanctum, evidently for the preachment. She ventured, however, on entering, to say—perhaps with a view of shortening the infliction as much as might be,—that she was afraid they would all be gone to bed at Bella Luce, and would think she was very late.

“Yes! they are all gone to bed by this time, except *la Signora Sunta*. I have just returned from the farm. You need be in no uneasiness about the time. I told *la Sunta* to wait for you a little while, as I had not had time to speak to you during the day.”

And then came the expected few words. But, to Giulia's great surprise, they were not all of the same sort with *la padrona's* little attempt at preaching. Don Evandro spoke very kindly;—

said not a word about any dangers of the town, or anything of the sort;—seemed quite unconscious of the existence of any such dangers. On the contrary, he spoke of his hopes that the amusements of the city, which were natural and proper for her age, would make her forget the regret which it was natural she would feel at first leaving her home of so many years;—spoke of the indulgence of *la Signora Dossi*;—she was an old woman now, but had been young herself; and would understand that a girl, such as *Giulia*, was not to be expected to lead the life of a woman of sixty. He had no doubt that she would find friends at Fano. Girls such as *Giulia*—(a priest's smile here, half fatherly, half gallant)—rarely failed to find them! Let her cultivate any such—prudently and innocently of course; but by no means let her imagine that it was her duty to shut herself up like a nun.

And therewith the priest kindly dismissed her, telling her that she would find *la padrona* sitting up for her; and that she must make haste to go to bed, as she was to start before daybreak the next morning with *Signor Paolo*.

*Giulia* understood it all; and smiled to herself, somewhat bitterly, as she thought how much trouble they were all taking to secure the object, which was her own as much as theirs.

(To be continued.)

## AN AUTUMN WALK IN THE NEW FOREST.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,  
Hear winter's blooming child—delightful spring,  
Whose unshorn locks with leaves  
And swelling buds are crowned.

From the green islands of eternal youth,  
Crown'd with fresh flowers and ever-springing shade,  
O! hither turn thy step.

So sings *Barbauld* of the spring, yet to me the Autumn is by far the most delightful season, with its gay robed forests, its teeming orchards, and waving corn. Nature is silent in autumn, but not so man; every wood and field echoes with life; from the note of cheery horn, coming with the breaking day, and reminding one that the hunting season is nigh at hand, to the swelling harvest strain that rises more energetically than harmoniously from the valley beneath us—all these fill the air, and make us almost forget that the birds are silent.

Early autumn is the best time of the year to visit our great woodland districts, and this autumn found me in the heart of the New Forest, among whose glades she has been keeping holiday in right royal panoply. I had visited the same spot once before, and longed to con over again the bright lesson taught me by a voice now silent.

I have always pitied those (and their name is legion) who hurry away to seek out beauties of scenery in distant lands, oblivious or ignorant of the gems that lie in their own fair country. England will well bear comparison with any land, especially in woodland scenery, and in my opinion there is no better example to be found than in that district of Hampshire called the New Forest.

*Tennyson* knows this, and no doubt our gratitude is due to the inspiration there gained for some of those immortal word-paintings that ring and glow with the very voice and presence of Nature thrilling the spirit strings, like the old familiar notes that have mingled in every scene of love, joy, or grief.

No part of England contains a greater diversity of landscape than the New Forest. The undulating surface, covered in some parts by spreading woods, in others by heath, or patches of cultivation, with deep ravines, rocky heights, streams, and beyond all the blue sea. Yet perhaps the great charm lies in the natural wood, and the consciousness that we are gazing at Nature's own handiwork; this knowledge, to a mind trained from childhood in artificial life, lends a new interest and awakens a new enthusiasm,—the same which dazzles and delights us in the great tropical forests.

The stately trees take every form of beauty and foliage, and, now in their autumn garb, are of every hue and tint. The everlasting green of the holly forms a dense under-growth, contrasting with the gay colours, and making some of the paler robed trees stand out as if they were endowed with the power of motion. The purple of the heathlands has given place to a soft sober grey, round which the gay woods stand like serried ranks of plumed and caparisoned warriors.

Yet lovely as the Forest is, when seen from the hill-top or open plain, it is even more so when, wandering beneath the arching boughs, you gain the deeper shadows where, here and there only, a ray of sunlight darts across like a golden spear, or lies flickering upon the mossy ground. Here, too, you will find the brooks that vein the forest, and exceedingly lovely they are; stealing upon you from behind some dark thicket, rippling along, their bright waters tinged with iron, and gilding the edges of the mossy stones until they resemble gems in a setting of gold, in other places, throwing a fretwork of the same bright tint over the pendent ferns and grasses, and again in others, gathering a deep amber-colour as it lies under some spreading myrtle.

I never saw the power and beauty of reflection more vividly portrayed than upon the bosom of these silent pools in the Forest brooks; every leaf and spray is reproduced, intensified, and enriched by the transparency of the water, suffering the warm hue of the mineral sediment in its bed to shine up through all, making, in their frames of gnarled root, fern, and moss, a matchless picture and study for the painter.

I made *Stoneycross* my head-quarters for the first week, wandering day after day into the Forest; seldom meeting any one, save a woodman, except near the site of what is called *Rufus' stone*, the memorial which marks the spot tradition assigns as the death scene of *William*—a death poetically denounced as a just retribution for the sin of afforesting the hitherto fertile district, a fertility which I fancy existed in the imagination of the writers who found it a fair field to draw from; and coming generations will bless, rather than blame, the love of sport that has left them such memorial of the past as the New Forest.

Thanks be to Nature, some green spots remain,  
 Free from the tread and stain of that gross world,  
 Whose god is commerce and religion gain,  
 Its altars furnaces, whose smoke is curled  
 Around the very clouds. Be praise again  
 To Nature and her God.  
 There still are flowing meadows, pathless woods,  
 Groves, hills, and vales, forests, and solitudes.

From Stoneycross I crossed to Lyndhurst, and from thence by way of Brockenhurst to Beaulieu Abbey, which is, I think, as fair and picturesque a remnant of olden days as any in the land; and if (as history would have believe) King John really erected it in a fit of superstitious apprehension, he merited the absolution he gained, right royally, for in no part of his wide domains could he have fixed upon a more peaceful or suitable spot, sheltered from the cold blasts, and guarded by the Exe from surprise. Nor did the royal generosity (or fear) rest content with the building,—the endowment was in proportion, and the district for miles round bears traces of the extent of the immediate possessions. The ruins of various small chapels are still standing, built to enable the husbandmen and others to attend Divine Service, despite of wind or weather; and Cowley Pond, which lies to the eastward, and covers some ninety acres in extent, proves that when the good old fathers fasted, they took care to fast well.

It was in the reign of Henry III. that the revenues of Beaulieu were still further enriched, and that Innocent III. constituted it a sanctuary; and it was here Margaret, Countess of Warwick, the Kingmaker, fled, and that Walter Purbeck obtained a short respite. Nor is it difficult to picture to the imagination many a romance illustrating the proud days of the old Abbey, whose great gates stood between the outcast and the avenger, and where meat, raiment, and rest were open to all—the just and the unjust, the beggar and the prince.

When the suppression of the monasteries afforded Henry VIII. a little diversification from his matrimonial perplexities, Beaulieu was completely dismantled, the stones being carried away to build a martello tower, now known as Hurst Castle, leaving us a few ruined arches and windows wreathed with ivy, and crowned with wallflower and wild pink, as monuments of the past.

From Beaulieu I went to Christchurch, the latter part of the way lying along the seashore; and as I stood upon some high ground near Chewton, a picture, unsurpassed by anything I had as yet seen, lay before and round me: to the south the bright blue sea, flecked with snowy-tipped waves, with the Isle of Wight rising clothed in purple, crimson, and gold, and a veil of mist floating round her brow; below me, and stretching on in a beautiful curve, the white beach of Christchurch bay, on the other hand, the great Forest glowing in the wondrous autumnal hues, blending in with the evergreen and grey heath, until it formed a mass of colour no human skill could pourtray; and away far northward lay the purple hills, melting and uncertain in the mid-day haze.

Christchurch bells were calling to a weekly afternoon service as I entered the town, a fitting

refrain to the glorious lesson which Nature had been teaching me on my way along the beach. So after a glance at the familiar sign swinging before the old posting-house, I passed on; and entering by the north porch, stood once again in the solemn Priory Church—a church which well deserves a chapter to itself, mixed up as it is with so much historical interest, to say nothing of its own peculiar beauty. Its very building is, according to tradition, marked by a miracle, our Saviour himself being said to have joined the workmen in their pious labour, while the stones themselves were carried by the angels from the place where the church was originally destined to be erected. Standing as it does upon a rising ground between the Avon and the Stour, its tower has long been a landmark, both from sea and forest.

The exterior of the building is very highly ornamented, and shows less signs of decay than the interior, the view of which is grand and melancholy, for everywhere one sees the marks not only of "Time's defacing fingers," but, what is still more painful, wilful mutilation and neglect. It is surely worthy of a better fate than that fast closing round it. Nor have I ever seen a place that would better repay the outlay and care of a judicious restoration.

ISABELLA FENTON.

#### A RUN OF LUCK.

I do not profess to have the gift of second-sight; nor do I believe in other people possessing it. Yet, without clairvoyance, or magnetism, or the intervention of mediums, I can tell—sitting as I am now in a room looking out on a dull London court—exactly what is going on in half-a-dozen places hundreds of miles away. I must confess, however, that my power of divination is not peculiar to myself. Anybody who has once visited one of the score of German baths, where the body is cured medicinally while the purse is lightened by the pursuit of fortune under difficulties, can tell exactly what goes on day by day at Wiesbaden or Homburg, or any other gambling bath you like to mention. Everything else changes after years of absence; but you may come back to Baden after spending half your life on the other side of the Equator, and you will find the same people, or their exact counterparts, playing the same game with the same fortune. No matter at what hour of the twenty-four, supposing it to be between noon and midnight, any one of my readers who takes up this paper, may tell to a certainty what is going on within the saloons of the Spiel-Bad Kursaal. A number of men and women, all faded and jaded-looking, are sitting or standing round the long green-baize tables; the numbers marked upon the boards are covered with a goodly array of florins and thalers and five-franc pieces, a few napoleons, and, possibly, if the play be high, a bank-note or two. "Faites vo' jeu" is the cry as the ball begins to go spinning round. No human being except a croupier could well speak in that monotonous metallic tone. Then the same voice calls out "Rien va plus," as the ball goes wobbling down into its fated compartment.

There is a moment's pause, and then the eager bystanders hear the living machine call out, "Vingt-cinq rouge, impair et passe," or whatever else may be the number and its incidents. The bankers rake up the stakes, shovel out their winnings to the fortunate gamblers; and again the ball is set in motion, and again the croupier cries "Faites vo' jeu," and so on *ad infinitum*. This process has been repeated half-a-dozen times even while I have been writing these lines; and anybody who doubts the accuracy of my description has only to run over to Homburg—you can get there in four-and-twenty hours from London—and he will find that my surmise is correct. This much he may also reckon upon with certainty—that the bank will be winning, and that the players, taken collectively, will be losing. It always has been so, and always will be so to the end.

Possibly the inexperienced in such matters may be puzzled to understand how it is that the tables are always surrounded by new batches of victims. The sight of the rouleaux of gold and silver and the crisp bank-notes, have an attraction for the ordinary human intellect, which it requires great moral courage to resist; though of all kinds of gambling which I have ever seen, this, to my mind, has the least that is outwardly repulsive about it to one's better feelings. There is no playing upon credit, no winning (at least directly) the money of men you know cannot afford to lose it. If you do win, your stake is paid down on the moment; and the mere fact of having drawn money from the proprietors of a gaming-table appears, by a mental sophistry, to be rather a meritorious act than otherwise. Moreover, the fact of your gambling in this fashion does not bring you into contact with all the blackguardism and rascality that you must perforce come into companionship with, if you wish to make money by gambling on the Turf or the Stock Exchange. I am not saying this with a view to defend the reputation of these institutions. On the contrary, I believe that the outward decency and decorum which characterise them, render them all the more dangerous to public morality. I only mention this to explain the fact, how it is that hundreds of respectable and well-to-do people frequent these tables daily, year after year. It is fair, too, to say, that the motives which induce men to risk and lose their money at roulette, or "trente et quarante," are not so utterly absurd, as it is the fashion to assume. The stock commonplace assertion is, that nobody can possibly win, and that a man must be a fool to play when he is certain to lose. Like most commonplace truths, these assertions must be taken with a great deal of qualification. No doubt the chances against the players vary, at the different German tables, from five to ten per cent. in favour of the bank. In the long run, therefore, any man who goes on playing constantly must lose; but it by no means follows that every player always loses on every occasion. Some days, though I admit this is a rare occurrence, the bank pays out more than it gathers in; and not a day passes, but that some one or two out of the mass of players rise considerable winners.

Now, there are many positions in life in which

the chance of winning a large stake is worth much more than the certainty of retaining a small one. If a man wants a hundred pounds to-morrow, and has only got five pounds to spare, I know of no way in the world by which he has a fairer prospect of multiplying his one note by twenty than at a German gambling-table. The odds are perhaps ten to nine against him, and I should like to hear of any legitimate speculative business in which the odds against the speculator are not far greater. Now, the vast majority of the players at these tables are very much in the position of the man I have spoken of. They have got a few florins or napoleons they do not mind losing, and they would like particularly to win a few hundred. Of course they would do much more wisely not to play at all; they may form habits detrimental to their ordinary pursuits; and if by luck they do win, they are very likely to go on playing till they have lost all their winnings, and a great deal more besides. All this is undeniably true; but it is also as undeniably true that if you want to make a good deal of money with a very little in a very short time, your best chance of performing that extremely difficult feat is by playing at the tables of Baden or Homburg. Another commonplace assertion is, that scenes of wild excitement and elation and despair may be witnessed at these haunts of gambling. On the contrary, a more inoffensive and decorous assembly it has never been my lot to witness than those usually gathered round the green-baize tables. Everybody looks tired and jaded, as I have before remarked, but not more so than the audiences at a scientific lecture or the performance of a five-act tragedy are wont to appear. The truth is that, as a rule, the stake played on each round of the game is not sufficient to create intense interest. It may be extremely annoying to lose a hundred or two of guldens in a day, but each individual loss is not to the run of players any serious calamity. In the course of my life I have spent a great many weeks and months at different German baths, where public play is carried on, and I never but once saw what may properly be called a "scene" occur there. That occasion was after this fashion.

It so happened that I was stopping one autumn at Wiesbaden very late in the season. It was getting cold and damp and cheerless, and the company was disappearing rapidly. The fishes in the Kursaal Garden waters must have been wondering at the intermittence of the miraculous supply of crumbs with which they were daily provided by unknown hands. The shops under the arcade were encumbered with packing-boxes, and the shutters were making their appearance in front of the stores, where the smartest of young ladies used to dispense the most motley collections of pipes and braces and Bohemian glass; the croupiers were to be seen at unusual hours loitering about the corridors, for default of employment at the half-deserted tables; and the bank was beginning to reckon up its annual profits with great satisfaction to the fortunate proprietors. At this fag-end of the season there appeared a pair of gamblers, who immediately became the talk of the place. They were come with the avowed design of breaking the bank when its coffers were supposed to be at the fullest. A stranger pair I never

witnessed. Faust and Mephistopheles were the names that we, old habitués of the place, baptised them with; and to what names they answered in real life, or what position they occupied, we were never able to ascertain. Faust was a man of immense bulk and size, and looked something like a cross between a Manchester betting-man and a Belgian brewer. His linen was of the dirtiest, and his huge hands were even dirtier than the fragment of shirt displayed about his bull-neck. His great gold chain and the diamond rings on his fat fingers bespoke a wealth strangely at variance with the slovenliness of his dress. Moreover, there could be no question about the fact of his wealth, though there might be about its origin. He carried with him on all occasions an immense greasy pocket-book, fastened with an india-rubber band, and literally bursting with bank-notes. He was said to have brought five hundred thousand francs with him; and from what I saw him lose, I have little doubt he might well have had half that amount. Mephistopheles, on the other hand, could have been bought up bodily, to say nothing of his soul, for half-a-guinea: he was a little old Jew, who might have been any age between fifty and a hundred. His threadbare clothes stuck so close to him that you felt convinced if he ever took them off, which he had obviously not done for weeks, he would never get them on again. His nose was the most hooked and his eyes the sharpest that I ever saw in any of his race; his hands, too, were the very pattern of a vulture's talons. Apparently, his sole possessions in the world were a long tattered note-book, filled with elaborate calculations of chances, and the confidence of Faust. In fact, in the unholy partnership entered into between the two, Faust supplied the capital, and Mephistopheles the intellect. The plan on which the firm intended to operate may be understood even by persons unacquainted with any game of hazard.

There are an equal amount of odd and even numbers on a roulette-board, and therefore, in the long run, the odd or even numbers turn up one as often as the other. Now, supposing you put a sovereign on the odd numbers and lose it, you would then, according to the Mephistophelian system, stake next time two sovereigns on the same numbers. If you lose them you stake four, and so go on doubling till an odd number turns up. Whenever this event happens, the difference between the stake you win and the amount of the various sums you have lost is exactly your original stake; and therefore, as the odds must turn up some time or other, the termination of any series of even numbers must always leave you a winner. The system is infallible but for two fatal defects. The first is that, besides the eighteen odd numbers on the table, there is a zero; and whenever the ball falls into the hole corresponding to the zero (which of course it does, on an average, once in thirty-six times), the bank wins all the stakes, whether placed upon the odd or even numbers. This difficulty, however, is less serious than the second. If you go on doubling, the amount of your stake increases with a rapidity that is perfectly awful. Starting with a stake of five shillings, in ten rounds the amount you would have to put down

would be 128*l*. If you won it you would gain five shillings on the balance. If your courage gave way before the prospect of staking 256*l*, you would lose 255*l*. 15*s*. on the series. To carry on this system, therefore, with absolute certainty of success, even laying aside all consideration of the zero, you ought to have the purse of Fortunatus. Practically, however, a run of more than eighteen consecutive odd or even numbers is I believe extraordinary, and a run of more than eight is unusually rare. To guard themselves, therefore, against the success of this system in the hands of very wealthy players, the bank has forbidden more than 400*l*. to be staked on any one single chance.

It was by playing this doubling game that the firm of Mephistopheles, Faust, and Company, hoped to make their fortunes. Every morning, as soon as the tables opened, they seated themselves side by side at the board.—Mephistopheles with his note-book before him, and the stump of a pencil in his lips; Faust with his pocket-book of bank-notes sticking out of his breast-pocket. The senior partner never played himself, but whispered his instructions to his colleague. Their rule was to stake a hundred-franc note, say upon the red, and to go on doubling till they won. To guard against the zero turning up, they placed a florin on this particular number, which they also doubled each time they lost. On the first day, as far as I could gather, they won a thousand francs or so. On the second evening, however, the fatal defect of their system made itself visible. They were playing on the odd chance, and there was a run of enormous length on the even. Thirteen times in succession the croupier called out, "Pair!" By the time the seventh number of the series was reached, the players had reached the maximum. Six times they played the maximum, and lost; and when at last the run turned, they had lost close upon 3000*l*. in the space of thirty minutes. However, there was plenty of money still left amongst their assets; and the next day fortune favoured them. At the close of the evening they had won 1200*l*. Mephistopheles, to do him justice, was a fine player; winning or losing, he never showed the slightest emotion, possibly because the money embarked in the speculation was not his own. Faust, on the other hand, was easily intoxicated with success, on this occasion he jumped up at the close of the evening's play; shook his bank-notes in the face of the croupier, and informed him he would never leave till he had taken every franc out of the bank. Anything more calmly contemptuous than the bow with which this remark was received it is impossible to conceive.

The following two days the play went on with little interest, at any rate as far as lookers-on were concerned. Sunday was destined to be the day of the final triumph of the bank. In the morning I entered his room, and found Faust losing heavily and continuously. He had grown weary of the infallible martingale, and was staking large sums constantly on the odd or even, and always with ill-luck. I went away for a long walk into that pleasant Nassau country, and came back quite late in the evening. The tables were deserted, with the exception of the one at which Faust was ruining himself, where a dense crowd was gathered.

Mephistopheles had quitted him in disgust; but even the absence of that disreputable guardian angel had brought him no change of fortune. He was playing wildly and madly—staking no longer on the even chance, but putting down the largest permitted sums on single numbers, which of course never turned up at the time they were wanted. The fat pocket-book had grown marvellously thin; great drops of black sweat were trickling down the unhappy man's face, and every moment I expected to see him fall in an apoplectic fit. At last he staked what apparently was his last note; the zero turned up, and the stake was remorselessly swept up by the croupier's rake. There was a sort of hush, and everybody turned towards the ruined man. Happily, the scene—instead of ending, as I feared, in a tragedy—had a termination which was grimly comic. By the side of the table there stood a mild little English curate, with the glossiest of black coats, the neatest of white ties, and that ineffable look of self-satisfaction which only a popular clergyman can attain to. What he was doing there I cannot tell. I hope he had not won his money; but there is no doubt that an imbecile smirk was on his face. Of a sudden Faust staggered up from the table: his eye caught that of the parson. I cannot wonder if that smirk grated irresistibly upon his feelings. At any rate, he sprang forward, grasped the wretched curate by the collar, spun him round as he would a child, and asked him what he meant by laughing at his misfortunes. "Come into the garden, sir!" he shouted, "and fight me with swords or pistols, and I will kill you like a dog." Of course the poor little clergyman, being very diminutive, had an immensely tall wife. This valiant British matron, seeing her husband's life in peril, rushed up, threw her arms round Faust's neck from behind, and screamed out to him to let her lord and master go.

Meanwhile the waiters had been summoned hastily; the curate was rescued, and Faust was led away, not unkindly, and given water to drink, and a few pounds to take himself off where he liked, so long as he did not kill himself on the premises. I believe, however, that this vent of anger saved him from a fit. Wiesbaden saw him no more. Both he and Mephistopheles disappeared as mysteriously as they came, and the accounts of the bank showed an additional two or three hundred thousand francs to the credit side. E. D.

### A CUMBERLAND FUNERAL.

I WELL remember while staying at Penrith with my father, many years ago, a characteristic instance of an old-fashioned funeral as observed in that part. In the morning the town bellman tolled his three preliminary peals of the hand-bell before our inn, and proclaimed as follows:

"Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! this is to give notice that the funeral of Adam Lethwaite is to take place this day, and all friends and neighbours are invited to attend. The lifting to take place at twelve o'clock at noon precisely."

At that time we proceeded to the scene of the funeral. Lethwaite was a very old man, and had

enjoyed that he should be interred strictly according to ancient usage. I dare say such observances are altogether forgotten now that a railway gradient crosses Shap Fell, but at that time they still lingered. The coffin was placed upon a deal table in front of the cottage which the old man had long tenanted, and upon it, over the breast, was a pewter plate containing salt, a type of the immortality of the spirit; a candle was placed on either side at the head of the coffin, and the table was strewed with sprigs of rosemary. The company gathered round the table, and the parish-clerk who attended raised a hymn in which they all joined; a dram of brandy was handed round, and after this the corpse was lifted, and each of the party took a sprig of the rosemary which he carried between his lips, and followed to the churchyard. Here the solemn service of the Church was pronounced, and after this the clerk led another psalm; then, before the sexton had begun to fill the grave, each stepped forward for a last look, throwing into the grave his sprig of rosemary, and the funeral rites were complete.

J. WYKERAM ARCHER.

### SICILIAN NOTES.

HAVING spent some years in Sicily before the late revolution, I had been much interested in observing the many national customs still lingering in an island which so seldom becomes the residence of foreigners, except of those engaged in business, or possessing local ties. On returning there last winter, I found some of these had entirely disappeared, others were gradually being abandoned under the present rule, and I have thought that an account of these fast-fading relics of the middle ages might prove interesting. The most important national festival, the "Festino" (as it is called) of Santa Rosalia, has been given up for two or three years, on the plea that the Cassaro, or, as it is now called, the Corso Vittor Emanuele, is under repair, and will probably never be resumed. Santa Rosalia was the daughter of a rich and powerful Sicilian baron, descended from Charlemagne. At an early age she renounced all the grandeurs of her home, and retired to a solitary life in a cavern of Quisquina, which she subsequently left to practise still greater austerities in a grotto on Monte Pellegrino, where she died. Her remembrance had well-nigh been lost when, in 1624, a dreadful plague broke out in Palermo, during which she appeared to a certain Bonelli, and commanded him to inform the archbishop and the senate that the plague would cease as soon as her relics were transported into the city. This was done, the plague immediately stopped, and this festival was established in commemoration of the miracle.

It lasted five days, beginning the 11th of July and ending on the night of the 15th; it cost annually 10,000 ducats, which the state expended on it, being the produce of a tax, voluntarily imposed by the people themselves, on all the grain and wine which enters the town.

Great preparations had been made for some time previously. The Cassaro had been decorated with wreaths of artificial flowers suspended from one

set of variegated lamps to another; inscriptions of "Viva Santa Rosalia," "Viva il Re," "Viva la Regina," "Viva la real famiglia," were placed in conspicuous situations; while on the Marina was erected a most elaborate fabric for the fireworks, the front of which, representing a sort of temple, was decorated with transparencies. The perspective of the whole was very well painted, particularly that of a flight of stairs at each end. On the evening of the 10th, the transparencies were lighted up as a sort of rehearsal, and everybody drove there to see the effect, and very pretty it was. Nearer the port, but still on the Marina, the triumphal car was in course of preparation; the design was varied every year, and it has several times been made so large as to damage the balconies in its progress down the street. This year it bore the form of a lofty cupola, springing from the middle of a galley painted white, and ornamented with carving and gilding, with saints and angels placed around. The cupola was formed of several tiers of open arches, lined with crimson and purple curtains; at various heights were figures, similar to those in the galley; the whole surmounted by a statue of Santa Rosalia bearing a cross and dressed in a plain white robe. Tradition relates that an attempt was once made to equip her in magnificent attire, but the figure became so heavy that no efforts could raise her till the plain garb was replaced, when she immediately resumed her usual portability.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the first day the immense mass, drawn by thirty-six oxen, started from the Porta Felice, ascending the Cassaro to its furthest extremity, the Porta Nuova, and in spite of the reductions in its size, it still overtopped all but the very highest houses, and literally seemed to fill the whole width of the street. The prow was occupied by a band of musicians, and the *cortège* stopped before each convent and played; the whole thing occupied about an hour. In the evening the Cassaro was brilliantly illuminated, and soon after nine we all assembled to witness the fireworks. A portion of the terrace which runs between the Strada Butera and the Marina was covered over and adorned with silk and muslin hangings, looking-glasses, and lights innumerable, so as to appear something between a tent and a gigantic opera-box, capable of containing at least a hundred persons; to this the Pretore of the city invites the Governor-General and the *beau monde* of Palermo. Nothing can be kinder than the Sicilians are to foreigners, who, if once introduced, are invited to everything. The fireworks were certainly very beautiful, but I did not think (as I had been told I should) that they surpassed those at Rome on Easter Monday, and I missed the bouquet at the finale. The effect of the transparencies was excellent. The Villa Giulia, lighted with endless lamps, looked very pretty; a band added to the attractions of the place, which was crowded with the lower orders in their gayest attire; one might have fancied oneself in a fair where Harlequin's wand had converted all the booths into aviaries, fountains, and statues. The governor, attended by the senate and the public officers, went in state,

and walked as usual round the gardens; and his example was duly followed by most of the Palermitans, who thus wiled away the time till midnight, when the drive up and down the Cassaro begins, carriages being forbidden till that hour. On leaving the Giulia we drove down the Marina, which a short time before a sea of human heads, all with upturned faces, now showed only a few scattered groups, and cargoes of chairs on hand-trucks slowly wending their way into the town. The Cassaro was very gay. The illuminations consist of groups and festoons of lamps, transparencies, and other devices repeated at regular and short intervals, and from their uniformity of design very striking, making the streets as light as day. Fortunately there was no moon. The second day there were races similar to those at Rome, the horses running without riders the whole length of the Cassaro, and in the evening the carro returns illuminated to the Marina; the archbishop issues invitations to his palazzo, where the *luogotenente* also goes in full state. I was delighted with this evening's entertainment. Over the Porta Nuova was an enormous eagle formed of small lamps, to be seen from one end of the street to the other; the Piazza Reale and that of the Duomo were crowded with people, and immediately after the arrival of the governor, the ponderous car, preceded by a guard of mounted soldiers in scarlet uniforms, the colour of the city, was seen slowly advancing brilliantly lighted. The white-robed saint, reflected against the dark blue sky, appeared almost superhuman, and as if about to take her flight over the town of which she is called the protectress, and the whole mass, as it approached the end of the piazza, seemed as if it must crush the houses on either side; it of course stopped before the palace for the band to play, and when it moved on I felt that this was indeed one of the few national sights still left in this prosaic age. As the whole of the Cassaro is more or less a descent from the Porta Nuova to the Porta Felice, about twenty oxen were yoked in front and as many more attached behind, making a sort of living drag, and evidently not much liking their office. We watched the car slowly descending, halting beneath each convent lattice, when the band again played and the attendants re-lighted the tapers, which the faint night breeze from time to time succeeded in extinguishing; its lights, mingling more and more with the general illuminations, were at last lost to our view.

The archbishop's palace contains two distinct suites of apartments, one for summer use, and the other for winter, the former of which only was thrown open; it is very spacious, and was brilliantly lighted up. After the car had vanished from sight, we partook of ices, the consumption of which among the company generally was prodigious, and took our leave.

The third day there were again races, and in the evening fireworks. On the first day but few of the Palermitan noblesse assisted, in spite of the presence of their new governor; but this evening being the fashionable one, the parterre was crowded with ladies in ball-dresses, and gentlemen in uniform; the fireworks were much the same as on the previous occasion, with one or two trifling



additions. The Villa Giulia was again illuminated but neither the governor nor *la società* went, it being the custom for them to go only the first night. The drive on the Cassaro began as usual at midnight.

The following day was the last of the races, and in the evening we went to the cathedral, the illumination of which is considered almost unique, and certainly the *coup d'œil* as we entered was splendid. The interior is remarkably plain, so there was nothing to interfere with the blaze of light, which was entirely produced by innumerable wax candles, suspended a short distance from the roof, and from every arch and pillar in the building, and were indeed most artistically arranged. A guard of soldiers stood on each side from the door to the chancel, the ladies sat on chairs beyond the rails of the altar, and the side aisles were filled with the people. The archbishop, attended by the senators, walked up the centre, and after assuming his robes and tiara the service began. The music was nothing remarkable, but I never saw any costume so becoming as that of the senators', the pretore especially looked like a magnificent Vandyke which had walked out of its frame. The dress is composed of a flowing robe of black silk, slashed sleeves, with under ones of white satin, spangled with gold, a white collar forming a square in front, and a gold chain. As usual, during vespers, nobody seemed to pay any attention; and though so near, we all talked and laughed. I was rather scandalised, but I felt I could not teach the Sicilians how to behave in their own church. After a time, a priest kindly took us to see the chapel of Santa Rosalia; the shrine, surmounted by a statue of the Saint, is of silver, and immensely heavy: some relics were also exhibited, contained in a highly ornamented pix, which my companions kissed with great reverence.

Towards the end of the vespers a gun was fired, which we learnt was the signal of the governor's leaving the palace. In a few minutes the chanting had ceased, the soldiers caught up their drums, the senators advanced half-way down the aisle, and returned in a moment with His Excellency, the drums making hideous music as he appeared. The benediction was now given, the governor visited the chapel of Santa Rosalia, and returned down the aisle as before. We all followed, and had the pleasure of seeing the senators enter the city carriages, large ponderous vehicles similar to the sheriffs' coaches of the past century in London, being all glass, the pannels gaily painted in scarlet and gold, and with a white plume at each of the four corners. The small people were now able to get away, and we were amused, on turning round to give one farewell glance, to see that during these very few minutes, at least half the lights had already been extinguished, what were thus saved, as they are the perquisite of the inferior clergy.

On the following morning high mass was performed in the Duomo, when the governor was duly incensed as Legate of the Holy See. In the evening we went by invitation to the Sala Pretoriana, to witness the conclusion of the festino, consisting of a procession of statues and relics, which

starts from the cathedral and diverges from the Cassaro at the Quattro Cantoni, marches round the fountain, returns to the Cassaro, and thence proceeds to one of the four quarters into which the city is divided, through every street, lane, and alley of which these saints and relics are conducted, leaving, it is supposed, innumerable blessings behind them; thus every quarter had its share once in four years, and by six o'clock the next morning the procession was over. The shrine of Santa Rosalia comes last, and is followed for a certain distance by the archbishop on foot; the unfortunate senators have to walk after it the whole night, the municipal carriages following to convey them home when all is ended. The pretore remains at the Palazzo Pretoriano to receive the governor, and each saint pauses before the windows. The fountain was prettily illuminated with symmetrically arranged lamps, but reflected lights would have shown off the statues to more advantage. The interior of the room was no less gay, as on this night all the diamonds of the Palermitan ladies were put in requisition; at the archbishop's but few are worn, but this evening it was the etiquette to appear as fully dressed as possible.

I got rather tired of the apparently endless procession, and left the balcony to chat with my friends inside the room: for the Sicilians, who are used to see all this every year, came to enjoy a little society, not for the sake of the *spectacle*. I was, however, called back to look at the very singular manner in which the saints Cosmo and Damiano are carried. These saints, who are always united, and are, no doubt, the Castor and Pollux of the old Romans, adopted and renamed by the Romish Church, are regarded as the patrons of the fishermen and boatmen; so, by an ancient tradition, the marinari, who are the bearers, imitate the motion of the waves, and the band which accompanies them plays accordingly. At a given signal, the wind is favourable, and they all run as fast and as far as their very heavy burden will allow of. Then comes a calm, next a contrary wind, during which they stagger about. Occasionally, as is the case with the other saints, they are set down while the bearers rest; but when these are taken up again, the men dance in a circle round and round two or three times, before recommencing their eccentric march. They always re-enter the church where the saints live, running as fast as they can; and generally half of them, at least, measure their length on the slippery marble pavement, Cosmo and Damiano themselves getting upset occasionally in the midst of their votaries.

Another very singular fête is held at Castel-termine. We were making a tour in the interior of Sicily, and as inns are both scarce and bad, our kind friends had furnished us with many letters; among others, to a very large proprietor in this town, who received us with the greatest hospitality. We were also fortunate in arriving in time to witness this festa, which, as our host and a priest who was sitting with him informed me, has been held from time immemorial to commemorate the "Invenzione della Croce," the recovery of the true Cross by the Empress Helena. The streets are paraded from an early hour in

the morning by ten or twelve men, preceded by a band; the last three are the sultan, with a vizier on either hand: these, I was particularly desired to observe, never smile, to represent Saracenic gravity. A train of men walk before them in pairs, one a Christian, the other a Mahometan. Every few minutes the procession stops, and a fight ensues, in which I need not say the Christians are victorious, the whole reminding one of the nummers and Old Father Christmas of one's childish days. When the fight is over, the Christians advance and make low bows to the sultan, which are returned with due gravity. Both the priest and our host told me this was meant to represent the unsuccessful opposition offered by the Mahometans to the Christians' efforts to obtain the Cross; and the flourish of drums, and the profound bows interchanged between the Sultan and the Christians, were in memory of the rejoicings at Constantinople when the news of the victory arrived there, and of the liberation of several Mahometan slaves in honour of such a triumph. I had always understood that the discovery of the Cross took place in 326, and that Mahomet did not promulgate his religion till the seventh century, but I made no comment on the apparent anachronism.

We now sallied forth into the main street, and after having encountered several times our fighting friends, we were taken to the house of an acquaintance of our host's, from whence we had a full view of the procession which was to close the day's proceedings. It consisted of men and boys mounted upon every horse and mule that could by any means be obtained in Casteltermine or its environs; and, as custom obliges every one to contribute the whole of his stud upon this occasion, we heard that ours were the only horses in the place that were spared. The cavalcade was preceded and followed by bands of music, and men and animals were decked out in every variety of ribbon and tinsel; they ascended a hill near the town, on the other side of which was a small chapel; here the Cross was delivered with all due solemnity to their leader, and they then returned by torchlight. When all had passed, we walked for some time in the town among booths and all the usual accompaniments of a festa, in addition to which almost every one we met was attired either in uniform, or some kind of fancy dress. We then beguiled our leisure by paying sundry visits, till it grew quite dark, when chairs were placed for us in a balcony from whence we watched the re-appearance of the horsemen. The scene below was most animated: the street was lighted with coloured lamps, and the booths and portable cuisines were surrounded with men, women, and children, talking, laughing, quarrelling, and gesticulating, with all the vehemence of the far south; while now and then the crowd opened to make a passage for the sultan and his attendants. At last, a few torches were descried blazing over the ridge of the hill, and the rest gradually hove into sight. At one time the whole descent seemed one stream of light, only occasionally interrupted by the broken ground and the turns of the road; there was no moon, the weather was very threatening, and this immense number of dancing lights, in long array against

the dark sky, had a wild, poetical effect. We watched them till they had all again disappeared. Ices were then handed round, an impromptu concert and then dancing were got up for our amusement: but I must describe the place of our entertainment. The staircase, which was of stone, and broken away in several places, was more like a step-ladder than anything else; it led to the door of a small ante-room, unfurnished beyond a few chairs placed against the wall; on the left hand was the kitchen, and on the right the drawing-room, with a large balcony overhanging the street. Chairs and a couple of tables formed its ameblement, with the addition of a very respectable piano; the floor was so uneven that it was only by dint of jumping and clinging most affectionately to my partner, that I managed during my *tour de valse* to preserve the erect attitude which is the attribute of man, while an unfortunate young person, though "to the pavement born," contrived to forfeit his. The company sat in two lines opposite to each other,—those nearest the window being the *élite*; then came four or five evidently below the salt. The ante-room contained a still lower grade; while the vista was closed by the kitchen, crammed with the great unwashed, watching our proceedings with as much curiosity as we had their festa.

The announcement was next made that the procession, which had gone round the walls, was coming down the street. We rushed to the balcony, and in another minute it was seen advancing, the leader holding on high the Cross; those who were mounted on stupid horses trying to make them caper, while others, particularly the mule cavaliers, had evidently much ado to keep on their saddles, and occasionally to make their montures advance, even with the aid of the torch-bearers by their sides; but it was a pretty sight, the horsemen in their fantastic attire, the flags waving, the trampling of so many animals, the eager crowd also in every variety of costume, the whole illuminated by the flashing and yet uncertain light of the torches, and canopied by a sky so stormy as to appear almost black; the white houses and the balconies crowded with spectators, now in a blaze of light, now in darkness, as the passing flambeaux streamed upon them or not. The procession was closed by the bishop and his attendants in their accustomed rich dresses, a train of monks, and, lastly, by the sultan and the viziers, looking grimmer than ever. The Cross was deposited in a church hard-by, and the assistants dispersed, while we bade adieu to our entertainers after numerous mutual assurances of the honour each party had conferred on the other, mixed with entreaties from the ladies that I would take care going down the stairs, a request not more easily fulfilled from the attempts of the gentlemen to assist me; had any one slipped, we must all have gone down like a house of cards, and Heaven help the vanguard!

Saint worship, or saint superstition, as it may more correctly be called, is carried to the utmost extent in Sicily. The Feste or saints' days are innumerable, and many of those dedicated to the Virgin are celebrated on succeeding days by the different churches or parishes. Processions and

fireworks are the great outward signs of religious rejoicings; and we have often wondered how the Sicilians contrived to show their piety before gunpowder was invented.

Nothing can be prettier, when viewed as a mere *spectacle*, than one of the streets down which a procession is to pass; extempore chapels are erected here and there, fitted up with small altars covered with lighted tapers placed round the figure or picture of the Saint, with a canopy of crimson and gold hangings, relieved by others of blue and white, also covered with spangles; near the most important a band is generally stationed. Similar hangings are suspended across the street at intervals from house to house, and a large altar, guarded by a couple of soldiers, and with several rows of lights, but without a canopy, stands in some conspicuous situation; the flowers and other decorations being often beautifully arranged. On all the great festivals the portraits of the king and queen used to be placed against the walls of the different public buildings under a crimson canopy. The procession takes place in the afternoon or evening, according to the season; it blocks up the whole street through which it proceeds. The statue of the saint is borne by a confraternity of the class of which he or she is the patron, and is preceded and followed by flags, music, priests, monks, and rabble.

In the evening, fireworks, more or less grand, according to the means of the respective churches, and the amount of subscriptions raised, are let off, with crackers innumerable. I have been told, with what truth I know not, that it is from the Spaniards that the Sicilians derive their passion for fireworks, which is certainly carried to an almost incredible extent, for scarcely a summer's evening passes without rockets ascending from some quarter or other, and often in all directions.

Half the night after a *festa* is spent in dancing, singing, and feasting *al fresco*; something particular is eaten in honour of each saint. The day after the "*festino*" was over, the people went into the gardens in the neighbourhood and ate figs, perhaps not a bad diet after the five days and nights of almost alarming excitement they have been spending. I used to wonder that half Palermo did not depart this life at that season. On Santa Lucia no bread is eaten, or anything farinaceous, such as macaroni or pasta, rice and potatoes being substituted.

On San Francesco di Paolo, the statue of the saint is carried in solemn procession from his own church to the Duomo, but as he is the patron of gardeners, he is first taken to a garden, where they all assemble, and eat salad in his honour; the saint out of gratitude *invariably* sends rain in some part of the day, which does more good than any that may fall throughout the year. On Saint Peter, all the cakes and bonbons are made in the shape of keys. On San Martino, nothing is to be seen but a sort of biscuit bun, and for three days before the first and second of November, the shops are filled with large dolls of sugar, painted in various colours. I asked what became of them all, and was assured they were every one eaten. A fair is also held down the Cassaro, when all kinds of presents are bought and hidden in the house, and, on the second day, the "*giorno do*

Morti," the children are made to hunt for these things, which they are told the dead have brought them in the night; they are sometimes even woke up to hear the noises made by "*i morti*."

On Christmas-eve, here, as at Naples, vast quantities of very large eels are devoured. We were at one supper-party where the eels had been fed on purpose, and sent from our hostess's estate on the other side of the island. It is considered almost a duty to partake of them, as emblematical of the destruction of the old serpent, supposed to precede the advent of the Saviour into the world, according to the traditions of this branch of the Christian Church.

On Easter Sunday, the archbishop used to send the governor a large dish of a particular sweetmeat.

Coming from Naples, we were struck by the almost total absence of national costume, but at the same time we noticed the peculiar style of dress of many of the women. On inquiry, I found these dresses were vows, and varied according to the saint addressed. One peculiarity, however, they all have,—two long ribbons hanging down like the ends of a sash; the only exception is the "*Santo Padre*," as they call San Francesco di Paolo, because he is the oldest, whose dress is brown and black, but who is not particular as to whether his votaries wear a sash or not, so long as the gown is in some way trimmed with black; light blue, with a white sash, is dedicated to the Immacolata; blue, trimmed with black, to the Addolorata; black, with blue, to Santa Rosalia; dark blue and red, to St. Joseph; but I might go on through all the primitive and most of the secondary colours. One more, however, I must describe—it is so graceful, particularly for young girls: the gown is plain black silk, with a large, clear muslin apron, with four or five tucks, and a long white sash; a white muslin veil, placed on the comb of the back hair, falling partly over the shoulders. To a pretty girl, with black hair and eyes, this dress, which belongs to Santa Lucia, is very becoming. So universal is this custom, that a woman in the lower classes, when speaking of a colour, never calls it by its proper name, but by that of the saint to whom it is dedicated; and even in a shop, on wishing to see a stuff of any particular shade, asks for a Santa Rosalia, an Immacolata, &c. Scandal hints that when a woman cannot dress as smartly as her neighbours, she occasionally makes one of these vows for a twelve-month, which not only accounts for the sameness of her attire during that period, but also gives her the means of indulging afterwards that passion for fine clothes so general at Palermo.

The processions themselves are generally very similar to those in Italy; the only one offering any very remarkable peculiarity is that on Corpus Christi. The Cassaro was lined with troops, and at the Quattro Cantoni officers on horseback were stationed: a small baldacchino was suspended over the middle of the piazza. The statues of the different saints were borne along the Cassaro on the shoulders of the respective confraternities, some of the members preceding and following with lighted torches and drums beating. Each saint was set down for a few minutes under the

baldacchino, except Sant' Elia Profita, who was not admitted to that honour, being left outside, a gentleman told me, because he had ascended in a flame of fire, and was therefore not received into Heaven, but had remained in the clouds. I cannot tell whether this be really the reason; there exists, unfortunately, such a spirit of *persiflage* on religious subjects in society, at least among the gentlemen. The approach of Saints Cosmo and Damiano was announced by a rush of wild dancers, dressed in white shirts and trousers, with coloured handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and striking right and left with others they held in their hands; these men are called "i bacchanti dei santi." The officers and crowd drew back, a large circle was made, and the saints were whirled round and round, the bearers shouting all the while the legend appertaining to them. A man rushed forward, after a time, with a bell, which he rang furiously to stop the dancers, but such was their excitement that they went on till compelled by force to desist.

The procession of saints being over, a temporary altar was erected under the baldacchino; long trains of monks, each bearing a lighted taper, passed by, escorted by small boys anxiously catching on leaves or paper the drops of wax as they fell; next came a number of priests in various vestments, each one more richly attired than the preceding, till the archbishop, in full canonicals, and bearing the Host, drew near the altar. A canopy of white and gold was carried over him by the senators in their robes of office; at his side were two assistants, and behind him walked the governor, in stars and uniform; all the state officers, in their respective costumes, followed; then the Swiss guards, in their scarlet and white; and in the distance were seen the royal carriages. On approaching the altar, the archbishop performed the usual ceremonies previous to the elevation of the Host, at which moment the trumpets burst into a loud flourish, and all fell on their knees. It was an imposing sight; the magnificent dresses of the priests and senators, the rich uniforms of the officers, contrasted with the sober garb of the bare-footed monks, all kneeling in front of and behind the altar: the immense crowds which filled the streets and balconies prostrate at the same instant, and overhead a Sicilian sun and sky. After a few minutes every one arose, the archbishop was disrobed, and the whole procession moved onwards to the Duomo. The day closed with the different regiments parading through the streets.

### "LONG AGO."

#### I.

I HAD a friend, long years ago,  
I thought him all my own;  
But he has long forgotten me,  
And those bright days have flown.

#### II.

We sat together on the sand,  
We heard the billows roar;  
We marked the blue waves come and go  
Upon the lone sea-shore.

#### III.

Oh! little dreamt I, as I gazed  
Upon that ocean wide,  
And fondly thought our love would be  
As boundless as its tide,

#### IV.

That even as the waves effaced  
Each mark upon the sand,  
So would my joy be reft from me,  
By sorrow's stern demand.

#### V.

If he were dead, and in the grave  
Our friendship buried lay,  
I'd still hope on, and patiently  
Await a meeting day.

#### VI.

But he will never call me friend,  
E'en though we meet again;  
'Tis that that adds to each day's woe  
Its bitterest draught of pain.

#### VII.

I thought then, in my ignorance,  
That we were friends for ever;  
And knowing not *life's* sharpest pang,  
Dreamt only *death* could sever.

#### VIII.

But I have learnt, through weary years,  
All that my hope was worth;  
Now I have nothing to expect  
Upon this changeful earth.

#### IX.

I never can have faith again,  
Or trust as once I did;  
I knew not what awaited me,  
In the dim future hid.

#### X.

And yet, I know not, if he stood  
To-morrow at my side,  
If I could coldly turn away,  
And spurn him in my pride.

#### XI.

I know that, if he took my hand,  
His voice rang in my ear;  
Though he grieved not o'er years of wrong,  
But once more called me "dear,"

#### XII.

I know, I feel it in my heart,  
I should be weak again;  
And yield me to those tender tones,  
Though every word were pain.

#### XIII.

Oh! no, whate'er may come between,  
I never can forget,  
Though he has long forgotten them,  
Those days when first we met.

#### XIV.

My trust is gone, but in my heart  
My love lies buried deep;  
*His* touch will never wake it more  
From its long, lonely sleep.

## SON CHRISTOPHER:

AN HISTORIE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



## CHAPTER IV. CONSPIRACY EN ROUTE.

ELIZABETH could never have enough of the sea breezes, and their salt and their savour. While the old park and mansion in which she had passed her life had been going to ruin in the king's service, there had been no money to spare for such an extravagance as travelling was in those days; and, except when visiting Aunt Alice at Winchester, she had scarcely slept from home in all her days. She had seen the sea from the high points of the Downs, on sporting excursions; but she had never till now lived within sound of its voice, or within view of its margin. She had rather at any time steal down the cliff-path,—rough, steep, and narrow,—to the sands, than ascend the grassy slope to the glorious downs, where she could see miles inland. She was on the Cob early every morning, with Arabella or

the boys, to watch the fishing-boats putting off; and in the evening she loved to walk to the end of that ancient pier, to see the moonlight on the heavy billows as they rolled in, and think of the old centuries when the very same stones were trodden by Englishmen who called the opposite coast of the Channel their country too.

The sky was cloudy, and the sea cold and grey, one morning in June, when Arabella and Elizabeth leaned over the end of the Cob, as they did every day. They were not watching the fishermen putting out to sea; for the boats were not launched, for the most part; and some which had been a little way out had returned; and the men stood in groups on the shore, talking together, and occasionally condescending to make a remark to their wives. It was strange; but on this calm morning in June, particularly favour-

able for fishing, all the people seemed smitten with idleness.

There was something to look at, it is true. Three vessels were moored within the bay,—one a large ship, carrying several guns; the two others appearing not at all formidable: yet several fingers pointed that way, and all eyes were fixed upon the ships. It could not be an invasion, could it? Elizabeth's lively imagination asked. Arabella answered that the French would have been pursued,—so many English ships of war as were watching the opposite coasts.

When old Lieutenant Phinn, known to everybody in Lyme, came stumping along the Cob with his wooden leg, hot and panting, and scarcely able to hold his glass steady, Arabella ventured to ask him what made the boatmen so idle this morning.

"Yon ships," said the breathless sailor. "They show no colours."

"Does that mean that they are French?"

"There's no saying what it means. That's the criterion," observed the old man, who enjoyed using a long word to laudsfolk, in exaltation of his profession. "The criterion is this;—why not hang out colours if she is English,—yon twenty-sixer,—or if she is French? Or, for that matter, wherever she comes from? There is some stir aboard of her. Her secret will soon leak out."

In a few minutes the stir was visible to the naked eye. There were boats about the large ship; and, one after another, they came out from the shadow of her side, full of men, and making for the shore.

"Is it an invasion?" Elizabeth now ventured to ask.

"Are they pirates? O! the poor women and children!" cried Arabella, who had heard of the piracies of half a century before. "See how the women run! Elizabeth, we had better go home."

Elizabeth was unwilling; and it was agreed on all hands that pirates would not choose broad daylight in summer for a raid, nor a town, nor a range of rocks where, as now, the people were gathering to watch the strangers.

The boys were next seen racing down to the Cob and along it. They reached their sister, breathless, just as the second of seven boats touched the beach. The first comers, armed men, but not apparently either soldiers or sailors, had no need to tell the people to stand back; but they made a show of clearing and guarding a space for the landing of the second detachment.

At the moment of that boat grounding, its company stood up, uncovered, and made way for a personage who stepped lightly from the stern, bowed in return to the offers of assistance on either hand, and without aid sprang upon the shingle. He removed his hat, extended his arms as if embracing the scene, gazed along the whole range of rocks, flung himself on his knees, and kissed the beach, and then prayed aloud.

"What is he saying?" the old Lieutenant asked, with his hand behind his ear.

"What can all this mean?" Elizabeth exclaimed.

Anthony insisted that they must go home instantly; and he promised to bring news speedily.

But Arabella was little able to walk. With white lips she whispered to Elizabeth,

"It is the Duke of Monmouth."

"Is it possible? What makes you think so?"

"I remember him perfectly,—face, figure, and voice. He was here five years ago."

"Eighty at least of these fellows!" the Lieutenant exclaimed, as the seventh and last boat came into view. "Eighty men, all armed! What the devil can it mean?"

"You must go home," pleaded Anthony to Arabella, "or father will come for you himself; and I am sure he does not wish . . ."

Arabella made an effort to walk, and recovered her calmness as she proceeded. When they had fairly begun to mount the cliff-road, they stopped a moment to look below.

"Did you see that?" cried Elizabeth.

"It was the gleam of a sword, surely!"

It was so. The Duke, seeing the cliffs now crested with people, drew and waved his sword, and stepped forward, as if to march to the town. It was a critical moment: but it was not altogether discouraging. A few voices shouted "Monmouth! Monmouth!" More joined in with "A Monmouth and the Protestant religion!" And then there were huzzas, above and below, with cries of "Monmouth, our Protestant King!" Not another moment did the girls now linger. They fled homewards.

Just before they emerged from the town, they met the Mayor on horseback, hurrying down. He cast a keen glance at the young people, checked his horse, inquired where the Squire was, and sent word to him that all good citizens must repair to the Mayor's offices instantly.

The Battiscombe family were of opinion that no pressure of circumstances could release Christians from the duty of addressing God in punctual prayer. If they had braved threats and defied punishment under the Conventicle Act and the Five Mile Act, when they could do it without involving guests, they were not likely to omit their customary worship this morning, because one who might prove their Deliverer had just landed on their shore. Moreover, their way might not be clear; and the fate of their lives might hang on their decisions of this day. So they prayed; and the petitions for direction in the way they should walk were offered with even passionate earnestness. This duty and solace secured, the father of those excited children was eager to be off. He would not stay for breakfast,—would eat as he went,—but gave his orders first.

If the strangers tarried in the place at all, Elizabeth must return home. That was the matter of first concern: but a trusty servant must explore the road, and see that it was safe.

Elizabeth's decision of tone astonished her friends, who had never known what it was to grow up an orphan, under artificial guidance or none. She considered this house safer than the road to Dorchester, or Dorchester when she got there; and she was not going to leave her best friends in a critical hour like this. If her brother sent for her, she would consider whether she ought to go. Meantime, not a thought or care,—much less an escort,—must be spent upon her.

"Be it so!" her future parents said. This was a day on which conscience must be supreme and free: there should be no interference with it in that house.

Next, every preparation must be made for the removal of the family to their old refuge, Malachi Dunn's farm. Unless the order was countermanded by noon, the women and children were to be dispatched, under the gardener's care. The other men must stay: and the Squire expected, whenever he should return, to find the house clear of all but those men. A smile between him and his wife showed that she was not included in the decree. They were one, and the wife did not come within the terms of the order.

Many hours might have passed without news, if the boys had not played scout on the cliff beyond the grounds. They saw the militia ranged along the rocks overlooking the bay; and the wind occasionally brought the word of command of their officers. The soldiers did not seem to be doing anything; and there was little or no noise from the town. Not a shot was fired; and, except that two horsemen were riding away rapidly on the London road over the downs, and that two or three mounted messengers were galloping away in different directions, it might have seemed like a mistake that anything unusual had happened at all. Anthony was just turning into the grounds to beg permission to run down to the market-place for news, when some confusion among the soldiers made him return to his post. What had taken place there was no knowing; but the militia went through some evolutions in a very unsteady way, and were disappearing on the descent to the town, when a roar, as of a mob, seemed to set them flying. Their order was completely broken, and several came running as for their lives,—some plunging down the little path to the beach, some continuing their flight as straight as they could go, and three or four leaping the Squire's fence, and hiding in his shrubbery. Little Will naturally caught the panic and fled shrieking to his mother; and his brothers turned at first; but they saw no appearance of any foe.

The militia men talked of an invasion, and of the enemy: but it could not be ascertained that more strangers had landed than the eighty whom Anthony had counted on the beach. There was a rumour that all the authorities had been captured and carried off to the ships: but this was not true. There was going to be a fight which should have driven the invaders into the sea; but when the Dorset militia should have come down in full force on the strangers, somebody set the example of running; and when so many ran, there was no use in others staying; and so they all dispersed. They would have done anything in reason: but when the mayor ordered a gun to be posted on the cliff, and another on the ridge of the road, commanding the passage from the town, it was found that the two guns were unserviceable, and that there was no ammunition.

The Squire found that the state of affairs in the town was pretty much in correspondence with this representation. At the Mayor's Office there was no Mayor. Where was he? Gone to London, nearly an hour ago. As if another man could not

as well have ridden to London with the news! Where was the Port-surveyor? He had gone off to the ships at sunrise; and he had been detained on board. Who was to take the direction of affairs? That was the most embarrassing of all questions at the moment. While the Duke was at the George Inn, holding a reception of citizens favourable to his cause, the municipal functionaries were wrangling in the Mayor's Office with one another, and with the citizens who had assembled there in obedience to his Worship's summons.

The Quakers were not likely to take arms on either side; but, being suspected of being Jesuits in disguise, they must be kept within their own houses. Lyme was sorely afflicted with dissenters; and no one of them,—not Squire Battiscombe himself, who offered to help to keep the peace of the town,—must be free to do mischief. Lest they should burn the church, or slay the Tory gentry, all the people of that stamp should be put into jail. Somebody proposed to forbid trade of all sorts for the time, lest the invaders should obtain supplies: but it was already too late for this,—the shopkeepers having, almost to a man, gone to the George Inn, to offer themselves and their goods to King Monmouth, as the pretender to the crown was now called. Word was brought in, that more and more scribes were offering themselves as clerks; and yet they could not register fast enough the names of the volunteers who thronged to Monmouth's standard.

"Mr. Battiscombe, this will never do!" said a neighbour, who in ordinary times would scarcely speak to a Nonconformist; and especially to one in his own line of life. Sir Henry Foley was vexed and harassed out of his habitual pride by the miserable misconduct of the hour. "This is treason, Mr. Battiscombe. There is not ranker treason going on at the George at this moment. The Mayor has disappeared; and everybody else, I think. What can be done? What do you advise?"

"That we do not lose our time here, but do the best we can, in the absence of authority. We might easily learn what part the citizens will take; and then . . ."

"What part the citizens will take!"

"Even so, Sir Henry. The strangers might at first have been kept out; and next they might have been driven out. As neither has been done, the citizens are in fact appealed to to choose their own part."

"This is intolerable!" cried Sir Henry, turning to leap on the horse his groom held. "I shall bring down the militia on my own authority to drive these traitors out."

The groom grinned, knowing more of the quality of the militia than his master.

"On which side shall I find you, Mr. Battiscombe?" asked Sir Henry, before he rode off. "Perhaps I thought too well of you from finding you among us here. Perhaps you came on behalf of the traitors. Perhaps you came as a spy."

The Squire looked him full in the face, and then turned away contemptuously. Sir Henry, he knew, was as well aware as himself of the bearings of the spy system of the time—that God's people did not spy, but were spy-ridden.

At every step he found people in doubt what to do. Many of these were glad to join in an organisation for patrolling the streets and neighbourhood, to prevent bloodshed, if possible, and violence of every sort, till some issue should be found from the perplexity of the day. Monmouth must either march onwards, or re-embark and go away before any force from London could arrive; and nothing could be gained by fighting in the present condition of the town. When it was found that, by preserving the peace of the town, any man helping therein would save his neck in regard to King James, while such conduct would not preclude his joining Monmouth if, on knowing more, he should see fit, the Squire's company of town-guards increased from moment to moment, till hundreds had fallen into the march.

In the way to the market-place a loud voice was crying out to all good Protestants to repair to the standard of King Monmouth, and see what great things the Lord was that day doing for England—now again England of the Reformation. John Hickes was showing himself openly, and, in a manner, preaching, in defiance of the Five Mile Act. He was on horseback, bareheaded, and in gown and bands, inviting the people by vehement gestures into the market-place: and everybody followed. There he dismounted, and laying hold of the blue flag,—Monmouth's standard,—erected there, devoutly kissed it, and, displaying it to the people, told them that this day they must look upon it as the banner of Christ. He then addressed himself to preach; and his old friends and hearers in the crowd believed that the very stones of the streets would rise before harm would befall Monmouth in Lyme, after that discourse.

He told his hearers that on the beach cannon were being landed from the ships, and endless suits of brilliant armour; and they had their choice whether to go and see that spectacle or hear from him what should happen to those who should put on that armour on behalf of the Bible and a Protestant king, and what to those who should sell themselves to the popish usurper whose day of mercy was gone by. The picture was so vivid, of woes which were breaking men's hearts, and of the joys of the rescue which they were praying for day and night, that, if the proceedings had ended with Hickes's discourse, nearly all Lyme would have been in rebellion long before night.

But there was a Declaration to be read in the name of Monmouth, which divided the crowd. The lower order of them, the fanatics, and the ignorant shouted for King Monmouth more vehemently than ever after it; but the more intelligent and reasonable regretted it on all accounts. As for the Squire, he shook off the impression of the preacher's eloquence, gathered round him his extempore town-guard, told them that this Declaration was a new danger to the peace of the place, and appointed various beats to certain divisions of their body. As he was setting them forward under their leaders, he was accosted by a gentleman in rich armour, who asked him whether he was not Mr. Battiscombe of this town, saying further that he was sent by one who was charged

with despatches for Mr. Battiscombe from M. Emmanuel Florian.

"Probably M. Florian himself," observed the Squire.

"By no means: M. Florian is not in England. No, nor on the English seas," continued the messenger, in reply to the glance the Squire directed to the bay.

"I cannot at present leave my company," said the Squire: and he really meant this: but when he was made to understand that it was Monmouth himself who summoned him, he saw, as he believed, so signal a divine leading in such an incident, that he could have no doubt about his duty. He delegated his command for a short time to a neighbour, and entered the George, heedless of the twitches at his coat, and of the groans and prayers of some, and the cheers of others who had no doubt that in crossing that threshold his fate was sealed, for evil or for good.

Monmouth looked older, and so far better for his enterprise, than the Squire had expected;—certainly more than five years older than on his last visit to the west of England. He was handsomer than ever; and his countenance was radiant with joy at his reception: yet an experienced eye might discern the traces of past anxieties which had worn him long. He was richly dressed; and his armour lay ready to be assumed at any moment. The gentlemen in attendance were in full panoply, as messages were perpetually arriving which might call them hither and thither, without notice.

The Duke advanced a step or two when the Squire entered the room, and made his obeisance. It was no more than a very low bow. There was evidently no intention of kneeling; and the Duke therefore did not offer his hand to be kissed, as he had obviously been about to do. His manner was not the less gracious, as he said,

"We have met before, I think, Mr. Battiscombe. You were our guide, I remember, five years ago, in an admirable day's sport on your fine downs here."

"I was so honoured in your Grace's service."

Glances and whispers went on behind the Duke's back at this method of accost; and Lord Grey of Wark made bold to suggest the question whether His Majesty was understood by the country-people to be the same personage that they had received so heartily on that occasion.

"Unquestionably," was the reply. "Nothing was more clearly apprehended by the people at large than the claims of his Grace, the Duke of Monmouth."

"His Grace again!" Then the Battiscombes had failed the cause! Anger and gloom overspread all the faces present except Monmouth's. He looked all good-humour as he related that he had seen M. Florian the day before he sailed. Some time ago, it was true; for the voyage had been wretchedly tedious. Florian had entrusted him with a letter for Mr. Battiscombe, of too much consequence to be confided to the ordinary chances of conveyance. His Grace's secretary produced the letter; and Mr. Battiscombe was requested, as a favour, to read it without delay, in the next room.

Before he had quite finished the voluminous



epistle, Monmouth entered. He threw himself into a large chair, and desired his visitor to take the other, remarking that in these fatiguing days, it was well to repose themselves while they could.

The Squire, however, only bowed without seating himself.

"These are times for plain speaking, Mr. Battiscombe," said Monmouth, with undisturbed good-humour; "and I am anxious to know what part such a man as you thinks of taking, now that the decisive moment for the fortunes of England has arrived. M. Florian tells me that no man is more anxious for the restoration of Protestantism to the throne."

"M. Florian is right. No man can be more steadfastly set towards that restoration than I. It is my daily and nightly prayer."

"That is well: but deeds must follow prayers. I may, therefore, reckon on your friendship, my good sir. I could not seriously doubt this, though some, less well-informed in regard to you, were questioning it just now. You must let me know your wishes. I am right, am I not?"

"I can never be your Grace's enemy: but if being your friend means taking part in this enterprise, I am bound to say that I am not yet prepared to do so."

"Permit me," the Duke said, going to the door, and calling to Lord Grey

"Here, my Lord Grey!" said the Duke, when the door was closed. "It will be best for Mr. Battiscombe, as well as for me, that our conference should be witnessed,—in order to avoid future mistakes. Is it not so, Mr. Battiscombe?"

The Squire bowed, and did not fail to observe that the Duke did not resume his seat.

"Mr. Battiscombe will tell us," continued Monmouth, "why, not being our enemy, he cannot be our friend.

The Squire delivered his mind without any hesitation.

"There are more reasons than one," he said, "why it is impossible for me to enter rashly into engagements which, unless they be loyal towards God and my country, are treason to the throne, and the peace of these realms."

"So far no question can be raised," observed Monmouth. "But where is the rashness? You have long counted on a Protestant king to succeed the present Papist Usurper; and, unless I am misinformed, you have trained your children in this expectation."

"It is true," answered the Squire. "Such is the confident expectation of my household: but it was not to your Grace that our expectation pointed."

"I understand: but my cousins have no claim in the presence of mine, as the son of the late king. That, however, is, as you would remark, a point to be cleared up. We shall not differ as to the necessity of full investigation."

"His Majesty—" interposed Lord Grey.

"Nay, my good Lord," said Monmouth, "I entreat you to observe my wishes about the postponement of that title. Mr. Battiscombe is more correct in accosting me as the Monmouth I was in my father's life-time:—more correct even in the manner, if you will allow me to say so, considering

the care I have taken to explain that I submit my claims to the decision of a free parliament. Does this satisfy you, Mr. Battiscombe? Do you not see in me a leader to Protestant ascendancy, leaving the personal claim to the decision of parliament?"

"I do not," was the calm reply. "I am credibly informed that your Grace has this morning touched two young persons for the King's-evil."

Monmouth laughed, but he coloured also, as he asked whether in such an emergency a man must not shape his conduct by the desires of the people, whom he must speak fair.

The Squire thought not. But, as he had said, there were other difficulties besides the dread of recommending one who had never been a prince—

"Say a bastard at once," said Monmouth. "I have been accustomed to the discussion; and I have myself provoked it now."

The Squire bowed, and proceeded with his sentence—

"To the throng of these realms. I heard your Grace's Declaration read in the market-place just now."

"Surely that Declaration must meet your views," cried Lord Grey, "or you must have turned papist."

"In its proposals of a free Protestant rule, and its accusations of the present King's government for its tyranny, bad principle, and bad faith, I fully agree," the Squire replied. "But I heard with concern the charges against King James of having devised the Great Fire; (the Popish Plot I do not in any way comprehend). More painful still was it to hear the King charged with having made away with the Earl of Essex, and destroyed his own brother by poison."

"These things are true," Lord Grey observed.

"I believe them to be false," replied the Squire; "and I regret the rashness with which such scandals are thrown down before a justly-incensed, but passionate people. I cannot enter into a movement driven on by the engine of false-witness against high or low, whether they be, in regard to myself, friends or persecutors."

There was a moment's silence, which the Squire made use of to begin his retreat: but Monmouth spoke again.

"I fear the Declaration is ill-judged," he said.

"The next shall be prepared by myself. I am thankful to Mr. Battiscombe for his sincerity,—disappointing as it will be to others, as to myself. Such avowals leave me no right to inquire further on the subject for which I asked this interview,—what part Mr. Battiscombe intends to take."

The answer to this was as direct as all that had gone before. A man who thought as he did, the Squire declared, could not be far wrong in waiting for guidance as to the direction of his loyalty, provided he was active meanwhile in keeping the field clear, and the public peace unbroken for the great decision when the moment should arrive. He had his function in the town; and he would crave his Grace's permission to be no longer absent from it.

He was in the doorway when Monmouth addressed him once more. With his winning smile he said that he and Mr. Battiscombe might yet meet as friends,—yes, even as comrades in esta-

blishing the Protestant liberties of England. If Parliament should prefer a Protestant King James to the present popish usurper of the same name, all good Protestants, he presumed, would acquiesce; and the most eager of his champions would be the Nonconformists.

The Squire promised allegiance to the decision of a free Parliament; but there was a coldness in his tone which struck upon Monmouth's heart. Lord Grey abused the Roundhead as a canting, self-seeking, half-hearted fellow, but was told that he mistook the man. Such a man as this was a great loss to the cause. No, there could not be hundreds of better men pouring into the town every hour. The more the better, such as they were: but men like this Battiscombe were not common: and their adhesion, once obtained, might be relied on. There was a hesitation in his manner at the last, however—

Lord Grey dared not utter further scorn; but he laughed.

"It was not from policy that he kept aloof from me," said Monmouth, speaking to himself, while answering his attendant's thought. The next suggestion remained unspoken.

"Perhaps it was from scruple about Henrietta: I suspect that was it. When I have made her my Queen there will be no more such coldness."

"Please your Majesty—" said a voice from the doorway.

"I could wish that my injunctions were better attended to," said Monmouth, with some irritation. "It is injurious to my interests to address me otherwise than as the Duke of Monmouth; and how often must I say so in vain?"

"Your Grace must excuse your faithful servants," Lord Grey answered. "In the marketplace, in the streets, and far into two counties the people are shouting 'King Monmouth.' If your Grace would but see it, this is your proclamation as sovereign of these realms."

Monmouth made no reply. But it was remarked that, after a little time had been allowed him, no more chiding was heard when he was spoken of as "His Majesty."

(To be continued.)

## THE ART OF THIEVING.

### PART I.

THAT so many people can earn their living by thieving proves, at least, that there must be method in their crime, and a considerable amount of ingenuity in carrying out their fraudulent plans. Were thieves to go about their work at haphazard they would soon be driven out of the field: they would neither be able to outwit their victims nor elude the police. Thieves contending with the public have greatly the advantage in some respects. Long practice makes the thief perfect in arts of which the public know comparatively nothing. The honest tradesman and the peaceful and virtuous citizen passing through the streets bear the same relation to the professional thief as the generality of men bear to a well-trained prize-fighter. A man untrained in the art of self-defence can have no chance of success in a contention with a professional bruiser.

He knows a thousand tricks to which the uninitiated are perfect strangers. But, whilst we are none of us required to enter the ring and guard ourselves against the skilful assaults of the prize-fighter, we are *all* obliged to be upon our guard against the depredations of thieves. We know not when or where they may assail us, nor how severe the loss we may sustain by these villains of the criminal arts. It becomes every citizen to know something of the tricks of thieves, in order that he may know his danger and secure his own safety. Whatever objections may be urged against such knowledge, the fact is certain that *thieves mainly live upon the ignorance and carelessness of the public*. A danger cannot be guarded against until it is known; and before the public can provide for their own protection against thieves, they must acquaint themselves with the snares which are spread for them. It may be objected that in revealing the secrets of the criminal fraternity we only spread the evil. "Thieves," it may be said, "will read your book and take lessons from it." This objection can only be urged by those who do not understand the furtive brotherhood. The thieves know already what will be here revealed, and far more. All who are inclined to enlist in the ranks of professional thieves can readily do so, and by such association and a few years' imprisonment they will soon graduate in the whole art of stealing. We can teach the habitual thief nothing on this subject. Here and there one naturally inclined to evil may take a hint from what is written; but we cannot refrain from informing the public because one or two may make an improper use of the information.

In gathering information on the criminal question, I have been astonished at the gross ignorance displayed by shopkeepers and others. The merest prig could cheat many of them without the least difficulty. While this ignorance lasts the thieves will continue to reap their unhallowed harvests, and shopkeepers will continue to say, "We are constantly being robbed, but we cannot find out how they do it, and therefore we are unable to prevent them." Until the multitude will do something to dispel this ignorance, they will continue to be the easy prey of the trained marauder, and perfectly helpless whenever the trammels of thieving are thrown about them.

The information which is needed by the multitude to save them, as far as may be, from being robbed and plundered is very difficult to obtain. It cannot be had by merely reading police reports. Only fragments of the art come out there—now and then a burglar's ingenious instrument, now and then a flash-letter, and now and then a note on the Bank of Elegance. Thieves in general cling to their secrets with the most desperate tenacity. They are unwilling to endanger their craft by too much publicity. A few of them, however, are very communicative when they meet with persons whom they can trust. Under the influence of remorse, aggravated by the treachery of their companions,—proud and vain of an opportunity of showing the amount of their criminal knowledge and dishonest skill, or sincerely and even affectionately grateful for some signal act of unmerited kindness,—they will freely disclose the

most startling things, and explain with eagerness their most successful methods of preying upon the public and evading the law. I have sat and listened with amazement and horror to such disclosures, until, unable to bear it any longer, I have checked the narrator by saying, "It is horrible and infernal—how could you do it!" Then, with a face like scarlet (for thieves can blush at such times), the answer has been, "I know it's diabolical; but do you wish me to smooth it over and tell you a lot of lies? You asked for the truth, and you've got it." The information which a communicative and trusting thief will sometimes impart is so much mixed up with their own slang, there are so many names for the same thing, these names change so frequently, and there are so many variations from each leading mode of thieving, as to make it not a little difficult to get at the real truth of the case. In any explanations which I may offer I shall endeavour to keep to what the thieves consider the best and principal methods; and the reader must understand that each gang of thieves introduces some slight change in the application and carrying-out of those criminal arts, the general plans of which are familiar to the whole brotherhood of thieves.

Men generally prefer to rob men, not only because men are supposed to carry the largest amount of money, but also from a sort of mongrel chivalry which prevails among habitual thieves. They consider it somewhat ungallant to misuse a female, and prefer leaving them in the hands of female thieves. How seldom it is that women are garroted! One reason is, the female thieves are very much opposed to men garrotting women, and hardly any female thief will consent to have a woman garroted; she will first try all other means of robbing her victim. The female thieves know, by bitter and personal experience, the terrors of the garrote. Their men not unfrequently garrote the female thieves by way of punishing them. If a female thief is very saucy, or in any way offends her man, he threatens to screw her up, and the threat is generally sufficient. After being garroted once or twice the female thief stands in terror of the infliction, and will submit to almost anything rather than be "screwed up." So men steal from men, women from women; the latter opposing the garrotting of women to the utmost of their power, and very frequently resisting the application of the garrote to men. The female thief seeks her prey in shops, fashionable streets, conveyances, and public gatherings. The man-thief seeks his victims in all sorts of places and circumstances, anywhere the world over. The public are greatly mistaken in thinking that the thieves work at random. They often know their mark, both of time, person, and place. Thieves are full of schemes, subtlety, plans, and methods, and if they could observe their own rules they would very seldom be detected. The following kind of robberies are looked upon by the thieves as their most lucrative methods:—Burglary, hotel-tilting, garrotting, and pocket-picking. And the most difficult and dangerous of all their arts they pronounce to be "fly-buzzing," i. e., one thief picking a person's pocket when no third party is present.

*Pocket-picking* is one of the principal arts in

thievery, and we must explain and describe it at some length. Occasionally it is done single-handed, but only the cleverest thieves can thus work alone. For pocket-picking they nearly always go two together, often three, and occasionally four. Whatever the numbers may be, whether three or four, the person who really does the work is called the wire. Suppose three; one is the wire, and the other two are the front and back stalls. Stalling is almost always practised in pocket-picking. The stall acts as though he did not belong to the thief, and yet does all he can to assist the wire. The stalls walk before or behind—any way so that they can divert the victim's attention from the wire, and cover his work from any one who happens to pass by. The wire will not keep the treasure in his hands long, but passes it into the hands of one of the stalls, who thus becomes the "swagsman," or banker. Purses, when emptied of their contents, are thrown away the first opportunity, to avoid identification. In picking pockets they are guided to their victim by his general appearance and manner. Thieves become very expert in judging what position persons hold in life, and whether they are likely to have any money about them. Moreover, they watch people in public places paying or receiving money, and they will follow them very long distances. If the victim wears a gold watch-guard, then the thieves are reconciled to the risk at once; money or no money, they make sure of a watch. Absence of mind makes many a victim for the pick-pocket. And when the person is not preoccupied and absorbed in his own thoughts, the stalls always divert the victim's attention from the wire by running against the victim, as if by accident, asking him the way to somewhere, or the hour of the day, or by creating some disturbance. Both male and female thieves are very clever at what they call "fanning pockets," which is done by suddenly, as if by accident, passing one hand quickly and lightly over the pocket; and thus they can tell in a moment which pocket contains the treasure. The wire always uses the thumb and two forefingers, generally of the right hand. When they get their victim to-rights, the pocket is picked in a moment and the gang at once disperse.

They have preconcerted signals, of which the principal are the following: From the stalls,— "the police," "we are watched," "not yet," "give it up;" from the wire,— "I must give it up," "I've missed," or "I've got it." A cough, a stamp of the foot, a laugh, a wave of the hand, or a slang word is used, as the case may be, to signal the necessary information. Sometimes they get half-caught, and put back that which they had nearly taken without the victim knowing what has happened; but they will follow up their prey, and try again and again as long as there is any chance of success. If the wire gets into trouble by being detected or suspected, then the stalls come forward, and, acting as if they did not know the thief, do their uttermost to get him out of the scrape, and clear off. When money is loose in the pocket the thieves call it "weeding;" people occasionally think that they have lost or mislaid their loose money in going from shop to shop; it

may be so, but often the wire has been "weeding." When ladies' pockets are so long that the wire's fingers wont reach the bottom, he puts his left hand to the bottom of the pocket outside the lady's dress, and very dexterously, and almost imperceptibly, lifts the pocket up towards his right hand; and this is called "punching it up." The only instruments used in pocket picking are a sharp penknife or a pair of scissors, and a pair of pliers—the former for ripping pockets and ladies' dresses; the latter for cutting watch-guards. This instrument is generally like the one here illustrated. Watches are taken from the pocket much the same as purses. A thief will always make a venture or "throw a chance away," as he calls it, when he sees a gold chain. No matter where the watch of the lady or gentleman is worn, the thief runs his finger along the guard, which at once guides him to the watch. If he finds it to be a silver watch, he will frequently put it back in disgust; but he will run risks for a gold watch. If he is detected either by the alertness of his victim or his own awkwardness, he will put the watch back if possible, or say the chain has got entangled with his buttons, or stumble up against his victim, beg his pardon, and so cover his own retreat. The pliers for cutting watch-guards are very strong, and do their work in an instant; but these instruments are not generally used. Most thieves break the watch from the guard by the following quick and easy method:—The watch is tightly grasped in the left hand, the powerful and fleshy part of the thumb resting on the part of the watch where the stud and ring are attached. The ring to which the chain is fastened, is held tightly between the thumb and



finger of the right hand. This position gives the thief considerable power over the watch; and by suddenly wrenching his hands in opposite directions, the ring either breaks or the stud is twisted off, or, as more commonly happens, the small pin which passes through the ring to fasten it is torn out. Occasionally the thieves have not time to put the watch back in case of alarm; at other times they cannot, from the difficulty of the circumstances, wrench it from the guard; and when a gentleman finds his watch out of his pocket and dangling by the chain, he may know that something of this kind has occurred.

Not long ago several gentlemen were walking at a late hour along one of the London streets; they observed a man walking on the opposite side of the street, and watching them very intently. They could not make out what the fellow was looking at until, at last, one of the gentlemen noticed that the watch of one of the company was out of his pocket hanging by the chain. The man who eyed them so conspicuously was no doubt a single-hand wire, who had drawn the watch from the pocket, but had not been able to twist it from the guard, and was waiting for another chance.

As a specimen of the ingenious methods of stalls take the following incident:—

A gentleman, probably in the police-force and not unlikely a detective, was listening one Sunday afternoon to a Hyde Park preacher. A suspicious-looking man with a well-dressed lady on each arm walked towards the gentleman as if by accident, poked the first finger of each hand under the gentleman's coat-laps and lifted them up, no doubt to give the ladies on his arms the opportunity of picking both pockets. But the gentleman, who told us the circumstance in the Victoria Hotel, was too quick for the thieves, and they had to retire, covering their confusion as they best could.

A remarkable instance of pocket-picking by a single-handed wire is said to have happened in London. A gentleman from the country received a large sum of money in sovereigns. He bought a sort of canvas bag for it, walked along the streets, all the while keeping his hand in the pocket where the purse was, with a desperate determination not to be done. All at once, to his astonishment, his purse was gone. He at once went to a policeman, by whose assistance he had the singular good fortune to find the thief who had taken his purse. The gentleman was so amazed at his purse being taken while his hand had never left his pocket, that he offered to forgive the thief if he would tell him how it was done. The thief then said:—

"I happened to see you receiving the money, and followed you. I saw you buy the bag-purse, and again followed you. After a time, I tickled your ear with a feather; unconsciously you took your hand out of your purse-pocket to remove what you thought, perhaps, was a fly; and while you were rubbing your ear I got the booty."

A great deal of pocket-picking is done in crowds. There the thieves can work the easiest, and are surest of escaping detection. If no crowd forms of itself, the thieves resort to different methods of creating a crowd. Having selected a place to have a crowd—and they select places where people with money are likely to be passing—one of the gang throws a stone into one of the shop-windows, which is called "*smashing the glaze*;" a crowd of people soon form, and then the wires go to work. "*Tumbling a fit for buzzing*" is also resorted to for the purpose of creating a crowd. A man falls down in a public thoroughfare. People passing think he is in a fit, and so he seems to be, for long practice has enabled him to act his part to perfection. He goes through a regular series of symptoms, pains, and contortions; comes slowly round, and, being alone, he asks one of the bystanders to call him a cab, in which the fit-tumbler drives off. While he has been having his fits, the pickpockets have been busy at work, looking after people's purses, and sympathising with the sufferer or taking no notice of him as their game required. Some of these scenes are occasionally acted under the very eyes of the police, without being detected. The "fit-tumbler" is always well dressed, and, to make his work safer and more successful, he is not a regular thief, nor is he known to the police as belonging to the criminal classes.

*Auctions and sales* are favourite resorts of thieves. They will travel as much as fifty or sixty miles to a good sale, and always make sure of clearing their

travelling expenses by pocket-picking. Should they steal any goods or plate of any kind, they take the stolen property to the nearest "fence town," and dispose of it at once. There is a great deal of carelessness with purses at sales. Some persons are fond of showing their money, and others delight to be in liquor; so between the two a clever wire is sure of his harvest. "*Working on the stop*" is done in the streets. A gang of thieves pick out a likely mark and set a stall upon him, who stops the mark and, if possible, holds him in conversation while the rest of the gang ease him of his cash. It is in this kind of work that men who have fallen from respectability, such as clerks and tradesmen, are of most use to the thieves. They can never become so clever as the born-and-bred thieves, but they make the best of stalls. Their business air puts the victim off his guard, whereas the uneasy and furtive restlessness of an habitual thief attempting to stall would at once put a man who knew the world upon his guard. "*Stiff-dropping*" is another mode of pocket-picking, and is practised both in the streets and in conveyances. A boy or girl, very respectably dressed, shows a letter to a lady—for this appeal is generally made to their soft hearts—and is in great trouble because he cannot read the direction of the letter. The lady—as any lady would—kindly undertakes to help him, perhaps takes out her spectacles; and while she is doing this her purse is taken, it may be in the street or it may be in an omnibus. The party who picks the pocket while the "stiff-dropper" is attracting the victim's attention is called "the hook." Omnibuses are greatly patronised by the thieves, who insist upon it that some of the omnibus-conductors play into their hands. The greater part of this work is done by women, who, if possible, sit near the door and fan people's pockets as they get in. When they have marked their game they wait until the victim is coming out of the bus. One thief will put some hindrance in the victim's way, and while he or she is hindered, apparently by accident, in getting out, the theft is committed. As soon as the wire has got the purse, he passes the signal to the stall on the other side, and the victim may go. But if the wire cannot succeed the victim is detained for some time. The stall will pretend to be getting out, or throw herself forward into the doorway to look at something, or put her leg across the omnibus, or tumble something, or ask a question; keeping the victim until the wire either gets the purse or gives the office up in despair. Two men and one woman frequently work an omnibus. The wire contrives to sit next to his mark. The stall engages the victim's attention while the wire is at work, who, when he has succeeded, passes the purse to the third thief. The third thief, or swagsman, leaves the omnibus as soon as possible. The others ride on for some distance, knowing that they are not in danger because nothing can be found upon them. Many a kind-hearted person has been plundered while making out the address of a letter for a boy or girl who could not make the writing out. The public are familiar with Dick Turpin and the villains of Hounslow Heath, with their blunderbuss threateningly levelled at the heads of the stage-coach passengers; but those days are

gone, and the few instances in which men are waylaid, half-murdered, and robbed, are enacted only by tramps, beggars, and the lowest class of thieves—such, for instance, as those Bilston stupidities, who do their work as heavily and brutally as Barclay's dray-horses might do if they went mad and turned out on the streets to get their living by picking pockets.

*Railways* have taken the place of stage-coaches, and a great deal of pilfering is done in connection with them. On fair-days, market-days, and other special occasions, when trains and stations are unusually crowded and brisk, the thieves are always very busy. Sometimes they will work a whole line or part of it, until they cannot safely stay any longer. They will take a ticket for a station a few miles out and distant from a large town station, and return by one of the crowded night-trains, and this they call "grafting short stages." Both in the train and out of it there is a good deal of thieving going on. They watch persons getting their tickets, and notice what change they have, and then keep their eye upon them, and get into the same carriage if they think it worth their while. Hither come the magsmen, the women, and the Peter-ringers; the magsmen dressed like farmers to decoy country folks to hoccused drink and the flash gambling-houses—the women for picking pockets and "picking up." But a Peter-ringer, "What in the world is that?" the reader will say. Well, my friend, a Peter-ringer is one who tries to get his living by stealing carpet-bags. He takes a carpet-bag of the usual size and appearance with him to the railway-station, and when he sees one loose and somewhat similar to his own, he effects an exchange and quietly makes off, leaving for the traveller some hay or rags, or perhaps a few stones. Sometimes whole families, men, women, boys, and girls, give themselves principally to railway thieving. Thieves prefer working railways three together—wire, and front and back stalls. We will suppose these three setting out for a day's villany. They go down to the station respectably dressed, and are not in any hurry to take their tickets; but lounge about, watching intently, under the garb of seeming indifference, the different passengers taking their tickets and opening their purses. They always take their seats next the door, and fan the passengers' pockets as they enter the carriage. Sometimes they pick the passengers' pockets while in the carriage, but oftener do it as they are getting out, when the same tricks are practised as in omnibuses. Most thieves, and especially railway thieves, are very fond of having a coat or rug over their left arm; these they press against the victim in such a way as to cover their right hand, with which they work underneath and out of sight. Passengers now and then find their emptied purses in their own pockets, and this the thieves call "weeding a poke and whipping it back." If they cannot whip the purse back, or are not disposed to do it, they have plenty of repositories for emptied purses—window-slides, tunnels, water-closets, and for a joke the railway porter's jacket pocket. Railway thieves may be generally known by their restlessness. They jump out and in at every station,

change seats and carriages, and seem to be watching everybody. A gentleman one day was travelling by train from Birmingham to London in a second-class carriage. In another compartment of the same carriage he saw a young and an elderly female, who were very intimate and friendly. The younger lady chatted a great deal with the elder one, and called her attention to almost everything they passed; and their company seemed mutually delightful. At Oxford the younger lady left the carriage and took a friendly leave of her companion. Shortly after the train was again in motion the elderly lady became greatly excited and alarmed, exclaiming,

"Oh dear! I'm robbed. That young hussy has taken my purse."

The gentleman said, "Why, I thought the young lady was a friend of yours?"

"Friend!" said the old lady; "why, I never saw her before."

Surely enough the old lady was robbed, for her dress and outer garments were cut open to her under pocket. She was going to pay a considerable sum of money in London, and, fortunately for her, she had stitched some bank-notes where no wire could get them. No doubt this lady had been watched from the bank to her home, and from home to the railway-station, where the lively young female was planted upon her to travel with her until the deed was done. Not at all unlikely some servant had treacherously, or foolishly and unknowingly, put the thieves on the scent. Persons who are going to the bank to pay in money, or who have been to the bank receiving money, are frequently robbed. They wonder how the thieves happen to catch them at that particular time. The explanation is that, like woodcocks, they are considered rare game, and are generally watched and marked down. This kind of thieving is called "jug-buzzing," and is only practised by the cleverest thieves. Two of them will go into the bank when many people are in, or when they have marked their woodcock. The two thieves are very well dressed, and try to appear as gentlemanly and quiet as possible. One of them will ask for change for a 5*l.* note, and it is his aim to keep the clerk's attention as long as he can. This gives the thieves an opportunity of using their eyes and ears to some purpose, as by this means they find out who is receiving money. When they have chosen their victim they try to rob him as soon as possible, preferring to do it in the bank if they can; they consider that the safest, as in it they think themselves least liable to suspicion. A few of the thieves are quick enough to take their booty from the breast-pocket; they are considered the top of the profession, and are called "bloke-tools." These thieves generally carry snyde scrip and commercial bills, which are supplied to them by broken-down lawyers' clerks and others; so that, if they become the objects of suspicion and fall into the hands of the police, they produce their snyde paper, and endeavour to pass themselves off for commercial men. A good deal of pocket-picking is done in *places of worship*, and this is called "*kirk-buzzing*." They are by no means particular as to the place—church or chapel, anywhere for money. They will pay two

or three visits to the same place, and only give it up when it becomes too hot to hold them. They are very fond of missionary meetings and other philanthropic crowds, where the people are too excited and too far away in the celestial to care for such carnal things as purses and pockets. Some ladies at a small place called Hill Top, in South Staffordshire, were heavily fleeced in a Methodist chapel not very long ago by some "*kirk-buzzers*," who, guided by advertisement, came down upon the good people from a distance. Sometimes the pockets are picked during the progress of the service, especially if the meeting is exciting and one calculated to rivet the attention of the audience; but the chief part of the work is done in what thieves call "*the burst*," which means just in the midst of the excitement and stir which is made when the people rise from their seats and are passing out along the aisles. Then they fan pockets, pick their marks, do their dishonest deeds, and jostle themselves about, all the while looking as devout as possible. The wax arm dodge for robbing at the communion is seldom used; clever thieves can do without it. This kind of work is also called "*buzzing on spec*." It is said by the thieves that when they go to Roman Catholic places of worship they get to know the name of the officiating priest, so that if they are caught they profess to be Papists, and ask to speak with Father So-and-so; they do this in the hope that the priest will take pity on them and get them off. *Exchange Robbing* is done by men; women and children are never employed, except outside, to receive the "*swag*." The Exchange-men never work in towns where they are well known to the police. Moreover, they dress exceedingly well, so that if on a sudden outcry of something gone the doors are closed at once, it is next to impossible for the police to detect the culprit—first, because they do not know him, and secondly, because of the thief's unsuspecting appearance and manner. An Exchange thief watches until he sees a gentleman with a purse or a roll of notes. This man he marks, and follows him wherever he goes; and the moment the thief has picked the merchant's pocket he is off. Gentlemen can seldom tell to a few minutes how much time has elapsed since the wealth was in their possession; and should it only be a few minutes between the knowledge of possession and the alarm of ascertained loss, the brief interval is nearly always sufficient to enable the rascal to make good his escape: once outside and his capture is generally hopeless, as on the slightest suspicion of being followed the property is immediately passed from hand to hand. The foregoing explanation will account for the Exchange thief being so seldom caught.

#### DEATH IN THE MATCH-BOX.

THE man who invented lucifer matches was doubtless one of the greatest benefactors to humanity. What labour was lost, what tempers were tried, what knuckles were made sore in the hundred thousand households of England, every morning, as Botty the housemaid, with

flint and steel, endeavoured to strike a light on the damp tinder; what a minor misery of life was abolished by the immortal genius who schemed, and made, and struck a light with, the first Congreve! The invention might have been a very small one, but how stupendous its results appear, multiplied by the daily convenience it affords to the entire population! Prometheus stole fire from heaven only to animate one man. The inventor of the lucifer match calls into life one of the four elements to do our bidding in our domestic and industrial homes every day, and yet even his name is unknown to the public. But all great and universal inventions are sure to have their dark as well as their bright sides, and after the twenty-five years' experience we have had, since the first blue spirt of light was elicited by the sand-paper, medical men have come to the knowledge that the manufacturing of them has created a new and terrible disease among the workers.

It was observed many years ago in Vienna, the great seat of the lucifer-match trade, that, after a while, a certain percentage of the workmen, in some mysterious manner, became affected with necrosis of the jaw: the bone in which the teeth are embedded gradually sloughed away, and the patient, in many cases, died from the constitutional effect of some poison absorbed into the system. After awhile the mischief was traced to the phosphorus used in preparing the match, and the handicraft got such an ill name that, in some places of Germany, only convicts were allowed to be employed at the work. It was, after some investigation, found that the disease attacked the bone through decayed teeth, and that in all cases it was necessary that the bone should be laid bare ere the phosphorus could attack it. A German physician settled this point by exposing a rabbit, whose jaw had been accidentally broken and denuded of its surrounding tissues, to the fumes of phosphorus; the rabbit's jaw exfoliated, and it ultimately died. It seems very extraordinary, on first sight, that phosphorus, which forms so important an element of all bones, and from which it is extracted, should be so destructive to its life when coming in contact with it, but the physiological explanation of the seeming anomaly is this: the fumes of the phosphorus destroy the periosteum, or the vascular lining of all living bone, and by which it is nourished. This being destroyed, the bone simply perishes through want of support. Until latterly we have not heard much of this terrible disease, but its alleged frequency in the lucifer-match manufactories of England has led the officers of health of the Privy Council to order an investigation into the matter; and Dr. Bristowe has written a report, which we trust will lead to some investigation of the evil.

From the evidence he has collected, out of fifty-nine patients who suffered from the disease, thirty-six were dippers, mixers, and grinders,—three operations in match-making which took the workers into the drying-rooms, where the lucifers in the process of desiccation give off phosphoric fumes,—of these fifty-nine patients no less than twenty-one died, and the others were more or less disabled by the partial or total obliteration of

either the upper or lower jaw, or, in some cases, of both; whilst the poor sufferers, in many cases, were not thoroughly restored to health for years. It is certainly very deplorable that we cannot strike a match without being reminded that its production entails such misery and death to the producer; and we feel confident that the humane public will be very willing to adopt any plan which may abolish it entirely. The object of the Government inquiry is to see what precautions can be taken to prevent this horrible jaw-rotting, and many suggestions have been made. For instance, it is proposed by Dr. Bristowe that the workmen shall keep their mouths shut whilst at work, and in this manner prevent the phosphoric fumes from entering; the wearing of respirators is suggested by Dr. Salter; but those who know how reckless workmen are, and, even when their own lives are concerned, cannot be induced to adopt such precautions, put little faith in such expedients. In the dry-grinding of steel forks at Sheffield, perhaps the most deadly trade in existence, such respirators were once introduced, but the men would not wear them; and in the many preparations of arsenical pigments, which are so destructive, the like disregard of all precaution is noticeable among the workers. In Prussia, the Government, to a certain extent, provides against the danger, by prohibiting any person who has hollow teeth from working in the lucifer-match manufactories; but all these operations are only partially operative—the grand object is to get rid of the preparation of phosphorus, altogether which brings about such deplorable results; and this, we are glad to say, can be done.

At present the vast majority of matches are made of common phosphorus, a highly inflammable material, independently of its disease-producing tendencies. Of these matches some contain very much more phosphorus than others. The common "Congreves" are called "damp proof" matches, in which a comparatively small percentage of phosphorus is used, and silent matches. These latter are by many persons much preferred for domestic use, in consequence of their not spluttering when lighted, and from their being less sulphurous; but they contain the largest percentage of phosphorus, and consequently their production produces the largest amount of disease. But there is another kind of match made with what is termed red or amorphous phosphorus. This singular substance has not very long been discovered: it is nothing more than common phosphorus enclosed in a cylindrical iron vessel, and exposed continuously for a month or six weeks to a temperature of from 400° to 500°. By this simple baking it becomes changed entirely in all its qualities, the most notable of which is its ignitability under any temperature less than 500°. Attempts have been made to produce matches by the mixture of this amorphous phosphorus with chlorate of potass, but the process of mixing these two materials is so dangerous that the manufacture has been given up. There is an old adage, however, that there are more ways of killing a dog than drowning him, and we are glad to see that amorphous phosphorus and chlorate of potass have been at length brought together in a very

effectual manner, and, what is more to the purpose, with entire impunity to the match-maker from his old disease. Messrs. Bryant and May have solved the difficulty in their patent safety matches. The peculiarity of these consists in the fact that the match can only be struck by rubbing it on the prepared surface—friction alone not being sufficient. The match is dipped in chlorate of potass (its chief ingredient), mixed with red lead, black oxide of manganese, sulphuret of antimony, and glue; whilst the box, in lieu of sand-paper, is smeared with amorphous phosphorus, sulphuret of antimony, and glue. Thus, without the box the match is worthless. There are certain inconveniences attending this divorce, but the advantages are, on the other hand, very great. The accidents that happen to ordinary lucifer matches, in consequence of their spontaneous combustion in hot weather, is a well-recognised cause of many disastrous conflagrations.

We have ourselves heard the late Mr. Braidwood deplore the immense loss of property brought about by this cause. Again, the very slight amount of friction required to light them is another cause of fires; even mice and rats gnawing wax vestas have been known to fire the match by their teeth touching the phosphorus. Accidents to life are continually taking place through ladies treading accidentally on matches carelessly thrown upon the ground.

Lucifer matches are a well-known cause of fires, both accidental and incendiary, in the agricultural districts. The matches which the boy keeping birds always keeps about him, are often used to fire a stack. The labourer threshing in the barn, or working in the stable, will often pull out a congrave, and by accident let one fall; something crushing it, and a fire happens in a moment. So well are some fire-offices aware of their losses from this cause, that in their policies they insert a clause prohibiting the carrying of lucifer matches by farm-servants. The general use of the new kind of match would at once do away with all fear of accidental fires arising from their use. At all events, Dr. Bristowe acknowledges that the only effectual method of preventing the deplorable disease under which the match-maker now suffers is the prohibition of the use of common phosphorus altogether, and we think that, if the legislature does not adopt his precaution, society should; as it is nothing less than criminal to persist in the use of an article which causes such misery, when a perfectly harmless method of manufacture is in full operation, without causing the slightest derangement of health to the workers in it. A. W.

## UP THE MOSELLE.

### PART VI.

It is a short walk from Bremm to Cochem across the crest of the hill. By following a stream before we arrive at Eller, up a glen, the way may be made still shorter, as it is unnecessary to follow the zigzags of the carriage-road, which resemble those over a Swiss pass. The road leads down to a little village on the river, about half-a-mile from Cochem, shortly after leaving which a view of remarkable beauty discloses itself. The town

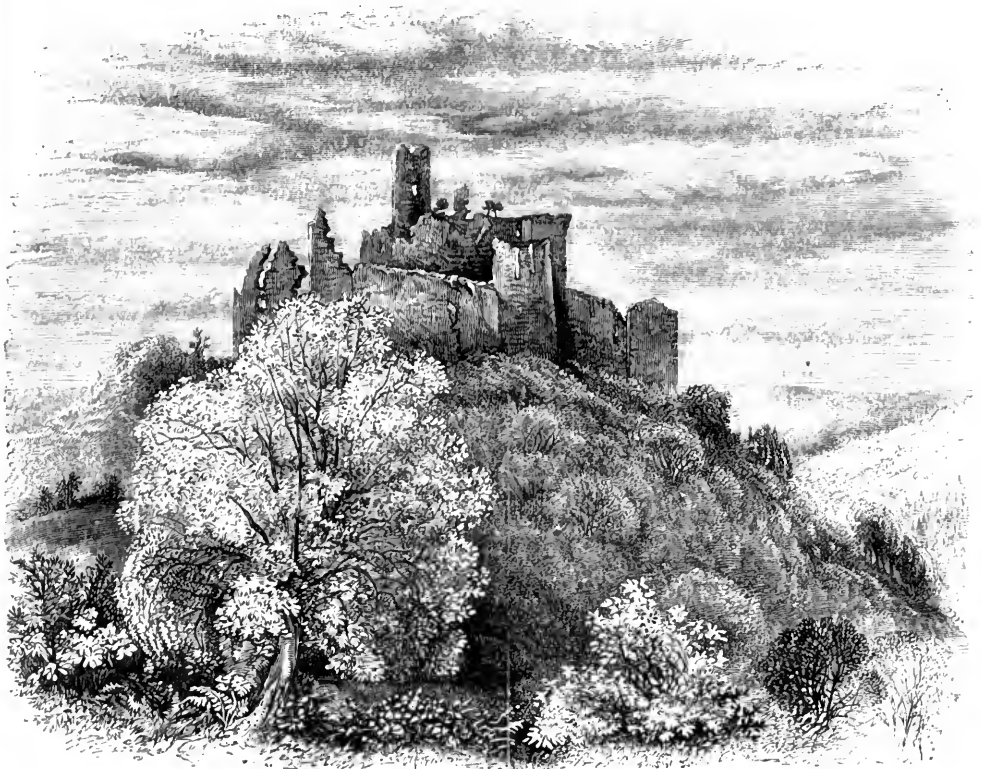
and castle of Cochem are seen in the foreground, dark against the dazzling evening sun; beyond them in misty distance the glen, where stands on a more lofty height the Castle of Winneberg, and height behind height beyond. On the right bank of the river is a bright-green level, covered with trees, through which peer the church-tower and houses of Cond. The writer in "Murray's Guide Book," whose displeasure was excited by the Valley of Elz, has again fallen foul of Cochem as being one of those places which look very well at a distance, but are very dirty on close acquaintance. Here he is scarcely just. Cochem is decidedly cleaner than most picturesque places; and picturesque places are hardly ever clean except in Holland. But it is to be feared he is an insatiably fastidious gentleman, who would even wash Murillo's beggar-boys. Places full of quaint gables, and tumble-down turrets, and old arches, and bits of embattled walls, and wondrously lofty narrow streets, must be what is commonly called dirty, as every painter knows who attempts to sketch them in the midst of a swarm of urchins. It would be impossible to have the rich Prout browns consistently with baths and wash-houses. And yet I saw a scene which brought to mind the Odyssean Nausicaa and her maids of honour engaged in washing the linen of the royal household of Alcinoüs; for early in the morning the whole female population of Cochem seemed to have turned out to get up their linen at the mouth of the brook which runs into the Moselle, unconsciously composing an excellent picture. Cochem is a place which well rewards a stay of three or four days, as it may be made the centre of many interesting excursions, besides being in itself full of antiquities, as well as the liveliest port on the Moselle. It is, perhaps, not generally known that it owns a little steamer, which leaves early in the morning for Coblenz, and returns in the afternoon, at lower fares than those charged on the steamers which are usually advertised.

Near the place where the Enderbach (Rivus Andrida) flows into the Moselle, there is a fine old gateway and tower, with a house built on to it, forming a most grotesque object on both sides; behind this a winding way leads up to the former Capuchin convent, now used as a school. Here lived the famous literary character, Father Martin, of Cochem, who usually signed his name "P. Martinus, a useless Capuchin." He died near Bruchsal, in 1712, leaving several works, which are still read in the Eifel country—amongst others his "Great Life of Christ," containing a description of Hell, which for detail may vie with Dante's. Higher up we come to the ruins of the castle, of which some towers of enormous strength still remain. In the fosse is seen a grand old walnut-tree. The town is mentioned as early as A.D. 876, in a record of the Abbot of Prüm Ansbald. In the tenth century the Counts Palatine of Aix held Cochem in fee to the Empire. The abbey and cloisters here and in the neighbourhood were richly endowed by the exiled Polish Queen Richezza, or Richenza, daughter of the Count Palatine Ehrenfried, and Matilda, niece of Otto III. She died in 1060, and was buried in the



Church of St. Maria-ad-Gradus, at Cologne, bequeathing the goods she possessed at Cochem to the Convent Brauweiler, founded by her father. The town she gave to the Count Palatine Henry, surnamed the Madman, a son of her uncle Hezilo. This Henry, in a fit of frenzy, murdered his wife Matilda, A.D. 1161, in the Castle of Cochem, which was afterwards believed to be haunted by her ghost. His son, Henry II., was the founder of the Abbey of Laach, and the last male heir. The terrible circumstances of his mother's death may have conduced with his own childlessness to turn his mind to a pious work. He was succeeded

by his stepson Siegfried—probably that Siegfried of whose wife, Genoveva, a miraculous legend is related. This Count Palatine, suspecting his beautiful wife of infidelity from a false accusation, drove her from his home to perish in the woods; but afterwards, discovering his error, went out to seek her and bring her home. In the meantime, in order to diminish the guilt attaching to her husband in case she should perish, she had thrown her ring into a stream. When her husband was dining in the woods, a fine trout was brought him, which he ordered to be cooked immediately. On opening it, the ring which he had given to



Castle of Winneberg.

his wife was found in its inside. He at once recognised the interposition of Heaven in full vindication of his wife's innocence, and lived ever afterwards with her in undisturbed happiness; and when she died, she was accounted a saint. When their son William died childless, in 1140, the Emperor Conrad III. took possession of Cochem as a lapsed imperial fief.

In the fourteenth century it came into the possession of the archiepiscopal see of Treves. It was mortgaged in the year 1328 to the Countess Loretta of Spontheim, on condition of her releasing Archbishop Baldwin, whom she had kidnapped

by throwing a chain across the Moselle at Trarbach and arresting his barge. Cochem, like most other places, had to suffer in the Thirty Years' War, and in 1673 was bombarded by the French; but it had to suffer worse treatment when they had established a permanent camp at Mont Royal by Traben. At the end of October, 1688, De Saxis, the commandant of Mont Royal bombarded the town from the site of the great linden-tree, which is still a conspicuous landmark on the mountain above, and took the castle, which was only defended by a few archiepiscopal soldiers, as well as the Castle of Winneberg, which, from its

high position, must have been even more difficult to reduce.

The castle was blown up in 1689, when Marshal Boufflers burnt the town. Boufflers had 15,000 men and powerful artillery, to act against a garrison of 1600. He made three vain attempts to storm, but being determined to compliment his blood-thirsty master, Louis XIV., he carried the place on St. Louis' Day, with a loss of 2500 men. The population, as well as the inhabitants of Cond on the opposite side, were mostly put to the sword, and only a few straggled back after the Peace of Ryswick. It is said that old people, who remembered the horrors of that time from their childhood, long years after used to spring from their beds in the middle of the night, crying out "The French are come!"

By following the bank of the Moselle to about a mile and a half above Cochem, we arrive at a large house, which was formerly a conventual building. Its chapel is a specimen of the purest style of Early Gothic, but is now entirely dilapidated, and used as a barn: a path through the woods, above this, leads to a point at the top of the plateau, whence Cochem is seen in the distance, with Winneberg behind it, and a superb panorama of hill-tops, which seen edgeways look like vast pyramids. Further on, we pass through a rare forest of vast virgin oaks to a descent which leads to Ernst, and so back by the river to Cochem. The river-side rocks are very grand, and one has obtained the dignity of being called the Lurley of the Moselle.

A still finer walk is up the walnut-shaded valley of the Enderbach to the top of the height crowned by the Castle of Winneberg, the ascent commanding a grand view of gabled hills with purple rocks, interspersed with foliage. A patriarchal walnut-tree, as at Cochem, keeps the gate of the mighty ruin. In the fourteenth century, Cuno II., Lord of Winneberg, married Lysa, only daughter of Gerlach of Beilstein, and thus received the possessions of his family. The male line became extinct in 1639, and the castle passed to the family of Metternich as an imperial fief; and the members of it were thenceforward called Counts of Metternich, Winneberg, and Beilstein. Amongst other privileges, they possessed an excise on all the eggs which were brought to Cochem market. Winneberg shared the subsequent fates of Cochem.

By following the river down for about two miles, we come to the little town of Clotten, crowned with its ruined castle. This was one of the principal possessions of Queen Richenza. It is celebrated for a deed of arms in 1580, when the townsmen, having erected entrenchments, beat off a powerful freebooting band, commanded by one Olivier Temple, whose right hand, being struck off in the action, was long kept in the civic chest as a trophy. On entering the little church here at a venture, we are agreeably surprised to light on a most perfect specimen of Early Pointed architecture in which the arborescent, or, more specifically speaking, banyan-tree character of this style is seen to great perfection. The roof is supported by two elegant shafts destitute of capitals. The bronze vessel for holy water is of extreme antiquity, as are also the carved oak seats—each

representing, at its termination, a different human face.

The venerable parish priest arrives in his canonicals, and gives us a hearty welcome, with which his hospitable nature is not satisfied without cementing it by a bottle of his best home-grown wine, in the arbour outside of his ancient personage. He is justly proud of his magnificent altar of stoue carving, and pulpit decorated with apostolic and saintly figures, and supported by the effigy of St. Peter himself—in this case, a veritable Rock of the Church; and no less of a splendid Missal robe, which has descended to him from the fourteenth century, and is kept in the vestry with some rare relics of early saints.

Our visit to Cochem is concluded with a view of the total eclipse of the full moon, on the night of June 3rd, the diminishing image of the earth's fading satellite being beautifully reflected in the Moselle. On the next morning we were off in the little steamer to Coblentz.

One of the most remarkable castles on this passage is that by Alken, where lives our hospitable clerical friend of last year. The country people call it by the unpleasant name of "Old Woman's Mouth," as suggesting broken teeth; but its right name is Thuron, or Thurn. In 1246, the Archbishops Arnold of Treves and Conrad of Cologne, finding its possessor, the Count Palatine Zorn, a public nuisance from his maraudings, besieged it for two years, during which time the besiegers consumed 300 puncheons of wine. It was finally ruined in the Thirty Years' War.

As we approach Coblentz, we see that Turner's beautiful view, with the Moselle bridge in it, has been spoiled by the railroad. Before the train starts up the Rhine, we have just time to see the gorgeous procession of Corpus Christi, being only able to carry away a confused impression of splendid banners, solemn music (which almost forces people to their knees), and pretty little maids, whom the nuns, by dint of white wreaths and frocks, tastefully arranged, manage to dress up into very creditable cherubim.

G. C. SWAYNE.

#### "TIME'S ANSWER."

TIME, with his hoary head bent on his hand,  
 Dream'd of the buried past and turned his sand;  
 When Folly's giddy troop, with laughs and jeers,  
 Passed by the Ancient and reviled his years.  
 Next Youth's discordant train approached the sage;  
 "Youth is the time for mirth," they cried, "not  
 age."

The busy throng of life next fled by—  
 Time marked and passed them for eternity.  
 Evening o'er Mother Earth in silence fell,  
 As a lone traveller approach'd Time's cell:  
 "Tell me," he said, "O Father Time, tell me,  
 That which to know I counsel seek of thee;  
 Earth's choicest gifts on me are free bestowed,  
 I tread on Pleasure's and Life's brightest road;  
 Wealth is subservient to my least desire—  
 Love too inflames me with his sacred fire;  
 Pain would I know to what these pleasures tend,  
 Some cloy already—what will be their end?"  
 Time bowed his head, and answered, 'neath his breath,  
 "Youth, all these glories have their end in DEATH."

A. M. H.

## BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER VIII. THE CYPRESS IN THE PATH.

It was a walk of about two miles from the village of Santa Lucia to the farm-house of Bella Luce—a charming walk down the valley by a little path through the fields, which took its way just above the steep part of the declivity. What has already been said with regard to the position of the farm-house was equally true of the path in question. The upper ground above it rose in a gentle slope, but the side of the valley below it was much steeper; not so steep as to become a precipice, for it was all pasture land, but as steep as it could well be compatibly with such a purpose. The land on the upper side was mostly tillage and vineyard. Almost all the way, after the little village was cleared, was through fields belonging to Bella Luce.

Giulia exchanged two or three "good nights" with the cottagers standing at their own open door, or returning homewards in the immediate neighbourhood of the village; but after she had cleared it, the solitude was as perfect as if she had had all the world to herself. It was a lovely moonlight night. She knew every step of the way, and every tree she passed, as well as the furniture of her own chamber; and her sense of security was as complete, and would have been so at any hour of the day or night, as if she had been there. So she walked along, in no wise hurrying, despite the priest's last admonition, and not insensible to the beauty of the scene and the hour, and to the sense of liberty and freedom arising from the entirety of the solitude.

It was the last time, she thought, probably enough the last time for ever, that she should walk that path! She had loved Bella Luce well. Though all had not been happiness there, she was sad to leave it,—to leave it most likely never to return. Who knew what might come of this new, strange life, so different, so vague, so full of unknown elements and imperfectly-conceived chances and changes? How anxious she had been for these two days to be over. They were over now. The dreaded danger was past. Yes, they had taken good care not to expose her to that. To make all sure, she was to start before daybreak. They need not have given themselves so much trouble. Beppo must have been in bed an hour or more. Fast asleep at that moment, doubtless. Was he sleeping? Did she honestly in her heart believe that he was tranquilly sleeping, knowing that he had seen her for the last time? No, she would have no affectation. She would be honest with herself,—honest as Beppo was. She knew that he was not sleeping; more likely would not sleep that night.

Poor Beppo! She knew that he was thinking of her that minute, restless in his bed, and counting the hours till she was to start, and go away

for ever. Well! It was all over now. She might think as tenderly of him as she would, now. She had fought her fight, and had conquered. Yes. Thank heaven, she had conquered. She was glad—oh! so glad—that it was over. She might own to herself now, how dearly—dearly she had loved him!—loved him most when most she had seemed to drive him from her. She marvelled how she had ever found strength and courage to fight and conquer as she had done. And if—

She started suddenly, and stopped in her sauntering walk, bending her ear to listen. There was a very large old cypress of great age, which the Bella Luce people called the half-way tree, because it was just about at an equal distance from them and the village. It stood right in the middle of the little path which swerved on either side to pass round it. The main, most used, and larger branch of the path passed on the upper side, where the slope of the valley was not steep. A smaller and very narrow passage crept round the huge old trunk on the other side, where the grassy slope fell away not more than six or eight inches from the root of the tree. No doubt, had there been no boys or goats at Santa Lucia, there would have been no trace of a path on this side.

It was as she neared this tree that Giulia was startled by a sound, it seemed to her as of somebody hidden on the other side of the trunk of it. She paused a moment; but reflecting in the next, that probably some villager had fallen asleep there while resting on his way home, and that at all events there could be nothing that she need fear, she continued her walk. When suddenly, as she came within a pace of the spot, and was about to pass on the main part of the path, Beppo stepped out from behind the trunk, and placed himself full in the centre of the broad division of the path.

Giulia, whose instant and sole impulse was to escape, made a dash at the narrow strip of uncertain path that passed on the other side of the tree, intending to run for it to the farm, and having very little doubt that she could outrun Beppo after his day's work.

But the grass was wet with dew, and moreover slippery with the dried pin-like leaves that fell from the cypress. Her foot slipped, and she would have rolled down the grassy slope, had not Beppo with a sudden bound to that side of the path, caught her with his arm round the waist, and placed her again on the path; but so as to be himself between her and Bella Luce. Having done so, he took his arm from her, as hastily as if the touch of her had given him an electric shock.

The whole thing had been so instantaneous, that no word had till then passed between them. For a moment they stood looking at each other.

"Stand out of the path," said Giulia then, with the tone and attitude and gesture that a Semiramis might have used to a slave rash enough to bar her way.

Beppo moved a hair's-breadth on one side, as if constrained against his will to obey her behest. But it was only a hair's-breadth; he still, in fact, barred the way, not only with his person, but with his hands as he raised them, and said in a piteous voice:

"Giulia! oh, Giulia! will you leave me in this way?"

And Giulia saw in the moonlight that the whole of his great stalwart frame was shaking with the intensity of his emotion as he spoke.

The fight was not, then, fought out yet; the victory not yet won: and if Giulia would win it, it behoved her to fight again, to fight now, and that well!

"What right have you to waylay me in this way?" she said; but her voice now shook, and was that of distress and sorrow, rather than of anger. "What right have you to come here to stop me?" she continued, with great difficulty preventing herself from bursting into tears. "It is not good of you. It is not kind. You must have known that if I had wished to speak to you, I should not have kept out of your way."

"It was your wish, then, to go from Bella Luce without saying one word of adieu,—one word of kindness! Oh, Giulia! Giulia! is it possible? Can it be that you wished and intended this!" and his strong, manly voice seemed nearer to sobbing than even her own, as he spoke.

"Of course I intended it! What did your father intend when he fixed to start before day-break? What did your mother intend when she sent me up to the *curé* all day to-day? What did the priest intend when he kept me there till all at-home were in bed, or ought to be? What did they all intend?"

"What do I care what they all intended? I thought only of you, Giulia; and I did think notwithstanding — notwithstanding all, that you would not have refused to speak to me,—to part in kindness this last night. Oh, Giulia! what have I ever done, that you should hate me so?"

And as he said the words he clasped his hands together, and held them out towards her, and looked at her in a way that made the fight a very hard fight indeed to poor Giulia.

Nevertheless she was still fully purposed to conquer. She made a mighty effort to crush down the rising tide of sobs, to still the tumultuous beating of the heart, that terribly threatened to become convulsive—(and if it had, the battle would have been as good as lost),—and to assume the old tone in which she had so often answered him; and by which she had given him—and herself—so many a headache.

"Hate you! What nonsense it is talking in that way, Beppo! You know as well as I do that I do not hate you. Why should I? We have always been very good friends; and should be so still, if you would not—persist so stupidly in—wanting to be something else."

"Something else? Yes; I do want something

else, and something more. You know what I want, cousin Giulia."

"Yes; you want, like other big babies, just what you can't have. So now let me pass, and make haste home, or *la padrona* will be wondering what has become of me. I am really very angry with you for coming here to waylay me in this way. And pray what on earth shall you say to them at home?"—(a little cold spasm shot through Giulia's heart as she said the last word)—"I suppose, as usual, I shall get the credit of this piece of foolery."

"None of them know that I am out of the house, except Carlo. They think I am in bed and asleep," said Beppo, hanging his head.

"Except Carlo; as if all the village would not know it to-morrow. Carlo, indeed, for a confidant."

"I could not help it; I hoped he would go to sleep, and that I could get out of the window without his being any the wiser. But he would not go to sleep."

"And a pretty story he will make to-morrow."

"I think not, Giulia. He wanted to stop my coming,—said he would call up my father; but I said a few words to him," continued Beppo, as a look came over him which Giulia had never seen on his good-humoured face before; "and he did not say any more to prevent my coming; and I do not think he will speak of it to anyone."

"It will be very unlike him, then. And what were the words you said to him, that produced so mighty an effect, pray?"

"I told him," said Beppo, with the stern look that seemed to change all the character of his face, and speaking with a concentrated sort of calmness unnatural to him, "I told him that if he stirred from his bed I would knock his brains out against the wall; and that if he breathed ever to any human soul that I had left the house, I would shoot him like a polecat."

"Beppo!" cried Giulia, in unfeigned astonishment and dismay, "you terrify me, and make me really hate you"—(she loved him at that moment better than she ever loved him before). "I did not suppose it was in you to think such wicked, horrid thoughts."

"Giulia, I am desperate! You make me desperate; you make me feel as if neither my own life nor any other man's life were worth a straw. Giulia, say a word to me, look kindly on me, and I will be good and kind and gentle to all the world. Oh, Giulia, don't leave me in my despair and misery! Give me some hope, Giulia; some little hope, and it will save me!"

Certainly the fight was a very, very hard one. It was almost going against her; and if Beppo could only have known how nearly it was going in his favour, he would have conquered. As it was, it was wholly impossible to her to keep up the light and would-be-easy tone she had attempted at first.

"Hope, Beppo," she said sadly; "what hope can I give you? Even supposing that I felt for you all that you would have me feel, what hope could I give you? Do you not know that there can be nothing between your father's son and the outcast pauper who has lived upon his charity?"

"Spare me, spare me, Giulia! Don't say words which make me feel towards my father as I would not feel. He is old; and when men get old they think more of money. But I would be patient; I would never contradict him, if I only knew that you loved me."

"But it is not only your father, Beppo. What would all the family say? What would the world say? Would they not say that the orphan who was taken in for charity had schemed to entrap the heir? Oh! I could not bear it. You could not bear it for me if you loved me, Beppo."

"If I loved you! If I loved you! Giulia, Giulia, it makes me mad to hear you. And to talk of what the people may say, when it is to me a question of life and death. Say; why they would say that Beppo Vanni's good luck was greater than he deserved,—that there was not a man in all Romagna who might not envy him. Only give me the right to do it, only give me a hope that you may be brought to look on me, and trust me to thrust the malignant sneers of any who dare sneer down their accursed throats. If you fear the world, Giulia, only let me stand between you and the world."

"It cannot be, Beppo," she said, shaking her head sadly. "It can never be. Let me go home."

"And leave me thus. Oh, Giulia, you cannot be so cruel. Think of my wretchedness when you are gone."

"And I am going to such happiness," said Giulia; and the tears began to flow from her eyes and betray themselves in her voice.

"Why should you not be happy? You will find plenty to love you, and some one among them you can love," said Beppo, bitterly.

"Their love would be loathsome to me. I'll have no love," said Giulia, now sobbing beyond her power to conceal it. "No love—no love—" she said amid her sobs, while a little nervous movement of her foot on the grass and the convulsive writhing together of her fingers as she held them in front of her bosom, showed the extremity of her agitation; "no love—" she repeated,—*"save yours,"* was upon her tongue. She had all but said it. She felt as if she would have given worlds to say it; but she choked it down, and said instead, "Oh, Beppo, how can you make me so miserable?"

"I! I make you miserable!" said poor Beppo, in utter amazement.

"Yes; you do. You do make me—miserable—by—by—by talking about other—other men making love to me. I hate them, all—all, I do!"

Oh, poor, honest, dull, simple-minded Beppo, he did not see the truth.

"I thought it was talking about loving you myself that made you angry," said he, in the extremity of perplexity.

"I hate that too," pouted Giulia, as she shot at him a glance from the corner of her eye that had almost the gleam of a smile in it, struggling out half-drowned in tears.

"But you said you did not hate me, Giulia," remonstrated he.

"No; I don't hate you, Beppo. But now I must go home directly.

"And you *do* hate all other men," said Beppo, pondering deeply, and more to himself than to Giulia.

"Do stand out of the way, Beppo, and let me go home. I must go directly, now this minute. Beppo! do you hear me?" she added, for Beppo appeared to be perfectly absorbed in the attempt to draw a conclusion from the different premises which had been afforded him.

"If you hate all other men, and don't hate me, I am the only man you don't hate," said Beppo, proceeding cautiously to the construction of his syllogism, but with a strictly vigorous induction which would have done honour to an Aristotelian.

"I didn't say that," retorted Giulia, with her sex's instinctive rebellion against a logical necessity. "Come, let me pass. I won't stay talking with you here any longer."

"It's a great thing to know that you don't hate me," said Beppo, still meditatively, but looking into Giulia's face with wistful eyes.

"Well, be content with it, then, and let me go home at once. The priest will tell *la Si'ora Sunta* what time I left the village, and then she will know that I must have stopped somewhere on my way. Let me go."

"Don't you think we ought to shake hands at parting, Giulia?" said Beppo, hanging his head, and timidly stretching out his hand a little towards her.

"Perhaps we ought—at parting," said Giulia; and her hand stole out from her side to meet his, while she turned her face away as coyly as if the threatened kiss of palm on palm had been the sacredst of love's mysteries.

Nor was the mountain nymph's instinct so far wrong. For as those two hands touched, an electric thrill shot through both frames, that made their breath come short, making Giulia feel as though she should faint.

"It could not be wrong, cousin Giulia," continued Beppo, very gently drawing her hand towards him; "it could not be wrong, since we *are* cousins, and since—you don't hate me, just at parting to give each other a cousinly kiss." He advanced his face a little, a very little, towards hers as he spoke.

She remained perfectly still, leaving her face in the most wholly open and defenceless position. But she said very decisively:

"No man shall ever kiss me, Beppo, except one that I love with all my heart and all my soul."

She seemed to speak determinedly enough; but yet, Beppo observed she did not take any steps whatever for withdrawing her face from the very dangerous and exposed position in which it was. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, her head was bent a little on one side, so that the rich brown and pink cheek was held up to the full incidence of the moonbeam; one hand was hanging listlessly by her side, the other was still imprisoned within his.

"But if I am the only man you don't hate, Giulia!" pleaded Beppo.

She made no answer, but the play of the moon-

light on the rounded contour of her cheek showed that it was turned up just the least in the world more towards him; and still her eyes were fixed on the ground, so entirely off guard as to be of no use whatever in giving her notice of any menacing movement on his part. The opportunity was irresistible.

"I think as cousins at parting we ought!" said Beppo, suddenly catching her round the waist, and meaning merely to have his share of that inviting cheek which the moonbeam was kissing. But somehow or other, from some little movement which she made to avoid the attack, his lips came down, not on the cheek but full on hers. "Ah, Giulia! if you would be my own!" he whispered, as not till after a second or two she drew away her face from his.

"That can never, never be," she said, with a deep sigh and a wistful look into his face; . . . "and this," she added, hastily, "must never be again! And now farewell, Beppo! God bless you!"

"Let me walk with you to the house."

"No! we part here. If we never meet again, I shall never, never, never forget the spot!" she said, with a little tremor in her voice. "Let me go! Good night, Beppo!"

And with a sudden movement she stepped past him, and saying again, "Good night! God bless you, Beppo!" she set off running along the path as fast as she could run.

Beppo flung himself down at the foot of the cypress-tree, and remained there for some hours, immersed in attempts at working out the logical problem which had been submitted to him. He did not succeed at all to his satisfaction in obtaining any clear and distinct conclusion; but he nevertheless remained with a very strong conviction that his cousin spoke the truth in saying that she did not hate him.

Giulia arrived at the kitchen-door at Bella Luce quite out of breath with running. She saw that there was a light within it, and a little tap brought *la sposa*, who, as the priest had said, was patiently waiting for her, to open the door.

"His Reverence has kept you late, child. It is time you were in bed!" said the mistress, letting her in.

"He had not time to speak to me all day. It was only just before I came away that he called me into his study," said Giulia.

"And I hope you will be a good girl, and abide by all the good advice he gave you."

"I hope so, Si'ora Sunta."

"And now, child, you must make haste to bed. Vanni will call you in the morning. Good night, and good-bye, and I wish you good luck and happiness."

"Good-bye, Si'ora Sunta!"

The next morning before the sun had heaved his great disc clear of the Adriatic, Giulia was seated by the side of the farmer in his *calessino*, and Beppo, concealed by a corner of the house, was watching her departure with a full and heavy heart, though surely with a less heavy one than it had been before the meeting under the cypress-tree.

#### CHAPTER IX. LA SIGNORA CLEMENTINA DOSSI.

THE small episcopal and maritime city of Fano is situated on the flat sandy shore of the Adriatic, a little to the north of the equally episcopal and maritime city of Siniguglia, and a little to the south of the equally episcopal and maritime cities of Pesaro and Rimini. The new railroad running in a direct line from Bologna to Ancona, a distance of about a hundred and twenty-five miles, passes through no less than ten episcopal cities, most of them situated on the coast. Notwithstanding, however, the original profession of St. Peter, and the honoured memory of that profession, which has always been preserved by the Church, it would seem as if episcopacy and maritime enterprise did not go hand in hand together. For these Adriatic cities, as the episcopal element in them has become more and more preponderating, have become less and less maritime.

A strong family likeness prevails in this group of neighbouring cities; but they have also their special characteristics. Fano is one of the least unprepossessing among them to a stranger. It is not so dirty as Pesaro or Rimini, but it is still more sleepy. There are fewer mendicants in the streets, but then there are fewer living creatures altogether. The ecclesiastical establishments of Fano, comprising a wonderful assortment of convents and monasteries of both sexes, and of all sorts and colours, would seem to intimate that their spiritual interests were those uppermost in the minds of the inhabitants. And certainly the little town seems to have retired altogether from any active interest in any other matters.

Cities were placed by their founders on sea coasts with a view to the various valuable advantages afforded them by the "water privilege," as the Americans say, of such a location. Yet Fano has not only wholly declined to avail itself of any such, but has taken care to make it manifest to the most cursory observation, that she owns no connection, or even acquaintanceship with the ocean, her near neighbour. I take it that the notorious restlessness of the Adriatic was too much at variance with the habits of sleepy tranquillity cultivated by the men of Fano.

The little town is entirely surrounded by a lofty wall, in which one jealously small gate opens towards the coast. But even that does not afford the Fanesi any glimpse of the restless and sleepless monster which is so near them. The look-out from it is bounded at the distance of a few yards by a lofty ridge of sand-hills, arid, parched, pale brown mounds, solitary and desolate-looking. And the stranger who, having learnt that the Adriatic was somewhere in the neighbourhood, should surmount these and make his way to the shore, at the distance of perhaps half a furlong from the city gates would find himself in a solitude as complete as that of any mourner who ever went

ἀκειον παρα θινὰ πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης.

Fano and the Adriatic are forcedly neighbours; but they have agreed to see as little of each other as possible.

It seems absurd to anybody who has ever visited this very episcopal little city, to speak of

a dull street in Fano: they are all so wonderfully dull. But still there are degrees. During the morning hours there are four or five old women sitting behind little vegetable stalls in the spacious grand piazza. (Fish? *Che! vi pare?* when we are not on speaking terms with the sea! We eat salt fish brought from—Heaven knows where, and try to fancy ourselves an inland town.) And even during the hour of the sacred siesta, there is a dog or two sleeping; or perhaps even mooning lazily about in that heart and centre of the city. There are a few shops, too, in the streets nearest to this centre, the owners of which will consent to part with an article or two from their small store, if you will put them in a good humour by dawdling and gossiping for half-an-hour first, and not attempt to obtrude commerce upon them too crudely and abruptly. And all this is life.

But there are streets in Fano—aristocratic streets of enormous palaces, where no such symptoms of life are ever met with. These are the dull streets. A stray dog in those streets would howl himself into a decline because of the intensity of the solitude! Long stretches of blank windowless wall of enormous height, shutting in convent gardens; other still loftier walls, with little windows high up in them, fitted with troughs in front of them, to prevent the inmates from distracting their minds by gazing into the too tempting world with all its pomps and vanities in the street below; immense palaces, so hugely large as to puzzle all conjecture at the motive which could have led to their construction, with handsome heavy stone mouldings and cornices around the windows, whole ranges of which may be seen boarded up with rough planks: these things make up the quiet and aristocratic streets of Fano.

And it was in one of the most quiet and most aristocratic of these that the Signora Clementina Dossi lived.

Not that *la Clementina* Dossi, properly speaking, belonged to the aristocratic classes of society, though the position she now occupied was so eminently respectable as to entitle her to admittance among the easy-going aristocracy, which mostly confined its exclusiveness and its prerogative to occasions of high state and public solemnities, and the matrimonial alliances of its sons and daughters.

Forty years or so before the date of Giulia Vanni's arrival in Fano, Tina Tratti, as she was then called, had been well and favourably known through a tolerably large circuit of the cities of Italy as an actress of no little talent. She had been a beauty in her day, specially celebrated for her sylph-like figure; and had for several years of her spring-tide flitted from city to city, the favourite of garrisons and universities, and the queen of a whole galaxy of green-rooms.

Tina Tratti, however, amid her flittings and her flirtings, and her triumphs on and behind the scenes, had kept a sufficiently shrewd eye to the main chance, and had been a sufficiently valuable component part of the successive companies to which she had belonged, to have laid by a very snug little competence by the time her spring-tide was over. The period had arrived, too, by that time, however, when the same shrewd apprecia-

tion of the world and its ways, which, amid all the "bohemianism" of her early days, had caused one record at least of that pleasant time—her banker's book—to be such as could be afterwards perused with satisfaction, led her to the decision that it was time to "regularise" her position in the world. She did so by marrying Signor Amadeo Dossi, the well-known *impresario*, who was not above ten years her senior, who had also laid by a snug little fortune, and who in finding a wife, and retiring from work, was well pleased to meet with so charming a person as *La Tina*, whose good sense led him to think that she would be duly aware of all that ought to accompany "regularising her position," and whose little fortune was a very pleasant and convenient addition to his own.

So they quitted the theatre together, and came to settle at Fano. And Signor Dossi had never had reason to repent the step he had taken. The ex-sylph *Tina Tratti* had made him a very good wife during the remainder of his days; which had come to a conclusion some fifteen years before the time at which her history touches that to be narrated in these pages.

In taking a husband, the actress had looked to the regularising of her worldly position, as has been said; and had successfully achieved that object. When she became a widow, however, it appeared to her that the time had come for a further regularising process. She now inclined to regularise her spiritual position, as regarded the stage to which the next shifting of the scene would introduce her. And she set about doing so with the same practical purpose-like good sense which had presided over her previous metamorphosis. She made selection of a well recommended "director," became a member of one or two sisterhoods, made certain little changes in her style of dress, was not niggard in "benefactions," was constant at morning mass in all weathers, and invited more priests and rather fewer officers to her house than had been the case during the lifetime of her husband. With regard to more intimately personal changes, there really was not very much to be done. She took up a copy of the "Confessor's Manual," and ran over the authorised list of sins, with their weights and degrees of blackness. And she could find but one which seemed to stand in her way at all. *La gola!*\* *La Signora Clementina* did like a good dinner; and was specially fond of a bit of something nice for supper! But after all! The first glance showed that "*la gola*" was in the list of venial and not in that of mortal sins. And a consultation upon the subject with her new "director" showed her that, properly managed, it was so very, very venial a sin, that really there were some virtues that seemed more dangerous. There were the ordinances of the Church respecting certain days and certain meats, it is true. But then the Church knew that fasting was not adapted to all constitutions. There were dispensations; and really on the whole very cheap! The Church had no wish to injure anybody's health. It would be a sin to do so! And if, after all was said and

\* The technical theological term for gluttony.

done, the tender conscience of so exemplary a member of the flock as La Signora Dossi, should still give her the slightest uneasiness—why, there was the confessional!—what for, save for the ease and comfort of tender consciences? Yes! but about repenting? “If one knows that one is looking forward to one’s little partridge *à la Milanese* at night?” suggested La Clementina, doubtfully. Then it was that the director was put on his mettle, and showed that he was worth his hire. He plunged at once with the utmost intrepidity into a turbid ocean of metaphysics, splashing about long Latin words that sounded to the patient as if he were exorcising a whole legion of devils; distinguishing; dividing mental acts with a dexterity of scalpel equal to the highest feats of moral surgery; striking the boundary line between foreknowledge and intention with masterly precision; taking human volition in his teeth, and shaking it to that degree that it was a mere tangle of rags when he had done with it; and, finally, convincing his much edified though utterly puzzled hearer, that she might look forward to her partridge *à la Milanese* as fondly as she pleased, with the safest possible conscience.

The Signora Clementina Dossi, when she thus regularised for the second time, was no longer the sylph-like creature that she had been some twenty-five or thirty years before. On the contrary, she had become remarkably stout. And what was odd was that she seemed now to be as fond of calling attention to this latter peculiarity, as she had once been proud of her as remarkably slender figure. She had preserved a girdle which she had formerly worn, and hung it up in her drawing-room by the side of one which showed the circumference of her present portly person. The former, which had girdled the unregularised Tina Tratti, measured some twenty inches; the latter, showing the extent to which worthy Clementina Dossi had prospered under her twofold process of regularising, exhibited a length of some sixty. La Dossi was very fond of pointing to these two records, especially if any slim young girls came into her room. She would make them try on the ex-sylph’s girdle, and then say, “That is what I was when I was your age, my dear! but t’other is the girth of me now! The Lord has been graciously pleased to increase me threefold!”

And the opportunities for such experiments and warnings were not rare, for young people liked La Dossi. She was goodnature itself. She had still pretty, gentle, dove-like eyes, and the complexion of her large fat face was almost as delicately pink and white and as smooth as it had ever been. She had not a wrinkle in it—as, indeed, it would have been difficult for her skin to find the means of making one, so entirely filled out was it by fat. Her small mouth, too, and still perfect teeth, had suffered but little from the effects of time. But underneath the sweet-tempered looking mouth there was a double-chin of the most tremendous proportions.

All the young people liked her; and though, as has been said, the complexion of the society which she was wont to gather around her was in some degree modified after her husband’s death, the

more mundane element was not altogether excluded. (It had been at her house, for example, now I think of it, that Lisa Bertoldi had first met Captain Giacomo Brilli). There was nothing ascetic about her temper or her devotion. She had no sort of notion that because she was virtuous there were to be no more cakes and ale in the world. She thought, on the contrary, that youth was the proper period of enjoyment, and was desirous, to the utmost of her power, to contribute to enabling them to make the most of it.

La Signora Clementina Dossi inhabited at the time of which we are speaking a portion of the first-floor of an enormous palace, the rest of which was untenanted. The residence was one capable of surrounding with legions of blue-devils any tenant capable of harbouring such imps. But Italians are little troubled with blue devils; and to La Clementina such devils, unrecognised by her spiritual advisers, were entirely unknown. She had for a small rent as many vast lofty rooms as she chose to occupy. There was no noise in the street to disturb her daily siesta, or mar the comfortable process of her digestion, and the palace was next door to the church she attended, and to which her “director” belonged.

La Signora had lost her one servant, who had married, and was in want of another. That was the simple statement of the case, and all Signor Sandro’s euphemisms about a companion, and a *douceur*, and such like, were all mere bosh, intended to make the proposal acceptable to the farmer’s family pride—a sentiment which many an Italian peasant nourishes in as high a degree as any long descended noble.

Nevertheless, the character and kindly nature of Signora Dossi made much of what he had said as good as true. The distance between employers and their servants is much less in Italy than among ourselves, especially between a mistress and her female servants; and both the position and the temper of Signora Dossi were calculated to make the connection in her case really more like one of companionship than anything else. She did most of her own cooking herself—did it *con amore*, and with as much skill as pleasure. It was, after the religious duties of the morning had been attended to, the great occupation of her day; and Giulia, if she profited in no other way by the engagement the attorney had made for her, was sure to carry away with her from La Dossi, whenever she might leave her, a very useful knowledge of the mysteries of the kitchen. La Dossi had no greater pleasure than teaching the young idea to shoot in this direction—unless, indeed, it were in discussing the results of their united labours;—a part of the business in which she very commonly invited the partner of her toils to share, the more especially as she loved to discuss also at the same time all the *rationale* of the process of preparation.

Such was the mistress, and such the house, to which Giulia was coming, by the recommendation of Signora Dossi’s old friend, Signor Sandro Bertoldi.

(To be continued.)



## THE ART OF THIEVING.

## PART II.

*Shopwomen* who stand behind the counter are frequently surprised to find their pockets picked. They can understand how they can be robbed before the counter, but how they can be plundered behind it is to them a mystery. The thieves call this kind of work "*bringing them round for buzzing*," which is the last method of pocket-picking by men that we shall notice here. "Bringing them round for buzzing" is frequently done by women, but much more frequently by men. The "bringers round" go two together; the one is called the "kid," the other the "wire." They select a quiet spot in which there happens to be only one female. The kid makes a small purchase and asks for something else, but rejects everything she offers him from behind the counter. The kid then sees something in the shop before the counter which he admires, and asks to look at it. Now the female is brought round, and the buzzing begins. The wire fans her pocket while the kid occupies her attention. Should the wire have a "tumble," and the victim's suspicions be aroused, he whips the purse back; and the thieves wont leave the shop, if they can help it, until the woman's suspicions are soothed and put to rest. If they succeed in making her "sweet," they will bring her round again and make another attempt to pick her pocket. As soon as ever the wire obtains the prize he signals to the kid by saying "it's off," or any sign which they may previously agree upon. They will then complete their trifling purchases, and know, if possible, before they leave the shop whether or not the female has any suspicion of them. Pickpockets do not like this work in a town where they are well known to the police.

"*Working to-rights*" is a stock phrase among pickpockets. It means that when their evil intentions are detected or suspected before completion, they do their utmost to work back the steps they have taken—trying to make things appear not only that they have stolen nothing, but that they have not made any attempt, and have no wish to do so. They escape many an imprisonment by cleverly "*working to-rights*." The same thing is done and the same phrase is used by almost all classes of thieves. Burglars, ship-dancers, and magmen all work to-rights to avoid detection and punishment.

During the last few years a new kind of thieving in *counting-houses* and *business-offices* has sprung up. The name which thieves give to this new style is not known to us; probably there is no name for it except the general one of "*office-sneaking*." It is done by men and by girls, both the one and the other, passing themselves off for hawkers of stationery and pens. Both carry a few sharp instruments and a few picklocks at the bottom of their baskets. The man goes separately into the business-office; and if he finds no one in he sets to work immediately, cutting or unlocking what may come in his way. Should any one come in he offers his stationery for sale, and under cover of this tries to get away. These men generally make their attempts during dinner-hour.

But young girls are by far the most successful counting-house sneakers. They are always well-dressed, good-looking, and of pleasing address. Well trained to the use of the instruments, which they carry at the bottom of their baskets, they can get through a great deal of mischievous work in a very short time. They do not confine themselves to the dinner-hour, but make their attempts at all hours of the day. The girl always has a stall with her, and indeed so has the man. The stall remains outside; and if the girl stays in the office any length of time, it is a sign that the wire is at work. Then the stall begins to keep a very sharp look-out, and will detain in conversation as long as possible any one who may be about to enter the office. Should a clerk enter the office while the girl is at work, she immediately makes an appeal to his passions in her most fascinating manner, at the same time offering her stationery for sale. Thus, through the clerk's excitement, she often succeeds in getting away. When the impassioned and impulsive clerk finds out that he has been tricked, he says it was done during his absence in the dinner-hour, and so screens himself and beats his retreat.

There are many ingenious ways of *shop-robbing*; we shall confine ourselves to the chief methods. Shop-thieves are mostly women: they are well dressed, very civil in their manner, generally have a shawl on their arm and an umbrella in their hand, and go two together, or sometimes in threes. Their purloining spreads or divides itself into three leading branches—robbing the customer, stealing shop-goods, and cheating in money affairs. If a customer is looking at anything, the thief will ask to look at the same; this gives an opportunity for pressing against the lady and picking her pocket. Should they see a lady lay a parcel or a good parasol upon the counter the thief will take it up; and if caught in trying to get off will say: "Really, I beg pardon—I thought it was mine." Should the party behind the counter exclaim, "Some one has left a parcel here!" the thief will find no difficulty in saying, "That is mine." Sometimes the thieves will ask to be shown some goods, and when these are spread upon the counter, they will ask to look at some more; and while the shopkeeper fetches the additional articles, the thief steals some of the things which are left upon the counter. The stolen goods are stowed away either in the loose shawl, or a basket which they place at the foot of the counter, so that anything swept from it will fall into the latter. An umbrella is much used to convey stolen goods, such as ribbons and silks. The umbrella, open a few inches, is held in the hand, and the things are dropped into it. A thief will purchase a ball of worsted, pay for it, and go away. The day following they will return, and ask to have the worsted-ball exchanged for another of a slightly different shade; and the unwary shopkeepers will afterwards find that a little only of the returned worsted has been wrapped over a rag-covered cinder, and so the vagabond gets two balls of worsted instead of one. They will take as many articles in their hand as they can get to show "him" or "her" at the door, and then come back with several things short, which they

have left in the hands of the stall outside. The thieves always enter the shop when there are most customers in it. Their visits are paid incessantly to new shops, and to fresh proprietors of old shops; but they fight shy of old established shops, the inmates of which are well known to the thieves as being "too deep."

"*Dob-sneaking*," or ribbon-stealing, is very lucrative, and some of the females confine themselves almost entirely to this pursuit; at any rate, the cleverest thieves always aim at the least bulky and most costly goods, which will perhaps be the reason why they call shop-robbing "crushing a nut." Ribbon-stealing is done by two women. They go into a milliner's or linen-draper's shop and ask to look at some ribbon. A drawer full of ribbons is laid on the counter; the wire now, as by accident, lets fall, partly over the box, that very convenient shawl of hers, which hides the work of her wire hand. While the wire is pretending to inspect the ribbons, her companion and stall engages the attention of the shopgirl as much as possible. Then she politely asks to see another assortment of ribbons, and so the trick is repeated as long as they can carry it on. To keep the waiter "sweet," they will produce a pattern, and say they would rather have some ribbon like it. If the shopkeeper has any like the pattern they purchase some; if not, the game is up, and the thieves walk off with the stolen ribbons. There is a practice among young wandering thieves which they call *cotter-holing*—drawing by a piece of wire anything they can pull through the cotter-holes, but this is only done at petty shops in small towns. When the thieves get caught in shops, they make desperate efforts to "work back" and "work to-rights." They will throw the stolen thing anywhere to get it out of sight, but their best dodge is to drop it into the dress or pocket or basket of some honest and unsuspecting customer.

The thieves make a good deal when they go shopping by *cheating in money matters*. They will purchase some trifle, pay for it with a good sovereign, receive their change and go away. Shortly after they will return to the shop and say that the master has made a mistake in the change, given them half-a-crown for five shillings, or something of that sort; or they will say, "I gave you a sovereign," when it was in reality only a half-sovereign, and they will press for the change out of a sovereign. Should the shopkeeper resist, they will quarrel, threaten to expose him for cheating them, and say they will never come to his shop again, and no one else shall come if they can help it.

"*Bustling*" or "*bouncing*" is a common practice amongst them. Two or three well-dressed women will enter a shop, but not together. It is a frequent practice for thieves working together to appear to be the greatest strangers to one another: they neither by sign nor look recognise each other, but are as cold and distant as if they had never seen one another in their lives before. When the "*bouncers*" are all in the shop the game begins. One of them will make a costly purchase, spend a long time in looking at something else, and then prepare to leave. "Nothing more to-day, thank you; I paid you for this, you

know"—whereas she has not paid for it. The dispute begins, and the thief says, "I gave you such and such a coin" (say a crown-piece); "and if you will look into your till, you will find that very piece." She then appeals to one or two ladies who *happen* to be standing near her; and these ladies are sorry to go against the shopkeeper, but they must speak the truth. They certainly saw a crown-piece among the lady's money, and the shopkeeper put it into the till. He examines the drawer, and is surprised to find that the ladies are right; he begs pardon, and the fraud is completed. The purchasing thief waited until she saw a five-shilling piece put into the till from the payments of another customer; the other ladies saw that five-shilling piece, and this is the explanation of the trick. There is a variation for this trick; they do not always wait until they are asked for payment, but if they have seen a sovereign go into the till, they wait a considerable time, then put a bold face upon it, and ask for the change.

There is another method of cheating shopkeepers in changing money, which is called "*palming, or twining or twisting*." This game is carried on to a great extent, and shopkeepers cannot well detect it. A thief once said to me, "When I have been palming, I have often heard the shopkeeper say: 'You have done something, I am certain, though I can't tell what it is.'" This is when the palmer has had a tumble, *i.e.*, when, by want of quickness, dexterity, or coolness, he has roused the shopkeeper's suspicions. "Palming" or "twisting" is worked by two men. One swags all that the palmer purchases, and stays outside to render the "twister" any assistance he may need. Sometimes the swagsman goes into the shop and helps to confuse the shopkeeper by distracting his attention. The palmer begins by making a purchase of some kind. Perhaps he will offer a five-pound note in payment, but a sovereign is the usual thing. If the shopman cannot give him change, or will not because he suspects something, the palmer at once "works to-rights" by saying: "Well, I have no change, but please to wrap the parcel up, and I will call for it presently." He thus escapes unhurt, and certainly will not call again. Should the shopkeeper have change, and be unsuspectingly willing to part with it, the palmer's malversation proceeds. If the shopkeeper opens the money-drawer to count the change out and leaves the drawer open, or if he puts a handful of silver on the counter from which to select the change, he is almost certain to be defrauded. The palmer will not let the shopkeeper put the change on the counter if he can help it, but holding out his hand the shopkeeper counts the money into the thief's palm. Just as the shopkeeper drops the last coin into the palmer's hand, the thief says, "Oh, I will not deprive you of all this change; now I remember, I have enough small change in my pocket to pay for it." Then the thief throws the change back into the till or among the money on the counter. But he holds as much of the change as he can between his thumb and the palm of his hand, and this is hidden from the eye of the shopkeeper, because when the thief is in the act of throwing back the change he holds his hand with the palm undermost. The palmed money is

secured by the thief at once passing the palming hand into his pocket for the small change of which he spoke. The thief pays in small change, and the sovereign or five-pound note is handed back to him. So he pays the shopkeeper with his own cash, steals money, and gets the article for nothing.

There is a class of money-thieving in shops done by boys. They adopt all sorts of schemes to possess themselves of the contents of the money-drawer, and are called "*pimpers, or shakers, or sugar-hunters, or damper-hunters.*" They go into some quiet street in a quiet hour of the day. A man enters the shop alone and makes a trifling purchase, which he pays for with such a coin as will compel the shopkeeper to open the drawer for change; this move enables him to see where the till is, and something of what it contains. The man then leaves the shop, goes to the boy and gives him his instructions. The boy waits about until there is no one in the shop; he then tosses his worthless cap behind the counter and goes stealthily in, stopping the bell from ringing if he can. Should the shopkeeper catch the young sugar-hunter, he makes a long face and says a boy threw his cap in, and he has come to fetch it.

The foregoing are the leading manœuvres in shop-robbing, but there are many variations, and the thieves are perpetually inventing additional methods of their black villany. As a specimen of variations take the following anecdote. A man entered a ready-made boot and shoe shop, and desired to be shown a pair of boots,—his companion staying outside and amusing himself by looking in at the window. The one who required to be fresh shod was apparently of a humble and deferential turn, for he placed his hat on the floor directly he stepped in the shop. Boot after boot was tried on until a fit was obtained,—when lo! forth came a man, snatched up the customer's hat left near the door, and down the streets he ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Away went the customer after his hat, and Crispin, standing at the door, clapped his hands and shouted, "Go it, you'll catch him!"—little thinking that it was a preconceived trick, and that neither his boots nor the customer would ever return.

There is but little variety in the methods of plundering *warehouses* by thieves in the day-time. These warehouse thieves are called "*warehouse sneakers.*" They have either been at warehouse work themselves, or else they have watched it very closely. Dressed exactly like warehouse porters, a man and boy, or two men or two boys, enter the building and coolly shoulder the first likely parcel they can see, and walk off with it: should they be caught, they give the name of some business firm as their employers, and suppose they must have made a mistake by coming to the wrong warehouse. The police very seldom detect these men, because it is such a common thing for them to see working-men, dressed as porters, carrying parcels about the streets. Akin to the "*warehouse sneak*" is the "*drag sneak.*" The latter will keep a horse and cart of his own, if possible, and gets his miserable living partly by robbing carriers' carts or plundering luggage

stations. But these men would not succeed as well as they do if they did not meet occasionally with porters and drivers of carriers' vans who are as bad as themselves. A watch-boy with the van is not always a sufficient guard. Some excuse is made to get him out of the way for a short time, and in his absence the drag-sneak brings his cart alongside the van, takes what he wants, and drives off.

There is one infamous method of thieving in the streets which we scarcely know how to describe without offending against delicacy, and yet it is a danger of which the public should be made aware in some way or other. No account of the diabolical practice has yet been published, though men are robbed of thousands of pounds every year by this method, which is called "*picking up.*" Now and then the truth half comes out in the police reports, but never entirely so. Some time ago the "*Saturday Review*" had an article on this very subject, although, for anything that appeared in the well-written paper, the writer merely discussed an instance without knowing anything of the system to which it belonged. A young gentleman, according to the "*Saturday Review,*" was travelling to London. A lady entered the same carriage, and bade with much distress an elderly gentleman adieu. The young gentleman endeavoured to cheer the disconsolate lady, and as they were alone in the carriage, he tried to make himself agreeable. When they reached the terminus, the young gentleman called a cab for the lady, when he found his hat suddenly knocked over his eyes, and by the very man of whom the lady had taken such sorrowful leave far down the line. Money was demanded of the young gentleman, and he paid smartly to get out of the scrape. This "*picking-up*" system abounds in every large town, and is greatly on the increase. The case of the gentleman in Dublin who was decoyed for a minute or two into an entry by a woman, and there robbed of a large sum, will be fresh in the recollection of most readers. A woman is always the principal actor in these cases, and she is called the "*picking-up moll.*" She is always good-looking and well-dressed, passing neither for a girl of the streets nor for a decorous and modest woman, but aiming to appear something between the two. She is always accompanied by a man, who is called the "*stick or bludgeon.*" Some "*picking-up molls*" are so successful that their paramour does not attend them, but pays another man for doing it. In this case the paramour is called the "*master stick.*" It is literally true, however much the public may be astounded at the information, that there are men in large towns who are paid fixed and regular wages for their services as working-sticks for the "*picking-up molls.*" We feel the difficulty and delicacy of explaining this matter, but the system has become so terribly successful that some one must speak out upon the subject. The woman passes quietly along the most respectable streets, at such hours as will be most likely for gentlemen to be abroad. She will pass by all ordinary persons; but when she sees an apparent gentleman, who may be well-to-do in the world, she will put herself in his way and endeavour to attract his attention.

Perhaps she succeeds, and he accosts her. She will lead him on to some quiet street, where they stand conversing. Now she professes virtue and modesty, and while the gentleman is conversing with her she robs him of all he has. Her stiek up to this time has kept out of the gentleman's observation. The woman gives the man the signal that she has secured the plunder; the stiek then rushes up and commences abusing the gentleman—perhaps knocks his hat over his eyes, accuses him of unlawful conversation with his wife, and threatens to fetch a policeman. By this ruse the gentleman is alarmed, and will part with all he has got, rather than be dragged ignominiously to a police-court. Perhaps they will follow the gentleman home, demand his name and address, and hold the threat of an action over his head as long as they can get a sixpence from him. When family-men occupying respectable positions in society are caught in this net, they will pay almost anything to escape exposure. Those who so far forget what is due to decorum as to converse with strange women in the streets are often obliged to pay very dearly for their indiscretion. These "picking-up molls" are quite a separate class from the "pretty horsebreakers," and the stiek, or man who accompanies them, is a different class of thief from either the "bug-hunter or bloke;" the former making it his business to rob drunken men, and the latter (the bloke) snatches in a violent manner watches, parcels, or baskets, and clumsily runs for his safety. "Bug-hunters and snatchers" are few in number compared with "sticks."

The robberies effected on *Sundays*, and generally in church hours, are of two sorts: the first is accomplished by making love to the servant-girls. One of the better-looking young thieves will begin courting one of the servant-maids at some house which has been *marked* by the thieves for plunder; and this courting will sometimes be continued for two or three months before the thieves can succeed. They generally get the servants out for a walk, or the courting is going on in one room while the thief's companions are rifling the other rooms, the suitor making the kitchen-lady presents of finery, to keep her "sweet." Some thieves had a house in hand for a long time, and at last succeeded one fine Sunday morning while the family were at church. They took all they wanted, and got clear from the house. A day or two afterwards an account of the housebreaking appeared in the papers, to the effect that when the family returned from church the servant-girl was found bleeding and insensible. When she came to herself she informed them that some naughty men broke into the back-yard, and when she told them to go away, they carried her into the house, where they struck her to the ground, and she could remember nothing afterwards. At this newspaper report the thieves were very angry, for they said it was untrue. They declared that Satan entered into her and told her what to say, for they never hurt her, but that she, finding herself in a mess, made her own nose bleed, to save herself with her mistress. Servants should beware, for there are always thieves ready to make love to them; and when they have got

what they want, "my lady" of the kitchen sees her love no more. So

Ladies all, beware of your knights,  
For they love and they ride away.

The other kind of Sunday robbery is called "sounding." The thieves knock at doors during church hours; if nobody answers, they know that nobody is in. Should any one answer the door, the thief asks for a glass of water, or would they be kind enough to tell him in what part of the street Mr. So-and-so lives? But we must not omit to say that houses are frequently watched for several Sundays together; and when the habits of the inmates are ascertained, the thieves take their measures accordingly.

### TRAGEDY OR FARCE ?

GREAT and popular authors have much to answer for. Who, on reading "As You Like It," has not longed to throw aside his ledger, brief, or stethoscope and note-book, and go and lead a merry life in the forest? I should have taken a through ticket to Paris, and so to Ardennes, long ago, but that, being a nervous man, I have a constitutional dread of lions and lionesses (with udders all drawn dry, the latter are too much for me altogether), and no amount of gilding would ever reconcile me to a snake. Werter, they say, was the cause of many suicides; and Mr. Carlyle has had to enter into an argument to show that Schiller's "Robbers" did *not* drive a German nobleman to imitate the extremely questionable feats of its hero.

But for the strange behaviour of Mademoiselle Angélique Delaporte, we sadly fear that Mrs. Radcliffe, or some kindred genius, must be held answerable. The story we are about to relate of the eccentricities of this young lady is so very like those thrilling romances, No. 2 of which (in a highly ornamented cover) is presented gratis with No. 1, that it may be as well to assure our readers that we are going to narrate an actual occurrence.

One fine morning in October, 1811, a little party set out for an excursion to the suburbs of Paris, from the Rue de Bondy. It consisted of Madame Morin, a widow of about forty, buxom, weak-headed, active, always engaged in some speculation or another; a girl of about sixteen, with her head full of romances, Angélique Delaporte, the daughter of Madame Morin by her first husband, from whom she had been divorced; and lastly, Mr. Ragoulean, a shrewd, hard lawyer, whose numerous dealings with the widow in her house speculations had by no means turned out ill for him.

Ragoulean had had an invitation to breakfast from the widow for some time past; it had been put off, but now here he was. Strangely enough, however, he refuses breakfast, but the widow insists on his going with her and her daughter to see a country-house she is thinking of buying, and of which she wants his opinion. The man of business consents; a cab is called, and they all three get in. "By the barrier of Roehouart,

coachman!" says the widow. What on earth makes Ragoulean start and turn uneasily in his seat? Muttering something about the road being up, he tells the coachman that he can't go that way; he must go by the barrier De la Villette. Off they start, Angélique, whom we may suppose to be the life of the little party, declaiming perhaps, as she was always doing, some theatrical scene in which her admirers declared she had no rival on the stage, or describing to her admiring mother some dreadful scene in the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or some of the novels of that kind, which the girl always had in her hands. The barrier is reached, but a man just looks inside and then gives a word to three others who are standing ready; the coach is stopped, and Ragoulean being left to himself, the two women are arrested. The four men, who are agents of police, push them into the octroi building, and without the least compunction begin to search them. They find nothing, but Angélique asks what it is all about. "We were going," she says, "with M. Ragoulean to see a house that my mother thought of buying." The commissioner turns round, notices that she carries in her hand a handkerchief that does not look quite right, and makes a snatch at it, when out falls a little roll of paper. On examination this roll was found to contain fifteen drafts payable to order, but without name of drawer or payee, fourteen of them for 20,000 francs each, and the fifteenth for 10,000 francs, all on stamped paper, and dated the 30th of April last; another draft on unstamped paper, which seemed to have served as a copy for the others; three letters in Ragoulean's handwriting; and a paper contained in an envelope, on which was written "Unseal and read." This direction was obeyed by the police, who found the following composition in the handwriting of Angélique, like all the rest: "*If ever in my life a day of justice come for me, you shall be the first to whom I will render it.*" This is what you said to me in the Louvre, when we met there, three days before I consented to give up to you voluntarily that which your crimes took from me by force, in the sight of every one who knows you. 'Twere useless to enter into the details of horrors which even yet cause me to shudder. How could nature vomit such a monster as are you? Here, then, it is settled shall be your day of justice—or my day of vengeance. Ah! what a luxury for the oppressed! In my POWER my address has placed you. CHOOSE: death—or return to me that which is mine, and thank my children for the choice I give you. If I only existed, I would let my rage burst forth with all the ferocity required by the horrible monstrosities directed by you against me! Two hundred thousand francs is the amount of the drafts that you will sign. You will write on each draft, 'Good for the sum of 20,000 francs value received in cash,' and you will sign. I shall compare your writing, and take care that I find it like. I give you a quarter of an hour to choose. If you prefer my vengeance, on the instant I myself will execute it. You conceive that it can only be the affair of half a second: prudence so ordains. Ah! could I without fear prolong the pleasure—here would be a case in which to employ

every kind of barbarity which imagination could suggest."

On the arrest of the women, the police had sent off to a house at Clignancourt, which the widow had taken on lease, saying that she intended to establish a dairy. It was a small house in the middle of a large garden. Here, assisted by two servants, a man and woman whom they had hired for the purpose, the two women began the preparations which were necessary before the presentation of the above address to Ragoulean. Belonging to the house were two small cellars and one large one; these were lighted from the gardens above by two large openings. The first step was to have these openings completely blocked up. Here then was secured the subterranean vault, without which no melodrama of that day was complete. A stout post was next fixed firmly into the ground at the further end of the cellars. To this was fastened a chair, and to this again a padlocked chain. Before all was placed a table, on which were arranged writing materials. The light from above was replaced by two candles in iron candlesticks.

The widow and her daughter had bought a pair of second-hand pistols, and the man-servant was now charged to give lessons in shooting to Angélique, while the anxious mother listened up above in the garden to ascertain whether any noise made in the cellar could be heard. Not a sound; screams, cries, and shooting all passed unheard. Everything being thus prepared, a full rehearsal took place; but, as Ragoulean's appearance could not be looked for under the circumstances, Lefebvre, the man-servant, took his part. The widow, her daughter, and the female servant seized him, and bound him in the chair, then Angélique advanced with the pistols in her hands, and with a menacing gesture showed the bound man the document we have given above.

And it was to fill this part that Ragoulean had been invited to the country excursion. The police, who had gone to the house, found that everything was prepared for the final representation. Lefebvre and Jacotin, the two servants, were on the look-out for the arrival of the party. Post, table, chair, chain, and pistols—all were there; the candles had been kept alight constantly for three days past. Whilst the police were interrogating the servants, the mother and daughter were brought in. They confessed that all these preparations were for Ragoulean, who had swindled them, they declared, but in such a way that he could not be laid hold of; and that their object was to compel by force a restitution which the law would not order. Drafts for so large an amount (290,000 francs) had been prepared, that they might reject those which should seem to have been signed under constraint; they had no intention of doing more than frightening him into signing the drafts.

A noose of silk cord had been found in the cellar.

"What did you want that for?" they were asked; "the pistols were enough to frighten him."

"If he had thought that the noise of the

pistols would stop us," said Angélique, "the noose would have shown him another danger."

"And suppose Ragoulean had resisted?"

"Oh, then," she said, "it would not have been a murder, but a duel."

All four, mother, daughter, and servants, were committed to prison.

But how had the police got knowledge of the attempt to be made on Ragoulean's life or purse? This is not the least singular part of the affair. Towards the end of September, Ragoulean had gone to the police with a little invitation addressed to him by the widow. "You know," she said, "that you always keep your word, and I require you to give me a mark of your friendship by choosing five dishes that you like best. If you don't do it, I shall send to order ten of the best that I can get." There seemed nothing very dreadful in this; but the lawyer declared that this was a plan arranged long ago by the women to get him into their power. A woman named Jonard had warned him that, a long time back they had sworn this, and that the day of the breakfast was the one chosen for the execution of an attempt against him. Jonard was examined by the police, and declared that what Ragoulean had stated was quite true. Madame Morin had asked her to hire for her two gamblers down on their luck and ready for anything, or two escaped convicts who would undertake Ragoulean's settlement for a consideration. She had refused, and the widow had afterwards found Lefebvre and Jacotin herself. They were to frighten Ragoulean with the pistols, and when he had signed the drafts, they were to strangle him with the noose, and then to put his body in a sack and throw it by night into the Seine.

The acquaintance of the widow with Jonard had come about in this way:—

Every one of our readers who has been to Paris must have noticed the large Hôtel de Saint-Phar, on the Boulevard Poissonnière. In 1806 there was for sale a large house occupying this same site and known by the same name. The widow determined to buy it, intending to furnish it and let it out. Ragoulean happened to be after the house himself; but, knowing that the widow's resources were insufficient for the purchase, and foreseeing an advantage to himself, he withdrew from competition, and offered her a loan, which she at once accepted, giving in payment an annuity contingent on the lives of Ragoulean, his wife, and their two children. There is no need to follow the steps by which Madame Morin got deeper and deeper into the debt of the shrewd lawyer, into whose hands the property of course fell after awhile. It was in April, 1811, that with a sorrowful heart the widow gave up the keys to Ragoulean. Through all her pecuniary troubles one hope had sustained her. Her chief difficulty was to pay the annuity to Ragoulean; but she was reassured by Jonard, whom she had consulted at the time of the purchase. This woman, hiding her real calling by some ostensible trade, told fortunes, and was winked at by the police in consideration of her giving them any news that she thought might be of use to them. To her Madame Morin had had recourse, and

Jonard, after cutting the cards, had declared that Ragoulean and his family would all surely die within the year. There was no resisting this, and the widow signed the contract, and, although her hopes were deceived, her faith in the fortune-teller was not shaken; she consulted her till, as we have seen, when the game was getting dangerous, Jonard thought it would be prudent to acquire the gratitude of the capitalist and the protection of the police, by revealing the criminal designs of her client.

On the 10th January, 1812, the four prisoners were brought to trial. The mother and daughter were charged with a joint attempt at extortion of signatures by violence, and an attempted homicide; the servants were charged as accomplices. The attention of the audience was concentrated on Angélique: her youth, and the singular part she had played in the affair, making her an object of popular interest. Ragoulean's position was not a pleasant one: he had published a justification of his dealings with the widow, and now tried hard to make it appear that he did not in any way take advantage of her necessity to enrich himself. The way, too, in which he had played into the hands of the police was one that he tried very hard to excuse; but, from the examination of Jonard, it was clear that the two women—the mother, by all accounts, weak, foolish, and looking up to her daughter as a goddess; the daughter a silly, sentimental, novel-reading girl—had been led on by the fortune-teller as long as she could extract money for her witchcraft without danger to herself. The counsel, in their defence, acknowledged a criminal intention; but could it have been carried out if the women had been let alone? Ragoulean knew of their intended crime, but makes himself an accomplice at the instigation of the police. Fearing to give them time for reflection, he hurries them off, knowing that the police are waiting in ambush for them. So long as the act remained undone, who could say that it would have taken place? The whole gravity of the case was in the evidence of Jonard, a wretch in the pay of the police, and utterly unworthy of credit. Angélique reads her own defence—composed for her, no doubt, but put in her mouth that her talent for declamation and her youth might have due weight with the jury. She declared that Jonard had worked upon her affection for her mother whom she saw in difficulties, the cause of which she already knew. Jonard had suggested to her the idea of killing Ragoulean—an idea she had always refused to entertain; she had only sought to terrify him, and had obtained her mother's consent to her plan only by prayers and tears. Supposing Ragoulean had refused to sign, why have killed him? All traces of the attempt would have been destroyed, and his accusation would not have been capable of proof; and why kill him if he signed? To do so would be certain ruin. The drafts would be traced if put in circulation; the handwriting on them, the same on all, would be recognised, their origin would be known; it would be asked how persons so recently his debtors became his creditors for so large an amount, and the crime would infallibly be discovered. Whereas, if Ragoulean had been set at

liberty, as was intended, either he would have remained silent, knowing that he had done no more than was just (his fear of exposure would have besides prevented him from making complaints), or, if he did this, it would only be necessary to destroy the drafts. The defence concluded by declaring that already, before the arrival of Ragonleau, they had begun to be frightened at their own actions, and by imploring the mercy of the jury for the mother.

Mother and daughter were, however, found guilty of an attempted extortion; the question as to homicide was negatived. Their sentence was, we cannot help thinking, as the public did at that time, one of needless severity. They were condemned to twenty years of hard labour and to public exposure before the Palais de Justice, and this sentence was rigorously carried out. They were confined in the prison of Saint Lazare, and bore their punishment with exemplary resignation.

Lefebvre and Jacotin were at first found to be accomplices of the attempt, but without having begun the execution of the crime—a distinction of great weight in the French law. On appeal, the case was sent for fresh trial, when they were condemned to five years of hard labour.

Thus the attempt of a foolish girl and a still more foolish woman to act a chapter out of a sensationalist novel ended in a trial which illustrates a knotty question in French law—where does the commencement of execution of a premeditated crime of this kind actually take place?

## LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE'S CITY.

### NO. III.—THE SKELETON GUESTS.

On his return from the Saxon wars, Charlemagne brought Sigrick to Aix-la-Chapelle. He had beaten that valiant heathen in many battles, and now Sigrick, and a number of the chief men of his people, declared themselves ready to receive the Christian faith from their victor.

The good folk of Aix were expecting their Emperor with as much pleasure as he himself felt in returning, now that his desire had been accomplished by the finishing of the Minster. He had already magnificently supplied it with the greatest abundance of sacred vessels of gold and silver for the service of God, and with the costliest vestments of silk and velvet. In his own royal palace he was plain and homely in his mode of life and attire, caring little for festive banquets and gorgeous raiment; but when God was to be honoured, no outlay was too great, no sum of gold or silver too excessive. He gave all with a willing heart. And now that his costly temple was finished, he wanted to have it consecrated with fitting splendour.

For this purpose, in the year 804, Pope Leo III., at Charlemagne's request, came to Aix-la-Chapelle.

All the high dignitaries of the realm, chieftains and counts, the flower of his Frankish nobles, bishops and prelates, came thronging from far and near to share in the great festival. The Emperor had set his heart on securing the presence of as many bishops as there are days in the year, but all in vain. Mighty and hospitable as he was, he failed. On the very eve of the festival, there

were but 363 in the town, and there was not the least apparent chance of the two more coming to complete the number. But the Lord would not disappoint his servant's harmless wish, and worked a miracle in his behalf.

Miles away, in the church of St. Gervais, at Maestricht, two saintly bishops, Monulph and Gondulph, slept in their coffins of stone. The night before the consecration of the Minster of Aix-la-Chapelle, an angel appeared in St. Gervais' Church, and called with a loud voice, "Monulph and Gondulph, arise, and go to Aix to the consecration of the Minster." And the dead men arose, and set out on their journey. They were clad in their vestments, but though their souls had for the time returned to their earthly tenements, the flesh had not grown on their bones, and they stalked onward, two skeleton forms, as they had started from the grave. Gliding rapidly along, they reached the street close by the Minster, then called James's Street, but as they drew near the noble pile a thrill of joy made their dry bones rattle and rattle again. The people rushed out and saw the awful sight of the moving skeletons, and heard the awful rattling of their fleshless bones. But heedless of the horror-stricken crowd they went their way, entered the Minster gate, and took their places. Then in good truth there were as many bishops as there are days in the year. It would be idle to tell the Emperor's delight at this miraculous fulfilment of his wish, or the awe which fell upon the stately assembly of the mighty ones of Church and State, at the sight of these holy but ghastly guests from the world beyond the grave. Suffice it to say that Pope Leo himself consecrated the new Minster, and that the ceremony was magnificent and imposing beyond the power of words to tell.

When the service was ended, Monulph and Gondulph went their way as they had come, and then these men of God laid themselves down in their resting-place in the vaults at Maestricht, their mortal remains to rest in peace thenceforth until the angel's summons on the Last Day. So great an impression did their mysterious coming produce, that the street through which they had passed on that momentous night when the rattling of their bones was heard was at once called the "Klapper-Gasse," the street of the rattling, a name which it bears even unto the present day.

In Maestricht, also, the memory of the miraculous rising of the two bishops has not been suffered to pass away, and in token of it there is the image of an angel over the very spot in the vaults of St. Gervais' Church. It bears in its hands a scroll, with the uncouth rhyme, in old Dutch:

Monulph, Gondulph, staat ober, vaart,  
Wit Aken dat Münster, seyt God en gepaart.

### NO. IV.—DANKO, THE BELL-FOUNDER.

The Minster of Aix completed, its lofty belfry rose majestically above all the towers of the city, visible from all the country round. Well pleased as Charlemagne was with it, still he cherished another wish, namely, that instead of its petty bell, the only one which he had then succeeded in

procuring, he might crown his stately tower with a great, deep-toned bell, worthy of the building. But in those days bell-founding was anything but a flourishing craft, and messengers had vainly scoured the Emperor's vast dominions in search of a skilful master-founder. Judge then what must have been his joy when at length tidings were brought to him that among the austere brotherhood of St. Gall, in Switzerland, there dwelt a monk, named Danko, a master of the craft, and of whose skill the messenger had seen good proofs. Forthwith word was sent to Brother Danko to hasten to the Emperor. Highly honoured by the royal mandate, the monk lost no time on the road, and soon reached the royal palace at Aix, where Charlemagne was then staying.

He greeted the monk most cordially, for he was overjoyed at the prospect of so speedily carrying out his pious desires; and he promised Danko a rich reward when his task should be completed, and the bell hung in its place. He told him no expense should be spared, and bade him at once set up his foundry; adding that he destined this great bell to be the crowning gem of his Minster, which for thousands of years should summon with mighty voice the faithful to prayer, and peal or toll for all the joys and sorrows of the city. My author gives no further details of this interview; but one can imagine it well enough: the Emperor's frank liberality, the monk's secret pride. We can fancy them as they stand speaking earnestly together. Charlemagne's open, noble face beaming with pleasure; his gigantic form—its mighty proportions displayed by his short tight kirtle—towering above the monk; the latter, a slender figure, shrouded in flowing dusky robes, standing before him with bent head and folded hands, partly feeling, partly feigning, awe. Nor is Charlemagne, with all his kingly bearing, quite free from some touch of the same; for the rude wielders of sword and sceptre, despite their barbaric pride, could not always shake off a certain involuntary deference for those skilled in lore and arts which were mysterious to themselves.

Danko set to work immediately, the open-handed Emperor supplying him with workmen, tools, and metal in abundance. That the tone of the bell might be clear and sonorous, Charlemagne sent the master one hundred pounds' weight of silver from his treasury. He little knew that the cunning monk was a base and sordid man, who preferred iniquitous gain to his honour and to his sworn vow of poverty. Danko hid the silver for himself, and replaced it in the casting by a hundred pounds of lead. Still so great was his skill, that when the mould was broken before the Emperor and his followers, to their wonder and delight the new bell shone as if it were made of the purest silver. It was raised to its lofty tower with all possible speed. Great crowds of people waited in the square below to hear its first peals, and Charlemagne had determined that he should be the first to ring it. He issued forth from his palace, decked with all the magnificence he could assume so well on great occasions, despite his usual homely habits, and went in state to the

belfry, attended by the thief, Danko. The first thing the Emperor did was to ask God and Our Lady graciously to accept his gift; and then amid breathless silence he seized the bell-rope, and pulled it with all his might; but lo! it gave but one faint, dead sound.

"Holloa, Danko!" cried; he "try thy masterpiece thyself, for I have sweated in vain to knock out some sound."

Trembling, and ghastly pale, Danko tugged at the rope with the strength of despair; but not a sound was heard, save the creaking of the rafters, as they groaned beneath the weight of the swaying mass of metal. Suddenly the rope fell from Danko's hand, and he sank at the Emperor's feet stone dead. Horror and awe palsied high and low, except Charlemagne. He stood unmoved, and calmly spoke thus: "God hath righted himself."

Danko's dwelling was searched, and there, sure enough, were the hundred pounds of silver for which he had damned his soul. The Emperor would not have it back in his treasury, but gave it all to the poor.

#### "MY SOUL AND I."

LONG time ago, my Soul and I  
Had many curious disquisitions,  
Upon the present and the past,  
And on our relative positions.  
And yet we failed, my Soul and I,  
In proving our identity;  
For said I, to my Soul, it seems  
I should not be myself without you:  
Yet what you are, or whence you came,  
Who can tell anything about you?  
Hadst waited long for me, my Soul,  
Floating about in space infinite?  
Or did we two, created one,  
Spring into life the self-same minute?  
How comes it that we suit so well—  
Each so dissimilar in essence;  
One deathless, immaterial,  
The other of corporeal presence;  
One born to die, one born to live,  
The two yet needful for perfection;  
And birth the link, and death the sword,  
That bind and loose the strange connection,  
Through which it haps my Soul and I,  
Are fashioned to Humanity?  
Dost thou not cling to me, my Soul,  
With somewhat of a home-like feeling,  
Whilst still I listen unto thee  
For ever unknown worlds revealing?  
'Tis death to part from thee, my Soul,—  
'Tis life to thee from me to sever;  
Must I decay—must thou live on,  
And shall we parted be for ever?  
We've hoped and loved, and smiled and wept,  
And tossed about the world together;  
May we not rest in Paradise,  
After our spell of rough earth weather?  
I cannot let thee go, my Soul,  
We both must linger at the portal;  
The gates will not be opened wide,  
Until my dust be made immortal.  
Then shall we be, my Soul and I,  
Still one throughout eternity.

JULIA GODDARD.



## SON CHRISTOPHER.

AN HISTORIELLE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



## CHAPTER V. THE TWELFTH OF JUNE IN LYME.

FOR thirty-six hours the Squire remained on duty before he allowed himself any rest. The difficulty of the case was so extreme to all but those who joined Monmouth's standard, that the vast number of those who did was less and less to be wondered at. Unless the Mayor was really gone to London, nobody could tell where he was. Sir Henry Foley's promises of loyal troops, to appear immediately, were not fulfilled; and next morning it became known that the defensive force was to assemble at Bridport. The Red Regiment of Dorsets Militia and the Yellow Regiment of Somersets were already gone there,—the dastardly bearing of the company at Lyme having left a damp on the spirit of the place. Already Monmouth's force amounted to fifteen hundred men, before he stepped out of Lyme; and the families of those fifteen hundred held the market-place and streets and neighbouring downs for "King Monmouth." A troop rode in from Taunton, and

reported of that place and all Somersetshire being in a passion of loyalty to the Protestant prince. They would take care that the Duke of Albemarle did not get to Bridport without an effective check. The whole country was up; and Monmouth could not be more of a king in Westminster Abbey than he now was in the George Inn at Lyme.

The louder such jubilations, the more assiduous and ubiquitous was the town-guard under the Squire. They served in relays: but he remained, hour after hour, in expectation of the departure of the invaders. When they began to quarrel among themselves, his presence was more needful than ever: and the Duke himself appealed to him to protect the life of one of his own commanders. This Captain Fletcher and the officer who had been recruiting at Taunton quarrelled about a horse,—each being unwilling to ride a steed fresh from the plough. High words, the whip, a pistol-shot followed each other; and the recruiting agent, Dare, lay dead in the street. But for the

town-guard, the cavalry officer would have been slain by the people on the spot; and it was with no small difficulty that they protected him to the boats, and back to Monmouth's ship. This incident quickened the departure of the invaders. They were not quite so popular in Lyme the second day as the first, and therefore more open to remonstrance about allowing the King's forces time to rally in the west, in the direction of their march.

Yet it was a brave array which wound up the narrow and steep and rocky street of Lyme, and issued forth upon the open country where new companies were waiting to join the march; and where troops might be seen converging to the down through lanes, and up the slopes from the interior country, and across the grassy uplands. When all Lyme was out of town, except the weary authorities, and the loyal gentry who had shut themselves up while the turmoil lasted, the Squire went off duty, and quietly entered his yard from the back,—so haggard and unlike himself that his own good dog Tubal hesitated for an instant to greet him.

There was a person in the yard, however, who greeted him without any hesitation. Reuben Coad came forward from the stables with a smile.

"Reuben!" exclaimed the Squire. "Have you left your master, Reuben?"

"Left him, your worship! No, indeed! He is too good a master to leave in a hurry. My master is here," pointing to the house. "Did not your worship know we were coming?"

The Squire did not answer; but the man was entirely satisfied that Christopher's arrival was unexpected.

The house was very quiet. Most of the servants who were not with the young people at Dunn's farm had turned out upon the down to see the march of Monmouth's soldiers out of Lyme. Eleazer, the old butler, unbarred the door for his master; and the only persons in the house besides were his mistress and Elizabeth, and Christopher, who had appeared half an hour before.

The Squire said afterwards that he had never seen such an expression on any human face as that with which Elizabeth now met him. All the three rose as he entered the room where they were in earnest conversation; but Elizabeth went to meet him, putting her arm within his, and looking up into his face as she said—

"Christopher has come to tell us that he is going to join the Duke of Monmouth."

"I hope—I pray God this is not true, Christopher!" his father exclaimed, in a low and solemn voice.

"It is true, father: and I fully expected that we should be of one mind as to our duty. I cannot believe that you will support the Usurper for an hour after a Protestant king has appeared. No one will imagine such a thing as your holding back—I can't bear to put such a thought into words."

"Leave it unspoken, then, my son. You and I shall never misjudge one another. We will discuss this grave matter; but first we must take care of these precious women. Your mother is in mortal dread, I see, though she will never own it: and

this dear child," caressing Elizabeth,—“we must send her back to the High-Sheriff and his safe roof before worse happens.”

Christopher said there could be no doubt of this, and he had planned to send her, in charge of Reuben and a sufficient escort, if it should be thought safer for her than his own presence.

"I would not trust her with Reuben," the Squire observed.

"I hoped you would let me stay," Elizabeth said. "I wish to do exactly what is right. I wish to be worthy of Christopher," she explained, looking at him with a gaze of pride and love which brought tears into eyes which scarcely knew the feel of them. "He has devoted himself—"

"And you, too," sighed the father.

"Oh! I bless him for it—that he has devoted me, too," she continued; "and I desire to be worthy of it; to help where I can, and hinder nothing. I could wish to stay, and do my best: but if you tell me it is right for me to go, I will go—and cheerfully, if I can."

No one had any doubt. They would have sent her to-night but for the fear of stragglers from Monmouth's force being about; and she must depart as soon as it was light. A few words explained why she was not at Dunn's farm with the rest. She had longed to stay and be daughter to Mrs. Battiscombe; and, on the other hand, it was thought that if her brother should send for her, it would be better that she should be on the spot.

Though the supper which the Squire so much needed was short, the grace was long. Never had grace, both before and after meat, been so solemn in that house. This might be the last time that the four would sit down to table together: and it was, almost certainly, the last time they would eat together before events had happened which would decide the fate of their lives, and the destiny of the kingdom.

The conversation which ensued was not very long. Father and son knew what they meant to say, and understood one another perfectly. The Squire could not agree to stake the cause of the Reformation on the chances of the illegitimate son of a licentious king being accepted as his heir. He was not satisfied as to the willingness of the Protestants of the kingdom to welcome a gay worldling like Monmouth, as the representative of their antagonism with the Pope and his forces. From what he had seen of the Duke's adherents, he doubted their quality and capacity; and he told of the murder of Dare in the street, and the consequent loss of Fletcher as a leader. He would not pledge himself to the Catholic king now ruling; but he would maintain civil order till he could see his way. No man could go further than he in scorn and disgust at the bad faith and cruel temper of the new king; and no man could be more confident that such a method of rule as the present could not continue. God and man would determine, ere long, that there should be a Protestant sovereign. The question for every man's conscience was whether to accept Monmouth for that office, or to wait for the Protestant princesses who should naturally succeed the present

king, if no son of his old age should be born to him. The Squire did not insist on waiting for them: but he must learn more before he marched under Monmouth's flag.

Christopher believed on high authority, as he declared, that the contents of the Black Box which they had all heard of would prove the Duke the legitimate heir of the late king. If this were so, there could be no doubt how any Protestant should act. But, though there was no need of further self-defence, Christopher had willing and delighted hearers to something more. When he told how many devoted ministers of the Gospel were hoping in their dreary prisons that Monmouth would set them free; when he told how friends of his, old and young, were holding themselves ready to rush to Monmouth's standard at the risk of their lives; when he told how the poor people throughout the kingdom considered this a holy year because it had been revealed that King Monmouth should come; when he told how he and his comrades in the Temple had secretly practised drill for many weeks past, and how they had studied the right way for fresh officers to command raw soldiers, and how he hoped to train for himself a troop worthy of the Commonwealth,—father and mother were almost as much carried away as Elizabeth. All regarded Christopher as a young soldier of the Lord, who might be honoured with a commission to reconquer the kingdom for the Reformation,—the first among an army of Christian heroes who should flock in to the strife when it was seen what one such man could do.

"It may be that such is my son's commission," said the Squire, recovering his deliberate mood with an effort; "but the risks—we must keep the risks in full view."

"No question but Christopher has done that," Elizabeth answered. "He is no child to be caught by the glitter of honour, nor wilful in forgetting what may be behind. There is no heroism in making a choice like his without a full study of the risks."

"I bless God," said the hitherto silent mother, "that my son's chosen wife speaks so worthily, according to her knowledge. But she cannot know fully what the risks are."

"She does," Christopher answered proudly and fondly.

"I believe she does," his father said solemnly.

"I do," declared Elizabeth, in the tone in which she might have spoken her marriage vows. Silence followed for some moments. Then the father said:

"Where so much is perilled, it may seem a small matter to think of our repute in regard to worldliness. When we risk the ill-fame of treason, we might be indifferent to blame for self-seeking: but, Christopher, men will say that you and I take different sides as a politic course—to save the property, and to make interest for one another's life, when it is seen who fails."

"Yes, it will surely be said, father; but ours is not a name which can be long clouded by such a slander."

"My dear son!" remonstrated his mother. "Let not these things breed pride in you already.

How many better than ourselves have been reviled and cast out—"

She stopped, as her husband was saying, as to himself,

"Despised and rejected—"

"You are right, mother!" said Christopher. "The pride of my words was unseemly. But we cannot govern ourselves by the low thoughts of the watchers for evil."

"Better confound them by your acts," Elizabeth observed. "If you joined in bestowing the property on the Cause, keeping back nothing, spiteful tongues would be silenced."

"And how should we live, dear child?" asked the Squire. "How are my children to be provided for?"

"We shall see at the time," she replied. "Perhaps we can work: at any rate we could starve: but none who can work need starve, I believe. I am sure this is the time, if ever, for devoting ourselves and all we have."

"It is so!" "It is so!" all were agreed. During the silence which followed, their thoughts were the same; and they all knew it. There had never before been such a season of deadly risk, nor of such temptation from passion and delusion, nor, therefore, of such need of supreme guidance. When the silence was broken, it was by the father's voice, saying:

"Now, let us pray!"

#### CHAPTER VI. FROM LYME TO THE CAMP.

THE next morning the dispersion of the household was more complete. Before he slept, Christopher wished to make all arrangements for Elizabeth's return home; and he went out to give his orders to Reuben. But Reuben could not be found. He was certainly not on the premises. Christopher was vexed; but he was confident the man had merely gone down to the beach cottages, to spend the night with his relations;—unless indeed he had started off after Monmouth's force, impelled thereto by the strength of Hickes's exhortations, which still reverberated through the town. He would doubtless account for his absence when he next met his master: but he must learn that he must remain strictly under orders.

By sunrise, an escort arrived for Elizabeth. A note from her brother required her instant return, while the road was comparatively safe. In a day or two, the whole county might be overrun.

Did this mean by insurgents, or by soldiers from London?

Nobody could tell; or, if the confidential person who headed the escort could have told the Sheriff's meaning, he would not.

Elizabeth would not allow her lover to attend her one step beyond his father's gate. He must go now where his duty led him. The time and his Prince needed him; and when they met in some great future day—— The rest could not be put into words.

In a few minutes after she was out of sight, Christopher was on his road westwards, cheered that his parents could give him their blessing, and respect his proper liberty, while doubting his wisdom in his course. He turned aside to Farmer Dunn's, which was not more than a mile away from his

road, and had a hasty interview with his sisters. His young brothers were out, trying to gather news while they could; for the farmer had announced that if any soldiers should pass that way, he should probably close his gates and his shutters, and keep all within doors. He could at any time stand a short siege, if necessary; and he intended to defend his guests from any sort of intrusion. They came to him to be safe; and safe he would keep them, together with his own children. The boys might go anywhere within sound of his dinner-horn, with which the labourers were called to meals. At the first blast they must run for the farm, or take the chance of being shut out. Such was farmhouse life in those days.

Christopher could not stay, after telling his news, and assuring his sisters that he did not know where he was going, beyond overtaking Monmouth.

"But you say it is westwards that he is gone. Do you think he will go to Taunton?"

"O yes; to Taunton and everywhere else, sooner or later."

"But how soon to Taunton? O! will you not— Can you not bring Joanna home? And will you not go to Wells, and see how Madame Lisle fares, or whether she is gone back to Winchester?"

"And will you not—?"

"My dears, I am a soldier now, and belong to my general," he declared gaily, as he kissed his sisters, and rode away. He checked his horse for a moment, to call out to them that he would not fail to send news of Joanna, after getting to Taunton, unless he sent Joanna herself.

"He is in great spirits," Arabella observed to her sister, as they stood at the farmyard gate, watching their idol as he galloped away over the Down.

"He is of that quality of man," replied Judith, "that is lightest under the heaviest burdens. Would we were all of that temper!"

"Elizabeth is," remarked Arabella; and Judith hoped this was true.

Christopher had special cause for his joyousness this morning. He had overheard his father remark to his mother on the courage that had so unexpectedly appeared in Elizabeth. From such a rearing as hers he should have looked, the Squire said, for a worldling who would shrink from the risks of a Roundhead marriage, when they came to be understood; instead of which, this delicately-reared young creature was the foremost to propose sacrifices, and gayer in the prospect of the gravest perils than in the safest and sunniest hours of maidenly merriment. There must be some strong support for some members of other churches than the Presbyterian:—(he had always believed this; but now he saw it). There must be some holy calling forth of the best faculties— "Even so," his wife had replied. "I trust Elizabeth has religion. Indeed, I cannot doubt it: but it is human love which enables her to be what we have seen." These words, ringing through him in his mother's voice, were the cause of Christopher's exaltation of mind and spirits to-day.

Wherever he went, and wherever his family

turned, the very air seemed burdened with tidings. News seemed to come in all directions faster than natural means could bring it. It was reported all along Elizabeth's road to Dorchester, and all over Lyme, that the King and Council and Parliament had gone great lengths on the sole testimony of the mayor of Lyme, having actually passed, in the course of the day after his arrival in London, and without detaining him from his duty, a bill of attainder against Monmouth; and a bill which declared it high treason to call him legitimate. This was true; but it had not taken place when Christopher left London; nor had the mayor,—his acquaintance, Gregory Alford,—arrived in town. It was by Reuben that Christopher had been informed that Monmouth and his force were certainly off Lyme, or in it: and now, after one night-halt at his father's, this news,—that in believing in and adhering to Monmouth men became guilty by law of high treason,—overtaken him, outstripped him, and spread through the western counties before he could reach them.

It was said that, on the one hand the Duke had few supporters among the best class in the kingdom,—the substantial Whigs, the gentry in town and country, the magistrates and professional men, who had been supposed to be waiting only for an opportunity to set up a Protestant sovereign; while, on the other hand, there was no end of the reports of the rejoicings of the country people, and the town shopkeepers and working men and women, that the sacredness of the year was made manifest by the descent upon their shores of King Monmouth. Great folks said the rising was contemptible, and would be put down without disturbing quiet people: yet it was certain that the church bells were ringing wherever townsmen and villagers could get at them; there were to be bonfires all along the coast, and throughout the west that night: the hedges were torn to pieces, partly for timber for the fires, but also for the wild roses and woodbine, with which the people crowned effigies of King Monmouth, and adorned the triumphal arches which rapidly arose in his honour. Some said the Papists were packing up, in readiness for departure at any moment: but in each particular place there seemed to be nothing remarkable about the Catholics, unless it was a sudden quietness which seemed to have descended upon them. The prelatical party was a stranger spectacle, in its striking division on this first application of a test. A considerable proportion of the Church party, from London to Exeter, at once took up the cry for a Protestant King; but a great majority declared for the actual king and a regular succession, and showed a more bitter hostility to the rising than the Papists themselves. It was reported, till it reached Monmouth's ear and sank his heart, that this violence was no sign of loyalty to James, but rather of impatience and wrath that an interloper should have ventured to cross their plans for a regular and safe Protestant succession, after a few years' patience with the old man to whom they had sworn faith and loyalty, and who certainly was likely to try their patience to a very great extent. While, of thinking people, some were sunk in despair or quivering in fear,

and others were in an exaltation of hope and triumph, the day was one of intense enjoyment to the ignorant and thoughtless, wherever Monmouth's name was on the lips of the crowd. Three-year old children remembered the day for ever afterwards, by the processions at noon and the bonfires at night, and the tumult of bells, and hurrahs, and trumpet-calls, and singing of songs in the streets and roads: and the most sensible citizens found themselves liable to be carried away by the general impulse.

Among other odd things, rumour said, all over Lyme, that the Mayor had not come home, and was not coming. His own town must take care of itself; for he was going to stir up the country westwards. His messengers had spread the news of the invasion all over Somersetshire and Devon, while he was posting to London; and now it was said that he would not stop short of Exeter, where he knew he should find the best friend of the Stuarts in that region—the son of their restorer, General Monk. That son, the Duke of Albemarle, was in Exeter for the purpose of reviewing the militia; and the idea of reaching him and his forces at the first possible moment seemed to be so much too acute for a Mayor who never thought of sending a messenger to London when he himself was wanted in Lyme, that it was settled by rumour in a trice that Gregory Alford, citizen of Lyme, was commissioned by the King himself, or his council, to act as envoy to the Duke of Albemarle. All Lyme went to look at the Mayor's house, and to express its feelings, whether of spite, contempt, and rage at the partisan magistrate, or of deference and admiration. The Mayor's wife and daughters carried themselves high, and considered it the greatest day of their lives,—though much greater ones might follow: and while they sat at the lower windows, grandly dressed, the servants flaunted out at the attic windows, or lounged in the doorways, parading their insolence before the crowd. Before night their insolence would have risen much higher.

Christopher knew the country well: but to-day he saw it with new eyes, and it was truly a new scene. It was no uncommon thing to ride thirty miles without seeing a dozen people, or more than three or four inhabited houses; and there were intervals to-day where nobody was in sight, and where he caught glimpses of the red deer in the woods. He saw a boy trapping wheatears on the Down, as if nothing unusual was happening. He saw a pedlar resting under a hedge, and the fellow either knew nothing, or pretended to know nothing, of any commotion in the countryside. But elsewhere it was otherwise. At every forge the blacksmith was over-busy; for the gentry were in a hurry to raise the militia; and every saddle-horse must be sure of its shoes when messengers were going forth in all directions. There were yeomen at the forges too,—always the first to be served when the smith had his way, and eager to be off on some business which might perhaps be something else than raising the militia. There were groups about the posts where roads met; groups about each public-house; and sometimes groups where there was no house at all, but

where some ridge of the down afforded a good prospect westward or northward. These were people from the farms. The farm-horses were all carried off in the Duke's service; and the men stood idle. There were loud complaints to the same effect at each house of entertainment for miles round, the post-horses also having been seized in the Duke's service. It was clear that the complainants were neither angry nor sorry; and Christopher could see that many of them would fain be where their horses were. He was told that he had better spare his own steel, as he would not get another; and his answer was that men of his profession rode horses which would carry them on occasion a couple of hundred miles in a shorter time than posting. He understood the significance with which he was asked where he was going; and he was understood when he answered that it depended on what he might find the state of the country before him.

Elsewhere he came on some rendezvous where the gentry were mustering and exercising the militia. When he steered clear of such an obstruction as this, he found women or old men spying from afar; and the comment they had to make was that they did not believe those fellows would fight, and that they were mustered just to hinder their following King Monmouth. In more retired spots at some ruined church, where there was good hiding for a few till a sufficient number arrived to make it safe to show themselves, he saw gatherings in the interest of the Duke. The fathers had dismantled the church in the wars of the last generation; and now their sons were crouching behind the grave-stones, or in the tall weeds of the churchyard, or in the damp shadows within the walls, glorying that the day of a Protestant king had come at last, and watching impatiently for such an accession of numbers as would justify them in launching their blue flag, and marching to overtake King Monmouth. There was no difficulty in learning from anybody he met in what direction to ride to overtake the insurgent force. The people going one way had an appointment with the Duke; and those who came the other way had seen or heard something of him. A carrier with a couple of pack-horses looked a shrewd fellow enough; and he and Christopher came to an understanding without much loss of the time which was so precious to them both. His horses had not been spared to him without a reason: he carried something besides what was in his packsaddles,—namely, important news for worthy ears. From him Christopher learned that the Duke of Albemarle and his militia force had actually met the insurgents a few miles behind, after a wonderfully rapid march from Exeter. Christopher thought, as he rode on, of his father's question,—what he supposed that he, a lawyer, could do with a company of ploughboys and shopkeepers against the trained bands that would be brought up against Monmouth in every county. He had replied by something more than an appeal to the goodness of the cause,—by going back to the beginning of the war of the Commonwealth, when the humblest of the citizens grew into soldiers almost in a day, under the inspiration of a clear mind and settled will. Still he was anxious;

for it was uncertain how many of the insurgent force were ignorant idolators of a handsome and affable young prince, and how few or many might be men who were devoting themselves for the final overthrow of Popery, and the rescue of the Puritan faith and worship from the oppressions and corruptions of the prelatial Church.

Once he had been compelled to halt, to refresh his horse as well as himself; but it was not for long. He had looked out behind him all the morning, with the idea that Reuben would overtake him, and he was half disappointed at having to proceed after his hasty meal of beef and ale without news of his servant, whose absence ruffled him, without creating any serious doubt of the man's fidelity. The next incident of his journey banished for the moment all speculations of every sort.

A cloud of dust came into view far away over the open land. It came on along the lanes and over the fields, and the hasty tramp of horses was heard. When the riders came near, Christopher knew too many of them, begrimed as they were with dust. One after another of these acquaintances of his drew rein for a moment, and told him that the Duke had been defeated, and that all was lost. Their leader rode up, learned who Christopher was, announced himself as Lord Grey of Wark, and said it was false as hell that the Duke's cause was lost. No man had ever before been cursed with such a rabble, in the name of cavalry, as he had been that day. The fellows said their horses ran away with them; some cart-horses were as unmanageable as elephants; and none could bear the sight of a line of soldiers; and the consequence was——

The consequence was left for Christopher to conjecture; for there was an alarm of pursuit, from more dust rising westwards, and the whole troop, Lord Grey and all, spurred back to Lyme at their fullest speed, pouring down into the town before night, and alarming almost every household but the Mayor's, and those of a few Tory magistrates, with news of an immense army under the Duke of Albemarle having scattered the forces and the hopes of Monmouth. The news was left at Farmer Dunn's by some of the fugitives, and avouched to the Squire in the market-place of Lyme; and carried on to Dorchester, to the High Sheriff, by zealous newsmongers; so that the parents, the sisters, and betrothed of one of the Protestant champions gone forth to the war were all struggling with their apprehensions about what had become of Christopher.

Christopher was in no way disheartened. He had not for an instant thought of turning back with the remnant of Monmouth's so-called cavalry; and the next people he met told him that it was a false alarm.

Those people were a congregation of country folk assembled at a cross where four roads met, to hear a preacher who had been in the fight. The minister was John Hickee,——the man of all men whom Christopher would at the moment have chosen to see. A dozen words from Hickee sent him forward with more eagerness than ever. Though the cavalry had turned tail, the infantry had not. They had driven the militia at first,

then had given way when Grey's troop had scampered off; but had been easily rallied, and had held their ground. With such reinforcements as were offering every hour, it would be easy to deal with the Exeter forces to-morrow; and the reverend ministers in Monmouth's train, as being most easily spared, were playing the recruiting officer in all the country round. So Christopher rode on, and Hickee resumed his discourse, satisfying the people that the overthrow of Babylon was at hand, and sending the men in a body to Monmouth's camp, leaving the women wringing their hands that they could not go too.

The most dubious appearance which presented itself to Christopher was his own welcome to Monmouth's presence. He had come to offer his sword and his right arm, as any other man might do; and his professional judgment, if occasion required. He found himself welcomed as a great captain, or a noble with a large band of retainers might have been. This seemed to show that there were few real soldiers, and few men of birth or influence in the camp.

"I could not have believed it if I had not seen it," said Monmouth to him, late that night, in confidential discourse: "but it is too surely true that my own staff of gentlemen,—the men by whom I am represented wherever I go,—the men who induced me to come,—the men who professed to be charged with the public opinion of Protestant England, are——are now, when the critical moment has arrived——I cannot bring myself to say it——"

"Not cowards, I trust," said Christopher.

"Certainly unequal to the occasion. It is necessary that you should know this: but I cannot utter a needless word about it. You saw yourself how it was with Grey. It was Wade who saved the day. In fight we may rely on him: but in policy——"

"Can doubts have arisen already about your Grace's course?"

The Duke's reply was——

"What would you have it to be?—in one word."

"Drive back the Duke of Albemarle, and march to Exeter."

"No doubt: but Wade is for going to Bristol."

"He is a Bristol man: and may have large expectations of support there."

"He has: but am I to take his word for it? And he leaves me if I do not follow his counsel."

"That is unpardonable!"

"It seems so to me. Yet there are others who thrust their schemes upon me preemtorily. Heaven forgive me if I wrong them! but I doubt whether it be not,—with some of them, at least,—a device for slipping out of the danger they have brought me into. But I will not speak further of it."

"I honour your Grace's discretion. Happily, the next step is plain. The Duke of Albemarle driven back, or his force dispersed, there will be a new clearness in the case. Wavering minds will be settled; and if, as may possibly happen, the trainbands should come over to our side, the country will doubtless rise, and cowards will either

grow brave again, or may depart whithersoever they will."

"You are a cheerful counsellor," observed Monmouth; "more so than your father, whom I saw in Lyme, and whom I greatly respect. I wish I had so brave a man with me here. But I am thankful to have his son."

(To be continued.)

## MODERN OLD AGE.

SEVERAL recent circumstances have fixed attention on the great prominence of Old Age as a feature of our time:—Old Age, not coddled in cotton-wool, and kept warm by the fireside, but active, intelligent, efficient, and agreeable;—not only venerable through wealth of years, but admirable in its own character. Physiologists and statisticians tell us that the longevity of our own nation improves,—a marked increase in the length of life having been established within this century; and certainly, what we see in the society of men of mark in our own time quite disposes us to believe this.

The wonder is why there is any such change in the case of public men,—statesmen, churchmen, philosophers, authors, and professional men. It is easy to understand why the labouring classes, and people of small means, live longer than formerly. Sanitary improvements, and increased knowledge of the human frame and how to manage it, may account for such a diminution as there is of disease, whether in active operation or in the form of infirmity which breaks down the system prematurely. But what makes the difference to people who have been brought up in comfort, and have lived in good dwellings, and fed on good and well-cooked food, and been exempt from damp, and bad smells, and scarcity of air and water? If our upper classes have in all ages been blessed with an abundance of the means of living, why should one generation of them live longer than another?

Perhaps, if the entire generation in two different centuries were compared, the greater number of each would be found to be still very much alike. It may be that the difference is seen mainly in the longevity of a small number of conspicuous persons. In the humbler classes the improvement is spread more evenly over the whole population. The cases of workhouse wonders,—mummies of either sex who are celebrated for having been on the rates for seventy or eighty years,—are probably about as many as were known to our fathers; or the difference may be that such cases are now occasionally found in better homes than the workhouse: but they are always very few; and the world is sure to hear of such as there are. Such cases, generally speaking, show how life may be carried on with the least vital action. The brain works just enough to keep the machine going, and by no means to wear it out. Once secured against hunger, toil, and care, they have no further wear and tear; and so there is nothing to prevent their living on till the machinery stops of itself. Their comrades who have more brain, more heart, more responsibilities, and a keener

sense of them, are subject to more bodily risks and more mental anxiety. As knowledge, management of affairs, and wages improve, the higher orders of poor people suffer less, run fewer risks, and live somewhat longer; but the longevity is so diffused that we might hardly observe it except by the proof being brought before our eyes.

In the case of the easy middle ranks the longer life of our days is easily accounted for. The virtual abolition of small-pox alone is a great matter. A greater is that intemperance in the form of eating and drinking has descended to a lower class. It is in the small shopkeeping and artisan class now that we see the heavy feeding and the passionate pursuit of dainties for the table which was once no disgrace in mansions and palaces; and, when a man has to be excused for something done or said because he was drunk, the instant conclusion is that he is not a gentleman. Without looking further, therefore, society agrees that the gentry may well be longer lived than their grandparents,—by at least the difference of having no small-pox and very little gout to deal with. Fevers, too, seem to be gravitating so as to suggest the hope that they, like drunkenness, will go out at the lower end of society. All this seems clear and satisfactory to many persons; but the question remains—why it is that we see so many more old men than formerly in the most arduous positions of public life?

It is a remarkable spectacle, no doubt. Taking the Statesmen first;—how many of those whom the world has lost were active in their functions to the last! Metternich was thrust aside because his work was a failure, and not because he was himself incapable of action. Nesselrode was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Chancellor of the Empire to successive Czars till he died last year at ninety-two, clear-headed and full of interest for Russia as he had ever been. Last month, a man at least as life-like at about the same age departed from among us, leaving a stronger impression on our minds of everything about him than of his extreme age. Lord Lyndhurst had some infirmities at ninety-one; but nobody to the last associated any idea of decrepitude with him,—much less of senile weakness. Lord Lansdowne was eight years younger at his death; and we saw in him more of the familiar attributes of failing executive powers; but he, too, had a clear and calm mind, and a bright interest in the life around him, at an age when the traditional octogenarian should have been lingering in second childhood. That Lord Campbell should have been hard at work, head and hand, till death fell upon him in his chair, is hardly surprising to those who had long studied his constitution and his course. To those who knew his fibre, physical, mental, and moral, the question was whether he ever would die, and why: and if he had lived over a hundred, doing all the work of his particular judgship or any other, the final surprise would have been,—not that he had lasted so long, but that he should ever come to a stop. Mr. Ellice had much less to do, to think about and to feel, in regard to public affairs, than any of these men; but still he was a public man,—once active, and not perhaps the less busy after he had taken to repressing other

people's activity. Whether with little or much wear and tear, he had a long old age, unspoiled by decay of body or mind. He had no more to do with second childhood than those we have mentioned, or than those of his contemporaries who are still active in the service of their country.

The first that will occur to all minds is, of course, the Prime Minister. I am myself so tired of reading the incessant remarks—not altogether considerate to Lord Palmerston's own feelings,—on the marvellousness of his being still as clever and serviceable as ever at seventy-nine, that I shall not enlarge upon the case. It speaks for itself; it may confirm some inferences yielded by the whole class of cases; and it is a fact of strong and peculiar interest far beyond the bounds of our own empire; but it ought not to be considered miraculous by us who saw Nesselrode as he was last year, and Lyndhurst as he was last month;—the one thirteen, and the other twelve years older than Lord Palmerston is now. Two of his political contemporaries remain,—one active, the other passive, as far as public life is concerned. Lord Brougham is the active one, of course; and at the recent Social Science Congress he observed that Lord Glenelg and himself were the only survivors of their generation of members of the Speculative Society. Lord Glenelg is eighty; and that he should have lived so long is the more remarkable from his being a twin, the survivor of his twin brother Robert by many years. We do not forget him; but we hear nothing of him. As for Lord Brougham, he speaks for himself so abundantly that I may leave him to that description. There is one more remarkable statesman, who appears, at seventy-five, as able as he ever was to guide and shape the fortunes of rulers and their dominions and people. Men must be old themselves to remember the interest of the first clear disclosures of the ability of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe,—Canning's cousin,—in the field of diplomacy. When he reached his threescore years and ten, he came home from the East,—but not to be wrapped in cotton-wool and set down by the fireside, but to render in parliament services on Eastern questions which no other man is competent to render. May he be there to do this till Eastern questions become better able to take care of themselves!

This name—Stratford Canning—brings up some melancholy associations with the theme of longevity among statesmen. What two men were his relatives,—George Canning and his son, the late Lord Canning! And they were laid in the grave prematurely while many, infinitely less precious to the country, are living on, prosperously and gaily! The father was worried out, and the son worn out of life. They are more like the statesmen of the last century than those whom we see old, and growing old, in office. They remind us of some of the conditions of longevity in their special class, and help us to understand some of the laws of it.

Nothing is clearer than that a habitual activity of brain,—and especially of the intellectual organs of it,—is a leading condition of the most substantial kind of health. All the evidence in connection with longevity, gathered from every class,

confirms this. As a rule (which will have fewer exceptions as time passes on), other circumstances being anything approaching to equal, the ablest men in any intellectual career will live the longest. Habitual, strenuous, equable exercise of the faculties requisite for the work is the primary condition of a working longevity. Either included in this condition, or regarded separately, as each may prefer, is the condition of temperance. It is included in the other because there can be no strenuous, and no equable exercise of the intellect when any sort of intemperance is indulged in. Temperance is simply doing or taking only what agrees with one; and to take or do anything which disagrees with one, is simply disordering the brain, and rendering a thoroughly healthy action of it impossible. All this is plain enough; but next follows that pathetic certainty to which we must refer so many of our disappointments, and premature losses of noble public service and glorious public servants. Strong moral emotions are incompatible with durable vigour,—probably in every walk of life, and certainly in that of statesmanship. Men of keen general sensibility, men of anxious ambition, or sensitive honour, or, above all, of delicate conscience, can be statesmen only under the hardest conditions,—those of a living martyrdom and an early death,—unless the latter is precluded by the worse doom of political extinction. Life is sorely wearing to the man of tender conscience in the very stillest of the world's paths, where the responsibilities are fewest and plainest. Life strains the brain and fibre of the Man of Feeling and fear; it finds him. What must be the wear and tear of statesmanship to the man who carries the poet's nature into such a function! He is under the incessant, conscious burden of millions of human lives which depend on his counsels and decisions, and of the national honour and existence which will stand or fall by his sufficiency or failure. Most of us know something of the probation of an anxious or dissatisfied conscience. If our suffering is keen, what must his be who cannot but make mistakes occasionally, and who can perceive, on looking back, a great sum of mischiefs and miseries which might, perhaps, have been spared by greater wisdom, intellectual or moral, on his part!

The wonder is,—not that statesmen of a high order die early, but rather that they can live under such a strain of emotion. The world may say (as it seems to the world) that such a man dies of hard work. The real truth is, in such cases, that the work would not have been fatal if there had been an unwounded spirit to support it. It is the inward pain which gives its deadly quality to mere fatigue. The Cannings, father and son, were men of this delicate moral organisation: and both sank under their burden,—of irritation, of responsibility, and of fatigue. "Pitt's heart was broken," all men say now. It would not have killed him to pass through the probation of 1805 if he had not violated the second condition,—of temperance in all things: but it was moral emotion which rendered life impossible to him when only half of his natural term had run out. An affecting example of the exhausting effects of a painful sensibility has been before the



eyes of all of us in the case of O'Connell. If ever there was a frame built for longevity, it was his. Of all the politicians of his time, he seemed the most likely to live to a hundred. But he misled Ireland,—he entangled himself in perilous falsehood,—he was conscious that honour was virtually gone, and that infamy and the curses of a deceived people were in the future, and he was unnerved. Afraid either to live or die, he died of fatal exhaustion from overstrained, painful, and unremitting emotion.

It would seem, then, that if statesmen are to add to their other utilities that of serving their country to a great age, they must not be men of a very acute sensibility, of strong passions, or of a delicate conscience. The conscience must be at least robust; and if it is somewhat more,—rather hard, or blunt, or lax, so much the stronger is the chance of the protraction of their work. They must be men of calm passions and regular habits, generally speaking. If, indeed, an aged statesman is seen whose private life has not commanded respect, or whose egotism has amounted to a passion, involving jealousy and hatred, his old age is hardly a privilege, to himself or anybody else. His intellect may appear untouched; but in fact his judgment has become untrustworthy. It is probably inconsistent in its decisions; and it is certainly warped by his resentments, his exultations, and his mortifications. Though no one may say it, most people feel that he would have been better in his grave long ago, for other reasons than the comprehensive doubt whether old age is a blessing at all.

There was a time within living memory when it was considered desirable that men who were real workers should be permitted and encouraged to retire from their toils at sixty. Of course, no such rule could be universally applicable. One man is younger at sixty than another at fifty; and there are labours which are easier at sixty than at forty. But there was a strong feeling that, generally speaking, parliamentary work, pulpit work, the judicial bench, and the toils of medical practice, were too much for men over sixty. When the painter must have recourse to glasses, when the preacher becomes garrulous, or delivers old sermons, when the county member nods through a debate, when the physician has to refresh his memory about his patients' ailments from day to day, and when the author puts forth less power from season to season, all faithful and genial friends wish that these sexagenarians were respectably and tranquilly reposing in their own homes, enjoying their leisure while the capacity for enjoyment remains. But the term really seems to have been changed within a generation. We see men of seventy whom we could ill have spared from public life for ten years past; and I do not know that it matters very much what is the age fixed upon, while there is a sort of public opinion established in favour of some term being assigned at which laborious men may be authorised to leave off working, for their own sakes and that of the society they have thus far served so well.

We have seen how some statesmen who might have lived their threescore years and ten died,

worn out, far too soon; and to Pitt, Lord Dalhousie, and the Cannings, we might add many names of men in minor offices who worked themselves to death, either in carrying some particular measure, or under the constant pressure of care and toil. There have been others who were snatched from us by accidents. Huskisson followed his friend Canning too soon; but he also was nearly worn out; and he could not have worked much longer if he had been far away from the railroad on that fatal opening day. Our hearts are yet sore from the loss of Peel, at a period when we reckoned on a more dignified public life for him, and a greater wealth of counsel from him for ourselves than even his official career had afforded. In other departments of the public service accident has deprived us of benefits from men who had become old without any perceptible diminution of power. Lord Clyde's death may be attributed to the fall from his horse in India, of which he made so light; and Sir Cresswell Cresswell's death cannot be supposed altogether unconnected with the injury which he received in the Park. The one was just past seventy, and the other just short of it; and yet both may be said to have died prematurely.

Arts and Arms seem to be favourable to longevity under the same conditions as statesmanship. Wellington, in whom the two were united, is a remarkable illustration of how toil, responsibility, and the liabilities of fame, may be borne when the moral nature and training are a help instead of a drawback. His strength of will, his power of self-reliance, his simplicity of mind, his unconsciousness of doubt or scruple, and his very narrowness of political view, in combination with his military comprehensiveness of knowledge, enabled him to do and live through what would have killed half-a-dozen men of a more sensitive fibre, and a more egotistical sort of humility. In him, as in Lord Clyde (who might have lived to the age of Wellington), Lord Combermere, who is still alive and vigorous at ninety, the French Marshal d'Ornano, who has just died at the age of ninety-two, Lord Seaton, who has departed this year at the age of eighty-seven, and Sir Howard Douglas, who was a great professional authority and public benefactor till he died two years ago at eighty-five, we see that the toils of military life, and the gravest responsibilities, do not shorten the existence of men constitutionally adapted to that career.

The Church has for some time been becoming a scene of trouble and anxiety, very wearing to its guardians and administrators; yet there are still very old bishops in its modern annals. When a certain bishop died twenty or thirty years ago, at some unheard of age, leaving his diocese in a woeful condition from the long suspension of his personal offices, the Church had hardly begun to awake from its lethargy of the last century; but even then society felt that we must not have such aged bishops, if they were past their work. The late Archbishop of Canterbury was past eighty; the present Bishop of Exeter is eighty-six; and Archbishop Whately has just departed at seventy-six; but all these have so far provided against their duty being neglected that we may admit, without any reserve objection, that the clerical career

seems to be favourable to longevity where the individual nature is hardy enough for its responsibilities.

The Philosophers ought to have length of days for their portion, seeing how their pursuits ought to elevate them above the disturbances of life. And such is, in fact, the operation of their mode of life, by which their faculties are furnished with constant entertainment, on subjects which would seem to lie outside the range of uneasy passions, while creating or exciting the noblest moral emotion. And an unusual amount of healthy longevity is in fact found among philosophers,—whether mathematicians, naturalists, or speculative students. Such things have been heard of as strifes in those serene fields of thought: such sights have been seen as faces furrowed with fretfulness, or working with passion: but the old age of many philosophers is at this moment an honour to their vocation. Peter Barlow was, when he lately died at eighty-two, the same Peter Barlow that he had been to two generations of friends and disciples. Sir David Brewster is still active and occupied at the same age. The late Mr. Tooke did not puzzle his brain about the Currency too much to be still up to the subject at eighty-six. Sir R. Murchison is past seventy, and so is Sir J. Herschel.

Literature ought to have the same operation as science; but it seems to have more room for agitations and anxieties, except in the case of authors who live in and with their work, exempt from self-regards. Jacob Grimm was a very perfect example of the philosophic serenity which a literary career can yield; and he lived to seventy-eight. There is something remarkable in the longevity of literary women in modern times, even if we do not look beyond our own country. Mrs. Piozzi and Mrs. Delany perhaps scarcely enter within the conditions: and the still-lamented Jane Austen was under an early doom from consumption: but Miss Edgeworth was above eighty when she died; Joanna and Agnes Baillie were older still; and Mrs. Trollope died the other day at eighty-four.

The artists who have departed lately have been old. Biot was eighty-seven, and Vernet seventy-four. Our Mulready was seventy-seven; and Professor Cockerell, the architect, was seventy three.

If long life is a good and desirable thing, we may rejoice that it is manifestly on the increase. However it may be with longevity, we know that the occupation and exercise of the faculties which favours longevity is a very great blessing and a very high privilege indeed. Therefore, though my readers and I may have no personal wishes about living to be very old, we may rejoice that the conditions of prolonged life are becoming more common and more comprehensive from generation to generation.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

#### HEDGING AGAINST FATE.

WALKING along the streets of London the other day, and noting a fact which the citizens of all large cities must have had impressed upon their minds—to wit, the magnificence of the buildings of the Insurance Companies,—we could not help ask-

ing ourselves if we were not beginning to “hedge” ourselves, to speak in sporting parlance, rather too cleverly against “all the ills that flesh is heir to.” It seems to us that there is a growing conspiracy against Dame Fortune: we are beginning to flout the blind lady, and are becoming shockingly safe in all the relations of life and death. Of old, when a merchant sent forth his argosies he put up a prayer for a prosperous voyage at the shrine of St. Nicholas; but now he walks to Lloyd’s, insures her for a good heavy sum, and sometimes is not displeased to hear that she has gone to the bottom. It is the same with travellers on land. How odd it is to read of persons making their wills before setting out on a stage-coach journey, as they did in the days of our grandfathers! Now-a-days we make a will, it is true, but in a very different fashion; for we pay threepence, slip a ticket for 1000*l.*, or more, as the case may be, into an envelope addressed to our wife, and take our chance that it will fall into her hands in case of the fulfilment of its prime condition—death. But we are not content with frustrating the effects of death in the thousand odd ways actuaries seem for ever puzzling their brains to find out, but we pooh-pooh accidents, in a monetary sense, in the same cool manner. For instance, there is the Accidental Death Insurance Company, which not only pays our widow a handsome sum in case of our decease in some abrupt unnatural manner, but engages to set us up in weekly clover if a wasp has bitten us, or our favourite dog has given us a spiteful snap. As for slipping on orange-peel, which used to be the terror of bulky old parties, it is now reduced to a positive luxury, inasmuch as it only entails upon us the very irksome duty of resting on the sofa at a weekly allowance of six pounds. Really, under such circumstances, it almost seems our duty accidentally to sprain our ankle in some promiscuous sort of way. If one is an agriculturist, again, what necessity is there for feeling anxiety about crops or stock? Hailstones may be smashing our neighbours’ glass right and left, and beating down their crops, but we are as merry as a glazier under such an infliction; for have we not our policy in our pocket?

But there is a moral kind of insurance society set up of late years, which makes us safe in our minds as well as in our goods and persons. There is not the slightest necessity for troubling ourselves about the trustworthiness of persons in our employ: there are offices which insure the honesty of servants. Integrity is a quality which the superior intelligence of the present day estimates at a fixed money rate; and, provided we insure, it is an advantage rather than otherwise to employ rogues, inasmuch as they are always the cleverest. We should not be surprised to find the article rising in market-price in consequence of this very convenient institution.

Friendship of old induced men to become trustees for orphans and bereaved widows, and certain kindly offices were pretty sure to fall to the lot of benevolent persons, but we have found out the way of doing these pleasant duties, these labours of love, by commission, and such persons

as the brothers Cheeryble are considered a nuisance. There are public companies which take upon themselves the duties of trusteeship for a certain consideration. There is a growing custom again, we hear, of introducing into partnership deeds, and even into the deeds of joint-stock companies, a clause to the effect that the parties signing them shall not in any case become a surety for a friend, and when the commercial partner does not insist upon this condition, the sleeping partner at home generally does; for if you happen to ask a married friend to become a surety for you, two to one but you meet with the answer that he would gladly do so, but that he had made Mary Anne a solemn promise on the eve of marriage that on no consideration, &c., &c. Really, a benevolent man must find life scarcely worth having—every emotion of his heart, every loving impulse of his gushing nature being thus denied him by the arrangements of society. Do we not insure ourselves, morally at least, against indulging in creature comforts? If we do not, at all events, it is not the fault of our friends. We have been over and over again entreated to join a teetotal society and take the pledge, not because we required such a restraint, but because of the example to others; and there is George Cruikshank using our fairy-tales to preach the same doctrine. There seems to be a set of people who go about making solemn leagues and covenants against particular appetites, and the number is increasing so, that, if we do not mind, our very wills and appetites will be put into commission, and we shall all of us find ourselves pledged to do nothing that we like for fear that our liking may lead to abuse. For instance, there is tobacco; many respectable people who don't smoke and never wish to smoke, have formed themselves into an anti-tobacco society, and pledge themselves never to touch under any circumstances a weed. Let us suppose a man, for instance, joining all these various insurance offices and societies, and becoming a member of all the leagues that good people thrust under his nose—what a singular creature he would be. For instance, half the incentives to take care of his person would be taken from him, because his policy would set his leg and compensate him for taking it easy. If a great fire were to threaten his premises, why need he care?—his insurance would amply cover his loss; his ships may founder, but the underwriters will make it all square with him; his best friend may or want of a little aid be slipping into the gloomiest depths of despair, but his serenity of mind on his behalf would not be disturbed, on account of his promise to Mary Anne, and in all matters of sensual indulgence he possesses an armour of defence in his leagues and covenants, his solemn vows and pledges. A man so hedging himself against misfortune and distress of mind, and even against a fellow-feeling, ought to be what is termed a "good life" in the phraseology of the insurance companies. He should certainly eat, drink, and sleep well:—a kind of domestic Nero, he might possibly while Rome was burning; but what an unnatural, disagreeable being he would gradually become into! A man that is not likely to be affected by tears and distress and care himself, would be very unlikely to sympathise with the

like failings in others. We all know, on the contrary, how strongly those who suffer misfortune palpitate with the troubles of their neighbours. In the "Sentimental Journey," Sterne depicts a poor negress in a butcher's shop flipping the flies off the meat with gentleness and care, and remarks, "She had suffered persecution and learned mercy." But how is a man to learn mercy whose whole thought is to make himself always "safe," and who, instead of living in the light and shade of ordinary mortal life, exists in a kind of dull-gray existence of his own creation, free enough from pain, but unchequered by the dramatic light and shade of the common world?

The poet has said, and our sense approves it, that our capacity for feeling delight and happiness is exactly in proportion to our capacity for sounding the depths of misery. May we not ask then, if all these provisions against misfortune and loss, and even liability to misfortune, are not so many conspiracies against the natural man,—have they not a direct tendency to dwarf and trample out some of the best qualities of his nature? Imagine any person so protected against himself and against others, that he cared for nothing and nobody, what a pleasant society we should be reduced to! What would become of our drama? If marine insurance companies had existed in the time of the "Merchant of Venice," what hold would *Shylock* have had upon him, or what would have become of the plot? If society goes on as it is doing, squeezing out of its map every element of trouble, shall we not be able to paraphrase the adage "It is a sad heart that never rejoices," by saying "It is a bright heart that never mourns"? We are afraid not, as we can only appreciate brightness by contrasting it with shade. If, again, we make ourselves so safe against misfortune, and altogether abolish temptation by our leagues and covenants, what becomes of the chastening influence of adversity? If by our mutual benefit societies man is made to support man, shall we not come to disregard Providence and place no dependence upon a Higher Power? There is much to be said, doubtless, in support of the advantages of securing ourselves in the day of prosperity against coming adversity, by thus "averaging" our losses among society at large; but we contend that the movement is calculated to lessen that feeling of trust in a Higher Power that obtains among a more childlike or less organised community: thus far it must doubtless have a deteriorating effect upon us religiously, and without question, it is calculated to level and beat out of us, that thing called character, which we contract in the sudden vicissitudes of life and fortune. What greater contrast can there be than between the snug citizen who leans upon half-a-dozen societies and associations to keep him straight, and prevent the necessity for the exercise of his own faculties and wits,—even assuming the exercise of his will,—and the roving man of the world, who has to do the work of his own preservation physically and morally, and who knows that unless he keeps "his body with his head," he is sure to go down in the battle of life? In quiet times, men who allow half of their faculties to be usurped by companies and leagues, and associations, may get through well enough, but the day

comes when society requires a man, in every sense of the word, to lead it, and then he most assuredly is not to be found among the sheep thus emasculated by the voluntary abdication of their instincts of self-reliance, but among the more self-contained specimens of humanity, which our social arrangements are doing so much to destroy. A. W.

### THE WITCHES' RIDE.

Come, come, gossips, now mount, now mount—  
Mount, mount, gossips, and spur away,  
Brown bog-rushes, or broom, or crutch,  
We've far to ride ere the break of day.

Will-o'-the-Wisp has flickered and shone  
Three times over my drowned babe's grave;  
'Tis time, my gossips, 'tis time to go,  
The moon is glittering bright on the wave.

Here our sisters come, two and two,  
The air is alive with their widening ranks;  
Let the seamen beware the sunken shoals,  
And the surf that lashes the weltering banks.

Queen Moon rides on, Queen Moon rides on,  
Where the thin white rack is gliding;  
We will chase our lady, all through the night,  
On our horses that need no chiding.

The clouds, like dragons, and camels, and apes,  
Will be shouldering round and following;  
Hark! over our heads the jet-black owl  
To the snow-white owl is halloaing.

Under our feet the tossing sea  
Is unto the mad wind shouting;  
O! woe betide the Fifeshire bark,  
That our mocking light is doubting.

We'll ride fast after our lady the moon,  
Till Edinbro' yonder grows small as your land,  
The steeples no bigger than crisping-pins,  
And a long white strip the Bamboro' land.

Back, ere the dawn, while the town is dim,  
With the pennons of smoke all blowing one way;  
When the stars slink in, and the moon grows pale,  
When the sun still sleeps, and the clouds are gray.

Come, come, gossips, the steeds are here,  
And we've far to cross into bonny France;  
We fear no shaft in the southern land,  
No guard can stop us with sword or lance.

We'll halt by the way, a knife to toss  
Through the murderer's window, to tempt him more;  
And we'll drop a rope near the gambler's bed,  
It will serve his turn when the game is o'er.

See how the corpse-lights leap and dance!  
Shining to guide us to horse, to horse;  
Now then, gossips, we'll mount at once—  
For the churchyard ghosts are out in force.

We'll brew the storms, and we'll cast the fires,  
That shall wreck and burn, and smite and slay;  
King Satan will smile to hear of our work—  
Mount! sisters, we've much to do ere day.

T. W.

### THE OLD ELEPHANT IN EXETER 'CHANGE.

How well I recollect the old elephant in Exeter 'Change! He had been confined there for many years, and, in consequence of his having been regularly and well fed, his size was enormous. He was very obedient to his keepers, very susceptible of kindness, but mindful of an injury and ready to resent it. In proof of this, I may mention that a man, while looking at him, struck the proboscis of the elephant with his stick, when the animal projected it in hopes of receiving some food. The keeper immediately pulled the man out of the reach of the elephant, advising him at the same time not to go again within his reach. The fellow went with his companions to see the other animals, and on his return thought he would take another look at the elephant, forgetting what he had been told. As soon as he was well within its reach he was knocked down by the trunk of the animal, who selected him out for his revenge amongst several of those who accompanied him. This is no solitary instance, for many similar ones are on record. One is somewhat ludicrous. An elephant passed a tailor every day, who was at work in his small shop by the roadside, and this man was in the habit of giving the animal something to eat. One day, however, when the elephant put out his proboscis to receive his accustomed donation, the tailor pricked it with his needle. The animal took no notice of it at the time, but on his return he collected a quantity of filthy water in his trunk, and deluged the unfortunate tailor with it.

I used often to go to Exeter 'Change to see the old elephant, who was, as I have remarked, of a most stupendous size. When it was arranged that the buildings in which this animal was confined should be taken down, and houses built on the site, forty beasts were removed to the old stables near Carlton House, besides the monkeys; but as it was found impossible to remove the elephant, it was decided that he must be killed. The way in which his death was at last accomplished, not only shows an extraordinary tenacity of life, but is not a little affecting. The account was furnished by the head keeper at the time, a very intelligent man. They first of all tried to poison him, and for this purpose a pound of arsenic was mixed in three mashes, but it produced no effect. Then corrosive sublimate was put into three buns out of twelve. He ate nine of them, but refused to touch the three poisoned ones, although there was neither taste nor smell in them. His hay was then poisoned with a solution of arsenic, but he would not touch it, although he began to be famished, but refused all food, as if he had a suspicion that it was intended to destroy him.

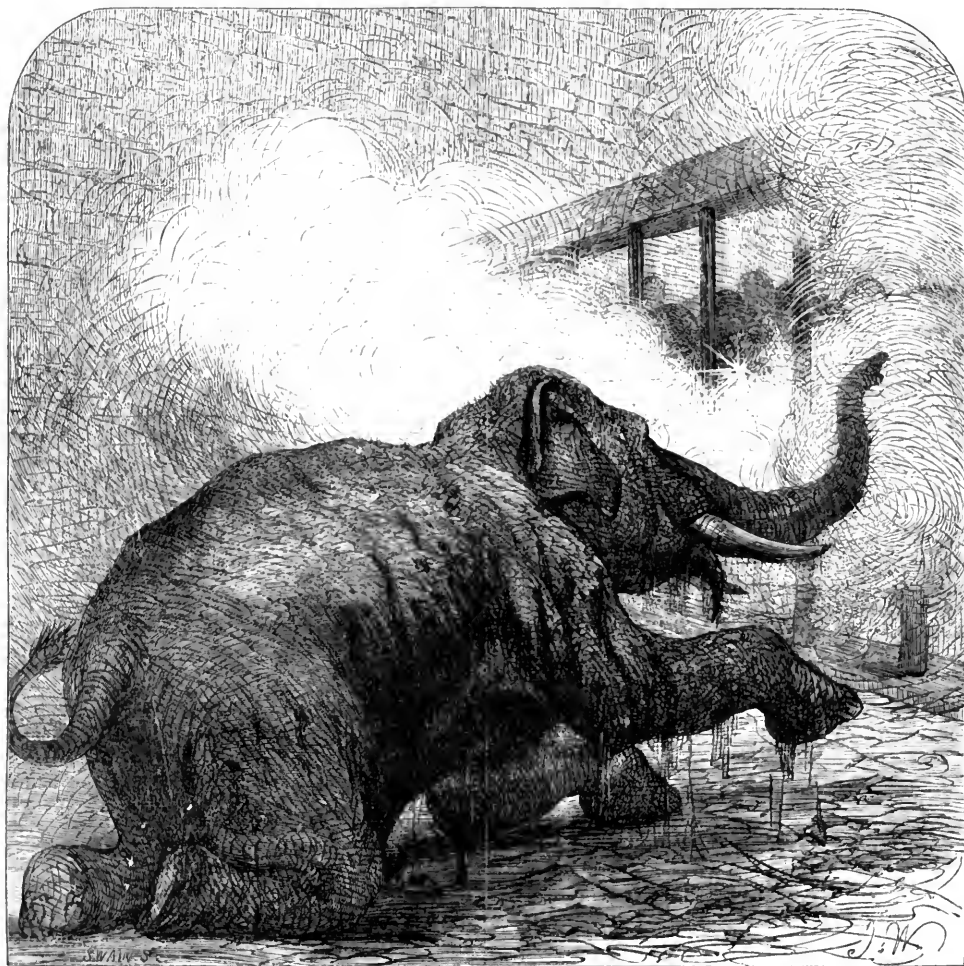
Under these circumstances, a detachment of the Foot Guards were called in, and they fired one hundred and twenty shots into the elephant—three balls entering his brain, and seven into other parts of his head. Still he survived; his keeper next ordered him to kneel down; the poor animal immediately obeyed the order, and his head thus presenting a surer mark, the last shots caused

his death, but he survived the one hundred and twenty shots for an hour.

There is something to my mind extremely affecting in this account of the torture inflicted on a poor beast, and of his docility and obedience to his keeper under his sufferings. That he was possessed of no common intelligence is proved by the fact of his refusing to eat the poisoned buns and hay, and the following instance will also show

that he occasionally evinced qualities which almost amounted to reason.

On one occasion I went to see this elephant, and on entering the space before his den I observed a bucket containing a quantity of small round potatoes. I took one of them, and as he was in the act of removing it out of my hand it dropped on the floor by accident. The animal tried to reach it with his proboscis, but as it was round it



rolled away from him. After two or three ineffectual efforts to pick it up, he leant against the bar of his den, straightened his trunk, blew strongly against the potatoe, and sent it against the opposite wall, from which it rebounded towards him, when he was enabled to secure it. Here was an instance of sense or sagacity, and, as I said before, almost of reason. Indeed the elephant has been called a *half-reasoning* animal,

and in this instance it could not have been instinct alone which taught him to procure his food in the manner I have described. It must have been some intellectual faculty which I am unable to define, but it was at all events an extraordinary circumstance. Milton, in speaking of animals, says,

They also know  
And reason not contemptibly :—

and the more I have watched the proceedings of some animals, the more I become convinced that this is the case.

I may here mention, that on the occasion above referred to, when the animals in Exeter 'Change saw the scarlet coats and fur caps of the soldiers who were called in to destroy the elephant, they manifested the greatest surprise and alarm at the sight of them.

Amongst the animals there was a large old lion, so tame that he was often suffered to walk about, when he would gently rub himself against any person present, although I must confess I felt inclined to decline his caresses.

It is a curious fact, with reference to what has been said about poisoning the elephant, that the cage of one of the tigers was painted white, and the animal became paralytic in two days, and remained so when the menagerie was removed to the old stables at Carlton House.

Nothing can show the intelligence of elephants more than the several accounts which have been published of the assistance they render when a troop of wild elephants has been driven into a corral. A tame elephant will then assist in fastening ropes round the legs of the wild ones; will push them towards the trees round which the ropes are to be wound in order to secure the victim. When this has been done, and he becomes aware of his captivity, the poor animal evinces the greatest rage, and struggles violently to free himself, but ineffectually, while the tame elephant shows much satisfaction at what has taken place. When thus subdued and no longer able to roam undisturbed amongst the beautiful forests of Ceylon, or to ascend those sunny hills covered with gorgeous flowers and the brushwood on which he delights to browse; instead of this, the poor brute utters choking cries, while the tears trickle down his cheeks, and his captivity is from thenceforward secure. His ropes are slackened, and he is marched down to a river between two tame elephants, to whom he is fastened, to drink and bathe, the tame ones having the greatest control over him. It generally takes two months before the captive elephant can be put to work, his first ignominious employment generally being to tread clay in a brick-field.

Sir Emerson Tennent, in his pleasing work on the natural history of Ceylon, gives so interesting an account of a young elephant captured with its mother, and sent to the government house at Colombo, that I cannot resist transcribing it. He says;

"This young elephant became a general favourite with the servants. He attached himself particularly to the coachman, who had a little shed erected for him near his own quarters at the stables. But his favourite resort was the kitchen, where he received a daily allowance of milk and plantains, and picked up several other delicacies besides. He was innocent and playful in the extreme, and when walking in the grounds he would trot up to me, twine his little trunk round my arm, and coax me to take him up to the fruit trees. In the evening the grass-cutters now and then indulged him by permitting him to carry home a load of fodder for the horses, on which occasions

he assumed an air of gravity that was highly amusing, thus showing that he was deeply impressed with the importance of the service entrusted to him. Being sometimes permitted to enter the dining-room, and helped to fruit and dessert, he at last learned his way to the side-board; and on more than one occasion having stolen in during the absence of the servants, he made a clear sweep of the wine-glasses and china in his endeavours to reach a basket of oranges. For these and similar pranks we were at last forced to put him away. He was sent to the government stud, where he was affectionately received and adopted by one of the tame female elephants, and he now takes his turn of public duty in the department of the commissioner of roads." EDWARD JESSE.

### HANDECK.

[At Handeck the Aar makes its celebrated fall; its beauty is much increased by the fall of the Handeck, which takes place exactly at the same spot,—"mingling its tributary waters midway with the more powerful column of the Aar."]

EMBLEM of love, two streams united,  
Two hearts for ever join'd together,  
For wintry and for summer weather,  
By love's lamp lighted!

Away in the mountains  
Rising from icy fountains,  
Far, far apart, and all unheeding  
Of whither God is leading,  
Unfetter'd, maiden-free,  
Untouch'd by passion's fire,  
Knowing but one desire,  
To reach the everlasting sea!

Not so, not so, far in the distance lies  
The place of meeting,  
Whither from earliest morn  
Each has been swiftly borne  
For a sweet greeting.  
There the two hearts unite  
Lit by the rainbow's light  
In soften'd glory:  
Dearer than brother's love,  
Hedless of others' love—  
Old, happy story

Then join'd for ever,  
Nothing can sever,  
Till life's short course be done,  
Until the goal be won,  
Heart join'd to heart,  
No more, no more to part  
Under the broad bright sun!

JOHN ANDREWS.

### ANOTHER LITERARY PIRATE.

NEARLY the whole article entitled "Swans on the Thames," in No. 221 of ONCE A WEEK, is taken almost word for word from the "History of British Birds," by the late William Yarrell, and of which the publisher is Mr. Van Voorst. This article, through the *mala fides* of its contributor, appeared in our columns without any acknowledgment of the source whence it was derived. For the sake of other editors, therefore, it is desirable to state that the name of the delinquent is Miss FANNY C. BOOTHBY, of 7, Park Villas West, Richmond, Surrey, S.W.—Ed. O. A W.

## BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER X. THE PALAZZO BOLLANDINI.

FARMER VANNI, when he arrived with Giulia at the attorney's house in Fano, did not seem much inclined to accompany her to that of her new mistress. He did not see that he could do any good, he said. The fact was partly that he was shy, as the peasantry always are with respect to the people of the city—even those of a social rank corresponding to their own—although they are at the same time most thoroughly convinced that they (the countrymen) are the superiors in every really good quality, and partly that he did not care to see how far Signor Sandro's representations as to the exceptionally dignified character of the situation were strictly in accordance with the fact. He had a certain amount of doubt upon the subject, and preferred to remain in such a state of ignorance upon it as should justify him in boasting now and hereafter on all fitting occasions that no Vanni had ever been in service.

So he and Signor Sandro, and his daughter Lisa, and Giulia, dined together at the attorney's house; the farmer started on his way back to Bella Luce, and then Signor Sandro took Giulia with him to her new home. He had never ceased during dinner time eulogising Signora Dossi, and speaking in the most glowing terms of Giulia's good fortune in having obtained a position in every way so desirable.

Giulia, however, drew more consolation from a few minutes' conversation which she had found an opportunity for with the gentle Lisa. Of course Lisa was in the first instance an object of no little interest to her. She was perfectly well aware of the wishes and hopes of her father and of Beppo's father with regard to them both. She saw her now for the first time; and every daughter of Eve will perfectly well understand the quick, sharp glance with which Giulia scanned, measured, surveyed, and reckoned her up. Giulia was not strongly impressed with any high idea of her own personal perfections. The village lads had smiled at her. But Italian peasants do not much pay compliments, except by falling in love with the object that appears to them to merit them. She knew that Beppo had paid her this compliment, but then that might be because they were so much thrown into the way of each other. Nevertheless, her survey of poor pale little Lisa was satisfactory to her. It seemed to her quite as conceivable that a man should fall desperately in love with a little white mouse as with Lisa Bertoldi.

Lisa also looked at Giulia with no little curiosity. The feeling was a different one on her side. She had heard much, as we know, from Beppo about her, and she had every reason to wish that he might be constant to his passion for her. As far as that went, the result of her inspection was

satisfactory also. But it was not in the nature of womankind that it should be wholly so. Poor Lisa felt too unmistakably the total eclipse into which this magnificent Diana of the mountains—magnificent in stature, in colour, in development, in vigour—threw her faded and modest attractions. And then Britti would see her—of course he would in the house of *la Dossi*; who could tell with what result? Heaven grant, at least, that Giulia might be sternly faithful to Beppo. Faithful to him! But Beppo had declared that Giulia cared nothing for him. She understood very well what his father's purpose had been in bringing this superb creature away from Bella Luce. Alas! might it not turn out that his object might be served by it in yet another manner, if she should appear as lovely in Giacomo Britti's eyes as she did in hers?

Nevertheless, the two girls made friends; for Lisa's nature was a gentle one, and Giulia was in a frame of mind in which any proffered kindness was very acceptable to her. They made friends; and Giulia was in a great degree reassured as to the lot that was awaiting her, by Lisa's account of Signora Dossi and her household. She fully confirmed all that her father had said about *la Clementina's* kindness and indulgence. She explained to her her new mistress's mode of life; told her the leading facts of her former history, and seemed to consider her on the whole as rather a butt for fun and quizzing, though the best and kindest old soul in the world.

"You'll have to try her girdle on, Signorina Giulia, before you have been in her house half-an-hour. You won't be able to put it on. I can; but then I am such a mite compared to you!"

"Put her girdle on!" said Giulia, in great amazement; "what on earth do you mean?"

"Oh! not the girdle she wears now. That would be a very different thing. You will see. It is a girdle she keeps, that she wore once when she was a favourite on the stage. She had a very beautiful figure, it seems,—very slender; and this girdle shows what she was then. She always makes all the girls try it on. Very few can wear it; I can," repeated poor little Lisa for the second time; "but then I am such a little bit of a thing! Though I don't think *la Dossi* can ever have been much taller than me. They used to call her the 'Sylph.' And you'll see what she is now. So!" said Lisa, stretching her arms to their full extent. "And she keeps a girdle, such as she wears now, by the side of the other, to show the difference. Oh, she is such a queer old creature! but as good as gold!"

"Is she a little—?" and Giulia tapped her forehead with her fore-finger significantly.

"Oh, dear, no!" answered Lisa, laughing; "only funny. I know," she added, mysteriously,

and in a lower voice, "why it is that my father and Signor Vanni have settled for you to go and live there. Don't you know?"

Giulia was for a moment inclined to be angry at this unceremonious allusion to matters that to her were sacred, and wrapped in the secrecy of her inmost heart. But a moment's reflection showed her both the uselessness and the injustice of being offended at poor little Lisa's friendly-intended confidences.

"Yes, Signorina Lisa;" she said sadly, "I know what I am sent away from Bella Luce for."

"But you don't mind it much, do you? I don't think I should, if I were you. And you know, I suppose, why my father wanted it?"

"I suppose so," said Giulia, while a feeling of startled surprise at the suddenness and unreserve of her new acquaintance's mode of treating subjects which she only approached shyly and timidly, even in her communings with her own heart, mingled with her sadness.

"To make a match of it between me and Beppo, you know. But that will never be! Don't you be afraid of that! Beppo is for you, and for nobody else. He and I quite understand one another!"

"But—but, excuse me, Signorina Lisa," stammered Giulia, almost speechless from the extremity of her astonishment; "may I ask if you understood from Beppo that—that—I had ever accepted his addresses?"

"He, he, he!" giggled Lisa. "No! He said that you would have nothing to say to him. Poor Beppo!—he, he, he! But, between ourselves, we know what that means. Surely you have played the cruel long enough, Signorina Giulia! And poor Beppo absolutely adores you! He is desperate; he is indeed. And, hark! in your ear," dropping her voice to a whisper as she spoke, "you may see him as often as you like at *la Dossi's* house. Lord bless you! She is not the one to keep young people asunder. It is there that I see—somebody!"

"But suppose I don't want to see—anybody?" returned Giulia, half-sadly and half-satirically.

"Oh! come now, Signorina Giulia, let us be friends! I am sure I wish to. And we can help one another," said Lisa, in a voice of remonstrance.

"I am very much obliged to you, Signorina Lisa, for wishing to be friends with me. It is very kind of you. If I can be of any use to you, I shall be very happy;—you have only to command me! But—but—but I was quite in earnest in—in—what I said about myself."

The two girls found great difficulty in understanding each other, in consequence of the vast distance from each other at which they were placed, not so much by the intrinsic and original difference in their two natures, as by that of their social position, and the mental training derived thence. The contrasted manner in which they felt and spoke on the great subject, which is more important and interesting than any other that can occupy a young girl's mind at their time of life, was exhibiting the different tendencies of the town and country nature. It is true that Giulia's

was the deeper, richer and more earnest nature; but that was only in the second place the cause of the notable difference between them. It is the denizen of the town who runs out in fluent, abundant, and ready talk. The peasant nature is more reserved, more inarticulate. Less accustomed to constant contact and companionship with others, the *contadino*, and, perhaps, in a still greater degree, the *contadina*, is unready with the tongue, reserved in temper, shy, modest in thought as well as in word, unable to get readily spoken even that which she would desire to speak. It is the town girl who pins her heart upon her sleeve, makes gossip matter of the most delicate secrets, and is ready, at a moment's notice, to discuss them with any street-corner or door-step female friend.

To Giulia Lisa's mode of speaking was shocking and painful, as well as extraordinary. She could not understand her. The manner in which she plunged into the sacred places—the innermost holy of holies of Giulia's guarded heart, seemed to her an impertinence; and the way in which she dealt with her own secrets almost an indecency. She was at a loss whether to think her worthless or half-witted.

"How do you mean in earnest about what you said of yourself? What *did* you say?" replied Lisa, quite unconscious of the slightest indiscretion.

"I said that I had no particular wish to—to—to see—a—anybody at the house of *la Signora Dossi*," returned Giulia, casting down her eyes.

"Oh, don't talk in that way! There's nobody to hear but ourselves. You don't really mean that you don't care for poor Beppo. I can hardly believe that. I should be very sorry. And even if you did not, it would be reason the more why you should wish to see somebody else;" said Lisa, reflectively. "You are not—?" she said suddenly, completing her phrase by pantomimically taking an invisible rosary from the side of her dress, where it would have hung from her girdle, if she had worn one, and moving her fingers and lips as if she were going through the exercise of "telling her beads."

"Oh, no!" said Giulia, laughing in spite of herself; "not that at all."

It was the only conceivable theory on which Lisa could explain the case of a girl, who neither had a lover, nor yet was anxious to take the ordinary means towards having one. There was, however, one other means of explaining Giulia's conduct;—it might be fear, and over-caution.

"Well, then," she returned, "we ought to understand each other. You don't suppose that I should say a word to my father! And what's more, let me whisper in your ear, *la Dossi* won't say a word either. She never tells tales,—had too many secrets of her own to keep once upon a time, I suppose. And she's too good a creature. Lord bless you! Papa thinks she tells him everything. So she does, about her money and property, and such things. But—not matters which don't concern him. Tell me, Giulia dear," she added, sliding coaxingly up to her, putting her arm round her waist, and looking up with a



roguish smile into her face, "you do care for Beppo, don't you?"

"But what does it signify, Signorina Lisa, whether I care for him or not?" said poor Giulia, thus forced against her will into a half-confidence; "You know, even if I did, and he loved me ever so well, there could never be anything between us."

"What! because of the old ones? Bah!—which—sh—sh!" said Lisa, prolonging her hissing expletive, and vibrating the fingers of one extended hand, in a manner expressing to Italian perceptions the most intense derision and contempt. "Lord bless you!—now-a-days they can't shut us up in prisons—no—nor make nuns of us either," continued the well-instructed city-maiden; "you have nothing to do but to stick to it."

Giulia felt an irresistible repugnance to attempting to make Lisa understand what were the feelings that really did place, to her mind, an insuperable bar between her and Beppo. It would have been better for her peace of mind, perhaps, if she had done so; for the light worldly wisdom and town-bred ridicule with which Lisa would have treated her scruples, might have to a certain degree been a useful corrective of Giulia's high-minded but exaggerated pride. She felt it impossible for her, however, to do so. She turned the conversation, therefore, by reverting to the very natural subject of the life which awaited her with Signora Dossi.

"She does not keep any other servant, does she?" asked Giulia.

"No, only one; but you won't find that you have any very hard work to do. I should think you would find it best not to have any one else in the house to interfere with you."

"But, you say, she has people at her house?"

"Oh, yes, very often!—not regular parties, you know. But there are always people running in and out. *La Dossi* likes it. I think the poor old soul would *annoiare* herself to death if she had not people about the house. She can't go about herself much, you know."

"Why not?" asked Giulia.

"Why not! Wait till you see, and then you will know why not. Lord bless you! it's as much as she can do to walk to the church next door every day."

"Is she very religious?" asked Giulia.

"Yes, very—in a quiet way. But she don't bother other people with it. She thinks it will come to your turn soon enough."

"But with so many people about the house, and one servant to do everything, how shall I ever be able to get through?"

"Oh! you will do very well. She is not like a *gran' Signorina dell' alto celo*,\* *la Dossi*. She does half the work herself. She lives half in the kitchen; and you'll live half in the drawing-room. She would not have any common servant girl, look you! So that was how *babbo* came to think of you, you see."

To a certain extent, then, what the lawyer had said about the exceptional nature of the position he was proposing to "a Vanni" was founded in truth.

And then Signor Sandro himself came in from seeing his guest off on his return to *Bella Luce*; and announced that he was ready to accompany *la Signorina Giulia* to the house of his friend *la Signora Dossi*, and that it was time to be going.

So Giulia and the attorney set off together, Lisa having promised to see her again before long in her new home, and proceeded to the house of *la Dossi*, while Signor Sandro administered a lecture on the manner in which she was to behave towards her mistress, and on her own good fortune in being received into such a house.

It cannot be expected that our poor mountain nymph, fresh from the Apennine, should enter her new abode without much misgiving. Giulia felt not a little at the unexpected magnificence of the palace at which Signor Sandro stopped.

"Does *la Signora Dossi* live here?" she asked, with considerable awe.

"Yes; here we are! This is the *Palazzo Bollandini*. The *Marchese* lives at Rome. *La Dossi* lives on the first floor. There are very few other tenants in the house."

So saying, he led the way up the enormous staircase; and Giulia was more astonished than ever at the magnificence of her mistress's lodging. It was a huge wide staircase, built of yellow *Travertini* stone, with the steps so easy and shallow that it would have been no difficult feat to ride up it on horseback. The immense panelled walnut-wood folding doors, with chased gilt bronze handles in the middle of each of them, were on a scale of magnificence to match, and Giulia opened her simple eyes wider and wider as these splendours revealed themselves to her.

A small bit of greasy twine passed through a gimlet-hole in one of these grand doors, by way of a bell-pull, however, struck the first note of the descending scale, which connected the ancestral magnificence of the *Bollandini* of former generations with the habits and style of modern life at Fano. Signor Sandro and his companion had to wait a long time before the application of the former to the bit of twine—performed, as Italians invariably do, with a whole succession of pulls, as if he were intent on ringing a peal—produced any result.

Signor Sandro was neither surprised nor impatient. He knew that there was probably no one inside, save *la Clementina* herself,—that she travelled slowly, and that she had a long way to travel.

At last, however, the door was opened; and wide as its aperture was, it disclosed a portion only of the still ampler person of the lady of the mansion. There stood *la Signora Dossi*, the ex-sylph, firmly planted on both feet, so as to assign to each of them its fair share of the work of supporting her person, in the attitude generally adopted by persons of her inches—of circumference. There she stood, rather out of breath, but beaming with good-nature and good-humour.

"Signora *Clementina*," said the little attorney, bowing still outside the door, for it did not seem to occur to the ex-sylph that the door-way was still as effectually closed by her own person, as if she had not opened it, "here is the young person of whom I spoke to you. She came from *Bella*

\* A *grandezza*—great lady of the highest class.

Luce this morning; and so I brought her off to you myself at once."

"Come in! come in! Signor Sandro; and bring in your young friend, who is to be my friend too!" said *la Dossi*, in a small piping voice that contrasted ludicrously with her appearance, turning round as she spoke by means of three separate steps, and then waddling back into the vast hall into which the magnificent doors opened.

It was a really grand apartment, loftier than the rest of the suite of rooms that opened off it, of great size and admirable proportions, with a carved coffered ceiling showing remains of gilding, and a half-obliterated painting of gods and goddesses in the centre. It was lighted by three large windows looking on to the street, and paved with square slabs of the same yellow Travertini stone of which the staircase was built. On the wall opposite to the entrance there hung an enormous escutcheon, on which the Bollandini arms were emblazoned; in one far corner of the huge hall there stood an old sedan-chair, with the scroll ornaments about the top, and the carved mouldings around its panels, which showed it to be the production of the last century; and there were four high-backed, square-built, leathern arm-chairs, with plain flat wooden arms, and ornaments of gilt carving surmounted by coronets on either side of the high straight backs, which as clearly belonged to a yet earlier period. These were placed, two against the opposite wall under the huge escutcheon, and two against the wall in which the door of entrance was, on the left-hand of it. For the door was nearly in the corner, near the street, with the three windows to the right of one coming in. There was another door to match in the other corner on the same side; but that was only a mock door, for uniformity's sake. There were other two similar doors on the opposite side,—that, namely, on which the escutcheon hung; but these led to parts of the palace not in the occupation of Signora Dossi, and were locked up. In the middle of the fourth side, opposite to the windows, was another similar door, which led to the apartment inhabited by the ex-sylph.

And the huge escutcheon, which belonged to the sixteenth century, and the eighteenth century sedan-chair, and the four seventeenth century arm-chairs, were the only bits of furniture of any kind in the room.

Nevertheless it was there that *la Dossi* chose to receive her visitors; for she waddled no further than to the nearest of the arm-chairs in question, and there sat down, leaving her guest to occupy the one opposite to her, some forty feet distant, or to remain standing in front of her, at his pleasure. He selected the latter alternative.

"So this is *la Giulia*! Per Dio! what a creature! God forgive me for swearing! *Ave Maria, gratià plena, Dominus tateo—o—m.*" (The compensatory formula was uttered with the utmost rapidity—all except the last word, which was prolonged in a sort of penitential whine. *La Dossi* was repentant for having been surprised into swearing; but she had a feeling that the good deed she had performed as per contra, left on the whole a balance in her favour on the transac-

tion.) "Why this is a Juno, not a parlour-maid, let alone kitchen! My dear, I shall be afraid of you! I shall have to wash all the dishes myself! How she would bring the house down as Semiramide! You should be on the stage, my dear; you should indeed!"

"I trust you will find *la Giulia* quite as well fitted for mere every-day work, my dear madam. I have no doubt that you will soon get used to one another. *Giulia*, my good girl, you will find *la Signora Dossi* a kind and considerate mistress. Make her your friend, and you will find her a valuable one. You must remember, Signora, that *Giulia* has lived all her life in the country; and you will have to teach her many things. But you will make allowances; and I am sure that you will find her anxious to please. And now I must run away, for I have people from the country to see me about this troublesome conscription business at four. All the country is going mad about it, it seems to me; and the people are thinking of nothing but exemptions and substitutes. Good-by, Signora. Good-by, *Giulia.*"

"Shut the door after him, *Giulia*. There; now we can talk, and make acquaintance. How fond the men are of preaching! They are all alike in that. Have not you found them so, eh? Ah! but it is not preaching they give you, I'll be bound. That will come by-and-by. Did you leave many broken hearts up at *Bella Luce* when you came away, eh?"

"Signora!—"

"Did you, now? Half the village, I should think. You are monstrously handsome, *Giulia*! But I suppose you don't want an old woman to tell you that. There's plenty of a different sort to whisper that in your ear. And small blame to them. And what about cousin *Beppo*?"

"Signora!" exclaimed *Giulia*, in a voice made up of two parts indignation to four parts supplication, and twenty parts of astonishment.

"Well! and ought not I to know all about it? Am not I to be your mistress, and your protector, and counsellor and friend? Hey! do you think I have not heard all about *Beppo* and you? Do you think I don't know what old *Sandro* has put you here for? But don't you be afraid. And don't stand there looking as if you were struck speechless. Did not *Lisa* tell you I knew it all?"

"*Lisa* said that you were very kind," faltered *Giulia*.

"Well then, don't you be afraid of me. Why, I've been in love, girl, before you were ever born or thought of. And *Tina Dossi* is not the one to put a spoke in a true lover's wheel. Never was, and never will be per—*Ave Maria, gratià plena, Dominus tay-coo—oo—oo—m!*"—(*La Dossi*, it will be observed, conscientiously and honourably paid the fine for the intention, even though the sin was not consummated. But she put down a proportionably large balance on the creditor side of the account.) "Now come along in and see what there is for dinner. Give me a hand to help me up. Pull away!—that's it," said *la Dossi*, slowly rising to her feet, in obedience to a vigorous pull of *Giulia's* stalwart arm.

"Well done! You're a capital one at that, any way. You would not think, Giulia, that I was once as active and lissome and slenderer than you! Yes—a good bit slenderer. But then I was smaller altogether. They used to call me the Sylph. I look like it, don't I?"

And so chattering, she waddled across the wide stone floor of the hall to the door in the middle of the further wall, and led Giulia into the inner rooms of her habitation. From the hall they passed through a very small ante-room, very imperfectly lighted only by a borrowed light, in which there were two other doors, one fronting the great hall, leading into a sitting-room, and one on the left-hand, leading into a snug little room, once a store-room for linen, but fitted up as a kitchen for *la Dossi's* special convenience.

"There's my sitting-room," she said, throwing open the door of it, and showing a tolerably well-furnished but rather bare-looking room, totally devoid of any sign of any sort of occupation or employment; but garnished with sundry prints of the ex-sylph, representing her in the various characters and costumes, which had made her fame and fortune in the days of her sylph-hood; among which, suspended on the wall in a place of honour, Giulia's quick eye caught sight of the two contrasted belts hanging side by side, like the geographical representations of the shortest and longest rivers in the world; "and there," she continued, pointing to a door at one side of the further wall, "is my bed-room; and there," indicating a similar door on the other side of the same wall, "is yours. There we are, cheek by jowl, my dear. So you are in safe keeping, you see. Only the worst is," and she winked at Giulia, who thereupon coloured up, though she could not have told why,—"the worst of it is, that I sleep like a stone two hours every day, from two to four, let alone all night, and should not hear if there were a dozen men in the great hall out there. But you are a good girl, and would not do anything wrong, I know. And this is the kitchen," she continued, in a tone which seemed to indicate that she considered that to be by far the most important part of her habitation; "I generally eat here, unless I have anybody particular with me. It is very comfortable; and the things are hotter, you know. My hour is one o'clock every day, except Sundays. On Sunday I dine at three; so that the girl may always go to mass with me, and have time to make the soup afterwards. And then we have a mouthful of supper at eight. I do like a bit of supper. *Ave Maria, gratiâ plena, Dominus tui-coo—oo-oo-m!*" (The extra *oo-oo* showed that this was the weak point in *La Signora Dossi's* conscience.) "And now come, and let us look after the dinner. I would not ask Don Civillo to come in and have a bit to-day, because I had no maid to help me. I suppose you don't know much about cooking yet?"

Giulia rehearsed her small list of capabilities in this department, but *la Dossi* shook her head, saying, "Well, you will soon learn. Where there is a will there is a way. And it is a pleasure to teach a willing scholar. Now look here—"

So Giulia received there and then her first

lesson in city cookery; and was thus installed into her new mode of life.

And then the mistress and the maid proceeded together to demolish the work of their own hands, amid the critical remarks and dissertations of the elder lady, who sat the while in a huge arm-chair provided specially *ad hoc*, while the younger, besides eating her own dinner, did the locomotive part of the business of the table.

And before the meal was over Giulia felt quite at home, and intimate with her mistress, and *la Dossi* had coaxed out of her the entire truth as to all her feelings and perplexities in the matter of cousin Beppo.

(To be continued.)

## QUEER DOINGS AT ODDINGLEY.

DID the London reader, let loose for awhile from the din and smoke of the great city, ever pause, towards the close, say, of a summer day's march, to gaze from the hill-top he had just reached at some picturesque little village lying below him? From the hearths of the houses scattered along "the street," and glowing in the red light of the setting sun, rises the curling smoke which tells of the gathering of the household for the evening meal; birds are carolling in the wood hard by, and over its trees rises the tower of the old church, around which, under the yew trees where laughing urchins climb for berries, slumber the quiet dead, who lay down to die scarce knowing of a wider world than their own little one. How calm and peaceful it looks, after the uproar he has left behind! Hero surely, if anywhere, men must dwell together in goodwill, free from the strifes and rancours of cities. And thus he moralises as long as his pipe lasts, and then, buckling on his knapsack again, descends the hill, and almost with regret passes through the little hamlet, and leaves it behind him. And yet, had he entered the inn, pointed out by its long trough, and its swinging, creaking signboard, promising wonders to travelling man and beast, he might perhaps have learnt from the gossip of the cronies over their ale, how deceitful was this calm; he might have heard how the squire was going to "take the law" of the parson at the next assizes; and how Farmer This was at war with Farmer That, the only discoverable reason being that one of them had, years ago, kept back his wheat longer than the other, and had had, after all, to sell it at a lower price; and how from the squabbles of a little village, "Lawyer" Grabham earned a respectable income; how, in a word, the same evil passions would break out here as elsewhere, and perhaps even more often, from lack of the outlets for men's surplus energies which the life of towns affords.

Any chance stranger who happened to stumble on the little village of Oddingley in the summer of 1806, would certainly have been favourably impressed by it. There it lay, six miles from Worcester, out of the great roads, and shut in by its wood-clad hills from the turmoil of the world. But its whole population, of some hundred and seventy souls, was divided into two parties which

hated one another. The rector had been presented with the living in return for electioneering services rendered to a great man, and during the thirteen years he had now held it, disputes with his parishioners had been constant. Whose was the first wrong? Well, no doubt there were faults on both sides, for rectors are but men, and Mr. Parker does not seem to have shown the same aptitude for leading men to heaven, that he had displayed in driving them to the polling-booth. At all events, in 1806 he and a few dependents were ranged on one side, against the rest of the village on the other. At the head of the opposing faction was a Captain Evans, an old, choleric soldier, "full of strange oaths," who had served in the American war, and had come to this village to wear out the rest of his days in semi-idleness and on half-pay. Some four or five of the principal farmers about were his most zealous abettors. Matters had got gradually from bad to worse, till at last the captain, in order to cheat the parson of his dues, had his cows milked in another parish, so that he might avoid tithes, which were paid in kind; but he couldn't move his hedges, so the rector had them clipped, and claimed his tithes of the croppings. In his comments on this business, the captain made no secret of his opinion that there would be no more harm in shooting the parson than a mad dog, or a crow that flew in the air; more than this, he openly stated that a hundred pounds had been collected in the village, and would be paid "for a dead parson," while to tempt men to undertake the job, they were plied with drink, which they quaffed "to the death of the Oddingley Buonaparte" (with the *u*, and a full-sounding *e*, reader, when you will have what was a synonym at this time for Satan,—or something worse). Mr. Parker was by no means unaware of the length to which the animosity of his parishioners had gone; he had already gained an action for assault brought against one of the chief disturbers of his peace, and he now declared that he would swear his life against them all, for he knew not what they wanted, unless it were his life; for two or three weeks past he had noticed a fellow hovering about his steps wherever he went, with what seemed a gun in a bag under his arm, and he calmly met the assurance of his servant that the skulker sought his life with—"Do you think he does, Joe?" And when on two different occasions little stones were, during the night, thrown up at his bedroom window, he prudently refrained from showing himself, more than suspecting what was in store for him outside.

The final act soon came. One June evening a shot was fired at him from a hedge bordering a meadow in which he happened to be. It took effect, and he fell, crying "Murder!" on which the assassin made up to him, and beat him over the head with his gun. Two men passing at the time had heard the cries, and ran in their direction. They found the lifeless body of the clergyman, and his murderer standing by, pale and trembling.

"Villain!" they asked him, "do you know what you have done?"

"Nothing!" he answered, and throwing down a bag in which was part of a gun, broken by the

violence of the blows he had dealt to his victim, made off, pursued by the two men, who, however, being strangers, and not knowing the ground, failed to come up with him, and, giving up the chase, returned to the body.

The murderer was not known to these two, who alone had seen him at his horrible work; but the description they gave of him tallied exactly with that of Heming, a wheelwright, and the very man whom the rector had noticed following him about. Heming's house was, therefore, immediately searched, but neither there nor elsewhere could he be found. Night put a stop to the search: the morrow brought the inquest, with the verdict of murder, and a reward of 100*l.* was offered for the apprehension of Heming, with a free pardon to accomplices. Still no tidings of him. Day after day passed away thus, and it was reported that he had fled abroad, but it was generally believed that he still lay concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood, and a woman even affirmed that, on the day after the murder, she had seen him leaving a wood near the village.

As the principal had eluded pursuit for the present, at all events, efforts were made to bring to justice those at whose instigation it was thought he had committed the crime; but though the state of affairs in Oddingley had been so notorious that people on hearing of the murder exclaimed that "all Oddingley would swing for this;" and though offers had been made, openly enough, to several persons to undertake the murder of the rector, no sufficient grounds were discovered for any serious steps. In Heming's house had been found an account of his day-work up to within a fortnight of the murder, and the last fortnight of this time, during which it was notorious that he had done nothing but dog the rector, with a gun under his arm, was charged to Captain Evans—a grave presumption against him when taken in connection with other facts. He was indeed arrested, but was soon released, owing possibly to the zeal he had shown in the affair, since we find him a few days after the murder, collecting a subscription to increase the reward offered for Heming's apprehension. But whether justice was inactive or not, it was powerless against the whole parish, bound together by the tie of a common hatred; a few arrests were made and afterwards countermanded, without further steps being taken. Nor were other agencies more successful; in vain did the new clergyman, standing beside the tomb of his murdered predecessor, erected within the altar-rails, solemnly read the command to do no murder; back from the guilty flock came, unflatteringly, the responsive prayer, that their hearts might be inclined to keep the law; nor when he mounted the pulpit, and preached to them on the awfulness of the sin, did one repentant wretch avow his crime and pray for mercy.

Years rolled on. A letter had been received from America, which stated that Heming had been seen there, and which gave an account of the means by which he had escaped from England; but who could tell? The captain had been in America, and had perhaps found means to get this letter sent over. At all events the wife of Heming still believed that her husband had been made

away with, and in 1816, ten years after the murder, she induced the magistrates to order the search of a clover-rick which had been put up a few days after Mr. Parker's murder, and had not been disturbed since. The search brought nothing to light; the widow could give no ground for her suspicions, and the whole thing was beginning to assume a traditional aspect, when at last a discovery was made, which showed that the widow was right in her suspicions after all.

In January, 1830, twenty-three years and more from the time of Mr. Parker's murder, a carpenter was employed in taking down an old barn on a farm which, in 1805, had been occupied by a farmer named Clewes. In the course of his work he was removing the earth near the foundation, when he came upon a pair of shoes and a carpenter's rule. Without proceeding any further, he at once gave information, and the earth about the spot was carefully searched. At the depth of two or three feet was found the complete skeleton of a man, who must have been considerably under the middle height. The upper and lower jaws, and the skull, had been beaten into many pieces, and the surgeon who examined the remains declared that these injuries had preceded the burial of the body, and had in all probability been the cause of death. With the bones thus found were portions of a woollen waistcoat and of corduroy breeches, a whetstone, and a pocket-knife. Heming's widow, now re-married, identified these objects as having belonged to her former husband; and no doubt could be entertained that here was evidence of a second murder committed on the assassin so long sought for in vain.

The lapse of a quarter of a century had loosened the old ties which had formerly bound the parish together, tongues were untied, and at the inquest which was held, all the evidence that could be collected was gone into minutely, with the object of discovering the accomplices of Heming. But the chief of them had before this been called to another tribunal to account for his share in the murder: four years previously Captain Evans had removed to Droitwich, and there he had died without confessing his guilt.

The inquiry lasted for five days. Before its termination, Clewes, the former occupant of the farm on which the skeleton had been found, was committed to prison. While here he stated that he was anxious to make a communication to the jury, and persisting in his design after he had been informed that his revelations might be used against him, he was heard. He said, that about seven o'clock in the morning, on the day after Mr. Parker's murder, George Bankes came down to him, saying that Heming was up at Captain Evans's, and that they did not know what to do with him. Clewes refused to let him come down to his house, and Bankes went away, saying that he was lurking about the meadows. About eleven o'clock Clewes went up to Oddingley, and Captain Evans then called him, and told him that Heming was lurking about his (Clewes's) farm, and that something must be done to get him off; he would try to get into Clewes's buildings during the day, and at night they could meet there and give him some money, and contrive some plan to get him

out of the way. Clewes at last agreed to meet the captain at eleven o'clock that night. He did so, and found with the Captain, James Taylor, a farrier (since dead), and a third man, whom he believed to be George Bankes. They had met at the door of Clewes's barn, which they now entered, the Captain calling softly, "Holloa, Heming, where beest?" Heming answered from under a heap of straw, and Taylor and the Captain, who had pulled out a lantern, stepped up to the place where Heming was, and the Captain told him to get up—he had something for him. Heming, who seemed to have been lying on his back, then rose, and as he did so, Taylor hit him two or three blows over the head with a stick. Clewes declared that he protested, but the Captain said, "He has got enough;" and Taylor asked what was to be done with the body. It was a light night, and to avoid the risk of being seen, it was determined to bury the body in the barn. A place was found full of rat-holes; a little earth was shovelled out; the Captain called to Taylor to catch hold of him; the two dragged the body into the hole, and Taylor then covered it up. The whole thing was over in half-an-hour. The Captain promised Taylor another glass or two of brandy, enjoined Clewes, with oaths, not to "split," and the men then separated and went home. Clewes had afterwards received twenty-seven pounds, which was at first intended for Heming's passage-money, and the Captain told him that he should never want for five pounds, if he held his peace. He had bought a mare of the Captain, and had never been asked for payment, and a hundred pounds had been lent to him by a Mr. Barnett, a wealthy farmer, who was only second to the Captain in his hatred of the rector. Some days after the murder of Heming, several loads of marl were brought into the barn and spread over the floor. Clewes had refused to be bound by an oath not to give information, although the Captain reminded him, with a curious appreciation of his functions as J.P., that he himself could administer it, as he was a magistrate!

Clewes, Bankes, and Barnett were put upon their trial at Worcester, in March, 1830. The verdict of the coroner's inquest on Heming was one of murder against Clewes and Bankes, while Barnett was found to have been an accessory before the fact. The grand jury had also found three bills of indictment; one charging Clewes alone with the murder of Heming, both as a principal and as an abettor; a second against all three prisoners, as accessories before the fact to the murder of Mr. Parker, alleged to have been committed by Heming; and a third against Clewes alone, as an accessory after the fact to the same murder, by harbouring Heming. The indictments relative to the murder of Mr. Parker were, however, abandoned, on the ground that the principal had not been convicted, and Clewes was then arraigned for the murder of Heming. The jury, hopelessly bewildered by the maze of indictments, found him guilty as accessory after the fact, a finding that could not be received, as he was indicted as principal only. They again withdrew, and almost immediately acquitted him. The

prosecution declined to offer any evidence on the coroner's inquisition, and the three prisoners who had been placed at the bar were then acquitted; and thus ended a case as remarkable for the crime brought to light, as for the singular complication caused by the circumstances of the double murder.

### THE SCHOOL OF COOKERY.

"God sends the meat and the Devil sends the cooks." In England we have been content to go on consoling ourselves with this often-quoted proverb for the most abominable style of cookery, and consequently the most extravagant waste of good provisions. Possibly there is not a nation in Europe that possesses such excellent materials for providing a good dinner as our own, and yet has such small aptitude for turning it to good account. Indeed, some persons think the prime nature of the raw material is the cause of our carelessness in dressing it. At all events, where nature has not been kind to us we have not neglected to hold our own even against the best-favoured climes. Where, for instance, can they grow such grapes, such pines, such melons as in old foggy England? France is the land of peaches; yet when our Queen was a guest at the Tuileries, the Emperor sent to Covent Garden for fruit he could not match in his own country. Let us flatter our vanity in this manner if we like, but it is high time that we looked to our *cuisine*. The Frenchman contemplating an old pair of boots with an eye to concocting a stew, is certainly a picture of art under difficulties far worthier of our imitation than the florid butcher handing over a prime-cut to the tender mercies of the maid-of-all-work. How does that individual pick up her small knowledge of the art of cookery? Could we see pass before us the dismal troop of dyspeptics created by her unskillful touch—could we paint the horrible nightmares she has called forth by her bungling endeavours, we should throw in the shade the sketches of Blake and Fuseli, and inaugurate a literature more weird and elf-like than that of Hoffmann; and she might exclaim, "Alone I did it!" But our business is rather with well-nourished stomachs than with diseased imaginations, and our object to draw public attention to an excellent institution known as the School of Cookery, at 111, Great Portland Street. This establishment is conducted by Mrs. Mitchell, with the amiable intention of instructing servants in the different branches of the culinary art, and of saving the British stomach from being experimented on by their 'prentice hands. The School of Cookery is not a place of mere theoretical study, but a real working establishment, with a scientifically fitted-up kitchen, presided over by a *chef de cuisine*, a master of his art. The cooking is by no means illusory; the viands are not theatrical properties, to be served up to a make-believe company: on the contrary, every day at half-past six a *table d'hôte* is served on the premises (consisting of soup, fish, *entrées*, French and English dishes, confectionery, and ices) for the charge of half-a-crown.

We must not let it be supposed that the in-

struction given below-stairs is purchased at the expense of the company, in the dining-room, as the cook is responsible for the proper serving of the dinner; but the actual working of a dinner, with its twelve or fourteen courses, gives a reality to the instruction which could not in any other way be obtained. Only those servants who have some knowledge of plain cooking are allowed to receive instruction in this school, as it is rather a finishing establishment than a seminary for simple instruction. Here the servant requiring instruction may either pay the full fee of four pounds, and be perfected in every branch of the art, or she may limit her schooling to any of its branches for a minor fee. She may graduate, in fact, in special subjects. Thus the art of concocting soups may be alone sought for—but what an art! How would our sorrows be lightened if we could depend upon our domestics serving up a really delicate *potage*! What shins of beef would be economised, and what indigestion avoided, if Betty would only be obliging enough to serve us up a light clean-soup *Julienne*, such as you can get in any *restaurant's* in Paris! The art of making *entrées*, again, would be a special course, or the equally delicate art of confectionery. Surely a proficiency in either of these studies would amply repay the student for the inconsiderable fee charged! As the schoolmaster has been such a favourite of late, is it not rather extraordinary that we are only just beginning to think of educating our helps to serve us up such an essential of life as a well-cooked dinner? What has Paterfamilias been about—that irascible old gentleman whose whole life centres in the dinner-table—that he has never taken steps to secure a decent race of cooks? You will hear him propound the doctrine that you should part with a good professor of the art under nothing less than manslaughter, and you will hear that he has submitted to help the inebriated Molly up to bed with a well-disguised indignation rather than offend her, as he feels sure that she is mistress of the situation. Why should he be thus humiliated in his own household without taking any measures to escape from so frightful a tyranny? The art of Cookery is, something like the egg-trick of Columbus, very easy when some one has shown us how to do it; but it certainly is strange that in all our rage for teaching the people "common things," one so common and yet so important should never have been hit upon.

Of all the employments of women, what so important as that of cooking? but we hear nothing about it from Miss Emily Faithfull; yet it is of infinitely greater importance that they study the art of feeding the body in a wholesome manner than that they should take to printing, which they cannot do better than men. As for the Social Science Congress, we question very much if its members would not be doing a far greater service to humanity in disseminating knowledge respecting an art on which all sound health, mental as well as bodily, is based, than in discussing desultorily the world's affairs at large.

Not twelve years ago, the art of design was unknown in England, and we imported from France all the articles required to figure our calicoes and

other fabrics. Now there are upwards of seventy schools of design flourishing in the Three Kingdoms; and the French Commissioners, sent over here by their Government to report upon the progress made by us since the Exhibition of 1851, declared that we had so advanced in our artistic training that France no longer could claim a monopoly of art-designing in connection with textile fabrics, but that we had made such strides that their own countrymen must look to their laurels. Surely, if we can conquer a difficulty which was deemed to be beyond our genius, there is no reason on earth why so material a study as cookery, and one which appeals so strongly to our animal appetites, should not be acquired also!

The School of Cookery, after perfecting the student in the art, gives a certificate of capability, which will stand in the same stead to the servant as the diploma does to the doctor. A cook armed with one of these tokens of proficiency, would find that she was not only able to get a better place, but a higher rate of wages; she would be a skilled artisan, in short, and therefore entitled to a higher place in the social hierarchy than she can command at present. We hear that already applications have been made at the institution for these trained cooks, and we have no doubt that they will be sought after as much as are the trained nurses that are now procurable from the institution in South Audley Street. Only those who know the troubles of housekeeping will be able to appreciate the value of a race of young cooks free from the vices of the ancient dames who have held us at their mercy for so long a time. We may hope from the young adepts in the art, an immunity from that gin-drinking which seemed inseparable from the old school of spoiled domestics we have put up with so long.

May not persons of moderate incomes also be expected to benefit by this infusion of new blood into our kitchens? What can a young couple about to marry say to the warning they receive from knowing matrons, that they cannot put down the expense of a really good cook at less than sixty or seventy pounds a-year—what with the extravagant wages they demand and the expensive methods they are accustomed to, to say nothing of their insisting, as they almost invariably do if they are skilled hands, on your keeping a scullerymaid? Let us hope that all this will be changed, and that with cheap instruction we may get cheap cooks, whereby our pockets and our stomachs may be benefited. If prevention is better than cure, surely it is putting the cart before the horse to institute training-schools for nurses before instituting schools for the preparation of wholesome, palatable, digestible food, the want of which is in itself a grievous source of ill-health, and the cause of a demand for nurses! Moreover, we believe that instruction in cooking is a movement demanded in the interest of the working-classes themselves: Those who are acquainted with the habits of our artisans know that a fearful waste is experienced by them in consequence of the ignorance on the part of their wives of the commonest principles of the culinary art. Half the goodness of the meat they boil is thrown away instead of being utilised in soup-

making. They know nothing of the art of stewing; very few can boil a potato or a little rice perfectly, and the whole art of making palatable the very inferior meat their means will afford, is lost by their ignorance of the qualifying power of a few vegetables. There can be no doubt whatever, that at least twenty per cent. of the nourishment which a French man or woman would extract from the provisions consumed by the working-classes of Great Britain, is wholly lost to them by their ignorance of cookery. Let us, therefore, welcome most heartily the experiment of establishing a school for instruction in the art; and let us add that, if properly conducted, no speculation is more certain of success, for the reason that it is an attempt to supply the great want of our households at the present moment. A. W.

### MIDNIGHT AT MARSHLAND GRANGE.

THE Supernatural Investigation Society—that was what we styled ourselves—was limited to six members: namely, Messieurs Toombs, Graves, Knight, Gashleigh, Scully, and Bone. For a twelvemonth or more we had been adding our brains by culling ghost-stories out of books, or collecting them from our friends. But this was, at best, second-hand evidence.

“What we want,” said Jack Toombs, our president, bringing his fist upon the table with a crash, and startling us all (for twelve months of continuous spectral literature tends to unstring the nerves)—“what we want is to see a ghost!”

“That,” observed Mr. Gashleigh, “is easier said than done. Gentlemen,” he continued, solemnly, “although there is not a rood of ground in this mighty city upon which some deed of blood and darkness has not been perpetrated, I don’t believe there’s a ghost to be heard of in all London. Either the noise of the night-cabs, or the carbonised atmosphere, or the policemen’s bulls-eyes, or the cats on the roofs—whatever it is, something keeps ’em away. For aught we know, a frightful and mysterious murder may have been committed under this very roof—nay, on that exact spot where you, Scully, are now sitting.”

(Mr. Scully looked uncomfortable, and shifted the position of his chair.)

“Why don’t we hear of that murder?” pursued Mr. Gashleigh. “Because, sir,” said the honourable member, fixing his eye on the president, “in this bustling, excitable metropolis, it was probably only a nine-days’ wonder. In a secluded country place it would have afforded gossip for a century. Now this is the gist of my argument. Ghosts don’t care to walk except where there’s a public who know all about their affairs. Here in London, if you met a ghost on the stairs you would take him for a housebreaker, and insist on giving him in charge; whereas in the country, your blood would curdle with horror at a similar visitation, because you would recognise the spectre of old Job Tatterly, the miser, who was found in the horsepond one November morning, but whose hoarded wealth was never discovered.”

“Why not advertise,” said Bone, “for a Haunted House?”

The proposal was received with acclamation, an advertisement was composed and inserted in the public prints; all answers to be addressed to me, A. Wynter Knight, Esq., secretary to the Society.

We received several written replies, which I may dismiss very briefly. Two or three of them were palpable hoaxes, while one was from the landlord of a boarding-house who alleged that he had lost all his lodgers owing to supernatural noises. This gentleman wanted us to take the lease of his house off his hands, and we had nearly concluded the bargain, when Graves, our vice-president, met one of the late boarders in society, who informed him that he and the other inmates had quitted the house not because of ghosts, but because a frightful and mysterious stench pervaded the lower part of the premises, which not even Burnett's Disinfecting Fluid could cure. In short, the landlord was a humbug, as I periphrastically told him during our last interview.

Then there was an old lady, widow of a master-mariner, resident in Three Colt Lane, Victoria Park, N.E., who wrote thus :

SIR,—I have a drawing-room floor to let, furnished, with use of kitchen if not cooking too late dinners. The house is haunted, not that I have ever seen anything myself; but my son, who is mate of a collier-brig, coming home late from the Commercial Docks, stumbled over a Newfoundland dog on the first-floor landing, which ran down stairs, and though he followed it was no longer visible. Now, sir, a party lived in the drawing-room sett who threw himself into Sir George Duckett's Canal, through sporting and betting. I never heard he kept a dog, but why not, on the sly? His employers being aware that paunches are expensive, and naturally suspicious, as his salary was only eighty pounds a year. I can give you reasonable attendance; and remain, sir, your humble servant,  
MARY CLACK.

We could not accept this worthy dame's proposal. There was a vein of honesty running through her somewhat confused letter which pleased us; but a haunted first-floor, with an obsequious landlady cooking chops for us on the basement storey, in the intervals of spectral visitation, was too absurd.

More than a week passed away, and we despaired of getting anything to suit us, when one day, as I was seated in my office (I may mention that, when not supernaturally engaged, I am in the hemp, jute, and gunnybag business)—one day, as I was seated in my office alone, a gentleman entered and introduced himself by laying a card on my desk. It was a large, old-fashioned, thick card, and bore the name *Mr. Edgar Batesford*, beneath which was written, in yellow-rusted ink, *Marshland Grange, Essex.*

"You advertised for a haunted house?" he said, smiling.

I started; for at that moment my thoughts were immersed in fibrous commodities.

"Yes, sir, I did. Have you anything eligible to offer us?"

"Possibly I have, on certain conditions."

"Will you name them?"

"That you visit the house in question alone in my company, without informing your brother-

clubmen of your intention until the following day."

I regarded my visitor earnestly, to see if he looked like a rogue. His appearance was in his favour. He was a tall, thin young man, with good features and (what is noticeable in these bearded days) a clean-shaven face. His clothes were new and fashionably cut; but I observed that he wore an old-fashioned stand-up collar and stock.

"Where is the haunted house?" I asked.

"This is the place," he answered, pointing to the card—"Marshland Grange, my own property. Owing to all sorts of absurd sinister rumours I haven't been able to let it for years. I shall therefore be delighted to have the mystery cleared up by your Society."

"What are your terms?"

"My terms! My dear sir, I shall be only too happy to pay *you*, if you can prove the house unhaunted. Should it, on the contrary, appear to be supernaturally infested, a few guineas to repay my expenses will amply suffice—say ten guineas; you can put the amount in your pocket."

My features must have betrayed some hesitation, for Mr. Batesford continued :

"You demur to my suggestion, and very naturally too. You say to yourself: 'I know nothing of this man. What is to prevent his inveigling me into some lonely ruinous place, and then extorting the ten guineas by violence?' Now, I know *your* respectability. Your firm, A. W. Knight & Co., was established in 1803, if I mistake not, just before Boney became Emperor."

"It was; and it strikes me I have seen the name of Batesford in our old ledgers."

"Very possibly: but never mind that at present. Now, I am going to give you a guarantee of *my* respectability. Here is a twenty-pound Bank of England note. Look that up in your safe until to-morrow, and meet me this evening at the Shore-ditch Station for the 6'40 train. We will go together, and sit up till twelve o'clock at Marshland Grange. Do you agree?"

"I do," I replied, as I turned my Chubb-key on his deposit. "There's my hand upon it!"

Mr. Batesford did not appear to notice my proffered palm, but bowing slightly quitted the office.

"This is a queer customer," I thought. "As I have an hour to spare, I will follow the fellow, and see what becomes of him." I put on my hat, and went out into Thames Street; but though I traced his tall figure for some time, outtopping the ordinary run of wayfarers, I lost sight of him under the arch of London Bridge.

"Never mind," said I. "I shall see if he is true to his appointment this evening."

I must confess I felt rather nervous as my cab rattled up Bishopsgate Street towards the station. But the possible honour and glory in store for me buoyed me up. Perhaps while my brother-inquirers have only been talking about ghosts, I may be privileged to see one. Still I experienced some secret qualms, and I should have breathed more freely if Mr. Batesford had *not* been awaiting me in front of the booking-office.

He nodded slightly, and said:

"Netherwood is our station. I presume, Mr.



Knight, you will pay the fares? I am not above travelling second-class."

I took the tickets accordingly, and entered a carriage that was pretty full of people; for I felt rather shy of my companion.

To beguile the tedium of the journey, I tried to engage him in conversation, but with little success. He appeared to be totally uninterested in politics, and in reply to my remarks on our financial prosperity, said:

"I believe in Billy Pitt, sir. Look at his Sinking Fund. There's a masterpiece!"

Now, if the man who uttered these words had been eighty years old, I should have regarded him with interest as a harmless old fossil of the past; but here was a young man of five-and-twenty, who invariably spoke of guineas instead of pounds, called the French Emperor Bonaparte, and mentioned Pitt, as if that financier were still living. I could make nothing of him; so I drew out the "Evening Standard," and plunged into Manhattan's last letter.

Presently I heard the rustling of paper opposite, and peeping over my own broadsheet, observed that Mr. Batesford was also engaged with a newspaper. I felt anxious to know what journal he patronised, and was surprised to see the name of a well-known daily paper which has recently become extinct. The diminutive size of the sheet also astonished me; it appeared to have shrunk to half its normal bulk. I peeped again; and being an adept at the old schoolboy accomplishment of reading upside down, managed to spell out the date—19th October, 1863.

"To-day's paper!" thought I; "and yet, certainly, that journal has ceased to exist for months past." My curiosity was on tiptoe. I determined to have an explanation.

"Mr. Batesford, would you oblige me by exchanging papers?"

"Thank you," he replied, blandly; "I shall take no interest in yours, and I do not care to part with my own. However, you may just look at it."

He reversed the sheet, so as to hold the title before my eyes. I had made a slight mistake in my topsy-turvy decipherings. I had added a flourish to a figure where no such flourish existed; for Mr. Batesford's paper was the "Morning Chronicle" of the 19th October, 1803!"

"Sixty years ago, this very day! I should like to read that paper. It must be quite a curiosity."

"Wait till we get home," said Mr. Batesford, smiling, and folding up the newspaper. "Come, here we are at Netherwood. There is your carpet-bag. We will walk across to the Grange, as it is dry under foot."

Mr. Batesford was probably an Essex man, and connected by Darwinian affiliation with the frogs of his native swamps; for in my opinion it was as damp, greasy, oozy, and slushy a walk as I ever took on a murky, lowering October night. We traversed lanes where the water dripped down our backs from the overhanging hedgerows; we got over stiles which led into clayey footpaths by the side of slow-moving streams; we entered, at last, upon a region of bulrushes, where the chilly water

actually gurgled up about my ankles. I endeavoured to keep up a stout heart. I said:

"A. W. Knight, remember that you are a Searcher after Truth; remember, also, that there are a pair of dry shoes and socks in your carpet-bag."

At length, after three miles of this glutinous journeying, we came out upon a firm high-road. I blessed the memory of Macadam, and strode merrily onwards. Presently we halted in front of a house separated from the road by a small garden.

"Marshland Grange," observed my companion, breaking a long-continued silence.

I looked up at the house with a sigh of disappointment: it was such an utterly commonplace dwelling. I had pictured Marshland Grange as a rambling old edifice, exhibiting in its wings, gables, and additions, specimens of half-a-dozen architectural eras, and situated far from other human abode in a desolate swamp. In place of this, I beheld a common ten-roomed brown brick box, built evidently about the end of the last century, when picturesqueness was deemed a barbarism, and within hail of half-a-dozen labourers' cottages.

"This a haunted house?" I asked, half-contemptuously, as Mr. Batesford led the way into the parlour.

"So the neighbours say," replied my companion. For some seconds I was unable to tell why he was such a long time striking a light. I then saw that he used a flint, steel, and tinder-box.

"You are singularly old-fashioned," I remarked. "To be consistent, you should have travelled down from London in the old Essex Highflyer, Mr. Batesford."

"The railway was more convenient, this evening," he answered quietly: as much as to say, "On other evenings I should prefer the Highflyer."

As soon as he had lighted the candle (which, by the way, was a common, guttering, snuff-accumulating dip) I looked round the room. It was desolate enough: several windows were broken, while the furniture consisted of a couple of rickety chairs and a dilapidated deal table.

"Change your boots, Mr. Knight, and then I will show you over the house."

He took up the candle and preceded me. We went upstairs and downstairs, examining both kitchens and attics. The remainder of the rooms were entirely bare of furniture; and the house was a regular formal up-and-down affair, which might have been situated on the Duke of Bedford's Bloomsbury estate. There were no gloomy corridors—no deep-sunk unexpected cupboards—no possibility of secret doors or passages. It was damp, mouldy, and depressing, but perfectly commonplace.

"No room for a ghost to hide here," said I, jocularly.

"It don't look like it," observed Mr. Batesford; "still the neighbours say otherwise. Let us return to the parlour, close the shutters, and make ourselves as comfortable as we can till twelve o'clock strikes. That is, I believe, the legitimate hour for ghostly visitants."

We took our seats in the comfortless apartment,

which felt chilly and miserable enough to depress any professional ghost-hunter. The wind whistled through the chinks of the decaying shutters, threatening every moment to extinguish our feeble candle.

"Let us fortify our spirits with a little supper, Mr. Batesford," I said, diving into my carpet-bag, and producing a cottage-loaf, a chicken-and-ham sausage, and three bottles of Bass's ale. My companion fell to work with alacrity, eating and drinking in a singularly rapid yet noiseless manner. He consumed the lion's share of two bottles of ale, and watched me with wistful eyes as I opened a third. I began to despise him. "He drinks," I said to myself, "to obtain a stock of Dutch courage. So much the better. Had he not swallowed more than his share, I might have been tempted to tittle, whereas now my head is cool. I am prepared for anything."

For one thing I was not prepared;—for Mr. Batesford suddenly falling asleep, and snoring hideously. I called to him once or twice, when he ceased for a few moments without waking up, but presently began again as bad as ever. I looked at my watch; it was only eleven o'clock. What should I do till twelve? I did not like to smoke. I fancied it would look disrespectful, when you expected a ghost, to be puffing out the vapour of tobacco. I had forgotten to bring a pack of cards, or I might have had a game at Patience. What should I do? Just then my companion emitted a more energetic snore than usual, which caused me to turn towards him. His legs were stretched out, his chair was tilted back, and his head was supported by the edge of the table. For a sparely-built man he was a most uncomfortable sleeper. His breathing was perfectly convulsive. But his breast-pocket rather than himself engaged my attention, for from it protruded that newspaper which I had been so eager to see in the railway-carriage. I could no longer restrain my curiosity, but drew it softly forth, and settled myself down to read it by the flickering candlelight. I soon became interested in the tiny old newspaper. The England of 1803, just as we were recommencing that tremendous struggle which terminated in Waterloo and St. Helena, rose before my eyes. But a paragraph of half-a-dozen lines in the third page put politics completely out of my head.

I felt my blood congeal, and my skin roughen with horror as I read those words. I rose slowly to my feet. "Gracious Powers!" I murmured; "I sneered at the notion of this house being haunted, and here, within a yard of me, in yonder chair, sits——"

I bent cautiously over him. His head was thrown back. I shuddered with affright. I could guess now why he wore a high collar and stock. I could see the fatal——

Just then a distant clock struck twelve. My companion suddenly woke, and said, with a yawn, "What! twelve o'clock, and no ghost yet! Come, Mr. Knight, I think you will be able to certify that, barring a few repairs, the house is fit for anybody to live in; and I shall be happy to give you a liberal commission if you can find me a respectable tenant."

While he spoke thus, I was staring at him with a fixed gaze of horror. He did not seem to notice my expression of countenance, but presently, observing the newspaper in my hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice, "How dare you, sir!" and snatched it from me.

Just then an unusually strong gust of wind penetrated the crazy shutters, and blew the candle out. The snuff was still redhot, and I contrived to relight it; as I did so, I heard a distant door bang. I looked round for my companion, but he was gone!

With trembling knees, and a swiftly-palpating heart, I hastily packed my carpet-bag and quitted that house of desolation. After trudging a hundred yards or more along the road, I reached the village inn, and was surprised to observe a stream of light pouring from the chinks of the door at that late hour. I knocked, and was immediately admitted.

"Why, you look 'most as scared as we do, master," observed the landlord; "and we've been awatching the corpse-light over in the Haunted House yonder. Just as twelve o'clock struck, out went the light, 'zactly as I said it would; didn't I, missus?"

"Aye, that ye did, Joe," replied the wife.

"My friends, I can explain something of this," said I. "I belong to a Society up in London, instituted with the view of inquiring into ghost-stories; and I came down to visit Marshland Grange for that purpose, in company with the landlord. That accounts for the light you saw."

"Why, there bain't ne'er a landlord," piped out a village patriarch. "The house has been in Chancery ever since Batesford the forger cut his throat, in the front-parlour, sixty year ago."

\* \* \* \* \*

I returned to London next day in such an excitable state, that I was scarcely able to attend to business; but I made a circumstantial report of my adventures to the Supernatural Investigation Society. I added the singular fact, that on examining our old ledgers I found the name of Edgar Batesford among our customers during the year 1803, and that his account had been ruled off suddenly with a considerable debit, which was passed to Profit and Loss.

This certainly sounds like a genuine ghostly visitation. But, on the other hand, I am bound to confess that, on unlocking my safe, I found the twenty-pound note to be an unmistakable sham—in fact, it was drawn on the Bank of Elegance. Now, I am positive I locked up a genuine Bank of England note. Supernaturalists will say that this strengthens their belief in the story: for the substitution of a counterfeit for a genuine note, by some shadowy sleight-of-hand, was the very trick to be expected from the spirit of a forger; but Jack Toombs, our President, who is a hard-headed sceptical fellow, holds another view. He reasons thus:—

"It is well known that our respected secretary has a younger brother in his office, who is perpetually gibing and jeering at our Society. This gentleman possesses a duplicate key of the safe. Supposing that he has learnt the fact of Edgar Batesford's connection with the house of A. W.

Knight and Co. in 1803, and his subsequent suicide, what is to prevent him suborning some clever fellow to personate the forger? At the right moment this pretended ghost blows the light out, and slips away by the back-door. That banging of the back-door is fatal to the supernatural theory: a real spectre would have disappeared silently."

To this I will rejoin but little. Whichever view you adopt, the matter is surrounded with difficulties: but this I will say, that if Jack Toombs had seen that Being as I saw him, with his head thrown back, he would not have been in a condition to theorise so dispassionately. At any rate, I have had enough of it. My nerves are completely shattered; so I purpose resigning my secretaryship, and joining the German *Turnverein*. Gymnastics will, I trust, make me myself again.

### A FEW WORDS ABOUT SPRATS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the comparative insignificance of the sprat as a member of the fish-tribe, its importance, as an article of food to the poorer classes of society, is so great that I may, I hope, be pardoned for including it in my list of fish for special consideration.

Sprats, as most people are aware, are gregarious fish; and the amount of them taken, during the brief period of the sprat-season, is so enormous as entirely to defy calculation. The fishery is carried on to a vast extent on all parts of the British coast, and affords a temporary livelihood to some thousands of people. Sprats are caught in the greatest abundance in very thick foggy weather, for which reason the month of November is the best month for their capture. The season commences properly on the 9th of November, and terminates, or should terminate, at Christmas. The first sprats taken in the Thames, at the commencement of the season, belong, by ancient right, to the Lord Mayor; and a dish of these little fish is, I believe, always placed on the table at the annual banquet which is given to celebrate the installation into office of the chief magistrate of the City of London.

Sprats, like flounders, have the peculiar faculty of thriving in either salt or fresh water, and may be taken as far up the river as Blackwall and even London Bridge.

I shall not here re-open the much-disputed question as to whether sprats are really a genus *per se*, or whether they are in fact young herrings; but I will just make a few remarks on the probability of the latter being the case. In the first place, it is a noteworthy fact that when the herrings disappear the sprats appear; and this would seem to indicate that they are the young brood, some two or three months old, left behind by the parent-fish.\* Further, though it is asserted that sprats are taken with the roes in cases (as a proof that they constitute a distinct species), I never yet saw one with a fully-formed roe; nor does it follow, by any means, that the fish, even if they

\* The fishermen have a saying,—“Good-by, Mr. Herring; welcome Mr. Sprat.”

did contain roes, would be capable of renewing their species. Young nestling-birds of the hen-sex contain ova from the time of their being hatched; but no one would think of arguing from that fact that callow birds could possibly propagate their kind. Again, much stress has been laid on the trivial fact that the belly of the sprat is serrated and rough, whilst that of the herring is smooth. This roughness is probably merely a projection of the ventral bones, which tones down as the fish increase in size, much in the same manner as many an angular-elbowed “Miss in her teens” does.

I might, if I would, bring forward many arguments to prove that the sprat is neither more nor less than the young herring, but such is not my object at present. I may, however, be permitted to add, that when we know that such a creature as a tadpole becomes a frog, and recollect the changes of the salmon in its “parr,” “smolt,” and “grilse” states of existence, we have very good ground for supposing the sprat to be no exception to that universal rule of *change in growth* which is common to the young of all the species of creation, even to man himself. With these few and, as I think, not inappropriate remarks I will pass on to my subject.

Sprats are caught in two distinctly different ways—viz., by the “drift” net and by the “stow” net. When the former method (which is far the best) is adopted, the nets hang down perpendicularly, as in herring-fishing, and each little silvery victim is secured in a separate mesh by its gills. These fish must of course be the finest and best, as only sprats of a certain size could be secured in the mesh; and, moreover, the fish thus taken are not dragged about and bruised, as they are when the “stow-net” is used. The “stow” much resembles the trawl-net in its operation, and is used to drag the fishing-ground in semicircular sweep. In this net all-sized sprats are caught, some several inches long, and others no larger than whitebait; and of course some amount of sorting is entailed. Sprats caught thus are sold cheaply, at so much per pound or measure; but the “drift-net” sprats, which are very fine, are sold at so much per hundred (generally from *4d.* to *8d.*), and are reserved for the best markets. The sprat-fishing is pursued by night, and the boats fish close along the shore. Any visitor to the seaside in the month of November may, by giving a small gratuity to the “skipper” of a sprat-boat, obtain the privilege of accompanying him; and it is a pretty and curious sight to see the heaps of glittering fish tumbled out of the nets into the small boats employed in the fishery.

Sprats of course are very seldom indeed seen on the tables of the better classes, except when the partakers of them happen to be dining or supping quite *en famille*. The sprat, like the herring and plaice, is essentially a *poor man's fish*; and it is quite impossible to overestimate its enormous utility as an article of food to the labouring-classes. The sprat-season is looked forward to with far greater anxiety by the poorest sort of Irish than is the venison-season by the epicure; in fact, but for the sprat, many thousands would often go dinnerless.

Sprats cured, red-herring-fashion, are excellent for breakfast, and I think there are few palates, even the most fastidious, which would not relish them. To cook fresh-caught sprats, take three or four dozen of the largest-sized "drift-net" ones and broil them over a very clear fire, serving them up with melted butter and cayenne pepper; or they are excellent floured, and served whitebait-fashion, with cayenne and lemon.

The sprat when cured is often palmed off for the anchovy, but it possesses this peculiar property, which may always serve as a guide to the unwary—viz., the bones of the sprat do not dissolve when it is prepared as a condiment, whilst those of the anchovy do. Nine-tenths of the fish sold as "sardines" are neither more nor less than sprats preserved in oil. The real sardine is, I believe, a fish peculiar to the Bay of Naples: at any rate, the Neapolitan sardines are the best.

I have endeavoured to ascertain the probable yearly weight of sprats consumed in London, but can obtain no reliable data. Making allowance for the variation of price in the market, I find that the average money-value, taking one year with another, of the sprats sold in the metropolis is 25,000*l.* Taking one penny per pound as about the price usually given by the working-classes, our readers will be able to form some idea of the astounding trade driven by the sprat-dealers. The first sprats of the season taken in the Thames belong, as I have said, to the Lord Mayor; and there was, I believe, in the time of Henry VIII., a royalty on them, as there is at the present day on sturgeon.

The sprat-trade, though it is brisk at Billingsgate whilst the short season lasts, is carried on mostly by costermongers, who retail the fish on barrows in the streets. Most of these men vary their trade according to the season; selling, for instance, fruit and vegetables in the summer, sprats and other fish in the autumn, nuts and oranges in the winter, early flowers in the spring, and so forth. They are as a rule a very improvident class of men, rarely saving, though often earning (for their station) large weekly amounts. Of course there are some honourable exceptions. I must, however, do them the justice to affirm, that if treated with civility, they are ready, with scarcely an exception, to afford every information in their power concerning their trade to those who, like myself, have had occasion to go not unfrequently amongst them.

Sprats are singularly "taking" baits for most kinds of sea-fish. In my experience, which has been a rather extensive one, there is no bait equal to a sprat for taking codfish, as I have mentioned, *en passant*, in one of my former papers.\* The mackerel also is especially fond of sprats; and where mackerel much abound, as for instance on the Cornish coasts, the poor sprats are to be seen often flying out of the water in showers at the approach of the mackerel shoal. It is not often, however, that sprats are found inside the mackerel; as that fish, like the salmon, immediately it finds itself in danger of being caught, disgorges the entire contents of its stomach. The river-perch

has the same habit of disgorging; and of all fish, I think the trout and cod are oftenest found to contain a great variety of food. Both cod and trout in the death-agony will throw up the greater portion of the food in their stomachs, but the salmon and perch will do so as soon as they feel the hook. A month since I hooked a perch, which, as soon as he came to the top of the water, "blew" out three or four minnows. The perch does this in such a curious fashion, that after being hooked, he will sometimes push the bait which has enticed him a good six inches up the gut-line, as if disgusted with being ensnared.

Sprats taken as *sprats* vary much in size, which of course, supposing them to be the young of the herring, is easily accounted for, as they would go on growing to the full herring size. I have seen them six or eight inches long, taken in the drift-nets. It is my opinion that such so-called sprats are the young herrings about two-thirds grown, and those of the early spawning. I take the smaller sprats to be the later-spawned herrings. We have so much to learn about fish and their ways, that even those of my readers who may differ from me on this point will not, I am confident, like to contradict me. Until very lately, young salmon in their "parr" state were supposed to be a distinct species; and I have above instanced the wonderful transition-state of the frog, as proving that in Nature's book there are far more mysterious changes than our philosophy ever dreams of. At present I will only add that this short paper was designed, not for the purpose of opening a controversy, but with the sole aim of affording a few moments' amusement to those who may think it worthy of perusal.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

### "A RETROSPECT."

#### I.

I saw her gathering roses on a lawn,  
And wondered what a gift the gods had given:  
Her cheek, the hue of a fair summer dawn,  
Her eyes, the calm of even.

#### II.

I saw her next upon a holiday,  
And won her dear love on yon sunny crest:  
While golden clouds grew crimson, crimson grey,  
And the winds sank to rest.

#### III.

Later I saw, with these tear-drowned eyes,  
Or in celestial vision seemed to see,  
How some bright angel from the blessed skies  
Had come to wed with me.

#### IV.

One year—and then I saw a baby dead,  
On the white pillow where she, dying, lay,  
And seemed a-listening, till her little maid  
Might call her soul away.

#### V.

I'm now alone; but sometimes in the night  
Around my head familiar voices roam,  
And win me, with a mystical delight,  
To dream I am at home.

M.

\* Vol. VII., p. 597.

SON CHRISTOPHER:  
AN HISTORIELLE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER VII. CONSPIRACY IN GLORY.

A FEW hours did in fact change the aspect of everything, and open every inducement to proceed to Exeter. At sunrise, all was stir in Monmouth's camp; for the country-folk kept arriving in bands, led by ministers, or sent, strange to say, by the Quakers, from far and near. The Quakers could not fight, nor ask anybody to fight: but yet they largely recruited the invading force. They believed that the second coming of Christ was at hand; and, believing it, they now said so. Not a few held forth in the streets of the towns; many more traversed the country in all directions, calling upon the people to watch and observe the promise that popery and prelacy had reached their last term; and that the signs and tokens had begun which were to introduce the reign of the pure gospel, and of Christ himself.

Many more unaccountable 'mistakes have been made than that of regarding Monmouth as a divine instrument, or even the prophet of a new period. The religious public of England was at that time vexed almost out of its reason. The pillage, the captivity, the torment of body and mind inflicted by the priests and potentates of the two churches made fanatics of the people, as of course. Being made so suspicious as to see enemies in all strangers, they were made sanguine about relief and reward from any new event or influence. The same devout persons who had imagined William Penn to be a Jesuit, and all Quakers a new popish agency, might easily see in the Duke of Monmouth the herald of the retributive age, when the faithful should be exalted, and Babylon should be destroyed. Thus, after every day of fanatics testifying in the streets, and

prophesying in the fields and farmyards, fresh detachments set off to join the redeeming army. It was well understood that not a few of the camp-attendants were Quakers;—the smiths, the saddlers, the spurriers, as well as the provision-dealers. It was remarked that there were two sorts of smiths,—one which would only shoe horses and mend utensils; and another which would also make pikes, and convert scythes into weapons; and the more peaceful sort were whispered to be Quakers.

These Quakers could hardly have objected to share in the encounter with the four thousand soldiers under the royalist commander. It was a moral conflict, with an almost entire absence of physical force. Monmouth had his four cannon posted and loaded in full view of the enemy, and a sufficiency of armed men discernible behind the hedges of the lane by which the royal troops must advance. The Duke of Albemarle saw the effect on his trainbands with wrath and shame: but there was nothing to be done but to withdraw them before they went over, one and all, to King Monmouth. At first they retreated; then they fled; and if Monmouth's army had been the low mob it was reported in London to be, it might have clothed and armed itself by merely picking up the dress and weapons which strewed the roads all the way to Exeter.

In the diary which Christopher kept, for the eye of one from whom he had no secrets, and whose sympathy was the life of his life, he passed over this so-called battle in the slightest possible way.

"There was no fighting," he said. "I have still to witness my first battle. But it has satisfied me that, if we were as wise as we are willing, we might finish our work almost without a blow,—in this part of the country, if not throughout the kingdom . . . If there is not enough presence of mind among us to secure the advantage before real fighting is needed, there may be battles in plenty for lawyers like me to witness and help in; and then, seeing how raw these yeomen and peasants and tradesmen are, with all their fine spirit, I feel that the issue may not be so clear,—or at least so speedy. But, if we only follow the leadings offered us in these first days of our rebellion, we may restore the reign of the saints, and escape from purgatory into paradise,—if I may hold such Popish language without sin."

This was all very well while the royal forces were flying or rattling: but, as the insurgent troops moved on through Somersetshire, they heard some things which made sober men grave. Parliament was on the King's side, Papist as he was. The noblemen and gentlemen of one county after another sent to London assurances of their loyalty, and offers of service and of money. The Duke was attainted, and a reward of five thousand pounds was set upon his head. The most serious circumstance was, that the Whig gentry, who had been reported as the surest sustainers of the rebellion, failed in the proof, from step to step. If written to, they returned the letter, or kept silence, or replied that the time was not fitting, or declared themselves bound by their oath of alle-

giance. Monmouth observed to Christopher, as they rode under a park wall near Axminster—

"This is a Whig estate, rely upon it.—How do I know?—By the chained-up gates, and the deserted lodge, and the closed windows of the mansion. When I see a mansion more unkind in its aspect than others, and well chained and barricaded, it always turns out to be one belonging to the order of my particular friends."

At another time, when Colonel Wade was counselling a stricter guard over the person of the Duke, observing that five thousand pounds was a tempting sum to such men as followed at his heels, Monmouth drily assured him that he had no fear of Dorsetshire tradesmen or Somersetshire peasants. If his head was carried to the King's feet, it would be by some careful Whig, who could at one stroke repair the family mansion, and keep a good footing at Court, till a new reign should open a new career.

The Duke's staff whispered among themselves that his Majesty was growing cross. This would never do; for his gay good-humour was the charm by which he drew the people to him, and kept them at his side. It was only for a passing moment, however, that the Pretender scowled or dropped bitter words. For the most part he seemed to carry the summer sunshine with him: and never had he been more radiant than when he rode into Taunton,—the shrine of the worship of King Monmouth. No Popish saint was more idolised in any dark old corner of the most Popish county in England than he was in sunny Taunton in that bright June of 1685.

While the Duke and his staff were looking through their prospect-glass, from a distance, at the church tower of St. Mary Magdalen, the summit of which was crowded with citizens on the look-out, the blue flag was run up, and the group on the tower could be seen frantically waving their hats. Then the bells rang out merrily, as a signal, no doubt, to the townsmen that the Duke's army was in sight; for such throngs poured out upon the roads that the wonder was whether anybody was left within to give a welcome in the streets. In the orchards along the road, the trees were loaded with spectators, careless of the blossom and fruit, in comparison with getting a sight of King Monmouth. Every field, garden, and housetop was crowded; and everybody wore something blue. The old method of receiving a great man, by opening the gates to him, was impracticable; for the late King's party had obtained leave and licence to destroy the gates of Taunton, and to fill up the ditch; but, on this first call on the inhabitants to declare their true mind, they did it by an emphatic welcome to the Protestant candidate for the throne. The magistrates and corporation awaited the Duke amidst the charred ruins which showed where the gates had been; and a series of processions met him, did him homage, and turned, in order to precede him to the market-place. There he was shown to a raised seat,—a good imitation of a throne,—opposite to which a pulpit was erected; and in the pulpit was the most esteemed Presbyterian minister of the place, ready to inform his Grace of the history of Taunton since the Reformation,

and to affect his Grace's feelings with a description of the sufferings the inhabitants had undergone for the Parliament forty years ago, and for true religion ever since.

Monmouth listened with real attention; for his reception here showed him the importance of understanding the people, in order to profit to the utmost by their good-will. His staff imitated his air of interest; and the troops, drawn up round the market-place, while the inhabitants were crowded within, did their best to think the ceremony very fine, while hoping, doubtless, that the sermon would not be very long, detaining them from the meat and good ale they needed after their morning's march.

Christopher was at the head of his mounted troop, on one side of the Duke's seat, endeavouring to hear the discourse, which was of real interest to him, but distracted in part by the necessity of keeping his horse in order in so crowded an area, when a hand was laid on the animal's neck.

It was Reuben,—smiling as usual, and looking respectfully delighted to meet his master again. His religious tastes, too, were evidently unchanged.

"Ah! Master Christopher," he said; "this is all very well," pointing over his shoulder towards the pulpit. "The town has put its best preacher foremost; but he won't do for us who have sat under John Hickes."

He met with no responsive smile, but found himself under stringent orders at once.

"Do not stir from where you are till I call you. If you leave me again, I will have you brought back at my pleasure, and not your own."

"Well, to be sure!" the man exclaimed, as if amazed. "I should have come back that night to say where I was going, and for your sake, only I was sent off in such a hurry. Ask Mr. Dare, sir, and he will tell you so."

Christopher looked him full in the face, but could see no trace in his countenance of any knowledge of Dare's death.

"Mr. Dare sent me here, sir, to bring up a company of recruits to meet the Duke at Axminster, and he undertook to satisfy you, sir, and give you another groom till I should meet you. I hope he did so, Mr. Christopher."

"Hold your tongue now; I will hear you afterwards," said his master.

Reuben nodded assent, crossed his arms as he stood by his master's stirrup, and seemed lost in attention to the discourse. The horse might have been so too, by his quietness. It was perhaps the presence of his accustomed groom which kept him tranquil; but he disturbed his rider no more till he started, as other horses did, at a pistol-shot, close at hand.

The Duke rose to his feet, and took off and examined his hat. The preacher leaned half over the desk, while he shouted to the people near the throne to seize him—seize him—the God-abandoned wretch who would have slain the Prince that should redeem Israel.

There was much tumult and consternation, and crying out to seize the assassin, and not to let him go; but nobody had the chance. Nobody about the spot would admit having seen him; but the

preacher and one other witness declared their belief that it was the same man who had just before been standing among the cavalry, and appearing to be in conversation with one of the officers. Reuben had indeed vanished again.

Christopher still half hoped that Reuben would join him when the confusion subsided; but not the less did he give out a personal description of the man to everybody, offering a large reward for the arrest of his groom before sunset. Everybody was sure that the arrest would be easily managed, the place was so thoroughly loyal; but there was in truth little hope of it. If there was one traitor, there must be more aiding and abetting. If Reuben did not appear of his own accord, he would be seen no more,—unless indeed he should have the audacity to make another venture for the five thousand pounds offered to the slayer of the Duke of Monmouth.

John Hickes had been awaiting his turn to hold forth to the grandest congregation he had ever seen assembled; but the popular mind—to say nothing of Monmouth's own—was too much disturbed for further quietness. After a few words of consultation with Lord Grey, Christopher committed the charge of his troop to him, and took his place by Monmouth's side, resolved to stand between Reuben and his victim, if Reuben was indeed the assassin.

For a time the Duke was moody; thinking some thoughts which few of his friends could divine; thinking how it would be with Henrietta if it should be told to her that her Monmouth had been shot down in the street by some wretch who wanted money. But on the first hint from a fellow-adventurer about any appearance of his spirits being dashed, and on perceiving Christopher's concern, he roused himself to his accustomed graciousness and cheerfulness, and mounted his horse with a jest.

His progress through the narrow streets was slow, for gifts or addresses were presented at every few yards. The Mayor begged permission to act the part of horse-leader, in order to inform him after each halt what was to come next. Thus, there was time afforded to be grave or gay, in accordance with propriety. Thus, a troop of clergy, in skull-caps and bands, recalled to his Grace's recollection that Joseph Alleine, the martyr of the Restoration, was a Taunton man, and a patriotic citizen of their town; and they presented a copy of the good man's work—"An Alarm to the Unconverted"—bound in black velvet, with prayers that it might be blessed to his soul; and next to these came the representatives of the trades of Taunton—the weaver being busy in his loom at fabricating a Monmouth banner, and the metal-workers in making a crown for King Monmouth, and the bellows-makers in constructing bellows powerful to blow the Popish king and all his priests from London to Rome. Here it was necessary to laugh. Smiles and bows were dispensed on all hands as flowers fell from the housetops, and garlands swung in the wind, and leafy crowns were aimed at the bare head of the candidate king. One greeting was certainly very touching and very welcome to his feelings. A lady, well-mannered and well-dressed, stepped from a court-

yard, followed by a long train of young girls, all in white with blue favours—not fewer than seventeen of them carrying banners of blue, embroidered with devices. The lady's gift was a small Bible, of great antiquity. Monmouth would not receive this by proxy, but stooped from his saddle to take it, kissing the lady's hand as he did so, and declaring aloud, as he placed the volume in his bosom, that he had come to defend the truths contained in that book, and, if needful, to shed his blood for them.

As the lady drew aside, with brimming eyes, to make way for the young girls, and while she was explaining that they were of high and noble Non-conformist names, and confided to her for education, a sort of scream of delight was heard from the midst of them, and one—the youngest and smallest of them all—sprang to Christopher's side, and used his outstretched arm to reach his neck, to which she clung, though a loud laugh rang from one side of the street to the other. Christopher laughed too; and neither he nor his little sister—for it was Joanna—was ashamed. He lifted her gently down, however, and told her she must go now; he would try to see her again, but could not promise. Monmouth, however, promised everything she could wish. He told her he was jealous; for he was afraid she cared to see her brother more than him; to which she answered, "Yes," so simply as to excite another laugh. After this, as she looked as if she had something more to say, the Duke bent down to her again; and she explained that by-and-by, when she had talked a great deal with Christopher, she should be more glad to have seen King Monmouth than anybody else in the world. And here, at a sign from her brother, she stopped, blushing deeply.

The Duke actually remembered the child again. In the evening he sent a coach for her. She was in bed; but no difficulty was made about dressing and despatching her, duly attended, to the mansion occupied by the Duke and his staff.

"Did I say wrong to King Monmouth?" was her first question when she and her brother were by themselves. They sat in a deep window of the reception-room; but Monmouth with his own hand drew the curtains so that they were as completely alone as if they had had the room to themselves.

"No, Joanna; it was not that you said anything wrong; only that his Grace had not time to listen to little girls."

"But he asked me!"

"True. Be easy, child; there is no harm done."

It was the rule of the house among the Battiscombes, not to be demonstrative to the young children; but, if the eldest of the family dutifully restrained his speech, his tone and manner were perhaps all the more tender. Joanna remembered every look and tone and word of this short conversation to the last day of her life.

It did not matter her getting up from her bed to come; for she could not have slept for thinking of the glories of the day. She evidently understood that there was an element of danger in the triumph; and even in this child Christopher found a sympathy which did him good. She thought it

would be a finer sight to see King Monmouth actually crowned king, with the whole nation, instead of only the Taunton people, to rejoice at it; but she did not think even that so fine as seeing saints carried to heaven in a chariot of fire, with angels to guard them, as Enoch and Elijah were, and Faithful and Hopeful, after they were burnt alive. Might some people really be killed, —really be burnt alive for being glad to see King Monmouth? Was it likely that anybody would be?

"I think it is very likely," Christopher answered. "Who? You, yourself, Christopher? Not King Monmouth!"

"His Grace is in the most danger of anybody. But we are all in danger,—I, and you, and everybody.—'Father and mother?'—Yes, everybody, of all opinions. If, like our father and mother, they pause to think and consider, the victorious party will suspect them; and it is always easy to punish us Puritans, whether we declare for one king or another. But you will understand these things better when you are older. Now—"

"O! I understand," she replied quickly. "Our governess tells us of the children of God who have gone through the fire to Him; and of the followers of Christ who have borne the cross for his sake; and she says that we are living in the glorious time which must settle whether the true religion or that wicked Popery, or prelacy, which is almost as bad, is to conquer."

"That is quite true, I believe, Joanna."

"And," she went on, "that it all depends on whether King Monmouth prevails."

Christopher did not undertake to say that he believed this was quite true; so he said,—

"Then you would not be very miserable if it all ended in terrible affliction?—Suppose the enemies of religion were to kill you for saying such things as you have just been saying?"

"O, I wish they would! But perhaps it is being too proud to say that."

"I think it is. No,—I do not say it because of the pride, but because I do not feel it. I had rather that we succeeded, and lived to help to restore the Church; but it does not follow that I am afraid. All that we have to do with it, child, is to remember that our days may be pleasant or very painful, and to be ready and willing to take what God sends. If I should be killed—"

"Why, then, you will get over Jordan as well as anybody, I dare say; and when we come, it will be so pleasant that you will be there, waiting for us!"

"Mind you remember that!" said Christopher, drawing her to him tenderly. "Never forget that we agreed about this, on this day, and in this place! And if I should be killed, in battle or afterwards, you must be sure and tell father and mother and sisters that you and I agreed not to be afraid of dying, in any way whatever, for this cause."

"I will remember," Joanna promised.

"Now we must not stay much longer," Christopher said; "but I want to know about Madam Lisle."

"And I want to know," observed Joanna, "about Mistress Elizabeth Bankshope."



"What about that lady?"

"Whether she has staid at our house all this time; and when she will be my sister; and ever so many things."

Joanna got answers, such as they were: but it was not quite certain that no sound could be heard beyond the curtain; so the words were carefully guarded; and those most to the point were whispered. This started a new question.

"You are *not* ashamed to talk with me, because I am your little sister,—are you? I knew you would laugh at such a thought; and I told them so; but some of the girls said that grown gentlemen always are ashamed of being confidential with their sisters,—especially if they are small, like me."

"That is sometimes true, but not always," Christopher explained. "But you have not told me about Madam Lisle. Do you know where she is?"

"I should think she is at home. She rested here for a night last week; and she said she was going home because people should be at their own posts, and ready for anything that may happen in such times; and that they should not put their friends into danger. The Bishop would have had her stay at Wells; but she thought the widow of the chief Commonwealth man was not a fit guest for a bishop at this time."

"Did she say anything about the rising?" asked Christopher, in his lowest voice. "Anything about those of us who are engaged in it?"

"Only that she did not know what to think. He meant to go home and pray for the right and the truth; and a person so old might, she hoped, take a little time to watch and learn, and be satisfied about who should be the real true Protestant king."

"Our father is not nearly so old as she," observed Christopher; "and that is what he thinks is right to do."

"But you, Kit? King Monmouth is your king?"

"O yes; he is my king."

"Ah! to be sure! He is everybody's king. Madam Lisle could not doubt if she was with us here to-night,—could she?" As her brother did not answer, Joanna went on: "Nobody can doubt,—you cannot doubt,—can you?"

"Not for a moment as to what I ought to do; and that is all that matters. But, child, you must go now."

"I will," said the obedient little sister. All she wanted further was to know when she should see Kit again,—how long he would stay in Taunton,—when he would go home,—and whether he would carry a message to Mistress Elizabeth. She learned now that, when a gentleman became a soldier, he put his goings and comings into other people's hands. On the whole, Christopher thought he should hardly talk with any of his sisters again till the Duke of Monmouth should be really king.

"Nor with Mistress Elizabeth?"

"Nor with Mistress Elizabeth," he answered, cheerfully.

(To be continued.)

## CURIOSITIES OF CYPHER.

IN 1680, when M. de Louvois was French Minister of War, he summoned before him, one day, a gentleman named Chamilly, and gave him the following instructions:

"Start this evening for Basle, in Switzerland; you will reach it in three days; on the fourth, punctually at two o'clock, station yourself on the bridge over the Rhine, with a portfolio, ink, and a pen. Watch all that takes place, and make a memorandum of every particular. Continue doing so for two hours; have a carriage and post-horses awaiting you; and, at four precisely, mount and travel night and day till you reach Paris. On the instant of your arrival, hasten to me with your notes."

De Chamilly obeyed; he reached Basle, and on the day, and at the hour appointed, stationed himself, pen in hand, on the bridge. Presently a market-cart drives by, then an old woman with a basket of fruit passes; anon, a little urchin trundles his hoop by; next an old gentleman in blue top-coat jogs past on his grey mare. Three o'clock chimes from the cathedral-tower. Just at the last stroke, a tall fellow in yellow waistcoat and breeches saunters up, goes to the middle of the bridge, lounges over, and looks at the water; then he takes a step back and strikes three hearty blows on the footway with his staff. Down goes every detail in De Chamilly's book. At last the hour of release sounds, and he jumps into his carriage. Shortly before midnight, after two days of ceaseless travelling, De Chamilly presented himself before the minister, feeling rather ashamed at having such trifles to record. M. de Louvois took the portfolio with eagerness, and glanced over the notes. As his eye caught the mention of the yellow-breeched man, a gleam of joy flashed across his countenance. He rushed to the king, roused him from sleep, spoke in private with him for a few moments, and then four couriers who had been held in readiness since five on the preceding evening were despatched with haste. Eight days after the town of Strasbourg was entirely surrounded by French troops, and summoned to surrender: it capitulated and threw open its gates on the 30th September, 1681. Evidently the three strokes of the stick given by the fellow in yellow costume, at an appointed hour, were the signal of the success of an intrigue concerted between M. de Louvois and the magistrates of Strasbourg, and the man who executed this mission was as ignorant of the motive, as was M. de Chamilly of the motive of his.

Now this is a specimen of the safest of all secret communications, but it can only be resorted to on certain rare occasions. When a lengthy despatch is required to be forwarded, and when such means as those given above are out of the question, some other method must be employed. Herodotus gives us a story to the point: it is found also, with variations, in Aulus Gellius.

"Histieus, when he was anxious to give Aristagoras orders to revolt, could find but one safe way, as the roads were guarded, of making his wishes known: which was by taking the trustiest of his slaves, shaving all the hair from off his head,

and then pricking letters upon the skin, and waiting till the hair grew again. This accordingly he did; and as soon as ever the hair was grown, he despatched the man to Miletus, giving him no other message than this: 'When thou art come to Miletus, bid Aristagoras shave thy head, and look thereon.' Now the marks on the head were a command to revolt."—(Bk. v. 35.)

In this case no cypher was employed; we shall come, now, to the use of cyphers.

When a despatch or communication runs great risk of falling into the hands of an enemy, it is necessary that its contents should be so veiled, that the possession of the document may afford him no information whatever. Julius Caesar and Augustus used cyphers, but they were of the utmost simplicity, as they consisted merely in placing D in the place of A; E in that of B, and so on; or else in writing B for A, C for B, &c.

Secret characters were used at the council of Nicea; and Rabanus Maurus, Abbot of Fulda, and Archbishop of Mayence, in the ninth century, has left us an example of two cyphers, the key to which was discovered by the Benedictines. It is only a wonder that any one could have failed to unravel them at the first glance. This is a specimen of the first:

.Nc.p.t vîrs:::s B::n.f.c.:. :rch. gl::r::s.q:::  
m:rt.r.s

The clue to this is the suppression of the vowels and the filling of their places by dots,—one for i, two for a, three for e, four for o, and five for u. In the second example, the same sentence would run—Knekpkt vîrsxs Bpnkflekk, &c., the vowel-places being filled by the consonants—b, f, k, p, x. By changing every letter in the alphabet, we make a vast improvement on this last; thus, for instance, supplying the place of a with z, b with x, c with v, and so on. This is the system employed by an advertiser in a provincial paper, which we took up the other day in the waiting-room of a station, where it had been left by a farmer. As we had some minutes to spare, before the train was due, we spent them in deciphering the following:

Jp Sjddjzb rza rzdd ei sijmr, Bziw rzdd xr ndzt and in ten minutes we read: "If William can call or write, Mary will be glad."

A correspondence was carried on in the "Times" during May, 1862, in cypher. We give it along with the explanation.

WWS.—Zy Efpdolj T dpye l wppee ez mjcy pze jzf—xlj T daply qfwwj zy lww xleped le esp tyepcgtph? Te xlj oz rzzo. Eefle ez xj wzgp—T lx xtdpelmwp. Hspj xlj T rz ez Nlyepcmfej tq zywj ez wzzv le jzf.—May 8.

This means—"On Tuesday I sent a letter to Byrne for you. May I speak fully on all matters at the interview? It may do good. Trust to my love. I am miserable. When may I go to Canterbury, if only to look at you?"

A couple of days later Byrne advertises, slightly varying the cypher:

WWS.—Sxhrdktg hdbtewxcv "Tmwqxixdc axzt" udg pedewtg psktgexhtbce.—QNGCT. "Discover something *Exhibition-like* for another advertisement. Byrne."

This gentleman is rather mysterious: we must leave our readers to conjecture what he means by

"Exhibition-like." On Wednesday came two advertisements, one from the lady—one from the lover. WWS. herself seems rather sensible—

TXYDEPLO qz rztyr ez nlyepcmfej, T estyv jzf slo —WWS., May 10.

"Instead of going to Canterbury, I think you had much better stay at home and mind your business."

Excellent advice; but how far likely to be taken by the eager wooer, who advertises thus?—

WWS.—Fyctw jzfc qlespe lydlpud T hzye ldv jzf ez aczgp jzf wzgp xp. Efpdolj ytrse le zyp zuwzvn slgp I decytr qczx esp htyozh qze wpeeped. Tq jzt lep yze lmwp le zyp T htww hlte. Rzo nzxqzee jzf xj olcwtyr htpq.

"Until your father answers I won't ask you to prove you love me. Tuesday night at one o'clock have a string from the window for letters. If you are not able at one I will wait. God comfort you, my darling wife."

Only a very simple Romeo and Juliet could expect to secure secrecy by so slight a displacement of the alphabet.

When the Chevalier de Rohan was in the Bastille, his friends wanted to convey to him the intelligence that his accomplice was dead without having confessed. They did so by passing the following words into his dungeon, written on a shirt: "Mg dulhxcelgn ghj yxuj; lm et ulge alj." In vain did he puzzle over the cypher, to which he had not the clue. It was too short: for the shorter a cypher letter, the more difficult it is to make out. The light faded, and he tossed on his hard bed, sleeplessly revolving the mystic letters in his brain, but he could make nothing out of them. Day dawned, and, with its first gleam, he was poring over them: still in vain. He pleaded guilty, for he could not decipher "Le prisonnier est mort; il n'a rien dit."

We noticed in a back number of "ONCE A WEEK" some verses, or a story, we forget which, signed Azile Nostaw. Did the writer really intend concealing her name by simply inverting it? It was readable at a glance, and she might just as well have signed in the way of ordinary hum-drum folk. If, however, you invert a message, and then turn it into cypher, the difficulty of reading it is greatly enhanced.

Another method of veiling a communication is that of employing numbers or arbitrary signs in the place of letters, and this admits of many refinements. Here is an example to test the reader's sagacity:

§ +431 45 2+9 +§51 4= 8732+ 287 45 2+9  
+¶ = +

We just give the hint that it is a proverb.

The following is much more ingenious, and difficult of detection.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
A	a	d	g	k	n	q	t	x
B	b	e	h	l	o	r	u	y
C	c	f	i	m	p	s	w	z

Now suppose that I want to write *England*; I look among the small letters in the foregoing table for *e*, and find that it is in a horizontal line with *B*, and vertical line with *B*, so I write down *BB*; *n* is in line with *A* and *E*, so I put down *AE*; continue this, and *England* will be represented by *Bbaeaablaaaeab*. Two letters to represent one is not over-tedious: but the scheme devised by Lord Bacon is clumsy enough. He represented every letter by permutations of *a* and *b*; for instance,

A was written *aaaaa*, B was written *aaaab*  
C " " *aaaba*, D " " *aabaa*

and so through the alphabet. Paris would thus be transformed into *abbba*, *aaaaa*, *baaaa*, *abaaa*, *aaab*. Conceive the labour of composing a whole despatch like this, and the great likelihood of making blunders in writing it!

A much simpler method is the following. The sender and receiver of the communication must be agreed upon a certain book of a specified edition. The despatch begins with a number; this indicates the page to which the reader is to turn. He must then count the letters from the top of the page, and give them their value numerically according to the order in which they come; omitting those which are repeated. By these numbers he reads his despatch. As an example, let us take the beginning of this article: *t*en, *l*=1, *n*=2, *w*=3, *h*=4, *e*=5, *m*=6, *d*=7, *l*=8, *u*=9, *v*=10, *o*=11, omitting to count the letters which are repeated. In the middle of the communication the page may be varied, and consequently the numerical significance of each letter altered. Even this could be read with a little trouble; and the word "impossible" can hardly be said to apply to the deciphering of cryptographs.

A curious instance of this occurred at the close of the sixteenth century, when the Spaniards were endeavouring to establish relations between the scattered branches of their vast monarchy, which at that period embraced a large portion of Italy, the Low Countries, the Philippines, and enormous districts in the New World. They accordingly invented a cypher, which they varied from time to time, in order to disconcert those who might attempt to pry into the mysteries of their correspondence. The cypher, composed of fifty signs, was of great value to them through all the troubles of the "Ligue," and the wars then desolating Europe. Some of their despatches having been intercepted, Henry IV. handed them over to a clever mathematician, Viète, with the request that he would find the clue. He did so, and was able also to follow it as it varied, and France profited for two years by his discovery. The court of Spain, disconcerted at this, accused Viète before the Roman court as a sorcerer and in league with the devil. This proceeding only gave rise to laughter and ridicule.

A still more remarkable instance is that of a German professor, Hermann, who boasted, in 1752, that he had discovered a cryptograph absolutely incapable of being deciphered, without the clue being given by him; and he defied all the savants and learned societies of Europe to discover the key. However, a French refugee, named Béguelin,

managed after eight days' study to read it. This cypher—though we have the rules upon which it is formed before us—is to us perfectly unintelligible. It is grounded on some changes of numbers and symbols; numbers vary, being at one time multiplied, at another added, and become so complicated that the letter *e*, which occurs nine times in the paragraph, is represented in eight different ways; *n* is used eight times, and has seven various signs. Indeed the same letter is scarcely ever represented by the same figure; but this is not all: the character which appears in the place of *i* takes that of *n* shortly after; another symbol for *n* stands also for *t*. How any man could have solved the mystery of this cypher is astonishing.

Now let us recommend a far simpler system, and one which is very difficult of detection. It consists of a combination of numbers and letters. Both parties must be agreed on an arrangement such as that in the second line below, for on it all depends.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
4	7	2	9	1	10	5	3	6	8

Now in turning a sentence such as "The army must retire" into cypher, you count the letters which make the sentence, and find that *T* is the first, *H* the second, *R* the third, *A* the fourth, *N* the fifth, and so on. Then look at the table. *T* is the first letter; 4 answers to 1; therefore write the fourth letter in the place of *T*; that is *A* instead of *T*. For *h* the second, put the seventh, which is *y*; for *e*, take the second, *h*. The sentence will stand "Ayh utsr emay yhtser." It is all but impossible to discover this cypher.

All these cryptographs consist in the exchange of numbers or characters for the real letters; but there are other methods quite as intricate, which dispense with them.

The mysterious cards of the Count de Vergennes are an instance. De Vergennes was Minister of Foreign Affairs under Louis XVI., and he made use of cards of a peculiar nature in his relations with the diplomatic agents of France. These cards were used in letters of recommendation or passports which were given to strangers about to enter France: they were intended to furnish information without the knowledge of the bearers. This was the system. The card given to a man contained only a few words, such as:

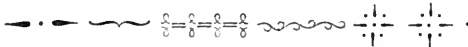
ALPHONSE D'ANGEHA.

Recommandé à Monsieur

le Comte de Vergennes, par le Marquis de Puysegur,  
Ambassadeur de France à la Cour de Lisbonne.

The card told more tales than the words written on it. Its colour indicated the nation of the stranger. Yellow showed him to be English; red, Spanish; white, Portuguese; green, Dutch; red and white, Italian; red and green, Swiss; green and white, Russian; &c. The person's age was expressed by the shape of the card. If it were circular, he was under 25; oval, between 25 and 30; octagonal, between 30 and 45; hexagonal, between 45 and 50; square, between 50 and 60; an oblong showed that he was over 60. Two lines placed below the name of the bearer

indicated his build. If he were tall and lean, the lines were waving and parallel; tall and stout, they converged; and so on. The expression of his face was shown by a flower in the border. A rose designated an open and amiable countenance, whilst a tulip marked a pensive and aristocratic appearance. A fillet round the border, according to its length, told whether the man were bachelor, married, or widower. Dots gave information as to his position and fortune. A full stop after his name showed that he was a Catholic; a semicolon, that he was a Lutheran; a comma, that he was a Calvinist; a dash, that he was a Jew; no stop indicated him as an Atheist. So also his morals and character were pointed out by a pattern in the angles of the card, such as one of these



So, at one glance the minister could tell all about his man, whether he were a gamester or a duellist; what was his purpose in visiting France; whether in search of a wife or to claim a legacy; what was his profession—that of physician, lawyer, or man of letters; whether he were to be put under surveillance or allowed to go his way unmolested.

We come now to a class of cypher which requires a certain amount of literary dexterity to conceal the clue.

During the Great Rebellion, Sir John Trevanion, a distinguished cavalier, was made prisoner, and locked up in Colchester castle. Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle had just been made examples of, as a warning to "malignants:" and Trevanion has every reason for expecting a similar bloody end. As he awaits his doom, indulging in a hearty curse in round cavalier terms at the canting, crop-eared scoundrels who hold him in durance vile, and muttering a wish that he had fallen, sword in hand, facing the foe, he is startled by the entrance of the gaoler who hands him a letter:

"May't do thee good," growls the fellow; "it has been well looked to before it was permitted to come to thee."

Sir John takes the letter, and the gaoler leaves him his lamp by which to read it:

WORTHIE SIR JOHN,—Hope, that is y<sup>e</sup> beste comfort of y<sup>e</sup> afflictid, cannot much, I fear me, help you now. That I wolde saye to you, is this only: if ever I may be able to requite that I do owe you, stand not upon asking of me. 'Tis not much I can do: but what I can do, bee you verie sure I wille. I knowe that, if dethe comes, if ordinary men fear it, it frights not you, accounting it for a high honour, to have such a rewarde of your loyalty. Pray yet that you may be spared this soe bitter, cup. I fear not that you will grudge any sufferings: only if bie submission you can turn them away, 'tis the part of a wise man. Tell me, an if you can, to do for you any thinge that you wolde have done. The general goes back on Wednesday. Restinge your servant to command. R. T.

Now this letter was written according to a preconcerted cypher. Every third letter after a stop was to tell. In this way, Sir John made out—"Panel at east end of chapel slides." On the following even, the prisoner begged to be allowed to pass an hour of private devotion in the chapel. By means of a bribe, this was accomplished.

Before the hour had expired, the chapel was empty—the bird had flown.

An excellent plan of indicating the *telling* letter or word is through the heading of the letter. "Sir," would signify that every third letter was to be taken; "Dear sir," that every seventh; "My dear sir," that every ninth was to be selected. A system, very early adopted, was that of having pierced cards, through the holes of which the communication was written. The card was then removed, and the blank spaces filled up. As for example:—

MY DEAR X.,—[The] lines I now send you are forwarded by the kindness of the [Bearer], who is a friend. [Is not] the message delivered yet [to] my Brother? [Be] quick about it, for I have all along [trusted] that you would act with discretion and despatch.

Your's ever, Z.

Put your card over the note, and through the piercings, you will read: "The Bearer is not to be trusted."

The following letter will give two totally distinct meanings, according as it is read, straight through, or only by alternate lines:—

MADemoisELLE, —

Je m'enpresse de vous écrire pour vous déclarer que vous vous trompez beaucoup si vous croyez que vous êtes celle pour qui je soupire. Il est bien vrai que pour vous éprouver, Je vous ai fait mille aveux. Après quoi vous êtes devenue l'objet de ma raillerie. Ainsi ne doutez plus de ce que vous dit ici celui qui n'a eu que de l'aversion pour vous, et qui aimerait mieux mourir que de se voir obligé de vous épouser, et de changer le dessein qu'il a formé de vous naîre toute sa vie, bien loin de vous aimer, comme il vous l'a déclaré. Soyez donc désabusée, croyez-moi; et si vous êtes encore Constante et persuadée que vous êtes aimée vous serez encore plus exposée à la risée de tout le monde, et particulièrement de celui qui n'a jamais été et ne sera jamais

Votre ser'ture M. N.

We must not omit to mention Chronograms. These are verses which contain within them the date of the composition. So at Graz, on the mausoleum of the Emperor Ferdinand, is the following:—

ferDinanDVs seCVnDVs ple VIXit ple obIIt: that is, 1637.

A very curious one was written by Charles de Bovellet: we adapt and explain it:—

The heads of a mouse and five cats . . . M.CCCO  
Add also the tail of a bull . . . . . L  
Item, the four legs of a rat . . . . . IIII

And you have my date in full . . . . . M.CCCCLIII (1554.)

It is now high time that we show the reader how to find the clue to a cypher. And as illustration is always better than precept, we shall exemplify from our own experience. With permission, too, we shall drop the plural for the singular.

Well! My friend Matthew Fletcher came into a property some years ago, bequeathed to him

by a great uncle. The old gentleman had been notorious for his parsimonious habits, and he was known through the county by the nickname of Miser Tom. Of course everyone believed that he was vastly rich, and that Mat. Fletcher would come in for a mint of money. But, somehow, my friend did not find the stores of coin on which he had calculated, hidden in worsted stockings or cracked pots; and the savings of the old man which he did light upon, consisted of but trifling sums. Fletcher became firmly persuaded that the money was hidden *somewhere*; where he could not tell, and he often came to consult me on the best expedient for discovering it. It is all through my intervention that he did not pull down the whole house about his ears, tear up every floor, and root up every flower or tree throughout the garden, in his search after the precious hoard. One day he burst into my room with radiant face.

"My dear fellow!" he gasped forth; "I have found it!"

"Found what?—the treasure?"

"All but,—I want your help now:" and he flung a discoloured slip of paper on my table.

I took it up, and saw that it was covered with writing in cypher.

"I routed it out of a secret drawer in Uncle Tom's bureau!" he exclaimed, "I have no doubt of its purport. It indicates the spot where all his savings are secreted."

"You have not deciphered it yet, have you?"

"No. I want your help; I can make neither heads nor tails of the scrawl, though I sat up all night studying it."

"Come along," said I, "I wish you joy of your treasure. I'll read the cypher if you give me time." So we sat down together at my desk, with the slip of paper before us. Here is the inscription:—

$$\begin{array}{c} \text{D} \\ \dots \lambda 282\text{§}9\beta 0\beta 2\lambda \chi 379 + \text{)} 789(9(88\text{¶}7 \div) 8 - 2\text{§} + 9 \times \text{§} 2\text{§} \\ \text{A} \\ - 29\text{§} - \text{)} 8228\bar{\chi} 7\lambda 0\text{§} 2\lambda * 9\chi 79 + \times \text{§} - 7 - \beta * \gamma \chi 9 - \text{¶} \\ \text{B} \\ \beta - \chi \text{§} \lambda 4\text{§} \parallel \text{§} 8 - = 8\chi 2\text{§} \chi 82\text{§} - + \text{§} 8\chi \text{§} \odot \text{§} 8\chi \text{§} 2\text{§} \text{§} 2 \\ 8\chi 7\beta \lambda (2\text{§} 8 + 8\chi \lambda = \lambda \text{¶} 9\beta \parallel \lambda 7 = - + \div - \chi \text{§} \text{§} 1\lambda \chi * 92 \\ - + 2. \end{array}$$

"Now," said I; "the order of precedence among the letters, according to the frequency of their recurrence, is this, e a o i t d h n r s u y c f g l r w b k p q x z. This, however, is their order, according to the number of words begun by each respectively, s e p a d i f b l b t, &c. The most frequent compounds are th, ng, ee, ll, mm, tt, dd, nn. I say Matthew, do you see any one sign repeated oftener than the others in this cryptograph?"

"Yes, S; it is repeated 23 times," said Fletcher, after a pause.

"Then you may be perfectly satisfied that it stands for e, which is used far oftener than any other letter in English. Next, look along the lines and see what letters most frequently accompany it."

"2§ undoubtedly; it follows S in several places, and precedes it in others. In the second line we

have 2§ 8—S 2§—2§ 8; and in the third, 2§ 8 again."

"Then we may fairly assume that 2§ 8 stands for *the*."

"*The*, to be sure," burst forth Fletcher. "Now the next word will be money. No! it can't be, the e will not suit; perhaps it is treasure, gold, hoard, store."

"Wait a little bit," I interposed. "Now look what letters are doubled."

"88 and 22," said my friend Mat.

"And please observe," I continued, "that where I draw a line and write A you have e, then double t, then e again. Probably this is the middle of a word, and as we have already supposed 2 to stand for t, we have —ette—, a very likely combination. We may be sure of the t now. Near the end of the second line, there is a remarkable passage, in which the three letters we know recur continually. Let us write it out, leaving blanks for the letters we do not know, and placing the ascertained letters instead of their symbols. Then it stands—e~~x~~th~~e~~x~~e~~th—h~~e~~x~~e~~th~~e~~x~~e~~th—e. Now here I have a  $\chi$  repeated four times, and from its position it must be a consonant. I will put in its place one consonant after another. You see r is the only one which turns the letters into words. —er~~th~~er~~th~~—here. here the—surely some of these should stand out distinctly separated—er~~th~~ere~~th~~—here. here the. Look! I can see at once what letters are wanting; th— between there and here must be *than*, and then *here* is—must be—*where*. So now I have found these letters.

S=e, r=t, §=h,  $\chi$ =r, —=a, +=n,  $\odot$ =w.

and I can confirm the  $\chi$  as r by taking the portion marked A—etter. Here we get an end of an adjective in the comparative degree; I think it must be *better*.

"Let us next take a group of cyphers higher up; I will pencil over it D. I take this group because it contains some of the letters which we have settled—*eathn*. *Eath* must be the end of a word, for none begin with athn, thn, or hn. Now what letter will suit eath? Possibly *h*, probably *d*."

"Yes," exclaimed Fletcher, "*Death*, to be sure. I can guess it all: 'Death is approaching, and I feel that a solemn duty devolves upon me, namely, that of acquainting Matthew Fletcher, my heir, with the spot where I have hidden my savings.' Go on, go on."

"All in good time friend," I laughed. "You observe, we can confirm our guess as to the sign  $\chi$  being used for *d*, by comparing the passage —29§—) 228 $\chi$ , which we now read, *t. had better*. But *t. had better* is awkward; you cannot make 9 into o; 'to haü,' would be no sense."

"Of course not," burst forth Fletcher. "Don't you see it all? *I had better* let my excellent nephew know where I have deposited—"

"Wait a bit," interrupted I; "you are right, I believe. *I* is the signification of 9. Let us begin the whole cryptograph now:—*N.tethi.i.t.re.ind.e.*"

"Remind me!" cried Fletcher.

"You have it again," said I. "Now we obtain an additional letter besides *m*, for *t. remind me is*

certainly to remind me. We must begin again :—  
*Note thi. i. to remind me.*"

"*This is,*" called out my excited friend, whose eyes were sparkling with delight and expectation. "Go on; you are a trump!"

"These, then, are our additional letters :—  
 )=d, 7=m, β=s, 9=i, λ=o. *To remind me i. i. ee. m. death m.h for m. death,* I read my death, and *i. i. ee,* I guess to be, if I feel. So it stands thus :—'Note.—This is to remind me, if I feel my death nigh, that I had better—'"

I worked on now in silence; Fletcher, leaning his chin on his hands, sat opposite, staring into my face with breathless anxiety. Presently I exclaimed,

"Halves, Mat! I think you said halves!"

"I—I—I—I—my very dear fellow, I—"

"A very excellent man was your uncle; a most exemplary—"

"All right, I know that," said Fletcher, cutting me short. "Do read the paper; I have a spade and pick on my library table, all ready for work the moment I know where to begin."

"But, really, he was a man in a thousand, a man of such discretion, such foresight, so much—"

Down came Fletcher's hand on the desk.

"Do go on!" he cried; and I could see that he was swearing internally; he would have sworn *ore rotundo*, only that it would have been uncivil, and decidedly improper.

"Very well; you are prepared to hear all!"

"All! by Jove! by Jingo! prepared for everything."

"Then this is what I read," said I, taking up my own transcript :—

"*Note.—This is to remind me, if I feel my death nigh, that I had better move to Birmingham, as burials are done cheaper there than here, where the terms of the Necropolis Company are exorbitant.*"

Fletcher bounded from his seat. "The old skin-flint! miser! screw!"

"A very estimable and thrifty man, your great-uncle."

"Confounded old stingy —," and he slammed the door upon himself and the substantive which designated his uncle.

And now, the very best advice we can give to our readers, is to set to work at once on the simple cypher given near the commencement of this paper, and to find it out.

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

## LLEWELLYN'S VENGEANCE.

LLEWELLYN AP JORWERTH, Prince of Wales, and representative of its ancient line of kings, married Joan, natural daughter of King John. When they had been some years married Llewellyn unfortunately captured William De Bråose, a Norman noble, who, being related to Llewellyn, was treated by him with all kindness and courtesy. This treatment De Bråose is said to have repaid by an intrigue with the Princess Joan, the wife of Llewellyn; this was discovered, and summary justice inflicted upon the offender; Llewellyn is said to have made a display of the effects of that justice in the manner shown in this Ballad.

It is but right, however, to add that, though the subject of popular rhymes and traditions, the story of the intrigue is denied by authorities worthy of respectful consideration.

By the castle of Llewellyn  
 One age-hollowed oak doth stand,  
 Bearing fruit—no other like it  
 Grows upon Llewellyn's land.

One huge fruit—'tis centuries vanished  
 Since upon't an acorn grew;  
 Giant trees have long while perished  
 Which from it their life-sap drew;

Thunder-stricken, jagged and splintered,  
 Cracks and fissures in its side,  
 One arch-vent through which a monarch  
 With unbending plume might ride;

He who climbed its vigorous branches  
 Is the patriarch of a tribe;  
 Him who saw it as a sapling  
 We to ancient days ascribe;

Navies from it have been timbered  
 So long is it since 'twas young;—  
 What strange fruit is that which pendent  
 From one stark bough still is hung?

One huge fruit that sways and gyrates  
 In the night wind to and fro;  
 Sometimes striking on the great trunk  
 With a hollow ringing blow,

Just as if its rind were iron?  
 Strong as cord its stem must be,  
 So great weight and strain upholding,—  
 Fearful fruit for wondrous tree—

Just before the chamber window  
 Where Llewellyn sits alone;  
 He the heir of kings unnumbered,  
 On the shadow of a throne.

Hapless is a race once royal,  
 Ages cannot all efface  
 Ghostly memories whose weird splendours  
 Make subjection seem disgrace.

Mourn a throne, there's much to mourn for,  
 Though he owns His will who broke  
 From his hand the ancient sceptre  
 By disastrous stroke on stroke.

Still through all his trials looked he  
 Bravely forward,—nought could tame  
 That high spirit fit to wrestle  
 With all ills except with shame.

Ever fronting foes o'erwhelming,  
 Ever ready with his life  
 For his country's weal and honour,  
 First in council, first in strife.

But who marked him closely noted  
 How a paleness, day by day,  
 Settled on his shrinking visage,  
 And his brown locks turned to gray

Suddenly !—since some one whispered  
How his friend was false and fair,  
And—but see, the thought has stung him,  
And, upspringing from his chair,

Down in heavy folds a curtain  
Draws he, thick and treacherous screen,  
O'er that window whence the stark oak  
With its dangling fruit was seen.

To the chamber of the Princess  
Takes he then his threatening way ;  
Lords and pages, guards and menials  
Absent are this fatal day.

Through the woods and glens they're chasing  
Savage wolf and antlered deer ;  
Hunt and revel was his order,  
Though himself seeks other cheer.

No wood music more shall rouse him,  
Hound and horn have lost their tone,—  
Through the castle towers and courtyards,  
Lord and Lady move alone.

And his footsteps clang and echo  
Through the rooms and corridor,—  
As he leads her forth to look on  
Some one she has known before.

Leads her with his hand in gauntlet,  
(Not the glove of courtesy)  
While keen words of scorn and anger  
Dagger-like between them fly.

Down the line of life-like trophies  
Where his dead sire's arms are hung,  
Pointing each with rusted weapon  
Upwards where his banner swung.

And the Princess treads beside him,  
Startled, wondering, proud withal,  
Through his railing, through his charges,  
Scornfully retorting all ;

Till they enter that dim chamber,  
Where Llewellyn sat alone :—  
Hark ! was that the creak of armour  
Outside, through the wind's low moan ?

Towards the curtained window pointing,  
Spoke Llewellyn mockingly,—  
" Gentle lady, gentle lady,  
What would'st give thy love to see ?"

Proud, defiant, past all patience,  
Answered she as mockingly,—  
" Wales and England and Llewellyn  
For my love I'd give the three."

Hark ! again the creak of armour  
Outside, through the wind's low moan ;  
Scarce the Princess' troubled spirit  
Kept her from an answering groan.

From the window rolled the curtain  
Like a dragon to the floor,  
And the stark oak stood before her  
Dangling the great fruit it bore.

Bred in guilt, and nursed in pleasure,  
Hot with ease, but ripe with woe,  
There the great fruit on the stark oak  
Sways and gyrates to and fro,—

To and fro it sways and gyrates,  
Scorning blasts that make one reel ;  
Sure that stem is tough as cordage,  
And that rind is strong as steel.

Starting eyes, arms upthrown wildly,  
A shriek, a fall, showed well she knew  
What was there, and whence was grafted,  
That fruit which to vengeance grew.

Cut it down, and at the tree-foot  
Hide it in a nameless hole ;—  
If the core was once De Brâcosé,  
Heaven have mercy on his soul.

C. H. W.

### THE POLISH MYSTERY—THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

SOME weeks ago I was travelling through Poland. I had made the journey from Berlin with some Polish ladies, dressed in what, I believe, would properly be described as half-mourning, the sort of dress that a widow might wear whose bereavement already sat lightly on her. Amongst other articles of attire, my friends wore pearl-grey gloves, which showed off with much precision the delicate smallness of their hands. On approaching Warsaw I saw that these gloves were removed, hidden in their reticules with a half-suppressed sigh, and replaced by sombre black gloves, which undoubtedly were not equally attractive. On my inquiring the cause of this change, I was told that it was not lawful to wear anything but black gloves in Warsaw, because "the government" had forbidden it. On inquiring further, I found that the government was not, as I supposed, the Russian one, but the secret conclave which rules Poland at the present hour, and has ruled it for the last year or more. The extent of their authority seemed to me revealed more clearly by this fact than by any other I had heard before, and during my short residence in Poland, I tried to make out as much as I could of the doings of this mysterious body. It was, of course, very little that I could learn. Such scraps, however, of information as I picked up on the subject may, perhaps, be interesting.

It so happened that in Berlin I had acquaintances, who probably were better informed about Poland, and had more communications with Polish patriots, than most of the inhabitants of that stolid, beer-drinking capital. My friends, in as far as Germans can sympathise with what they consider, rightly or wrongly, as an inferior race, were strongly in favour of the insurrection. Being Germans, of course they held the orthodox Teutonic doctrine, that it is the mission of the fatherland to improve the Slavonic nations off the face of the globe, or, at any rate, of Western Europe. But, as between Poles and Russians, their sympathies went strongly with the former.

If I had listened to their advice I should, before starting on my journey to Poland, have provi-

ded myself with a pass from the Polish National Government at Warsaw. They offered very kindly to obtain one for me; but the offer, however tempting, was coupled with conditions which rendered it to me, at any rate, decidedly unacceptable. I should have had to pledge myself, in the event of there being any risk of this document falling into the hands of the Russian authorities, to swallow it bodily like a pill, having carefully chewed it first into a state of pulp. I misdoubted sadly my own faculty of masticating paper in the presence of Cossack soldiers; and I was alarmed at the possible consequences which might result from the failure of the experiment. The Russians, I reflected, might very reasonably consider me an agent of the insurgents, and, in that case, my career would probably have terminated with undesirable brevity; or else the National Government might select me for punishment, as having, however unwittingly, furnished some clue to their discovery. So, on the whole, I resolved to run whatever risk there might be in travelling unindorsed by the insurrectionary authorities. Fellow-countrymen of mine, whom I met in Poland, had been more venturesome, and carried with them a crumpled scrap of paper, closely resembling in size and colour a Prussian thaler note, on which certain cabalistic characters were inscribed, recommending them to the good services of all Polish patriots. However, I could not discover that these documents had ever been of much use to them, or rather no occasion had turned up on which they needed any further protection than that afforded by the obvious and patent fact of their being Englishmen. We may sneer as much as we like at home at the "Civis Romanus" doctrine, but any Englishman who has lived much abroad knows its value fully. If you can rely upon your papers, or, still better, upon your dress and look, to show that you are a British subject, you are pretty safe in any portion of the civilised world. Even if you get murdered, ample redress is certain to be exacted for your death; and though this fact is probably no particular consolation to the sufferer on the eve of military execution, it is an immense guarantee against the risk of any injury being done to you. My passport was duly viséed and in order; and, furnished with that, I considered my safety was tolerably well secured. Such I found the fact to be; and I would recommend all Englishmen placed in my position to follow my example, and keep clear of all dealings with revolutionary governments.

But though I question the "Regulator," as the Poles call their government, having much assistance to offer strangers, or wielding any great authority in purely rural districts, there is no doubt about its existence, or its power in all the great towns of Poland. To any one acquainted with the mechanism of printing it will seem absolutely inconceivable that newspapers could be composed, printed, published, and circulated regularly, in the midst of a large city, without anybody interested in the matter being able to detect where and by whom the enterprise was conducted. A printing-press, however small, occupies a considerable space of room, and the work of printing

is of a nature on which many hands are required. The copies which I saw of the papers of the National Government at Warsaw, were not mere handbills, but regular newspapers of four pages each, about the size of a page of ONCE A WEEK. Now the Russian government would assuredly give an enormous reward to anybody who would betray the names of the persons connected with this Polish printing establishment; and yet, in spite of this known fact, papers are printed regularly, under the very nose of the Russian officials, without their being able to lay their hands upon the persons who conduct the operation. This one fact in itself speaks volumes. It is impossible to believe that any one of the thousands, or tens of thousands of Poles, who must have, to say the least, a shrewd suspicion as to the names of the members of this secret organisation, should be of such a heroic type, as to be able to withstand every inducement of terror or avarice. The plain truth is, that fidelity is secured by terrorism. Every Pole knows that to betray this secret to the Russians would be to expose himself to certain and absolute vengeance. Death for death, he prefers to die by Russians rather than by his own countrymen, as a martyr rather than as a traitor. No sum of money is of any value as a bribe, if the receiver knows that he will be stabbed like a dog to-morrow. But, still, this explanation only removes the difficulty one step further off.

The world stands upon the tortoise; but upon what does the tortoise stand? To the question how an unknown and nameless committee, living in daily jeopardy of their own lives, can have it in their power to condemn any traitor to death with the absolute certainty that their order will be executed, I could obtain no sufficient answer. The theory placed before me by persons most likely to be acquainted with the truth, and the one, I own, which commended itself most also to my judgment, was simply this. The National Government exists by sufferance of popular opinion, and is powerful only so long as it acts in consistence with that opinion. Now public sentiment will indorse heartily the assassination of a spy or a traitor; but it will not sanction the infliction of the punishment of death on persons whose only crime is their defencelessness. On various occasions the National Government has endeavoured to forbid petty tradesmen and mechanics from rendering compulsory service to the Russians. The composers were ordered not to work at the government presses, and the railway servants were ordered to throw up their appointments. Here, however, its authority failed to carry out its edicts. The argument, *Il faut vivre*, was felt to be irresistible. Over the nobles and over men of wealth and position, the jurisdiction of the secret committee is supreme. Men of this class are expected by public opinion to make any sacrifice required of them for the good of Poland, and if they refuse to do so, popular feeling sanctions any penalty that may be inflicted on them. This sentiment holds good in a far stronger degree of spies and traitors. They have no friends, and their fate, however cruel, is considered well deserved. But when it came to punishing men whose sole fault was that they had paid taxes to the Russian authorities,



when compelled to do so by sheer force of arms, the feeling of the community would not support the act. The decrees issued by the National Government forbidding payment of taxes under compulsion, and prohibiting manual labour in the employment of the Russian government, were never carried into execution, and have had to be dropped silently. The fact is, as I take it, that all terrorism breaks down before the tacit resistance of the multitude. The "Sed perit postquam cædonibus esse timendus cœperat" is true of all reigns of terror, and so, when the National Government tried to interfere with the daily life of petty shopkeepers and workmen, it found that there was a limit to its power.

No doubt this theory, if correct, pre-supposes an almost incredible unanimity of public sentiment; but then I do believe the Poles to be unanimous to an incredible degree in their dislike to the Russians. The hatred of the Spaniard for the French, or of the Italian for the Todeschi, scarcely I suspect, approached in intensity that of the Pole for the Muscovite. It is this universality of hate which constitutes the strength of the Polish Committee of Public Safety. The impression appears to be that, if the names of this body were known, they are not such as to command any great weight or influence in the country. It is known, too, that many of their acts are bitterly disapproved of and condemned by the more educated and wealthy Poles. Yet the authority of this clique of unknown men, who are supposed to be petty lawyers and needy professional men, is acquiesced in readily by the proudest of the Polish aristocracy. There are many and obvious advantages in the fact, that the members of this body should not be men of family and eminence. Such men carry their lives in their hands, as I believe pretty well every educated Pole would do readily at the present hour; but they carry no one else's. If a Czartoriski or a Zamoiski were found guilty of belonging to this mysterious conclave, the whole of his fortunes and his family would be involved in his ruin. If some Polish Smith or Brown is arrested, he is killed with more or less of cruelty, and there the matter ends. Moreover, the Polish nobles reckon confidently that they can always keep this Vigilance Committee within due bounds, from the fact that they provide the money for its expenses, and that, in case of need, they could stop the supplies. I am not sure whether this calculation is a sound one, or whether the Polish nobles might not find they had created a power too strong for them to curb or suppress. But the belief is entertained and acted upon pretty generally.

However, be the case what it may, the fact is certain, that the National Government has maintained itself for months at Warsaw without detection; that its authority over the Poles is recognised readily, and that the names of its component members are utterly unknown. A foreign friend of mine, resident at the Polish capital, told me that the nearest approach he ever had to direct communication with the National authorities, was after this wise:—One morning at a very early hour, he received a visit from a Polish nobleman, whose name was unknown to him. On being

introduced, his visitor apologised repeatedly for intruding upon him at such an inconvenient time, but pleaded absolute necessity as an excuse. He stated that he had arrived late the previous evening at Warsaw, and that he was obliged to continue his journey the same morning. He declared that he knew nobody in the city, but that since his arrival he had received orders to deliver a letter to my friend in person. After professing complete ignorance of the contents of this missive, the mysterious messenger took his departure, and was seen no more. The letter, on being opened, proved to be a communication from the National Government, cautioning my informant against talking freely in the presence of his servants, as they were spies in the pay of the Russian police. The power of the National Government is not confined to Russian Poland. Two or three days before I passed through Cracow, there was a Polish gentleman—an Austrian subject—stopping at the Hotel de Saxe, where, like most travellers, I took up my quarters. This gentleman shortly before had declined to pay a forced loan levied upon him by order of the National Government at Warsaw. In the middle of the day, in the centre of a crowded and busy hotel, four agents of this hidden body entered this gentleman's room and began labouring him with sticks. The Pole happened to be a resolute man, and with the aid of his water-jug, offered so sturdily a resistance, that his assailants took to flight. Any attempt however to discover the men who had committed the outrage failed utterly; they were shielded by the sympathy of the population, and no single one of the scores of persons about the hotel who must have known their names could be forced to reveal them.

If you ask a Pole how he can justify such acts of tyranny as these, he does not attempt to do so; but he tells you that, after all, the National Government, whatever its faults may be, is a native Polish one, not a Russian; and that he must support his own people against foreigners; and this policy explains the power of this modern Wehmgericht. E. D.

### "THE SIRENS."

SWEET evil of the sea! fair-wingèd girls  
Who dwell by Seylla's wide insatiate maw,  
Or where Charybdis foaming ever curls  
His shining waters, mortal never saw  
Terrors more pleasing, ne'er heard sweeter swell  
Of music than from out your rocky cell.

Though the wind urge the doomèd ship away,  
Though favouring breezes fill her bellying sails,  
Still can one sweet low voice the vessel stay,  
One loving whisper calm the boisterous gales.  
Ah me! for all her crew, who homeward bound  
Still love to linger on that silvery sound.

All unaware, with pleasure to their death  
They pass, lul'd ever by that dulcet band,  
Till the song chances to a fitful breath,  
Rustling through bones which whiten on the sand;  
But the next ship which sails that sunny sea  
Hears only the sweet Sirens' melody.

Well have the poets fabled such a tale,  
 In the creative mind of olden time,  
 Such to a younger age seems but a veil,

Fair as the fairest summer of their clime,  
 In which they would adorn a moral truth  
 Which, unadorn'd, must cause too bitter ruth.



For their cold creed would fain explain away  
 The Sirens' music as the noise of waves,  
 Beating tumultuous in some rocky bay,  
 Or echoing faintly from some distant caves ;  
 Yet in that legendary song, I wis,  
 Is hid some truth of morals such as this.

Yet no—'twere better without explanation,  
 That each should make his Siren what he list,  
 For magic music is in every station  
 To make man listen where he should resist ;  
 Listening, aye, listening to those loving tones,  
 Perchance he changes into whitening bones. J. M.

## BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XI. THE GREAT FEAR.

SIGNOR SANDRO BERTOLDI, after leaving Giulia at the palazzo Bollandini, had returned home to see people from the country about the conscription, he said. The whole country, he declared, seemed to be going out of its senses about it, and everybody, especially the country-people, were wanting information on the subject, the communal authorities respecting the duties which the law required of them, and the young men and their families respecting all the possible grounds of exemption, and possibilities and cost of finding substitutes. Subsequently the government took this matter of finding substitutes into its own hands, naming a fixed sum at which the conscript might buy himself off. But at the time in question substitutes could only be had by private arrangement and bargain, and the trade of procuring them gave rise to a great many frauds and abuses.

This dreaded measure had been threatened and looked forward to with the utmost aversion; had been discussed and grumbled over for many months past; and now at last it was come. The law had been duly passed; proclamation throughout the country had been made, and all the requisite notices served on the authorities of the different communes. The mode of carrying out the measure was as follows:—

The number of men which the province is required to furnish, in due proportion to its population, having been fixed, and this amount having been notified to the authorities of the provincial capital, the mayor and syndics of the different communes received orders to return a full and complete list of all the male population of their jurisdictions within the legal age. The lists are to include *all*, without reference to any claims for exemption. These are afterwards preferred, examined, and allowed, if clearly good, by the authorities of the provincial capital. No exemptions, however, on the ground of physical unfitness are admitted on this first scrutiny, except such as are absolutely notorious, palpable, and unmistakable; as, for instance, in the case of a hunchback, or a man with one leg.

When the communal lists have been thus sent in, and of course the interest of all concerned, and the mutual jealousies of those liable to be drawn are a guarantee for their completeness, a day is appointed for the drawing, in the presence of the magistrates with every provision to ensure fairness, and with all publicity, in the capital of the province. But, as the whole mass of the population (within the prescribed ages) has been submitted to this drawing, and as it is certain that a very considerable proportion of those drawn will be rejected as unfit for military service, this ceremony is by no means decisive of the lot of many

of those who are anxiously awaiting the award of their destiny. Thus, if five hundred men are required, he who has drawn No. 501 is, if he be medically unexceptionable, as sure of having to serve as if he had drawn No. 1.

It will easily be understood, therefore, how sharp and anxious an interest is prolonged during the time that elapses between the drawing and the medical visit; what inquiries, what speculations, what anxious investigations into the previous health of this or that individual, what hunting-up of evidence, what canvassing of medical men.

The proportion of men rejected is considerable in every province of Italy; but it is much larger in some than in others; larger also, as might be expected, in the towns than in the rural districts. Romagna is not one of the provinces in which the rejection is heaviest. But there is another circumstance which may diminish the number of those who have drawn bad numbers, *i. e.*, numbers within that of the quota of men required, and which may then affect the fate of those who come next on the roll—desertion! That is the time for desertion; that anxious fortnight or so, between the drawing and the inspection. And of course it is the able-bodied men who desert. And this source of failure cannot be calculated on like that arising from medical objections. And in this respect, also, there is a considerable difference between one province and another. And if the rich and healthy Romagnole hills and plains gave a light rate of medical rejections, the desertion rate was specially heavy there, for the reasons which were assigned in the first part of this story.

And the whole interest attaching to that terrible day of the inspection and final making up of the roll, immediately after which the conscripts have to join the depôts, is not confined to the simple ascertaining that this or that man is clearly unfit for military duty, as perhaps ought to be the case. Another element enters to increase the uncertainty and complicate the interest.

The medical commission which examines the proposed conscripts, is composed of the medical officers attached to the military administration, and the medical men employed by the respective communes. Now these two component parts of the medical board are swayed by diametrically opposed objects and interests. The object of the colonel or other officer, who is always present, and of *his* medical men, is to obtain the flower and pick of the whole population. He wants, not only men capable of serving, but the finest and best men. Hence the object of him and his medical supporters is to reject on the smallest possible grounds. The desire of the communal authorities on the other hand, of *their* medical men, and of the population generally, is to protect those who

have drawn the better or higher numbers, to limit the suffering and the discontent within as narrow a circle as may be, and not to extend them to those who have had reasonable ground to think that they had escaped. Hence arise sharp conflicts between the two authorities, ending of course very variously, according to the weight, or courage, or energy, or skill of the contending parties. And thus another element of great uncertainty is imported into the lottery.

And now the day had been fixed for the drawing up of the communal lists. Little else was talked about in the country districts, and even in the cities the conscription became the leading topic of interest to all men, and certainly not less so to all women.

At Bella Luce the anxiety was certainly as keenly felt as in any homestead of all the district. There were two sons there, but the conscription could not take them both. The monster, ruthless as it was, had some bowels of compassion. It did not deprive parents of an only son! Carlo Vanni therefore was safe! His name would be returned in the communal list, but merely for the formal fulfilment of the law. His claim to exemption would be immediately allowed as a matter of course. But Beppo was of course liable. There was no chance of any objection being made to him. On the contrary, if his number should be at all within reach, it was very certain that the military officers would make every effort to lay their hands on the finest young fellow in all the country side.

But of course it was supposed in the world of Santa Lucia that Beppo Vanni would never have to serve. What! the son of old Paolo Vanni of Bella Luce! Why he could buy a dozen substitutes if needed! The old fellows who knew Paolo Vanni well, had some doubt upon this subject. Don Evandro, who knew him thoroughly well, had no doubt at all about it. It might have been in his power to induce his old parishioner and friend to come down with a part of his hoarded *scudi* to buy his son's freedom. But Don Evandro had no intention to do anything of the sort. He had more than one reason for not wishing that any part of old Paolo Vanni's money should be spent in such a manner. In the first place it would be lending aid and support to the heretical and accursed Italian government. Don Evandro, as has been said, was a keen politician. He was a priest of that class, which, while entirely giving up the world, in so far as making themselves before all things churchmen, and having no interest, or ambition, or affection for anything save the Church can be called giving up the world, yet remain, to all spiritual interests and purposes, intensely worldly. He was a sworn, true, and loyal churchman, ready to sacrifice much, to dare all things, and to deem all things permissible for the service of the Church. But of any other meaning of the term, save the visible and bodily constitution of the great corporation to which he belonged, he had about as much idea as a Red Indian.

The curate of Santa Lucia intended, therefore, that his parish should furnish as few men to Victor Emmanuel as might be. There were the hills near

at hand! There was no contending influence on the spot to thwart his—no resident land-owners, no gentry! He had always possessed a very powerful influence over his—not all very poor, but all very ignorant—parishioners; and now he meant to use it. It was necessary to be careful, however! The government was on the watch; it knew very well that the priests were almost to a man its enemies; its suspicions were fully aroused; and the game to be played was not one altogether without danger.

But the curato had in the special case of Beppo Vanni a second reason for not choosing that he should either serve his time in the army or be bought off by his father. He had thoroughly espoused his old friend's cause in the matter of Beppo's marriage. It was all in the line of his own duty and scheme of conduct to secure Sandro Bertoldi's money to the right side, instead of allowing it to go entirely to swell the means of the enemy, as would be the case if Lisa married Captain Brilli: not to mention that a match between Giulia and Beppo might, as the priest shrewdly guessed from all he had ever seen of Giulia, go far to endanger the subserviency of the Vanni money also to the good cause. It was therefore on all accounts necessary that Beppo should marry Lisa, and should not marry Giulia.

Those who live in a state of society in which priestly influence has comparatively little power over the secular affairs of private life, and which is not divided into two utterly opposed parties by any such broad line of demarcation as that which separates Italian society into irreconcilably hostile camps, can hardly appreciate at its real importance the effects of such a system of tactics, as that above indicated, carved out by so powerfully an organised body as the Italian clergy consistently, perseveringly, and unflinchingly.

Now, if Beppo went to serve his time, he would come back with an additional prestige in Giulia's eyes, utterly emancipated from priestly control, and very probably in a great degree emancipated from parental control also. His return might be looked for at a fixed and known time, and there was every thing to encourage Giulia to wait for him.

If, on the other hand, his father were induced to conquer his avarice so far as to pay the sum necessary to procure a substitute, he would remain in the country free to continue his pursuit of Giulia, and it would be very difficult to keep them apart.

But if, on the contrary, old Paolo were counselled to refuse to pay for a substitute,—counsel which he would be only too ready to follow—and if Beppo should get a bad number, and could be persuaded to go off to the hills, Victor Emmanuel would lose a first-rate soldier; a contribution to the general lawlessness, discontent, and ungovernableness of the country would be achieved, and Beppo would be effectually separated from Giulia; his return uncertain; his entire future precarious and full of difficulty; and possibly—who could tell?—Old Paolo's succession secured to the much promising and well-disposed Carlo.

And what were the views of honest Beppo himself respecting this dreaded conscription? Unfor-

unately they were such as to render him but too easy a victim to the priest's designs, should he have the misfortune to be drawn to serve. Beppo was a thorough "contadino," with all the feelings, all the prejudices, and all the ignorance of his class. The thought of being carried away from his native hills to some unknown and strange country, was intolerable to him. He had but very hazy and vague notions as to the nature of a soldier's life and duties. It was something, he knew, which men maimed and mutilated themselves to avoid—which men had before now killed themselves to avoid. For such stories of the desperation of the populations subjected to the remorseless conscription of Austria had reached those hills. He knew, or supposed he knew, that it involved monk-like self-abnegation, and entire subjection to the will of another in all things. None had ever, in the experience of these Romagnoli rustics, left their country in compliance with the horrible conscription, and returned to their homes. None could have done so, for the conscription was now applied to that country for the first time. But in the absence of any such experience, all possibility of return was disbelieved. To be taken by the conscription was to bid a long adieu to all that made life precious, and to go forth into some unknown but terribly imagined state of misery and torment, never more to see the beloved hills, and yet more beloved faces of Romagna!

And even if he were to believe in the possibility of a return at some distant period, how could Beppo bear to tear himself away from Giulia, as matters stood with him? If she loved him, if she would only admit that he was dear to her, and he could think of her, while he was undergoing his terrible fate in some distant land, as safe at home, thinking of him, waiting for his return, and unexposed to the pursuit of others, the misery might be more tolerable. But, as it was, to leave her unwon, to leave her a mark for the admiration and pursuit and wooing of all the young men in Fano, and he far away the while, not knowing anything, but dreading all things respecting what was going on at home—this was absolutely intolerable to him. He could not face it.

So there was but a lottery chance between poor Beppo and frantic desperation! If the chance were to go against him, the priest's suggestions would find him but too well prepared to listen to them.

As to the hope that his father would, if the bad chance hit him, sacrifice such a sum as would liberate him from it, he had little or no hope of that. He knew his father too well! And a Romagnole peasant has too great a veneration for money, and too vivid a sense of the difficulty of obtaining it, and of the amount of toil, patience, self-denial, and time which hoarded money represents, to blame his father in his heart for his avarice as severely as another might have done. In truth, Beppo could have given the money to save himself, or to save one he loved; but he considered that in so doing he should have been reprehensible rather than otherwise, on the score of profusion and reckless extravagance. No! He had no expectation that his father would sacrifice money to buy him off his fate.

Little was known yet among the rural communes on the subject that was engrossing all their thoughts, except that the orders for making out the lists of those liable to serve had come, and that the lists were about to be made forthwith. But this first step in the business involved no action on the part of the victims, and no outward and visible sign of the action of others. It was completed silently in the bureaux of the authorities. It was like the first driving together of a herd of wild cattle, destined to be afterwards forced through some narrow pass, where the hunters will pick them off as they rush by. There was a vague knowledge among the herd that they were being driven together, and that was all as yet.

All was ignorance and doubt, and terror made worse by these. A thousand different reports were spread about the country. Some said it was only a precautionary preparation, in case there should be war with Austria, and might therefore never come to anything. Some said that the drawing was fixed for the following year; some, that it all depended on the king's pleasure; some, that it was all a chance; some few, that it was a dreadful certainty, and that the drawing was to be proceeded with directly.

Tormented by all this doubt and uncertainty, Beppo determined to make it partly the real motive, and partly the excuse, for a journey to Fano. He fancied that his father had been less willing than used to be the case, to allow him to go to the city. He used to go frequently on market days; but lately his father for two or three weeks past made excuses for keeping him at home; and upon one occasion during that time, when the business of the farm had required that somebody should go to Fano, the old man had chosen to go himself. Beppo understood very well that the purpose of all this was to keep him from seeing Giulia—very likely to make her think that he did not care to see her. But now his father could hardly object to his going to the city in a matter of such vital importance to himself. Poor Beppo was in truth very anxious to obtain some certainty upon the subject; but he was yet more anxious if possible to see Giulia, and ascertain how she was going on—whether she had already gathered a circle of admirers about her; whether she had made any acquaintances of any kind; whether she was turning into a fine town lady.

So, one evening as they were returning from the field, he broached the subject to his father, saying that he ought to make himself acquainted with the truth about the conscription.

Old Paolo admitted that, and said that he would consider what day he could best be spared from the farm; but his real object was to consult his spiritual adviser upon the point.

So, instead of lounging in the "loggia"—as he smoked his cigar, after supper, before going to bed—he strolled up to Santa Lucia, and saw the priest.

"Beppo has been telling me, your reverence, that he wants to go to Fano to learn about the conscription. I doubt me, he wants something else more!"

"No doubt, no doubt! I wonder you have been able to keep him quiet so long. Yes! let

him go to Fano. It is right that he should learn all the particulars of the new law, since they touch him so nearly."

"He talks of going on Saturday."

Saturday was the Fano market-day, on which large numbers of the countrymen of the neighbouring districts (more of those from the surrounding plains, however, than of the hill-people) were wont to assemble in the great piazza of the city.

"I am going in myself, on Saturday," replied the priest. "Suppose—or—no," he added, after a little meditation; "tell him that there is something to be done,—that you cannot well spare him on Saturday; but that he may go on the following day. I may just as well see Signor Sandro myself, and perhaps La Giulia, too, before he goes in."

Old farmer Vanni, who, in fact, scarcely ventured on an action, in any direction, without the advice and approbation of his friend Don Evandro, was, as is generally the case with hen-pecked husbands and priest-ridden laymen, specially unwilling to be thought to be guided by the curator's advice. So he said nothing that night in reply to his son's proposal; but while they were at their work the next morning, which was the Friday, he told him that he was loth that the hoeing of the bean-crop should be left till it was finished; rain might come—most likely would come—and then, where should they be. If he would stay to-morrow, and get the job finished, he should go to Fano on Sunday.

So it was settled that Beppo was to go into the city on the Sunday.

#### CHAPTER XII. THE CHURCH OF THE OSERVANTINES.

ON the Sunday morning, accordingly, Beppo started on his way to Fano. The priest had made his intended visit to the city on the Saturday, and had come home at night. But none of the Bella Luce family had seen him since his return. Beppo's heart beat fast as he found himself nearing the city; and, in his nervous impatience, he could not forbear from pushing on his horse to a speed that brought him to the end of his journey a good half-hour earlier than he had calculated on arriving. In the dearest and sleepest of Italian cities there always is a little more stir and life on a Sunday than on other days. And this extra movement is not wholly ecclesiastical in its character. Sunday is the great day for recreation and amusement of all kinds, not despite the efforts of the clergy to make it otherwise, but with their approval and sanction. But there are various sorts of secular business, not partaking in any degree of the nature of diversion, which are apt to fall into the course of the Sunday's occupations. It is naturally the day on which the country can most easily come into town. Such shops as they may be likely to need are apt to be open; and such business as may involve interviews between them and the denizens of the city are wont to be transacted.

Beppo, having put up his horse at the *osteria* used by the *contadini* from his part of the country, hurried to the house of Signor Sandro. From

him he could learn all he wanted to know about the conscription, and from Lisa he doubted not that he should be able to find out the whereabouts of the house in which his treasure was lodged;—a circumstance of which he had as yet been able to ascertain nothing;—for, of course, neither his father nor Don Evandro were likely to afford him any information upon this subject. Indeed, Signor Paolo did not himself know where the house of Giulia's mistress was situated.

It was about eleven o'clock when Beppo reached the attorney's house. The little man was in his office; and Beppo was told that he must wait in a passage, where three or four other countrymen, in their best Sunday attire, were already waiting, seated on a long bench against the wall, till their turn should come to be admitted to the attorney's presence.

Had they been townsmen, they would all, however much previously strangers to each other, have been in full conversation together. But being *contadini* they sate in silence, with careworn anxious faces, but with meek-eyed patience, till the great authority sitting in that awful sanctum on the other side of the partition-wall should be ready to receive them, and give them the fateful answers of the oracle. But Beppo, in his anxiety, had raised his voice in speaking with the servant-girl who had opened the door to him; and the attorney, having overheard and recognised it, came hurrying out of his den with his pen in his hand.

"What, Signor Beppo! Is it you? What good chance is it brings you to Fano? Delighted to see you, as we always are!"

"There were two or three things, Signor Sandro—" began Beppo, slowly and timidly; but the brisk little man cut him short.

"Look here, Signor Beppo!" he said, taking him by the button, and drawing him a little down the passage away from the men who were sitting there, and dropping his voice to a whisper; "you see how it is—all these people waiting to see me! Never was so busy! All through this troublesome conscription! Have not a minute to spare! But, look here; come back at one, and eat a bit of dinner with us. Poor Lisa will be so delighted to see you; and I know your visit is more to her than to me. Ah, you young fellows! Well, I was young myself once! And then we shall have leisure for a little talk. *A riveder—la!* At one, mind! And Beppo," added the little man, standing on tiptoe to whisper in his ear, "Lisa is gone to mass at the Church of the Servites. If you should happen to fall in with her there, don't tell her that I told you so."

And so saying he opened the door for his visitor, and hurried back to the discussion of exemptions and substitutes with his clients.

Beppo, with thus nearly two hours on his hands, did not, despite his being utterly at a loss how to get rid of them, feel much inclined to go to the Servite Church. He wanted to have some conversation with Lisa, too. But the very evident hints of Signor Sandro, to the effect that it was expected of him that he should make love to her had the effect of making him feel shy. It takes so much to make an Italian of the cities feel shy, and so

little to produce that effect on one of the *Contadino class*!

Beppo felt more inclined to spend his two hours in wandering through the city, to try if he could divine from the outward appearance of the houses which of them held his Giulia. It seemed to his imagination an absurd and incredible thing that she should be behind any one of those walls or windows, and that no recognisable difference should exist in that wall or window—that there should be no *schekinah*, no outward and visible glory betokening the presence of such an inmate. He went mooning through the streets at hazard, gazing at the houses and windows wistfully, but without being able to obtain the slightest satisfaction from the investigation.

At length, having wandered into a part of the city far away from the attorney's house, he found himself in a quiet, utterly-deserted street, partly made up of dead walls. But on the opposite side to that on which he was standing, and a little in advance of him, there was a small church, and beyond that a very large and handsome palace. There was not a soul besides himself in the street; but as he stood gazing down it, and doubting whether he should go any farther in that direction, which seemed to lead to the outskirts of the town among a wilderness of garden-walls and open spaces, he saw a party of people coming out of the little church, and beginning very slowly to descend the steps that led to its door.

They moved very slowly; for the lady who came first was enormously fat: and though she had the arm of a young man to assist her—an officer of *Bersaglieri*, Beppo saw by his uniform, which, from a regiment of that branch of the service having been for some months stationed at Fano, was known to him—she came down the steps with some difficulty. But in the next moment all the blood in his body seemed to make a sudden rush to his heart, and there remain in a great frozen lump. Behind that enormous fat woman came—*la Giulia*! And—heavens and earth!—she had another of the same corps in attendance on her; not an officer, but a corporal! Yes, there was his stripe—a corporal of *Bersaglieri*! Was it possible! Could he believe his eyes! He must be mistaken! The beautiful creature he was looking at, as if she had been a Medusa, seemed more beautiful to his eyes than ever. Was it Giulia? She was no longer dressed altogether as a *contadina*; and though still wearing only a kerchief on her head it was far more coquettishly arranged than it used ever to be at Bella Luce; and there were sundry other little town-bred changes in her costume that seemed—to the eyes which had the Bella Luce Giulia so indefaceably photographed on their retina—to make the present avatar very different from the old one, though the worshipper could not deny that it was one of enhanced glory. But was it Giulia, or was he dreaming?

How exquisitely lovely, but yet how detestable—how horrible was the vision! Who and what was that horrid corporal—brisk, smart, tight little man—who wore his round plumed hat in the most jaunty manner? Corporals of *Bersaglieri* are all brisk, smart, tight little men, who

wear their hats in a jaunty manner. And he danced and skipped by Giulia's side, chattering and gesticulating, and looking up into her face; and she was laughing, and looking as happy as a queen. She had never laughed when he had looked into her face. And now that disgusting corporal! evidently a very witty and agreeable corporal;—she was listening to all he said, and evidently amused by it. She could have bounded down the church-steps like one of the Bella Luce goats, and so could the corporal of *Bersaglieri* too, for that matter. But slow as the fat woman in front of them was, they seemed to be in no hurry; but stopped, and laughed, and sauntered on again, clearly well pleased to linger over the matter as long as might be.

Beppo, at the first moment of catching sight of her, had thrown himself precipitately behind a pillar by the side of a palace-door, on the side of the street on which he was standing; and had watched all the above dreadful spectacle, cautiously looking out from behind it. But, as he bitterly said to himself, there was no danger of her seeing him: she was far too much occupied by listening to that odious corporal!

But, once again, could it be Giulia? Or was it possible that his eyes, even at the distance at which he was, could see Giulia and doubt whether it were really she, or not?

While he was still gazing out from behind his shelter, with fixed stony eyes and open mouth, the fat lady achieved the descent of the steps, and, waddling along the pavement with the assistance of the captain's arm, turned in at the grand door of the palace next door to the church. Giulia—if it was Giulia—and the corporal followed her; and Beppo was left staring after them, among the people, who had by that time begun to leave the church.

Surely it could not be that Giulia lived in such a grand house as that! Signor Sandro had spoken of the lady, in whose service she was to live as by no means a rich person;—a widow-lady living quite in a modest manner. It could not be that that was her residence: he must have been mistaken! Now the glorious yet hateful vision was no longer before his eyes, he began to persuade himself that it must have been a mistake—an hallucination! Yet, again—his head swam round!—he was determined to know the worst. He had already made a step or two across the street with the intention of entering the alarmingly magnificent porch, in which the party he had seen had vanished (captain, corporal and all), when he was arrested by the thought of how he was to accomplish his purpose. He must ring at the great door; when the servant came what was he to say?—ask if one Giulia Vanni lived there? And if the reply were in the affirmative, what then? His *contadini* timidity and shyness dared not thus beard the city magnificences. Besides, he should soon know all! There was another way. He would go at once to the Church of the Servites, and see if he could meet Lisa; if not, he should probably find her at home. From her he should be able to learn the truth.

So he asked one of the people who were coming from the church, from which the fat lady and her

attendants had issued, and obtained a direction to the Servite church. The high-mass was just over there also, by the time he reached it; and he had not watched at the door long before little Lisa, accompanied by her maid, came out. She looked so smart in her Sunday-dress, that poor Beppo felt shy of accosting her there, in the street, amid all the people thronging out of the church. But the emergency was too pressing to admit of hesitation. So he stepped up to her, and instantly disobeyed her father's injunction by saying:

"Signorina, your father told me that I should most likely find you here. I came in from Bella Luce this morning."

"Oh, Signor Beppo! I am so glad to see you! I have been thinking that you were never coming to Fano any more! And yet—one would have thought that you would have found more to do in the city than ever! What on earth has become of you? You have not come a bit too soon, I can tell you."

"What do you mean, Signora Lisa?" replied Beppo, while a cold sweat came over him. "Is there—anything new?"

"*Altro!* You should not have stayed away so long. Out of sight out of mind, you know!"

"May I walk home with you, Signorina? Your father has kindly asked me to dine there. But I came here because I was so anxious; and—I knew that you would—tell me—tell me—all!" faltered Beppo, whose words seemed to stick in his throat as he uttered them.

"But first tell me why you have been so long without coming to Fano? I thought, of course, that you would have come in to see Giulia at least every market-day. And I am sure she expected it, too, though she has never said a word. And in all this time you have never been near her once."

"Because I could not! They would not let me leave the farm. Oh, Signora Lisa! can you doubt that I was anxious to come?—But, now that I have come—what am I the better? What can I do? But, do you know, Lisa," he continued, dropping his voice to a shuddering whisper, "I think I have seen her—I think I saw her in the street this morning."

"Think you saw Giulia! Why, Signor Beppo, what do you mean?" said Lisa, looking up at him in amazement. "Don't you know whether you saw her or not? Did you not speak to her if you saw her?"

"No! I did not speak to her. I—I—I did not feel certain—she seemed so changed. But tell me first of all where she lives? Is it a very large house?"

"Yes. The Palazzo Bollandini; one of the largest palaces in Fano!"

"Very grand?"

"Yes; a very fine house."

"And is it next door to a church?" asked Beppo, in increasing agony, while his great stalwart legs seemed to tremble under him.

"Yes, it is next door to the Church of the Observantines. Why, what of it?"

"And is—the lady she is living with a very stout woman?" asked he, still hoping against hope, and

longing to hear that Giulia's mistress was by no means particularly stout.

But Lisa ruthlessly destroyed the last gleam of hope.

"Yes, La Signora Dossi is a very stout woman," she said.

"Then it is all over with me!" said Beppo, in a voice of the deepest despair; "there can never be anything again between me and Giulia!"

"What do you mean, Signor Beppo? All over between you and Giulia, because Signora Dossi is very fat! What can you mean? I do not understand you this morning! If it was after dining with papa, instead of before——"

(The Romagnoles are not marked to the same degree by that exemplary sobriety which distinguishes the Tuscans.)

"I am sober enough, *pur troppo!*" returned Beppo, with intense sadness in his voice. "Then I did see Giulia, just now. She was coming out of a church with a monstrously fat woman, and they went into an enormous palace next door."

"Well! and why did you not speak to her?"

"Lisa," said Beppo, in a low voice of the deepest tragedy, "Lisa, there was a corporal with her!"

"Ah, the corporal!" said Lisa, in a voice which indicated that the corporal was no new phenomenon to her.

"Lisa!"

"And who was with the fat lady?" asked Lisa, rather hurriedly.

"The fat lady had hold of the arm of a captain of Bersaglieri."

"Dear me! I wonder what o'clock it is!" said Lisa. "I wonder whether there could be time. We don't dine till one, and cook is always a quarter of an hour behindhand."

"Time for what, Signorina Lisa? It is striking the quarter to one, now, by the clock in the piazza. Oh, Lisa! I am very miserable!" said poor Beppo, in a tone which seemed to convey a little reproach for the manner in which she had received his communication of the misfortune of the corporal.

"Time to go and see—Giulia before dinner. I was thinking we could go together, and pay a visit to Signora Dossi; but I am afraid we have not time," she added, with a voice of much disappointment.

"Me! I could not think of doing such a thing!" said Beppo, with terror and horror in his voice.

"What! not go and see Giulia!"

"With that corporal there!" shuddered Beppo.

"Oh! the corporal is only with Captain Brilli. That was Captain Brilli that you saw with La Signora Dossi," blushing a little, and laughing a little more.

"Oh—h—h! Ah—h—h!" with a varying intonation that marked the progressive development of enlightenment in his mind; "that is why you would go there. But, Signora Lisa, I can't go there to see that corporal and Giulia together. It would make me mad!"

"But that is just the reason you should go there, Signor Beppo," reasoned little Lisa. "Perhaps, if you had not stayed away from Fano so



long, the corporal would not have had so good a chance. But take my word for it, Giulia don't care a fig for him. He *does* go on with her, to be sure. And he is a very amusing man, the corporal. And what is a poor girl to do?—and such a girl as Giulia is, too! How can you think that she is to live in a town like Fano,—specially when the place is full of officers and soldiers,—and not be admired and run after?"

Poor Beppo groaned deeply. "How long has she known the man?" he asked despondingly.

"Oh! Captain Brilli goes very often to *La Dossi*. I hardly ever can see him anywhere else to speak to him. And Corporal Tenda is very much with him. I believe the corporal\* at home in Piedmont is rather above his position in the army. He is a very respectable sort of man, I fancy. And so he made acquaintance with Giulia, you see. And how could she help it? But I don't believe she cares a bit about him,—not to say, really care," pleaded Lisa.

But Beppo had seen the corporal's manner and his look, as he seemed, to Beppo's imagination, to surround her on all sides at once with his accursed agile assiduity; he had seen the attention Giulia was according to him, and had observed the merry laughing intelligence in her eye. He had contrasted with this his own physical and mental attitude when near her, and her manner towards him; and the iron had entered into his soul!

(To be continued.)

## EXTRAORDINARY DREAMS.

THE belief in dreams is one which has existed among all nations through all time; and the records of every people contains remarkable instances of their fulfilment. In giving the following instances of the actual realisation of dreams in ancient and modern times, I am not influenced by any desire to increase the credulity which seems to have reached its culminating-point in the case of spirit-rappings, but simply to furnish food for reflection for the minds of those who take pleasure in the consideration of subjects removed from the hard facts of everyday life. The first I shall relate is one which I believe has never been published. I heard it told by a Brazilian naval officer, on board the steamer in which we were making a voyage to Lisbon, last summer; it will be as well, perhaps, to give it in his own words, as nearly as I can remember them:—

"Three years ago myself, my brother, his wife and child, and a negro nurse, were cruising in a schooner belonging to him off the Brazilian coast, for the sake of the benefit to be derived from the sea-air. We were sailing across the Bay of Todos Santos, intending to anchor at Bahia, when I saw that the negress, who had just brought the child on deck to wash it, was crying bitterly. As I knew that my sister-in-law was very partial to her, I wondered what could be the matter; but as I made a rule at all times, and especially when we were living together, not to mix myself up in any way in my

brother's domestic affairs, I asked no questions. That morning, when we sat down to breakfast, I noticed that my sister looked very serious, which was not at all usual with her. Presently she said: 'You will think me very foolish, Pedro, but nurse has had a dream about my sister, and she takes it so to heart, and so firmly believes it to be true, that she has quite frightened me.'

"And what was her dream?"

"That Marie is dead! The nurse says that she had got up to get the child some drink, a little before it was light, and had just dropped off asleep again when she dreamed that she heard Marie's voice quite plainly, calling her by her name. She forgot where she was at the moment, and answered her as though she had been at home, and was not at all surprised to find herself standing beside the sofa on which Marie was lying, until the thought occurred to her that she was now at sea, and that there must be hundreds of miles between them. My sister, she says, was looking eagerly towards the door, as if she expected her to come when she called. She was partly dressed, and seemed in great distress that Jacinta did not come. After a few moments she called Jacinta twice rapidly, and then became deadly pale, and sank down motionless. At that instant the door opened, and two of the women came in hastily, one carrying a light in her hand. Jacinta woke then, and has been crying ever since; for she says she is sure my sister is dead. You know Jacinta was her foster-mother, and they have always been as fond of each other as mother and daughter could be. I have been trying to persuade her that it is nothing but a dream, and that she will find Marie alive and well when we get home; but it is no use trying to comfort her—she persists that she is dead, and she is so convinced of it that, though I do not believe there is any ground for the belief, I cannot help feeling anxious and ill at ease.'

"His wife was so troubled that my brother determined on getting home as soon as possible. It took us longer than it otherwise would, because the wind went down soon after we got out of the bay, and it was no use landing on any part of the coast nearer than Pernambuco. As I did not share my sister-in-law's fears with respect to Marie, I was not much troubled by the slowness of our progress; still I was not sorry when we anchored, for it had become so dismal on board that it was anything but a voyage of pleasure. I am almost afraid to tell you the rest—it appears so extraordinary. I did not leave Pernambuco with them, for I had to make preparations for going to sea again, and my time was short; but I made them promise to send a man with an account of the state of matters directly they reached home. The second day after this I had been dining with one of the government officials; and the cards had just been arranged on the table, and we were about to begin play, when one of the servants came to tell me that a messenger had brought a letter from my brother. I went out directly, and the first look at the fellow told me that something was wrong. I opened the letter on the spot. It confirmed Jacinta's dream in every particular. Marie had been to a dance, came home little

\* It may be observed, also, that the social distance between an officer and a non-commissioned officer is very much less in the Italian Army than in our own.

before midnight; and as soon as her maid had arranged her hair she sent her to bed. She made no complaint of being unwell. The maid was woke out of her sleep by hearing her mistress call Jacinta in a voice which frightened her, and, lighting a candle, she ran to her room, followed by one of the other women, who had also heard my sister-in-law calling Jacinta, knowing that the latter had been away some time. They found their mistress lying on the sofa without her dress, and quite dead. Making allowance for the distance between us at the time it happened, her death must have taken place at the very instant when Jacinta dreamed it."

Numerous suggestions were made by the listeners to account for the coincidence, but they were all overthrown as soon as started. The only plausible one, as it seemed to me, was that made by a Spanish priest on his way to Vigo, which was that Jacinta was aware of some complaint, being likely to end in sudden death, under which Marie was labouring, and that absence from her kept the idea prominently before her. The occurrence of the dream at the precise time when the event took place he regarded as a simple coincidence. "Indeed," he said, "I do not regard it as being nearly so extraordinary a coincidence as many which happen in every man's life, but which are scarcely noticed because they are associated with matters of trivial interest: the really wonderful part of the matter is the identity of the circumstances under which the death took place with those seen in the dream."

Of dreams that may be easily accounted for is that which has been often quoted of a lady whose son was engaged to take a sail on a lake on the following day with some friends. In the course of the night she dreamed that the boat upset, and drowned all in it. She woke up very much alarmed, and after a time fell asleep, and dreamed the same thing again and again. This made such an impression upon her that she induced her son not to go. The boat was upset, and those in it drowned. This, also, is a remarkable coincidence no doubt, but nothing more. Nervous mothers are always fancying that something will happen to their sons if they go anywhere, or do anything in which there is the least possibility of danger; but it rarely happens that their fears are realised. In this instance, had the boat returned safely, nothing would have been heard of the dream.

In 1553, Nicholas Wotton, our ambassador in France, dreamed two nights in succession that his nephew Thomas Wotton, then in England, was about to join in an enterprise which would result in the death and ruin of himself and family. To prevent such a catastrophe he wrote to Queen Mary, and begged her to send for his nephew, and cause him to be examined by the Lords of the Council on some frivolous pretence, and committed to the Tower. This was done: and on the ambassador's return Thomas Wotton confessed to him that, but for his committal to prison, he would have joined the insurrection led by Sir Thomas Wyatt. It is also recorded of the same Thomas Wotton that he, being then in Kent, dreamed one night that the Oxford University treasury had been robbed by five persons; and as he was writing to

his son at the university the next day, he mentioned his dream. Singular to relate, the letter reached Sir Henry Wotton on the morning after the robbery had been actually committed, and led to the discovery of the perpetrators. M. Boismout, in a work on the subject of dreams, relates that a young woman who was living with her uncle, and whose mother was many miles distant, dreamed she saw her looking deadly pale, and apparently dying, and that she heard her ask for her daughter. The persons in the room, thinking it was her granddaughter she wanted, who had the same name, went to fetch her; but the dying woman signified that it was not she, but her daughter in Paris whom she wanted to see. She appeared deeply grieved at her absence, and in a few minutes ceased to exist. It was afterwards found that her mother did actually die on that night, and that the circumstances attending her death were precisely those her daughter had witnessed in her dream. There is another instance which we remember to have read, but we are unable at this moment to refer to the book in which it is related: it is as follows. A man who was employed in a brewery suddenly disappeared, and nothing could be ascertained respecting him. Years passed away without the mystery being cleared up, until one night one of the workmen, who slept in the same room with another, heard the latter muttering something in his sleep about the missing man. The workman questioned him, and elicited replies from him to the effect that he had put the man into the furnace beneath the vat. He was apprehended on the following day. He then confessed that he had quarrelled with the other, and that in the passion of the moment he had killed him, and disposed of the body by putting it in the furnace.

The author of "Signs before Death" tells of a certain Captain John Rogers, who commanded a vessel proceeding to Virginia—that he one night left the deck and went to bed, leaving the chief-mate in charge of the vessel. About three hours afterwards he woke, and heard the second-mate asking the other officer how the vessel was going, and heard the chief mate reply that the wind was fair, and the vessel was sailing well. The captain then fell asleep again; and dreamed that a man pulled him and told him to go on deck. He woke, turned over, and went to sleep again; and again dreamed the same thing, and this repeatedly, until he could bear it no longer, but dressed and went on deck. The night was fair, and there was nothing apparent to excite alarm. He questioned the mate and received satisfactory answers, whereupon he turned to go below; but as he did so, he seemed to hear a voice close to him say, "Heave the lead." He asked the mate when he last took soundings, and what depth of water he got. The latter answered, "About an hour ago; and found sixty fathoms." The captain ordered him to heave the lead again. The soundings were eleven fathoms, and at a second cast only seven fathoms. The vessel was put about immediately, and as she wore round she had only four fathoms and a half under her stern. The next morning they found they were within sight of the American coast, and that had the vessel continued

but one cable's length further on the course she was steering in the night she would have gone ashore.

There is a singular dream recorded in "Warley's Wonders of the Little World," of an English gentleman residing in Prague. He was lying in bed one morning, when he dreamed that a shadow appeared to him, and told him that his father was dead. He awoke in great alarm, and taking his diary, made an entry of the circumstance, with the day and hour when it took place. This book, with many other things, he put into a barrel and sent to England. Going from Prague to Nuremberg, he met at the latter place a merchant who had come from England, and who knew his family well. This gentleman told him that his father was dead. Four years later he himself reached this country; but, before he would touch the barrel he had sent from Prague, he procured the attendance of his sisters and some friends, and in their presence opened the barrel, took out the book, and called their attention to the entry. To the astonishment of all present, the date was that of the day on which his father died. This same gentleman says: "I may lawfully swear, that in my youth, at Cambridge, I had a like dream of my mother's death; where, my brother Henry, lying with me, early in the morning, I dreamed that my mother passed by with a sad countenance, and told me 'that she could not come to my commencement' (I being within five months to proceed Master of Arts, and she having at that time promised to come to Cambridge). When I related this dream to my brother, both of us waking together in a sweat, he protested to me that he had dreamed the very same; and when we had not the slightest knowledge of our mother's sickness, neither in our youthful affections were any whit moved with the strangeness of this dream, yet the next carrier brought us word of our mother's death."

The dream related by Sir Walter Scott must be so well known, that we hesitate to repeat it; but we will do so, because we think it is susceptible of explanation. Mr. R., of Bowland, a gentleman of property in the Vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of tiend, for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family (the titulars). Mr. R. was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased those lands from the titular, and, therefore, that the present prosecution was groundless. But after an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law-business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of the lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed the determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He even went to bed with this resolution; and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purport: His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him

why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. R.] thought he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to acquire any evidence in support of his belief. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade; "I did acquire right to these tiends for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. —, a writer, who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible that Mr. — may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date, but you may call it to his recollection by this token,—that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern." Mr. R. awoke in the morning, with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth his while to ride across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream; and, without saying a word of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered the circumstance, which after some consideration he did, and produced the papers. There is every probability, in this case, that Mr. R. had been told this by his father when he was very young, and, from not understanding the importance of the information, had paid so little attention to it that he had quite forgotten it. That incidents of old date, totally forgotten in our waking moments, frequently recur to the memory during sleep, we have most of us experienced.

The belief that dreams reveal events that have happened, or which are about to happen, had doubtless been much weakened of late years by reading; but it may be questioned whether it is not now almost as strong as ever it was, owing to the publication, in the "Times" and other papers, of the case of a man who dreamed more than once that he had seen the body of a man hanging in a barn, which dream impressed itself so strongly upon his mind, that in the morning he went to the barn he had seen in his dream, and there found a man hanging. There was another instance, published in the same journal subsequently, of a man who dreamed that the body of one who had been missing for some time lay under water on a certain part of the coast, where indeed it was found.

A very circumstantial account is given of two friends, who entered a town together, but being unable to get accommodation in the same inn, separated. In the middle of the night one of them heard his friend calling to him for help. He awoke from his sleep, but finding it was only a dream, he immediately went to sleep again; but awoke, directly after he had fallen asleep, by hearing, as it appeared to him, his friend's cries for

help. Again he fell asleep, and dreamed that his friend stood all bloody beside his bed, and said to him: "Though you would not come to help me, at least avenge my death. The landlord of the inn where you left me intends to carry my body out of the town concealed in a load of straw." The young man was so impressed by this dream, that he dressed himself and went to the city-gates, where he remained until they were opened. Shortly afterwards he saw a cartload of straw approaching, and in the driver he recognised the landlord of the inn where he had left his friend. He appealed to the guard at the gates, told them of his suspicions, and without much trouble induced them to search the straw; and there they found the dead body of his friend, whom the landlord confessed he had murdered.

The last dream of this kind I shall quote is related, I think, in a "History of the County of Chester." I am forced to give it from memory, as I cannot refer to the volume at this moment. I omit the names, for the sufficient reason that I cannot remember them, though they are given in the history referred to above. The narrative is somewhat long, but is to this effect. A man had living with him a young woman, who acted as his housekeeper. On the understanding that she was to be his wife, an evil intimacy sprang up between them, and certain consequences arose which made her very earnest in her persuasions that he should fulfil his promise. Upon some pretence or other he sent her to a place at some distance, with one Mark Sharp, who killed her as they were crossing a moor, and threw her body down the shaft of a disused mine. A little after this a miller saw, or imagined he saw, the apparition of the young woman standing before him, with her hair hanging about her shoulders and dreadfully gashed in the head. She told him that she had been murdered by Mark Sharp at the instance of her master. He did not do anything in consequence of this apparition on the first occasion; but when it appeared to him again, and threatened him if he did not go to the magistrate and inform him of what he had seen, he went to the justice, and related the whole affair. The man was apprehended and examined, and while under examination it was noticed that the justice became deadly pale, the cause of which was stated afterwards, — namely, that he himself saw, standing in court, the apparition, exactly as it appeared to the miller.

The dreams related above are, there is no denying, very wonderful; and they are only a few of a very large number that might be given, if it were worth while, or space would allow of their publication. But when we reflect on the small number of these in proportion to the myriads which are experienced nightly, the wonder is rather that so few of them have anything like a fulfilment. That mysterious part of our being which communicates activity to the brain never sleeps, and gives rise to incessant dreaming; so that no man passes a night without awaking to a consciousness that his brain has been busy with events which he can seldom recall in his waking hours. The most curious part of the phenomenon is, that the man who never thinks—that is to say, the man

who never carries out a train of thought on any subject—has usually short and broken dreams, which change rapidly from one subject to another; whereas the man who is in the habit of reasoning with himself at any length, or of exercising his imagination in the invention of fictions when awake, commonly has dreams of wonderful method and regularity.

### THE MAIDEN OF LÜNEBURG.

In the spring of 1813 the French occupied a large portion of the north of Germany. The spirit of the nation was roused against the invaders, and a determined effort was made to drive them from the country. Allied with those German powers who dared to oppose Napoleon, Russian troops fought side by side with the soldiers of the Fatherland against the hated French.

Early in March, the Russian Colonel Tettenborn was sent from Berlin to expel the French from Hamburg and to protect Lübeck. He found the enemy retreating towards the west, and that, among other places, they had evacuated the little town of Lüneburg. Tettenborn continued his march. Meantime the French General Morand, reinforced by St. Cyr, turned back to Lüneburg. The Allies sent General von Dörnberg to protect the town. Within three hours' march of Lüneburg, he learnt that Morand had re-occupied the place the preceding day with a force of thrice his strength.

Von Dörnberg waited a day for reinforcements, and advanced on the 2nd of April, at noon, to the attack. Believing the assaulting column stronger than it really was, Morand hastily retreated from the town by one issue—the New Gate—as the Allies entered it by another. The opposing forces encountered in the streets, and after a sanguinary skirmish the French were driven out. After the fight Morand learned the real weakness of the victors, and determined to retrieve his error. Detaching portions of his force to penetrate the town at other assailable points, with gallant but rash impetuosity, the French commander in person attacked the New Gate at three in the afternoon. The post was defended by Russian and Prussian guns, with a few Cossacks, while Prussian Jägers and Fusiliers were thrown out in advance.

The engagement was hotly sustained, and the Gate gallantly held. Though the Prussian loss was heavy, the French made no sensible impression for upwards of an hour. After that time the fire of the defenders began to slacken, then nearly ceased. A murmur ran through the ranks. Their ammunition was fast becoming exhausted, and by some unaccountable oversight no more cartridges were at hand. Skilled soldiers like the French soon perceived something was wrong, and prepared to take advantage of the fault. Their fire grew hotter than ever. The skirmishers hardly deigned to avail themselves of the shelter of the trees that lined the road, but picked off the Prussians with impunity. The eyes of the men turned in mute appeal towards their officers, who were gradually making up their minds to check

further advance by a desperate charge of the bayonet, then slowly to retreat.

But the German mind, generally, takes a long time in making up, and before the worthy Prussians had accomplished the task, help came to them from an unexpected quarter, as the sequel will show.

When the *alerte* was beaten in the town before Von Dörnberg's advance, the inhabitants hastily closed their shops and houses, and took up safe positions. Their hearts beating with mingled fear and hope, they heard the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry come nearer and nearer,—bullets struck into the walls and roofs, bricks and tiles began to fall, rockets hurtled past, troops thronged into the town.

A tradesman in the main thoroughfare allowed several of his neighbours to take refuge in the vaulted cellar under his shop. Among these were a widow named Stegen and her daughter Johanna. The latter is described as a girl of twenty-two,—tall, strong, and active; of fair complexion, with handsome features, and the auburn hair that appears seamed with threads of gold. Like most of her countrywomen Johanna was an ardent patriot and a vehement enemy to the French; but, unlike others of her sex, she was an utter stranger to fear. She had intended joining the Jägers, disguised in men's clothes, upon the previous day, and had gained her mother's consent; but the widow had lost several sons in the war, and her heart failed her when the time came.

Had Johanna Stegen carried out her intention, she would have done no more than other German women in that stirring time.

History tells of a girl of twenty-one from Potsdam, Eleonora Prochaska, who joined the Lützow regiment of foot in the name of Renz, and fell bravely fighting in September 1813, in an engagement on the Göhrde. Dorothea Sawosch entered the West Prussian Landwehr cavalry, exchanged into the infantry after a fall from her horse, and served in its ranks until the close of the war. Charlotte Krüger fought in the Kolberg regiment, and gained promotion as a non-commissioned officer. A lady, known subsequently as Frau Scheinemann, served with Hellwig's Hussars throughout the War of Liberation. A native of Stralsund, the wife of a ship-captain, made the campaign under the name of Karl Petersen, became a sergeant, was twice wounded, and decorated with the Iron Cross of the first class.

Unable, as she thought, to participate actively in the defence of Lüneburg, Johanna's whole heart went out towards her countrymen and their allies. As soon as the tumult of the conflict in the streets had in some degree subsided, she left the trembling women in the cellar, and posted herself at a window in the shop-door to observe the progress of the fight. Presently came a squadron of Russian hussars at full gallop round the corner of the street in pursuit of the flying French. They were guided by a sturdy butcher of Lüneburg on horseback, armed with a reeking sabre. The hussars were followed by Cossacks. Johanna could remain inactive no longer. Seizing a jug of "schnapps" and a glass, she mounted on a bench

before the door, and distributed the welcome refreshment to officers and men.

The cavalry passed, but return to her friends after the excitement of the scene was impossible to Johanna. All ideas of personal danger and timidity were swallowed up in the strength of her desire to see the discomfiture of the foe. So on, past signs of disorder and flight, past cast-away arms and portions of uniforms, past wounded and dying men, writhing in agony and shrieking for water, past heaps of slain in all imaginable attitudes, past the corpse of the Saxon private who was quartered in her mother's house, and who had breakfasted gaily with them in the morning.

As Johanna approached the New Gate, the firing showed her the engagement was still in progress. To observe it the better, she made for a slight elevation on the left, called the Kalkberg (lime-hill) within the barriers of the town. Upon her way hither she passed two men in a dry ditch prising off the heads of a number of barrels in the hope of booty. In its stead they find cartridges, and eke they swear. French cartridges, reported universally to contain poisoned bullets. The men abandoned their discovery in disgust, and the girl pursued her way. Upon the Kalkberg she found a veteran who had served in the Seven Years' War, and was now living in Lüneburg. The old man lent Johanna his field-glass, and explained to her the object of the manœuvres they beheld. They saw Morand's flying troops halted and led back to attack the New Gate; followed its gallant defence with lively interest; noticed with apprehension the Prussian fire slacken, and the French massing for assault. The veteran communicated to Johanna his fear that ammunition was growing short, and finding the tide of battle begin to roll towards the Kalkberg, descended from his post and advised Johanna to make the best of her way home.

Slowly and unwillingly the girl retraced her steps through a side street towards the New Gate, but had not gone far before she noticed an old man of her acquaintance sitting upon an ammunition-waggon abandoned during the French retreat.

"Why, Müller, what are *you* doing here?" she asked in surprise.

"Been looking for something good, my girl," was the reply. "Find nothing but cartridges."

Cartridges! The word strikes out a thought, as flint brings sparks from steel. The very thing needed to carry on the fight. A supply here; a store in the barrels in the ditch; our men short of ammunition, retreating, beaten! Now to afford them help.

"Quick, Müller!" cried Johanna. "Fill my apron with cartridges. I've plenty more in front. Our men are coming that way. Oh! victory shall be ours yet!"

Fired by her enthusiasm, the old man tremulously filled Johanna's apron with the precious load. The brave girl grasped the corners of the garment in her teeth, and hurried away to empty it near the barrels. Again and again, with glowing eyes and rapid feet, she hastened upon her devoted task. Meantime the fight

came nearer. Bullets began to whistle around the pair. Müller lost heart and beat a retreat, counselling Johanna to follow his example. But she was not so easily terrified. Alone now, she clambered upon the waggon and filled her apron unassisted, carrying it off to augment her store without heeding the more rapid spatter of the leaden hail.

On a sudden, midway with a load, she found herself between two bodies of troops. A light rain falling, the men wore their overcoats, and she was unable to distinguish friend from foe. While hesitating what to do, she was reached by a company of Prussian Jägers, rushing with levelled bayonets to take the French in flank. Johanna ran on a few steps beside the leading officer, asking whether the French would get the town again.

The officer told her gruffly to be off about her business, but added—

“Stop! What have you got there that seems so heavy?”

“Cartridges.”

“Cartridges! And we without a ball! Whence?”

“Out of the waggon, there; and I've got a heap more in the ditch behind.”

“Halt, men!” came next, with a mighty Prussian oath.

In a moment four soldiers were emptying Johanna's apron by their officer's command, and distributing its contents among their comrades. She hurried on to the ditch amid the hurrahs of the Jägers, showed them the supply, then ran back to the ammunition-waggon for more. Hotter grows the French fire, but the Prussians respond to it now with cheerfulness and vigour. Grape and round shot begin to take their victims, and let out many a hardy fellow's life. But Johanna never falters in her self-appointed task. Holding her apron with her teeth, she pushes the cartridges into the breasts of the Jägers' uniforms to distribute her prizes the quicker. Friends fall beside her, but she never stops. The enemy come closer, but she feels no fear. During one of her trips a Saxon officer gallops out upon her from an adjacent garden with uplifted sabre. Seeing her danger, a Cossack rushes past her with levelled lance, and stretches the Saxon on the ground. The unintelligible jargon of her rescuer first shows the girl the peril she has escaped.

By the aid of the ammunition furnished by Johanna Stegen, the French were kept at a distance until reinforcements could be brought up from within the town. Then, as dusk was drawing in, a combined charge, in which Morand was badly wounded and taken, scattered the assailants irremediably, and the day was won.

Johanna had been wonderfully preserved in the midst of the dangers to which she was exposed. Her clothes were riddled with bullets. A grape-shot passed through her dress while she was stooping to pick up some fallen cartridges. As she supplied a Jäger with ammunition, the man fell forward, badly hit, into her arms. She carried him to the ditch, tore off her neckerchief to bind his wound, and set out again to the waggon.

After the battle, the Maiden of Lüneburg in her shot-torn clothes, blackened with smoke and powder, was carried in triumph by the townsfolk round the market-place; then she went quietly home to her mother. The old woman scolded her heartily for her imprudence, and having done that much homage to duty, cried over the girl for her patriotism.

Next day, when the Prussian commander inquired after the heroic girl, none of his men knew where she was to be found. One Jäger only was able to describe her appearance, adding that she had red hair. This led to her discovery. For during the next few days there were other duties to perform. Wounded and prisoners had to be nursed, tended, and waited upon; lint was to be furnished, provisions obtained and prepared, a hospital to be extemporised; and Johanna lent eager assistance in these charitable tasks. While occupied among the wounded prisoners, she was noticed by a huge Saxon sergeant. The man's eyes blazed with fury, and he dashed at her with an imprecation, calling out:

“Here, comrades! This is the devil on whom sixteen of our men spent all their bullets yesterday without hitting her. 'Twas she cost our brave officer his life, for he'd sworn to cut her down.”

The prison-guards came to the rescue, and freed the girl from his grasp.

The troubles of the Maiden of Lüneburg and of her native town were not by any means ended with the French repulse. The day after the engagement the Allies evacuated Lüneburg, and crossed the Elbe to Boitzenburg to give battle to Davoust. The French Marshal declined the engagement, but despatched Montbrun with 6000 men to punish the Lüneburgers. He entered the town late on the night of the 4th, passed the next day in searching for arms, and arrested 106 of the chief citizens. The threatening movements of the Allies compelled Davoust to call in all his strength, and Montbrun left Lüneburg again upon the 9th.

The war went on. The Allies gained a battle upon the 6th of April, but lost another on the 2nd of May, and with it the temporary command of the country. Once more the French re-occupied unfortunate Lüneburg, surrounding it with palisades, deepening the ditches, throwing up earth-works, and barricading the gates, as if they did not intend to be dislodged in a hurry. The invaders instituted a veritable Reign of Terror in the luckless town. One poor girl, suspected as a spy, was scourged to death in the market-place. All citizens and inhabitants thought to be disaffected were imprisoned or fined.

It may be supposed that under such harsh rule the part taken by Johanna Stegen in the repulse of the 2nd of April would not remain unpunished. Her mother kept her carefully concealed in a loft attached to the house, and it was generally believed she was no longer in the town. Constant inquiries and frequent searches proved unavailing for her discovery. Among the few acquainted with her hiding-place was a neighbour, who proposed to Widow Stegen to let Johanna spend the day with his daughter.

"It would be a change for the poor girl," said the worthy man, "and hearten her up a bit."

Frau Stegen consenting, Johanna hurried across the street upon her visit next morning before dawn. At noon, the good man of the house, standing according to simple German custom smoking his pipe before the door, hastily called the girls, and showed three gendarmes turning in to search Frau Stegen's house. The fellows examined the old mother severely, trying to extract her daughter's whereabouts, declaring from the clothes and so forth they discovered the girl could only just have left the place. Frau Stegen kept firm, and the gendarmes in revenge searched all the houses in the street, including that of the friendly neighbour. By rare good fortune, they forgot to look in the hen-house, where the fugitive was concealed.

It was evident, after this, there was no safety in Lüneburg for Johanna. Watched and guarded as the place now was, however, it was anything but easy to get out of the town. Still, the attempt must be made. Her mother accompanied her next night to the outer wall, where they parted. Johanna waited until all was quiet, managed to scale the wall and to pass the ditch, but was stopped by the palisades. She climbed them at last, after many fruitless efforts, balanced herself upon the top, and jumped. As ill luck would have it, her dress caught in the sharpened points and tore, the noise attracting the attention of the sentry singing on the wall. His rapid challenge echoed through the night. Sustaining her weight upon her hands, the girl clung breathlessly to the palisades, not daring to move a muscle. The sentry listened a minute, peered out into the darkness, saw nothing, contentedly shouldered his musket again, and resumed his walk and his song.

This danger surmounted, Johanna made for Natendorf, a village five miles from Lüneburg, where a friend was the pastor's wife. With these kind people she abode four weeks, enjoying rest, happiness, and quiet.

An old woman from Lüneburg came one day begging into the parsonage. She recognised Johanna with surprise, but was friendly, even to obsequiousness. The woman was well treated, feasted, and sent away with presents of food and money, vowing by all her hopes of salvation not to betray a syllable. She may have been sincere. It is charitable to hope she was. But if she did not plainly denounce Johanna to the French, she did the next thing to it. She talked about her discovery, and the story soon reached the ears of the authorities.

Apprehending treachery, Johanna had already determined to quit the house. The entreaties of her friends were unable to stifle the foreboding of approaching danger. She left, and turned again towards Lüneburg—for where else could she go? She was hardly clear of the premises when she heard the clank of accoutrements; and, slipping rapidly behind a hedge, saw gendarmes riding up towards the parsonage.

Now it happened that at that period there were only two women, residents of Lüneburg, who had reddish hair,—Johanna Stegen and a younger

female of indifferent character, well known to the French officials. As Johanna was hastening that morning along the high road, she suddenly perceived this latter girl with three *douaniers* a little distance on in front. In that level district it was impossible to think of evading them. Johanna hastily concealed her hair—whose colour was so conspicuous—beneath a white handkerchief, took her light straw hat in her hand, and passed the party boldly with a rapid step. The female recognised her immediately.

"Why, that's Johanna Stegen!" she exclaimed.

Rattle flew the sabres of the gendarmes from their sheaths. The sabre to a French gendarme is like the staff to an English policeman: he feels twice as big a man with the symbol of authority in his hand.

Johanna no sooner heard the ominous sound than she set off at the top of her speed, and the chase began. Over hedge and ditch, across fields, through a wood where the fugitive lost her shoes and hurried on with bleeding feet, along the high-road again, the flight continued for full six miles, until, coming to the bridge across a little stream, the poor hunted girl in her despair resolved to end her misery at once. She had already swung over the balustrade, and was on the point of letting go her hold with a prayer to be forgiven, when, looking back, she saw that her pursuers were even more exhausted than herself, and had halted by the wayside for breath. The sight gave her fresh courage. She set off again upon the Lüneburg road, passing vehicles and footgoers, none of whom chose to understand the shouts of her pursuers to stop the runaway.

She had got close to the town before she recollected it would be running into the lion's jaws to enter it in broad daylight. She turned rapidly off the road, and making for a well-known farm close at hand, burst into the kitchen with the cry, "Oh, help! help! Save me from the French!"

The inmates at first refused assistance. They paid no heed to her despairing entreaties, declaring they would not get into trouble for a stranger, until at last the girl was recognised by the mistress, attracted by the noise.

"Good heaven!" cried the farmer's wife. "Why, surely, it's Johanna! This way, girl. Follow me!"

She raised the flap of the cellar extending beneath the kitchen, hurried the fugitive down a ladder, and hid her underneath a cask. A basket and some cloths were thrown over the trap, and all resumed their occupations. The pursuers rushed in, with some comrades picked up on the road, and demanded Johanna. Immense astonishment and protestations of utter ignorance of any such person.

"She came in here, I *know!*" said one of the gendarmes. "We'll unearth her. Comrades, search the house."

The men dispersed all over the farm, and searched it from top to bottom, without success. Nobody dreamt of the out-of-sight out-of-mind cellar trap, and Johanna was saved.

"She must have escaped through the adjoining garden," suggested the girls.

The gendarme instinct gorged the bait in a jiffy, and rushed off in pursuit.

At two in the afternoon Johanna, bathed in perspiration from her protracted flight, had been concealed in the ice cold cellar. At nine in the evening the inhabitants of the farmhouse first ventured to release her from durance. They found her shaking in every limb from exhaustion and frost like a person in a violent ague. A little refreshment and some hot soup restored her for the time. After a short rest an old shepherd accompanied her, near midnight, to assist her in crossing the palisades and entering the town. With his help she found it an easy task, which says little for the vigilance of the French. Dawn was just stealing into the sky when the fugitive reached her mother's house, with some difficulty succeeding in obtaining entrance without attracting the notice of the neighbours, and was finally at rest.

This last adventure, happening in the middle of July, was the termination of Johanna's romantic trials. The French held the town until September, but were too much occupied in making head against the disasters which befel their arms in rapid succession to think of hunting up Johanna.

On September 18th General Tettenborn entered Lüneburg with a large force of Cossacks. Four days later the Russian commander heard of Johanna's bravery, and caused her to be brought before him. Varnhagen von Ense, present at the interview, testifies:—"When the French again became masters of Lüneburg, she had been forced to go into hiding. Afterwards she was exposed to threats and dangers from the enemy, and even from many of her countrymen, until the remembrance of her daring gradually died away. But Tettenborn gave orders to seek Johanna, and invited her to his table, where he presented her to his guests as a worthy sister-in-arms. Her behaviour now was just as simply modest as it had previously been unaffectedly brave. That she might not be again exposed to vengeance or contumely, she was subsequently sent under favourable circumstances and with advantageous prospects to Berlin."

The advantageous prospects consisted of the situation of companion to the lady of Major von Reiche, in whom the Maiden of Lüneburg found a warm friend and kind patroness. While in Berlin Johanna broke a blood-vessel, in consequence, said the physicians, of the shock to her constitution of the rapid change of temperature suffered during her escape upon the 13th July. She lay long at death's door, but ultimately recovered, and accompanied Frau von Reiche to Paris in 1815.

Two years afterwards the Maiden of Lüneburg married Wilhelm Hindersin, a volunteer Jäger of good family, whose acquaintance she made at the house of her patroness. Their eldest son is the head of the Stettin bank, another a lithographer at St. Petersburg.

Twice subsequently the malady from which Johanna suffered in Berlin returned, leaving each time the seeds of disease, which ultimately de-

veloped into a disorder terminating fatally in 1842. Her husband died last year, and from his account the details of this little history have been compiled.

It is pleasant to reflect that the savour of noble deeds survives long after their doers have crumbled into dust. The body of Johanna Stegen is where the mortal remains of all of us will be in few or many years, but her immortal part—her memory—will go down to posterity as that of a brave-hearted, good woman, who risked her life for her country.

R. S. M.

### "BURN THIS LETTER AS SOON AS READ."

#### I.

Burn this letter as soon as read.  
Consider all I say, unsaid.  
Think of me as a wilful boy  
Inebriate with a golden joy ;  
Daring to tell thee all his heart ;  
Trembling at his fool-hardy part .  
Madly chasing a fierce desire  
Through earth and water, air and fire.  
Ready to tend thee day and night  
As his endless, sole delight :—  
Ready to throw his life away  
To add to thine a single day.

#### II.

Burn this letter as soon as read.  
Ne'er can its saying be unsaid.  
Hate me,—if thy heart is fierce ;  
Mine with thine angry arrows pierce.  
Trample me beneath thy scorn :  
Wish that I had ne'er been born :  
Bid me with a frown, to die,—  
I will meet my destiny :  
Or, if in a softer mood,  
Banish me to solitude :  
Only let me hear thy voice,  
In my doom I will rejoice.

#### III.

Burn this letter as soon as read.  
Think of me as one who's dead :  
Lying straight beneath the grass  
O'er which happy mortals pass :  
Nevermore to vex thy sight ;  
Nevermore to dim thy light.  
When in Spring, with moonbeam flood,  
Primroses fill all the wood,  
(Then I met thee !)—think, when slow  
Sets the sun, and birds sing low,  
Of that eve my heart beguiled,  
When I whispered,—and you smiled.

#### IV.

Burn this letter. Thou art proud ;  
High thy race above the crowd.  
Careless thou of others' pain :  
They must love—and thou disdain.  
Thou canst light the lamp which none  
Quencheth but the churchyard stone.  
In thy hand is all my fate ;  
Thou must yield me love or hate.  
All my fate is in thy hand :—  
But my words for ever stand.  
I love ! Wouldst thou that love gainsay,  
Then thou must tear my life away !

H. M.



## SON CHRISTOPHER.

AN HISTORIELLE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



## CHAPTER VIII. CONSPIRACY IN DISCONTENT.

IF Christopher could not say to Joanna that he had no doubt of Monmouth's prospects, much less could he say so to himself an hour later.

He was called into council, as soon as the doors were closed for the night; and he was surprised to perceive how transient had been Monmouth's elation of spirit. By his mood to-night, he might have had the coldest reception in Taunton, instead of the warmest. He was testy; he was depressed; he was imprudent beyond measure in the manner in which he disclosed this state of mind. He had been misled, he said; he had been cruelly deceived; and he believed he should take his own course from that moment. After all the fine pro-

mises he had heard,—after the distinct pledges that the entire order of Whig noblemen and gentlemen would rush to join him, there was not a peer, nor a baronet, nor a squire, who did not shut his gates upon him, and offer his services to put him down.

He was interrupted,—actually interrupted,—by two of his councillors at once, who asked him what else he could expect so long as he gave the game into the enemy's hands, by leaving James the undisputed title of King. To ask England to ally itself with him on any other ground than his being King was to ask England to be republican; and there was nothing that the nation so much dreaded.

"Ask Wade," he replied, "and Battiscombe, and one or two more who think they know best, and they will tell you the exact contrary. But I am tired of contradictory counsels. I am tired of the whole business; and I think I shall throw it up. Yes, I do," he said, in the mood of a spoiled child, and the more positive the more consternation his followers manifested. "I have been so deceived and misled that I feel myself released from all engagements, and free to please myself. I shall go back to Brussels; and it was not to please myself that I ever left it."

A dead silence followed, which made Monmouth feel rather awkward and ashamed, till Christopher relieved him by saying,

"If I may speak my mind—"

"Yes, do, Battiscombe!" said Monmouth. "You have no long-conceived plot to take care of,—no trammels of old promises, no consistency to keep up. You are free to see things as they are. Let me therefore hear you speak your mind."

Christopher smiled as he said his counsel would be simple and brief. He thought that all present,—and his Grace not least—were worn out with the fatigues and excitements of the day. Their judgments might well be clouded and perplexed, and any time spent in discourse worse than wasted. He advised sleep as a better counsellor than any or all of those present.

Nobody was sorry that a conversation so painful and embarrassing should be broken off; so, when the Duke rose to dismiss his council, every man of them was glad to retire.

"Could you have believed it?" Colonel Wade whispered to Christopher, as they went downstairs.

"I could believe anything of some very brave men who cannot stand fatigue; or of quiet men, suddenly bewildered by hurry and excitement," Christopher answered. "You are a loyal man: so am I: and loyalty means silence to-night."

"To-night; and over to-morrow," replied Colonel Wade. "To-morrow will, I think, decide many things."

The morrow decided the main point. Monmouth publicly accepted the Golden Flag, which he had declared inadmissible into the procession the morning before,—with its glittering J. R. and the crown above. He was proclaimed in Taunton market-place under the title of James the Second: but the people did not like the name, and called him "King Monmouth" still. He appeared in the finest spirits while the town-crier read at every street-corner the announcement of the prices set on the heads of the usurper and his ministers, and while signing the proclamations dated "From our Camp at Taunton." Before night he had declared the parliament an unlawful assembly, and had forbidden the people to pay taxes on any demand but his own. By playing at being King he recovered his temper and spirits.

"Battiscombe!" he cried, beckoning Christopher to him, and laying a hand on his shoulder. "You are the best adviser of them all. Your prescription was the right one last night. I can scarcely believe it now. I must have been half asleep."

"It was a painful dream, your Majesty."

"O! you bring your lips to pronounce my title

at last!" observed Monmouth, smiling. "But I do not forget that I assured your father that a free parliament should decide upon my title. What of last night?"

"It was a painful dream, your Majesty;" and there was a marked emphasis on the word "painful." "and dreams are fit only to be forgotten."

"Forget it then, Battiscombe."

And Christopher bowed low.

To Lord Grey he had another sort of private word to say.

"Have you considered where it will be best for the Lady Henrietta to land? My lord, you start as if the idea were new to you."

Lord Grey admitted that it was.

"Why, now, what a taskmaster you are! Last night you were offended at my hinting about going to Brussels; and this morning you look no less averse to my bringing Brussels to me."

Lord Grey conjured his Majesty to wait till he should have a sure throne, and parliament, and palace, before leading the sweetest lady in the world into deadly risks.

"You do not know her, my Lord," was the reply. "She is as brave as she is sweet; and she will never forgive our defrauding her of the spectacle of my royal progress. I declare to you, I dread describing to her the events of this day,—so loyally will she mourn her absence from my triumph. If you wish to keep up my spirit through good and evil—if you wish me to be a king indeed, you must not hinder Lady Henrietta from joining me—you must assist her coming."

"Impossible, your Majesty!" Lord Grey replied, in a tone which startled Monmouth; who resumed:

"I thought I was speaking to a safe man, my Lord. I would not have given such a confidence to Battiscombe, for instance, who is as virtuous, doubtless, as St. Anthony. But to your lordship, confessions like mine can be nothing new, or, I should have supposed, displeasing."

"True, your Majesty. But it is not my opinion that is in question. It is certain that the Protestant part of the nation would not endure—"

"One pays very dear for one's Protestantism."

"And for the throne which belongs to it? Will your Majesty say so, even to me?"

"Yes, indeed! If I may not have Lady Henrietta, the crown is not worth the sacrifice."

"Your Majesty shall have everything on our part, if you will provide but one thing on your own—and that is, a little patience."

"Heigho! then you think I may not yet send for Lady Henrietta?"

"I am certain of it,—certain of it, your Majesty."

Those who were behind the curtain could not but speak to each other of the contrast between the open joy of the people in this rising, and the concealed pain of mind of the leaders.

"Did you hear that?" asked Colonel Wade of Battiscombe, the next day, while on the march to Bridgewater. "Did you hear what those women said of their King Monmouth?"

"Yes; they cannot see in him the blithe and pretty young gentleman who was here five years ago. Very wonderful, truly."

“So you see you gain nothing by setting up your soft young prince as a rival king to yonder hardgrained, unscrupulous, cruel old papist usurper. Our only chance was, not in setting up a doll against the devil, but proclaiming that we had done with kings. See those people,—that row of them on top of the bank; they are shaking their heads, from one end of the row to the other. They say the sweet young king looks very pale—very sad. If they say he looks sulky, they are not far from the truth.”

“It is a pity that he shows his mood in his face so plainly.”

“Or that he does not tell the people what ails him.”

Battiscombe did not reply to this; and Colonel Wade divined the reason.

“O ho!” said he. “The young gentleman is pining for his lady-love, I suppose. Well! I could not advise that fact being made known among the people, unless it were certain that they had never heard of the little wife whom he has thrust out of sight.”

“Let us speak of something else,” said Battiscombe. “His Grace was over young when he was made a husband; and he has since felt himself more or less of an outcast. His real quality will appear when he is firm in his lofty seat. He will show a more steadfast countenance when he once gets to London.”

Meantime, the changes were disheartening and vexatious to his adherents. On the road, a messenger announced that preparations were made at the Duke of Beaufort's, and at the Earl of Pembroke's, to march a consolidated royal force down upon the insurgents, while Albemarle was already entering Taunton, rendering return impossible. Monmouth observed that nobody wanted to return to Taunton; but yet the gloom deepened on his countenance. He ordered his new guard to close round him, to give him a little respite from smiling at the people; but the people did not favour the guard, and inquired what his Majesty feared among the Somersetshire folk.

The fact was that Christopher dreaded Reuben, or some one who would take up Reuben's task; and he had selected and brought together forty of the most spirited young men in the force to be Monmouth's bodyguard. They did excellent service by their high spirits on this sunny June day,—jesting with the country people, and showing their real longing for a conflict with the Papists, and the slavish Protestants who upheld a Popish king. They had begun to inspirit Monmouth himself by the time he reached Bridgewater; and the welcome he found there caused an elation as manifest as his former depression. Many of the Taunton observances were gone through again; and when Monmouth saw his army, six thousand strong, encamped in the Castle Field, he was disposed to think himself invincible.

He had come forth from the banquet in the castle, to see and be seen; and loud were the acclamations. As he paced the grass at the upper end of the field, while the setting sun cast long shadows from the trees, he declared that this had been the most encouraging day yet. If there was as yet no victory, it was because the enemy dared

not meet him. If there was no store of arms here as at Taunton, there were scythes coming in from all the country round; and pikes could always be had where there was a forge and a true-hearted blacksmith. As for numbers, if he could have kept all the hundreds who had been sent away to-day for want of arms, he need not flinch from all the Usurper's forces united. While he was talking in this way, and his councillors were internally fretting at his bragging strain, his course of thought was effectually changed by the announcement that a messenger,—a gentleman from abroad,—desired an audience. His changing colour did him harm with many whose eyes were upon him. They supposed him afraid of evil tidings; whereas Lord Grey understood that it was the expectation of news from Lady Henrietta which made him red and pale.

“Rid me of these people,” he whispered to Lord Grey. “Let no gentleman remain but yourself; and bring the messenger here.”

“Here! Can your Majesty mean in this open place?”

“Even as I once received you, my Lord, on the open grass, and for the same reason,—that we are secure in such places from being overheard.”

It was necessary to obey; but care was taken to see the messenger before he was permitted to approach Monmouth. There was no fear. It was Emmanuel Florian; and, as it was this old comrade, Lord Grey himself retired out of earshot. When he next approached, Monmouth's spirits had fled. Lady Henrietta had not arrived, and was not coming just yet, for she had grave news to send. The Prince and Princess of Orange were wrathful beyond measure. This was a matter of course: but they were preparing to forward Dutch regiments,—as many as the King, their father, should desire. Further, they were certainly in no great alarm for the succession of the Princess; for they had offers of fidelity from every leading Whig in England.

“We will make them change their minds,” Lord Grey observed, gaily. “These demonstrations are a matter of course in all wars of succession.”

“True, my Lord,” observed Florian. “But the peculiarity here is, that when his Majesty has conquered the succession for himself, there will remain another war to be fought,—to defend it from the Prince of Orange.”

“All this is nothing new, Florian. Is it possible that Lady Henrietta can have sent you to us to tell us what was equally true before we embarked at first?”

“Not solely for this. I bring some money; and burning words to fire any spirits that may need warming. Sec,” he continued, in a low voice, glancing towards Monmouth, who was now reading apart, a letter which flushed his face for the moment; “there are some of those words in that letter, doubtless.”

“And addressed to one who needs them,” said Lord Grey, sighing. “If it were possible,—but it must not be thought of,—if it were possible to have that lady here, her presence would do more for the cause than that of many Whig nobles.”

“She will not come till the road to London is

open, and strewn with flowers," Florian declared. "But the main advice I bring is to establish a communication with Scotland, and to compass some union of counsels, if not of forces."

Lord Grey's countenance grew as black as night.

"Have you spoken of Scotland to his Grace?" he said.

"Not yet. Probably she has opened the subject in her letter, and I am to continue it."

"Speak no word on it till it cannot be evaded," said Lord Grey with emphasis. "What! you must discharge your commission? But if your orders are superseded by higher? You are trustworthy, Florian; and it is needful that you should know what is known only to three persons in this camp besides myself.—All is over in Scotland. His Grace must not hear of this, except from the enemy. If he does,—"

"All over in Scotland!" repeated Florian, thunderstruck.

"All utterly lost! The cause, and every man engaged in it."

"But why—?"

They looked towards Monmouth: but he was only turning the sheets over, in order to begin the letter again.

"But why conceal news so essential?"

"Because it has been hard enough to prevent his deserting us and these poor people, as it is. If he dreamed of the utter extinction of his cause in the North, nothing would detain him. He would be in Lady Henrietta's arms by this day week, and would have no thought, no sensibility to spare for the wretches whose heads and quarters would be called for, to set up over every park-gate in England."

Florian did not believe this at the moment, and he looked at his old fellow-conspirator as if searching the countenance of a traitor: but before midnight he could have told a worse tale than Grey had told to him.

"What is to be done? What can be done with such a candidate for the Protestant crown?"

Battiscombe was called in; for he knew the worst.

"What we want,—what is especially wanting to his Majesty," said he, "is some military success. A victory, however small, would work wonders, or would be a signal to give up.—You smile at the notion of a military success, my Lord Grey: but I do not despair of it,—even though lawyers and merchants lead rustics and tradesmen against soldiers. Nor do I despair of hearing the people glorify their King Monmouth as the finest leader and stoutest soldier they have seen since the Commonwealth."

"All things are possible," answered Lord Grey, with a shrug.

"Except that we should waver now," said Christopher.

"Oh certainly, Mr. Battiscombe. There can be no doubt about that."

It was not many hours before Christopher's words were made good. On meeting the royal forces under Lord Feversham, every one saw that the moment for fighting had arrived; and Monmouth was foremost in the attack. It seemed to

rouse his spirit that the van of the royal force was commanded by another son of his father.

"It is Grafton," he observed to his staff. "We must give him a lesson on the succession, and spare his life, that he may go and tell the Usurper what the real King is like."

And amidst the enthusiasm of his own leaders, and of the troops they led, he rushed to one end of his line, and then to the other, as the five hundred of the Duke of Grafton's force advanced, rendering one point after another the hardest to hold, and always finding Monmouth there. He harassed them in flank, on the road where they could not change their disposition; and when at length they retreated, they found him on their rear. They left a fifth of their numbers behind them; and their report did not encourage their General to any renewal of the fight. It was soon noised over London that Monmouth was not a Pretender to be derided; that Albemarle had been over-confident in reporting from Taunton of the proclamations he found there being as amusing as a bellman's rhymes; and not a few citizens changed their opinion at once about the Pretender's legitimacy, after this first actual fight. It could be no baseborn child of Lucy Walters who had shown himself so princely in his first passage of arms with the Usurper:—it must be the true son of a king who showed his right in such a way as this.

Greater still was the benefit down in Somersetshire. If they could have been armed, the whole population would have followed Monmouth. It was scarcely possible to resist the influence of such acclaims as arose wherever the little army appeared. The young men, seeing what one small success had done, expected that a larger would open to them the road to London. Battiscombe would, but for M. Florian, have been carried away like the rest, in spite of his experience of the horses and men he had to manage,—in spite of his vexation at the ravage of Glastonbury which he loved so well, and of Wells Cathedral, which he could not lend a hand to dismantle, as John Hickee expected of him. Florian told his old pupil, now a foremost champion of Protestant kingship in England, more than he communicated to any one else in the army. He told of the fierce ambition of Lady Henrietta, and of its effect in sending Monmouth to England, believing himself inspired by her heroic, as by his own passionate love. He told of the utter hopelessness of the Scotch expedition from the outset; and of the unexpected, but not unreasonable decision of the Protestant party generally to await King James's death, and a natural Protestant succession; and of the complete and fatal alienation of the Prince and Princess of Orange from the cousin whom they had humoured and spoiled through compassion from his birth. One hope M. Florian still saw. The Dutch soldiers were fond of Monmouth. There was a chance that they might come over to him, if brought up to fight him: but then, they would be kept out of sight for that very reason,—employed in the north or east while Monmouth was in the west.

Christopher saw something more to hope than this. A great battle would mend or mar all.

"However it may issue," he said, "we must

go on as we have begun. Whether you and I find ourselves King's ministers in a few weeks, with priests and bishops under our feet, and our religion saved; or whether we have the other fate before us—" He laughed as he remarked on the customary reluctance to designate that other fate, and said outright—"whether we are dragged to prison, and to the bar, to hear insults which sorely try the natural man, and to the scaffold to be cut to pieces by malice in cold blood, and denied Christian burial,—whichever of these is before us, we have the same thing to do now,—to devote ourselves to our own Protestant King, and the cause for which we invited and proclaimed him."

(To be continued.)

## BURIAL.

"WHAT must we do with the corpse?" is a question that has forced itself on the attention of men since the beginning of the world. There seems to be a natural sentiment of respect in human kind everywhere for the remains of the dead. Death, too, is so inevitable, and happens so often in every numerous community, that some regularly understood system must be adopted for the proper removal and deposition of the "empty tenement," out of regard to public health and morals, as well as religion. Any neglect or disrespect in this matter has been always visited with reprobation. For the credit of humanity, it must be said that affectionate regard for relatives and friends has not always ceased with their death, even in rude times; and although the performance of good offices towards the remains of fellow-creatures is not seldom marked by ostentatious display, let us hope that these demonstrations are excrescences that have grown out of a real feeling in human beings to pay the last attentions to the dead with decency and respect. According to M. Du Chaillu a sense of the presence of a friend seems to the untutored African mind to linger, at least for a time, round his grave. But people have not always arrived at precisely the same conclusions as to the way of best showing their regard for "friends departed;" and they have sometimes hit upon what we in this country would consider—most properly, of course—a very odd fashion.

Perhaps no two men ever yet agreed as to the proper plan for doing things right; and so people have had their own conscientious opinions regarding "the right thing to do" with "the corpse." According to Sir Charles Lyell holes and caves were the receptacles of human remains in very ancient times indeed. A natural cavity in the ground was probably the first kind of tomb; and whether from superstitious fear of separation, or from the want of proper tools for digging easily, many bodies seem to have been deposited together in such places. Similarly Abraham purchased a cave as a sepulchre, adopting a custom originally established by chance or necessity. The Jewish tomb, hewn out of a rock, was probably a refined descendant of the old cave. In such places the bodies were merely hidden "out of sight," not

buried, strictly speaking. When the simple cave was used the funeral ceremonies appear to have been of the simplest possible kind. It was when men became settled in civilised communities, as in Egypt, and their affectionate sensibilities were strengthened by the pleasure of social life, that a more elaborate and costly system of interment became established. Domestic affection seems to have suggested the effort to retain the remains of the dead as long as possible, and led to the art of embalming. In Egypt, then, when a death occurred in a family, "the right thing to do" was to send for the doctor. The medical gentlemen of the day had not only the privilege of dosing and scaring people when alive; but even when dead "vile bodies" had another ordeal to undergo at their hands.

When the doctor came he had to show his skill, not to bring back the dead man or woman to life again, but to adopt every precaution that he or she should do no such thing; or, if he or she did, he or she should be of very little use. The doctor had first to extract the brain through the nostrils with a curved probe, to make the head as empty as possible—supposing the head not to be empty already—and then to put in certain drugs. An incision being made in the side of the corpse, the intestines were drawn out, washed in palm wine, and covered with powdered aromatics. Sometimes they were restored to the body; sometimes deposited in vases, and laid in the same tomb. The body itself was filled with powdered myrrh, cassia, and other fragrant substances, and sewn up. This being done, it was kept in natron for seventy days; then washed, and wrapped in linen, of which a thousand yards were occasionally used. Thus prepared it was removed by the relations, placed in a wooden coffin, and, in the case of a wife or husband, retained at home until the time came for the second of the pair to undergo the same process, and then both were deposited together in a vault. A respectable funeral, thus carried out, would cost altogether more than 200*l*. A less costly way of preserving the body was simply to salt and dry it. Fire was never permitted to prey on the remains of the dead; and the idea of being contaminated by creeping things of any kind was horrible to the mind of an Egyptian. It was almost as keen as if

The dead could feel  
The icy worm around them steal,  
And shudder as the reptiles creep  
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,  
Without the power to scare away  
Those cold consumers of their clay.

All possible precautions were therefore taken to secure dead bodies from being thus devoured. These soft sentiments, however, were by no means shared by all other people; or at least, different ones were considered as indicating more delicacy and affection. Religion, too, had its influence. Thus among the Chinese a respect for the physical elements of nature was the most fashionable orthodoxy at one time. Accordingly, people fastened the dead up in hermetically-sealed coffins, to prevent the desecration of any of the elements. This was better than throwing "their parents into

ditches by the way-side," as they are said to have done in "the earliest antiquity." Probably in those days there were no way-sides, or ways at all, and people had to die as best they could.

The worship of the sun, as the prime physical agent in nature, and the elements as subordinates, is of great antiquity. Hence veneration for fire, water, earth, trees, and other objects through which man is benefited. Disrespect, therefore, to any of the elements was a crime against religion—it was sacrilege. To pollute the earth by placing a corruptible dead body in it, was a gross offence against all propriety. For a similar reason, the corpse might not be burned, nor put under water. To retain it was impossible where embalming was unknown. Here was a dilemma. What was to be done? Among the Parsees, the knot was cut by placing the body on a grating set across the top of a low tower; and there exposed to the full rays of the sun, to be absorbed into that luminary.

"When the man is dead," says Henry Lord, "the Churchman cometh not near him by ten feet; but appointeth who shall be the bearers. Then they carry him on an iron bier; for the law forbiddeth that the body of the dead should touch wood, because it is fuel to the fire they account most holy."

The idea of a metempsychosis, or translation of the soul into another human body, or into an animal, had its own share, too, in bringing about a system of funeral ceremonies. These latter are simple, and easily carried out.

Speaking of the Tartars of the Desert, Huc says:

"The true nomadic tribes convey the dead to the tops of hills, or the bottoms of ravines, there to be devoured by the birds and beasts of prey. It is really horrible to travellers through the deserts of Tartary, to see, as they constantly do, human remains for which eagles and wolves are contending."

In Thibet, dogs are the sepulchres. A recent describer of that country tells us, that "the marvellous infinitude of dogs arises from the extreme respect which the Thibetans have for those animals, and the use to which they apply them in burying the dead. There are four different species of sepulture practised in Thibet; the first, combustion; the second, immersion in the rivers and lakes; the third, exposure on the summits of mountains; and the fourth, which is considered the most complimentary of all, consists in cutting the dead body in pieces, and giving these to be eaten by the dogs. The last method is by far the most popular. The poor have as their only mausoleum, the common vagabond dogs of the locality; but the more distinguished defunct are treated with greater ceremony. In the Lamaseries, a number of dogs are kept *ad hoc*, and within them the rich Thibetians are buried."

Justin says of the Parthians, that, "their burial was effected by means of dogs and birds, and that the naked bones strewed the earth."

Cicero says of the Hyrcanians that, "the people supported public dogs,—the chief men private ones, each according to his faculty, to be torn by them; and this they think the best kind of sepulture."

Strabo says: "In the capital of Bactria they breed dogs to which they give a special name, which name, rendered into our language, means buriers. The business of these dogs is to eat up all persons who are beginning to fall into decay from old age, or sickness. Hence it is that no tomb is visible in the suburbs of the town, while the town itself is all filled with human bones. It is said that Alexander abolished this custom."

"Amongst other curious particulars," says Professor Wilson in his 'Ariana Antiqua,' "relating to this animal, it is enjoined that dogs of different colours should be made to see a dead body on its way to be exposed, either thrice, or six, or nine times, that they may drive away the evil spirit, the Daraj Nesosh, who comes from the north, and settles on the carcase in the shape of a fly."

Supposing a native of one of those parts to come among us in England, it is not impossible that he might write home to his friends, that the great lords among the English kept great numbers of dogs, which could answer no other purpose than that of portable burying-places, which they took with them to France and elsewhere, that in case of accident they might enjoy a certain and honourable sepulture.

Henceforth let no man despise the fate of "going to the dogs."

Dogs, however, are not the only animals whose stomachs occupy the place of our Kensal Green and Woking. Eagles and wolves are mentioned above. In the Himalaya Mountains, according to Fraser, "when a man of property dies, they take the body and bruise it to pieces, bones and all, and form it into balls, which they give to a very large sort of kites, who devour them. These birds are sacred, kept by the Lamas, and fed by them, or by people appointed for the purpose, who alone approach them; others dare not go near them, perhaps from superstitious motives, for they are held in great fear."

The New Zealander, it is well-known, used to find a sepulchre for "the dear departed" nearer home.

Among the Hindoos this right in the corpse originally vested in the dogs and kites, has been commuted for certain offerings deposited for their special benefit in a clean separate spot. The Tartars, however, sometimes employ a kind of burial, if such it can be called, slightly more respectable than the former. "The richer Tartars," says Huc, "sometimes burn their dead with great solemnity. A large furnace of earth is constructed in a pyramidal form. Just before it is completed, the body is placed inside, standing, surrounded by combustibles; the edifice is then completely covered in with the exception of a small hole to give egress to the smoke, and keep up a current of air. During the combustion the Lamas surround the tomb and recite prayers. The corpse being burnt, they demolish the furnace, remove the bones, which they carry to the grand Lama; he reduces them to a very fine powder, and having added to them an equal quantity of meal, he kneads the whole with care, and constructs with his own hands cakes of different sizes, which he places one upon the other in the form of a pyramid." If this compound ever becomes a repast for the priests, it

is to be hoped they do not find it very unwholesome. Let us hope, too, that the bone-dust which our bakers mix in our bread may not be derived from "dead men's bones."

Among the Hindoos the river Ganges is the place of sepulture, when it is within reach; the mud along the banks being the sick-chamber. In this case the jackals and adjutants (not the military adjutants, however), take the place of the kites and dogs of Tartary, as the last resting-place of the deceased. Crocodiles were sometimes employed for the interment of children. Towards the south cremation is usually adopted. If, as sometimes happens, the quantity of wood be deficient, those who live or happen to be passing at the lee side of a burning-ground when a body is being burned, have good reason to wish that the practice of decent committal to "mother earth" were universally prevalent.

The notion that fire was the chief element, and the source of nature and life, probably influenced, if it did not introduce, the practice of cremation. However this may be, to burn the corpse has been for many ages the aristocratic, and emphatically the "right thing to do" with it, even in those places where other modes of disposing of bodies were adopted, and when no particular veneration was paid to fire as a chief element. The Romans both burned and buried. Slaves were buried—in a mean way, perhaps to avoid the expense of burning them. The Jews sometimes embalmed their dead, and sometimes burned them, as in the case of the body of Saul. This monarch's early bravery probably secured that honour for his remains. The Greeks burned, buried, and embalmed. This last custom was borrowed from Egypt, but it was not carried out quite in the same way; and the learned in mummies can readily notice the difference between a Grecian and an Egyptian.

In all these various modes, however, we can trace, if not in all cases formal respect for the dead body, yet an entire absence of everything approaching to intentional disrespect; indeed, the mutilation of the dead has been always held as an act of fiendish barbarity. If the kites, crows, or dogs got a meal, those animals were supposed to contain the souls of ancestors; and to clothe those souls in human flesh again was a respectful,—a graceful act. Whether a dead body were wrapped in shrouds, or the bark of a tree, and laid in a canoe set on stakes; or the bones denuded of the flesh were carefully preserved and transferred from place to place, either to rest in an ancestral sepulchre, or with the bones of a husband or wife in a new settlement, that kind attention was prompted by motives of respectful regard. We cannot, then, boast much of our progress in this direction, in the much-vaunted nineteenth century, when a savage mob of frenzied Celts, without decency or religious feelings, do their utmost to mutilate the prostrate body of a dying man in the streets of a great city.

In the selection of a place of interment men have different tastes. Attila was laid in a grave under the bed of a running stream; Napoleon in a splendid mausoleum in the Invalides; Mr. Seward, with republican simplicity, has elected to be buried "under the pavement." No doubt he

would reject the idea of being trampled upon in any sense during his life-time; and we wish him a more peaceful resting place than he would find probably "under the pavement," where gas-pipes and water-pipes might seriously interfere with the proper relative position of his bones.

R. H. VICKERS.

## DRESS AND THE AGE.

PART II.



Croquet: see next page.

WE must now proceed to extremities. There is a little German picture, in which a shoemaker is represented, so bewildered by the perfection of the foot he holds in his hand, that he loses all power and decision, and remains kneeling in a sort of mesmeric entrancement, or Buddhist absorption. His tenderness is lavished in trying on the quondam slipper; and now the shoe for walking is discarded, and the boot marches triumphantly over the ground. And there is good cause for the preference. The female angler—the lady who fishes for compliments—has no more killing fly about her than the clean-fitting, clinging, decisive boot. It has revolutionised the whole *chaussure*. As for sandals, they are as much things of the past as the Vandals—out of doors. Even the final dogma that a black boot cannot be worn with a white dress has been smiled away; and well-booted ladies in any-coloured dresses step fearlessly forward, trampling, with more *hauteur*, on Plato's pride. To wear a light-coloured boot requires, indeed, a very small foot; and it has, in general, descended to classes who love the pavement, and is unpopular in

higher altitudes ; but we can see many occasions on which it might be usefully worn.

A well-made foot in a well-made boot being so attractive an object, it is a pity that the fancy of high-heels has become permanent. It cannot yet be said that high-heels have become very general, though highish heels are all but universal ; and the extreme specimens have prevailed longer and more widely than is necessary for the assertion of an idea, or for the display of a taste for renaissance. That degree of elevation, which was named the military heel, is not objectionable, and it gives height—often an important advantage ; but even this raises the back of the foot higher than is proper for stability in walking, and surgeons say it has a tendency to weaken the *tendo Achillis*, whilst everything which acts so as to throw the weight of the body forward on the toes, pressing them into the narrowest part of the boot with force, produces discomfort to the wearer, and—must the name be named?—brings corns. Far from us be those instruments which convert a pretty foot into a cornucopia !

As for those boot-heels, too frequently seen in public places, stilt-like in height, and pared away like a lead pencil, they are exceedingly dangerous, lead easily to sprains and dislocations of the ankle, and are as unnatural in their action on the muscles as the shoe of a Chinese lady. And they are not becoming. Were we to revive an entire Cinque-Cento style of dress they might be then in keeping ; but, happily, our hoops are not yet supplemented by the *et ceteras* now said to be adopted by the Empress Eugénie and her court—the ebony walking-stick, for example ; to be followed, we may suppose, inevitably, by patches and hair-powder.

The foot-gear has, at all times, exercised great power over its wearers' thoughts and affections. Nothing delights the youngest children so much as new boots. How tender and how amusing is Hans Christian Andersen's account of his new red shoes worn at his confirmation ; how they absorbed his attention, and covered him with blushes because he fancied the eyes of the whole congregation were fastened upon them. A venerable relation of our own has told us that in looking back to the extremest delights she can remember, she gives the palm to the happy day when she walked to school in a pair of new pattens, which printed the ground with the once well-known form of two parallel waved lines.

A finely-made boot is really a work of art deserving attention ; and we may well excuse the pang with which its wearer first sees its beauties trodden in the mud of public ways. It has been said that a well-dressed man suffers a loss in his attire to the extent of a guinea by being caught in a shower ; and we have known one of our younger friends refuse to take out his new umbrella *because* it rained : yet by the perverse system of walking on our feet, our boots, which have cost double the price of our hat, are subjected to the most injurious treatment, and in consequence, they become one of the most expensive parts of the wardrobe.

The game of *croquet* seems to have been specially invented to exhibit a lady's foot and ankle to

the greatest advantage. So delightful is the drawing of the light, firm, springy foot, booted as an Englishwoman knows how, delicately set on the ball, that the cruel, long-suspended stroke which sends us flying twenty yards away is forgiven for the beauty of the situation which preceded that calamity. The evolutions and unexpected positions of the steel skirt, also, make it indispensable that a lady's boot and stocking should be *soignées*. It has been suggested that the strong pressure of elastic sides to boots injures the form of the foot, making it *crow-heeled*. Here our experience is at fault, and we will not pronounce decisively ; but this we will assert, that there is a description of lower limb which does not become a tightly-fitting boot, when above the stringency of the compressed foot and ankle-joint flesh and blood strive not unsuccessfully to assert their dimensions, swelling and even overflowing their bondage with bursting power,—

As where a heart indignant breaks  
To show that still it lives !

Well-fitted as is a well-fitting boot for walking, there is nothing comparable in doors, for either sex, to the shoe and silk-stocking. White and pale-tinted kid-boots may be worn with discretion by ladies for dancing. They do not suit all persons, though there are some feet that would look well in a clod-hopper's high-lows or anything else. The French kid shoe, with ethereal lace-like thread stocking in the house, and the rosetted satin slipper over silken hose for evening wear, have always seemed to us to come near perfection. When men began to wear patent leather boots at dinners and dances, violence was inflicted on our traditions, our feelings of propriety, and our aesthetic sensitivities. They prevailed, like the insidious advance of democracy ; but there long remained in more antique minds an uneasy sense, when contemplating them, of *something out of doors* about a boot at night, however firm and polished. It was akin to the feeling we experience in some of our new churches which have side aisles of pointed brick. We are conscious of a struggle going on in the mind—a struggle as of having to keep ourselves *within* the building, whilst every side glance brings the suggestion that we are still *outside*. In fact, a man with a moderately small foot and good instep is unwise to forego the completeness of shoes and silk-stockings worn in dress.

The black silk (originally beaver) hat has been for years obnoxious to remark and ridicule. Yet those who have been most ready to take the hat off are not so ready to supply a succedaneum for the head. It is all very well for a country gentleman to move about his own neighbourhood in a straw fishing-hat : and on a long railroad journey any and every kind of cap and covering is permissible ; but those who live in great cities and have a character to support are always driven back to the old, inevitable black silk hat. Every substitute has been tried, and a great deal of sentiment has been talked on the subject, and not a little courage has been shown in very abnormal exhibitions of the head. But all in vain. The hat, like the ghost of the Amundevilles, will not be driven away. Here and there we



meet with an individual gallantly leading a forlorn hope against the batteries of fashion, and we admire and pity. We observed at a suburban railway station this summer a daring person carrying on his head a light felt helmet in the form of that used by the fire-brigade. He was endeavouring to look as if there were nothing remarkable in his appearance, but every motion betrayed the exhaustive effort he was making and his intuitive knowledge that the words of Brutus rose on each spectator's lips,—

I'll use thee for my mirth,—yea, for my laughter!

We comfort ourselves by deciding that such infatuation could not extend beyond two days, and that he would then have

Regained his felt, and felt what he regained.

Even ladies for riding have lately taken back into favour the straight black hat, once the customary



equestrian article of dress, and it has been abundantly worn. Indeed the form, in spite of the abuse lavished on it, has its advantages. Caps touch the head all over, the round hat rests thereon with the smallest possible area of contact, and the column of air between the head and the crown, particularly in ventilated hats, is a really valuable contrivance against direct heat. Some experienced Swiss and Continental tourists have come to the conclusion that, on the whole, the ordinary hat is attended with less inconvenience than other coverings for the head.

The present modes in hats for ladies have for their basis the square crown. This is the idea, as opposed to the rounded crown which they have supplanted, and, as it appears to us, without gaining in taste or beauty of form. With that wanton determination to produce something novel—upon which, as we have already stated, the

world of *specialités* depends—very extraordinary deductions from the original idea are being made; as, for example, untrimmed gray beaver with a wide brim, neither pretty in itself nor becoming to the wearer's face. In trimmed hats bold inno-



vations are introduced for ornament. The "half-pheasant" gives way to iridescent shells, tufts of prismatic spun glass, &c.

Of gloves we need not speak: we need only regret that the best of all possible gloves, the genuine kid, should be and continue so expensive an article of dress, being as they are so indispensable. Perhaps there is nothing which brings home to us the possibility of a depreciation in gold more vividly than the four shillings which we have so constantly to lay on the counter for a pair of gloves, hearing at the same time that the shopkeeper gets nothing by selling them. The agriculture of kids ought to be more attended to. The flesh of the kid is delicate eating at table—we have introduced it at our own with success—so that the raiser of stock need not lose by the animal itself, whilst he would realise a good profit by the skin. In Australia and other wool-growing countries, the example in Murray's Grammar has long required reversal. "The fleeces, and not the flock, is, or ought to be, the shepherd's care." The goat grazer must look primarily to the quality of the skins in his kid speculations.

We will conclude this part of our observations by remarking generally, that, in men's dress, attention bestowed upon "the points"—the gloves, boots, and hat—creates a greater effect on the observer than the remaining and more expensive parts of his clothing. It may, consequently, be good economy to be a little extravagant in the matter of gloves. In a less degree, the same rule applies to ladies' dress.

BERN.

## CONTINENTAL REPOSE; OR, A MONTH'S RELAXATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLIE THORNHILL."

I AM ONE of that vast multitude which works hard for its daily existence. I may say from morning till night, and not unfrequently from night till early morning, I am busily employed. I gain my bread by the sweat of my brow, no less than the daily labourer, though the work of perspiration goes on inside instead of out. The consequence of this eternal routine ought to be a corresponding requirement of relaxation. Would you believe it, I remain in the rudest health, and in the highest condition of moral and physical enjoyment. It might be supposed that I therefore fail in creating that sympathy which is so flattering to us all. On the contrary: no sooner does the 12th or 15th of August come round than wife, children, friends, and acquaintance suddenly discover that I am the victim of too much labour: that I look worn, pale, overworked. Like thousands of my fellows, I must rest—I must have thorough repose. If I expect to resume my labours at a future period, I must go up Mont Blanc, or walk over Tête Noire or the Col de Balme, or pull down the Rhine from Basle to Rotterdam in an University eight, after having been made sick in an Ostend steamer, or amidst the villanous smells of Cologne. Now this is the sort of attention that a man receives very readily. Nothing is so flattering as the assurance that our personal appearance is an object of solicitude to our friends; and the plainer a man happens to be the more eagerly he swallows the incense. I confess that my own notions of rest are wholly at variance with this display of muscular Christianity, and that the *dolce far niente* of Italian life would be more to my taste than the summit of Mont Blanc if I had really reduced myself to the state of lassitude which is supposed to belong pre-eminently to briefless barristers and government clerks at the fall of the year. If I could be persuaded that the brain wants rest like the body, I should prefer taking it on my back in the sunshine, or with the tails of my coat over my arms in front of a fire; though the modern fashion of morning dressing seems to have rendered the latter precaution almost impossible. The brain wants refreshment and recreation, but not rest: it gets the former by a continental ramble, and a balance of fatigue is afforded to the material part of man, at the same time, after its unhealthy repose.

This theory readily accounts for the numbers who flock to the Continent, and answers satisfactorily various questions which the traveller puts to himself, as to the reasonableness of his choice. After the trouble of settling the route to be taken, the most becoming coloured suit for the Swiss lakes (the amount of taste displayed is remarkable), and the various advantages of this or that hotel, we have still to ask ourselves why we have deserted our own language, our beloved coinage, our well-furnished library, our excellent beefsteak, and good wine; the comforts of a home, in fact, for an incomprehensible jargon of foreign tongues, half-a-dozen moneys, manifestly invented for the plunder of the traveller, carpetless

rooms at the back of the house, familiar waiters, six-franc dinners, beginning with pike and oil, and ending with potato-salad and unripe fruit, thin potatoes of bad hock, and the delusive snares of supposed economy? Why do we submit to the imposition of guides who are useless, slip and slide up one hill and down another, carry a bundle on our backs, which only contains sufficient to remind us what a comfortable thing a really clean shirt is, go without shaving, pack and unpack every twenty-four hours, carry our own soap from house to house, and put up with every conceivable want and necessity? Is it to escape the Penny Post?

Having done all this and a great deal more, and being, strange to say, still a little tired, like the man who after three dozen of oysters before dinner did not feel more hungry than before, I was induced to turn towards the Black Forest, in search of complete retirement. I knew Baden-Baden years ago as a quiet little place, with much beauty of scenery within a reasonable distance, where the gambling tables were the chief inducement to a few German, Russian, and English gentlemen to pass a month or two of the autumn. I remembered with great satisfaction that I could there get tolerable comfort, a theatre, a concert, good music, and sufficient society not to die of utter extinction. I could dine *al fresco*, in which I delight, either alone or with a friend. I could breakfast in the same way, and smoke my cigar, and lounge in and out of the town in a shooting-jacket, as the humour seized me; or, as I never gambled myself, I could watch the very extraordinary development of that singular passion in others, without being elbowed out of society by my virtuous neighbours. In a word, I had no doubt that I should find Baden-Baden what my grandmamma had told me it was years ago,—a beautiful, quiet, but cheerful little retreat in the Black Forest.

The reader may imagine, or rather he cannot imagine, my surprise when I reached this sanctuary of virtuous repose, supposed to be slumbering in its virgin beauty in the lap of surrounding hills and forests, on the 1st September, 1863. Hyde Park, the Bois de Boulogne, the Prado at Vienna, and the Congress at Frankfort, were all come together in front of the Conversazion's Haus in Baden-Baden. From twenty different hotels were carriages of every sort being ruthlessly turned—imperials, valets, lady's-maids, and all, to seek a more hospitable shelter elsewhere. Chairs and tables were at a premium, and beds were an impossibility. It occurred to one gentleman to hire a *fiacre* for the night; but his rest was a little disturbed by the necessity of turning out for a concert, Molière's "Misanthrope," and two balls. They called me *fortunatè* in having previously secured a room. Whether that is the right term to apply to me under the circumstances, the reader shall have an opportunity of judging. On reaching the rooms, or the *allée*, where I expected to have at least three chairs to myself, I found, with difficulty, standing-room in an immense crowd of kings, princes, dukes, counts, barons, pickpockets, and ladies of all ranks and degrees of virtue and vice, listening to the strains of Mozart

and Donizetti. I approached the restaurant, where I heard hundreds of voices shouting in every variety, not only of language, but of patois, for wines which they never got. I neared the gaming-tables with a hope of making some moral reflections, or speculating on the advantages of a private vice as applied to great public benefits: in other words, as to whether the profits of the tables were robbed of their sting by the erection of vast edifices, health-giving springs, and charitable distributions. I saw an enormous and heterogeneous mass of people all hustling and pushing for a place, miserable outsiders waiting with longing eyes for the moment when the front rank should be cleaned out, and a vacant seat left for a trial of their own system. For everybody has a system, of course. I saw reckless joviality, thoughtless levity, and careless indifference; I heard a curse or two in French, and English, and some feminine ill-humour at the caprices of fortune; but I saw no horrible features of that despair so graphically described by those whose imagination supplies the place of experience. As to the repose of this charming little watering-place, and the relaxation so peculiarly associated with its distractions, the bare notion of such a thing was an obvious insult to the genius of the place.

"Baden seems to be very much increased in the last few years," said I to a portly Frenchman, with a hand full of napoleons, evidently waiting to prove his newly-discovered martingale.

"No," answered he, eyeing the croupier, and sticking a pin once more through the pink card he held in his hand, "no, not much; though there are a great many persons here, just now. It is the race-week."

Oh, the race-week! thought I: the race-week at Baden-Baden, which, to my uninitiated mind, represented something like half-a-dozen donkeys in Hampstead Heath or the sands at Brighton. After all, they can only last a day or two. So, about dinner-time, I returned to my hotel, feeling that, for the present, I was not much better off than at Interlachen or Lucerne, where some thousand excursion-tickets were manifestly in circulation, and where, by the appearance of some of the company, they had been evidently treated for at a reduced rate of so much per hundred. I determined, however, upon informing myself unmistakably in the point; so I inquired of the waiter how long they were to last.

"Ten days," was the reply.

With a callous indifference I received the intelligence.

"Yes," added he, with a frightful gaiety which betrayed a lively sense of the almighty dollar, "that is the 2nd, the 5th, the 7th, and the 10th; and on the last day is the grand steeplechase for 0,750 francs,—gentlemen-riders."

If I have a weakness it is to see a foreigner ride a steeplechase; and here was an opportunity. I at once made up my mind, no inconsiderable parcel, and determined to see the thing out. This must be a great satisfaction to your readers, Mr. Editor.

After an excellent dinner, and some fine old stein-wein, which has since produced a fit of the gout, in a society more remarkable for the frank-

ness of its manner and the variety of its toilettes than for its decorum or morality, one of the most beautiful theatres in Europe opened its doors to receive me. "Le Misanthrope," by M. Bressant and Madame Arnould Plessy, gave me unqualified satisfaction.

"Music hath charms," &c. &c. I knew this; and, having a savage breast to soothe, I thought I would try its effect. Again I was enchanted. The whole place was redolent of magnificence and luxury. The rooms through which I passed were of every variety of French taste, from the Renaissance to our own times. No article of luxury or comfort was wanting. I listened to Madame Lablache de Meric (a daughter of our great basso), to M. Delle-Sedia, and to the exquisite violin of M. Alard, in a magnificent apartment decorated with the finest paintings and furniture that can be conceived; and here, again, I saw the first nobility of Prussia, Austria, and France, enslaved by charms which have grown too notorious for English gallantry. I sighed to think that, without prudery, however safe an English matron might have found herself in such proximity, the lovely scenery and the exquisite refinements of Baden-Baden could not well be participated in by the daughters of an English home. But this is not a pleasant subject; let us leave it.

And who has done this?—to whose taste and enterprise does Baden owe so much? Benazet, Benazet, Benazet, is on every lip. M. Benazet built the theatre, decorated the rooms; is proprietor of the baths; engages singers; supplies the charities, and establishes the races. M. Benazet cures the sick, amuses the ennuys, clothes the naked, and feeds the poor. The concert for twenty francs, places reserves, was for the benefit of the hospital! Truly, M. Benazet is a great man, and charity will have us say, a good man too. And M. Benazet is neither more nor less than the lessee of the gaming tables. Of course I went to the races—races in the Black Forest! Could I resist? Along the flat road lying between lines of apple, plum, and lime trees, through endless gardens of potatoes, Indian corn, strips of turnips, and rank grass of the banks of the Oos, I was drawn by two remarkably well-fed quadrupeds, driven by a boy in yellow coat, with a professional bugle, and a long whip which was not permitted to rust in its socket. The slopes of the Black Forest, clothed in dark-coloured verdure, rose from the plains in various shapes, enclosing the valley with its dark shadows, and relieving an otherwise monotonous drive. Arrived at Ifetzheim, an unpretending village of uneven pavement and dingy old houses, we turned short round to the course. The whole was a scene of fairyland. The grand stand, and royal stand, and the Jockey Club stand, were hung with festoons of gay flowers, and sweetly-scented creepers stole up the pillars and along the gaily-decorated balconies. It required the payment of a napoleon for my ticket, to convince me that I was not in the private grounds of some philanthropist, who was enhancing the pleasures of a dèjeûner by a little racing. So quiet, so refined, so un-English was everything connected with the sport itself. There was no ring; no turbulent layer of the odds

disturbed the charm of the meeting by murdering the Queen's English—I mean the Emperor's French—by his “cinque contre,” the Baden vernacular for “five to one—bar one,” or some equally mysterious announcement.

The company was charming, and the popular element almost ignored in the choice selection of hats and toilettes that at once attracts the stranger. There was canary-coloured embroidery on a white ground picked out with crimson, and a canary-coloured head to match which was suggestive of a crested cockatoo. There was a bloomer looped up with every colour of the rainbow, and a mitigated form of Chinese mandarin in the richest of silks and most flowery of skirts. There were gentlemen all blue, and all brown, and all gray, in every material, from the coarsest brown holland to the most delicate flannel. The details of the scene are perfectly indescribable: but a North American Indian might have walked about in his native costume with impunity; and Deerfoot, warpaint, tomahawk and all, about to start for a ten-mile run, would have escaped the slightest observation. The conduct of the company was as irreproachable as their costumes were remarkable; but the repose of which I came in search was to be found in neither the one nor the other.

The vulgarities of the race-course—the Careless's booths, the donkey's importunities, the travelling musicians, the amateur prize-fighters, the knock-'em-downs, the Aunt Sallies, the fortune-tellers, even the dog and the policemen—were replaced by a few carriages opposite the stand, by some Austrian and Prussian cavalry practising the manège, by a Tyrolese rifleman, and by a score or two of soldiers of divers regiments in the neighbouring stations. Isabella, the first of *bouquetières*, presented roses to her Parisian friends with ineffable grace. Everything was *en amateur*, and the starter and judge had nothing professional about them but their capability. The former of the two is some degrees beyond the profession, if the absence of false starts be any criterion of excellence. Charming music relieved the short but necessary intervals between the races. Such was the programme of the four days' sport; it contrasts favourably with the coarseness, vulgarity, and inconvenience of an English race-course. On leaving I was pointedly conducted into the line by a gentleman in a green uniform and a cocked hat, whose politeness was endorsed by the aid of a rifle and a sharp bayonet.

On the 10th I had the satisfaction of witnessing a German steeplechase. My national pride received a severe wound. Count Westphalen won on an excellent mare called Betsy Baker; his riding was the theme of even English admiration; and he beat a young Guardsman on Bridegroom, and the redoubtable Captain Hunt, an eminent performer, on our old acquaintance, the Colonel.

I like a few hours out of the twenty-four for sleep, and I have already said that the usual distractions of the place suffice to keep one out of bed till midnight at least. The “Malade Imaginaire” of M. Provost, the music of Beethoven, the cheerful society of the Conversazion's Haus, or the seductions of play, answer that end sufficiently.

I was congratulated on my good fortune in having found a room. Alas! it was a bedroom, but no sleeping apartment, “γάμος ἕγαμος,” as Sophocles hath it. Supposing that I retired to rest at midnight. The first two hours seem to have been devoted to sleep. I say seem, as a sort of euphemism; for I was sure to be riding a steeple-chase, or falling down a crevasse, or always winning, and never being able to remove my stake from the table. But about two in the morning the French division invariably returned; and as my bedroom had the advantage of lying on the same floor, I heard the arrival. It was not with muffled drums that these gallant young gentlemen sought their quarters. There seemed to be an assault upon every door but mine: women shrieked, men laughed, and there was that jabber, or running fire of unmeaning conversation, so peculiarly French, kept up throughout the infernal din. “Dites donc, dites donc, Alphonse,” cries a woman. “Ah, Voisin! où est ce cher Voisin?” “C'est ça.” “Parole d'honneur,” yells a third, apropos of nothing, as far as I could make out. “Diable m'emporte,” says a fourth; and a good devil certainly would have complied with his request; but nobody heeded his adjuration, and somehow, just as light began to dawn, about four A.M., the party dissolved itself into its primary elements, and went somehow. From that time till six A.M. I was only disturbed by an eccentric scream, or a banging of doors which announced a final retreat of some corps of the French army of invasion.

I am not exacting; but from four to six is not sufficient sleep, at least for a full-grown man of five feet eleven inches. At that hour the departing guests were astir, and as the porter made to descend a remarkably heavy portmanteau carrying everything contraband under the sun, and as “boots” in all languages was shouted over the banisters, and café was demanded as loudly though only in one, I can scarcely be said to have had a good night. How I longed that the custom-house officers might get hold of that precious “malle!” How savagely I prayed that all those young Frenchmen, with their friends of the Variétés and the Palais Royale, might leave their money in the hands of M. Benazet for the good of Baden-Baden; and how singularly my prayers were fulfilled! What a satisfaction I had in seeing them pay their bills at the hotel by other bills upon Paris, including a not reluctant loan from the landlord to carry them on their way.

I was in my first sleep on the road to Nancy: travelling home by easy stages, but making a night's journey to Paris, as being cooler and less liable to intrusion. I sleep remarkably well in a railroad!

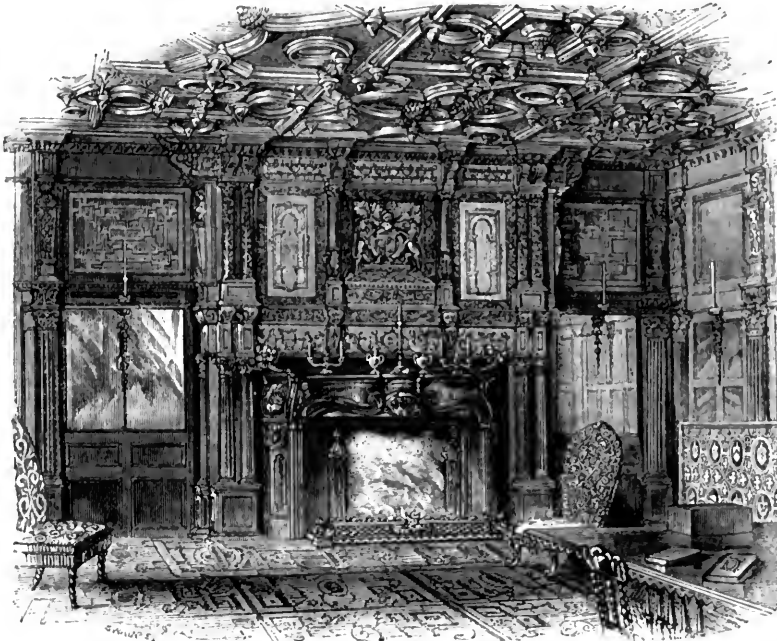
“Bless my soul, what's that?” as smash went something in the next compartment, and a yell—Gallic beyond all question—as of a thousand lunatics, broke the silence of the night. “Dites donc, dites donc, où est M. Voisin? Voisin, mon cher Voisin!” Is it possible? Yes, there they are again—dining. Paté de foie gras, and Heaven knows how many bottles of Chambertin! The charms of that night: the weary hours, relieved only at the stations by the hilarious riot of my

last week's neighbours, whose bottles of Chamberlain went flying out of the windows, leaving their contents in the empty compartment of their heads. But everything has an end, and when we reached Paris I sincerely but politely recommended them to God; for indeed I hope He will have them in His keeping, and that it may, for the present, be at some distance from me.

My journey from that point was simple enough; and if the douaniers, the commissionaires, the touts, and the stewards would have allowed me to rest in peace, I should not have felt so exceedingly tired as I did on my return from my holiday. They all say peace when there is no peace. A month's vacation is one of the most fatiguing things in the world; and I have returned for the twentieth time to my ordinary occupations duly impressed with the infinite labour of taking a holiday. The fact is, holidays ought to come of

themselves; but there is more exertion and forethought required to provide for our recreation than for our daily bread. Everything is overdone: Interlachen, Lucerne, Zurich, Baden, once so charmingly luxurious in their silence and magnificence, or voluptuous repose, have become huge caravanserais for the English, French, Austrian, Russian, and American peoples. The hotels are all full, the prices are all raised, the wines are adulterated; and at every station of consequence there is a struggle which is not exceeded by the graphic descriptions of the terminus on the day of a "slashing fight" for the belt. As soon as I shall have finished this article I shall warm myself at the fire after the fashion said to be peculiarly English, and shall endeavour to think about nothing; and I believe it will be of more service to me than all the wonders which I have not seen in my month's inquiry after rest.

### AN OLD MANSION AT YARMOUTH.



The Great Chamber.

ON the Quay, at Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, described in a recent number,\* there stands a house, built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by a wealthy merchant named Benjamin Cowper, who represented that borough in parliament, when it was the custom, if not the law, for towns to return *resident* "burgesses," and for counties to send up veritable "knights." He was a member of the company of "Merchant

Adventurers" incorporated by that queen, and their shield of arms, put up by him, still remains in one of the apartments. It is probable that he shared in the "rich spoyles" obtained from the expeditions fitted out by Raleigh, Drake, and Norris; for Yarmouth supplied these bold seamen with ships and money, and took an especial interest in the expedition to Cadiz under Essex, who, shortly after his successful exploit, became High Steward of the borough.

\* See page 275.

Be this as it may, Cowper erected a spacious mansion surrounding the four sides of an inner court, and adorned the panelled apartments with carvings of great beauty, in the style now so well known as Elizabethian. To one of the rooms a peculiar interest is attached, because there is a tradition, well supported by corroborative circumstances, that in it the death of King Charles I. on the scaffold was finally decided on.

Clarendon tells us, that after the unfortunate monarch had been brought to Hampton Court, and the army had mastered the parliament, "there were many secret consults what to do with the king;" the Independents being of opinion that "they should never be able to settle a new form of government whilst he lived." It is certain that a secret conference of great importance was held in the chamber above alluded to, by some of the friends and adherents of Cromwell, and many of the leading officers of the army. The apartment in which it took place is on the first floor, having three windows looking upon the Quay. It is thirty feet long by eighteen feet wide. The walls are panelled from floor to ceiling, and richly adorned with carved work. At one end is a chimney-piece of massive but elegant design, profusely and exquisitely carved. The ceiling is enriched by projecting mouldings, with pendant bosses at the intersections, and the compartments into which it is divided are ornamented with fruits and flowers, among which the rose, the grape, and the pomegranate predominate.

At the time of which we are speaking this house was in the possession of John Carter, an acknowledged leader of the Independents, and a firm adherent of Cromwell, with whose family his own became intimately connected by marriage.\* Carter was one of the bailiffs or chief magistrates at Yarmouth, when the town declared for the Parliament. He immediately concerted measures to put it into a state of defence, raised a regiment of militia, of which he undertook the command, subscribed the Solemn League and Covenant, and greatly influenced the municipal counsels during that great national struggle, which ended in the defeat and imprisonment of the king.

Let us imagine the conference.

At an oaken table in this long and somewhat gloomy apartment, the door of which was strictly guarded, sat the determined owner of the house, dressed in the buff jerkin which is still religiously preserved. Beside him was the Recorder, Miles Corbet, an astute lawyer and resolute partizan, ready and willing to sit in judgment on his sovereign, and to send him to an ignominious death. William Burton, another burgess and leading elder (whose son married a daughter of Desborough, and whose name was, at the Restoration, ordered to be erased from all public documents), was probably there, with Bendish and some others; whilst on the other side sat Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law; Desborough, his brother-in-law, a stern republican; Fleetwood and Bradshaw; Barkstead, whose regiment had garrisoned the town; Scroope,

who had previously been sent to Yarmouth by the Committee of Parliament; and Goffe, who, with Burton, afterwards represented the town in the parliament of the Commonwealth. These men deliberated upon the crimes committed by the king against the liberties of the people, desecrated upon the dissatisfaction of the army, urged the impossibility of trusting to any engagement entered into by the king, and insisted that any compromise would end in their own destruction.

The subject was, however, too weighty a one to be slightly disposed of. It was a grave matter, especially in those days, to talk about killing a king! The debate was consequently an animated and protracted one. At what hour this momentous conference commenced we are not informed, but we are told that the dinner which had been ordered at four o'clock, was put off from time to time till eleven o'clock at night. Those who had been so long in conference then came down-stairs, took a hasty repast, and immediately departed, some for London and others for the quarters of the army.

A commission was soon afterwards issued for the trial of the king. We all know that he refused to plead to the "pretended High Court of Justice." Nevertheless, he was condemned; and Bradshaw, Cromwell, Ireton, Fleetwood, Barkstead, Scroope, Goffe, and Corbet, with many others, signed the warrant for his execution.

We present our readers with an engraving of the room in which this conference was held. The house is now the property and residence of Charles J. Palmer, Esq., F.S.A., who some years since published, for private distribution, forty engraved illustrations of it.

#### "AT SEMPACH."

FIELDS, where the tillage is not wholly man's—  
Wherein the sturdy mower whets her scythe  
And the plough-maiden drives her languid team  
O'er purple slopes, with many a fair-hair'd gang  
Of girls that ply the mattock and the hoe,  
Or blithely move beneath such wondrous loads  
As unaccustom'd manhood may not bear;  
Such fields, such valleys, the stupendous Alps,  
Strong virgins of the desert, well may guard,  
And freedom bless with rare tranquillity.  
For these are women of heroic type,  
The mothers of unconquerable men:  
They are no timid darlings, who delight  
To ape the unmeaning fashions of the rich,  
Or, rich themselves, to frolic life away;  
But in serene equality of strength,  
And unobtrusive and laborious love  
That helps abroad and cherishes at home,  
They dwell beside their husbands and their sires,  
And please, because they know not they are fair:  
Soil'd on the surface, haply (if the touch  
Of honest earth, and such delicious hues  
As sunshine gives, and health, be stains indeed),  
But in themselves, as pure as the blue heart  
Of those deep glaciers, broadening from on high,  
That glide and glide, until they melt below  
In streams that charm with music all the dale.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

\* Carter's son married a daughter of General Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law.

## BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XIII. CORPORAL TENDA.

It was with a very bad appetite that Beppo sat down to the attorney's table. Nor was the information that Signor Sandro had to communicate to him respecting the other great object of his visit to the city at all more consoling to him than that which had already made life seem not worth having to him since that morning. If the conscription had simply involved getting knocked on the head and put out of his pain at once, he felt as if he could have been quite contented to draw Number One!

The news which the attorney had to give him, indeed, confirmed all the worst fears of the poor fellows whom he left at Santa Lucia, anxiously awaiting the tidings that he would bring back from the city. The conscription was not merely threatened; it was certain. It was not for next year, but for this. The day for the drawing had not been appointed for Fano yet; but it would be very shortly known, and would certainly be not longer than a fortnight after the completion of the communal lists. His brother Carlo was exempt; but he, Beppo, was as surely liable as any man in the district;—"and it is not very easily that they will let a fellow of your inches out of their clutches, my friend, if you once get into them," added the attorney.

"One can but take one's chance!" said Beppo, striving to put the best face on the matter that he could. "After all, the chance is in one's favour."

"Well, yes, as far as equal chances go, it's in your favour, of course; but the devil of it is that these *Signori Ufficiali* are bent upon getting the likeliest men. And if the draft were for a hundred, say, and you drew number two hundred, I should be sorry to insure you!"

"Why, how can that be, Signor Sandro? If a man is not fairly drawn, he cannot be taken, I suppose!"

"Aha! fairly drawn! That's all very well! But it is not every man who is fit to serve! There is the medical examination! Ever so many are sure to be rejected! Then, as I tell you, they make all sorts of excuses to reject the smaller and weaker men, in order to get a chance of laying hold of a fellow like you. I suppose you can't make out that you have got anything the matter with you?" said the attorney, with a laugh.

"Oh, yes, he has!" put in little Lisa; "he has got a sore heart; and I am sure that is a very bad complaint. He has a very sore heart ever since I have been telling him all about *la Giulia*!"

"Oh, if that's his complaint, it's likely enough to get worse instead of getting better," said the attorney, affecting to give a low whistle, and turn his eyes up to the ceiling, as if that was a dull matter, about which the less was said the better.

"Why, what is there to be said against *la Giulia*?" said Beppo, almost fiercely.

"Against her? Oh, nothing! nothing at all! I never say anything against anybody. But it may be that all the world is not equally prudent or equally indulgent."

"Come now, papa," said Lisa, "you know there is nothing to be said against poor *Giulia*, at all. Of course it cannot be expected that such a girl as *Giulia* should not be admired!"

"Well, it may be so, of course. And some men may have no objection to take up with a girl who has been flirted with by half the town, and talked of by the whole of it. Others may not like it. It's a matter of taste. If I was a young fellow in a respectable and good position, the head of my family—to be so one day, at least—and looked up to by all the country, I should not like to make a girl my wife who had gone through that sort of thing. Girls are easily spoilt;—and the handsomest perhaps the quickest."

"Tell me the truth, now, as an old friend, Signor Sandro!" said Beppo, piteously, while the big drops of perspiration gathered on his brow; "do you mean that *la Giulia* has got herself talked about in a way—that—that a good girl should not?"

"Well, my dear friend, it is a difficult question to answer! It is hard to say what a good girl may do, and what she may not. I don't wish to be severe. I dare say *la Giulia* is a very good girl, as girls in her position are,—a very good girl. But she has been very much—admired, we will say. She has been a good deal spoken of. Men will speak of such things in a tone like this. No doubt *la Giulia* has had her head turned a little! *Che vuola?* No doubt it would have been better if she had kept this Corporal Tenda—I think they call him—more at a distance. Still there is no great harm in it all! Only that if I, as a man who has some knowledge of the world, and as an old friend of the family, were asked for my advice in the matter of choosing a wife for your father's son,—why I should not pitch upon *Giulia Vanni*. Girls of her sort make the most charming sweet-hearts in the world. But a good wife is another sort of article!"

Beppo knew perfectly well that the attorney had a motive for saying all this. He knew perfectly well what that motive was. Nevertheless it gave him exquisite pain to hear it. Did not what had fallen from Lisa, who had no such motive, but quite the contrary, confirm it? Worse than all, did not the evidence of his own eyes vouch for the truth of a good deal of it? He dreaded, yet longed for an interview with her. If only he could have heard her disculpate herself. He would believe every word she said. That he was quite determined on. Did *Giulia* ever lie?

He would believe her in preference to all the calumnious tittle-tattle tongues in the city. If only she would say that—that—that—she loved him, Beppo Vanni, in short; that was, in point of fact, the exculpation that he thirsted to hear from her own lips!

Signor Sandro, if he had effected nothing else by his insinuations, had effectually destroyed the convivial capabilities of his guest. Beppo sat moody and silent, and could not be induced to drink, when the cheese and fruit were placed upon the table. The attorney made one or two hospitably-meant attempts to induce him to do so, but finding it of no avail, he said:

"Well, Signor Beppo, if you will not drink any more wine, I shall take my *siesta*! If you like to do the same, make yourself at home. And if you like to take Lisa to the *passeggiata* afterwards, I have no doubt she will be well pleased. You will find me in my study when you come back; and if you will look in for a moment before you mount, I will give you a line to take to your good father from me. *A rivederla!*"

As soon as ever Lisa and Beppo were left alone together, Lisa said:

"Now, Beppo, you must not mind a word of all papa was saying. It is all stuff and nonsense, You know what he has got in his head,—more stuff and nonsense still. Don't you believe a word of it!"

"But when I saw that corporal with my own eyes, Lisa!"

"Saw the corporal! What of that? Do you think Giulia is going to shut herself up as if she was a nun, for you; and you never to come near her for weeks and weeks? But, I tell you she don't care a fig's end for the corporal! Just you see her, and it will all come right!"

"How am I to see her, Lisa?" asked Beppo, in a very piteous tone.

"How? Why come to *la Dossi's* house, now directly, with me, to be sure!"

"Oh, Lisa! and if that corporal is still there?"

"That is just what you must go for, Signor Beppo! You must go and see for yourself that there is nothing at all serious between Giulia and Corporal Tenda. And, besides that, you must go, to let Giulia know that you are thinking of her. You have stayed away too long. What do you suppose Giulia would feel if she heard that you had been to Fano, and gone away without so much as making any attempt to see her! I know what I should feel if Captain Brillì treated me in such a way. Why, she would be justified in taking up with the corporal or anybody else out of sheer despair, she would. Most likely," continued Lisa, improving upon the idea which had only that instant come into her head for the first time, "most likely it's merely *that* which has led her to encourage the corporal at all,—if she has encouraged him, which I, for one, don't believe. But you must not think that if you don't do your duty by poor Giulia, the corporal won't make the most of it to her. Of course he will. And small blame to him! If he should hear—as of course he will hear—that you have been to Fano, and never been near her, he will make a pretty story of it to her;—and then—there's

no saying what a girl may do in such a case as that!"

We know that little Lisa had her own reasons for being determined to pay a visit that afternoon, while her father was enjoying his *siesta*, to her friend Signora Dossi. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that her arguments were sound; unless indeed Beppo were minded to give up the matter altogether; and once or twice the vision of that corporal at Giulia's side, on the church-steps, and of her manner, as she listened to him, as it recurred to his mind, almost made him wish to do so. The words of Signor Sandro, too, had not been without their effect, even though he knew that the counsel given was interested. For the well-to-do contadino is very sensitive to the voice of his public in matters of the sort. It would not be well for Vanni of Bella Luce to take home a wife who had been the town-talk of all Fano! That was true, let what would be the attorney's motive for saying it. It was true! and he was mad, and miserable, and infatuated! He could not give up Giulia, however much his reason might be convinced that it were better that he should do so. He *could* not do it. Give her up! He knew at the bottom of his heart, all the time that he was irresolutely hesitating whether he should consent to go with Lisa or not, that he would rather give up his life than give her up. And then he thought over all the incidents—the things spoken and the things done—under the cypress-tree, in the path between Bella Luce and Santa Lucia; and his anger was forgotten, and his heart yearned towards her; and he would forgive her everything—if only she would be forgiven!

"Come, Signor Beppo!—come along! You can at all events come with me as far as the door of Palazzo Bollandini. We can talk of your going in or not by the way. Any way it's as well to be walking as sitting here. Come along!"

So—merely out of civility to *la Lisa*, and because he could not help himself, he put on his hat and accompanied her.

It had seemed to Beppo in the morning that the Palazzo Bollandini was a long way off from Signor Sandro Bertoldi's house—very much further that it now appeared! Perhaps he had not come the shortest way in the morning. Perhaps the difference was due to the different attitude of his own mind. He had made very small progress towards determining what he would do when he got there, when he found himself with Lisa before the huge portal of the palace; and he recognised, with a shudder, the church front and the steps where that horrid vision of Giulia and the Bersaglieri corporal had blasted his eyes.

Lisa entered the great gateway, and tripped up the huge staircase without pausing a second to give Beppo time to think what he should do. She skipped up the stairs to the *primo piano*, and he had nothing for it but to run up after her. She seized the little bit of scarcely visible twine—knowing right well exactly where to look for it—while he was lost in awe and wonderment at the grandeur of the place he had entered, and rung as vigorous a peal as the little bell-pull would execute.



"But, Signora Lisa," remonstrated Beppo; "I think—"

But they had not to wait for the opening of the door so long this time as when Giulia and Signor Sandro had stood before it, for they were lighter feet which went across the huge hall to admit them.

While Beppo's hesitating remonstrances were yet on his lips, the door was opened by Giulia herself.

It was of course the most natural thing in the world that it should be so; but the possibility of it had never entered into Beppo's head for an instant. Probably the truth was, that he hardly realised the fact that that huge and magnificent door was absolutely the private entrance to the dwelling in which Giulia resided, but rather had an idea that a whole nest of homes would be found within it, in the furthestmost penetralia of some one of which she would be at length reached.

And when the tall door opened, and there, framed in the marble door-case, stood before him the figure of his enchantress, more beautiful than ever, set off with a hundred little town coquetries,—transmuted, glorified, but still unmistakably the Giulia whose eyes had made the Bella Luce light deserve its name, and whose absence made all dark there. He was as much taken aback and rooted to the spot with speechless amazement as if he had suddenly met her at the antipodes.

He certainly had never seen her look so beautiful as she looked at that moment; and all—his own bitter agony, and the stinging insinuations of the attorney—would have been forgotten and forgiven on the spot, but for a withering sight that met his eyes as they looked beyond her into the space of the huge hall. There, immediately behind her, stood the odious, the intolerable corporal. He had evidently either been alone with her in the vast hall, or stuck to her so inseparably that he had accompanied her across it to open the door.

Beppo's eyes glared with rage and indignation; and assuredly his whole appearance was very little like that of one meeting an old friend, to say nothing of an old love, with pleasure.

Giulia, too, was to a certain degree moved, and to a certain degree embarrassed by the presence of the corporal at her skirts and in her conscience. But when was ever a woman embarrassed under circumstances of the kind, let their difficulty be what it may, as a man is embarrassed.

Giulia's blood rushed to her face and neck, but she did not lose for an instant either her faculty of speech or her presence of mind; nor did her voice shake, as she said:

"Ah, Signora Lisa! *Buon giorno! buona festa!* We have been expecting you!"

(Lisa stood nearest to the door, and Beppo's tall figure was seen over and behind her; therefore it was natural to address her first.)

"*Buon giorno!* Signor Beppo! Are they all well at Bella Luce? We did not expect to see you today."

Lisa had at once stepped into the hall; and was greeting the corporal in the style of an old acquaintance, leaving Giulia face to face with

Beppo, who was still standing gaping, and almost gasping, on the landing-place outside the doorway.

"Signor Caporale," said she, turning to the corporal, after she had paused half-a-minute with the door in her hand, waiting for Beppo to enter, "will you have the kindness to await my cousin Beppo Vanni's decision whether he will come in or not. I must go and take *la Signorina Lisa to la padrona.*"

And so saying she turned away to cross the hall, leaving Beppo and the corporal face to face. Lisa tried to throw an encouraging and inviting glance to poor Beppo, over her shoulder; but was obliged to hurry off with Giulia across the hall.

Beppo had a very good mind to turn on his heel without saying a word, shake the dust off his feet as a testimony against the abominable house he was in, and turn his back on it and Giulia for ever! Forgive her? No! he never, never could forgive her! It was monstrous! It was loathsome!

He had a very good mind to turn his back and walk away,—but he did not do it! For it was beyond his power.

"So you are Signor Beppo Vanni, are you?" Come in, comrade, come in! the more the merrier!" said Corporal Tenda, after the two men had remained staring at each other for a minute without speaking;—Beppo looking scared and savage, and the corporal perfectly self-possessed and perfectly good-humoured.

Corporal Tenda was a model corporal of *Bersaglieri*, small, light-made, wiry, active, with a shrewd, good-tempered, bright, sunburnt face, a frank, bold blue eye, and a bush of short, crisp, curly brown hair;—a dangerous man for a rival in the good graces of a high-mettled girl, though not comparable either in face or in person to the handsome, stalwart, classical-featured Romagnole. But if his limbs were nimbler than those of the Herculean-proportioned Beppo, his wit was far more so. A ready wit is not generally the distinguishing characteristic of the Piedmontese; and Corporal Tenda was a native of that province; doubtless of a stock deriving its origin as well as its name from the little mountain village which gives its well-known appellation to the picturesque Alpine pass between Nice and Turin. The corporal was, as Lisa had said,—and as has been by no means an uncommon case since Italy has needed all her stoutest arms and hearts in the ranks of her defenders—of a social position in his own country somewhat higher than that which he held (only provisionally, the corporal trusted) in the army. He was a man of some little education, of far more than poor Beppo could boast; and was, though a Piedmontese, a sharp, clever fellow. He was, moreover, a thoroughly good, honest-hearted little man; and though he had abundance of the military tendency to look down on the entire race of bumpkins, and quite a sufficiency of the provincial Piedmontese assumption of superiority to the inhabitants of the other provinces of Italy, yet any man who came into relationship of any kind with Corporal Tenda, and showed himself in that relationship to be a

man of honour and character, was sure to be treated by him as he deserved.

"You know my name, then?" said Beppo, who had so far obeyed the corporal's invitation as to come just sufficiently far across the door-sill as to make it possible for the latter to close the door behind him. He had done so because he did not know what else to do. And now he stood moodily measuring his smart little enemy from head to foot, thinking how easy it would be to pitch him out of one of those great windows into the street, and how much he should like to do it. It no more came into his head to be personally afraid of the corporal, than he would have been of a little terrier who barked at his heels. But he was much afraid of his uniform. The *contadino* mind stands in great and habitual awe of the military. For all that, Beppo would have been very glad to pick a quarrel with him; though he had a vague idea that to strike or resist such an embodiment of the *forza pubblica* would *ipso facto* subject him to be shot kneeling on his own coffin. But he felt as if he should rather like to be kneeling on his coffin than not, especially if Giulia could be compelled to witness his fate, and to know that he had incurred it by fighting to defend her from all snares, corporals, and other emissaries of the evil one. But Corporal Tenda did not seem to intend to give him any opportunity of entering on such a desperate course of conduct.

"Know your name, Signor Vanni!" said he; "*Altro!* I should think so, *per Bacco!* Who does not know the name of Vanni? Your lordship shares it with the divinest girl in all Romagna—in all Italy, I should say!"

"My business here was to see my cousin Giulia," said Beppo, scowling more blackly than ever. "My father is in some sort responsible for—for her safety—and—and the decency of her conduct."

"Hah! You come armed with parental authority, eh?" and the corporal winked in the most provokingly intelligent manner and the most perfect good humour as he spoke. "Pray walk in, and permit the Signorina Giulia to crave your blessing. It will be, I doubt not, supremely satisfactory to her! Allow me to do the honours of this poor mansion!" continued the corporal, waving his hand, as he spoke, with the mock airs of a host, and bowing low to Beppo as he motioned him to precede him.

"My cousin is but a poor servant in this house," growled Beppo, while his mind was distracted from what he was saying by a desire rapidly becoming uncontrollable to spring on the accursed corporal, and strangle him then and there. "If she is disengaged, I might speak a few words to her before I leave the city; if not, it does not matter,—not the least in the world. Perhaps I had better not disturb her!"

"Come! *Vi pare!* Can you dream of it? A nice kind of guardian and protector you are for a young girl. Oh—*é!* Signora Giulia!" he cried out, raising his voice till it echoed again in the large empty hall; "here's Signor Beppo yearning to give you his fatherly blessing; but he is in such a hurry just now to be off that, if you do not come out for it directly, he will carry it off

straight back to the hills with him. Oh—*é,* Signora Giulia!"

"Hush—h—h!" cried Giulia, running out from the inner rooms, and holding up her hand with a warning gesture; "are you mad, Signor Caporale, to make such a noise as that? Don't you know that *la padrona* is taking her *siesta?*"

*La padrona* was taking her *siesta!* And Giulia had been alone, then, with this animal of a profligate corporal! thought Beppo to himself. It was too bad—too barefaced! Thank God he had come into the city, and made himself acquainted with the truth! Thank God he had escaped wrecking his heart on a worthless girl! Escaped? Poor Beppo groaned inwardly as the word returned to his mind in the guise of a question.

They had not been absolutely *tête-a-tête*, however, he thought. For he supposed that Captain Brilli must be in the house somewhere. Lisa had vanished into the inner penetralia, and no doubt knew of the captain's whereabouts.

The fact was that the attorney's daughter and her lover were at that instant discussing all the chapter of their hopes and fears in a delicious *tête-a-tête* in *la Dossi's* vacant sitting-room.

"How could I think about *siestas* or anything else, when your estimable guardian here was talking of leaving the house without seeing you, gentilissima Signora Giulia?" said the corporal, adding action with both hands, as he stood a few yards from Beppo on the paved floor of the vast hall, and affecting to speak in a voice of urgent remonstrance.

"My guardian!" said Giulia, tossing her head.

"I made no such claim," said Beppo, sulkily; "I should be very sorry to assume such an office."

"Come to see that the young lady conducted herself decently, on behalf of her family, if I understand your worship aright," said the corporal, skipping into a new rhetorical attitude as he spoke.

"I said," replied Beppo, stammering and turning very red, "that—my father—and mother—would—would be glad to hear that my cousin Giulia was—was—was going on well. I leave it to her to judge how far they will be satisfied with my report!"

Giulia's eyes flashed at this, and the lightning was instantaneously followed by the thunderbolt.

"There is nobody at Bella Luce," she said, "to whom my conduct is of the slightest importance. There is one way only in which I could grieve the heart of Signor Paolo Vanni, and in that way he may rest very sure I shall *never* afflict him!"

Corporal Tenda saw with undisguised admiration, and Beppo with an agony made up of a sense of self-blame conflicting with burning indignation and ardent love for his cousin, how much scorn could look beautiful in Giulia's eyes as she spoke those last words—words which Beppo but too well understood.

"*Diavolo!* If family matters of delicacy have to be discussed—if the lady has confidences to make to her father-confessor, allow me to suggest the privacy of a confessional!" said the corporal, waving his hand towards the old sedan-chair in a

distant corner of the hall; "it would be impossible to desire better accommodation for the purpose."

"Don't be a fool, Signor Caporale," said Giulia, as gravely as she could, but darting a laughing glance out of the corner of her eye at the corporal, as she spoke, which Beppo caught *in transitu*, and which formed perhaps the heaviest item in all the long bill against her, scored up in his much-lacerated heart. "If you choose to walk in, Signor Beppo," she continued, in a milder tone, though still very haughty—for she had been grievously offended by that ill-judged slip of the tongue which poor Beppo had been guilty of in the excess of his embarrassment and ill-humour in speaking to the corporal, and which the latter had so remorselessly turned to the utmost account—"if you choose to walk in I shall be happy to present you to *la Signora Dossi*, as soon as she wakes."

She spoke coldly and haughtily; but there was a feeling at her heart, due perhaps in some degree to the intensity of the misery which was legible in Beppo's handsome face, which prompted her to accompany her words with a look—not precisely of tenderness, and still less of pleading; but certainly of reconciliation and invitation. It was but momentary, however, and Beppo was either too slow to see it or too angry to heed it.

"I do not see that I could be of any use in coming in," said he, gloomily; "I should only interfere with the pleasant party assembled here. Besides I must be starting for *Bella Luce*, and I can easily understand that you are in no hurry for *la Signora Dossi* to wake!"

The last words were accompanied by a look of indignance and bitter reproach at Giulia.

"As you please, Signor Beppo!" said she, at once turning on her heel, and going towards the door of the inner rooms; "Signor Caporale," she added, as she crossed the hall, "will you kindly open the door for my cousin. I wish you a pleasant ride home, Signor Beppo!"

And with those words she vanished; and instantly an immense and poignant repentance of his refusal of her invitation fell upon Beppo. He felt as if he would have given worlds to recall it, if only for the gratification of his burning curiosity to know what would pass between her and the corporal during the remainder of *la Dossi's siesta*,—if only to protect her, ungrateful as she was, against that base and unprincipled wretch. Protect her! How could he protect her? He away at *Bella Luce*, and she with evidently all sorts of opportunities of meeting him as often as she pleased. And was he not already on terms of intimacy with her such as Beppo had never been able to attain, and that in a few weeks? and he had worshipped her, and lived under the same roof with her for years.

He turned slowly towards the door, with a hell of contending passions seething in his heart,—rage, bitter self-contempt, indignation, hatred, horrible jealousy, and desperate and unquenchable love.

Yes, love, after all, through all, and above all. He told his heart that he despised her, and cast her off, and hated her: and his heart knew that

he lied, and loved her at the very moment as desperately as ever.

"Well, don't look so black about it, friend Beppo," said the corporal as he opened the door for him. "It seems that the young lady does not value the paternal blessing so much as I had supposed. Try her another way, next time."

"I want no next time," said Beppo. "It is not likely that I shall trouble your fun here another time."

"Well, we must try not to break our hearts. I won't answer for mine, for it's a very tender one," said the corporal, placing his hand on the organ in question, and bowing low as Beppo passed the door. "I dare say we shall meet again though, for all that," he added, looking with a soldier's eye after Beppo as he went slowly down the great staircase; "meantime, *buon viaggio, à rivederla*."

And Corporal Tenda shut the door after him with undiminished good humour.

It is so easy for a man to keep his good temper under such circumstances.

Beppo walked away through the streets, now filling with people in their holiday trim, for it was just the hour of the *passaggiata*, feeling as if he had been stunned and was reeling. He never thought of returning to Signor Sandro's house for the letter the attorney had asked him to carry to his father; but found his way somehow or other unconsciously to the *osteria* at which he had left his horse, and ordered it to be brought out to him with a manner and voice that made the lame ostler, whose lameness had recently become so valuable a possession, say to a bystander, as he rode off: "There's another that's been baulked in his hopes of getting a substitute. Wait awhile, and you'll see plenty more faces like that in *Fano*!"

Beppo let his nag choose his own pace, and find his own way back to *Bella Luce*. The old horse had no doubt on either point. He quietly sauntered along the well-known road, and never disturbed his master's deep reverie till he came to a full stop at his own stable-door.

The lights seemed to be all out in the farmhouse; for it was much beyond the usual bedtime of the inmates. Beppo, still moving as if in a dream, put his horse into the stable, took off his saddle; and then, after standing awhile gazing sadly into the distant moonlight far down the valley, heaved a deep sobbing sigh, and turning away from the house towards the path leading to the village, walked straight to the great half-way cypress in the middle of the path.

There he flung himself on the turf at his length, and burst, great strong man as he was, into a passionate fit of tears.

When these had in some degree calmed the storm that was raging in his heart and brain, he set himself to think over every word, every accent, every gesture of the last meeting on that spot between him and Giulia. He would fain have found some motive of excuse, some possibility of explanation, from the comparison of her words, and conduct then with what he had seen and heard that day. But each well-remembered look and phrase seemed to him only to make her present conduct appear the more odious, the more

hideously inconsistent. False, false, false, as hell! "No love, no love!" she had cried in the bitterness of her heart. "I hate them! I hate all men!"

Oh, what a wreath of bitter, bitter scorn sate on Beppo's usually inexpressive lips, as he recalled the words!

All thought of the conscription seemed to have gone far, far away into the background, as if it appertained to some distant matter; but still his mind would go over and over again the scene of that last night; and still the tender feelings which, despite his reason, would fill his eyes with tears at the thoughts of it, were alternated with the hot fit of burning rage and shame, and scathing jealousy, as he recalled those other memories of the morning.

And so passed the hours, till the morning Ave Maria from the tower of the neighbouring church of Santa Lucia recalled him to the necessity of reporting himself at home, and commencing with his father and brother the morning's task.

(To be continued.)

## THE ROUSING OF THE NATIONS.

WE are within a few months of fifty years from the date of the grand consultation of Monarchs and States, out of which grew the Treaties of 1815; and we find ourselves invited to share in another consultation of the same kind, in order to the formation of a new set of Treaties, and a fresh division of the territory of Europe. From whatever point of view such an incident is regarded, it is one of extreme seriousness; and to be living in a time which admits of such a proposal is either a great blessing or a great curse. It is this last truth which is uppermost in my mind in beginning to speak of the French Emperor's proposal of a Congress; and it is of this that I am about to speak. The Congress had been so generally discussed within a week of its being proposed that there is nothing fresh to be said here; and before what I now write will be read new circumstances will certainly have arisen, and it is even possible that the question of Congress or no Congress may be formally settled. I therefore leave that speculation on one side, and look in the direction in which so many eyes are turned,—that of observation of the state of mind of the peoples and the rulers of those countries which are animated or perplexed by hope or fear of change.

There is no question of the benefit and blessing of a thorough rousing of the spirit of a people in any case of self-defence. The holiness of a war of defence against invasion is nowhere denied: and the fervid glow of conscience and the keen joy of sympathy which sustain the spirits of patriotic men and women in times of sincere political revolution, mark the crisis as one of great dignity and charm, and the period as one in which it is a privilege to live. Such a time is the present, to not one but several of the nations of the world: and the most interesting point in the grand procession of phenomena now on its march is the expression of coun-

tenance of the persons and groups which compose it. From that expression we must derive whatever we can know of how far each people and each ruler is prepared to use the opportunity of the hour.

France claims to be the leading and guiding Power of Europe,—if not of the world. How is France faring in this crisis?

On the whole, surely not well. The opportunity of the last ten years might have been used for repairing the evils of a balked revolution, and of the ignoble government which had preceded and caused it. When the agricultural interest was sinking in a slough of poverty; when the population of the country was stationary or declining; when peace and industrial prosperity were demanded by all the symptoms of the suffering body politic,—the contrary treatment was tried first. The Emperor who now proposes to settle all the quarrels of Europe in his own capital has made four wars quite spontaneously in ten years. He revived the quarrel about the Holy Places; and went into the Crimean war,—breaking it off before it was finished, against the will of his allies, and made his own private and special friendship with Russia on that ground, immediately after. He went to war with Austria, of his own will and pleasure, on behalf of Italy,—breaking that off, also, before it was finished, and making a special friendship of his own with the Pope, on the ground of having done so before Rome was swallowed up. As for the Italians,—he broke his promise of liberating Italy from sea to sea: he retained for Austria one province, and for the Pope another, by menace of war: he laid hands on Nice and Savoy, and, in yet more flagrant defiance of treaties, on portions of neutral territory, by which Switzerland is laid open to intrusion in the way from which it was supposed to be protected by the treaties which the French Emperor now holds up to the world as worn-out instruments.

Here are two wars: others have been threatened in Europe from year to year, and almost from month to month; and two have been undertaken in other continents: in Cochin China in the far East, and Mexico in the West, besides some smaller quarrelsome proceedings in half-a-dozen other places—on divers coasts and in various seas.

How far the French people generally ever approved of any one of these wars, and breaches of promises, and violations of treaties, the world does not and cannot know, for the plain reason that the French people themselves do not know. Their self-styled champion of peoples and leader of civilisation and progress does not permit the citizens to confer, to speak, to print, to be really represented in what is called their Chamber, or to know and understand anything of public affairs that he can keep from them. He has given them something else instead—employment of the trades of Paris, for which the nation pays; and paternal management of their affairs, social, domestic, and personal, which, saving them thought and trouble, has left them helpless and dependent; and free-trade, as far as they would accept it, which has been a true and unmixed blessing to them through their industry. After ten years so spent, what is the result which he has to show in support of

his pretension to preside over the destinies of Europe?

The population of the country is now not only stationary but declining. The stature of the young manhood of the country has so deteriorated that the standard for conscripts, reduced more than once before, is again lowered. The agriculture of France is in greater contrast than ever with that of advancing countries,—not for want of incitement and encouragement by Government, but because the army is recruited from the peasant class, and the refuse of that order, unfit for military service, are left behind to till the soil. In this way, above all, does France need continuous peace and reduction of armies.

Paris is like a new city. It is a matter of opinion whether the gain in genuine beauty is great: but there is no question of the vast power which a military government has thus acquired over and, if need be, against the citizens. As for the rest, the increase of wealth in the whole country and the pressure of poverty seem to have kept company. The dearth of food and shelter is such as may well alarm a government which dreads revolution. Credit is in an artificial and fluctuating state: the finances are presented under a mask, because the features are terribly ugly: the Cochin China war, and the climate there, have been abundantly expensive; but the whole concern is a trifle in comparison with the Mexican enterprise. There is no appearance of success in that enterprise, while its costs and sacrifices go on,—happily without the complicity of the people of France. Abroad, France is not regarded at all affectionately. The Emperor has kept Italy in an inexcusable suspense which has cost thousands of lives, put a fearful strain upon the tempers of a nation, perpetuated turmoil, discontent, and crime, and protracted the unbearable agony of Venice and of Rome. He has played with the hopes and fears of small princes, and trifled with the affections of great ones. His position, therefore, is now so difficult as to have induced him to risk the world's ridicule once more. He, the maker of four wars; he, the violator of the treaties of Europe; he, who is not bound by oaths any more than by promises, can expect no mercy from jesters when he proposes to obviate war, and cause the creation of new treaties, made binding by fresh oaths,—by bringing together the Powers of Europe, to be led and presided over by himself! It must be a very stringent pressure of difficulty which can bring him once more to tempt the world's ridicule; and the embarrassment is indeed great which his political countenance betrays.

Of the people of France finding or making an opportunity of expressing what they think and feel nobody now has much hope. They have lost so many liberties, and so evidently prefer losing them to undergoing the risks of resistance, that no popular vigilance or readiness is to be expected. That there are patriots still living and moving in society, the recent elections show; but the national helplessness is evidenced by the Mexican expedition, which is believed to be altogether against the sense and will of the people, from the highest to the lowest. If they desire peace with all the

world, they cannot get it. If they desire a war on behalf of Poland, they have not yet got it. All indications tend to the impression that nothing will come out of the present crisis for the French people, unless it be such trammels of embarrassment for their paternal ruler as may possibly rouse them to inquire whether they are not of age, and entitled to declare what sort of political life they desire to lead.

For other and very different reasons, the Russian people offer themselves to observation as unlikely to strengthen their political vitality by the present crisis. Rarely in the world's history has any great empire been such a spectacle of political ruin and overthrow as Russia is now; and there is nothing in the aspect of the people to soften the horror of the sight. There is no middle class there, to obtain liberties, and preserve them at all cost. There is an aristocracy divided into an old Russian and modern German party: there is a bureaucracy which renders good government impossible: and there is a labouring class, freed from personal subjection, but ignorant beyond conception, and irritated by the disappointment of absurd expectations. What a soldiery that class makes, let the plundered and tortured people of Poland tell. If such are the people, what is the bearing of the Czar in this critical hour? I really cannot dwell on this. It is enough to point to his pride, his recklessness, his certain knowledge of the acts of Mouravieff and Berg, and his caprices, which render his servants equally afraid to execute and not to execute his orders, to show that he perpetuates the family type of character. It is more to the purpose to look at the loosening and falling asunder of the departments of the empire.

We have seen the Czar devoting himself lately to humouring the people of Finland,—promising them a constitution, while strengthening the military works which are to be put in action by them or upon them, as occasion may prescribe. All parties round know very well that the Fins long and intend to join the Swedes at the first moment when the inevitable strife between Russia and Sweden breaks out. The encroachments attempted by Russia in all leisure intervals on the northern coasts of Sweden, and in the Baltic, keep all Scandinavia incessantly on the watch. We have seen what alliances Sweden has made since the Crimean war,—with England and with Denmark; and these point to apprehensions from Russia. These alliances are no less important to Finland, whose deliverance depends upon them. The Czar may use all his most winning ways with the Fins; but he will never have any confidence that they will not join his enemies on the first practicable occasion. A constitution bestowed by him who shows how he can treat guaranteed rights in the case of Poland, will not attach a people who are not Russians, never desired to be so, and never meant to be so.

Next come the Baltic Provinces. The precautions there, and the repressive force distributed through them, show the distrust entertained of their loyalty. Next comes Poland, which speaks for itself. The resolution of the Poles to maintain their insurrection through the winter may be as

important to the existence of Russia as the first breaking out of the revolt. As for south-western and southern Russia, it is no secret that the inhabitants expect the restoration of Poland with confidence; that they keep in their houses as hidden treasures portraits of the Polish kings and warriors, which are shown to the children in sacred hours; that they keep up in the retirement of home the old language, and the study of the old literature, in preparation for the day when the Czar shall no longer be their sovereign, and their loyalty may find its own direction. There may be more objects than one in the prodigious efforts made to assemble those troops in Bessarabia and Kherson which have caused Turkey to arm and prepare for what may happen. The Czar may really mean to look imposing to Turkey, and the Principalities, and Austria: but he may also find it necessary to overawe his own provinces from Poland to Astrakhan. Then, there is the Caucasus,—as far from being subdued as ever. The indomitable tribes there have gained so many advantages over him lately, that he is actually breaking through the restrictions of the treaty of Paris in his building of ships of war in the Black Sea. He has to send forces to the Caspian; for there is mischief on his southernmost frontier. The last generation foresaw the consequences of his father's act of sending the children of troublesome Poles down to Georgia for life, or to be made soldiers of. Those children are now men and women, as strong in their national feelings as their parents were; and recent news from that quarter tells us that every Pole in Georgia is to be sent to serve in the interior, or on the north-eastern frontiers of the empire.

The experience of this old policy of the Czars seems to teach nothing to new occupants of the throne. The present Emperor goes on transporting the people of one region into another,—of a frontier town to a steppe in the interior; and above all, the members of intellectual society into remote Asiatic settlements; and he seems to be as insensible to considerations of policy as of humanity in the case. This leads us round to the quarter in which perhaps the greatest danger lies.

It is some years now since the world began to understand that Siberia was not altogether a desert;—by no means the vast howling wilderness that had been supposed. The climate is, in the most peopled parts, more than endurable: the society of the towns is enriched by accessions of the most intelligent men in the Czar's dominions, who are settled with their families for life. Before the present Emperor came to the throne, schemes were maturing for the establishment of the independence of this, the great Asiatic portion of the Russian empire; and Alexander II. has done nothing to check, and much to promote the enterprise. He has sent there the wisest and ablest men of many provinces;—men who not only know how to plan and achieve revolutions, but who are singularly looked up to by such of the Russian soldiery as are intelligent or have grievances. What the grievances and discontents of the Czar's soldiers in Siberia are, the narratives of some returned exiles have made known. These things being understood, and the amount of this year's

transportation to Siberia being considered, it will surprise nobody if, in the Czar's darkest hour of weakness and perplexity, the Asiatic part of his empire falls away from him by means which he himself and his predecessors have furnished. Then the counsels of Peter's Will will have an ironical significance, and the Czars will indeed have to attend most to their European dominions. But the same process must have worked in the same direction there. Transplanted populations, and deported individuals spread discontent wherever they go: and at this moment, Tartars from the Crimea, Cossacks from the Don, Poles from the west and the south, Circassians from the Black Sea coasts, and Livonian gentry from the Baltic, are sowing disaffection in the very heart of Russia, and on its remotest frontiers. What can any Congress do for Russia, when such a process of disintegration is actually begun, round the whole circuit of the empire?

And what of the people? It is not (unless in Siberia) a case of popular awakening. Russian society is not so organised or so advanced as to admit of any established idea or sentiment of nationality, or of a national polity, to be treasured and guarded by the people. Under a failure of funds and soldiers, the Czar can only submit to circumstances. He has no resource in an organised society trained to political thought and action.

In Germany the people's opportunity is present, if they can but see it, and concert together to use it. The recent conference of Sovereigns has taught them that German nationality can never revive through the princes; while, in the two great States of Germany events favour popular action so markedly as to leave no excuse for apathy. The rapid progress made by Austria in constitutional government, and the crisis in Prussia are both in fact appeals to the people. If the people use their privileges fully and intelligently in Austria; if the Prussian nation stands steadily by its constitutional rights,—surrendering anything rather than those; if, throughout Germany the intelligent classes pronounce against wasting power, life and money on the Schleswig dispute, to no purpose, and against the opinion of all the world outside of Germany, while the vital interests of the great German nation are dying out of the business of Europe and the records of history, a greater result may grow out of the present crisis than congresses and specific wars are ever likely to bring about. When the German sections obtain free institutions, and a faithful observance of them, from their rulers, they will have become qualified for consolidation and organisation as a great Power in Europe. Till they do this, nobody can help them; and congresses held over their heads can only hinder them. At this moment, the prominent truth is that they must rise or fall a long way, according to their use of the crisis in Denmark. If they are not above being agitated about Schleswig, or in favour of the pretender to the Duchies, they are below the hopes and sympathies of all free nations. If they should unexpectedly show themselves superior to agitation about small and outlying affairs, while the world wonders at their apathy about interests which lie at the heart, and involve the life of their nationality,

they may even yet attain to a real representation by their rulers, and every support of sympathy and respect from without. Prussia fixes all eyes just now. Thus far, the People's Chamber has done all that could be expected; and there is yet no sign of wavering. Minds and hearts are certainly kindled there, and in full glow; and it is reasonable to see in this the real privilege of unquiet times, and to be thankful for it, whether it is seen at one end of Europe or the other.

Denmark speaks for itself; and in such a way that all Europe is listening. Under their late king the Danes made an effectual stand against the petulance and aggression of the German princes and armies; and if necessary they will no doubt do it again. They do not seem to want or desire anything from a Congress. They can probably take good care of their own kingdom; and if not, it would be the interest and duty of all Europe, as well as the pledged duty of Sweden, to see that their State was preserved unimpaired.

Spain could not apparently gain by any Conference of Powers; for all that Spain wants must be done by herself, if at all. If she dislikes being excluded from all the Exchanges in Europe, she must pay her debts. There is no other way of obtaining a place in the world of credit. If she dislikes the imputation of conniving at the African slave trade, after having received 400,000*l.* from England, on consideration of effectually prohibiting the traffic; and of her princes and nobles deriving splendid incomes from this very trade, while bound to put it down, she must stop the slave trade to Cuba. If she dislikes the way in which the whole world at present regards her possession of St. Domingo, as stolen goods, and her treatment of its betrayed inhabitants, she must withdraw from her ill-gotten colony, and call it by its right name, of an independent Republic,—not shielding from republican trial the wretch who sold it for his own profit.

These are matters in which Congress can give no help; and in which no help is needed beyond that of an upright courage, and such magnanimity as is supposed to exist in the souls of princes and free nations.

If it could be hoped that a Congress sitting at Paris, on the invitation of the French Emperor, would undo mischief and repair aggressions adventured by that Emperor, Switzerland and Italy might be excused for favouring the project. Switzerland ought thus to recover the security she had from the neutral character of that territory on the shores of her great lake which the Emperor has seized: and the king of Italy might hope to recover his hereditary kingdom of Savoy, ruthlessly extorted from him, under the frown of the whole world. But such interests will not assemble a Congress. And when Rome and Venice are at length made a part of free Italy, it will be by the strength of a popular will, in the presence of which any congress of Sovereigns appears like a group of humming-birds prescribing the spring or autumn course of all the swallows. The brigands will be put down, however long and zealously the Church of Rome and her Eldest Son sustain that class of the pious. Italy has become a European Power by her own energy; and the patriotism

which made her so does not need the outside dignity of sitting in that capacity at any Board in Europe.

There remain of the continental powers only Turkey and Greece. They may hold their own by doing their duty, and abstaining from quarrel with each other, and with the rest of the world. The restlessness which each betrays may be most successfully treated by a temper of calm justice on the part of greater nations, and of cordial sympathy with such struggles towards good government as the Greeks have just been making. There, the people must be blind not to see their opportunity. They have been treated magnanimously in the yielding up to them of the Ionian Islands; and the only return desired by their best friends is that they should prove themselves capable of instituting, securing, and duly enjoying good government, and the peace and progress which it involves.

There remains only England: and I have nothing to say of England here. We are too far from perfect in our political life at home to have any excuse for pride and a boastful demeanour before Europe; and we have that to atone for in China and Japan which must prevent our feeling altogether serene in the Court of Conscience of our own generation. But we have nothing to ask from a Congress,—nothing to propose to it,—nothing to fear from it. The popular soul is always awake and alive in England; our liberties only need gradual extension, and are never in real peril. We have weaknesses to repair, and improvements to make at home: but nothing to ask or to receive from abroad.

We are thus at liberty to contemplate and grow wiser by the aspects of society under its present agitations;—under excitements as various as the sections, the national departments, into which society is divided. It is not wonderful that the political world makes itself merry with the notion of the European Sovereigns actually sitting face to face in a congress;—the Pope and the King of Italy,—the Pope and the Czar,—the Pope and Queen Victoria's representative; and again, the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria and the King of Denmark; and again, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy. No wonder there is a laugh everywhere at such a scheme,—of bringing each Power into contact with its favourite aversion, under the most galling circumstances, in order to secure universal peace. But the graver view is more important and much more interesting. Long after the laugh is over and forgotten, the deeper emotions will live on;—the exultation or the grief, as it may happen, at the citizens of the European States being able or unable to see and use their opportunity.

The Italians have proved their quality: there can be no doubt about them. Next to them the French, perhaps, excite the most interest, because their own welfare, and the security of the world, depend incalculably on whether they are rising above the fidgety vanity, and the false notion of glory which makes them meddle in the affairs of all countries, and struggle for the lead in all movements, and invent agitations rather than be quiet at home,—content to mind their own

business. The general impression seems to be that the people of France have outgrown this childish tendency; and that if their Ruler pretends that they have not, it is for his own purposes. To see the Danes stedfast,—the Poles successful,—the Germans wide awake and practical,—the Turks energetic and prudent,—the Greeks sensible and orderly,—the Spaniards in love with commercial as well as other honour,—the wretched Russians permitted to stay at home quietly till they have learned to feel and understand what citizenship is,—and the British sympathetic with the guardians and seekers of liberty, all the world over, always ready to testify on behalf of right and to denounce wrong, while neither meddling, nor permitting meddling, and all the while using the experience they gather from abroad to promote the welfare of the nation at home,—this is what we would fain see as the result of the political restlessness of our continent in our time. That some political advancement will accrue it is thoroughly reasonable to expect:—whether it will be anything like what we desire, some who are living, and I hope watching, will be sure to see.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

### FISH-PONDS AND FISH-BREEDING.

A "PERSON OF HONOUR," generally supposed to be Lord North, who wrote "A Discourse of Fish and Fish-Ponds" one hundred and fifty years ago, was anxious that any gentleman who had employed his money and pains in cultivating the waters, would set down his experience for the benefit and guidance of others, "and communicate it to such as have a mind to divert themselves with the most reasonable employment of beautifying and improving their estates." At the time indicated, it was quite usual for noblemen and other country gentlemen to have fish-ponds; in fact, a fish-pond was as necessary an adjunct of a large country-house as its vegetable or fruit-garden.

In those days there were no railways or other quick modes of conveyance to carry fish from the sea-shore to the far inland towns before it became unfit for consumption; hence the necessity for fish-ponds to persons who were in the habit of entertaining guests or giving great dinner-parties; hence, also, the multiplicity of recipes in our older cookery-books for the dressing of all kinds of fresh-water fishes: besides, in the very ancient times—that is, before the Reformation, when Roman Catholicism required a rigorous observance of the various church-fasts, a fish-pond near every cathedral city and in the precincts of every monastery was a *sine qua non*. The range of fish bred in these ponds was necessarily very limited, being usually carp, some of which, however, grew to a very large size. There are traces also of some of our more curious and valuable fishes having been introduced into this country during these old monastic times; thus it is thought that the celebrated trout of Lochleven was introduced from foreign parts by some of the ancient monks who had a taste for gastronomy. The celebrated vendace of Lochmaben (which, like the powan of

Lochlomond, is another of our mysterious fishes), is likewise supposed to have been introduced in the same way.

As may readily be imagined, most of the fish-ponds of these remote times were quite primitive in their construction; very often, where it was possible, consisting of the intercepted water of some little rivulet dammed up for the purpose, much in the same way as the beautiful trout-pond at Wolfsbrunnen, near Heidelberg. There were, no doubt, ponds of large extent and of elaborate construction, but these were comparatively rare; and even on the very sea-coast we used to have ponds or storing-places for sea-fish, one of which is still in existence. We allude to the Logan Pond in Galloway. This is only used as a place for keeping fish, so that they may be attainable for table uses without depending on the state of the weather. This particular pond is not an artificially-constructed one, but has been "improved" out of the natural surrounding of the place. It is a basin formed in the solid rock ten yards in depth, and having a circumference of one hundred and sixty feet. It is used chiefly as a preserve to ensure a constant supply of fish, which are taken in the neighbouring bay when the weather is fine, and transferred to the pond, which communicates with the sea by a narrow passage. It is generally well stocked with cod, haddock, and flat-fish, which, in the course of time, become very tame; and we regret to say, that for want of proper shelter, most of the animals become blind. The fish have of course to be fed; and they partake greedily, even from the hand of their keeper, of the mess of boiled mussels, limpets, whelks, &c., with which they are fed, and their flavour is really unexceptionable.

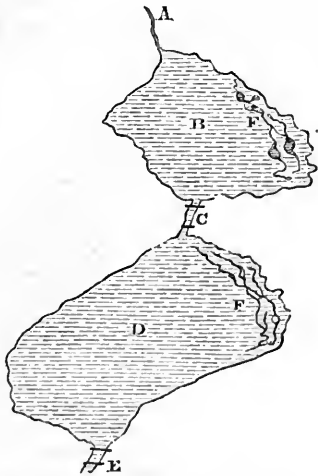
Judging from the Logan Pond it would not be difficult, nor yet very expensive, to construct a large breeding-pond for salt-water fish; and such a depository would be of great value, as it would enable us to study with exactitude the various debatable points of fish-growth upon which at present so much ignorance prevails. We have settled the various questions connected with the growth of the salmon by means of breeding-ponds, and what we have thus accomplished for the fresh-water fishes might, with equal ease, be achieved in the case of our more valuable sea-fish.

Coming back, however, to the subject of fresh-water fish-ponds, we may state that, at one time, some very large but simply-constructed fish-ponds or stews, as they were then called, existed in various parts of England, but that, as the commerce in sea-fish gradually extended, these were given up, except as adjuncts to the amenities of gentlemen's pleasure-grounds. Ornamental canals and fish-ponds are not at all uncommon in the parks of our country gentleman, although they are not now required for fish-breeding purposes, as the fast London or provincial trains carry baskets of fish to a distance of one hundred miles in a very few hours, so that the turbot or whiting is in excellent condition for the late dinner.

A very simple and old-fashioned way of keeping and breeding fish was to have a suite of two ponds—one for the very young fish, and the other for the marketable stock.



The following rough sketch will indicate the style of pond we mean:—



A. Feeding Stream. D. Stock Pond.  
 B. Upper Pond for breeding. E. Outlet, with regulated sluice.  
 C. Covered sluice, with gratings. FF. Sheltering Places.

Great care should be taken not to admit the cannibal pike, or he will soon make short work with the finny population. Fish can be easily transferred from one piece of water to another. Mr. Maltby, at his pond of La Hulpe, uses for the purpose of carrying fish from one pond to another large barrels; and the jolting of the cart on which these are transported keeps the fish in a lively condition, whilst a wisp of straw in the bunghole admits a sufficient supply of air. The effect of transferring the fish from one lake to another, Mr. Maltby says, told favourably on their rate of growth. The ponds of this gentleman at Boilsfut and La Hulpe, near Brussels, are well worth seeing.

Although the necessity for gentlemen to grow their own fish has, in a sense, departed with the extension of the railway system, still, when an estate is possessed of a piece of water, either natural or artificial—and at one time every gentleman who had a park deemed it incomplete without a fish-stew—it is as well to take advantage of it; and even in places where there are facilities for the formation of a sheet of water on waste ground, otherwise unprofitable, we have no hesitation in saying that it would *pay* to “grow” fish.

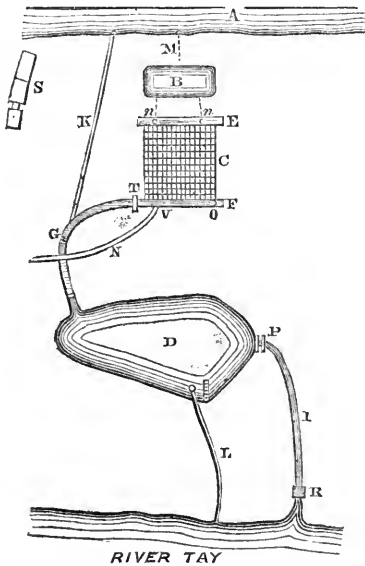
Ponds, like the pair we have sketched, may be constructed of any size—from one to twenty acres. Great care ought to be taken in their formation, as the fish readily take on a foreign flavour, and some discretion in filling the pond when it is made is necessary. Perch, carp, trout, and bream are the best fish to breed. Of course, a pond ought not to be overstocked; the feeding-ground being limited, only a certain number of fish will profitably thrive in it. The most suitable size of water for a pond is about three acres, and ponds are best adapted for breeding and fattening in

suits of three—the water being made to flow from one to the other.

As to how many fish a given extent of water will support, there are many different opinions. Much, undoubtedly, will depend on the soil which surrounds the ponds, whether or not it yields a supply of food of any kind, and also on the stream employed to supply the water. The flavour of a fish, we may say, depends entirely on the kind of food it obtains; and when more fishes are placed in a piece of water than there is food for, they will either equalise the supply by turning cannibals, or remain lank and flavourless. The “person of honour” to whom we have referred as writing on fish-ponds, and who had evidently a good knowledge of his subject, recommended, for small ponds of only a few acres in extent, three hundred carps per acre, if the water became fat after a good rain; a few tenches are also to be added, likewise perches to any extent. The upper ponds must be used for breeding the fish—that is, as nurseries for the young, from which, in due time, to supply the larger water. Of the fry, a fair allowance will be twenty-five to the square rood, and the largest of these should be let out in the course of two years, and their places supplied by others. In due time the new-made ponds will be filled with breeding-fish, and the best way, then, is to let nature have full swing; for if food, either natural or artificial, be not abundant, the supply will become self-regulating. The proper plan for profit is just to feed our fish in the same way as we feed our turkeys, or other domestic fowls.

Another foreign fish-pond, as well worth mentioning as those at La Hulpe and Boilsfut, is very picturesquely situated at Wolfsbrunnen, near the Castle of Heidelberg. This pond is of the simplest possible construction, and has been formed out of a small tributary of the Neckar, about half-a-mile to the south of the castle. The bed of the rivulet has been divided, at a suitable place, into three parts, all of which are effectually separated from each other by iron-gratings. The trout very naturally spawn in the upper waters, but return to live and sport about the feeding-grounds of the lower ponds, where there are excellent contrivances for affording them shelter; and as the water is very clear, the habits of the fish can be noted with great ease. The family seems to be most despotically governed, a few of the larger trout ruling the others with a rod of iron; thus, when a supply of food is thrown in, some gigantic member of the community will rush at it with great vigour, and carry it out of the midst of the hungry small fry who have been expecting to partake of it. Thus, in every fish-community, there are a few fat fellows who contrive to secure a very large share of the food. In the pond at Wolfsbrunnen the trout attain a considerable size, specimens of six and seven pounds in weight being very common. They are daily fed with small fishes, which are caught for that purpose in the Neckar. The pond is in charge of the landlord of the small inn adjacent, and is chiefly designed for the use of his customers, and not so much for the sale of the fish as an article of commerce.

As an example of a modern pond for the breeding of fish for commercial uses (and these are the kind of ponds that we have the greatest need to erect at present), we subjoin a rough pen-and-ink plan of the salmon nursery at Stormontfield, on the River Tay, in Scotland :—



- |                                  |                                      |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| A. Lade (mill stream).           | L. Pipe to empty Pond.               |
| B. Filtering Pond.               | M. Pipe from Lade to Filtering Pond. |
| C. Breeding or Hatching-Boxes.   | N. By-run to the river.              |
| D. Rearing Pond.                 | na. Discharge Pipes from do.         |
| E. Upper Canal.                  | O. Do. to Lower Canal.               |
| F. Lower Canal.                  | P. Sluices from Pond.                |
| G. Connecting-Stream of c and d. | R. Marking Box.                      |
| I. Smolt run to the river.       | s. Keeper's House.                   |
| K. Pipe from Lade to Pond.       | T. v. Sluices from Lower Canal.      |

So far as it goes, the Stormontfield suite of ponds is admirably adapted for the purpose of salmon-breeding. The water-source, a mill-race, runs parallel with the River Tay; and the breeding-boxes are laid down on a gentle slope, which is nicely sheltered by a clump of trees. The expense of constructing the Stormontfield ponds was only 500*l.*, and it is greatly to be regretted that the proprietors of the Tay fisheries did not sooner complete the series by adding another fish reservoir. That is now, however, about to be done. As explained in our paper on "Fish Growth," only one-half of the salmon hatched are ready to migrate at the end of a year from the date of their birth; the other moiety remains another year in the ponds. Now, to secure an annual hatching, it is necessary that there should be two reception-ponds at Stormontfield; otherwise the tiny fry of the new hatching would stand a good chance of being devoured by the old stagers of the year before. It has been greatly against the commercial success of the ponds on the Tay that they have hitherto been only able to yield a hatching every alternate year; but, even as they are, they have added largely to the income from the fisheries. Another benefit in such a series of ponds would be a *depôt*

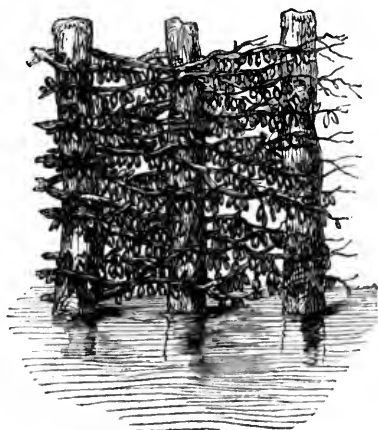
for the gravid fish. It is frequently the case that salmon cannot be found, just when wanted, in the precise condition that would be suitable for manipulation; but if they could be detained for a few days, they would then be ready for the process of artificial spawning. Thus, three ponds would be absolutely necessary in a perfect hatching establishment. A splendid salmon-river like the Severn might have its natural powers of production immensely aided by a series of ponds, where artificial spawning and protected breeding on a large scale could be carried on. One million of eggs could easily be hatched in a suite of breeding-boxes three times the size of those at Stormontfield; and were the ponds in proportion, and were there enough of them, a hatching might be effected annually with great ease, and much to the profit of all concerned.

Another suite of salmon-breeding ponds has been constructed on the River Ugie, in Scotland. Forty boxes have been laid down at a suitable place on this stream, and each of these will contain a thousand ova. These ponds have been constructed on the model of those at Stormontfield—Mr. Peter Marshall, the manipulator at the latter place, having supplied the plans. The piscicultural system is likewise well known in Ireland, salmon having been introduced into Lough Mask by the Messrs. Ashworth of the Galway salmon-fisheries, who propagate annually (or, rather, hatch by the artificial mode) 300,000 salmon-eggs!

As showing what can be done in fish-breeding, when it is properly gone about, we may state that the extent of new water taken in by the Messrs. Ashworth, in the district of Loughs Mask and Carra, comprise an area thirty miles in length by ten in width. In a communication with which we have been favoured by Mr. Ashworth, we are told that as many as 659,000 salmon-ova were collected, impregnated, and transported for the purpose of stocking the new salmon-water—that is to say, the waters that communicate with Loughs Mask and Carra, the purest streams of the rivers at Tourmakeady, Robe River, at Hollymount, and other streams. These loughs will speedily become highly productive. Salmon being once introduced into a good stream, and properly protected, will go on propagating themselves *ad infinitum*. We may here quote from Mr. Ashworth's communication a brief description of the process of artificial spawning, which is an operation of a very simple kind, and perfectly harmless to the fish which are manipulated. When a female salmon with ripe ova is taken, it is held in a tub full of clean water, and the ova-bag is gently pressed till the eggs fall into the tub. The milt is squeezed in a similar manner from the male salmon, when an instantaneous change becomes observable in the eggs, which, bright and clear before, at once become florid. The spawned fish are as soon as possible returned to the river, when they dash away with apparent delight, agreeably relieved of what must have been a heavy burden; indeed, the spawn is a fourth part of the fish's entire weight.

Venturing now into the sea itself, we can give our fishermen a "wrinkle" which is worth their

attention. We are always hearing of the scarcity of mussels for bait, and that fishermen have to go far and pay dear for that particular shell-fish, which is largely used on the lines set for cod and haddocks. Well, what we want to teach our coast-folk is, that they should grow their own bait and be independent of their neighbours. It is quite possible for each fishing community to have both its oyster and mussel-farm. At Colchester and Whitstable we know that oyster-culture forms a large and profitable source of trade, and that the mollusk is carefully grown or cultivated from a very early period of its life. In some parts of France, and particularly in the Bay of Aiguillon, the mussels are cultivated in the same way, and are immensely profitable. The following drawing will show how the mussels are grown :—



Mussel Hurdles

These mussel-hurdles were the invention of one Walton, who was shipwrecked in an Irish vessel in the Bay of Aiguillon. There are about 500 of these hurdles in the bay, and these give employment to about 160 boats in gathering and looking after the mussels, which, in consequence of being cheap, are largely purchased by the poor people. The following is a summary, by M. Coste, of the French Institute, of the money-results :—A hurdle generally contains from 400 to 500 layers of mussels, each of which is about 300 lbs. in weight, and sells for about 4s. 2d.—producing in all a revenue of 21,000*l.* per annum. So much for mussel-culture !

As regards fresh-water fish, a great deal has been accomplished in the way of artificial breeding, during the last ten years, in France and on the Continent generally. In France pisciculture has been recognised as a regular branch of industry, and the system of artificial breeding has its headquarters at Huningue, a beautiful place not far from the St. Louis Station of the Basle and Mulhausen Railway. At this establishment pisciculture, so far as regards France, has been brought into a focus by the erection, at a cost of ten thousand pounds, of what we may call a labora-

tory, or rather reservoir, for the collection and distribution of fish-eggs. The *établissement* at Huningue is not, as many suppose, a series of fish-ponds : it is a great deal more than that. It embraces a large group of buildings devoted to the reception of fish-eggs, and with machinery for the distribution of all the ova collected, at the proper time, to such persons as require to re-stock their rivers or ponds with fish. The fish-eggs dealt in at Huningue are collected from the streams of France, Germany, and Switzerland by the accredited fishermen of those countries, assisted, when necessary, by the manipulators of Huningue. It will give a good idea of the magnitude of French fish-breeding to state that about twenty million of fish-eggs are annually distributed through the agency of the great reservoir we have mentioned. The kinds of eggs most in demand are those of the *Ombre Chevalier*, the Danube and Rhine salmon. Many of the eggs are procured at a considerable cost ; it is calculated, for instance, that the eggs of the *chevalier* cost one penny each. The Danube salmon is an easily-reared fish ; it is very prolific, yielding a large number of eggs, and it grows to an immense size. The general cost of fish-breeding is at the rate of twelve eggs for a penny ; in China, so great a proficiency has been arrived at in artificial breeding, that twenty pounds of wholesome fish may be obtained for the sum of fourpence !

As showing how much may be achieved in fish-breeding in a limited space, we take leave to borrow, from an illustrated copy of M. Coste's voyage of exploration, a hatching-apparatus capable of holding ten thousand eggs ; we give an illustration on the next page.

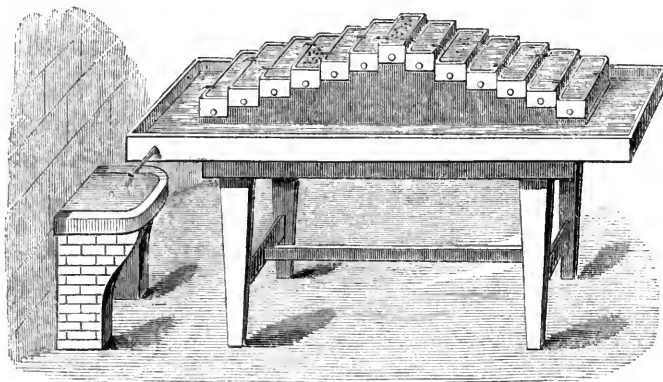
A prolonged investigation of the apparatus used at Huningue has convinced us that the French engineer—(M. Coumes) who has invented or, so to speak, created the "apparel" of fish-breeding erected in that establishment—has been more than ordinarily fortunate in his devising of a means to an end. There is a very ample supply of excellent water, which of course is the chief agent used in pisciculture ; and behind the group of buildings we have mentioned, there is a suite of ponds and running streams devoted to the exhibition of the progressive stages of growth of the Rhine salmon, *Ombre Chevalier*, and various kinds of trout. As we have said, the collection of the eggs, and, in some cases, the spawning-fish gives employment to many of the fresh-water fishermen of Switzerland and Germany, who make a good deal of money at this picturesque occupation. We noted ourselves, whilst driving to the bridge-of-boats at Strasbourg, the establishment of a *pêcheur*, who seemed very comfortable from devoting his time to the collection of eggs and spawning-fish for the authorities at Huningue.

It is not our purpose to enter at present upon the subject of maritime pisciculture, further than to state that experiments are at present being conducted on various marine fishes, and on the crustacea, with a view of entering upon the improvement of the sea-coast fisheries of France on a scale of great magnitude. Already there are wonderful achievements to record in the way of

oyster-cultivation on the coasts of Brittany and Normandy. The *spat* is collected on artificial trusses of branches, or on builder's *débris*, where it is grown to maturity, and can easily be transported from one place to another. Oyster-banks have thus been formed where there were none before, and old beds have been re-stocked, and are now

yielding large supplies, amply remunerating their proprietors for the expenditure of capital and labour.

Is it not as possible to enter on a systematic cultivation of the water as it is of the land? We think it is; and we have the industry of Commachio to bear us out, as likewise the co-operative or free



M. Coste's Hatching Apparatus.

fishermen of Whitstable, who derive a large revenue from their oyster-beds. The humble fisherman of La Bresse, Joseph Remy, who re-discovered pisciculture (for fish-breeding was well known and largely practised by the ancients), could not dream of the great results which would ultimately flow from his discovery. There are no other *useful* members of the animal world susceptible of similar cultivation: fish alone yield their young in such

incredible numbers as to convince us that, under proper conditions, there is no end to the supply; and the fact of the impregnation of fish-eggs being an external act is, of itself, a convincing proof that man was destined ultimately to cultivate the water upon the same principle as he cultivates the earth—viz., to sow the seed, that it might germinate, and, in course of time, ripen into a great and remunerative food-harvest.

## RIZPAH, DAUGHTER OF AIAH.

(WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.)

I.

UNDER the changing sky,  
Under the clouded moon,  
The earth gaps, white and dry,  
But the rain cometh soon;  
Yes! down from yon low skies  
Rushes, at last, the rain;  
Woman forlorn, arise!  
Thou hast not crouched in vain,  
Rizpah, daughter of Aiah.

II.

Brave men have told the king,  
How, scared away by thee,  
Each ravenous fowl takes wing,  
And wolves and panthers flee:  
How thou hast wrestled here,  
Despising ease and sleep,  
Without a thought of fear,  
Because thy love is deep,  
Rizpah, daughter of Aiah.

III.

Therefore, in sight of all,  
A proud tomb is begun,  
To hold the bones of Saul,  
And Jonathan, his son;  
There too, in calm repose,  
From insult safe, shall dwell  
The stately forms of those  
Whom thou hast watch'd so well,  
Rizpah, daughter of Aiah.

IV.

And whilst the ages roll  
Through Time's unsounded deep,  
Thy true and tender soul  
A magic life shall keep;  
Maidens shall muse alone,  
And mothers' hearts be stirr'd,  
Where'er thy deeds are known,  
Where'er thy name is heard,  
Rizpah, daughter of Aiah.

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

SON CHRISTOPHER:  
AN HISTORLETTE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER IX. A PORTENTOUS SUMMER NIGHT.

THE setting sun was shining full upon the glorious west front of Winchester Cathedral when Madam Lisle and a young lady came slowly up the ascent from the Matrons' College, where they had been visiting some of the inmates. Most of the clergymen's widows who had found an asylum there knew the Lady Alice very well, though she was not of their communion. The whole city knew her, as these ladies did, by her conduct nearly twenty years before, when she had remained to nurse the sick in the plague, after the other gentry had gone away. Few places had

suffered so much as Winchester; and some people said that nobody would have been left alive but for Lady Alice. They were never tired of telling what things she did, and how she did them; and children, whose parents were children when the thing happened, knew as much as if they had seen that terrible summer. Whenever she passed through the streets, on her way to the Matrons' College, or elsewhere, the youngest brat, playing in the gutter, made his reverence,—the girls ran right in front to drop their curtsies; and their parents came to their doors on this bright summer evening to see the beloved old lady go by.

In passing through the Cathedral close, the ladies met several of the clergymen, or saw them standing at their own doors. Those clergymen stood at their doors in order to pay their respects to Madam Lisle : and every one of them took off his hat as she approached. They could not call her "Lady Alice," because her husband had been one of Cromwell's lords ; and they thought it a thousand pities that such a woman should prefer the snuffing prayers and ranting discourses of Roundhead ministers to the services of their church : but she was not one of the hateful crew of sectaries whom it was a clergyman's duty to oppose, tooth and nail. When those sectaries had been instituting the calf's-head dinner of the 30th of January, she had been weeping bitter tears over the death of the martyred King Charles, and praying Heaven for pardon for his murderers, instead of exalting them as heroes of the Reformation. So the cathedral clergy, including the Bishop himself, uncovered before Madam Lisle, as often as they saw her.

She had no less observance from the country gentlemen of the neighbourhood. The loyal squires had heard from their fathers how Madam Lisle had aided many an honest cavalier in his extremity, in the days when her party was uppermost. When the pursuit became too hot after fugitives in hiding in the New Forest, their best chance was in being sent by night, or in disguise, to Madam Lisle, who took them in if she could, and never betrayed them if she could not. It was so long ago that she had forgotten much that the Hampshire gentry remembered of her acts of dangerous hospitality. Through all subsequent changes, the stories were kept fresh in the households which had owed to her the life of father, brother, or son ; and when she and her companion now emerged from the Close, and turned homewards, one after another of the mounted gentlemen who met or passed them checked their horses, uncovered their heads, and bent to their saddle-bows.

All this delighted Elizabeth ; for the younger lady was the beloved niece Elizabeth. She was here because, however resolute to be brave, she found it rather more than she could bear to remain with her brother, and hear of all his official duties against the insurgents, and all the prophecies which were afloat of ruin to the insurgent cause, and vituperation of the Pretender and all his adherents. Her brother looked black upon the proposal that she should go to Lyme. The place was disloyal,—Monmouth had lauded there,—and, though the Battiscombes,—or the Squire himself,—had not joined Monmouth, all the world knew that the whole family would fain see Monmouth king.

"That is the opinion of his worship the Mayor, I suppose," Elizabeth had said. "If you desire it, I believe I can tell you what the Squire really does wish."

"No,—do not tell me anything,—do not say a word," insisted the High Sheriff. "I will say only one thing to you ; and I beg you to communicate nothing to me.—You are wrong as to Alford. He tells me that the Battiscombes are true crop-eared knaves——Now, hear me before you fire

up in that way. He says that father and son are taking different sides——"

"But, brother, that is not true."

"Well : I should rather say, are pursuing a different course, that their house may not be ruined. Now, I do not believe this."

"You do not?—Thank Heaven you don't !"

"It is an old story, Elizabeth,—always told in every civil strife,—and usually with too much truth. But I do not believe it in this case ; and so I told his worship. Still, I cannot allow you to go to them at present.—No, I will not ask you to stay here. Why not go to Aunt Alice ?"

"Right, brother ! I will go to Aunt Alice. She must be settled at home by this time ; and if not, I shall not be unwelcome."

Here, accordingly, she was,—welcome, as always, and sure of natural sympathy as to what was going on in Somersetshire.

The last tidings that arrived in a trustworthy way were of the check to Lord Feversham's forces, and the gallant conduct of Monmouth in the fight. A vague rumour of subsequent disaster had floated over Winchester the day before ; but, as no further news had arrived, it was concluded false. The city had looked so tranquil this evening that Madam Lisle and Elizabeth reached home in good spirits, and sat down on a garden-seat, to enjoy the open air a little longer, and watch the last sunlight disappear from the cathedral tower.

The footman in attendance had left them at the gate, carrying in his lady's long staff by the back-way. He now appeared again, the staff still in his hand as he ran. Madame Lisle, by long training awake to signs of alarm, desired Elizabeth to go and take a turn in the flower-garden, and not come in till she was called.

Right glad was the anxious girl to be summoned to the house within a few minutes, and to find her aunt discoursing with the gardener's wife on the advantages and disadvantages of late broods of chicks, like those hatched to-day, and then giving directions to defer airing the malt-house till she should send orders for it to be done.

"I do not think I will run away again, when a servant comes to you for orders," said Elizabeth, smiling. "For above ten minutes, I am sure, my heart was in my mouth, Aunt Alice. I shall stay, next time."

"Better not, my love ! You must consider it one condition of your being here that you are to be at my disposal as to any little mysteries that may arise. Nine times out of ten there may be no secret when somebody comes running to me ; but the tenth time may be of consequence ; and I have to look to your safety, my dear child !"

Supper-time passed as usual. Then it was dark enough to justify the closing of the shutters. That done, and the servant having set the chairs for the evening worship, and put the great Bible on the table, Madam Lisle told Elizabeth that they were to be favoured that night with the services of a wayfaring divine of great mark, who would sanctify the dwelling by a prayer before he went on his way.

There was a secret, then : and before the

service was over, Elizabeth had learned something more.

She had heard so much from the Battiscombes of their honoured pastor, John Hickee, that she became assured, before he had expounded more than three or four verses, that this was he. There was another stranger in the room whose presence confirmed her conjecture. Seated among the servants, in a rough and well-worn woodman's dress, was one who was certainly no member of the household. He covered his face, as if in devoutness, so that it was some time before she obtained any view of his countenance: and when she did, she could only ask herself whether she had not seen it before. By degrees light broke in upon her memory; and she was satisfied that this rough woodman, with the air and movements of a gentleman, was a lawyer of Lyme whom she had seen as a guest at the Battiscombes'.

This was sufficiently alarming; but a far greater terror was caused in her by the exposition and the prayer which followed. The preacher had been advised to keep his voice in check, for fear of listeners outside, and he did not forget the precaution: but he seemed disposed to make up in length for his self-denial in loudness; and every fresh text that he took in hand, and every new start in his prayer, deepened Elizabeth's consternation. Besides the ordinary appeals against the oppressor, and denunciation of Antichrist, there were such mournings over the triumph of the enemy, such remonstrances against the turning away of God's face, such piteous descriptions of the perils of the wilderness, and of the humiliation of the deserted under chastisement, and especially of princes whose sceptre is broken, and their crown brought to the dust, that it was impossible to doubt that Monmouth and his followers were in bitter adversity, and the Protestant King himself a fugitive. When Elizabeth rose from her knees, her face was as white as her dress.

Madam Lisle glanced at her, whispered to her that she would return in a few moments, and seated the trembling girl in her own chair. Presently the confidential servant who had been in attendance on them brought her wine—by his lady's orders as he said. Without the wine, however, Elizabeth rallied her forces. When her aunt returned, she was rearranging the flowers on the beautop on the mantelpiece, and with no trembling hand. Her aunt's long kiss was an acknowledgment of her self-command. Elizabeth had more than once been told, by this long-trained and well-disciplined old disciple of the Reformation, that she—the young Prelatist by education—was evidently a predestined Puritan. She seemed to have by nature the strength as well as the graces which were commonly supposed to be a special and Divine endowment of the Puritans in the age of the strife of the Churches. She did not feel it necessary to explain even to Aunt Alice how she came by such fortitude as she had; but she said, in all sincerity, that she needed all that grace could give her in aid of her human weakness.

"There is bad news, I am sure," she said. "What is it?"

"A lost battle,—a fatal defeat."

"And all is over? It is nothing less, or John Hickee would not be so far from the battle-field."

"You are right, my child! I fear that all is lost."

"But why did those fugitives come here, Aunt? Did they come...? Did they bring...? Have they seen any one?"

"They bring no news of any of the Battiscombes, as far as I yet know. I will at once inquire, however; for now I remember it was a servant of Christopher Battiscombe who guided him hither—one Coad, Reuben Coad. My love, what is the matter?"

"Reuben is a traitor! Oh, Aunt Alice, do not let Reuben cross your threshold! He tried to shoot the Duke for the reward. Christopher was there. It was at Taunton, and Christopher has been looking for the man ever since."

"I think there must be some mistake, my love."

"Oh no! There is no mistake about Reuben being a traitor. He will destroy you all—Hickee, and Mr. Nelthorpe. (O yes, I know Mr. Nelthorpe under his disguise.) Where is he—the wretch? Let him be shut up till Christopher tells us what ought to be done with him."

"My love, he is not here. When these guests of ours were perplexed where to turn, Reuben, as a devoted hearer and catechumen of John Hickee, told him where he might be safe—sent him to me. This does not look like the act of a traitor. It is natural—"

Elizabeth held up her hand with a start. There was a gentle tap at the window which the duller ear of the old lady had not heard.

"More fugitives!" was the thought of them both. They had no fear when the safety of good men and friends might be in question. With her aunt's permission, Elizabeth put the candles into a large closet in the room, and then unbarred the shutter, feeling safer in the dark. It was not dark outside, however. The moon shone full on a face at the window, and the face was Christopher's.

He could not stay so much as an hour. He had rather not enter the house, lest harm should come of it to Lady Alice. His horse was baited at a stable near. Elizabeth would come out and hear what he had to say. For the sake of all time to come, she would not refuse him this, nor would Madam Lisle for her.

"I will come," said Elizabeth.

"You must go," said her aunt. "God be with you, my child! But Elizabeth, you will not fly with him; I must have your word not to pass the gate."

"She shall come in very soon," Christopher promised impatiently. "There is no time to lose! it is our last chance."

Madam Lisle threw her own shawl over Elizabeth's head and shoulders, and let her out through the glass door into the flower-garden; and there Christopher met her. They sat down in the summerhouse, as the safest place.

"Where is Reuben?" was Elizabeth's first question.

Christopher would have been glad to know,—any day from his last sight of the man at Taunton, to the present; but all search for him had been in

vain. Christopher was painfully struck by the news that Reuben had been following John Hickeys, and that Hickeys was here. He feared a snare.

"But how is it that *you* are here?" asked Elizabeth. And this brought out the dreary story.

All was over. Christopher and Florian had been going to Lyme, to get on board one of the Duke's vessels there, when his comrade and old tutor saw how it was breaking his heart to depart without seeing Elizabeth. While they supposed she was with her brother, a meeting seemed wholly out of the question; but a Dorchester man assured them that she was not at home, but with Lady Lisle. Then it was settled that Christopher should take the place of Monmouth's guide to the New Forest, should make a quick ride to Winchester, and be back in time to reach the vessel from Lyme, or from some other of the points of the coast which he knew so well.

"The Duke's guide!" repeated Elizabeth, in perplexity and dismay.

"All is over, as I said; and the Duke is a fugitive like the rest of us. We entreated him to go into Wales, his mother's country. He would have been safer there. But his passionate desire is to get back to Brussels; and he would not go out of the way of the Channel ships. The only chance in this direction is that he may hide for a time in the forest. The deer-stealers may be bribed to take care of him."

"And you were his guide? Where is he, then? But perhaps I ought not to ask."

"I could not tell you, if I would. I brought him and Lord Grey to a place where they thought proper to turn their tired horses loose. I offered the Duke mine, of course; but they believed themselves safer on foot. Then I could not help them further, and by staying should only have hindered them. But we will not speak of them further."

"Only this," said Elizabeth, raising her head from his shoulder, and looking wistfully in his face, in the dusk of the summer-night—"Can you tell me that you do not repent what you have done?"

"I can," he answered, meeting her gaze with a smile which gave her unspeakable comfort. "There has been much to disappoint every true man. The fault, I suppose, is with those who over-persuaded Monmouth. I hoped much from our first successes,—that they would open and elevate his heart; but he cannot stand discouragement. He quailed under a heavy rain, which thinned our force by a half in one night. The Taunton people sent a deputation to beg him not to go there again; and when I saw how his countenance fell—. But let us not speak of him. Do not suppose we broke up without a struggle. I cannot tell you of it now. On some happier day, in some future year, I may tell you about the battle on Sedgemoor."

"Oh! say that again!" she cried, with a convulsive clasp of his neck. "I thought this was our last—"

"O no, no!" he said. "I must go abroad for the present: but it cannot be for long. Consider, love! Do you believe that Protestant

England will endure a Popish King? We must wait, as patiently as we can, for a time. The King is old, and then—"

"O! what then?"

"A Protestant Queen will come; and I shall come in her train. We can bear to wait, love!"

"O yes: if you carry an easy mind—if you do not repent."

"There can be no repentance when we have devoted ourselves in the cause of the true Church. I may have erred in judgment: but I should have done worse if I had been a dumb dog, shrinking from danger when others were rushing out to drive the Romish wolf from the fold. You, Elizabeth—you would rather see me as I am now, than in a hypocritical prosperity. You had rather wait till the next reign than marry me to-morrow, with an ignominious secret to be kept between us."

"No matter about me!" she said, "If only I can know that you have an easy mind—"

"Never doubt it, love! We must suffer. The Lord's people have to suffer in the latter days of the prosperity of the wicked. The only thing is to be willing. But," he added, cheerfully, "though I carry an easy mind, I cannot exactly say so of my body." And he gently raised her, to relieve the pressure on his arm.

"You are wounded!" exclaimed Elizabeth, starting to her feet.

"I am; but not perilously," he answered, drawing her down to sit on the other side of him.

At this moment Madam Lisle appeared, bringing food and wine. The flask was for his pocket: but he must drink now also; and so must Elizabeth.

"He is wounded!" said Elizabeth, tearfully.

"What can we do?" said Madam Lisle. "Cannot you stay? It may be of consequence that you should rest. There may be fever—"

She broke off, understanding but too well that his only chance lay in getting down to the coast at once. He readily promised to take care of his wound as soon as he should be on board-ship.

"Farewell then!" said his old friend. "Elizabeth will tell me your news. Take with you the blessing of an aged disciple of the true Lord, who honours the zeal of such as you."

Christopher received the blessing standing, with bowed and uncovered head.

"Have you money?" asked Madam Lisle, returning.

"I have. I have everything needful;" and Madam Lisle was gone.

"O! is there nothing that I can do for you?" exclaimed Elizabeth, as she saw that the moment of parting had come.

"Much,—much that we can do for each other," he answered. "We can confide in each other,—cheerfully—gaily: and what boon that one can give to another can compare with this? And you will cheer my mother,—you will cheer the whole household. I must find my love her own bright self when I come back, and not moulded over with melancholy."

"You shall," she whispered.

"And I," he pursued, "will make myself



such a student as my love will be proud of when I come back to be a great lawyer, under our Protestant Queen,—or King, as may be. Now I must be gone."

"But O! if they are watching for you!—O! if they should catch you!—if you should not reach the coast! what would become of us?"

"Then we shall meet again very soon," he answered cheerfully. "If I should go to prison, you will come and see me."

He was now supporting her to the door, where Madam Lisle was looking out into the twilight. He stopped for a moment, saying:

"It grieves my soul to leave you in this woe. Shall I—? Tell me what I shall do."

"O go! go!" and she disengaged herself from him. "Remember" (and her voice was the very cordial that he needed)—"remember that I do not pray the less because I am one of a bishop's flock. I will pray till we meet again,—pray that I may be what you think me;—and thank God for my lot."

"My own treasure!" he cried, joyfully. "My brave wife!"

"Yes; call me wife! I had rather have a share in your lot, Christopher, than the choice of any other destiny under God's providence."

Thus they were not unhappy when Elizabeth was given into her aunt's arms. They stood listening for the last sound of his steps, and then quietly closed the garden-door, set the candles on the table, and knew that it was time to retire to their chambers. But Elizabeth was so deadly pale that her aunt dared not venture to summon any servant till the poor girl was safe in her own room.

Her own devotions were prolonged that night. She was thankful for the great mercy of the young people's hopefulness; and yet more for their willingness to suffer.

"But they do not know what it is," thought she. "They do not conceive that they had better be among the ravening beasts of the wilderness, than at the mercy of such enemies as ours."

#### CHAPTER X. CONSPIRACY IN DESPAIR.

WHATEVER else Christopher did to secure his passage to the coast, he soon found that he must avoid Ringwood. First, Grey was taken; next, two strangers lurking in the forest were taken; and the popular story was that one of them must certainly be King Monmouth. Some were quick, and some slow, to believe this; but when it was reported as an odd incident that a broad blue ribbon with something of jewelry upon it had been found in the pocket of the one who had a grizzled beard, the matter became puzzling. There was no misunderstanding the blue ribbon: but it could not be Monmouth—the young, handsome, gallant Monmouth—who showed a grey beard. Besides, the man had in the same pocket some raw peas—grey peas; and it was inconceivable that King Monmouth could ever have eaten raw peas. It must have been some confidential servant, charged with the care of his jewels.

Many, however, insisted that it was Monmouth. They had seen him formerly, again and again, in his hunting-trips. He was sorely changed,—

muddy from the ditch in which he was found, shrunk, grey, and scared-looking; but it was the man himself. If he denied it, there were witnesses by the score who would take their oath of it. The five thousand pounds were won; and it was surprising how much interest and time the country-people had to spare for the question how the money would be divided. Were the folk who caught Lord Grey the day before to have a share,—his presence being a sure sign that Monmouth was not far off? There were more disputes every hour, as fresh claimants insisted that they had had something to do with the capture. The one point about which no controversy arose was that Goody Lobb's fortune was made in her old age. She had seen two men peeping through the hedge from the cover twenty times in the course of the evening before: and this made her look out at night, when she saw somebody moving about among her beans and peas. She trotted off down the Ringwood road in the morning, kept her business to herself till she saw a magistrate on horseback, and then offered to show where two men were lurking. She was hoisted on a pillion at the next farmhouse; and she led the search. There was some difficulty in keeping her quiet when the dogs were brought to the spot,—her notion being that she should lose her chance of the reward, if she did not seize the Duke with her own hands. She had no chance in the struggle, however; and she was wringing her hands over her ill-usage when Monmouth and his German comrade, an adventurer, who now saw plainly enough that he had no business here, were led forth before her face.

Monmouth, struck by her lamentations, which made him suppose her a friend to his cause, looked at her as he passed. Goody eagerly seized the opportunity of pouring out her story, and told him her fears of missing her due. He turned even paler than before, and observed, as to himself,—

"So I am betrayed by a woman at last! Many will say that I was betrayed by a woman at first. But for a woman I should not have been here. Perhaps it is what women are formed to do: yet, with the same end, how differently they work! This brutal old spy! and—O Henrietta!"

He was conveyed to a country-house of the Bishop's at Ringwood; and while waiting for his apartment being made secure, he found himself in the same room with Lord Grey. They had parted less than forty-eight hours before; yet each was amazed at the appearance of the other.

"Your Grace will rally speedily," said Grey, "after the refreshment of good meat and sleep."

"And you, my Lord, look as if you had had no further fatigues of late than a sportsman's ride through the forest. You look years younger than when we spoke together last."

"It is from relief of mind," Lord Grey explained. "Suspense being over, I have found repose. Since I set foot on these shores, I had not relished one meal, nor enjoyed one unbroken night. Last night I slept ten hours."

The words were not lost. From one Puritan abode to another, Lord Grey's words of self-pity

were scornfully repeated. The Lord's people had been accustomed to spend many of their nights in worship, and had thought it no hardship, but an honour and a blessing. They had increased their fasts also, in proportion to the increase of wickedness in the land. They now saw what they had done in committing the cause of the Lord and his people more or less into the hands of a leader who mourned for the fleshpots and the melons and cucumbers of Egypt, and shrank from watching and prayer, while charged with leading up the children of the Covenant out of their bondage.

These, however, were not the words which dwelt on Monmouth's ear and sank into his heart.

"The suspense over!" he repeated, wistfully looking into Grey's composed countenance.

"Surely your Grace can have no doubt of that!" said Lord Grey, returning the gaze. "What room can there be for doubt?"

Monmouth started up and paced the room, wringing his hands.

"I will write to the King," he exclaimed. "He is my uncle. He cannot refuse me safety, if I pledge myself to go abroad, never to return. He cannot refuse me, when he knows all."

"What remains for him to learn?" said Lord Grey?

"I will tell him how I have been tempted—how I have been urged—how I have been betrayed—how I have repented a thousand times."

"How has your Grace been betrayed, may I ask?"

"Never was man so betrayed! You assured me, Lord Grey, that the whole Whig gentry waited only for me,—waited to rise as soon as I should land; and they have avoided me,—to a man! I have found none but ploughmen and miners and tradesmen, a mere rabble; and I am to suffer for them!"

"And I too, your Grace must remember. My head is the pledge of my sincerity."

"You are my murderer—you, my Lord!" cried Monmouth, struggling with his tears. "When I might have escaped, might have been at home at Brussels by this time, you would not let me go."

Lord Grey turned away with a shake of the head, which Monmouth understood. He was silent while Lord Grey called for paper and ink, and arranged the writing-materials on the table.

"Write to the King," he said, placing a chair. "Cast what blame on me you will. Save yourself if you can. If any use of my name can save you, use it. Nay, you owe me no thanks for saying this. My doom is sure; and I shall not gainsay anything your Grace may allege."

"Without implicating you, my Lord, I can plead many things. Many things I could say, when I can compose myself to write," said Monmouth, throwing down the pen which his trembling hand could not guide, and bursting into tears.

At the moment the door opened, and one of his guards announced that a lady had arrived who desired to see him, and would not be put off from entering instantly. Monmouth dashed away his tears; and his flush and smile made him look like himself again, in spite of his sordid dress and his grey hair.

"I knew she would come!" he exclaimed. "I

was not allowed to go to her; but I knew she would come to me! But stay!" he exclaimed, detaining the guard. "My Lord, this will not put her in danger, will it? If I thought it would—"

And again he looked wistfully at his fellow-prisoner; and now Lord Grey returned the gaze more kindly, as he said:

"Surely not! There can be no proof against Lady Henrietta, except" (and here he lowered his voice to a whisper) "in your Grace's own breast."

"Do you believe that I could say a word? No, you cannot think it!"

"I do not," Lord Grey replied. Before he could say more the door opened, and Monmouth rushed forward with open arms as a lady entered. Her veil was down, but he hesitated; for the lady was short of stature, and her air was not that which he knew so well.

"I am your wife, Monmouth," said she, throwing herself on his neck. "I have trusted that you would return to me, but O! not in such an extremity as this! Do not throw me off now," she exclaimed. "I am your wife—I have a right to be with you; the King has said it—the King enjoined me to come."

"The King!" said Monmouth. "Why—why did he send you? Is it a sign? Is it a promise of favour?"

Lord Grey had dismissed the guard and closed the door; and as he could not leave the room, he sat down with his back to the pair, and seemed occupied in writing. But he could not avoid hearing all that was said. Monmouth did not disguise his desire to use his wife's influence to save his life; but he said no word that Lady Henrietta herself could have complained of as infidelity. The poor wife felt this at her heart's core. She did not remind him by the remotest hint that to her he owed fortune, title, and position; and she made no reference to the woman who had supplanted her. It was evident that she clung to the hope of recovering her husband's affection by saving him from his apparent doom. She spoke of his gallantry in the field with pride. She mourned over the uncertainty about his birth, which had so naturally led him to claim the throne. She thought no human heart could resist such claims for mercy as he could urge; and she would urge them day and night till he should arrive in London to petition the King himself.

"Will the King see me?" cried Monmouth, eagerly.

"He must, he shall see you!" she replied. "I will not leave him till I have his promise."

"I will do anything, I will go anywhere," protested Monmouth, in a voice growing hoarser every moment. "I will be the most loyal of all his subjects, and I could tell him now many things—"

Lord Grey turned in his seat. Monmouth heard it, though he did not see; and he stopped, covering his face with his hands.

"We must go far away," said the Duchess of Monmouth. "We must bury ourselves in some country where we shall never be heard of more. But we may be happy yet, Monmouth; we may forget the wretched past. You would, would you

not?" she asked, in a voice which melted one heart there, if not Monmouth's.

"I know not, I cannot say, I cannot think. I am so—so confused, so wretched!"

"You are worn out," she said, tenderly.

"I believe I am," he answered, piteously.

"I had better go now," she said.

When no word to the contrary was said, she added:—

"I will go to the King; and as soon as you arrive in London, I will come——"

"You will? Try to save me! It will be good of you, it will be—yes, it will be noble of you to save me, Anne! I know, I feel, that your lot has been hard,—that you have something to forgive."

"Something!"

"Yes, much to forgive. And I cannot now say—I am not in a condition to promise——"

"To do anything,—to go anywhere," interposed Lord Grey, in the lowest tone, which yet Monmouth heard.

"Be silent, my Lord," cried Monmouth. "I cannot be pressed at such a moment as this. I will do what I can; but, Anne, try to save me!"

"Yes, I will try to save you," she replied, in a manner which smote on her husband's heart.

When she was gone, he answered to what was in his companion's mind. Lord Grey had not spoken again, and he now laid down his pen to listen. He did not look round, probably because tears were on his face.

"She is too good to me," Monmouth said.

"But what can I do? We were married so young! It was really no marriage on my part. Henrietta is everything to me.—Ah! that fortune,—that title! I wish Anne had them back again! I wish I had never had them! I wish I were the meanest citizen! Henrietta is everything to me."

He did not divine Lord Grey's next thought: "If you had been a humble citizen, the Lady Henrietta would never have been anything to you."

#### CHAPTER XI. CONSPIRACY IN ITS DÉBRIS.

DURING the rest of that fearful summer, there were two travelling parties in the Western Counties which fixed all eyes, and created fears and hopes unspeakable.

After the Battle of Sedgemoor, Colonel Percy Kirke, an officer fresh from African service, and commanding the First Tangier Regiment, was appointed to govern Bridgewater, and to keep Somersetshire in order. How he did it there is no need to relate; for the story of the barbarities of Kirke and his Lambs is not forgotten, and never will be.

The other traveller, who had a very different following, was the Bishop of Bath and Wells. He had been known by his sternness among the large proportion of the people in his diocese who were Nonconformists. He never ceased to denounce their doctrines; and he had followed up their offences of clandestine worship with all the severity that his office, and the influence that it gave him, enabled him to exercise. When Kirke was recalled, because public indignation at his cruelties was too strong to be braved by a king whose

throne had been so lately in danger, the Puritans believed themselves still under special trial, and spoke of Bishop Ken's visitations of the towns as another sign of the time of tribulation which was to try their souls, in preparation for the approaching triumph of their purified Christianity. From the pulpits in the meeting-houses, to which the people resorted more than ever, there were prayers that the hand of the persecutor might be stayed, and that the proud oppressor who mimicked the shows and assumed the airs of Papistry might be humbled. But day by day perplexing stories spread, which bewildered people's minds about the Bishop whom they had supposed they knew so well. He had come to convert as many as he could, certainly: but he had also visited the prisons; had rebuked the harshness of jailors; had spoken with the prisoners of their families, and promised to see after them; had supplied the needs of many who were ill-fed and clothed; had caused the separation of the sick and the well, and had done what was possible to have those fearful places made less unwholesome and miserable. There were many who pronounced these deeds to be arts of Satan, designed to lead the elect over into Prelacy, if not Popery: but on others such acts produced their natural effect; and in their minds the idea of Bishop Ken, the persecutor of the Lord's people, became so altered and confused that their pastors feared that Satan's devices were not altogether in vain.

On his part, the Bishop had his own perplexities; and some matters which had before appeared to him so plain that only minds blinded by sin could have a doubt about them, now showed a different side, when he went among the Puritans. His own views were unchanged. He had long passed beyond the mental opportunity for change: but he was becoming more or less aware how it was that everybody within his reach did not arrive at seeing things as he saw them. He was so struck with the intelligence with which some of the Nonconformists held and defended their opinions, that he was believed to have some hand in the increase of the emigration from the Southern and Western coasts, by which many hundreds of Roundheads were carried beyond the danger of taking their turn in the prisons, or being consigned, on some pretence about the rebellion, to the gallows. He was extremely severe with them for their deficiency of passiveness in their obedience to the existing Government, whatever it might be, and for the trouble they caused to the Church by leaving it: but when it came to the alternative of going to a new world by emigration, or to another world by the jail and the halter, he helped them in their strait, and told them that they richly deserved the severer fate; and that the reason why he assisted them to avoid it was the hope that their lengthened term of life might be so used as to bring them back within the privileges of loyalty and the pale of the Church. He abhorred William Penn as a sectary of mischievous audacity: and he could not speak with patience of the favour with which the King seemed to regard this great foe of ecclesiastical obedience: but Penn's colony was a better place than the grave for repentance; and he therefore paid the passage of scores of heretics,

compromised in the late rebellion,—some to the region of Sylvania (to which ships were going in rapid succession),—and others to Massachusetts Bay.

He was in the midst of his labours at Bridport (for on this occasion he disregarded the boundaries of his diocese), when he received information, in the prison, that the High Sheriff of the county desired to speak with him on urgent business. The official title impressed him, as all signs of established authority always did: and he hastened back to his lodging, where he found the Sheriff,—and with him his sister.

Mr. Bankshope had brought his sister, he said, because he desired that the Bishop should hear from an eyewitness what had befallen a venerable friend of his. From the stern sadness of the Bishop's countenance as he entered, the Bankshopes supposed that he was aware of the ill news they brought; but if evil tidings were the cause of the gravity, they did not concern Madam Lisle; for what he heard now took him entirely by surprise.

Elizabeth's story was that, early in the morning of the preceding day, soldiers had surrounded her aunt's house, and had scarcely allowed the household time to dress before they burst in, to search, as they said, for rebels and sectaries.

"Sectaries," the Bishop observed, "they would find in every room in the house; but for rebels, no doubt, they must come farther westward."

"Unhappily," replied the Sheriff, "there were two fugitives hidden."

"Hidden! in her house! I pray God this may be a mistake!" exclaimed the Bishop, showing how great were his fears for his old friend.

"Tell us, Elizabeth," said her brother—"tell us exactly what you yourself saw."

Elizabeth had seen the soldiers thronging into the house: and she had seen one placed as a guard at the breakfast-room door, where she and her aunt and the maids were assembled, and where soldiers were looking in at the windows. She had heard a fearful shout from the back; and in a few moments, two wretched-looking men, covered with dust and soot, were dragged past the windows and into the room.

"Who were they?"

"One was said to be a Dorsetshire lawyer, named Nelthorpe; the other was called the Reverend John Hickes."

"No Reverend at all," observed the Bishop, frowning. "The man is a notorious sectary,—one of the most mischievous of those illicit preachers. I always feared this! I have often warned Madam Lisle of the retribution which would some day befall her, when her good-nature would be taken advantage of by these sly, self-seeking hypocrites, who would prey on her substance, and bring her good name into jeopardy. Let us hope that this exposure may be a lesson to her."

"But we did not come to your Lordship on behalf of the fugitives," observed the Sheriff.

"O, ho! do the authorities threaten her,—Madam Lisle?"

"They dragged her to prison," Elizabeth related, with a strong effort to be calm. "And they say that her life is in danger."

"Is it possible! This is dreadful! But what was the fact about these men?"

"What the soldiers said was that they found John Hickes hidden in the malthouse, and the other in the chimney of one of the bedrooms."

"And with your aunt's knowledge?—No matter! Do not answer. I do not desire to know. It is only too certain that she knew them to be proscribed sectaries."

"If so," observed the Sheriff, "these are not the first fugitives that Madam Lisle has harboured in their extremity, knowing them to be proscribed."

"True! quite true!" exclaimed the Bishop, with emotion. "There are loyal gentlemen,—there are faithful churchmen, who could tell that they owe their lives to her. These must be reached and roused on her behalf," he continued, thoughtfully. "She is not one to keep a register of her good deeds, or we might know whom to seek. It is frightful to think of her being in a jail, for a single day."

"All Winchester—half Hampshire would do anything to rescue her," the Sheriff declared. "But I fear it is too true that she must remain in prison till the Assizes, unless some strong and special influence obtains her release. That is why we have come to your Lordship."

"Alas! what can I do?" the Bishop replied. "I have no power at Court, or in high places. Are you not aware that I laboured day and night, by the death-bed of the late King, to obtain from him the declaration that he died in the faith of our Church, and to induce him to take the sacrament according to its method? How should I be held in any respect by those who were counting the moments till I should cease, to smuggle in a monk, to entangle my old Master in the snares of their Papistry? No; with the Court I can do nothing.—But yet, every friend she has must do something."

Elizabeth blessed him for saying that. But if, as he thought, there could scarcely be serious danger eventually for so venerable a lady, and one to whom so many of the ruling party owed gratitude and respect, what would become of her in the interval before trial?

"How did she bear herself when arrested?" asked the Bishop. "Calmly, I trust?"

"I have never seen her otherwise than calm," Elizabeth replied. "But she was cheerful also;—I should say, never more so."

"That is wonderful, considering the trembling of the spirits at an age like hers."

"She regards her age as a defence against fear. Being at the verge of life, and in full assurance of what lies beyond, she cannot occupy herself with thoughts of the way in which the verge is to be passed, or of whether it shall be to-morrow, or next month, or next year. Her whole concern was for the men, Hickes and Nelthorpe—"

"Their fate is sure," observed the Bishop. "I can say nothing on their behalf."

"And, after their fate," the Sheriff said, "her care was for her young guest here."

"Who is no sectary, I trust," said the Bishop, with a grave gaze in Elizabeth's face, which had something of compassion in it. Her brother de-

clared that she had been bred in the faith of the Church; and he trusted she would never swerve from it.

"It is marvellous," the Bishop remarked, "what an influence these ranting schismatics establish within the very shadow of the Church. It is a fatal bribe of Satan. And another is the false strength that they have in themselves,—from pride, no doubt, in part, but also from an enthusiasm which sustains their spirits under all that can be said or done to them. Their constancy is so like that of true martyrs that it is no wonder that the ignorant take them for martyrs. They have been ensnared into believing that they are honoured and distinguished by suffering for the truth during the last term allowed to the enemy; and that the day of salvation for the gospel and gospellers is at hand, when all who shall have endured to the end shall be received into glory."

"That is indeed their view," Elizabeth replied, in a low voice.

"What an awful superstition it is," resumed the Bishop, "to regard in that way the merciful efforts of the Church to bring back the lost sheep of the flock! But the power of superstition is never stronger,—never since the Reformation so strong."

"And some of their superstitions are so strange!" the Sheriff observed. "The people about here firmly believe that Monmouth will reappear in Eighty-nine."

"Not only that," said the Bishop; "but they seem equally happy whether they hold that he never was executed, or show handkerchiefs dipped in his blood. They make sure of their Protestant King, either way."

"Yes; he is to appear in Eighty-nine, whether he is really dead or not. Your Lordship can satisfy some of them as to the reality of his death."

"Far from it," replied the Bishop. "When I tell them what he said before he died (some things,—not all,—God forbid!), and when I testify that I saw him dead, and the people carrying away his blood, they only say that it was somebody very like him, who died in his stead. In the same breath they call him the Protestant martyr and the great Protestant King who has our years to wait for his crown."

"They have got hold of some saying of Monmouth's," said the Sheriff, "about summoning the baroness Wentworth to make ready to share his majesty and glory."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Bishop: "I was not aware of that; and it is very strange. Most singular!" he continued, after a pause. "I was considering how the thing could have got abroad. It was not likely that I, or my brother prelates, should have spoken on the subject at all, seeing how vain were all our efforts to bring his Grace to any sense of his duty in regard to that passion."

"He did say something, then, which might be the ground of this notion?"

"What he said was that the Lady Henrietta would not mourn him long; he had a persuasion that she would quit life soon after him, knowing, as they both did, that heaven would be no heaven to him without her. But I err," he said, checking

himself. "These are not topics for such audience. But you, Mr. Bankshope,—you have an office also among these unhappy people here in the West, at this unhappy time: and perhaps you can understand me when I say that such is the trial to heart and head,—such the misery that I see every hour, and such the joy and triumph flourished in my face by the very victims of Satan, that my heart and my flesh fail me, and I sometimes shudder to think how nigh such discomposure is to a failure of reason. Yes, you are right. Such feelings are common to all mortal men who know the value of their reason at all. The distemperature passes away; and meantime we know where to find strength."

"I dread a fresh perplexity," observed the Sheriff, "from the strange turn the Government is taking in regard to the schismatics. It appears as if, by an unheard-of mutual understanding between the Papists and the Roundheads, the Church might soon be cast out, to shift for herself."

The topic did not suit the Bishop. The Sheriff held some curious information, which might or might not be in the Bishop's possession. It was evident that he would not speak at all on the prospects of the Church: and he returned with great fervour to the consideration of what could be done on behalf of Madam Lisle.

"I was hardly aware," he said, "how I revered her. It is true that I could never prevail with her to share in the services of the Church: but I shall never forget the Christian grace with which she sat down to meat with the poor who dine at the palace twice in the week. I have, many times, found strength and solace in the genial sympathy with which she approved certain hymns and devout poems. . . . But I see now that I have yielded unworthily to the allurements of religious sympathy in a sectary; and to-day, and in this heavy news, I have my punishment."

"Oh, my lord, say not so!" cried Elizabeth. "I know her thoughts. I have heard some of those hymns. Do not say—"

"Whatever I may think, I will not say more of it," the Bishop replied. "I will, please God, go to Winchester to-morrow. If I can send good news, I will."

As Elizabeth left the room, after receiving the Bishop's benediction, according to his custom, her brother was detained for an instant by a touch on the arm.

"I understood," said the Bishop—"and I am strongly impressed that I heard it from Madam Lisle herself—that your sister was betrothed to one of the Battiscombes of Lyme—to the young lawyer."

"It is certainly true," said the Sheriff; "but I am not without hopes that the impression may pass away by absence, and that I may see her the wife of a good churchman before Battiscombe can venture to return."

"Do you not know, then, where he is?"

"Not precisely, because he is at sea. He is bound for Amsterdam. He is supposed to have sailed two days since."

"That is a mistake. He was arrested this morning—"

"Arrested! Where? By whom?"

"In Lyme. The Mayor had information from a creature of his own, who has tracked the young man for weeks past. The people cry 'shame!' but there is no help now."

"What will be the end of it,—tell me, my Lord, I conjure you!"

"The worst, I fear. There is no room for doubt,—no ground for mercy."

"Is it possible!"

"How could it be otherwise? He was out with Monmouth. Go and comfort your sister."

"Comfort her! Good Heaven, how? It will break her heart."

"You shall have my prayers. Go, and do your duty to her."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

### "HE'S NOT COME YET."

WHEN I first came to live in Falmouth, there stood a most broken-down, dilapidated house, the back windows of which overlooked the sea, and which was known by the name of the Fisherman's Home. In that house, just fifty years ago, there lived two fishermen, who were partners—one pursuing his trade by day, the other fishing by night. Michael Tregillian owned the house, in which Nancolas (his partner) rented a room. Michael was an honest-hearted, even-tempered, good man, frank and open, steady and industrious. With the break of day he set out to fish, generally returning at dusk. For these reasons his opportunities for making friends were scarce, and his hours for relaxation few; and, besides the few old fishermen with whom (when his day's work was at an end) he smoked his pipe and took his glass, he had neither friends nor acquaintances.

Paul Nancolas (Tregillian's partner) was a stout, well-built man, who had seen some five-and-forty winters, and after having passed his earlier years in His Majesty's Service, he had for some reason left the Navy to take to the trade he was then pursuing. He drank hard, smoked, and gambled; and between the little tavern where he drank and his stall in the market where he gossiped, he managed to waste his best hours, and to squander his own earnings as well as those of his hard-working partner. Gloomy and sullen, uncontent and brutal, caring not whom he pleased or offended, as ready for a fight as he was for a glass, Nancolas was sneered at, pitied, and despised.

Repulsed on all sides, and deserted even by those of his own habits, who could no longer endure his ferocity, the partnership that existed between himself and Tregillian must have speedily come to an end, but for a small inmate in Michael's house who exercised a strange influence in reforming the habits and improving the nature of the brutalised, drunken fisherman. Tregillian had a wife, and one son—the latter a little fellow, who, when Nancolas entered into partnership, was about a twelvemonth old. The man was unwearied in his exertions at his trade, whilst the mother kept a small chandler's shop and took in needle-work. Hour by hour, and day by day, they laboured for the lad: many and many a night,

when the little town has been apparently wrapt in darkness, has a small light twinkled through the crevices in the window-shutter, showing too plainly, to those who knew the people, the mother's unceasing labour for her boy.

I have heard, and believe, that upon more occasions than I care to number, the fisherman and his wife have deprived themselves of the common necessaries of life, that their darling should in the future reap the benefit of their self-denying frugality.

I call to mind sometimes the labour of this couple, as I sit by my window in the sunset, mentally picturing and laying plans for the sunny morning, which the first dark cloud may dash for ever aside.

This boy had a singular influence on Paul Nancolas; and he alone was the sole and unconscious instrument in working out that man's partial reformation. The child was not afraid of his father's rough partner: shy of others, the little fellow had always a laugh for *him*; he was willing to go to this bold, bad man, and in time Nancolas was, by slow consent, induced to take into his great, rough, weather-beaten arms, this baby-boy; and once, it is said, he was so far forgetful of his nature, as to press the little mouth with his gin-stained lips. By slow degrees, was the drunkard won from his dissolute course. The change was scarcely perceptible at first, but step by step he was weaned from his seat in The Jolly Sailor's taproom to a corner at Tregillian's fireside; and though years passed before people believed that Nancolas was a sober man, yet that day came at last, when his old companions laughed at him, and the neighbours pointed him out as a reformed reprobate. To carry out the impression he had made, and in testimony to those who were willing to think well of him, Paul Nancolas in all sincerity one morning pledged himself to taste no more liquor for the next twelve months—a promise that required some nerve to make; but Nancolas made it, and resolved the vow should be kept.

Twelve years had passed, and on each anniversary had Nancolas renewed his vow of temperance. The time that had served to erase the dark spots that stained the fisherman's former life, had transformed the unconscious cause into a robust and handsome youth; whilst the passing fondness that had arisen in the fisherman's breast for the child, had grown into a deep-rooted attachment for the boy. That boy (as Nancolas often said) had been the first that had ever cast a thought on him—almost the only soul who had given him a tender look. "God bless the boy!" He had won him unknowingly from the bad, and made him know what it was to hold up his head with the good and true; then snapping his fingers, either in defiance of his past state, or in exultation at his present, he would hug the fair-haired little fellow closer to his big, manly breast, and in his heavy sea-boots go crashing along the beach to his boat wherein to set sail for his evening trip. On these occasions (when the weather was fine and the sky clear) the boy was his companion for half the distance, returning in his father's boat, which they usually met.

It was about half-past eight o'clock on a Friday evening in August, about thirty years ago, that

Paul Nancolas, accompanied by his little charge, prepared to set sail. Hitherto (as I have said) the boy had gone with him but halfway; but, upon this night,—the fishing season being a good one, and Paul deeming he might need the lad's help—he had wrung from the parents a reluctant consent that the little fellow should be his midnight companion.

The sunlight was fading into ten thousand broad red streaks upon the vast expanse of water; and as the sun sank into the bosom of the ocean, the tide bore them steadily to the mouth of the Bay. It was a calm and beautiful evening, and nature looked very lovely in the declining light of day: the sun cast its departing rays upon the greystone of the old castles, and tinged the tops of the tiny waves; it was still: the breeze bore on it, at intervals, the laughter from the window of the little village alehouse that stood upon the shore; and from the boat a mile ahead of them, the ditty of the fisherman came mingling with the pleasant air, as the light faded gradually; and the moon, with its mild beams, turned into silver what had been the streaks of gold, lighting up the darkening landscape with its soft mellow beams. All things were so quiet, it seemed as if, in its own calm, nature had lulled herself to sleep.

The twinkling lights that dotted here and there the shore, became each moment paler in the distance; the rustling of the trees was lost in the murmur of the ocean; the land receded further and further from their view, till they appeared alone upon the moonlit sea. Nancolas began now to be alarmed at the protracted absence of Tregillian, whose boat he ought to have met some time before: he was the more uneasy, as the old man had complained before starting of giddiness, and had of late been ailing.

It was about this time that, resting on his oars, looking round, Paul observed that the boat from the owner of which they had heard the ditty proceeding was making towards them; and the fisherman, as he rowed along, was chaunting the burden of an old song, that had been a favourite with Nancolas, long before the birth of little Tregillian.

Heaven knows for what reason, but of all the revellers who jeered at his temperate habits, Nancolas had avoided this man. Tolbody, for that was his name, had staid out later, much later, than was usual for him to do, and was making his way to land with a heavy draught of fish; cowing hard against wind and tide.

As they neared, Tolbody hailed Nancolas, and brought his fishing-boat alongside.

"Why, mate, we see nought of ye now," began Tolbody; "if thee don't care about taking a sup, ye needn't be above a pipe, now and then."

Nancolas bade him a good-night, and would have rowed on.

"Stop, stop, mate!" roared the other; "what's the hoorry? Sure the fishes won't come the sooner to thy nets, for thy speed; I want something to speak to thee about."

The fisherman stopped irresolutely on his oars. He had been nettled that day, more than once, at the ridicule he had had to endure from his old associates; who invariably made it a point, on

each succeeding anniversary of his taking the pledge, to follow Paul to the beach with a derisive cheer. This day was the twelfth anniversary, and he had writhed under the yearly torment thus inflicted. If he passed this man without a greeting,—if he refused to throw him a word, his motive might be misconstrued, and *that* act set down as one of *fear*, which would have been done in reality from the wish to avoid an altercation.

"I'm in a hurry, master," returned Nancolas; "I want to make the best use of wind and tide."

"Why, mate, you're not afraid?"

"Afraid—no! What should I be afraid on? You've little cause to say so, Master Tolbody."

Tolbody laughed sneeringly, and winking at Nancolas, lifted his hand to his mouth, raising his little finger in the air.

"Fourteenth of August!" he added. "This is *the* day, isn't it, friend? Why they say you're 'bliged to *swear*, or you couldn't keep your promise."

Stung with the last retort, and smarting under the jeers of his former friends on shore, Nancolas answered roughly—that it would be well if some minded business of their own, and that for his part he wanted no promise to bind him; he bade the other good-night, and resumed his oars.

"Stay, stay, man alive: we know each other. I don't believe what they say of you. Too many's the day we've come across each other, for me to be afraid to stake my davy, that if Nancolas says he'll do a thing, why *done* that thing will be. I'd *trust you with a bottle* when there wasn't a soul looking on, with the devil himself to tempt ye."

Nancolas released the oar from his hand, and grasped that of Tolbody's.

The shot had struck home. The man whose reformation had been born of a baby's love, was moved by the kind word from one whose ridicule he feared.

"That's hearty, master! You're one of the only mates that's had a faith in Paul Nancolas, and I honour you for it."

"Here," cried the other, feeling in his pocket; "take this as a *proof* that I mean what I say. I'll wager the cork *won't be drawn before I set eyes on it agen!*"

So saying, he flung a corked wicker-bottle into the boat, and bidding Nancolas "God-speed," made the best of his way towards the shore, to tell the tale to the group of fishermen, who nightly met at the Jolly Sailor, and impatiently to await the return of what he believed would be the drunken fisherman.

The sky had become overcast; large black clouds were fast obscuring the moon; the wind, too, had risen, and by the faint light which occasionally penetrated the darkness, breakers ahead were discernible.

Large drops of rain began now to fall, the sky was every moment growing darker; and the stillness and blackness of the night was broken only by the distant peals of thunder, and the vivid streaks of lightning, which seemed to split the horizon. Nancolas was hardened to such sights; but he was anxious for the boy, who, shivering with cold, had crept into the forepart of the boat. For-

tunately the wind was with them, and Nancolas could relinquish his oars for a time, as he threw his oilskin coat around the lad, and patting him on the head bade him keep a good heart. In searching his pocket for the muffler that he usually wore, his hand came in contact with the wicker-bottle.

He took it out, and looked at it, by the sickly light of the lantern which he held; the boy was cold—a drop would warm him—*must* do him good. He hesitated a moment, then with his teeth he drew the cork.

“Here, Jimmy lad, take a sup o’ that; it’ll keep thee heart up, and sarve to keep out cold.”

The boy—half-wondering, half-unconsciously—took a deep draught, and putting it from him, gasped for breath.

“It’s so strong, I feel ill—where’s father?”

“He’s not come yet,” replied Nancolas, anxious to conceal his own anxiety on the subject, and to calm the boy.

As he spoke his glance rested on the wicker-bottle; it was with a strange feeling of awe that, as he looked, he remembered the last words of the fisherman—“*The cork won’t be drawn afore I sees it agen!*”

He pictured to himself the sneer that would rise to every face as he returned the bottle; he heard the laugh which would greet his account of having given it to the boy. The reputation which was the result of so much self-sacrifice and labour was destroyed; when the story was told he would be mistrusted, as the man who could be sober only when temptation was beyond his reach. “So then” (he muttered) “the work of years destroyed in a moment!”

Enlarging by his imagination the sneer, the laugh, the derisive jest, the loss of the friendship of those whom he most esteemed, calling to mind his desolate life of the past, again his brutal nature struggled hard for mastery, and he became in that short hour a desperate man. The wind had changed, and the fishing-boat was like a toy tossed on the great black waters: blackness was on the sea, blackness in the heavens, so dense he knew not where he was; his hopes were darkened like the night, whose very colour seemed in unison with his heart.

“Laughed at, as drunk!” he murmured, as he endeavoured to reef the sail—“not master of myself—laughed at as a boy that couldn’t command himself—I may as well be bad as be thought so!”

His courage, too, seemed to fail him with his hopes; and after a short pause, to renew his energy, he put the bottle to his lips.

The smell of blood will whet the appetite of the tamest beast; the taste of liquor aroused the worst passions of that man, and in one half-hour his better nature had fled.

But an hour before the peril to which he had exposed the boy, the absence of his partner, the coming storm, and their lonely situation, had filled him with gloomy fears and dark forebodings; but the draughts he imbibed from time to time from his friend’s wicker-bottle made him so forgetful of the past, so callous to the future, that he took little heed of either his own peril or of that in which he had placed the boy; and with an

equal disregard for the fury of the elements, his fellow-partner’s return, the comfort or safety of his little charge—who, drenched and shivering, lay half-stupified by the gin he had imbibed in the forepart of the vessel—Nancolas stretched himself at full length, preparing for a heavy sleep.

Meanwhile the heart of the boy beat high as wave after wave tossed the boat as if it were a plaything on the broad ocean; but amidst the roaring of the water, the vivid lightning, the rolling thunder, and the increasing gloom, the child’s only fear was for the safety of his missing father: the darkness and storm were terrible to him, but only as he thought of their gathering around his father’s boat.

Once, and once only, did he hear the husky voice of his drunken guide, and that but indistinctly.

“Jemmy, boy! keep a sharp lookout, and wake me when thee sees feyther coming.”

The voice that answered his was choked and full of sobs.

“My father! he’s not come yet! he’s not come yet!”

“Ho! ho!” laughed the fisherman, as he turned away and applied himself once more to his friend’s wicker-bottle. “Not come yet! A brave night for a fisherman—a jolly storm for a boatman’s son!”

And with the puny boat tossing upon the giant waves, the black water roaring against the blacker night, Nancolas sank into a drunken slumber.

\* \* \* \*

“He’s not come yet!”

Nancolas opened his large heavy eyes, and passing his hand across his bushy eyebrows, in the first awakening from his lethargy, looked round. In the east a few grey streaks were lighting up the horizon, and the cold fresh breeze, that passed like a spirit-hand over his features, heralded the approach of day. Not a sound was to be heard; the sea, that had ran so high but a few hours before, was almost as calm as the sands that it covered, and not a vessel dotted the vast horizon.

“He’s not come yet!”

The voice was low and faint; but even Nancolas, half-stupified as he was by drink, recognised it as that of the lad.

“Not come yet,” muttered the fisherman, half raising himself up on one arm, and looking for the first time towards the forepart of the boat. “Not——!”

He sat up and stared for a moment or so in drunken stupidity—then starting up he stood transfixed: his eyes were riveted on an object that made his flesh creep—it was the oilskin coat in which he had wrapped the boy, which was lying partly over the side. The coat was *there*, but the *boy was gone!*

At noon on the day that followed that sad night that fisherman knelt down in the market-place at Falmouth, and in the midst of a crowd, who gazed with wondering eyes upon him and upon a poor palefaced weeping woman who stood near him, he swore before his Eternal God that



from that hour to the day of his death his life should be devoted to the support of that bereaved father, who, having escaped the dangers of the night, had fallen smitten with paralysis at hearing the news of his boy's death.

Although, week after week, search was made for the body of the unfortunate lad, all efforts for its recovery were vain, and to this day no trace of it has ever been discovered.

By Nancolas's unwearied exertions, and by his strict sobriety, by the profits of the little chandler's shop, old Tregillian passed for two years a comparatively calm life. As for his partner, he was in altered man. Beyond the one set purpose of his soul he had no other aim. Fortunately, some money left him by a distant relative enabled him to buy a small—a very small—life annuity for the old man whom his thoughtless folly had deprived of a son.

Two years had passed, when on a fine August morning in the twilight a fisherman (in returning from his night's work) was passing the mouth of the bay; he was falling into that half-wakeful semi-conscious doze which invariably follows many hours' watching, and was (so he afterwards said) in that state in which the sights and sounds that are taking place in our world of reality mingle themselves sometimes with our world of dreams. It appeared to him that the wind had freshened, or a cold air fanned his face; it seemed to him also, in his half-drowsy and unconscious state, that some one was beside him in the little skiff. Shaking himself and glancing around, so strong an impression had the feeling made on him, he was half-surprised to find he was *alone*, and that the boat was being borne by the tide on a sea scarcely moved by a ripple.

The old man had filled his pipe, and was about to light it, when a strange sound fell upon his ear: it was at first very indistinct, and appeared to come from the little creek that was opposite.

The fisherman looked round, thinking it might proceed from some distant vessel; but the horizon was as clear as it had been two years before, when Nancolas had viewed it by the breaking light of morning.

The old man stood there with his unlighted pipe in his mouth, listening, when the same cold breeze that had stolen over his slumbering features again lay on his face, and with it came the feeling he had experienced in his dream—that of there being with him an image without a form. Once more upon the air came the mysterious sound; this time he heard it more distinctly than he had heard it before, a faint cry dwelling upon the waters,—

"He's not come yet!"

The sound seemed borne with and dependent on the breeze, for it came as gradually as it faded; the words, too—where had the old fisherman heard them before? He tried but failed to remember: surely they must have been a part of his dream!

Louder and more distinct they came once more upon the breeze,—

"He's not come yet!"

No visionary remnant of an overwrought

imagination—the tones of the fresh voice of a boy, uttered as clearly as the fisherman had ever heard them in his life—from *whom*, from whence, had they proceeded?

Not from the land, where not even the curling smoke was darkening the sky; not from any object on the sea, on which nothing was visible but his own solitary boat. All, all was still.

With a white face and trembling hands, and a feeling of indefinable dread, the old man pulled towards Falmouth; as he neared the shore, on looking round, he perceived a boat in which was a solitary figure rowing towards him. As he approached it he descried the form of Paul Nancolas.

He hailed him, and with trembling lips and a broken voice related to him what he had heard. As he told Nancolas of the words the voice had uttered, the eyes of the other became as it were fixed, and he stared at the old man with a stony gaze.

"The last words uttered by my poor lost boy!"

The look was so full of hopeless misery, yet so resolute in its awful calmness, that, scarcely knowing why, the old fisherman begged of Paul for the love of Heaven to go no farther.

"He was his son—his only son! He saved me when I was a helpless wretch—he saved me from the bad, and when he called to *me* for help I lay slumbering like a drunken dog!"

At the first words uttered by Nancolas the old man stood panic-stricken and aghast; instinctively he fell upon his knees, and uttered a homely prayer. When he looked up Nancolas in his boat was making for the sea.

To the wondering fishermen, who with gaping eyes crowded round him, did the old man tell his tale; and by sunset the beach was almost lined with men and women, anxiously straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the boat of Nancolas.

They watched for him till dark, and then they brought torches and lanterns to shed a faint light upon the calm still bay; with eager hands they assisted to push off the boats, wherein some fishermen had volunteered to search for their missing friend; a faint cheer burst from their lips, and the boats departed out into the dark night on the calm sea.

Many still remember that night, and the cold, creeping shudder that stole over them when the fishermen returned bearing no news of their missing comrade. There are numbers who to this day tell of the panic that was spread in Falmouth when day by day, and week by week passed, and nothing was either seen or heard of the object of their search.

Years have passed, but the missing fisherman is still remembered; and children crowd the closer round the dim firelight as their grey-haired fathers tell the tale, that from that day to this no tidings have been gained of the fisherman or his boat.

The story is a strange one, I confess; but I solemnly declare I believe it for the most part true, and many who still live in Falmouth will stake their lives for its veracity.

## BROKEN TOYS.



I HAVE bow'd beneath the stroke, and the storm is  
passing o'er :  
I will walk, and will not murmur, though my lips may  
smile no more.

The world is quite forsaken—  
My beautiful is taken  
To the dim eternal shore.

I have learn'd to watch the little spot of earth that is  
my boy's,—  
But scarcely yet I dare to touch his broken toys.

'Mid the shadows of the evening, in the blackness of  
the night,  
That struggle and that piteous look come  
my sight ;

Until I cry, "Thank Heaven, back upon  
Short was thy fearful levin,—  
Not longer was the fight."

And I recall the resting limbs, the peaceful, smiling  
face,  
Sunlit, as if of pain it ne'er had known a trace.

I have gather'd up his few small books,—they stand  
beside my bed ;  
I have folded up for treasures the clothes from which  
he fled :

The cambric shirt, with stain  
Of blood from the blue vein  
Of his arm when he was bled.

I can bear these suffering tokens,—but not those of  
his joys ;—  
A mother's heart is broken by these broken toys.

How weak I am ! how changeful, how desolate, how  
lone !  
Bear with my faithless grief, O Thou, to whom all grief  
is known !

I will think upon Thy story ;  
I will think upon his glory  
Who from my arms is down ;

And try to figure to myself the bliss that is my boy's :—  
But my heart is well-nigh broken by these broken  
toys !

BERNI.

## BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XIV. DON EVANDRO AT WORK.

VERY little passed that day between Beppo and his father and brother. Had they been townsmen instead of peasants, and, specially, had they been Tuscan townsmen, the tidings which Beppo brought home would have formed subject for endless talk at every spare minute during the day;—(the tidings respecting the conscription, that is to say; of course the other load at his heart had to lie there, and be borne in silence as best it might);—but Paoli Vanni and his sons were *contadini* and Romagnoles; and but few words were said. Beppo briefly told them, as they went to their work, that the worst fears of the country were to be realised; that the conscription was certainly to take place that year, and that a day for the drawing would be named shortly after the completion of the communal lists.

At dinner-time the same information was given in similarly concise words to the poor mother, who manifested but little more emotion outwardly than the male members of the family had done; but she rose early next morning, and privately taking from the secret hoard of the produce of her yarn, the price of two fair wax tapers of half-a-pound each, she stole off to the village, and, having bought what she needed, set them up alight before the altar of the Blessed Virgin of the Seven Sorrows, with an earnestly breathed prayer that the holy Mother would deign, in consideration of that humble offering, to preserve a mother's son to her. True, all the other mothers in the parish would, in all probability, do the like. But it was not probable that any one of them would go to the expense of tapers of half-a-pound each. It was to be presumed, therefore, that the prayer so backed would be effectual. Nevertheless, poor Sunta, in her anxiety, turned back when she had gone a few steps from the church, and again kneeling before the figure with the seven daggers, stuck in artistic grouping through the satin of her stiffly brocaded, pyramidal-shaped robe, she promised two more tapers of equal size in case of a favourable result.

Poor mother! If earnestness could avail to make her prayer heard, it must have had its effect.

And so the day passed sombrely enough among the inhabitants of Bella Luce. The days had passed more sombrely there, even to old Paolo himself, since Giulia had left the farm. But that black Monday, after Beppo's return from the city, was more so than ordinary.

In the evening, a little before supper-time, came Don Evandro. The priest was always a welcome guest at Bella Luce, for he knew how to make himself agreeable, with the tact so specially the gift of the Roman Catholic clergy, both to the farmer and to his wife. And the frequent presence

of the priest at their table conferred a tone and style in the estimation of the Santa Lucia *beau-monde* that nothing else could have compensated for. Many of the parish clergy in the poorer and remoter districts of Italy are glad enough to give the consideration bestowed by their presence in return for the hospitality afforded them. But this was not Don Evandro's object. He was too well off, though far from being a rich man, to need a meal; and he had always some ulterior object in view. Power was what he wanted, and the means of leading his parish whithersoever he chose that it should go.

He was perfectly aware of Beppo's journey to Fano,—had in some degree prepared for it beforehand; and the object of his present visit to Bella Luce was to shape and confirm the impressions which he pretty shrewdly guessed the young man had brought back with him.

"I suppose, Signor Beppo, you brought home with you full information respecting this detestable and abominable conscription."

"Yes, your reverence. It seems that it is all determined on," said Beppo, in a weary and dispirited manner.

"And that is what the godless, usurping government and the infidel revolutionists call liberty! Liberty!—the forcible tearing of the flower of the population from their homes and their families! Man-stealers! My heart bleeds for the unfortunates who are thus sent off to destruction, temporal and eternal. Ay, eternal! For what are they when they come back to their native soil,—if ever they do come back? Reprobates! They leave their paternal roofs well-disposed, God-fearing youths; and the few who ever return are lost reprobates, fearing neither God nor devil, filled with false notions and heresies, perverted in heart and in mind alike! Were I a father, I would rather see my son in his coffin than see him taken by the accursed conscription."

The father and mother and the two sons listened to this outburst with awe and terror. And the old farmer began to fear that he should certainly be expected to turn out his hoards, in order to buy his son off destruction, temporal and eternal.

"It is a very bad business," said the old man, scratching his head; "I don't see what is to be done in it—not I! Suppose our Beppo should be drawn, your reverence; what can a poor man like me do?"

"But there is good hope he may not be drawn; surely there is good hope," said Signora Sunta, clasping her hands. "The Holy Virgin is very good. We have always done our best both at Nativity and Conception, besides a candle at the Annunciation—and always the best wax. Your reverence well knows we have never failed," said

poor Sunta, appealingly; "surely we may hope that the Virgin will send us a good number."

"You have every reason, my dear friend, to expect a blessing on you and yours. I know nobody in whose case I should look forward to one with greater confidence," replied the priest; "but the worst of the misfortune is, that a good number cannot be trusted to as an escape."

"Signor Sandro told me something of that," said Beppo; "but I did not rightly understand him. He seemed to say, as far as I could make out, that after they had drawn the men by lot, if they did not like what the lot gave them, they picked out others."

"Well, it comes to nearly that," returned the priest; "for these sons of Belial are not honest even in the carrying out of their own infamous laws. If there is a man they fancy anywhere near on the list, they will make all kinds of lying excuses to get rid of the others, till they can put their hand on him. Such a lad as you, my poor Beppo, is just the sort they want to make a soldier of; and you may depend on it, if they have half a chance, they will leave no stone unturned to get hold of you."

"I don't think that seems fair," said Beppo; "a fair lot is in the hands of the blessed Virgin and the saints; but when you come to picking and choosing, that is another matter."

The theory which thus limited the sphere of the influence of the spiritual powers was a curious one. But the Bella Luce theology was about contemporaneous with the Bella Luce system of vine-dressing, which, as we have seen, dated from before the Georgics.

The priest, however, only said in reply to Beppo's remonstrance:—

"Fair! no: as if anything done by a robber government was likely to be fair! It is all a mass of fraud, and violence, and tyranny, and iniquity, and godless impiety together."

It will be observed that the priest was very much more outspoken in his disaffection to the new government than he had been on the former occasion, when we had last the pleasure of meeting him. But Signor Sandro Bertoldi, the attorney, was present upon that occasion; a man from the town, not one who could be counted on as a staunch adherent of the good cause—in short, not a safe man at all. Now, the parish priest was speaking before none but members of his own mountain congregation, and he spoke out accordingly. He was not aware, however, how far the minds of the younger generation of his audience had slipped away from the old moorings, and drawn (who can say how? Who can say how minds do draw nutriment from the surrounding atmosphere of thought, as silently as trees do from the air?) somehow or other the material for the formation of new judgments and views of the world around them. The slowness of the peasant's mind, the submissive reverence which prevents him from ever "giving his priest an answer," as the vulgar phrase goes, and the unexpansive silence in which his intellect works, combined to prevent the parish clergy from being fully aware of the degree to which the minds of the rising generation of their flocks have emancipated them-

selves from their leading-strings. Not that there was the slightest danger that any one of the Bella Luce family would have made any use of the disaffected words uttered by their priest in a manner to be injurious to him. Besides that, this unhappy conscription question had, to a certain extent, thrown their minds into unison of sentiment with his once more. Otherwise Beppo had begun to form a shrewd opinion of his own, that the papal government was about as bad a one as it could be; and that the new one, at all events, promised to be much better. But this conscription—it could not be denied that it was a bitter pill, and a staggering difficulty for the adherents of the new order of things.

"They do say," remarked old Paolo in reply to the priest's last words, "that money may buy a man off if he is drawn. I should not wonder: there's few things that money can't do. But how can I find the means of buying Beppo off?—a poor working man like me. How can I do it, your reverence?—not to be able to keep a decent house over my head and pay my way, church-dues and offerings and alms and masses as well. How can it be done? It stands to reason it can't."

This was a desperate attempt on the part of the old farmer to know the worst, and ascertain whether he was expected to ransom his son at the cost of his hardly-saved and dearly-loved dollars. He knew very well that, if the priest said he must do so, he should have to do it. And he had thrown out a few topics for consideration to the *curato*—with the greatest tact and delicacy, as he flattered himself—which he thought might have the effect of influencing his decision upon the point in question.

The oracle spoke, and comforted him inexpressibly.

"There are few things, as you remark, Signor Vanni, which money judiciously employed may not do. Certainly it may bribe the wretches, who have usurped the territory and the power of the Holy Father, to disgorge the prey which they have seized in their infamous man-stealing. But I have very grave doubts of the lawfulness of thus expending money. I may say, indeed, that I am tolerably sure that it cannot be done without sin. And I have the means of knowing that such is the opinion of those in high places, and of the best authorities. To contribute money wilfully, not by compulsion, to the support of the excommunicated government is to give aid, countenance, and comfort to the enemies of our Holy Father, and persons under sentence of excommunication, which is very palpably damnable and mortal sin. But assuredly those who give their money for the purpose in question are guilty of doing this. My mind is quite clear upon the subject. I do not see how I should be able to give absolution, perhaps not even *in articulo mortis*, to a person lying under the guilt of this sin!"

"But," Beppo ventured to say timidly,—“but, your reverence, if you go to fight for the new government yourself, is not it as bad as paying another to do it for you? Must it not be equally sinful to go yourself? And yet one or other of the two you must do.”

"Must you?" said the priest, drily.

"Well, your reverence, it seems that if you are drawn you must," said Beppo, simply.

"My notion is," said the priest, "that there will be a pretty considerable number of young men—God-fearing, well-educated young men—drawn for the conscription in this province who will do neither the one nor the other: who will neither suffer themselves to be torn away from their country to fight against their Holy Father and lawful sovereign, nor yet give money to his enemies to hire somebody else to do so." And as he spoke he rubbed his hands slowly together, and looked hard at Beppo.

The old father and mother looked from one to the other with watchful interest; the former much relieved in his mind, and feeling more than ever that Don Evandro was a second Daniel come to judgment.

"But it's no use for a man to say he won't go," rejoined Beppo. "Willy nilly, he must go. If he won't go by his own will, he will be taken by force."

"Oh, no! certainly; it is of no use for a man to say he won't go—of no use at all. It is not by saying that a man can do his duty to his God, and his Church, and his country. Duty mostly needs something more than saying," returned the priest, with a very marked emphasis, and still looking hard at Beppo.

"I don't see it, your reverence," said Beppo, looking puzzled. "What is a man to do, then?"

"And yet it seems pretty clear, too," rejoined the curate. "You say, if a man won't go, he will be taken by force?"

"So I am told," said Beppo.

"Who will take him?" asked the priest, Socratically.

"Why, the soldiers, I suppose!" said Beppo, with very widely opened eyes.

"And where will they take him from? Where would they take you from, for instance, if you did not go to them?" continued the priest, pushing on his catechism to its conclusion.

"If I were drawn, and did not go to give myself up at Fano, they would come here after me, and take me by force," said Beppo, beginning to think that the priest was really uninformed upon the subject.

"Very true; they would come here—here to Bella Luce! But suppose they did not find you here?"

"Then they would take me wherever they could find me. Why, bless your reverence's heart, they aren't put off in that way."

"They would take you wherever they could find you, no doubt. But suppose that they could not find you at all?"

"What! If I were to put an end to myself," said poor Beppo, not appearing to be very much startled by the suggestion; "but I thought, your reverence, that that was not lawful to do in any case?"

"Put an end to yourself? I am shocked at you, Beppo! Unlawful?—of course it is. How could you imagine I had such a thing in my thoughts?"

"Then I am sure I don't know, and it is not for such as I am to guess, what is in your reverence's thoughts!" said Beppo, utterly puzzled.

"Why, my good friend, Beppo, you are not so quick as I thought you. If you are drawn for the conscription,—say, you don't go. The soldiers come here to look for you;—don't find you.—'We want Beppo Vanni,' say they; 'where is he?'—'Really can't say,' says my friend, Signor Paolo.—'Sure he is not in the house?' says the officer.—'Quite sure,' says Signor Paolo. 'You can search it if you like.' They do search it, but they don't find Beppo Vanni. Then they come away to Santa Lucia to see the *curato*, and try what they can make out of him. 'We are come to look for one Beppo Vanni, a parishioner of yours, your reverence. Can you tell us where we can find him?'—'He lives at Bella Luce, when he is at home,' says his reverence; 'is he not there now?'—'No, he is not there. But I suppose your reverence knows where to find him?' says the officer.—'If he is not there, he must be out in the hills. There are many wolves and wild boars, and such like, in our mountains, but they are mostly very hard to catch,' says his reverence; 'Beppo Vanni is very fond of hunting. If you keep on the wolf's track, I dare say you will find him; and I wish you a pleasant job of it,' says his reverence.

"Now do you see it, friend Beppo?" asked the priest, when he had concluded his little exposition, of which the latter part was delivered with considerable dramatic effect.

"What, take to the hills *per bene*?" said Beppo, with a grim smile;—"for good and all," as an Englishman might have said.

"Ay, for good, assuredly," said the priest. "But it would only be for a short time, just till the secret was blown over, and the soldiers out of the country. That is what all the best men in the country will do. The excommunicated king will find that he will get very few men in Romagna, except the scum of the towns, to fight for him against the Holy Father."

"It looks like skulking, as if one had done something to be ashamed of, keeping out of the way in the hills in that fashion," said Beppo, thoughtfully.

"You will find, my friend, that all the shame will lie on the other side," returned the priest. "I tell you that all the best men in the country—those of them, at least, who have the misfortune to be drawn—will take to the hills."

"Your reverence spoke of the wolves and the wild boars," said Beppo, with a sigh; "every man's hand is against them, and they are hunted down."

"Yes," returned the priest, quickly; "they are hunted down because every man's hand is against them. But there is just the difference. Those who take to the hills in this sacred cause will have every good man for their friend. We priests," continued Don Evandro, with a grim smile of conscious power, "are everywhere; and, do what they will, they will never root us out. Wherever there is a parish—what do I say?—wherever there is Catholic soil, there is a Catholic priest. And wherever there is a priest, those who are homeless for the good cause will have a friend. We shall have our eyes on those who are out in the hills on account of this business. They will not

be let to want, neither for food nor for shelter; no, nor for communication with their friends at home," he added, looking hard at Beppo, with so meaning a glance that it was all but a wink.

"And your reverence thinks that it would not be for a very long time—that those who go out into the hills will be able to return to their homes after a while?" asked Beppo, musingly.

"Of course. It stands to reason. Specially those who live not in the towns, but in out-of-the-way places like this. Why, we are almost among the hills, as you may say, here. As soon as this conscription business is over, the troops will quit the country,—go to be shot down by the Austrian cannon, or to cut the throats of their brothers in Naples, or to be led to sacrilege against Rome, and be struck dead, perhaps, in the horrible act: what do I know. They will be marched away; and then the country will be quiet, till God sees fit in His mercy to restore the lawful and rightful government; and when *that* day comes, as come it surely will before long, those who have refused at any cost to bear arms against their Holy Father will have cause to bless themselves, and thank their good fortune."

"And your reverence thinks there would be means of holding communication—with one's friends at home, or—in the towns?"

"No doubt about that," said the priest, again looking, with peculiar intelligence, hard at Beppo. "We shall take care about that. There would be no lack of means of communication. Any man in the hills for this cause might know, day by day, if he cared about it—which is hardly likely—what was the news in the towns."

"That would be a great thing, certainly," said Beppo, meditating, and seeming to speak more to himself than to the priest.

"What! I suppose your visit to Signor Sandro's house yesterday has made you wish to hear from him again, eh?"

"Yes!—no! That is, your reverence, not from him particularly," replied Beppo, far too simple to tell a lie, even when it was put into his mouth for him by the person to whom it was to be told.

"Ah! I see!" said the priest, pretending to misunderstand him; "not from *him*, perhaps. I am told that Lisa Bertoldi is becoming one of the most charming girls in Fano—immensely improved of late, and greatly sought after. No wonder, with her expectations. It is a pity her father should have let some of those scamps of officers come round her. But that will be all over as soon as they are out of the country—pests as they are! But Lisa is a prudent girl, and is very safe not to commit herself." (The priest did not guess that Lisa had been perfectly confidential with Beppo on the subject of her loves with the captain of Bersaglieri.) "Would to Heaven," he continued, "that as much could be said for that unfortunate Giulia! I have almost reproached myself for having advised that the proposal of Signor Sandro to send her to Fano should be accepted for her. But God knows I acted for the best, and to the best of my judgment. Who could have thought that a girl so brought up would have gone to the bad so shamefully, and that in

so short a time?" And the priest lifted his hands and eyes to heaven, or, at least, to the ceiling of the farmhouse kitchen, as he spoke. "But the fact is," he added, dropping his eyes with a meek, resigned sigh, "that when a girl is thoroughly had nothing can save her. A heartless, false girl is, and must be, lost, whether in town or country."

The supper, of which Don Evandro had partaken with the family, had been finished long ago. It had consisted merely of the *minestra*, a bit of cheese afterwards, and a flask of the farmer's Bella Luce wine. But Signora Sunta had been assailed by no false shame, and had made no efforts to increase her bill of fare, and no boasting excuses to the priest any more than to one of the family. For he was not a guest from the city, but a fellow-villager, who was one of themselves. The supper therefore had not taken long. And as soon as it was over, la Sunta had without apology taken up the one *lumino*, or tall brass Roman lamp, which had stood on the supper-table, and had gone with it about her household affairs, leaving her husband and sons and their guest to smoke their cigars and have their talk by the light of the May moon which streamed in through the open kitchen-door. Old Paolo had fallen asleep soon after the conversation had reached the point at which it had been authoritatively decided that it would be wicked of him to pay out money. Since that, the talk had been entirely between Beppo and the priest, and Carlo had been an attentive listener. It was fortunate for Beppo that they were sitting so nearly in the dark, for he felt that it would have been impossible otherwise for him to have concealed from the ever-watchful eye of the priest the agitation and misery which the last words of the latter were causing him. They did but confirm his own impressions of the day before. But then those impressions had been the result of indignation—of the things which he had seen with his eyes! His eyes no longer saw them! His indignation had begun to wane! The impressions had become less forcible and distinct. It was becoming more possible for him to persuade himself that he exaggerated matters—that he himself had been to blame—that there might still be a possibility of hope for him, in short. But now the words of Don Evandro rudely threw down again all the fabric he was once more striving to raise, and cut off like a blighting March wind the new green shoots that his love, which would not be killed, was again putting forth. The pain was very agonising to him, and it was a relief to him that it was too dark for the priest to see his features.

In truth, the darkness concealed little or nothing from the priest's knowledge, if it did from his eyes. He knew perfectly well the effect of what he was saying, as well as the surgeon knows the sensations of the patient under his knife.

But the operation was not over—Beppo had more to suffer yet.

"What mischief, then, has Giulia been getting into in the city, your reverence?" asked Carlo. "I am not surprised, for one, for I always thought her a bad one. I never knew her to stay for the litanies after vespers, not once last year; and

must know, for I never missed them all the winter!"

Don Evandro knew and understood all the low hypocrisy of this speech quite as perfectly as any man could; nevertheless he approved of it; thought it the desirable sort of tone for a young man, and considered that it showed Carlo to be the sort of man that was needed for a good subject and a good churchman. So a woman who receives a compliment which she knows to be insincere may yet be pleased with it, as indicating the desire on the part of the payer of it to please her.

"Ah! it is a bad business—a very bad business—I am afraid! Part of my object in going into the city on Saturday was to make inquiries and ascertain if there might be any hope of saving her. I fear me!—I fear that there is nothing to be done!"

The priest, not calculating on the chivalrous generosity of heart of the man he was speaking to, or rather at—(as how should he calculate on what he could not conceive?),—was overshooting his mark a little in the excess of his calumnious statements. For the idea of Giulia in danger and in trouble at once began to make love assume the mask of pity, and an evident desire to save and protect her began to override and overpower, for the moment, his own infinite misery.

"What has she been up to?" asked Carlo again.

"Oh, up to!" said the priest, hesitating as if unwilling to speak out. "What mischief do unprincipled girls get into when they get the opportunity? It is the old story. There is the town, too, full of soldiers, reprobate profligates, without religion or principle of any kind! It is destruction to the character of any decent girl to be known to have any communication with them, or be seen in their company. And this abandoned girl has formed an intimacy with one of the most notorious blackguards in the whole lot of them!"

Beppo groaned audibly, as he acknowledged to himself that his first impressions with regard to Corporal Tenda had been but too just.

"What! you don't mean," said Carlo, eagerly, "that she has—taken up with any one in particular you know—so as to lose her character, you know?"

"Character! It will be well for her if that is all she has lost! Character! She will never be able to hold her head up in this country any more! The best thing that could happen to her would be to follow the blackguard for good and all, and let the disgrace she has brought upon her name be forgotten. But he is no doubt too knowing a rascal for that."

"But he may be made to answer for his conduct—to do what is right by her!" said Beppo, breathing hard and clenching his fists.

The priest could not see the action; but he knew from Beppo's voice all that was passing in his mind. And he considered for a moment or two, during which he took a rapid survey of all the circumstances of the case with masterly comprehensiveness, whether it might be good policy to bring these men face to face with a result that might probably in one way or other make Carlo the heir to the Bella Luce homestead and savings.

But he gave up the idea as involving too many possibilities of miscarriage. So he replied:—

"How make him answer for his conduct? His officers are as bad as he. There is no law to touch him. And to resort to unchristian violence would bring destruction upon your own soul, in all probability without injuring him."

"Who is the man?" asked Carlo.

"One Tenda, a corporal; a low Piedmontese blackguard—one of the worst characters in the army, I am told."

"A Piedmontese too!" exclaimed Carlo, with unaffected disgust; "to think of Giulia taking up with a Piedmontese, of all the men in the world! Why, it is against nature!"

"I must say that I think Signor Sandro has been very much to blame," continued the priest, "in not making himself better acquainted with the character of the woman with whom he placed Giulia—a retired actress, I learn! It is true that, as far as I can hear, there is nothing to be said against the woman now. She has become reconciled to the church, and there is no more to be said about it. But Signor Sandro might have known that such a woman was not likely to be a safe protectress for such a girl as Giulia."

"But, then, who would have guessed that our Giulia would need so much protecting!" said Carlo.

"That is true too, *figliuolo mio*," said the priest. "Well, I must be thinking of walking homewards. It is getting late. Good-night, Signor Paolo. I need not wish it you, for you have been taking a slice of it already—a calm conscience makes an easy pillow. Good-night, Signor Beppo. We shall have some further conversation as soon as the result of this detestable drawing is known. Good-night."

So the priest set out on his moonlight walk to Santa Lucia, satisfactorily reflecting that he had—he could hardly doubt—deprived Victor Emmanuel of one of the likeliest soldiers in Romagna; and had, in all probability, put an end to all inconveniences arising from love-passages between Beppo and Giulia.

(To be continued.)

## AT A COUNTRY FAIR.

WITH sad thoughts of once merry England on our mind, the other day, we came upon a remnant of the olden time. It was not a pilgrimage, nor a mystery-play, nor a fairy godmother, nor an old toy, but a genuine old-fashioned fair. Though not so humble as the village May-day festival, nor so renowned as the nine days of Nottingham Goose Fair, it yet combined the excellences of both, and seemed to us so faithful a reflection of "merrie England" as we love to fancy it, that others may not be displeased to hear of it.

One of the oldest towns in Lincolnshire stands on a ridge of the Wolds commanding a fine view over a stretch of low country, and it was towards this town we found ourselves driving one lovely autumnal morning. For some time well-to-do yeomen, plough-lads in gorgeous crimson waist-coats, and country girls with hats trimmed in

wonderful modes, had passed by us, giving warning that we were approaching the fair. Soon the road became a muddy swamp, and we could see the farmers bustling about amongst the cows and sheep. One informed us as he rode by, that he had sold ten "beasts" for 32*l.* each, and seemed satisfied, as he well might be, with his bargain. From such stories we gathered that the agricultural mind deemed it a good fair. We, however, being simply bent on finding amusement, scanned with more eagerness than judgment the pens of cattle which skirted the road. There were the red Devon steers, the white-faced Herefords, the neat-looking Kerries, smaller than the delicate Alderneys, but fully their equal in milk-producing qualities. Further on were herds of frightened Galloways, with large heads, liquid eyes, and coats black as night. Then came several Scotch drovers belabouring some curious specimens of the bovine race, which were not over amiable or "canny" after their long journey. Some black, others dun-coloured, but all shaggy, unkempt animals, with fire gleaming in their quick restless eyes, they would by no means be pleasant companions on one of their own wild moors. One could not help thinking of the wild cattle of Chillingham on looking at them, and the aurochs and uri of the vast Teutonic solitudes by the Rhine, where the Roman legions encamped, and enabled Cæsar to add to his stock of natural history. As may be supposed, this formed a very lively scene, diversified by the shouting of drovers and plunges of some maddened animal over the fences on one side of the road, as another took it into its playful head to run amuck down the centre. We passed through without any mishap, however, and proceeded to the market-place, where the interest of the fair centred.

It was very evident that, if business was the order of the day above in the cattle market, pleasure was to reign supreme here. There were the roundabouts, swings, nut-vendors, Cheap Jacks, &c., dear to boyhood. Yonder stall full of "real Grantham gingerbread" carried us back to other days at once, when one's digestive organs could assimilate anything at any hour. Could you thus early in the morning eat gingerbread,—for the life of you now, actually an hour before lunch time? The country bumpkins speedily showed an observer how to do it, at any rate. They might be omnivorous, so indiscriminate was their onslaught on anything offered them,—boiled crabs, green apples, toffy, shrimps, &c. We will do the Phyllis justice, and say they were not backward in following the example of their swains in these delicate preludes to dinner. All were mirthful and noisy, with rough attempts at rustic wit, and when the appetite had been thus gently provoked, sallied on to the amusements.

The scene there was like Hogarth's celebrated picture of the glories of old Southwark Fair. A medley of booths, shows, vehicles, mountebanks, fortune-tellers, and quacks occupied the central space. Here stood a man with four or five tame piebald rats, which he put on his shoulders and suffered to run over him, for the sake of attracting a crowd. We drew near, from curiosity, amongst them. "I am from forrin parts, and my accout will show

you I know fourteen strange languages, and can converse in all cases correctly. I've a 'andful of rat-poison 'ere—vary strong, and answers in all cases correctly" (this phrase came in at the end of every sentence, as being a very telling point with rustics). "Sprinkle a little between your finger and thumb in a stackyard, and you will see the varmint come out in swarms, like poultry to be fed. Buy a box of me, and you will clear your whole farm for a year; buy a dozen of them, and you extarminate the small hanimals from the country side! It is only for fear of cutting my own throat I refuse to sell any gentleman more than a dozen boxes, or else I should be starved out myself, for there's not a rat would remain in the land. Buy here! yoho! Answers in all cases correctly!" &c. &c.

From the quantity he sold we should suppose the natives were much troubled with these "small deer;" but clearly there are better times coming, now that this kind gentleman has appeared, for a dozen boxes at least were disposed of in no time.

Next we strolled on to a Cheap Jack, who indulged in the usual witticisms of his trade after the following sort:—

"Hooks and eyes! who'll buy?—sixpence the lot! Such hooks and—my eyes! Thank you, ma'am,—here you are! Hurrah! Sold again! —sold again!—sold!—sold again!"

"A knife for killing pigs or mending pens—what shall I say for this? I will give it away for eightpence—given away for eightpence! Thank you, ma'am,—please the pigs, you'll save it in butchers' meat, ma'am, in a week alone. Hurrah! Sold again!—sold!—sold!—sold again!"

This ejaculation probably suited both parties to the transaction equally well.

So on, backwards and forwards did he skip in shirtsleeves and a brilliant waistcoat, active, amusing, and energetic. It was curious to note the impassive faces of the buyers. Like all Englishmen, they evidently took their pleasure sadly. They traded on the principle of sailors, to get rid of superfluous cash at once, or else they had deep economic schemes, like the minerals lying under their familiar clay, which ordinary men cannot discern, to judge from the incongruous purchases they made. A small boy, not long breeched, for instance, bought the hooks and eyes; hedging gloves would be carried off by girls, necklaces by old men; a ploughboy of fourteen invested in a large wicker-work plate-basket, partly, we suppose, from the high recommendation that "it would suit any one or anything—this invaluable tray—the butler for his forks, the nursemaid for a cradle,—sold again!" and then the vendor informed the audience in a stage whisper, "that ere young man as has bought it, is a family man, they tell me, and means to use that little harticle for a perambulator!"

No need to tell of the scene in the public-houses; such things are too well known in most country districts. We will pass by where the stamping up-stairs indicates that thus early in the day dancing is going on. Of course the younger men are vigorously pulling at long clay-pipes round the doors, and the elder ones leaning against

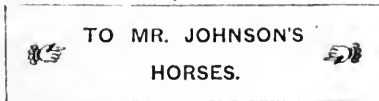


the posts, discussing prices and "osses." Jacky, the ostler, is delicately chaffed as he leads out a refractory grey through the archway, and recommended to take an inside place, with various other scraps of Joe Miller left by him in the country.

As Jacky waxes wrath, a policeman approaches to receive the same fate; but the man in blue is too dignified to heed farm-yokels, and leaves them to their merriment. "Aunt Sallies" and "niggers" were unaccountably absent, but only to give the fair a more old-world look still. As mid-day approached, the fun waxed fast and furious; and as red, honest country-faces grew redder, and grey calculating eyes more twinkling, it is but natural to conjecture all were enjoying themselves, and determined (as all pleasure-seekers should be) to put the best face on every mishap. Perhaps it is hard for the educated mind to enter into the delights of all this; but, at all events, it is worth noting how simply an Englishman may be amused where a Frenchman would find it *triste* to the last degree.

We must plead guilty ourselves to a pardonable interest in the next amusement we encountered.

A broken-down individual, eccentric about the knees, and dilapidated in his nether man, whose hat was quite in character, having but indistinct notions of propriety, and very oblivious as to who had, many long years ago, been its manufacturer, was carrying about a board inscribed—



The hands did not convey much lucid information as to the direction in which these horses were to be found—whatever they might be; but we followed the man till he disappeared in an inn-yard, sign of the Golden Dolphin. In the hubbub of farmers, horsy-men, ostlers, *et id genus omne*, we plunged bravely, and emerged in an open space surrounded by a forest of top-boots and bronzed faces. A few farmers were assisting a dapper gentleman, with a rattan in his hand, to the top of a beer-barrel, and the truth then flashed upon us,—Mr. Johnson's horses were to be brought to the hammer.

As Lincolnshire is a great horse county (is not Horncastle there?) and as my Lord Yarborough's hounds run straight enough to try the best fencers, we were very glad to ooze out of the ring to a position close to a vacant stable, and watch the animals trotted out. It is always advisable, whether in war or love, or a horse-sale, to secure an opening for retreat, as in this latter case young animals often show their heels rather recklessly to their admirers, when the latter only wish to inspect their teeth. We will linger here a moment.

"John," says the dapper man from his barrel,

"bring out the first lot. Now, gentlemen, this is a *bonâ fide* sale of Mr. Johnson's celebrated animals. No need for me to praise them, those who have ridden in the first flight last season, and only they, know what their strength and endurance is. Real blood-horses these, gentlemen—bred by so-and-so—out of so-and-so—from the Rocket—dam, the Flash-in-the-pan," &c. &c.

"Lot No. 1. The Perfect Cure—a beautiful bay—perfect condition—sound in wind and limb—goes any pace—from a cocktail to an Arab courser," &c. &c.: "what shall I say for this valuable horse?"

The ostler trotted out the animal, and ran him up and down the yard with a beautiful disregard of the clustering buyers. This horse was a fine, prancing animal, rather too "leggy" for our mind, but seemingly in perfect condition; and, after sundry deprecatory sentences on the part of the auctioneer to the effect that "he was sacrificing him," and many artifices usual with the fraternity of the hammer to produce eager competition, was duly "given away" at thirty-five guineas.

The same thing went on with the rest of the string of horses, some clearing a space round themselves very speedily, much as Cruiser at the Alhambra taught people to keep a respectful distance. Some were grey, others chestnut—about the only appreciable difference, a stranger might think, to hear the catalogue of the good qualities of these "fine animals." The whole proceeding, however, to the *cognoscenti* was evidently absorbing in its interest. Beyond a transient smile when the auctioneer unluckily asked Mr. Johnson the age of "this animal," and received in return a very knowing wink to make him hold his tongue, their countenances were grave and impassive. It is an awful moment to a British farmer when an appeal is being made to his breeches pocket. We must confess that an old cart-horse and foal, which were sold after the blood-horses, possessed the greatest attractions to our artistic eyes. Treated with the most perfect indifference by the majority of farmers (even the younger ones, who had playfully touched up the nags as they passed, considering this group beneath their notice), it was interesting to see the mare's solicitude for the little one, and how utterly, like all mothers, she lost her own anxiety at the crowd and noise in care for the foal. We never before appreciated fully Mr. Ruskin's remarks on the dignity and beauty of such rough common-place animals as cart-horses.

Once more the farmers bustled about and craned over each other's shoulders to look at a wonderful specimen of a hunter which was put up to sale last. Without warranty, of no definite age, with a suspicious lameness, and timid, lack-lustre eye, the brute, which had evidently mistaken its vocation as a hunter, was led up and down amidst the jeers of the knowing ones,—and who is not knowing when a horse is in question? Bids were few and far between, and we may state, for the edification of those who have missed the chance of buying so splendid a fencer, that he was bought in for six guineas! Most people probably deemed him "a screw;" and to our eyes he seemed just

the animal for Mr. Briggs to mount the next time he wants a day's hunting.

The sale being concluded, the crowd slowly oozed through the archway to the different ordinaries that had charms for them. We may fancy the "horsy" talk that went on afterwards—the old-world stories told, the jokes they roared at over their brandy-and-water. Nightfall would see them sauntering home in groups of two and three. Foot-pads are never heard of in that part of the country where the fair took place, but the true agriculturist is a cautious man, and always returns home early on such occasions.

Still the streams of country lads and lasses, all with merry faces and wonderful head-gear, wend their way from the outlying villages to the great attraction, the event of their year. Still the crackling that told of shots for nuts went on more energetically each hour, and the street-vendors became more importunate in offering you walnuts as the hours slipped on. And then dusk came over the pleased assemblage, and their happy, eager eyes were lighted up by the flaring lamps which the stalls and itinerant pedlars display at such fairs. The roysterers in the taverns grew more merry, songs suddenly became (as they will do towards evening) very full of chorus, and everyone, from the cattle-speculator to the beggar selling matches, seemed sorry the fair was so nearly over. Perhaps Sarah Ann will not see Mary Jane again till next year, and Stubbs drink no more beer with Lobbs for two or three seasons. It is but few pleasures our young rustics can enjoy, and we will not grudge them their annual fair. Any one who has ever gauged the bucolic mind in its lower manifestations knows how thick it is. Transient gleams from the world of reason and education make a precarious entry at such merry-makings as we have attempted to sketch, and perhaps it might prove no paradox to recommend the encouragement of fairs as about the only secular educational agent that tells upon the rustics. "Statutes" and "mops," where lads and lasses stand with their backs to a wall to be hired, are utterly destructive of all moral and religious feelings amongst farm-servants. They cannot be too strongly condemned. But do not let us drift away from "merry England," and too hastily interdict May-poles and ginger-bread eating. A certain amount of harm is inseparable from all great gatherings of the scantily educated, but we are convinced that a noisy, crowded, English fair is fraught with far more good than evil to that difficult class to ameliorate—our farm-servants.

G.

## BALLOONING, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE excitement which has prevailed in Paris for several months past on the subject of aerial navigation almost equals that raised by the successful experiments of the Montgolfiers in the latter days of Louis XVI. Then, as now, people exercised their imaginations in conceiving the marvellous results which would flow from the power of flying through the air. With provisions sufficient to last him fourteen days, a man might

travel to the most distant part of the globe, without fatigue or danger; alighting where he felt disposed, and proceeding on his journey as soon as he had satisfied his curiosity or transacted his business, if he had any business to transact. The idea of making a machine capable of floating in the atmosphere is probably as old as the hills, and, for aught we know, the materials of which the topmost stories of the Tower of Babel were built may have been lifted to the clouds by some such contrivance. In the "Noctes Atticæ" of Aulus Gellius mention is made of a pigeon made of wood (unless *ligno* will bear some more suitable interpretation), which was filled with a subtle kind of air and floated in the atmosphere. Comic writers of old abound in allusions to methods of doing the same thing. Cyrano de Bergerac, for example, says he reached the moon by filling phials with dew, which he fastened to his body, and which, when heated by the sun, ascended upwards, carrying him with it. So far as we know for certain, the first man who actually made a balloon capable of raising him in the air was a Portuguese Jesuit named Gusmao. He was sent for to Lisbon by John V., and made an ascent from the terrace in the presence of the whole court; but his balloon struck against the cornice of the palace, and was so much torn that it came down immediately. The priests who were not Jesuits excited such an outcry against him, probably on religious grounds, that he was not allowed to renew the attempt. The discovery of hydrogen by Cavendish, and its great lightness as compared with air, suggested to a man named Cavallo, of London, that it might be used for aerial navigation, in 1782. He filled paper bags with it, but the gas escaped through the paper, and when he substituted bladders they were too heavy to be raised. In the following year the difficulty was overcome by two Frenchmen.

Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier were paper-makers at Annonay in France, and to these it occurred that by coating the inside of a linen bag with paper and filling it with heated air they would have a balloon, the specific gravity of which, with its contents, would be less than the atmosphere it displaced. To test the matter in a satisfactory way, they made a balloon thirty-five feet in diameter, of a capacity of about 22,000 cubic feet. A wooden framework was attached to the balloon, which was suspended from a pole thirty-five feet high. Below the opening a fire was lighted, and as soon as the hot air had inflated the balloon it rose to a height which was estimated to be not less than 6000 feet. On the announcement of this successful experiment reaching Paris, scientific men there thought they would eclipse the provincialists, and a M. Faujas de St. Fonds set on foot a subscription for the purpose, and the sum required was soon raised. A professor of experimental philosophy named Charles, and Robert, a mathematical instrument maker, were selected to make the apparatus. These made a balloon of varnished silk, twelve feet in diameter, with a capacity of 950 feet. A thousand pounds of iron-filings and five hundred pounds of sulphuric acid were used in producing the hydrogen to inflate this balloon, which was

taken from the Place des Victoires to the Champ de Mars during the night of the 26th August, 1783. The few people who saw it were so frightened that it is said they fell on their knees, though they made no attempt to treat it so roughly as the Spanish peasants did Madame Poitevin's balloon the other day, who, probably to avenge themselves on it for the fright it had caused them, proceeded to cut and beat it to pieces as soon as it reached the ground:—it met, however, with precisely the same fate from the peasantry in the district where it fell. The next day was fixed for the ascent, and in the presence of an immense crowd of people the cord which held it to the ground was cut on a signal being given by the firing of a mortar, and it shot up into the clouds, and was soon lost sight of. It did not travel far, however; it either burst, or the gas escaped, and it came down in a field about fifteen miles from Paris.

Several imitative experiments succeeded this, which are not worth notice; nor a second one, made by the younger Montgolfier a few days after that just described, further than to say that it was made with a balloon covered inside and outside with paper, which was larger than the one they first made, and was found capable of raising a weight of five hundred pounds. The first ascent made in which living creatures were concerned was on the 10th September, 1783. It took place at Versailles, in the presence of the king and queen; and the occupants of the wicker-basket attached to the balloon were a sheep, a cock, and a duck. Owing to some extensive rents made in it, it did not remain in the air many minutes; but when it reached the ground it was discovered that the animals were so little impressed by the novelty of the voyage that the sheep was found feeding on the hay which had been placed in the car, and the two fowls were uninjured, except a slight hurt in one of the wings of the cock.

Montgolfier's next attempt was made with a balloon seventy feet in height and forty-six feet in diameter. It had a wicker gallery round the orifice, with openings to enable the person occupying it to keep up the fire in the brazier. The person who was bold enough to occupy this gallery was Pilatre de Rozier. On the 15th of October of the year just mentioned he took his place in the car, and was gently raised to a height of eighty feet, where he maintained his position by burning straw and wool on the fire. Four days afterwards he made a second ascent to three times the height, when the balloon was pulled down and a second person entered the car, and together they were raised to a height of nearly three hundred and fifty feet. Just one month after this successful essay, a still bolder attempt was made. The balloon was made by Montgolfier of the same flimsy materials he had used previously; and its dimensions were the same as that just mentioned. The place from which it rose was the Chateau de la Muette, belonging to the king, situated not far from Paris. Eight minutes were occupied in inflating it, and then Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes got into the car. Before the ropes were cut the balloon was dashed by the wind

on one of the walks and several rents made in it, but these were soon sewn up, and the ascent began in earnest in less than two hours afterwards. This time the balloon was free to take its own course; and after mounting to a height which was computed to be about three thousand feet, they allowed it to descend at a distance from the place whence they had started of between four and five miles. The official account of this aerial trip was signed by Franklin, the Dukes of Polignac and Guines, and several dignitaries of the court.

The first scientific ascent was made by the Messrs. Charles and Robert already mentioned. The ascent was made under extremely favourable circumstances as regarded the weather, and the comfort of the voyagers was looked to by their friends in a way which might perhaps be worthy of imitation by the friends of Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell, everybody seeming to think that champagne was a particularly suitable drink for the locality to which they were about to ascend, and that they could not have too many blankets and furs. The balloon rose steadily till the light wind which was blowing caught it and carried it away in its course. As it was intended by M. Charles to make a second ascent alone, the balloon was allowed to touch the ground, when it was laid hold of by a number of peasants, and Robert got out. The Duke de Chartres, the Duke de Fitzjames, and Mr. Farrer, who had followed the balloon on horseback, rode up at the moment, and after a hasty embrace between these parties and the aeronauts, the balloon was liberated, and re-ascended with Professor Charles stretched at full length in the car, his right hand holding the valve-string and a pen, and his left a watch and a sheet of paper; and in this attitude he was elevated in a few minutes to an altitude of nine thousand feet. He had with him a barometer and other scientific instruments; but his observations, though interesting at the time, have no interest for us now. He had the satisfaction of seeing the sun set twice on that day, he says. It was probably from their recollection of this ascent that the mob, when they invaded the Louvre, a few years later, refrained from entering the apartments he occupied there, or of molesting him in any way.

In 1785 Mr. Crosbie made an ascent from Dublin in a balloon and car, which are described as "beautifully painted, and the arms of Ireland emblazoned on them in superior elegance of taste." The description of the aeronaut and his dress is worth reading. "His figure is genteel; his aerial dress consisted in a robe of oiled silk lined with white fur, his waistcoat and breeches in one, of white satin, quilted, morocco boots, and a Montero cap of leopard-skin." The Duke of Leinster, Lord Charlemont, and other persons of note, did not think it beneath their dignity to arm themselves with white staves and regulate the proceedings. At the time this ascent was made, the Londoners were crowding to the Lyceum, in the Strand, to see a balloon exhibited there by Count Zambecari,—who was, on a subsequent ascent at Bologna, dashed to pieces by jumping from his balloon to save himself from being first burnt along with it, like Bittorf, who

was picked out of the burning embers of his car, literally a roasted mass of flesh,—and Admiral Sir Edward Vernon. The day they ascended was a cold one, and snow was falling; notwithstanding which, a Miss Grice, who happened to be passing the field near Tottenham Court Road where the balloon was stationed, entreated so earnestly to be allowed to go with them, that they consented; but the balloon was unable to ascend with such a weight, and they were therefore obliged to put the young lady out, and make their trip without her. The descent was made at Horsham, about thirty-five miles distant from London. The rage for witnessing these balloon ascensions increased so much that they became quite frequent. Immediately after that just mentioned Decker went up at Bristol, and Colonel Fitzpatrick at Oxford, and Major Money at Norwich, who was carried out to sea and very nearly drowned, the balloon, as the gas escaped, sinking lower and lower, and letting him down into the water inch by inch till it reached his shoulders, when he was rescued by a revenue cutter, after being two hours in this unpleasant situation. To obviate this peril of drowning, Mr. Blanchard and Dr. Jefferies ascended from Dover with a balloon to which a car was attached, provided with oars and a sail, and a couple of cork jackets, their intention being to cross the Channel. The ascent was made from the open space on which Queen Anne's Pocket-pistol is placed. Guns were fired at the castle as signals to regulate the proceedings. The Channel was crossed safely, though the balloon almost touched the water once, and the descent was made in France about twelve miles beyond Calais, the voyagers having been obliged to strip themselves and the car of nearly everything to enable the balloon to ascend to a sufficient height. As a proof of the interest felt in these ascents, it may be mentioned that they took with them letters of introduction written by the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Devonshire, and other members of the nobility, to the Duke de Chartres, Count d'Artois, and others at the French Court. At Calais the commandant sat up till three o'clock in the morning waiting till they should come in from the country, and later on the same morning they received congratulatory visits from the mayor, governor, and every official of note, and were accorded all the honours it was customary to offer the king whenever he happened to visit the town.

Up to this time aeronauts had been singularly fortunate in escaping accidents, and the first to suffer was the first who ascended since Gusmao. Between the time when Pilate de Roziere made his ascent before Marie Antoinette and the Court, and the 15th June, 1785, he had been up repeatedly. A fortnight previous to this date he dined with Lord Orford, in England, then paid a visit to Miss Dyer, a young lady of considerable fortune, to whom he was engaged to be married, after which he crossed to Boulogne for the purpose of returning thence in a balloon, which had been constructed at King Louis's expense. The balloon he used was a double one, the upper one being small, and filled with hydrogen, and the lower one a large Montgolfier. The fire was duly kindled, and the balloon was soon darting upwards; the

wind blowing so strongly at the time that the fuel, as it was placed on the brazier, was driven about among the wicker-work. An immense crowd had assembled to see him start on his voyage to England, who watched the balloon with intense interest till it was supposed to be about three-quarters of a mile high, and their horror it is hardly possible for us to conceive when they saw at this moment flames issuing from the balloon. The flimsy structure was consumed almost instantly, and the car, with the two unfortunate occupants standing upright in it, was seen falling through the air. Almost as soon as the crash was heard a number of persons surrounded the fragments, and released the human beings enveloped in them. Roziere was already dead, but his companion lived for some moments afterwards; the bodies of both appearing as if they had been broken on the wheel. In the succeeding year a Mr. Heron was taken up by a balloon, which was released prematurely in consequence of a panic among the holders of the ropes, he himself clinging tightly to his, and being in consequence raised about a hundred and fifty yards from the ground, when the balloon collapsed, and he fell to the earth, and was, of course, killed. The mania for going up in balloons spread everywhere, even to Constantinople, where a Persian doctor went up in one; so much to the gratification of the "grand Signior," that he ordered the machine to be suspended in the mosque of St. Sophia as a perpetual memorial of the wonderful achievement.

The first nation to make use of a balloon in warfare was the French, and, singularly enough, when we remember of how much use the same machine was found in ascertaining the position of the Austrians at Solferino and elsewhere, it was against the same enemy that it was first used. The occasion was when General Jourdain attacked a body of Austrians 18,000 strong, who had fortified a position on the banks of a river a few miles from Liege. The exact position of the Austrians was sketched by two engineers, who ascended over the camp in a balloon, and who hovered over it during the French attack, and reported the movements of the Austrians; so that the former avoided attacking the strongest parts of the camp, and directed their efforts against those parts where the defence was weakest. By this means they penetrated to every part of the Austrian camp, and defeated its defenders with great loss. It was made use of on several other similar occasions.

Garnerin's ascent from Ranelagh, in 1802, was attended with as many dangers as any aeronaut's since. The wind was so strong that it carried the balloon to Colchester, about sixty miles, in three-quarters of an hour, and on reaching the earth again it was dashed so violently against the ground that he and his companion were very much bruised. His next descent was made by means of a parachute, to the great horror of the spectators, who, from the manner in which the flimsy apparatus rolled about, fully expected he would be dashed to pieces. There was certainly more novelty and daring displayed in these early days of ballooning than now. Notwithstanding the occasional destruction of an aeronaut, through the Montgolfier taking fire (and it would be very difficult indeed

for any man to imagine a more terrible end than falling from a body of flame amidst the clouds to the surface of the earth), the same Garnerin ascended from the Tivoli Gardens, at Paris, one evening, with fourteen coloured lamps hanging from the car. As it was certain he would have to let out gas, there was an imminent risk of this igniting and, by communicating with that in the balloon, blowing the whole concern to pieces. He remained in the air seven hours and a half, and suffered much from cold. He settled some moot points with respect to the alleged loss of magnetic power by the loadstone, &c., on this occasion. His next night ascent from Paris was extremely perilous, the weather being very bad, the wind blowing strongly, accompanied with heavy rain. He reached the ground, however, in safety more than 150 miles from the place whence he had set out. As will be imagined from Garnerin having ascended under such dangerous circumstances, ballooning had now lost some of its novelty; but just about this time it received a fillip from an event which came off at Paris. A M. Grandpre and one Le Pique had a dispute about an operadancer, which ended in a challenge to fight a duel. It is not unlikely that it was at the suggestion of the lady that they agreed to settle their difference in the air—a duel on the earth at that time being a very common-place affair, except to the parties concerned. The balloons were taken to a field adjoining the Tuileries, and everything being arranged the principals, with their seconds, took their places, the ropes were released, and in a few seconds they were floating in the air about fifty yards apart. Each was armed with a blunderbuss; and when about 1000 yards from the earth Le Pique fired at his antagonist, without inflicting any damage; the other returned the fire almost immediately, and some of the balls shattered the balloon, which at once collapsed, and the unfortunate occupants fell headlong to the ground and were dashed to a jelly. Women, from the days of Madame Blanchard to this day, seem to have been unlucky when they have ascended alone. This poor woman had several children, and it is probable that necessity compelled her to incur such dreadful risks. In one of her ascents she was caught in such a tempest of wind, hail, and rain, that the noise and cold stunned her, and she became insensible. How long she remained in this condition she did not know, but she was absent from the earth more than fourteen hours. Her end was a fearful one. She ascended one night with a number of lighted Bengal fire-pots and a quantity of fireworks. As soon as she had attained a sufficient altitude she began letting off the fireworks. These were seen flashing and darting about, when, all of a sudden, a great broad red flame leaped forth among the clouds, cries of horror rose from the spectators, and in a few minutes they were aware of the mangled body of a woman having been picked up at a short distance from where they were assembled.

Sadler and Green were both great aeronauts in their day, and made some wonderfully quick voyages, distances of from sixty to eighty miles having been repeatedly traversed by them in an hour, and the latter actually ascended from London and

came down at Coblenz. But since their time balloon ascents have become so common that now a man who has been up would hardly think of mentioning it, and if Nadar has succeeded in re-awakening the excitement with respect to aerial travelling, it is not so much on account of the extraordinary size of his balloon, as from the curiosity he has excited with respect to the new machine, or *Aeronef*, as he calls it, which is to ascend without the aid of gas, and to be navigable in any direction. M. Nadar's *Giant* is certainly the largest balloon ever constructed, and probably the strongest; in point of fact it is a double balloon, one inside the other; both are made of silk of the very best quality. From the crown of the balloon to the bottom of the car is nearly 200 feet, and the greatest circumference of the balloon is about 300 feet.—Its capacity is 6098 cubic metres. It is pear-shaped, as usual; but below the larger balloon is a small one, attached to the stalk, so to speak, which is placed there for the purpose of receiving the gas as it dilates in the upper part, and so preserving it, instead of allowing it to escape into the atmosphere as heretofore, thereby enabling the aeronaut to remain in the air apparently as long as his provisions hold out. The car is the most novel part of the machine. Its appearance is that of a fourwheeled caravan, and it is unsinkable in water. The interior is divided into six compartments. At one end is the captain's cabin, with a berth, and beneath the berth a receptacle for luggage; at the other end the passengers' cabin, with three berths. The other compartments are—1, larder; 2, dressing-room; 3, photographic-room; 4, printing-office; all of them well stocked with materials.

M. Nadar's object in constructing this enormous balloon was to raise a fund sufficiently large to defray the cost of making the *Aeronef*, which is to give us the long-sought means of traversing the air in any direction desired. There is a design of this proposed aerial ship in his journal, "*L'Aeronaute*," which represents something like an ordinary steam-engine partially enveloped in a cloud. The ascensional power of this aerial machine is derived from two screws attached to a vertical shaft, which being made to revolve by means of the engine at the foot of the shaft with great rapidity, works its way upward through the air—in the same way as a screw fixed at the bow of a vessel would drag the vessel along, which, when placed at the stern of a ship, propels it. It is not quite easy to distinguish the shape of the sails, or, to speak more technically, the blades of the screw in the engraving; we may therefore say, as the simplest way of giving an idea of their form, that they resemble half a pear hollowed out with the hollow side downward, and fixed to the shaft with an oblique inclination. Let us say that it is a fact proved by experiment with a small model invented by MM. Ponton d'Amécourt and de la Landelle, that the rapid rotation of these arms, or by whatever other name we may please to call them, will cause the machine of which they form part, to rise in the air, provided, of course, that the weight to be raised is not greater than the ascensional power derived from the rotation of the screws. Above the screws is a parachute, which is intended chiefly,

it is to be presumed, as an anchor of safety in the event of an accident happening to the machinery, and also to assist in the descent. It remains folded like an umbrella when the machine is ascending, and opens when it is descending. It is fixed in such a way that the engineer shall have the power, by means of cords which connect it with the ear, of inclining it in any direction, so as to steer the machine towards the point selected for landing, precisely as a hawk uses its wings when it pounces on the fugitive it seeks to make its prey. There is a horizontal screw fixed to the machine, which is intended to communicate the motion of translation, or in other words, to give the engineer power to direct the course of the aerial ship.

It is never safe to prophesy what may be accomplished by engineers when their minds are directed to the discovery of a method of effecting a particular purpose. A new engine, capable of communicating continuous and rapid motion to the shaft, may be invented which will not require a large supply of fuel to keep it in action. But this engine must be much, very much, lighter than the existing steam-engine; and even supposing this engine to be invented, there will then arise the question which, after all, settles the working of all inventions—its cost. However, M. Nadar and his friends appear convinced that the successful working of the *Aeronef* is beyond a doubt, and that all that is required is money sufficient for its construction.

### THE RUSSIAN STATIONS ON THE SEA OF JAPAN.

AN autocratic government may plant stations on a desolate coast without being under any necessity of producing financial reasons to justify such a step. If the project seems to the central power as of sufficient political importance, the question "will it pay?" is of very secondary moment. Thus, remote harbours and barren territories often become known to us long before they can be of any real service to mankind.

It may be remembered that when, in 1859, the last treaty with the feeble court of Peking was obtained by England and France, Russia also put in her claim. The plenipotentiary of that Power succeeded in gaining the concession of the whole extent of Manchouria, and also some points on the island of Saghalien. Indeed so long since as 1854 Russia had occupied certain positions on the northern portion of the Sea of Japan. There are now eight ports and stations of the Russian power on that sea; and there is, besides, the very important consular and semi-naval port at Hakodadi in the island of Yesso; but this is held by Russia in conjunction with the other commercial powers. These eight stations or ports are: Nikolaïefsk, which is seventy miles north of the Amoor; Castries Bay, some forty miles to the south of that river; Passiat Bay; Emperor Bay; Olga Bay (*Anglicè*, Port Seymour); and Vladovistock; then on the Isle of Saghalien are Douaï and Koussonai.\* Of all these the first, viz., Nikolaïefsk, is the only

place which has any pretension to the name of a commercial town, and the only one which stands on old Russian territory. It is, however, so far north that the harbour is closed with ice during six months of the twelve.

Whether these stations be intended to subserve commercial or political purposes, the harbour of Vladovistock is the most important. Its position is about 132° east longitude, and 43° north latitude; the harbour is thus far enough south to be open throughout the year. The entrance to the port is only half-a-mile in breadth, and is guarded on each side by huge masses of volcanic rocks. The harbour widens on the inside to three-quarters of a mile in breadth, and is three miles long; it is sheltered from all winds by hills averaging 300 feet in height. The commercial value of the port must be estimated chiefly by the possibility which it offers of a communication with the Amoor. The small river Sinfui flows into the harbour; from that stream a canal might be formed to join the lake Hankai on the north, which lake is already joined to the Amoor by the rivers Sin-gatchi and Oussouri.

During the greater part of the year the aspect of the country around Vladovistock is cheerless enough. The only signs of population are the nine wooden huts of the little garrison and an earth-built thatched house, which is the residence of the young governor and his lieutenant. This port was visited in November, 1861, by a French gentleman, M. Lindau; and he describes how politely he was welcomed by these exiled officials, who during four months had not heard any news from Europe. The "saloon" of the governor was a long, low room, the sides of which were white-washed. It was heated with an enormous stove, and all the crevices of the windows were carefully patched over. The furniture was scanty and rough. On a sofa, which bore marks of long usage, the visitor was installed as on the seat of honour. On a set of swing bookshelves was a small library containing meteorological and other scientific works, flanked by a few French romances. Other portions of the whitened walls were ornamented with portraits of the Imperial family, and with photographs of the governor's friends in Western Russia, from whom he had so long been separated. This young officer's features gave evidence of much intelligence, but an air of dulness seemed spread over them, which was probably induced by the isolation of his position. He was delighted with the present of some French and English journals given to him by his visitor, whom he could scarcely thank sufficiently for them. The younger officer was of a more sprightly turn. He spoke of the hunting they often enjoyed, as there are plenty of partridges, wild ducks, pheasants, and snipes, besides hares, foxes, and ermines. Sometimes a little nobler sport presents itself, when they can bring to bay a bear or a tiger. The latter animal we always associate with our ideas of a tropical country, and it appears the tiger found in Manchouria is of the same species as that which infests the jungles of Bengal. This fact has been verified by the Russian naturalist, Maximovitch, who has explored these regions with considerable industry.

\* These two places have no shelter for vessels, but are merely military stations: at Douaï coal has been found.

The land around Vladovistock is not quite barren. During the short summer the grass grows freely, and some of the hills around are clothed with oak trees and pines. Gold ores have also been found in the neighbourhood of the port. There, then, are the natural elements of wealth, but there is no direct communication with the commercial world, nor can any regular supply of labour be obtained. No indigenous inhabitants have been seen in the neighbourhood, but there is a scattered population of runaway and banished Chinese convicts. These wretched men are both morally and physically degraded; many of them are deformed, and others disfigured, in consequence of their vices. Yet even in these circumstances, and in this desolate region, they display the industrial and commercial habits of their race. They trap the wild animals, and sell the furs to the Russian soldiers, and they also gather and sell quantities of the root *gin-seng*. A few, to whom the governor gives food and shelter as payment for certain services, are regarded by the rest as privileged individuals. All of them would work if employment could be provided; and the Russian governor was of opinion, that if wives could be found, an industrious community might be formed. Certainly, there is little likelihood that any free settlers would ever dispute with these outcasts for the possession of so ungenial a region.

Coasting 190 miles to the north-east from Vladovistock brings us to Olga Bay,—*a la Russe*,—but Port Seymour on our Admiralty charts. This harbour is situated about 135° 20' longitude, and 45° of north latitude. For the whole distance on the coast between these two ports there is not the least sign of population of any kind. A range of hills, about 500 feet in altitude, rises gradually from the shore, and behind it is a higher range, many of whose peaks are capped with snow.

The harbour at Olga Bay is two miles long and one-and-a-half broad; it is sheltered from all winds except the south-west, being defended by many rocky peaks; and the granite island of Brydone, before the entrance, forms some additional protection. The river Gilbert, which flows into the bay at its north-east extremity, has fourteen feet of water on the bar, and is navigable for two leagues. On the banks of this river the Russian post is established, consisting of two officers and forty-five soldiers. There are a few aborigines in this neighbourhood, but they are so wretchedly poor, and so thinly scattered, that the Russians have not cared to open any communications with them.

The land in the immediate neighbourhood of Olga Bay gives evidence of latent fertility, and there are extensive forests, which abound with game. But the station is separated from the Amoor and Siberia by wide tracts of sterile deserts. There can be, neither by land nor sea, any ready means of communication with the commercial world, and labour cannot be obtained. It is said that the Russian Government have intended to plant some colonists at this distant post. This would, however, show a noble disregard of economic considerations, and the lot of such

settlers would be cheerless in the extreme. The Russian mail steamer calls here on her way from Nikolafefsk to Shanghai, leaving "news" from Western Europe which is six months old. This steamer makes the round of all these outposts of the Russian empire, touching at the five ports on the coast of Mautchouria, the two on the isle of Saghalien, and at Hakodadi in Yesso.

Hakodadi, in the straits of Tsou-gar, on the island of Yesso, is the second of the ports of the Japanese empire which has been opened by treaty to the commercial nations. It is of the greatest importance to the Russians, as being their most southern station on the Sea of Japan. Although the other European and the American officials dislike the comparative seclusion and ungenial climate of Yesso, the Russian functionaries, having been promoted from forlorn stations such as we have described, learn by contrast to esteem Hakodadi as a luxurious residence. The Russian Government have taken up a large space outside the city of Hakodadi, and evidently intend to make the most of their position in Yesso. They have a numerous and very complete staff, including a consul-general, a "pope," and a physician; and they have established a hospital on the river Kamida, at the northern extremity of the bay. There are also frequently at Hakodadi Russian officers of marines, who have no definite connection with the station.

The roadstead of Hakodadi is the largest and safest of any in the Eastern seas—some say, in the world. Its principal protection is from a peninsula, which stretches out on the south-east of the bay. This is formed of massy irregular rocks capped by a peak of 1131 feet, which, during half the year, is covered with snow. The whole bay is five miles long and four broad, and is sheltered by a mountain range which is highest on the north, where the "Saddle-back" mountain,—so called from its bifurcated summit,—rises to the height of 3170 feet. Far beyond, to the north-east, may be seen from the bay the vapours which rise from the cone of an active volcano.

Allusion has been made above, to the importance with which the Russians regard their station at Hakodadi. They evidently consider it as the vanguard of their semi-maritime progress towards China and Japan. That they are quietly on the watch for any opportunity to bear down in that direction, may be readily understood from a little circumstance which happened about two years ago. Our commander, Admiral James Hope, found at the island of Tsou-sima three Russian steamers. This island, it will be noticed, is at the southern extremity of the Sea of Japan, some hundred miles nearer to China than the port of Hakodadi. Besides the steamers in the harbour, the Admiral found a small post of Russians established on the island. As no treaty with Japan had given any foreigners a right to settle on the island, Admiral Hope thought it his duty to make inquiry, both of the Russians and of the Japanese. The latter were somewhat more dissatisfied with the circumstance than even the Admiral himself, and could offer no explanation; but the Russians excused themselves on the ground of being there only for a temporary refitment. They shortly after re-

moved, but not until the attempt had excited much attention at Shanghai and in Japan. The Russians returned the kind attentions of the British Admiral by circulating a report that the English had wished to form a settlement at Tsou-sima, but had been frustrated by the vigilance of the Russians.

Such is the substance of our most recent information respecting the extreme outposts of the Russian Empire in the East.

### THE HAIL-STORM; OR, THE DEATH OF BUI.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE ANCIENT NORSE.)

SIGVALD EARL OF JOMSBORG, in Vindland, chieftain of the Jomsvikings, a band of daring pirates, makes a vow to drive Hakon Earl of Norway out of his dominions, and accordingly sets sail for that country with a numerous fleet. Hakon, hearing of his coming, collects what men and vessels he can, and meets him at Horunga Bay, where a desperate combat ensues. After some time, Hakon, seeing that he is on the point of being vanquished, goes on shore, and invokes the assistance of two female demons, Thorgerdr and Yrpr, to whom he sacrifices his son Erling, a beautiful boy, seven years old. The fiends forthwith raise a storm of hail and lightning against the Jomsvikings, so dreadful that Sigvald and the greater part of his people take to flight. His two lieutenants, however, Bui hin Digri and Vagn Akason, disdain to fly, and remain with their ships and crews. The ship of Bui is speedily boarded by Eirik, son of Earl Hakon. Bui fights till his hands are chopped off, whereupon he seizes two chests of gold with his bloody stumps, and leaps into the sea, crying, "Overboard now, all Bui's lads!" The greater part of those of his people who remain alive jump in after him, and are drowned; the rest are slain. Eirik then boards the ship of Vagn, which, after much hard fighting, he captures, taking Vagn and about thirty of his men prisoners, whom he carries ashore.

#### THE HAIL-STORM; OR, THE DEATH OF BUI.

ALL eager to sail,  
Swords, lances, and mail,  
To the sea's sounding shore  
The speedy lads bore.

A boisterous breeze  
Blew swift o'er the seas;  
The sea-courers bound  
O'er the crabs' playing-ground;  
Back, back from the bows  
The brine which uprose,  
For strong was the swell,  
In snowy flakes fell.

The goodly barques brought  
The brave men, well taught  
To slay chief and churl,  
To the coast of the Earl;  
Wide Norway receiv'd—  
Ye ravens, long griev'd  
With famine, feast now—  
Full many a ship's prow.

They hoist the war mark—  
On Hamdis's sark\*  
Comes down horrid hail—  
The heroes don't quail;  
Stones, arrows, and darts  
Dealt death in all parts;  
The bucklers were broke  
Beneath the blade's stroke.

They're hewing more hard:  
Heads, hands overboard  
Fell down in the gulf,  
To gorge the grim wolf.

Stout hands the hosts have.  
How fierce the swords wave!  
In brains of the brave  
How busy the glaive!  
The fine fellows die,  
From the string arrows fly,  
From off the shield's sky  
The sparkles spring high.

How harsh yell the hordes  
Of hawks! The sharp swords,  
Swift swung, sever thighs,  
Stones slung strike out eyes;  
The steely plates sing,  
Asunder helms spring,  
On foreheads renown'd;  
No rest the wrists found.

Now forward through foes,  
Felling fierce, Bui goes;  
The grim gallows-swan†  
Is glad at what's done.

A stern!—hail doth sound,  
Each stone weighs a pound;  
From bruise'd, battered brows,  
Blood down the deck flows;  
What carnage! still wide  
The war-flag did ride,  
And plied bill and brand  
The bold Viking band.

From each finger end,  
Enrag'd now did send  
Red shafts, the witch wild,  
The welkin's weird child;  
From stout hero hearts  
All hope now departs,  
For who can withstand  
Witch, whirwind, and brand?

Adown the ship's side  
Sprang into the tide  
Bold Bui, whose blade  
Black ravens oft fed,  
Two big chests he bore,  
Both fill'd with gold ore;  
Neath each arm was one:  
Wight braver was none.

Still Waygn fought amain,  
But valour was vain;  
For eager on board  
Earl Eirik's crew pour'd:  
Of him the boy bold,  
Bestower of gold,  
With slaughter full stern,  
The stout ship they earn.

GEORGE BORROW.

\* By the sark of Hamdis is meant a hauberk in general: Hamdis was a celebrated pirate.

† In the poetical language of the old Norse the raven was called the swan of the galleys.



## SON CHRISTOPHER.

AN HISTORIELLE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



## CHAPTER XII. CHRISTOPHER, MY SON!

It seems strange,—and to many who lived at the time it appeared incredible,—that life should not only have been endurable to the people of the Western Counties that autumn, but that it had satisfactions,—even joys of its own, which made it appear to old and young who survived it the most heavenly season of their whole existence. Those whose hearts it was intended to break—those whose spirit it was needful to subdue—disappointed the King, and his councillors and his judges, by proving themselves beyond the reach of tyranny. This could not be true of all, nor of most: but the oppressors felt the vexation as keenly as if their tortures had ceased to give pain. Among the four hundred families who contributed victims to the scaffold, or to the im-

prompt gibbets, there were doubtless many who underwent keen agony of mind, and whose after-lives were darkened by the events of the Assize of September, 1685; but the King and his tools could scarcely enjoy the pain, while there were some who did not shrink, nor supplicate, nor even mourn. The King and his priests said the time was out of joint, when punishment could not humble and alarm. The Bishops said the time was out of joint, when the Church of the Reformation was despised and deserted in high places in the very home of the Reformation, where Papists and schismatics were evidently tending to mutual toleration, in a common enmity to the Church. The Puritans could not but think the time out of joint, when, a century after the Reformation, the Lord's people found the kingdom one great prison

of the Inquisition. All these parties gave the same account of the time they were living in. But the Royalists and priests expected to set their heel on the neck of their enemies: the churchmen, aristocracy, and gentry, who preserved the spirit of the Reformation, looked for a season of humiliation and dread: while the Puritans were in a mood of enthusiasm, which raised them above fear, and turned much of their woe into triumph.

The first atrocity of that Assize was at Winchester: and Winchester did not endure the horror and pain so well as the towns farther west. From the Bishop in his palace to the old widow in the cottage—from the squire who heard the news while out in the stubbles with his gun to the children making mud-pies in the gutter—there was no one who could tolerate the news of the sentence on Lady Alice. The first sentence,—burning at the stake on the same day,—could not be executed on the Judge's own authority, in defiance of all Winchester, lay and clerical. The second sentence,—beheading,—was sustained by the King with an obstinacy of cruelty which appalled his own tools. An act so excessively impolitic as the execution of the old dame, gave effectual consolation to Madam Lisle's own friends. While the Winchester clergy would not pass beyond the cathedral precincts for days, lest they should see signs of the scaffold, or meet either friends or strangers; while Bishop Ken could not point out the justice of this retribution without being silenced by his own grief; while the High Sheriff of Dorset showed a frowning brow, and dropped harder sayings about the Stuarts than it was safe to utter while the King's congenial Judge (Jeffreys) was in the neighbourhood,—Madam Lisle's own communion, and her nearest friends, were thankful to God and joyful on her behalf. She had done what she could for the Lord's people for many years,—by her hospitality, her purse, and her countenance; but now, she had done tenfold more than in all past years. Her story would be told to the King of France on his throne, and to the Prince of Orange in the hearing of his Protestant troops. The Pope would hear of it in the South of Europe, and the Swedes in the North:—the Vaudois in their Alpine valleys, and the Quakers in the woods of Pennsylvania. At home this aged martyr would, in the spirit, lead the deliverance of her own people. And, thank Heaven! it was done in all composure and peace of mind, so that she died as easily as she could in her own bed.

When little children cried, in natural horror, they were told to dry their eyes, for Lady Alice had not been at all unhappy.—No; she was not frightened. The cruel, angry judge had scared everybody else in court, but not her. She had become feeble and much aged in prison; and in court the fatigue, and the light, and the hum of numbers, and perhaps the very ranting of the judge, had made her drowsy; and she slept while her enemies were settling how long she should live. She had smiled when told their conclusion. At her years she had nothing to keep her here; and she could die more easily in this way, for having

sheltered those two fugitives, than in any other way after having turned them out to be hunted in the Forest. Her old head was worth little now, she said, for age was encroaching on her mind; and the King was welcome to it, as he was so set upon having it. He was not so young, however, but that he should know that what we vehemently desire is not always good for us. That was his affair, however. Hers was to be thankful for a swift death, amidst the prayers of friends;—for she knew she had friends in Winchester. Never did venerable lady die more beloved,—more honoured,—more serene,—more secure of the white robe and the palm, the children and the poor were told; and therefore there was to be no mourning for Lady Alice.

This first martyrdom and its reception no doubt gave the tone to many more. The magistrates in one town after another were amazed and confounded at what they saw.

"How is it with the Battiscombes, Alford? Can you tell me?" asked Sir Henry Foley of the Mayor of Lyme. "Clear as the young man's case is,—quite hopelessly detestable as his conduct has been, I cannot help—"

"He was one of Monmouth's aids and advisers, Sir Henry."

"I know it. I was not going to extenuate his case. But I cannot help feeling for his father. I saw him,—I observed him closely the day of Monmouth's landing; and I can testify that he gave him no encouragement, but the contrary."

"Of course! No doubt of that," replied the Mayor. "Such is the family policy in all such cases,—at least where there is land at risk,—or money when there may be penalties of fines."

"You do not know that family, Alford; you mistake their character and conduct. Excuse me;—I must bear my testimony to them while this calamity is upon them."

"I believe you may spare your good feelings, Sir Henry. That family is a fitting monument of John Hickee's ministry. They are hardened beyond belief. If you pass their house this afternoon, at the very hour of the young man's execution, you will see no closed shutters—you will find no locked gates: and if you should see any of them—"

"God forbid!"

"Well: if it should so chance, you will see no sign of mourning in apparel, or of fasting, or any kind of humiliation."

"It is not stubbornness," Sir Henry observed. "I know that it was with the father's consent that the young lady—(poor thing! the young man was a paragon of a lover, they say)—that the young lady went to the Judge this morning. She, and all of them, would leave nothing undone."

"She had better have left that undone," observed the Mayor. "I fear the story will get abroad. It is not good for authority that unseemly things should be said by the King's Judges. I can go as far as most men in sustaining authority: but this Judge is too much for the most loyal of us. For once he might have refrained from a jest."

"A jest!—to Mistress Bankshope,—begging for her lover's life!"

"Do not speak of it, Sir Henry, I beg of you in the King's name."

"To the King himself I shall speak of it.—But what became of the girl?"

"I would tell you if I could: but I cannot say whether it was Fury or Angel that she was turned into by the spell of that jest. Such a look I never saw in human face. But I know what the vindictiveness of women is: and I will warrant that the Fury will get the upper hand. See what she is six months hence."

"You are very hard, Alford."

"And you are astonishingly soft, you must allow me to say. Who would believe you had lived almost within hearing of these people's disloyal prayers, and their canting songs of Zion? If you knew as much as I have had occasion to know,—(I have had my eye on them since they opened an illegal meeting-house one night last winter), you would see what pernicious and dangerous people they are."

"You take your impression from your informers, I suppose?"

"Of course,—from that body."

"From Reuben Coad?"

"Yes,—from him among others. You need not look solemn about Reuben to me. I know the fellow well enough."

"Yes, all Lyme knows him,—all Winchester knows him. He had better look to his safety. If the people cannot rescue Battiscombe, they will express their feelings on his treacherous servant, if they can lay hands on him."

"That is provided for, as you must be aware. His relations down on the beach there would have nothing to do with him: so I have to harbour him till the affair has blown over."

"Blown over!" thought Sir Henry as he went to his stables, to mount, and ride far away from the market-place of Lyme. "'Blown over!' as if Lyme, or anybody in it, could ever again be, after this day, as they were before!"

He could leave Lyme only by passing the Squire's house. It was true that the blinds were not down, and that there were no signs of disorder about the place. The marks of wheels and of horses' feet, which had disturbed the gravel-drive in the morning, were raked away.—Loyal as he was to Church and King, Sir Henry felt, in passing that gate, as if his heart would burst at thinking of the breaking hearts within.

The hearts within were not breaking. They were very, very full; but not fuller than they could bear.

That evening the large dining-room was brilliantly lighted up for service,—it being concluded that on such a day the law would remit its gripe, and devotion might have its way. The whole house was filled with members of the true congregation, who had come up boldly from the town. There was no lack of preachers, though they would hear Hickee no more; and there was a remarkable oneness of spirit among them all. The service was almost entirely an out-pouring of lofty thanksgiving. Whatever was not that, was a celebrating of the Divine com-

passion, and a joyous announcement of heavenly promises, supposed to be on the verge of accomplishment. God had permitted this generation to witness the last lease of power given to Satan, whom they saw walking the earth, trying men's souls, and dismissing to martyrdom those whom he could not bend or spoil. These were the last days; and great days they were for the fathers and mothers, the brethren, and the spouses of martyrs. For them, and for all, a blessed season was at hand, when all should see Satan as it were falling from heaven, and the heavenly host coming again to sing a new promise of "Peace on earth, and goodwill to men."

After the service, all assembled were entreated to take food and wine,—to mark distinctly the difference between this day of sacrifice and a day of humiliation. Host and hostess dismissed each individually, with thanks for their presence.

The autumn night had clouded over; and it was so dark that the Squire himself carried a lantern as far as the gate. Some distant shouts and cries had been noticed in the midst of the service; and now the tread of many feet was heard in the road. A voice announced, as groups passed, that half Lyme had been hunting Reuben Coad over the town to destroy him. They had stormed the Mayor's house till he was let out at the back, to take his chance of escape by flight. The Squire hoped no such murder had taken place. It had not: Reuben had escaped in the twilight, but nobody believed that it would be for long.

The household were about to separate for the night,—careful not to break through their ordinary habit of life,—when the storm which had been rising burst over the coast. Each had felt stifled for hours, and all had supposed it was part of the suffering of the day. Now it was some relief to throw open the back-windows, and see, by the flashes of the lightning, the wide expanse of sea, and feel the gusts as they passed. The tempest was not unwelcome to any; and the children were permitted to remain and see it out. Joanna sat on her father's knee; and she did not hide her face from the brightest flash. So had they all striven this day, her father said, not to flinch from the lightnings of terror and woe which God had sent to try their souls. That great and terrible day was over—the greatest day, perhaps, of all their lives. Death had never been in that household before, and now the noblest and best was taken: but it was a great honour. They were honoured by being the parents and the brothers and sisters of a martyr—a martyr as holy and devout and cheerful in his death as any that had so died since Stephen. Elizabeth (whom he drew to him as he spoke) was the most honoured of them all; for she was, freely and of her own faith and love, the spouse of a martyr. Thus it was a great day in their house.

Then Joanna told again what Christopher and she had agreed that evening at Taunton, and how he had desired her to remember it, if either of them should ever be a martyr or in trouble for the right. "But I shall never be a martyr," Joanna said with a sigh.

Her father said that she might be nearer to

such a fate than she thought: and he felt the bound of her heart against his breast as she heard him. He knew it was hope and not fear which so stirred her; and it was more for the sake of others than for hers that he told what might befall Joanna. It was known at Court that she had been one of the school-children who had gone out to meet Monmouth with standards of their own embroidering; and notice had been issued that every little maiden of the whole number was liable to be sent out as a slave to the plantations. There was no fear of such a fate in reality for Joanna, or any one of them whose father was a man of substance. An agent had come down into the Western Counties: no other than the George Penne whose greed of money was so well known; and Mr. George Penne had put a price on the heads of the little maidens, which should relieve them from slavery and transportation, and endow the court-ladies with little fortunes as their gain from the rebellion—Mr. George Penne being careful to pay himself first.

Joanna was troubled lest her father should be made poor by any fault of hers; but he told her that, first, it was no fault of hers that she went forth to meet the Duke: and that, next, he could pay the sum needed to keep his little daughter in her home. It was on no vain pretence that she had been sent to that school. It was more probable now than then that the family property would be absorbed or wasted by persecution, and that the daughters of the house, as well as the sons—(the involuntary pause here was soon got over)—would have to work for a subsistence; and it was with this view that Joanna had been placed in such training as Madam Lisle desired. All their fortunes seemed desperate now. Soldiers would no doubt be quartered upon them: prosecutions and fines would drive them to ruin: in a little while they might have nothing that they could call their own.

This was no trouble to them. Nothing could trouble them to-night, from the point of view at which they stood. They slept, as the Lord's people should, after bringing down His presence about them: and when they met in the morning no spirit had quailed.

A shock awaited them, however, before noon had arrived. A knot of people came down the road, bearing some burden which they seemed anxious to lay down before the Squire's door.

It looked like a charred log of wood; but it was not. It was the body of Reuben Coad,—known by the hat and the riding-whip, which had been Christopher's, and had been taken by Reuben, as he brutally said, to remember his young master by. Hunted out of Lyme by the enraged spectators of his victim's death, he had gained a wood to hide in, and had taken shelter under an oak—to be laid low by lightning. There he died, all alone,—an outcast from men, and with no other help to flee to. For generations to come, the people would certainly believe that that storm was sent to cut off Reuben the traitor in his accursed career.

The Battscombes soon left the home in which their fathers had dwelt for generations. Loyal magistrates thought proper to set up the head of

a rebel immediately opposite their gate; but they would have stood this, disdaining to flinch. The reason for their removing to a small house on the shore was that their property was so much reduced, by the imposition of fines and securities, that they must descend to a humbler mode of life. Elizabeth was one with them—as firmly fixed with them for a life of duty and devotion—as wedded to their martyr as a nun could be in her convent as the spouse of Christ. She was a kind of apostle among the poor fishing-people, who lived under the cliffs with nobody to care for them till the Squire's ladies became their helpers and spiritual teachers. Not even Elizabeth looked as if so blasting a calamity had swept over her. Their faces were cheerful, for their hands were full of good works, while they waited for the coming salvation of the world of the Reformation.

Before the people could see whether Monmouth would reappear in Eighty-nine, there was a Protestant king on the throne.

As Prince William of Orange,—he who was about to become the great King William was on his way, in grand procession, from Devonshire to London, amidst the homage of the Western Counties, one of his suite rode up and told him something in a low voice. William was not wont to express his feelings by outward act; but now he nodded to M. Florian, and stopped to address himself to a gentleman in the midst of a group of the country party who had ridden far to greet him. All gave way to enable the grey-haired Squire to approach; and what the Prince said to him was:

“Let us rejoice together, Mr. Battscombe, in that final establishment of the Reformation in England for which you have waited so wisely and suffered so much.”

And when both riders bowed uncovered, the obeisance of Prince William was the deeper of the two.

THE END.

## A DAY IN THE DESERT.

### CHAPTER I.

SOME years ago, before viaducts spanned the Nile, and tall poles marked the course of the iron way which now crosses the Goshen desert, travellers to and from India found their way over it as best they might. For those who preferred to ride in carriages, there were machines on two wheels with tilted covers, like errand-carts. For timid maidens and elderly ladies, there was the donkey-chair, a rude invention, closely resembling the old sedan, where asses took the place of chairmen, and whose motion, when the forward donkey indulged in a gallop, whilst his lazier friend in the rear would persist in a trot, was indescribably parabolic and dislocatory both of limb and temper. Enterprising young men and brave warriors bestrode the patient ass, mounted on a square and flat, but withal, comfortable Egyptian saddle, whilst a very small per-centage would be tempted to mount the perilous hump of the dromedary, and sail cosily over the yielding sand.

It was in these early days of “The Overland” that I had the charge of the mails and passengers between Alexandria and Suez, and *vice versa*, and

very different were the incidents of travel then to the humdrum monotony of the present transit by rail. That which is now accomplished in a few short hours, was, in the time of the careless, but brave and ill-requited Waghorn, somewhat of an undertaking. The disembarking from the Peninsular and Oriental steamer, the landing at Alexandria, the passage of the Mahmoudieh canal and subsequent voyage up the Nile, the sojourn in Cairo, and the eighty-four miles of desert ere the traveller reached Suez, afforded altogether a little mine of adventure and novelty, anticipated with keen enjoyment by the genuine lovers of travel. At the time of which I write, Waghorn and Company were a sort of Eastern Pickford's, conveying passengers and merchandise of all descriptions between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. For years they enjoyed a well-merited monopoly of this traffic, until the report of their success induced certain French adventurers to seek a concession from Mehemet Ali and start a rival *messagerie*. Unfortunate, however, were such travellers as, tempted by a cheaper tariff, entrusted themselves to the "French Agency." Having no right of *entrée* to the desert stations erected by Waghorn, with the aid of the Bombay Steam Fund, their forced and frequent halts were passed, not under the shade of stone walls, and within reach of good food and cool water, but beneath ill-constructed tents inadequate to screen them from the scorching sun, and where their only refreshment was afforded by an impromptu and dubious *cuisine*, and a *carte des vins*, which furnished little else than ready-mulled claret. It will therefore be readily believed that Waghorn and Company were not greatly in fear of being run off the road by the opposition agency, but it was nevertheless needful for their employés to board every steamer arriving from the westward, to prevent India-bound travellers from falling too easily into the hands of their piratic rivals.

This boarding work formed a part of my duty, when one fine morning in June, the lighthouse, which now occupies the site of the old Pharos of the Ptolemies, signalled the arrival of the monthly packet from Southampton. In a few minutes I had been paddled by sinewy arms over the calm surface of the bay, and before she had dropped her anchor, was standing on the deck of the *Tagus*. The next proceeding was to ascertain what passengers were going on at once to join the mail steamer lying at Suez, and to receive from the supercargo an invoice of their luggage and of the mail boxes, these latter being stowed without loss of time in a lighter alongside, and sent round to the mouth of the Mahmoudieh canal. As this process invariably occupied some hours, the seaweary travellers were at liberty to land at their leisure, and recruit themselves at Rey's Hotel in the Grand Square, before the time arrived for betaking themselves to the canal boats.

The India-bound voyager will doubtless remember that his troubles began when he quitted the side of the good ship to plant his foot on the sandy soil of Africa. He will recall the hurry-scurry scramble on donkey-back through the bazaars and labyrinthine suburbs of Alexandria; the limited ablution, and the comfortless confusion of the odd

*thè-dinant* at the hotel, and finally, perhaps, the writer's "call to horse" if such a term can be properly applied to the kicking, braying, fighting squad of ready-saddled donkeys below. Then the pell-mell race at full gallop by rough and treacherous paths, over the half-hidden ruins of ancient Alexandria, to the unsavoury Mahmoudieh, and lastly the squeeze into the omnibus-like and overcrowded *trekshuyt*. Who that has once made the overland journey about the time of which I write, will have forgotten the arrival at Atfeh, and the debarcation, often at daybreak, of the wearied occupants of the boats? The crossing of the plank to gain the shore, the slipping and sliding on its steep declivity in the grasp of ready but reeking fellahs, and the twenty minutes' walk to the Nile among the mingled merchandise on the summit of the bank, dogs, timber, grain, pigs, dates, dirt, and sleeping Arabs! And anon the puffing little English steamer, no bigger than a Thames penny 'bove-bridge, with its English captain (!) in gold-laced cap and familiar "go-ahead" and "ease her." And then Atfeh and its darkness, din and confusion fade away in our wake, and we gratefully sniff the morning air borne down upon the bosom of old Father Nile; and the cheery rattle of cups and saucers, and the fragrant aroma of early "Mocha," force from us the admission that there may be a bright side to every picture.

If I thus venture to revert to scenes so hackneyed, it is not with the intention of enlarging upon them. I use them as accessories to my narrative, and to explain the nature of my duties as one of Waghorn's employés. Did space permit of it I would gladly smoke a *chibouque* with my countrymen grouped on the deck of the panting little steamer as she cleaves the sluggish waters of the Nile, and join in admiration of the towering palms that skirt its shores, or the shout of pleasure that, later on in the day, greets the first glimpse of the pyramids of Ghizeh lighted up by the western sun. I should like the second edition of the donkey-ride which occurs between Boulac and Cairo, and to make one at the well-covered dinner-table of the "Great Eastern" hotel, taking a post-prandial *cheroot* with dear old Dr. A——, in its proprietor's comfortable sanctum. But the confused sounds which reach us from the court-yard below, warn the passengers to prepare for the desert journey. Hastening down, and threading a few of the very narrow streets of Cairo, for the inn-yard is not accessible to anything with wheels, we find in a somewhat more open space, half-a-dozen or more of the rude-looking carriers' carts before alluded to, used by Waghorn and Company for traversing the desert. Raven, the resident partner of the firm, has previously assigned the six inside seats of each to as many ladies or gentlemen, and they soon find their appointed places. His way-bill, however, made up without the slightest regard to compatibility of tastes, is not always happy in the arrangements dependent on it. Singular enough, at times, was the admixture of creed and grade in these desert coaches. I once saw General Ventura wedged in between a member of the Society of Friends and the Bishop of Antioch, their *vis-à-vis* consisting of the daughter of an Indian

officer, her English maid, and Dwarkanauth Tagore. The Baboo's medicated and constant pipe dispensed an odour anything but agreeable to the general, who drew forth a manilla, and puffed away vigorously. The bishop and the "Friend" followed suit with their cigarettes, and the fumes of the Indian pastile soon gave way before a cloud of genuine fragrance, which the ladies were glad enough to tolerate.

But it is time to return to the vans, which during my short digression have cleared the crazy old gates of Cairo, and having skirted the cemetery where poor Burckhardt reposes, are fast gaining that desert which he was not permitted to explore. On this particular journey, Raven has provided me with a fleet dromedary, in place of a seat in one of the vans, for I am in the company of two personal friends who are bound on a long and perilous journey towards the interior of Africa; and who, alas! were fated to swell the list of victims already sacrificed to the White Nile and its sources,—a problem now so happily solved by the glorious discoveries of Speke and Grant. They are both well-mounted; one on a powerful saddle-horse of Raven's, the other on his own especial favourite—a black Arab of the purest blood. The moon is up, and the desert stretches beyond and around us, bathed in its cool silvery light. Despite the saddened feelings which precede a long separation, we trot gaily and swiftly along; leaving, far away in the rear, our fellow-travellers in the vans. At the centre, or No. 4 Station, we make a long halt, for a spurt of forty-two miles, whether on horse or dromedary, renders repose needful both for beast and rider. Then we press on again, for the *reis* or captain of the Red Sea boat has warned us, by a messenger, that the wind, now favourable, may speedily chop round to another quarter. Reaching Suez, we pass together our last short night, and I take a hurried farewell of friends I am never to meet again on earth. As he wrings my hand, B— presses upon my acceptance his favourite Arab, whispers some last earnest commissions, and the shore-boat bears me away.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE day was far advanced when I reached the shore after some hours' laborious tacking. Being in no humour to encounter the idlers who were awaiting at Manson's hotel the departure of the Bombay steamer, I determined to trot back leisurely over the twenty miles of sand, between Suez and the No. 6 Station; and therefore looked about for a lad who would ride my return-dromedary, and take charge of my only article of luggage, a small but well-stuffed carpet-bag. The right sort of man was soon found, a copper-legged fellah, who stowing away in his shirt-front the residue of his half-eaten supper, was speedily perched aloft on the hump of the willing beast, and in a few minutes we had turned our backs upon the low wall which environs the dirt and dreariness of Suez. Evening had set in ere we passed the well, so familiar to desert travellers, and the angry voices of the camel-drivers wrangling over a few pints of muddy water, became gradually inaudible, as we gained the clear hard

sand beyond, now sparkling in the light of the rising moon. Jogging on leisurely, the profound stillness being only broken by the footfall of our beasts, and an occasional futile attempt on the part of my companion to break into song, we reached No. 6 at ten o'clock, where refreshment and a shake-down were kindly provided by the English lady who then farmed the station.

Accustomed to the noonday heat, I was in no hurry to start the next morning, so looked after the well-being of our four-footed friends, and lingered over Mrs. Seedeick's grateful Mocha. The dromedary also seemed unwilling to stir, and greeted me when I attempted to rouse him with such unmistakable signs of displeasure, that I decided to leave him behind, and start alone upon my journey. Charging the lad who had the care of my carpet-bag to follow me to the centre station, No. 4, I was once more on the sand, with a bright sun overhead, and our shadows beneath us. Mrs. Seedeick had uttered some commonplaces as to the "extreme fineness of the day, &c." In Egypt the characteristics of a "fine day," would be a canopy of dull cloud above, and a continuous pelting shower of rain, and such was certainly not the sort of weather I was now to experience. Not a cloud was visible above the horizon, not a sign of anything greeted me save the mane and sharp ears of my Arab, and the eternal sand. If my friends in the Red Sea boat were, as I hoped they might be, scudding away towards Jeddah under the influence of a northerly breeze, not a breath of it found its way to me! All—around, above, and below—was silent and scorching. So overpowering was the heat that I almost resolved to return to the station, and make the trial later in the day, when the decline of the sun would be followed by light airs and a cooler track than that now before me. But my presence was required at No. 4, and go on I must. So I put my kerchief to the pristine and legitimate use of that appendage, by winding it round my *tarboosh*, and then taking a last look at the station behind me, to assure myself by its bearings that I am going in the right direction, I half close my eyes to shut out the glare, and am borne gently onwards.

The easy jog of the horse must have lulled me to sleep, or the heat and the glare combined had produced a lethargic feeling which had deadened my senses to outward objects. Certain it is, that after an indefinite interval of time I was aroused to consciousness by the sudden stopping of the Arab. Opening my eyes, I make the startling discovery that the sand over which I *should* be travelling has been changed, as by the enchanter's wand, to a boundless tract of verdure: that I am, in fact, surrounded by some sort of vegetation, of whose vitality in the desert I had never even dreamed. Dismounting, to convince myself that I am really awake, I find interminable patches of a prickly sort of grass, brown and sunburnt, with intervals of sand between. I must, then, have been carried very wide of the faintly-defined track, and as the sun and my watch agree in telling me that it is past one, I may by this time be miles away from it. I get into the saddle again and stand up in the stirrups to obtain a more extended view. Nothing but the grassy tufts! Nothing,

probably, six inches above the ground for miles around me, save, perhaps, the carcass of some unlucky camel feasting in the hot sun! Not a sign to furnish me with a clue to the west. Had it not been so close to mid-day, my own figure and the sandy plain might have afforded a capital impromptu sun-dial; but the orb was too much in the zenith, and I made but a useless gnomon. Suddenly the horse neighs, nearly jerking me out of my seat, and scaring me fearfully in the dread silence. Then he turns his head round towards me, and the large full eyes seem to interrogate me uneasily. Fear is catching, and I am fast becoming uneasy also, if not positively alarmed. What if we are really lost in this pathless waste of sand and scrub? Could I but tell how to shape a course we might soon reach one or other of the low ranges of sand-hills which skirt the Suez desert. But should we fail to hit the rising ground, our strength might be exhausted, and escape still more uncertain. Oh! for one breath of air! A moistened finger, when held aloft, sometimes gives a clue, by its cool side, to the direction of the wind; but my throat and lips are parched, and I begin to experience the sensation of extreme thirst. There are no pebbles, but I have bullets in the stock of my carbine, and one of them gives some relief, and, what is still better, helps me to an idea. What if I draw the charge and flash off a pinch of powder? The smoke must go somewhere, and the reverse of its course ought to be northerly if my friends on the Red Sea are making any "way." The Arab starts, but does not break away, and the little white cloud ascends for a second, and then meeting an upper current is borne slowly away from us. I determine to follow the opposite direction, feeling sure that if we could steer northward we must ere long reach the hills on which were still standing the old deserted stations of the telegraph formerly in use between Cairo and Suez. So I concentrated into one short cheering speech all that remained to me of confidence and hope, and patting the glossy head which had sought my own with instinctive desire of companionship, I once more got into the saddle, and started off at a brisk trot.

We speedily cleared the grass, and in a short time I saw rising ground far ahead of us. But a long and trying interval elapsed before I made out either of the old wooden towers; not, indeed, until we were nearly close upon one, for sight had been sorely taxed in the glare and my own anxiety. The rickety affair was soon gained, and tying the Arab to one of its sun-cracked timbers, in a minute I had reached the top, and was eagerly peering round for No. 5 Station, which I hoped to find very near it. There it was, sure enough, and just below me as it were, but with its mud walls and roof so assimilated in colour to the surrounding sand that it took me some time to recognise it. To mount the now willing horse and gain the station was the work of a few minutes. Then I roused the sleepy old *bawaub* or doorkeeper, and, clutching his *goolah*, drained from it the most welcome draught that I ever remember to have tasted. Never did juice of princely grape or humble "malt" confer such unalloyed satisfaction as that pint of tepid, highly-flavoured Nile-water! Then the bonnie

Arab and I dined together off horse-beans and tank-water, and, exhausted by the combined effects of heat, fatigue, and excitement, laid ourselves down side by side on the same bed of straw, to sleep.

But not for long. My own safety confirmed, I remembered Selim and my carpet-bag. Had the old *bawaub* seen aught of them? Not he. Then perhaps he thought it possible that the dromedary might have bolted with Selim, and Selim with the bag? The old fellow thought it extremely likely, and evidently wondered at my simplicity in presupposing any other contingency. Had the overland travellers passed Suez-ward? They had not. Under these circumstances, and becoming really uneasy about my valuables, I despatched the old man, whose eyes—if more ancient—could read long distances better than mine, to reconnoitre from the summit of the telegraph, in the vague hope of descrying the absentees. A nine-piastre piece put vigour into his wasted legs, and as he hobbled off I lay down to sleep once more.

Sleep, however, came not; for the carpet-bag I have before-mentioned, was the depository of nearly all my worldly possessions, and contained not only a round sum in English gold, but certain papers of value. Hence my anxiety and self-reproach that I should so readily have entrusted it to a stranger. The only ground for reassurance lay in the hope that I might be known to the man as being connected with Waghorn & Co., in which case my property would be respected; so I took a long pull at the *bawaub's* coconut-pipe, and was busily cogitating amidst its potent fumes, when I was startled by a loud knock at the great wooden door of the stable, of which I had put up the bar at the old man's departure. There were no key-holes to peep through, but as a knock at a desert-door is comparatively of rare occurrence, I may be pardoned if I confess that I hesitated to open it until I had taken a good look through the aperture at the bottom. The sight I thus witnessed was by no means reassuring, for I counted at a rough estimate as many as two score of hoofs, revealing the presence of something like a dozen mounted Bedaweens. As these wanderers of the desert—albeit, generally honest—do not always respect the law of *meum* and *tuum*, I loosened the bolt, and, making a virtue of necessity, met my surprised guests with a finished *saltaam*, backed with my entire repertory of courteous Arab phrases. As the visit of my new friends was rather to Waghorn's beans and tanks than to the old *bawaub*, I deemed it politic thus to receive them, and by offering such refreshment as the stable afforded, ingratiate myself with these often very rough customers. My procedure was eminently successful. We drank healths and long shadows to each other in the dirty water, and passed the fragrant "gibel" from one to the other whilst the horses crunched the beans. In fact, we soon established a confidence so mutual that I was induced to impart to them my anxiety about Selim. Then I had to give full particulars as to the *fellah's* dress, and the colour of his turban and dromedary, with the direction he might be supposed to be taking, &c. And, as a last resource, I ventured on a slight allusion to the bag, and dwelt upon the fact of

my being an agent of the "Overland," when, to my great delight, a swarthy rascal exploded with a loud "Fi, fi!" (Fee, fee! it is—it is), and assured me that he had "spoken" a solitary dromedarian bearing before him a burden like that I had described (he omitted to add that he had carefully overhauled it), and that, as he had taken a course, far south of the usual track, and was going steadily towards No. 4 Station, I should probably find him there awaiting me. This was good news indeed, and the old doorkeeper having returned, I decided to start forthwith. The Bedaweens saddled and bridled for me the now recruited Arab, and amid a shower of good wishes, I galloped off from the *relai*. Nor did I draw bridle until I had reached the one solitary tree under whose leafless branches Napoleon and Bourrienne made their famous desert picnic. Giving it good lee-way, for this singular prodigy of vegetation now bears a ragged and not particularly well-scented fruit,\* I approached the centre station, of which I could now see the lights, evening having closed in during my ten-mile ride. The dogs and live-stock round and about the place had already become aware of the approach of a stranger, and my arrival was heralded by a babel of bark and cackle that was thoroughly cheering after my forced solitude.

So I discharged my carbine to add to the general uproar, and in half-an-hour afterwards was amusing myself with one of the most noisy of the turkey-cocks in the company of the faithful Selim and my carpet-bag.

S. B.

## A GOLF TOURNAMENT IN SCOTLAND.

WILL the reader permit me to assume first that he is an Englishman? If he refuses me this small favour there is an end of the matter. But if he does not, and if he agrees to be an Englishman, why should not he be my old Harrow friend Norman, who is here, paying Scotland a visit for the first time? Now that this is all amicably settled, I shall not ask any leave for my remaining assumptions, as you must be quite aware, Norman, that you are utterly ignorant of our national game of golf, and also you must admit to a sneaking desire to see what it is like. You are a good cricketer, and I have no doubt, if you devoted yourself to golf, that you would play that game well, too. I am taking you to-day to a place where you will see golf in perfection. I know that, if I left you to your own devices, you would get yourself up in a terrific pair of football boots for the purpose of breaking your adversaries' shins, as I never could get you to understand that the game did not consist in violent running, and pushing, and hitting, and kicking.

Here we are at last, after a three hours' journey on the worst line in the kingdom. The day, be it known, is the 30th of September; the hour 11:30 a.m.; the place St. Andrews, Fifeshire, N.B.

I dare say you never heard of the place before,

\* Those among the poor who pass this tree on their pilgrimage to Mecca, hang among its branches, as votive offerings, some portion of their garments.

yet its name is dear in the ears of the Scottish gentleman—not on account of its historical associations,—not on account of its ancient haunts of learning,—but because it is here that the Scottish gentleman, in his hours of leisure, may play at the game that he loves from morn till eve, and bet his habitual half-crowns, and smoke unlimited pipes, and talk never-ending shop.

Not equally dear is it in the ears of the Scottish gentleman's spouse and daughters; and that for manifold good reasons. All that you can get them to say about it is, that the air is very bracing, &c. &c. The reason is this, the presence of a female is repugnant to the game of golf. No sooner does an unlucky woman stray on to the course than,—like the Derby dog,—she is hooted at and bellowed to, and told to go one way by one person and another by another; all which induces a most piteous state of vacillation, in the midst of which the ball whizzes past her at a pace which would inevitably prove fatal were it to hit her. It is needless to say that the unprotected female does not often repeat the mistake of straying on the pleasure-grounds of the golfer. Then her husband is perpetually bringing some fellow-golfer home, without notice, to lunch or dinner, and the two sit talking about their eternal golf, and not a word on any other subject is to be got out of them. The place itself, with the exception of golf, is dull enough, but not through any fault of its own. It would be the same at the most fashionable watering-place, if a conscription were levied on all the male inhabitants to fill the ranks of the noble army of golfers.

St. Andrews is not without merits of its own, irrespective of the attractions of golf:—a university, the remains of a gigantic cathedral; wide, clean-looking, handsome streets; and other architectural advantages. But I really decline to act as guide-book to you; you must devote an hour or two to-morrow to seeing the lions.

The present week is the only time in the year at which ladies at all like St. Andrews, or have any attention, besides that of the nature aforementioned, shown them. This week corresponds, in regard to golf, to the Canterbury week in the annals of cricket. This day is the *medal-day*; the day on which all the best gentlemen-players assemble to compete for the blue riband of the golf course. To-night there is going to be a large dinner of the Golf Club. To-morrow night a ball—hence the multitude of ladies and non-golfing gentlemen, this being the only time when the latter are tolerated here. All the houses in the neighbourhood are filled, and so the place is really rather gay.

The station which we have just come into is what you would expect, in comfort and splendour, as the terminus of a line like that we have left. Did you ever see such a collection of ragamuffin boys of all ages, rushing about, bustling, and jostling?

Ah! would you like to know what that bundle of queer-looking sticks, like coach-whips, is which that urchin has just snatched from the young fellow who was in the carriage with us? Know, Saxon, these are the weapons with which the Scot avenges Flodden. They are golf-sticks, or *clubs*,



as they are called. They are fearfully and wonderfully made, and their name is legion. Any attempt at present to explain their various uses would unseat your intellect entirely. Only observe that the general cut of them is very much like that of a hockey-stick, long shaft and crooked head; the shaft is tapering, and the head, which is a remarkable combination of wood, horn, and lead, is firmly spliced on to the shaft.

Do you perfectly understand that you are not intended to hold by the head? That's right. You hold by the end of the shaft, which is done up like the handle of a coach-whip with leather. Those clubs with iron or steel heads, which look rather like shovels, are intended for taking the ball out of sandy or muddy places. But it is of little use to explain all this to you till you see the game played.

Here we are on the *links*, or common, on which the game is played; the course stretches away to the left for about a couple of miles along the sea-coast. It is very narrow, and is lined with thick gorse, and studded with many hazardous and fearful-looking sandholes. Before us is the sea, dashing up into a little bay. About 300 yards to our right, is the beginning or end of the course, whichever you like to call it. What a crowd there is swarming about it. Let us cross that small burn and inspect it more closely.—Heaven and earth! Take care what you're doing, you young scamp; you very nearly hit me just now. The little blackguard sent a ball uncommonly near our heads. You think it would not hurt you much? Feel that. It is rather smaller than a tennis-ball, and made of gutta-percha; and I can tell you it stings uncommonly. Do you fancy that if that ball, hit with a force which would carry it 170 yards in the air, were to hit you on the back of the neck at 10 yards' distance, it would not hurt? Before this day is over, perchance you may have an opportunity of judging.

But, as I was about to say when I was interrupted, this is really a gorgeous spectacle. Crowded into a space of 100 yards square is a motley crowd—well-dressed ladies of all ages, badly ditto, old gentlemen, middle-aged gentlemen, young gentlemen, boys, professional players, cads, and blackguards of every description.

With regard to the male portion of the crowd, I must here draw your attention, if it has not been already drawn, to a strange phenomenon, observable as soon as you come within a radius of two miles of St. Andrews. The natives usually have hold of something in the shape of a stick, whether it be golf-club, walking-cane, umbrella, hoe, hedge-bill, or spade; whatever it may be, they manipulate it gingerly, wagging it about, and now and then making it whistle through the air. These alarming symptoms are accompanied with a morbid swaying of the body, and wild tossing of the arms. A lamentable indifference is displayed as to the vicinity of their neighbour's head, or anything that is his. The monomaniacs fancy that they have golf-clubs in their hands, and they are practising what they are pleased to call their swing.—There! I knew that the young gentleman would hurt some one. He has swung one of the iron-headed clubs into that jolly-look-

ing old boy's waistcoat. You observe that gentleman with the confined swing. It is currently reported that he owes that short swing to practising the proper action, not within reach of his neighbour's ears, but of his own furniture and crockery, in the solitude of his chamber,—a spiteful calumny.

There is the real attitude for you, knees together, toes turned in, club grasped firmly but not tightly, adjust it to the ball, bring it slowly up over your shoulder till the head appears, as the Scotch would say, *west* of your left ear, and then bring it down, shoulders, wrists, backbone, legs, and everything going into the blow.

The crowd is waiting for the ceremony of opening the meeting to take place. We'll come back presently. I wish you to see our club, that snug one-storied building, at the head of these steps, which overlooks the course.

It is the Union Club of St. Andrews, sacred to golfers. The cheapest club I ever had anything to do with. There's the reading-room; those coffin-looking cupboards which meet your eye in every direction do not contain the remains of the gentlemen whose names appear upon them. They are intended for the reception of the coach-whips when not actively employed. This is the parlour. But we must not stay, as business, and a ballot, and all manner of things are going on, and you're a stranger; so come through into the billiard-room, and we'll have a game till the real business of the day commences.

There goes the gun. They're off. Let us out. Now, if you imagine that those respectable and, in some cases, portly gentlemen, are going to rush upon each other with uplifted clubs, hack, bully, and shin, and then tear away whacking the ball before them, you are mistaken. In order to play this game you need never stir faster than a three-mile an hour walk.

The moment has at length arrived when an attempt must be made to convey to the understanding of the Saxon a few of the elementary principles of the game.

You see that hole, four inches in diameter by six in depth, punched in the turf. The end and object of all that whacking of balls, swaying of bodies, and stretching of limbs, is to get that small ball into this hole after it has been at the bottom of seventeen other holes in succession. A series of these holes are punched all along the course at intervals of from 300 to 400 yards. The object of the game is to knock the ball from one hole to another in as few strokes as possible; and whoever goes the round of eighteen holes in fewest strokes wins the medal. The members of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews have just drawn for the order in which they are to play. They play in couples; each man counting the strokes of his immediate opponent and marking them on a card.

Now the first pair are just going to strike off. Behold the ball is mounted upon a little pyramid of mud which rejoices in the name of a *tee*, to the end that the smiter may get the more cleanly at it. A ball is only *teed* at starting from each hole; after each first stroke the player must hit the ball as he finds it. What an ordeal this is. All that

crowd we saw before, ladies, &c., &c., and all kinds of cads, are drawn up in two parallel rows, leaving a vista of certainly not more than five yards. Through this narrow opening the two wretched men before us, on whom the lot has fallen, have to hit their balls, going neither to the right nor left.

There will certainly be manslaughter or cad-slaughter committed before long, if the vista does not widen.

The victims are trying hard to look cool. The younger one has just lighted a weed and is trying to smoke it with unconcern. The elder, in the scarlet coat (uniform of the club), is badgering the boy who is carrying his clubs.

Now then, gentlemen.

The young fellow throws away his weed, and taking a most genteel, thin-shafted club, *straddles*—the word explains itself—*straddles* to his ball. Three or four times he looks earnestly up the vista, then at his ball, the club in the meantime wagging like a demented pendulum.

At last he *addresses* his ball.

What a charming word! *Addresses* is used to express the final, affectionate, and accurate adjustment of the face of the head of the club to the ball previously to uplifting the club for the last time.

Up goes the club with a mighty sweep, and down it comes, down *on the top* of the ball, which, instead of bounding into the air, tumbles tipsily off the tee, and rolls gently into a little hole! The exclamations of the crowd are appalling.

"Eh, see till the muff; he canna caw a ba' a yard," hoot the rabble.

"Is that considered a good hit, papa?" says a young lady, in the vicinity, with cruel innocence. The victim rushes upon the boy who is carrying his clubs, and snatches from him a short, stumpy, resolute-looking little club, the face of which is scooped out for the purpose of taking balls out of any difficult place, and retires to allow his senior to strike off.

There is no nervousness about this at all events; no more there should be, considering that the gentleman has played golf more or less every day for the last ten years. The same look at the vista, the same wagging, the same straddling and addressing, a short jerky swing, a little curtsy to the ball and—whack, off goes the ball hit as clean as a whistle, and falls on the other side of the road; a very fair stroke.

The young fellow now goes at the ball for the second time, and to some purpose; the ball is well hit, and flies out of the hole into which it had rolled, but, as bad luck will have it, lights in the road.

Well, I don't think we need accompany that party. The next party must wait till they have crossed the burn, about 250 yards on, before they strike off.

By-the-by, while we were playing billiards, we missed the inauguration of the meeting. I do not remember whether I told you that the Prince of Wales had consented to be captain of the club. Unfortunately he has not been able to come here. I hear some one saying that *his wine* has come; ten dozen, too. But do not imagine that the young

man is in the habit of travelling about with ten dozen of champagne all handy in the van. As captain of the club he is expected to provide champagne for the ball which you are going to tomorrow night. That's all.

Now, if he had been here, he would have had to go through the ceremony which, in his absence, was performed for him by that gentlemanly-looking little man in a red coat. He would have had to strike a ball (anywhere—it did not matter where—probably into the legs of the mob), and thereafter an entry would have been made in the books of the club to the effect that *H.R.H. the Prince of Wales had won the Adelaide medal and the silver club by doing the round of the links in ninety strokes*. This solemn announcement will doubtless be received by posterity a century after this with awe and wonder, but implicit belief; and men will sigh over the good old days when Great Britain had a prince athletic enough to thrash all his subjects at the game of golf; ninety strokes, be it known, is a wonderfully small number to go round the course of eighteen holes in.

The day is rather cold, and one feels chilled with hanging about here. I think when we see a really good pair of players strike off, we had better go round with them. I observe (and with all respect and dismay I observe), that the noses of some of the fair spectators are positively assuming a bluish tinge. Still the vista is not widened a yard; quite the contrary. It is really a wonder that no one has been hit.—Ah, there at last! A whack, a shriek, a sharp cry, a fall, a rushing to and fro of the crowd; some one has been hit. It is only a little boy who has been hit on the shoulder, one of the players through nervousness having struck his ball askew. Now all is right again; the boy's ears have been boxed for being in the way by a loving but sternly just parent; and one good result of this accident is, that the vista is now widened, and there is plenty of room to strike.

Now is our time. The pair who are about to strike off now are two of the best players on the green. They have hit their balls clear and true, and they have both fallen some way over the road. With their second strokes, if they hit the balls fairly they ought to send them over the burn, into which if he gets, the traveller *will* have to return with the loss of a stroke. But the safer plan is to play the ball gently up to the edge of the burn with a short club, and then, with your third stroke, you can send it over with an easy blow, which if straight ought to land the ball within a few yards of the hole. Both our players are well over. And here let me mention, once for all, that in speaking of the ball you confer on it the name of the individual who strikes it.

"Where's Jones?"

"He's in the burn."

"Where's Thompson?"

"He's lying dead."

This alarming statement means that Thompson's ball is so near the hole that he cannot fall to put it in. One of the strokes was a very good one, and the ball is lying about seven yards from the hole. The other player (short little man in knickerbockers) would have gone too far if it had

not been for that lady who stopped the ball with her dress; but as it is he is lying almost dead. And for the benefit of ladies generally let me tell them, with all due deference, that there is no game which they are less qualified to understand than golf, and none at which their presence is so utterly obnoxious and discouraging to the gentlemen whom they deign to patronise. There, now! I have delivered myself of a speech which has long been ranking in my heart, and often hanging on the tip of my tongue. The large man has laid his ball dead in four strokes, and goes in in five. I expect little—shall we say *M.* for the little man, and *B.* for the large one?—little *M.* to hole his ball; he is making tremendous preparations. He has taken a short thick club called a *putter*, and is carefully examining the ground between his ball and the hole. A speck of sand is carefully brushed away. He has walked twice round the hole, and inspected the ground from every point of view. Now he is going to strike. No, some one spoke; silence! Now, then. Well, my friend, you have managed to commit the gravest offence! How in the world did you contrive that the shadow of your head should fall upon *M.*'s ball; and why in the name of all that's unlucky did you wag it just as he played. He has missed his stroke, and takes five strokes after all to get into the hole. It can't be helped; but do take care. How fiercely he is scowling at you. Please don't laugh, or I shall have to take you home again.

I dare say you are not aware of the fact, but golf is one of the most nervous and fidgety games imaginable. Some men cannot hit a ball if any one near them is speaking or moving. And a story is on record regarding an enthusiastic lover of the game, who positively refused to play with a man who had the misfortune to have on a pair of light nankeen inexpressibles. He said that they dazzled him.

*B.* and *M.* are getting on very well this hole. But at last the gallant little player is caught up in one of these sand-holes or *bunkers*, as they are called. Whereupon he seizes the largest of the iron-headed clubs and leaps into the hole. A mighty swing, a thud, a cloud of sand, and lo! out of the cloud the ball emerges, and falls on the turf. Ho has regularly disembowelled that bunker. Woe to the next man whose ball gets into the hole *M.* has made. *B.* gets into the hole (proper) in six strokes, which, with five for the first hole, makes eleven. And *M.* gets in in seven, which, with five, makes twelve strokes for the first two holes. *B.* is one stroke ahead. You see now how they count.

Now let us stand at one of the holes, say the fifth, and see the various pairs come up. What fun it is to watch the different faces. Some are almost white with excitement, some hopeful, some stern yet confident, and (what's this?) young Webster smoking; that's a very bad sign; "How are you getting on, Webster?"

"Very badly; I got into a rabbit-scraping last hole, and took eleven to it."

That is the worst of this counting of strokes; every hit at the ball counts a stroke, even although you do not move it.

Here comes a great crowd; they are accompanying two favourites. One of them has done these five holes in twenty-six strokes, which is very great play. That last stroke up to the hole was a beautiful one. The ball was lifted high into the air over that large bunker, and fell on the green, scarcely rolling a yard after it alighted.

But I dare say you have seen enough of this. In the meantime, let us go back and get some lunch, and then come out and see the finish.

All is over. Time 3:15, P. M. The medal has been won by that tall handsome man in red, in ninety-five strokes. So now to lunch all ye disappointed, tell how but for whin-bush or bunker you must have won. Tell how your favourite club broke at the critical moment, how a man stopped your ball from going into the hole, how through nervousness you missed holing your ball three times, when perfectly dead. And may it soothe your gallant and wounded spirits.

Then set to and make up matches for yourselves in which you cannot fail to win!

A short lunch, a glass of beer, and a cigar, and off they go again, and this time they go out for the most part in parties of four; two playing as partners against the other two. Each pair of partners has only one ball between them, which they hit alternately. The game now is, not who will go round the course in the fewest strokes, but who will win most of the holes. That is, as far as strokes go, they start fresh at the beginning of each new hole.

Talk of ill-assorted marriages. I never remember to have seen a party of four in which each man was perfectly satisfied with his partner's performances.

"Did you win your match, Bruce?"

"I win? we win? how could we? I never in my life saw a fellow so utterly off his game as Forbes was that last round."

Or else.

"Well we did win by a miracle; if I had not been playing a topping game (for me), I don't know where we should have been; for, as for —, &c."

Now here are four worthies trying to arrange how they shall play, each trying to make a good thing of it for himself.

They cannot agree.

"Doctor, do you think that you and I can hold our own against Campbell and the Major?"

"Not unless they give us odds."

"Well, then, will you and the Major play Campbell and me?"

"Yes, I'll do that."

"That's no match," says Campbell, and so the dispute goes on. At length something is settled, and off they go.

A foursome in which each man implicitly believes in his partner, and is not perpetually watching his adversaries' proceedings with a critical and jealous eye, is only to be hoped for in a golfing millenium.

The most ominous sign of all is, when, after his partner has been making a series of mistakes, missing his balls, sending them into bunkers, whins, and burns, the face of the player, which

has been previously gloomy and lowering, suddenly and spasmodically brightens up; he pulls out his cigar-case, lights a weed, and offering his partner one, remarks:

"Well, this is a charming view; capital bracing exercise this; does one a power of good!"

This extraordinary change is intended to express this:

"It is useless to try to *play* with a muff like you for a partner; let me, however, enjoy the beauties of nature, the soothing weed, and the bracing exercise; but as for calling this golf, my dear fellow, you have clearly mistaken your vocation."

Tremble, Saxon, when in after years your partner lights a pipe.

To-morrow and next day you will have an opportunity of seeing some really important four-somes. There is going to be a match between four of the best professional players in Scotland. And then several matches have been made up, in which one gentleman and a professional play another gentleman and a professional; all four being first-rate players. These matches are well worth seeing, and they usually play for pretty high sums. And if so be you are so minded, you can make your little bets upon them.

And now, Saxon, do you, after what you have seen, dare to deny that golf is a scientific game? You think that hitting a ball along the ground looks easy. Wait until you try. At the first attempt most probably you will not hit the ball at all; nor at the second; nor very probably at the third; at the fourth there is every chance of your breaking the club. Now at cricket a muff may go in and hit the best of bowling about; all in wrong directions it is true, but still making runs which count. The ball may come against his bat and go off in the slip for three, even supposing that he never moves his bat. But at golf you have an inert lump of gutta-percha lying obstinately motionless in front of you. Unless you hit that ball there is not the remotest chance of its budging an inch of its own accord. At cricket the farther a ball goes (provided it goes not into a field's hands) the better; may it run for ever, may it go down a well where it may be seen but not touched; may it go out of the ground into the next field. But at golf if you do hit the ball how are you to manage to make it stop when you wish it to do so? You have set the ball in motion, and roll it will, though it be making inevitably for a bunker. You may not "rush in hands low," field the ball, and return it, "with a long and arrow-like throw," to the place you wish it to lie. You must stand by and see your hopes buried in a grave of sand.

And then consider the unspeakable advantages of golf. No toiling, and running, and sweating in the heat of a summer's day to the end that you may jerk your arms off returning the ball only that the batsman may hit it the harder, and that you may perspire and be sworn at again.

No solitary "over from Jackson,"—one on the knee, one in the abdomen, one in the eye, and the fourth in the wicket,—and then instant and

utter extinction for hours to come. But one perpetual jubilee of hitting and whacking—the worse the player the more the hitting: a game, my Norman, where you are never put out except in temper, never run, never perspire, never sw—but enough, I see that I have touched you, you yield, you are a proselyte. Come! let me gently lead thee by the hand into yonder workshop, where, for the modest outlay of two shillings and sixpence, or at most of three shillings of the coin of this realm, thou mayest purchase the shortest of short spoons—there is nothing personal in the name, my friend, it is that of a short and stumpy club—and thus begin, though humbly, a career which cannot but end in a happy, a vigorous, and a contented old age.

H. M.

## THE GREAT LOOP OF THE MAIN.

### PART I.

THAT loop of the Main which extends from Aschaffenburg to Lohr, and at the southern point of which lies Miltenberg, comprises the principal as well as the most typical beauties of the Franconian river. Considering the times in which we live, it is singularly apart from all travelled routes, although by no means difficult of access, as the railway between Hanau and Würzburg forms the chord of which it is the arc, and there are excellent roads on both banks of the river. Improved locomotion has had the effect of, in a manner, sending this country to Coventry, for, before the railroad was made, which bores through the Spessart hills, there was considerable passenger traffic up and down the river. At present the principal business appears to be in building-stone, for the cultivation of the vine, once carried to great perfection in this region, seems to have declined, so that the wines, though still some of them excellent in quality, are chiefly consumed on the spot. It is, however, undeniable that this portion of the river deserves a visit more than any other part of its course, not only on account of its picturesque beauty, but its rich stores of historical monuments and recollections. We have heard it preferred by landscape-painters to the Moselle or the Rhine, though for a reason which would scarcely be generally admitted as justifying such a preference, the absence of bold or rugged natural features, and the substitution for them of combinations of the softer lines.

To our eyes the scenery, as a whole, was disappointing, as too constantly repeating itself: the small horseshoe of the river by Miltenberg forming an exception, and this probably because the long sandstone hills at that spot are viewed more in their profile than elsewhere. Miltenberg is the point which most painters would fix upon as the gem of the Main.

At Lohr a brook of the same name, rich in trout and grayling, falls into the Main, the course of which affluent runs mostly parallel with the railroad after the tunnel is passed, by which the railroad escapes the necessity of climbing over the crest of the Spessart. Thus Lohr is a desirable angling station. A fisherman may make himself very comfortable at the large hotel kept by Herr Gundlach, of whom, however, it is necessary to

say that his hospitality is not quite gratuitous. He owns the right of fishing for some five miles up the Lohr brook. Lohr is otherwise a pleasant place, with a pleasant garden laid out between the old walls and the Main. Its air is exhilarating and "sweet with the breath of kine." There are pleasant walks about it on the slopes of the wooded hills, where great droves of associated oxen, goats, and half-wild swine are perpetually passing to and fro, and carts loading with wood come creaking and jerking down the steep ways, ploughing deep into the dust with their rude wheel-breaks formed of elastic branches.

Lohr is not so rich in antiquities as most of the towns on the Main, probably owing to some great fire which caused it to be rebuilt. Its castle is the chief object worthy of notice. We started from it on a blazing day, in the middle of July, to walk down the course of the Main. It is not generally advisable to choose the dog-days for a walk along the banks of a river which runs in a gorge, and it is quite a different thing from gliding down the current in boat or steamer. All the air that is stirring seems on the stream itself. The roads on the banks are windless, and in the noon-hours there is no escape from the direct



Castle of Lohr.

and reflected heat, though, in the morning and evening, by judiciously crossing and recrossing, the shady side may be taken advantage of. The first place of interest that we come to is Neustadt, on the right bank. Here we find a religious house in course of restoration, built in the Byzantine style. When Germany was in a half-converted state, certain Scottish missionaries had planted a colony of ascetics in the Spessart, called Einsiedel. Charlemagne, pitying their forlorn condition, gave up to them a grange belonging to him on the Main. This was transformed into a Benedictine cloister, and the village

that formed itself under its protection was called Neustadt. Its first abbot was Meginaud, who afterwards was consecrated to the Bishopric of Würzburg.

In the Peasant War and the Thirty Years' War it fared no better than most of the convents and castles in the neighbourhood, and was finally secularised in 1803. Under the auspices, however, of the noble house of Löwenstein-Rosenberg, its restoration was begun in 1853, just in time to save the church from falling. Built into the orchard wall is to be seen a slab of stone with remarkable carvings on it, representing Charle-

magne, the Madonna, a bishop and a suppliant, besides some odd figures compounded of man and beast.

These figures have given rise to strange legends. Some say that the bed of the Main was once a lake, on the subsidence of which the first settlers of the country had to fight with and subdue such monsters. The monsters, however, only represent the armorial bearings of the several benefactors of the cloister.

A castle, called Rothenfels, was built on a height about a league down the river, by Abbot Reinhard, for the purpose of guarding the approach to the convent and placed in the custody of one Marguard von Grumbach. This knight, however, turned out to be a wolf in sheep's clothing. If he guarded the monks, it was in order that he might fleece them with the more security himself. They were obliged to appeal to the Bishop of Würzburg, who deposed the spoiler, and gave the castle in fee to the Counts of Reineck, of which one line bore the name of Rothenfels.

Near Hafenlohr, the next village we arrive at, was a place called in the legend *Mattenstadt*, where, on the 12th of December, 1224, a fierce battle was fought between the Archbishop of Mentz and the Bishop of Würzburg, which appears for the number of the combatants to have been one of the bloodiest in the Frankish annals. In it were slain six Counts of Henneberg, four of Castell, three of Wertheim, besides a large number of minor gentlemen.

A chapel called *Mordstadt* was subsequently erected near the spot. On stormy nights the country people still believe that they hear the din of ghostly battle. At Markt Heidenfeld we strike into the high road between Aschaffenburg and Würzburg, and cross the Main on a handsome new bridge. On a hill near this place is produced that sherry-like Calmuth, a wine whose extraordinary generosity has long been a puzzle to œnologists. The exposure of the vineyard is westerly. Some account for the quality by the manner in which the vineyard, which slopes abruptly, receives the refracted rays from the river. A hundred years ago it was a wine in high repute at the tables of princes, but it appears to have fallen off since the secularisation of the monastery of Triffenstein. The clerical owners of the vineyard cared more for quality than quantity, and for enjoying in moderation the good things of Providence, than for heaping up riches which they had no direct heirs to gather. There was doubtless abundant truth in the old German proverb, "It is good living under the pastoral staff:" for if they took care of their own comfort, the monks were the least rapacious of all mediæval landlords. The monastery of Triffenstein stood there as a chapel in the tenth century, and was afterwards endowed under the auspices of the see of Würzburg. In 1803 it passed into the hands of the Counts of Löwenstein-Wertheim, and one line of this family still resides there.

Here the Main becomes so circuitous that we are tempted to ascend the hill and strike across to Lengfurt, the fine view being an additional reason for adopting the shorter route. We cross the

ferry here, and treat another sweep of the river with as little ceremony, but more regret, for on it lies the interesting town and castle of Ilomburg or Hohenburg, one of the oldest places on the Main. It was given by Pépin to St. Boniface in 740, and in the year 790, Burkhard, first Bishop of Würzburg, died here in ascetic retirement, the cave which he inhabited having been since transformed into a chapel.

To Wettenburg there is attached a very singular and ancient legend. Many hundred years ago a stately castle stood on this spot. A countess dwelt there, beautiful and high-born, but greedy and cruel. She hated the sight of the poor, and, as persons in distress were wont to come to the castle for relief, she resolved to cut off the fourth side of the hill on which it stood by a ditch, not being quite satisfied with the plan she had previously adopted of hunting petitioners with dogs. The groaning serfs were put to perform this work, but its progress was soon arrested by a frightful storm, which swept countess and castle into the Main. Ever afterwards on the site of the castle was a gaping gulf. Once a hardy boor let himself down into it by a rope; he felt his way into a room where lay asleep a large black dog, such as may be seen now in the Odenwald, and he saw there many men and women, in costumes no longer worn, sitting as if petrified at a banqueting table. He was drawn up in a state of unconsciousness. Another time a shepherd went down, and was met by

A woman, fair and stately, but pale as are the dead,

and conducted from chamber to chamber, each more splendid than its fellow. At last he reached a catacomb filled with mouldering bones, rushed back in horror, and was drawn up more dead than alive. When he came to himself again he found that the time he had spent underground, which seemed but an hour, was in reality seven years, and when he reached his home all had changed. It was believed that every seven years the castle showed itself at the bottom of the Main, and persons born on a Sunday, and on that account supposed to be endowed with a supernatural sight, might see on the mountain where the castle stood a cave and a rock, to which a ring was fastened.

The site was really that of one of the ring-walls or old German strongholds, erected in these parts against the Romans, who had advanced thus far their "limes transrhenanus," or fortified line of frontier. In this case, as in countless others, a story was invented to account for an expression whose origin was dark. Another version of the same legend is that the countess was begged by her subjects to desist from the unholy work in which she was engaged; that she refused, drawing her ring from her finger, and throwing it into the Main with the words, "Never, till I get this ring again." The ring turned up afterwards inside a fish that was caught, and the judgment immediately followed. The part which the ring plays here is the same as that in the story of Polycrates in Herodotus, and also in the Moselle legend of St. Genoveva.

G. C. SWAYNE.

## BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XV. THE BAD NUMBER.

THE communal lists were all made out. There was very little interest attached to that part of the business. It was a matter of course that all except the few names of those who were utterly out of the question should appear in them. Nor did they, when completed, afford to the inhabitants of each commune any even approximative indication of the amount of chances for and against them. For this depended upon the proportion of the number of men required to the number of those liable,—not in each commune, but in the entire military district; and though a tolerably fair estimate of this might be known to the authorities in the provincial capital, the *contadino* inhabitants of each rustic commune were wholly ignorant upon the subject.

So the lists were made out and sent to the town, and the population hardly yet realised the nature and nearness of the misfortune which was about to fall on them.

Then came news that the day for the drawing was fixed. It was a day very near at hand—a day towards the end of May.

Early on the fateful morning the men began to arrive from all sides in the city. They came up in droves from the different communes, and the comparison of them to cattle driven to the slaughter-house was too obvious to escape many of the men themselves, and was with malicious bitterness suggested to them by many a parish priest, as his parishioners were starting from their obscure little villages in the hills, on their unwelcome errand. The appearance of the poor fellows when they arrived in the city was also suggestive enough of the comparison. They came with heavy steps and reluctant limbs, not knowing what was going to happen, or what they were to do first, stupidly jostling each other in the crowded streets, and vacantly staring with great wide eyes at the preparations that had been made for the drawing.

Some few parties were accompanied by their priests; but for the most part those gentlemen did not choose to take any overt share in the matter, or to sanction it by their presence. They preferred to do their part respecting it in the background. A greater number of the rustic parties were accompanied by the older men, and some had women with them.

If the population had looked forward to the day with terror and vague misgiving, the authorities had not been altogether free from apprehension with regard to it. It was well known how very repugnant the measure was to the almost entire population. The government were well aware that this feeling was stimulated and worked on to the utmost of their power by the clergy, and it was feared that disturbances might take place. A considerable force of military therefore were under

arms at different points of the little city; and as the rustics, decked out for the sacrifice in their best holiday trim, arrived in the town, they saw bodies of soldiers drawn up, as if to show them specimens of what they were about to become.

In the large open piazza of the city—and at Fano the principal piazza is a remarkably large and fine one—the crowd was chiefly assembled in front of the *palazzo pubblico*—the town-hall, as we should say. For there the drawing, which was to award despair or the rejoicing of escape to many a homestead, was to take place, in the largest hall of the building. The operation was to be conducted in the presence of the civic authorities. The military powers took no part in the matter at its present stage, seeing that they were interested only in the due forthcoming of the prescribed number of men. Who those men were to be was of interest to the population and to their communal and municipal authorities, but of no interest to the military authorities. They demanded their pound of flesh; but left the cutting of it to the discretion and convenience of the patient.

It was a curious and interesting thing to thread that anxious crowd and mark the varying expression of the different groups. There were reckless faces of men, on whom, if the lot should fall, the service would gain little, and the country lose as little. There were stolid-looking boors, who seemed scarcely more capable of appreciating the nature of the change which threatened them than the great meek-eyed, dove-coloured oxen which were their most habitual companions. There were spruce-looking well-to-do youths, the hope and stay of well-regulated households, anxiously talking over the chances of the fateful urn with down-cast elders. There were yet more interesting groups in which an aged mother, a sister, or one holding a yet tenderer relationship to the youth menaced with what to her was almost equivalent to death, were the principal figures.

Beppo was there alone. The other young men from his commune had come up together; but he had felt too miserable and down-hearted to come with them. Yet there was little in their comradeship, that would have jarred upon his melancholy mood. The lads of the French rural district, though abhorring the conscription to the full as much as these Romagnoles could do will go to the fatal urn, singing and laughing, hiding the death in their hearts from every eye, and from their own consciousness as far as noise and bluster, and "Dutch courage," will enable them to do so. But the simpler, more genuine, less vain, and less self-conscious Italian nature makes no such attempt. They go to the drawing miserable and dejected, and they make no attempt to conceal the fact. One of the most touchingly melancholy of all the popular melodies I ever heard, is the song of the

Tuscan conscripts torn from their country by the first Napoleon, which is still remembered in the country districts of Tuscany. Nothing can be further from any pretence of enthusiasm or desire for French "glory."

But Beppo had a far worse heartache than any of them,—a heartache which he could not discuss with any of them; and he had therefore come up from Bella Luce alone. He was standing at the further side of the *piazza*, opposite to the *palazzo pubblico*, leaning against the corner of a house, which makes the angle of a street there opening into the *piazza*, with his broad-leaved *contadino* hat drawn over his brows, moodily and almost absently watching the moving crowd in front of him, and the floating of the tri-coloured banner which adorned the front of the *palazzo*.

The drawing was appointed to commence at eleven. But nothing ever yet, in Italy, commenced at the hour named for the commencement of it. It was now past eleven, and the crowd were patiently waiting, in no wise displeased or surprised at being detained there. The *gonfaloniere* was still taking his cup of coffee at some café; or the official who kept the key of the hall, in which the drawing was to take place, had mislaid, and could not find it; or the clerk who should have prepared the balloting urn, and who having had a month or more to do some ten minutes' job, had not yet completed it; or everything was perfectly ready, everybody assembled, and there was no reason whatsoever for not proceeding to business directly,—except that it is always pleasanter to put off doing anything than to do it, and it was still possible to put off the beginning of the present business in hand a little longer. Any one of these, or fifty other such reasons, would have been quite sufficient. It was half-past eleven; there were no signs of any beginning being made yet, and nobody of any sort, neither of those who had to operate, nor of those who had to be operated on, was, in the least degree, either angry, or surprised, or impatient. The groups of peasants stood about the wide *piazza* as patiently as if they were ruminating like their own oxen; and now and then some official came to the balcony in front of the great central window of the *palazzo pubblico*, gazed out for awhile on the crowd below, and retired again.

At last, at about half-an-hour after noon, a bell was rung as a signal that the business of the day really was about to commence. There was a swaying movement amongst the crowd, and some pressed on to enter the building and ascend the great stairs into the principal hall of it, in which the drawing was to take place; and others hung back, as lacking courage to look their destiny in the face.

It is not absolutely necessary that any one of those liable to the conscription should come to the drawing. He comes there for his own satisfaction and not for that of the government. He may, if he please, commission any relative or friend to draw for him, or, failing this, if the individual does not present himself, nor anybody on his behalf, the *gonfaloniere* puts his own hand into the urn and draws a number for him.

The operation is performed in public. Any one may enter the hall who pleases; and there generally is a large concourse of the friends of those about to draw, or of merely curious loungers. On the occasion in question a great number of the townspeople, who had no especial interest in the proceedings, had gathered in the hall. For the Fano *beau-monde* have not many sources of amusement, and the conscription at all events offered them the means of getting rid of a day—an advantage not to be despised in one of those little Adriatic cities.

At the upper end of the huge hall, within a space railed off, is a long green baize-covered table, on the middle of which is the urn, containing a quantity of folded slips of paper, all scrupulously alike, equal in number to the number of men liable to serve. Each of these contains simply a number, from one up to the last of the series. The *gonfaloniere*, who is equivalent to our mayor, sits on a somewhat raised chair immediately behind this apparatus. By his side are municipal councillors, and close behind him is the *pubblicatore*, the publisher or crier, whose duty it is to announce the names with their numbers, as they are drawn. The patient puts his hand into the urn, draws it forth, holding one slip of paper between his fingers; he unfolds it himself, reads himself first his fate, then hands it to the *gonfaloniere*, who reads and passes it to the *pubblicatore* to be cried aloud; after which it is duly registered, and then sent to the printer.

The hall of the Fano *palazzo pubblico* was crowded, as has been said, in great part by townspeople who had no interest in the ceremony save one of simple curiosity. Towards the upper part of the large space—which had probably been used as a banqueting-hall in the old days, when there was more of feasting and less of fasting done in Italy than in these latter centuries—there was at a height of some feet from the floor of the hall a sort of tribune, or small gallery, enclosed by a light parapet of iron scroll-work, the elegance of which plainly declared it to be the work of the sixteenth century. In all probability the place thus contrived had been intended for the accommodation of musicians during the Fano feastings. Now it afforded a very convenient place for any one who wished to look on at the proceedings in the body of the hall, without being exposed to contact with the crowd which thronged the floor.

Of course the small privilege of occupying this sort of private box at the representation of the tragi-comedy about to come off was in the gift of the members of the municipality, of whom our friend Signor Alessandro Bartoldi, the attorney, was one of the most active and influential. It was of course also under these circumstances that the desirable place in question should be at the disposition of the fair Lisa. And there accordingly was Lisa, accompanied by her friend Giulia, between whom and the attorney's daughter a considerable intimacy had sprung up out of the frequent visits of the latter to the house of *la Dossi*, to which she was drawn by—the reader knows what attraction.

*La Dossi* herself had declined to accompany the girls. She was very far from locomotive in her



habits, and had much preferred, when allowing Giulia to accompany her friend to the drawing, to undertake herself, in a spirit of thoughtful and experimental investigation, the preparation of the day's dinner. So there, amid some other lady connections of the municipal magnates, was the superb Giulia, by far the most noticeable person in the little pulpit, or gallery, or whatever it may be called, with the pale and delicate little Lisa by her side, each admirably serving the office of a foil to the beauty of the other: for though poor little Lisa was terribly eclipsed by the magnificently-developed and brilliantly-coloured beauty of the daughter of the Apennine, the pale little town-bred girl was not without her beauty too, of a kind more attractive to some men, perhaps, than the sun-steeped gorgeousness of the other.

What Giulia's feelings may have been, when after her unpleasant interview with Beppo he refused to enter *la Signora Dossi's* dwelling, and she told him to please himself in the matter; whether the somewhat boisterous gaiety with which she and Corporal Tenda laughed and talked, while Lisa and Captain Brilli were more quietly engaged in their flirtation in the sitting-room, was as completely and genuinely enjoyed by her as by the corporal; whether, when she found herself alone in her room that night, there may have been a little of what in medical phrase is termed "reaction;" and, finally, whether this day of the drawing may have been looked forward to by her with something more of interest than attaches to a mere spectacle of the interests of others, need not at present be too curiously inquired into. This much, at least, is certain, that if anybody had thought to spy any, the smallest sign or symptom of willow-wearing, or down-heartedness of any sort, in Giulia's face or bearing, as she sat by the side of her little friend on the occasion of the drawing, they would have been, agreeably or disagreeably as the case may have been, but very certainly, disappointed. She sat there radiant in beauty, chattering with Lisa and others around her—the *contadina* shyness and taciturnity having been already got rid of under the discipline and forcing process of her town life.

The process of drawing began. The city of Fano stands in the midst of a rich and populous region; and the number to be drawn was large. The number of men to be furnished to the army of Italy from that district was not far short of a hundred. But to ensure the certainty of obtaining that number of efficient and unobjectionable soldiers, at least three times that number would be required by the military authorities to present themselves on the day fixed for the medical examination. The probability would be that the last sixty or seventy of these,—that is to say, those holding the highest numbers—would be tolerably safe. Those ranging from a hundred to a hundred and fifty or so, would be pretty sure to be called on to supply the place of those rejected (or those who might have made themselves scarce) among the first hundred. The fate of those holding the numbers between, say, a hundred and fifty and two hundred and twenty or thirty, would be very doubtful, the chances of escape becoming greater of course, as the higher

numbers were reached. Though all those liable draw their numbers from the same urn, and when drawn form part of one and the same numerically-arranged roll, the operation is performed commune by commune. The young men from each commune come up in a body and draw in alphabetical order.

Santa Lucia was not among the communes that came first to the urn.

The business went on regularly, and the spectators had plenty of occupation and amusement watching the look and bearing of the men as they drew, and as they read their fate. The most remarkable feature of the scene was the absence of bravado. The young fellows who came up to the urn for the decision whether they were to be enrolled among the heroes and defenders of their country, or were to return to the plough, made no attempt whatever to conceal their strong preference for the latter destiny. The presence of female relatives and friends, and the "galaxy of beauty in the gallery" produced no effect of this kind whatever. The old jousting herald's reminder to the brave knights, that "bright eyes behold your deeds," would have been quite thrown away on the occasion.

The naïve acceptance, admission, and avowal of feelings and affections of all kinds is a very noticeable and curious trait in the Italian character. Sometimes this striking peculiarity seems to our more reserved and secretive northern nature to approach to cynicism; and sometimes to be evidence of an open unaffected simplicity of character worthy of the golden age. The fact is, that in all respects the Italian nature does partake far more than any other of the characteristics of the golden age of childhood.

The majority accordingly of those who drew the lower numbers made no effort to conceal their chagrin—in one or two instances rising to really tragic manifestations of despair. More than one stout hulking fellow retired from the table sobbing; nor was he felt by any one present to disgrace himself or forfeit their sympathy by such a display of his emotions. On the contrary, those who displayed the most striking and visible signs of grief were deemed to grieve most deeply, and were accordingly most pitied. In a few cases, when it was well known that the drawer would serve by proxy, and that his interest in the matter was only one of money, his disgust at drawing a number which put him to the expense of providing a substitute, was a matter rather of merriment than of sympathy to the bystanders. In several cases doltish stupidity seemed to prevent all manifestation of feeling and even of interest in the matter. They came up to the urn, did as they were bid absolutely with the slow, lumbering, impassible docility of their cattle, without seeming to comprehend the nature of the consequences which had been decided for them.

To those meanwhile who had already drawn numbers ranging from about a hundred and fifty or so to some two hundred and twenty or thirty, the remainder of the drawing was still a matter of anxious interest. For of course their own chances very materially depended on the sort of men who drew the numbers below them. And

every time a low number was drawn by some man who it was pretty clear would be rejected by the medical examiners, a murmur of disappointment might be heard among the crowd. And now and then the proclamation of some name with a number that manifestly condemned the drawer of it to serve, was received with significant interchange of glances among such of the doubtful ones as knew him, which might very easily be interpreted to express their shrewd doubts whether the individual in question would be of any avail to stand between them and the danger.

"He is no good!" one of these anxious watchers would whisper to another, while a glance and an expressive gesture, performed by some scarcely visible movement of finger, eyebrow, or shoulder, said clearly enough to the friend addressed that Victor Emmanuel would have to look *very* sharp if he meant his army to be increased by *that* drawing.

And many were even then at work with all their mental faculties deciding the momentous question whether they should "take to the hills" or not. For if such a step were to be adopted, it must be done in the interval between the drawing and the medical examination. After the final making up of the roll in accordance with the decisions then arrived at on each separate case, the men whose names are on it are no more lost sight of by the military authorities. Between the first drawing and the examination they return to their villages, though they are bound not to quit them. And it is in the course of those days, generally from about fourteen to twenty in number, that the desertions take place. Those who had drawn low numbers, had before this made up their minds what they would do in case of their drawing such. But with those who were in the category of the doubtful, it was a matter of anxious question, and mature consideration of the chances as affected by the nature and character of the men below them, whether they should stay and abide the chances of the examination or not.

Never was medical insight into the constitution and temperament of one's neighbours so valuable.

At last it came to the turn of the Santa Lucia lads to march up to the table.

They came up the hall, some eight or ten in number, fine-looking fellows all of them. The hill populations give but a small percentage of the medical rejections. They are the sort of men the military authorities want; and to get at whom they would willingly reject the townsmen wholesale, if they could find any excuse for doing so. All that little company from the Apennine village of Santa Lucia were fine men, but Beppo Vanni was conspicuous among them both by his superior stature and by the comeliness of his features.

"There's a fellow for a sergeant-major!" said Captain Brill to Corporal Tenda, who was in the hall with him, amid the crowd of lookers-on, as the little Santa Lucia squad marched up the floor. "I hope we shall nab him!"

"Why, that's my old acquaintance, Signor Beppo Vanni. I little thought, when I told him that we should meet again, how soon there would be a chance of our making so much closer an acquaintance with him. But I am afraid there is

not much prospect of making a soldier of him, captain. His father is a rich man, I am told."

"Why, how do you know anything about it? And how upon earth came he to be an acquaintance of yours?"

"Don't you remember, Signor Capitano, my telling you of the visit we had that Sunday, at the house of *la Signora Dossi*? That is the angry gentleman who was as jealous as a Turk because he found me in company with the superb *Giulia*. He is a cousin of hers, it seems; and from what I saw then, he would very much like to be nearer related to her; but I saw no signs of any similar intention on the part of *la bella Giulia*. She did not appear inclined to have anything to say to him."

"Oh yes, I remember all about it now," said the captain, scanning Beppo with his eye as he spoke. "And yet," he added, "he is not the sort of fellow a pretty girl would turn away from. I should not much fancy having Signor Beppo Vanni for a rival myself, corporal!"

"Oh, as for that," said the little corporal, drawing himself up, "it's not always the big hulking fellows that the girls like best—not at all! And besides, Master Beppo did not go the right way to make any girl fancy him. He was as savage as a bear, and seemed more inclined to blow her up, the poor little darling! by way of making love, than anything else. Now *Giulia* is not the girl to stand that sort of thing. She is as good as gold. But she won't stand preaching from her cousin Beppo, if I know her."

"And she will stand a different sort of talk from a smart corporal of Bersaglieri, eh?"

"Not in the way of anything free and easy, you understand, captain. Lord bless you! She is a real good girl, I tell you. I should as soon think of saying anything that one does not say to an honest woman, to *la Giulia*, as I should to the colonel's wife. She will laugh as much as you please; but all right and proper, mind you!"

"Well, yes; I suppose so. *La Lisa* says that she is a good girl. But I don't feel so sure about her caring nothing for that strapping cousin of hers."

"That, for her cousin!" said the little corporal, snapping his fingers. "We shall see, Signor Capitano, some of these fine days."

"One of these fine days, I suppose, when the old uncle at Cuneo has hopped the twig, and the corporal has turned his sword into a ploughshare, eh?" said the captain, laughing.

"Well, don't you think I might do worse, Signor Capitano? Did you ever see a better mistress for the little farm at Cuneo?"

"Have you proposed that enviable position to *Giulia, la magnifica*, yet, corporal?"

"No, not yet; but I have serious thoughts of doing so—freehold land, every foot of it! Why should I not? There's plenty would jump at it."

"No doubt. But you would have to jump at *la Giulia*. I swear she is a head taller than you are, corporal!"

"Not a bit of it! Parcel of nonsense! We are exactly of a height, she and I," said the little man, holding up his head.

"Have you measured?"

"No; but I can see, I suppose."

"A corporal of Bersaglieri ought to know that one always sights a mark less above one's eye than it is. I'd wager she is taller than you."

"Stuff and nonsense! Look, he is going to draw now!"

Beppo, in passing up the hall, had caught sight of Giulia in her tribune, and no doubt she had marked him as he walked up, a head taller than his companions. But no mark of recognition had taken place between them, and the only effect that the knowledge of her presence had produced upon him was to make him feel as if he were walking in a dream, and as if all the scene around him were hazy and unintelligible. His eyes swam, and there was a buzzing in his ears, and he seemed to himself to have a difficulty in bringing his mind to bear upon the business in hand sufficiently to go through with his share in it. As for any care about the result, or any care about anything save the fact that Giulia sat there looking on at the ceremony he was called to take part in, and that though a few yards of space only separated them, there was an impassable gulf between them which must part them for ever—he was wholly dead to it!

He felt as if he was staggering as he stepped up to the table, and the last among the Santa Lucia men (for they drew alphabetically) put his hand into the urn. The evident trouble he was in was of course attributed by the spectators to his dread of the chance which the urn was about to award him. Others had in different ways showed as much emotion, and had excited the pity of the crowd. And now there was a little hush of anxiety and sympathy, especially among the female part of the assembly, with the magnificently handsome *contadino*.

He put his hand into the urn, and drawing forth a cartel, handed it in a dreamy sort of manner, without opening it, as he should have done, to the presiding magistrate.

"Read your number," said the *gonfaloniere*.

Beppo opened and read, "ONE HUNDRED AND ONE!"

The announcement did not seem to produce any visible effect upon him. He continued in the same sort of stunned dreamy condition as before. He passed the paper to the *gonfaloniere*, who, after casting his eye on it, handed it to the *pubblicatore*, who held it up before the people, crying out at the same time,

"GIUSEPPE VANNI; ONE HUNDRED AND ONE!"

Of course this was a certain condemnation to the ranks.

There was a perceptible and momentary stir among the audience, which seemed in some degree to recall Beppo to himself. He cast his eyes, despite himself, towards the place where Giulia had been sitting, and perceived that her conspicuously noble head and bust were no longer in the spot which they had filled, and that there was a little movement among the women who crowded the tribune.

His look however was but momentary, and he turned from the table, together with the others from his commune, one only of whom besides himself had drawn a bad number, and slowly made

his way to the bottom of the hall, and out of the *palazzo pubblico*.

"*Per Bacco!* We have caught our sergeant-major," said Corporal Tenda to Captain Brill, "and to judge by the look of him I should say that he knows his father don't mean to fork out to save him."

"He didn't seem to like it, poor devil!" returned the captain; "but I say, corporal, while you, like a zealous officer, were looking after the recruits, I was looking somewhere else, and I'll tell you what I saw. I saw the future mistress of the little freehold farm at Cuneo turn as pale as death when her cousin drew his bad number, and then she and *la Lisa* left the tribune all in a hurry. I tell you again I should not like Sergeant-Major Beppo Vanni for a rival with his superb cousin, if I was Corporal Tenda."

"Ah! bah! I have seen them together. She can't endure him, I tell you. Turned pale! I dare say—the room is infernally hot!"

Beppo purposed, as far as he could be said in the condition in which he was to purpose anything, to find his way to the inn, get his horse, and start at once on his return to Bella Luce. He had not been near Signor Sandro's house, and had with much difficulty forced himself to abstain from the temptation of passing down the street in which *la Dossi's* house was situated. It would be only pain to him to look on that fine big house again; yet he was sorely tempted to do so.

As he was passing out from the door of the *palazzo pubblico*, he encountered the little attorney himself, full of business and in a great bustle.

"Oh, Signor Beppo, so you are hit! Never mind it, man. Signor Paolo can afford it, and never know the difference. It is a very different matter with some of these poor fellows. What! cheer up, man! Why have you not been in to see us? *Lisa* is up in the hall there. Ah, I know one that had a lump in her throat when you drew the bad number. You'll come home with us?"

"If you will excuse me, Signor Sandro, I think I must go home. They will be anxious to hear the upshot of the drawing, you know."

"Well, as you will. But cheer up, man! I shall see you soon, no doubt; for you will be coming in about the finding of a substitute. By-the-bye, have you seen your cousin, Giulia? From all I hear, I did better for her than I thought, in bringing her into the city. I am told she and a certain Signor Tenda, a corporal in the Bersaglieri, are likely to make a match of it! A very decent man, I hear, though he is but a corporal, and likely one day to have a pretty little property of his own."

"I have seen nothing of her," replied Beppo, in a tone of profound dejection. "Good evening, Signor Sandro."

"Well, if you won't stay, I must say good evening, I suppose. A pleasant ride home!"

Beppo went plodding heavily through the streets, with his eyes fixed to the pavement, till just at the corner of the *lano* in which his inn was situated, he was roused by hearing himself suddenly called by his name, and looking up found himself face to face with *Lisa* and *Giulia*.

It was *Lisa* who had called to him. She had

done so in spite of Giulia's earnest remonstrances and entreaties to her, by look and gesture, not to speak.

"Oh, Signor Vanni! I declare I believe you were going to pass us without speaking to us. Ah! you little think what a pain it was to us when we saw the horrid number. Not but what Signor Paolo will get a substitute, of course!"

"It is not his intention to do so. Addio! Signora Lisa! I am in haste to return home."

And he was turning to leave them without further speech.

"But, Signor Beppo," said Lisa, in a tone of petulant remonstrance, "are you going away without saying a word to your cousin?"

"I said too many the last time I had the—the pain of seeing her!"

Giulia had continued all this time with her eyes fixed to the ground, and gave no sign of having heard anything that had been said. But at these last words she looked up suddenly for half an instant, and seemed as if she was going to speak. But she changed her purpose, and said nothing, again casting down her eyes to the pavement.

"Ah! Signor Beppo!" rejoined Lisa, "I wish you could have seen her when you drew that odious number! I could hardly get her from the hall."

"Lisa, what nonsense are you talking!" said Giulia, indignantly. "Are you mad? You know yourself that I was fainting from the heat."

"I am not the least likely to suppose that it was from any other cause!" said Beppo, with icy sternness.

"But, Signor Beppo," said poor Lisa, beseechingly, and beginning to fear that she had done more harm than good by stopping him in his walk, "you don't really mean that Signor Paolo will suffer you to join the army?"

"I neither know nor care, Signora Lisa, what may become of me. My life is a weary burthen to me. I would as soon be rid of it by an Austrian bullet as in any other way. I am a lost and ruined man. My heart has been broken by a cruel, a faithless, false, and worthless woman!"

Lisa, whose arm was within Giulia's, felt her tremble all over, as these words passed Beppo's lips. She again raised her face, which was as pale as death, as if to speak; but again she checked herself, and remained silent.

"I despise myself," continued Beppo, raising his hand as if in denunciation, and inspired by strong passion with an eloquence that no one who knew him would have believed him capable of; "I despise myself for still caring for one so monstrously false and so vile! I despise myself; yet I know that I can cease to do so only by ceasing to live; and I pray to God that he will soon give me that release!"

He turned from them and rushed down the little lane, at the corner of which Lisa had stopped him.

Giulia stood for a minute, rigid yet tottering, like some tall column mined at its base and swaying to its fall, and then, without word or sound, fell heavily on the pavement.

(To be continued.)

## THE GREAT LOOP OF THE MAIN.

### PART II.

THERE was in all probability an ancient Roman ferry at Urphar, the odd name of which place seems simply to have denoted a ferry, "Ueberfahrt" appearing in old German as Oberphar. At Eichill is to be seen a rude sculpture of a wolf and a lamb, which is thus accounted for. Long ago lived at Eichill a pious hermit, to whom a shepherd was desirous of bringing a lamb as a present. He found the hermit not at home, so he tied the lamb to the church door, and went out to seek him. In the meantime a wolf came, and marked the easy prey, but so eager was he to seize it, that he sprang past the lamb into the church through the open door. The lamb, which was tied to the handle, in its eagerness to escape, closed the door on Isegrim, who was thus taken prisoner. Hence a saying arose, "At Eichill, where the sheep caught the wolf." In all probability the sheep merely symbolises the Paschal Lamb of Christianity, the wolf denoting Satan or heathenism. This place was once signalised by the ravages of the Black Death, of which Fries of Wertheim says:

He came, a gloomy cloud his head did cloak,  
And hence his name, Black Death, among the folk.

In Eichill it was said that all the inhabitants perished by the pestilence, except seven heads of families, who were mortal enemies before. These, having lost wives and children, embraced each other under the Linden-tree, formed themselves into a holy brotherhood, and continued ever after firmly united till their deaths. We have crossed the hill which cuts off the part of the river containing these interesting places, and passed over a long slope to Kreuz-Wertheim, where we see on the opposite bank of the river, glorified by the evening sun, and strongly bringing to mind Heidelberg in Turner's picture, the town and castle of Wertheim, perfectly repeated in the windless river. From the houses of entertainment on the banks come sounds of music and merriment, for Wertheim is making holiday, and has tricked itself out with flags to inaugurate the completion of negotiations for a railway, which is destined to restore its prosperity and, in due time, completely to vulgarise it.

The town of Kreuz-Wertheim is still distinguished by extensive remains of fortifications, with towers at intervals. It must have completely secured the command of the navigation of the river to the possessors of Wertheim as long as both places were in their hands. The town of Wertheim is built on both sides of the mouth of the Tauber, a good sized river, navigable for a short distance in its picturesque course. The castle, as its situation is exactly similar to that of Heidelberg, resembles it in colour, size, and general grandeur of effect. As a piece of antiquity it is far more interesting; parts of it, the keep for instance, are coeval with the earliest date of castle-building, while its more modern portion has not the exuberant Renaissance ornamentation of the Heidelberg castle, which is more of a palace than a stronghold. The front towards the Tauber was built by Count Rudolph, in 1310, and destroyed

in the Thirty Years' War. Well worth seeing are the vaulted chambers, formerly used as stables, and the ruins of the church, which, in less pious times, became a hall, containing some windows which are specimens of the purest early Gothic. The trees and shrubs have grown in the roofless spaces so as in a measure to obscure the details of the architecture, standing as they do on an accumulation of rubble from the ruin of the upper part of the building. Around the machicolated walls wind pleasant walks, which lead past the remains of higher outworks into a kind of carefully kept shrubbery, and up to the crest of the hill, whence the castle is overlooked, and an extensive view of the reaches of the river on both sides is obtained. As we pass down again, we remark standing in the garden an image carved in stone of some four-footed animal, considerably mutilated. It is said to represent a hart which was shot there from the window of the castle by a fair countess, after it had long baffled the pursuit of her husband. He must have looked rather foolish when, in sportsman's phrase, his eye was wiped by his wife.

The Counts of Wertheim are mentioned as early as 900 in the *Turnirbücher*. They were often at feud with the Bishops of Würzburg, from whom they transferred their allegiance to the Emperors. One of the towers of the castle is remarkable as having ten iron rings driven into it. It is said that on one occasion when a bishop came with a powerful force to besiege the castle, he boasted that his horses would pull it down into the Main, unless it were instantly given up to him. The Count of Wertheim, in defiance, drove these iron rings into the nearest tower, and asked the bishop if his men had brought the ropes to pull by them. He then sallied out with his men, and drove the episcopal forces away. Notwithstanding their disrespect to bishops, in the times of the Reformation, these Counts of Wertheim were deadly enemies to the movement. One of these swore that he would kill Luther, and hearing that the Reformer had arrived at Miltenberg, rode thither in all haste. Early in the morning he threw open the window of the room in the inn where he had slept, and, at the same time, he heard a window opposite opened, and saw standing before him a portly clergyman; entered into conversation with him, and then into controversy, which ended by his becoming a convert to the new doctrine. The clergyman was Luther himself. In the ancient collegiate church in the town below the castle hill, built 1382, is a monument of a Count of Wertheim, with two wives at his side—one with, and the other without, a rosary; but in all other respects exactly alike. It is said that that Count, who entertained a deep affection for his first wife, determined to marry again only in case he found a second lady precisely like her; that he travelled east, west, north, and south, and at last succeeded. The second differed from the first only in religion, as one was Catholic and the other Protestant. Probably the story arose from the artist of the monument having had but one model for both. Affixed to the wall of the church, near the door, is a very beautiful Gothic structure, which may have been a pulpit.

Opposite the church is a fine Gothic house, for-

merly a convent, and now used as a school. The peasants who assemble at Wertheim on market-days are remarkable for their costumes. Many of the men have long "Noah's ark" coats of a grass-green colour, with large shovel hats, which give them a very clerical appearance. It is well known that the costumes of Noah and his family, which are so familiar to children, are to be ascribed to the fact that this dress has been in vogue for centuries in those parts of South Germany where toys are made. A.D. 326 is mentioned as the date of the first origin of the town of Wertheim, when the Frankish Duke Gunibald, with his Sicambrians, came up the Main and made a castle here. But the first information to be relied on was obtained by Schannat from the archives of Fulda. In the year 779 a Count Kunibert gave up his possessions at Wertheim, Bischofsheim, and other places to St. Bonifacius, whose bones were sent to Fulda. In 1009, Bishop Heinrich of Würzburg granted the town a privilege, by which all merchandise passing up or down the river was obliged to be exposed for sale for three days: in 1306, it was made a free imperial town by the Emperor Albert II., on the same footing as Frankfurt; and Ludwig, the Bavarian, assimilated its position to that of Gelnhausen. Wertheim sank, in consequence of the Archbishops of Mainz placing an embargo at Miltenberg on the trade of the river.

We now pass down the river to Hassloch. The scenery is everywhere much the same as on the upper course of the river in the Loop, save that the curves which the stream makes are shorter, and give it the appearance of a series of lakes. At intervals occur quarries of excellent sandstone, which reveal horizontal strata: Near Hassloch there is a rock on which that goddess or fairy of Teutonic mythology, Hulla or Holle, was said to rest, after carrying the peasants' burdens for them. She was beneficent or the contrary, according to their behaviour; and if they displayed a selfish desire to profit by her supernatural assistance, could make herself exceedingly disagreeable. Then we pass through the Town Prozelten, a long, fortified old place with a castle overhanging it. There are three Prozelten on the Main, the first called Long Prozelten, above Lohr; this one is the second; and the next is called Village Prozelten, a little farther on. The name appears corrupted from Berathesheldin. Its etymology is a riddle. Dorf, or Village Prozelten, appears to have been older than the Town, which doubtless clustered itself under the castle for protection. Farther down the river, on the other side, we see, through the vine-trellised arbour at "the Rose," the ruins of the castle of Freudenberg, another Heidelberg in miniature. The town is said to have been devastated by the Huns in very early times. The castle is remarkable for one of those very old embossed towers often erroneously ascribed to the Romans, and probably copied by the Germans from their so-called rustic style.

There is a queer story connected with a ruined castle belonging to the family of Rude von Collemberg. Here lived once a knight of savage disposition who was linked to a gentle wife. One

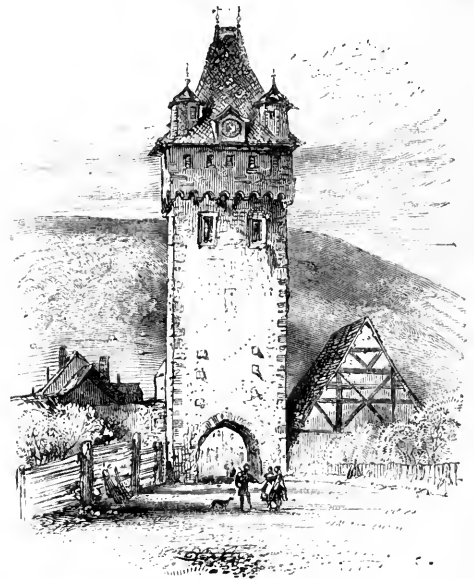
day a beggar-woman, with many children, who solicited alms of him, was dismissed with a curse. As she went away she prayed that the knight might have twelve sons at once to consume his substance and reduce him to the same state of penury in which she lived. The lady, in consequence of the curse, bore him twelve sons at a birth. He ordered eleven of them to be drowned like Rüdén (puppies) in the Main. But, for the sake of the gentle mother, the water fairies protected them and saved them, to become in distant parts knights of renown. After the grim father's death they returned, and became a powerful family in those parts, but still bore the name of the "Puppies of Collemburg." It is most probable that the story had its foundation in an heraldic cognisance.

On the road we meet a number of young women, with enormous coffin-like coffers on their heads, and are told that it is the day on which there is an annual flitting of farm-servants. The coffers contained their "things," called in America "plunder,"—perhaps, in some cases, not without reason. In Burgstädt itself there is little interesting besides an ancient town-hall; but on the hill above are the remains of an elliptic fortress of stones, still eight feet high in some places, and the whole 4563 feet in circumference. The Romans appear to have included it in their fortified lines. In the forest of Burgstädt are found huge stones called Hainfässer; two of these, fifteen feet long, were apparently intended to be sawn into pillars, but the work was interrupted at an earlier stage than in the case of the columns which we shall presently come to at Klein-Henbach. It is but a short distance now to Miltenberg, a welcome assurance after a broiling day's walk. The "Angel" inn opens its hospitable wings to shelter us.

On the site of Miltenberg there appears to have been a settlement in the times of the Romans near to the extreme limit of their circumvallation, which was commenced as early as the reign of Tiberius. About the end of the fourth century an inundation of Alemans and Suabians poured in upon the colony, and carried away every vestige of civilisation. In later times the town was on the limit of the old province of Franconia. It was the constant object of the Electors of Mainz, as well as of the Emperors, to conciliate it to their interests, on account of its advantageous position.

In the tenth century there was no town on the present site of Miltenberg, but the town of that date stood on the left bank of the Mud. It is called Vachhusen in a chronicle of Ludwig, the German, in the year 856. It was utterly destroyed by the Huns in 910. When the remnant of the inhabitants returned, they divided themselves between Klein-Henbach and a place which arose under the protection of the Castle Miltenberg, which may have been as old as the Roman occupation. This castle became the property of the archiepiscopal see of Mainz after the death of Duke Otto, of Bavaria, in 985. That Miltenberg was formerly a place of much more importance than now, is testified by the distance between the two entrance-gates which are now standing. What is now a vacant space between the gate on

the Mud and the town, was formerly occupied by buildings which were destroyed by fire by the Margrave Albrecht in 1552. Nothing definite is known about the castle till it came into possession of the Archbishops of Mainz. Adalbert, who renewed the fortifications of the castle at Aschaffenburg in 1122, is said to have had the chief hand in fortifying this castle. The heraldic wheel of Mainz is everywhere seen on the carved es-cuteons about the walls. In 1803 the building passed into the possession of the Prince of Leiningen. It now belongs to a gentleman who has purchased several castles about the Rhineland, with the praiseworthy object of their preservation. He alters nothing, but merely lends a hand now and then to arrest the ravages of Time, and turns the interior into a flower-garden. Of the beautiful effect of flowers amongst old ruins, any one may judge who has seen New College Garden in Oxford. Eppstein, on the Taunus, owes its



Gate Tower at Miltenberg.

present state of preservation to the reverent care of this enthusiastic archaeologist, a very Old Mortality of ruined castles. The view from the castle of Miltenberg is one of the most delightful that can be conceived; the river comes to the town in the shape of a horse-shoe. The forms of the hills are seen in profile. The old fortifications wind up the slopes round the castle with towers at intervals, like those of Bellinzona in Italian Switzerland. Miltenberg is certainly the eye and gem of the Main.

About an hour's walk from Miltenberg on the other side of the Mud, which is, notwithstanding its name, a tolerably clear stream, is the long straggling village of Klein-Henbach. It is best approached through the finely-wooded park of the Lowenstein family, the walk through which, open to the public as all German parks are, terminates in a fine château, and a gate guarded by two

colossal lions. On the roadside near Miltenberg we passed one of those dilapidated crosses of unknown antiquity which bear the name of Rappenkreuz, or Raven-cross,—why, it is hard to say, unless it was believed that ravens brought them from heaven. We were conducted by the hospitable clergyman of Klein-Heubach to a spot in a pinewood on the side of a mountain towards the Odenwald, where lie in two heaps six huge columns of sandstone, some twenty feet long or more, with protuberances on the upper side, which may have been made with a view to transporting them. They are now quite covered with the fine moss of the wood. There are seven other such scattered about in different directions. The popular story is, that the giants meant to build a bridge over the Main with them, but that they were thwarted by divine interference. It is commonly supposed that they bear witness to the catastrophe which cut short the colonising energy of the Romans in these parts, and that they were intended for a temple or public building at Miltenberg. Many other Roman relics—some of glass—have been found scattered about, and at Great Heubach, in the wall of the church, is to be seen an alto-relievo representing warriors in action. On the other side of the Main, on the hill called Eulshöhe, is a stone called the Hainenschüssel. Whether this is of Celtic origin, having been used as an altar for human sacrifice, or an unfinished work of the Romans, has not been decided. There is a magnificent view from the hill opposite Klein-Heubach, called Engelsberg, from the little monastery at the top dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel. The picturesque beauties of the Main cease at Klingenberg, although Trennfurt, Würth, and Obernburg are places of antiquarian interest. A slumbrous post-omnibus plies between Miltenberg and Aschaffenburg, on a road which is one straight line for about seven English miles, at the rate of five miles an hour. Such a conveyance is only welcome after a thoroughly fatiguing walk.

G. C. SWAYNE.

## PAPER-MAKING IN ENGLAND.

NEARLY eighteen centuries have rolled away since the art of making paper from fibrous matter, reduced to a pulp in water, was first discovered by the Chinese. The leaves of some trees, and the skins and intestines of animals, had previously been made fit for writing on; wherever the Egyptian papyrus was introduced, all these things fell into disuse, except parchment. But when the Saracens conquered Egypt, in the seventh century, papyrus could no longer be procured in Europe, and parchment became extremely dear. In China paper is mostly made from the inner bark of the bamboo, from cotton and linen rags, and from rice-straw. The Arabians, in the seventh century, either discovered or learned from the Chinese the art of making paper from cotton; this they carried to Spain, where they also made paper from linen and hemp. The oldest manuscript on cotton paper is one which Montfauçon saw in the French king's library, bearing the date of 1050, but supposed to belong to the ninth century. In

Spain, flax being grown, linen rags were substituted for cotton, because the latter was only to be obtained by importation.

Mr. Ottley, a sound authority, contends that paper was manufactured from *mixed materials* from a very early period; and that the notion of distinguishing the kinds by one sort being made of linen, the other of cotton, rags, is wrong; for one is as ancient as the other, and they were often intermixed ("Archæologia," xxvi. 69, 70).

We have in the Tower of London a letter addressed to Henry III. (between 1216 and 1222) upon very strong paper, and certainly made, in Mr. Ottley's judgment, of mixed materials; while in several of the time of Edward I., written upon genuine cotton paper, of no great thickness, the fibres of cotton present themselves everywhere at the backs of the letters so distinctly that they seem as if they might even now be spun into thread. The antiquity of linen paper is a much disputed question. The earliest distinct instance found by Mr. Hallam, and believed by him to have been hitherto overlooked, is an Arabic version of the aphorisms of Hippocrates, the manuscript bearing the date of 1100. It does not appear whether it were written in Spain or brought from Egypt or the East. Peter, abbot of Clugni, in a treatise against the Jews, speaks of books "ex rasuris veterum pannorum," interpreted "of linen rags." "And," says Mr. Hallam, "as Peter passed a considerable time in Spain, about 1141, there can remain no rational doubt that the Saracens of the peninsula were acquainted with that species of paper, though perhaps it was as yet unknown in every other country" ("Literature of Europe," vol. i. p. 58). André asserts, on the authority of the members of the Academy of Barcelona, that a treaty between the Kings of Aragon and Castile, bearing the date of 1178, and written upon linen paper, is extant in the archives of that city. André refers the invention to the Saracens of Spain, using the flax of Valencia and Murcia; and conjectures that it was brought into use among the Spaniards themselves by Alfonso X. of Castile.

Bagford speaks of a letter from the King of Spain to Edward I., which is on what he calls "a species of paper," and is of an earlier date by twenty years than any paper that has fallen under the notice of the Rev. J. Hunter ("Archæologia," xxxvii. p. 448). In this article from the great abundance of accounts written on paper coming into England from our Aquitanian possessions, and the small number of documents originating in England in the same early period, written on any other material than parchment or vellum, Mr. Hunter concludes that paper was a substance much more familiarly known in the South of France than in England; whence arises a strong probability that it is to our connection with our Aquitanian provinces, especially with Bordeaux itself, that we owe the first introduction of this most valuable substance into England. Indeed, paper having the same mark being found in documents prepared at nearly the same time at Bordeaux and in England, seems to show either that we received our paper from Bordeaux, or that Aquitaine and England were supplied from the same market.

Whence we may also infer that we are to trace this most ingenious and admirable invention through Spain, and possibly the Moorish provinces, to the people, not yet ascertained, with whom it originated ("Archæologia," xxxvii. pp. 453-4).

Mr. Hallam records his having seen in the Chapter-house at Westminster, a letter written from Gascony, about 1315, to Hugh Despenser, upon thin paper, to all appearance made like that now in use, and with a water-mark. Among the Cottonian manuscripts several letters are written on parchment; and paper does not appear, at soonest, till near the end of the reign of Edward III. Sir Henry Ellis has said that "very few instances indeed occur before the fifteenth century of letters written upon paper." It is remarkable that the earliest linen paper was of very good manufacture, strong and handsome; and the first printed books are frequently beautiful in the quality of their paper. From Spain linen paper passed into France, about 1270, thence into Germany about 1312, and from Germany to England about 1320 or 1324. We may here remark that the use of linen or cotton, or the two intermixed, is the radical distinction of our modern paper from the other substances (such as the papyri, the palm-leaves, the fabric supposed to be formed from fibrous matter found in the mummies of Egypt) which were in ordinary use in Europe.

It is commonly thought that Dartford is the place where paper was first made in England; but it is proved beyond doubt that a paper-mill existed in England almost a century before the date of the establishment at Dartford. In the "Household Book" of Henry VII. we read—

1498. For a rewarde geven at the paper mylne, 16s. 8d.  
1499. Geven in rewarde to Tate of the mylne, 6s. 8d.

And, in the English translation of "Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum," printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1495, we read of John Tate the younger having lately, in England, made the paper which was used for printing this book. The lines, which occur at the end of the volume, are as follows:—

And also of your charyte call to remembrance  
The soule of William Caxton, first printer of this boke  
In Laten tonge at Coleyn (Cologne) hyssself to avaunce,  
That every well-disposed man mote (may) be broke,  
Which late hathe in England doo make this paper thynne,  
And now in our Englysshe this boke is printed inne.

We also gather from an early specimen of blank verse, entitled "A Tale of Two Swannes," written by William Vallans (it is believed, a native of Ware), and printed in 1590, that the mill belonging to John Tate was situated at Hertford. One of the notes in the poem states that, "in the time of Henry VIII., viz., 1507, there was a paper-mill at Hertford, and (?) belonged to John Tate, whose father was Mayor of London." (The author, however, is here mistaken in his chronology, as Henry VIII. did not begin to reign till 1509.) The extract from the privy purse expenses of Henry VII., under the date of May 25, 1498, "for a rewarde geven at the Paper Mylne,

16s. 8d.," most clearly has reference to this particular mill, as the entry immediately preceding shows that the king went to Hertford two days before, viz., on the 23rd of May. And, in Herbert's edition of Ames's "Typographical Antiquities," we read that "this mill was where Seel or Seal Mill is now at the end of Hertford town, towards Stevenage; and that an adjoining meadow is still called Paper Mill Mead. This Seel Mill, so denominated from the adjoining hamlet, was erected in the year 1700, and is noted for being the first that made the finest flour, known by the name of *Hertfordshire White*. It stands upon the river Bean, in the middle of three acres of meadow-land, called Paper Mill Mead, so denominated in the charter of King Charles the First to the town of Hertford, for the fishery of a certain part of that river" (A. Grayan, "Notes and Queries," No. 117).

Now, the paper-mill at Dartford was established at least 110 years later than that at Hertford, in 1588, by John Spilman, "jeweller to the Queen," who was pleased to grant him a licence "for the sole gathering, for ten years, of all rags, &c., necessary for the making of such paper."

The particulars of this mill are recorded in a poem by Thomas Churchyard, published shortly after its foundation, under the following title:—

A description and playne discourse of paper, and the whole benefits that paper brings, with rehearsall, and setting forth in verse a paper-myll built near Darthforth, by an high Germaine, called Master Spilman, jeweller to the Queene's Majestie."

The writer says:—

"(Then) he that made for us a paper-mill,  
Is worthy well of love a worldes good will,  
And though his name be *Spill*-man by degree,  
Yet *Help*-man now he shall be calde by mee.  
Six hundred men are set at work by him,  
That else might starve, or seeke abroad their bread;  
Who now live well, and go full brave and trim,  
And who may boast they are with paper fed."\*

Sir John Spielman was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. He is buried in the church at Dartford, beneath a sumptuous tomb, which, in 1858, was restored by the "Legal Society of Paper Makers," the funds being subscribed by the trade in different parts of England, especially in the county of Kent.

But we find a paper-mill mentioned by Shakspeare, who, in his play of Henry VI., the plot of which appears laid at least a century previously, refers to a paper-mill. In fact, he introduces it as an additional weight to the charges which Jack Cade is made to bring against Lord Say.

"Thou hast most traitorously corrupted," says he, "the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas before our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill."

Mr. Herring, who has written the best and most practical account of paper-making and its history, tells us that North Newton mill, near

\* Communicated by Dr. Rimbault to "Notes and Queries," No. 59.



Banbury, in Oxfordshire (then the property of Lord Say and Sele), had been set down as the first paper-mill erected in this country, and that referred to by Shakspeare. Upon hearing this, Mr. Herring communicated with Lord Say and Sele, as to the plausibility of the supposition, when his lordship at once terminated the probability of this mill taking the precedence, even of Sir John Spielman's, by informing him that the first nobleman succeeding to that title who had property in Oxfordshire, which he acquired by marriage, was the son of the first Lord Say, to whom Shakspeare makes reference.

Sir Richard Baker (who died in 1607) has an entry in his "Chronicle," that in the reign of James I. "coarse paper, commonly called white brown paper, was first made in England, specially in Surrey, and about Windsor."

The making of paper in England had, however, made little progress even so late as 1662, when Fuller complained that the manufacture was not sufficiently encouraged, "considering the vast sums expended in our land for paper out of Italy, France, and Germany, which might be lessened were it made in our nation." But, in 1690, an Act was passed to encourage the making of paper for writing and printing in England, our manufacturers being taught by French refugees. Thomas Watson, a stationer, by the introduction of foreign improvements, in 1713, gave a great impulse to the manufacture.

Paper continued to be made by hand until early in the present century, when the Fourdriniers completed their self-acting machinery, which imitates and improves the hand process, and makes paper of any size or length with a rapidity which leaves the other mode at an immeasurable distance. The invention was perfected at Tewin Water, in Hertfordshire, at a cost of 60,000*l.* Their patent right was, however, invaded, and they lost a considerable sum of money due to them from the imperial treasury of Russia; though, to enforce his claim, Henry Fourdrinier, at the age of seventy-five, with his daughter, made a special journey to St. Petersburg. The Fourdriniers then petitioned the British government, the revenue having benefited half a million a year by their inventions, when their claim was inadequately recognised by a parliamentary vote of 7000*l.* It was then resolved to purchase, by the subscription of the paper-makers, annuities for the surviving patentee and his two daughters: ere this was done the father died, in his eighty-ninth year; but his two surviving daughters receive a small pension from the Crown. If ever solid recompense was rightly asserted for individual exertion, it was surely due to the inventor of paper-making machinery, since the conductors of the metropolitan newspapers could never have presented to the world such an immense mass of news and advertisements as they now contain, did not this invention enable them to make paper of any size required.

A sheet of paper nearly three miles long and four feet wide was made at Whitehall Mills, Derbyshire, in 1830.

Down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, cotton, flax, and hemp were the only materials, except rags, used in the manufacture of

paper. Cotton and linen rags are now chiefly used for this purpose, because they are more easily and cheaply converted into pulp, and furnish a better article when finished than other fibrous materials. But the comparatively high price of rags, and the enormous demand for cheap paper, have compelled manufacturers to turn their attention to other sources of supply; and for a century and a half past efforts have been unceasingly made to manufacture paper from the fibres of different species of vegetable substances. The following *précis* of these experiments will be found in "The Exchange," for 1832:

In this review of the attempts made to obtain paper from other materials than rags, we have mentioned only a few of the most important facts. Many thousands of inventors and manufacturers, many years of incessant labour, and millions of pounds sterling, have been expended in experiments upon wood, straw, and similar substances; but the problem of obtaining good paper, at a moderate cost, from raw vegetable fibre, is yet only partially solved. Neither straw, nor wood, nor any similar material, has superseded linen and cotton rags. The raw fibre papyrus was used for thirteen centuries; the reign of rags has now lasted twelve and a half centuries; and it appears probable that the time for returning again to some cheap vegetable fibre is fast approaching.

Probably the most practical of the above substitutes was *straw*, the first useful paper from which was made in 1800, and used in a book printed by Burton, of London, of copy of which was presented by the Marquis of Salisbury to King George III. The work is entitled "An Historical Account of Substances used in Paper-making." Cobbett, in 1828, employed, experimentally, some paper made from the husks of Indian corn, but with little success. The substitution of straw in 1800 was regarded of great national importance, and highly deserving support. It was neglected for many years, but straw is now extensively used in paper-making in England, and on the Continent. New Zealand flax (*Rhormium Tenax*) has lately been tried, and found admirably adapted for making paper, which it is declared is superior both in strength and capability of finish, to the paper made from most of the rags now used.

Paper-making by machinery may be thus briefly described. The pulp is first made to flow from the vat upon a wire frame, or sifter, which moves rapidly up and down. Having passed through the sifter, the pulp flows over a ledge in a regular and even stream, and is received upon an endless web of wire-gauze, which moves forward with a shaking motion from side to side, assisting to spread the pulp evenly, and allow the water to pass through the wire, by which means the pulp solidifies as it advances. Before the pulp quits the plane of the wire, it is pressed by a roller covered with felt, and is then taken up by an endless web of felt, which, gradually moving forward, absorbs a further portion of the moisture. It is again pressed between rollers, and after being passed over cylinders heated by steam, it is cut by machinery into sheets. Thus in two or three minutes the pulp, which is introduced upon the web at one extremity of the machine, is deli-

vered at the other in the state of perfect paper. By this process twenty-five square feet can be made in one minute; or 15,000 square feet in a working day of ten hours.

The vexatious excise duty on paper was removed in 1862, when the Exchequer lost 1,000,000*l.* on that year by the change.\* The average value of paper manufactured in Great Britain may be set down at 4,000,000*l.*

The subject of *watermarks in paper* is an inquiry alike useful and curious, since it assists in elucidating the history of paper-making, and the mark of the manufacturer has often been found of use in detecting literary forgeries, and frauds in the falsification of accounts. To pursue the inquiry here would far exceed our limit; but the reader will find an able contribution of specimens, by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, "Archæologia," xxxvii.

One of the oldest water-marks in existence is an open hand, whose middle finger is connected by a straight line or stem with a star. This appears on a sheet of paper of the manufacture of Flanders, which at that time supplied all the paper needed for the correspondence of England. Upon a sheet of paper is written a letter, preserved in one of the Museums at Venice, which was addressed to Francesco Capello, by King Henry VII., from "our manor of Woodstock," on the 20th of July, 1502. Mr. Herring, however, states its introduction at 1530, adding that it gave the name to "Hand" paper. *Note* paper once bore a tankard, but it has now the royal arms in a shield, without motto or supporters. *Post* is marked with a post-man's horn, in a shield with a crown. *Copy* has a fleur-de-lys only. *Demy*, and several larger sorts, a fleur-de-lys in a crowned shield. *Royal*, a shield with a bend sinister, and a fleur-de-lys for crest. Mr. Herring traces the term cap to the jockey-cap, or something like it, in use when the first edition of Shakspeare was printed. The date given to *Foolscap* in the "Archæologia," xii., is 1661, and the following traditional story is related of its origin:—

When Charles I. found his revenues short, he granted certain privileges, amounting to monopolies; and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich, and enriched the Government at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time all English paper bore in water-marks the Royal arms. The Parliament, under Cromwell, made jests of this law in every conceivable manner; and, among other indignities to the memory of Charles, it was ordered that the Royal arms be removed from the paper, and the fool's cap and bells be substituted. These were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued; but paper of the size of the Parliament's journals still bears the name of "foolscap."—"Notes and Queries," Second Series, No. 13.

In a chapter on the colouring of paper, Mr. Herring relates that the practice of *blueing* the

paper-pulp had its origin in an accidental circumstance. About the year 1790, at a paper-mill belonging to Mr. Buttenshaw, his wife was superintending the washing of some fine linen, when accidentally she dropped her bag of powder-blue into some pulp in a forward state of preparation, with which the blue rapidly incorporated. On Mr. Buttenshaw's inquiring what had imparted the peculiar colour to the pulp, his wife, presuming that no great damage was done, took courage, and confessed the accident, for which she was afterwards rewarded by her husband, who, by introducing to the London market the *improved* blue make, obtained for it an advance of four shillings per bundle.

JOHN TIMES.

## CONFESSIONS OF A CAPTIVE.

A CAUTION BY A CONFIRMED CYNIC.

SOFT, versifying youths that prate,  
And think themselves immensely clever,  
Their elders often irritate,  
By writing love-sick rhymes for ever—  
A practice *we* abominate:  
Shall *we* succumb to gammon? Never!

Not that *I* hate the fellows' rhymes:  
Once *I* was young too and enamour'd:  
Ah, me! those were transcendent times!  
How often *I* my passion clamour'd,  
And loves and woes in jingling chimes,  
Like smith on anvil, stoutly hammered!

Looked love to eyes that looked again—  
Reciprocation *rather* pleasant,  
And apt to stir both heart and brain  
Of every grade, from peer to peasant!  
Hold hard! *this* is a silly strain:  
*I'm* quite oblivious of the present!

For I've a wife—a tender spouse,  
Once the ideal of my fancies;  
But, since we took to keeping house,  
It happened—as it always chances—  
We bade adieu to raptur'd vows,  
For real life is not Romance's!

*That's* why the novels mostly end  
At entrance into matrimony!  
The writers may, perhaps, pretend,  
'Tis one long round of bliss and honey—  
A theory so odd, my friend,  
That makes a victim rather funny!

Too soon one feels, when fairly hooked,  
The iron doom, depend upon it!  
One's way of life for ever crooked,  
*A zigzag orbit round a bonnet!*  
Connubial bliss, though fair it looked,  
Proves no fit theme for mirthful sonnet!

Hard, say the martyrs, is their fate:  
Ask them from PETERSBURG to CADIZ:  
And yet you youngsters idly prate  
Of love, and bliss, and witching ladies!  
Be warned in time, or know too late,  
You never can retreat from HADES!

T. STEELE.

\* About A.D. 500 the Emperor Theodoric abolished the duty on papyrus, which contributed to the revenue of the Roman empire, and upon which fresh imposts had been laid by successive rulers, until they became oppressive. Cassiodorus congratulated the whole world on the repeal of the impost on an article so essentially necessary to the human race, the general use of which, as Pliny says, "polishes and immortalises man?"—"Mechanics Magazine."

## CASTLE OF MONT ORGUEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE ICE," "HALF-HOURS WITH FOREIGN AUTHORS," &C.



BUILT on the summit of a rock on the east coast of Jersey, the Castle of Mont Orgueil not only gives a beautiful view of the scenery of the island, but also commands an extensive sea-view, reaching on a clear day as far as the French coast.

Looking in the latter direction, the spectator, at or near low-water, sees innumerable rocky islets scattered on every side. Many of these are covered at ordinary tides, and most of them at the periods when the tides are highest, which on

this coast reach the altitude of forty feet. By the signs which are placed on some of these rocks, the fisherman is able to run his boat ashore without risk of bringing it in contact with the sharp granite points concealed within a few inches of the surface; but though the fisherman, who has been accustomed to the port from his boyhood, may do this, any other man attempting it would surely be wrecked, and in that case his chances of escape from death would be small indeed. Strangely as the name of this castle may sound in English ears, it is associated with events among the most interesting in our national history. Held in turn by Frenchmen, Englishmen, and natives of the island, all of whom have been besiegers and besieged, there can hardly be a square yard of the rock on which it stands from which a soul has not departed to give an account of its deeds. Sometimes it has been a place of refuge, at other times a prison. It was the former to the young man Charles Stuart, the latter to the unfortunate Prynne, the uncompromising enemy of his house, whose miserable cell is still to be seen. In fact, the castle is still in excellent preservation, and little injured by the events of the past; and so slight is the influence which time can exercise on the granite blocks of which it is built, that it may continue to occupy its present position for ages to come.

Not many days since, while examining the external works, my eye was caught by the appearance of a chain dangling from the wall of the highest part of the castle. The links were of considerable thickness, and were terminated by a stout ring; the upper end of the chain being attached to the wall by means of a staple driven into the mortar between two stones as far below the parapet as a man could reach by bending over. I afterwards found that this chain, though strong in appearance, was in reality so eaten into by rust as to be incapable of sustaining even a moderate weight. At the moment when my attention was first drawn to it I was conversing with an old gentleman, who had selected the lower parapet as an eligible spot from which to enjoy the view and his book, and at the same time to inhale the pure air which swept across the sea. Though a stranger—or, perhaps, because I was a stranger—to him, he freely gave me all the information concerning the castle which he possessed; and if he had lived in it all his days, and his days had been as many as those of Methuselah, and he had been a witness of the landing of Cesar on the part of the island where it stands, I doubt whether he could have been better acquainted with the minute details of its history. To my inquiry as to the purpose for which the chain was fastened in such a place, he replied:

“That chain is connected with one of the most exciting incidents enacted here, and but for its assistance England would never have numbered among its kings a second Charles Stuart.”

“Will you be good enough,” I asked, “to tell me what that incident was?”

“Certainly,” he answered.

I seated myself on one of the guns, and imagining, from the deliberate manner in which the old gentleman chose a spot to sit down upon, that his

tale would be a long one, I lighted a cigar, which I had bought at a shop before beginning the ascent, in payment for which I had tendered a shilling, and received in return the cigar and twelvence change—an advantageous arrangement for the purchaser, not attainable, I imagine, in any other portion of Her Majesty's dominions.

During the time (he began) that King Charles was in Jersey, several attempts were made to carry him off by private adventurers, who knew that wealth, if not honours, would be accorded to the man who should be fortunate enough to place him in the hands of Cromwell. Among those whose ambition or thirst for gold, or some other motive, prompted them to ponder on a method of effecting his capture, was a man whose real name was unknown, but who was afterwards spoken of by the natives of Jersey as the Gipsy, or Captain Whitehead. That he was not really a gipsy, however, was evident from his appearance. Though swartly as one of that race, he had not their dark hair or eyes, but, on the contrary, was a fair-haired man with blue eyes. He was rather short and strongly built, wore his hair and beard cut close; and his aspect altogether is said to have excited the suspicion that he was of a very superior class to the gipsies with whom he associated. By some he was said to have joined these wanderers out of love for a girl of the gang, others said he had been a soldier among the Royalists, and had been bribed by the Parliamentarians to try to capture the fugitive prince; and many other rumours were current in the island concerning him. Probably most of these rumours were only originated after the occurrence I am going to tell you; but one thing is pretty certain, that he was a man of great determination, and, whether actuated solely by hatred of Charles, or by this feeling and ambition combined, that he was no stranger to him.

I should mention here that what I am about to relate came to my knowledge while examining a great chest of papers which was left by my wife's father, who was one of the jurats of the island. The manuscript was not in his writing, though not unlike it, which satisfied me that if not written by him, it was probably written by his father or grandfather; for I dare say you have noticed that a striking resemblance exists in the handwriting of the male descendants of a family: I have myself seen this resemblance so strong, that it was only by a close comparison I could detect any difference in that of the father or the grandfather, and their issue.

The tide was dashing fiercely against a rugged mass of granite, beating itself into a heap of foam, or flying into the air in large drops, which sparkled like diamonds where the misty vapour which rose with them was thin enough to allow the white rays of the morning sun to shine upon them. On this rock was seated two gipsies, one of whom, with outstretched arm, was trying to indicate the exact position of a boat to Captain Whitehead, who was standing a little above them, his hand held above his eyes to shield them from the sun.

“Aye,” said the captain, “I can see it plainly enough. Turner must be a fool to keep on

flashing the glass in that way. Does he think there are no eyes in the castle yonder sharp enough to see that the reflection is not from the water? Here, Catty, bring me your looking-glass! Be quick, or that owlish lover of yours will have the Philistines upon him."

The young woman he called to was lying beside a fire which was burning on the shore a few yards behind him. She jumped up instantly, ran into the tent, and returned with a small round looking-glass, which she handed to the captain, who immediately directed it towards the sun, and sent a stream of intense light across the sea in the direction of a boat, which was only just visible from where he stood. The signals from the boat were not renewed; and after waiting two or three minutes, apparently to satisfy himself that this was the case, he said—"We may as well get some breakfast. It will be two hours before it is high-water, and by that time Turner will have run into the bay." He turned as he said this, and grasping a handful of the curls which hung from the young gipsy's head in a caressing familiar manner, as though she were a child, approached the fire where the breakfast was preparing. There was in this action, simple in itself, that which told of a confidence between the two based on something stronger than a similarity of interest. On the part of the man it might have been nothing more than a feeling of brotherly regard; but the deep-red flush which glowed in her cheek, and the moist brightness which darkened the always dark eyes of the girl, showed that the feeling of affection with which she regarded him was very strong indeed. As she was a principal instrument in the plot which was being organised, it is necessary to say that she had not only the beauty which is conferred by the possession of regular features, dark-brown eyes, surmounted by narrow, arched, well-defined black eyebrows, a small mouth with full rosy lips, and a mass of black curls which rested on her shoulders and back; but she had, in addition, that attractive expression which seems to spring from a growing consciousness of beauty, and a sense of some mysterious happiness to be enjoyed in the future, the precise nature of which is unknown to the maiden who is just entering womanhood. The adventurous roving life she had been accustomed to, being natural to her, had merely given her a confident bearing, without that air of effrontery which would have been perceptible had she quitted a different sphere to enter on a gipsy's life from choice.

By the time breakfast was finished, the boat, with Turner and two other men, was rounding Plate Roque; and as soon as she was made fast, one of them filled a basket with fish and went away in the direction of Mout Orgueil Castle; while the other two, having filled a second basket, carried it to the gipsy encampment, as though their object was simply to trade with the gipsies. Turner was one of the latter; the other was a gipsy belonging to the gang, and not a regular boatman. Captain Whitehead advanced to meet Turner, and the two sat down on a rock at some distance from the gipsy tent. The Captain was the first to speak.

"Well, Turner," he began eagerly, "have you

arranged with Clinton where he is to lie with the brig?"

"Yes."

"And he thoroughly understands the instructions I gave you for him with respect to the signals?"

"I suppose so. He told me I should know the position of his vessel by seeing three lanterns one above the other, and I was to steer for them if anything happened to you; that as regarded the other signals you might reckon on his keeping a sharp lookout."

"What else did he say?"

"That on Sunday night he would lie off the castle as short a distance from the outermost rock as would keep the brig safe and allow him to set all sail at an instant's notice without risk of striking. Also, that he would have a boat manned, and ready to push off from the side the moment he saw the signal you had mentioned."

"That part of the business is settled, then. Now, let me tell you what has been done since you sailed; for no time must now be lost in making the grand stroke which will make us rich if successful, and, what I care for most, give me a chance of paying off an old score."

"To tell you the truth, I wish you were going into the business without having any old score on your mind. Those things only blind the judgment at the critical moment; though I cannot deny that it is apt to suggest ingenious schemes for effecting the desired object."

"May the—Well, there is no use in talking of that now. Catty is admitted into the castle to sing and dance whenever she pleases. Charles himself wanted to dance with her once, but he has got some careful guardians he is too much afraid of to disobey, who objected. However, a king never wants tools, and there is a young fellow among the soldiers who has asked her repeatedly to come up, on the nights when he is on duty—which is pretty often, on account of the smallness of the garrison—as Charles is anxious to see her dance in his private apartment."

"But how will that assist your scheme?"

"In this way. You know there is a low door about five feet from the rock on the seaward side of the tower which faces the sea?" (Turner made a sign in the affirmative.) "That door opens on a staircase which leads up to a little cell, and passing through a door which opens into this cell you enter a narrow passage, from which there is a short staircase, leading right into the room which Charles uses as a sleeping-room. Catty is as surefooted as a goat, and she will manage to get the man to let her in by this door, under the pretence that she is not likely to be seen by her people in that case. Any excuse will do, especially as it will suit him better than letting her in by the postern."

"And has Catty agreed to do this?" interrupted Turner, eagerly.

"Oh, you need not be alarmed on the score of her morals," answered the other. "The moment the door is opened for her to enter we jump in after her. The rest you know; and you see how easy our adventure is made by Charles's own weakness."

On the day preceding that originally fixed for the enterprise, the conspirators assembled on the shore among the rocks, which concealed them from the view of the garrison in Mont Orgueil Castle, and also from the sight of persons who might happen to pass along the road, the more effectually that the distance between them was quite half-a-mile. Besides Captain Whitehead, there were present Turner, seven gipsies, and an Englishman who had been landed in Boulay Bay from the brig. It was in consequence of the message brought by this man that the conspirators were collected here. He had been sent to say that the wind was so favourable for a run to England, and would probably continue to blow so steadily from the same quarter for some hours, that Lieutenant Clinton thought it would be a great pity if advantage were not taken of it, particularly as at that season of the year the contrary wind blew so much more frequently. The commander of the brig, in anticipation that his suggestion would be adopted, likewise sent word that he would come round the island at sunset, and would be on the lookout for the signal on the Whale Rock; to which point he would send a boat with well-armed men on board as soon as the red light was shown, and would hoist the lanterns on board the brig as arranged.

Captain Whitehead had explained the plan by means of which he proposed they should enter the castle. The information he had got through the gipsy-girl relative to the way in which the interior of the tower was built and occupied, seemed to make the enterprise he had undertaken so easy of execution that there was scarcely anything to be said beyond this. There were no difficulties to smooth over, no objections to be met, and no arguments to be invented with the view of making the undertaking appear more facile than it really was. They were sitting in almost perfect silence therefore, probably meditating on the gain which each would derive from the delivery of Charles to his enemies in England, and waiting the return of the gipsy-girl Catty. This girl, though kind-hearted and thoughtless enough at ordinary times, had thrown herself into the furtherance of the plot with all the energy and zeal which characterises her sex when engaged in perfidious schemes, in the successful result of which not only their vanity is concerned, but the desire to receive the approbation of the man they love—a desire which is greatest when they have the most doubt whether that man loves them. It was late in the afternoon before the girl was seen waving the handkerchief she had taken from her head from a rock about midway between them and the shore. Captain Whitehead went first towards her; and the others, after waiting a few minutes, followed him, though they took different ways to reach the same spot, and appeared to be searching for something as they went with great care and attention. After a brief conversation with the gipsy-girl, Captain Whitehead told the others, when they had all arrived, that nothing would be changed in the manner of carrying out the enterprise from what had been already planned.

The night was as dark as it could be close to the sea on a calm night, where it is never entirely

dark. The conspirators had no difficulty in getting to the foot of the castle unnoticed. The girl Catty came alone along the road which runs from St. Clement's Bay, and, passing round the foot of the rock on which the castle is built, began at once to ascend it towards the door in an oblique direction—a gentle stroke of the hands together being the only signal she gave to her accomplices of her arrival. It required great care to make but slow progress, on account of the steepness of the rock; nevertheless, she was closely followed by Captain Whitehead, who was followed by Turner, the gipsies creeping after each other in succession. The girl drew herself up against the door, and waited till the captain whispered to her in a low voice to knock, he himself halting at such a distance from it as to be concealed by the curvature of the wall in the event of the soldier taking the precaution to peep out before removing the whole of the fastenings. This caution on the part of the leader of the conspirators was not unnecessary: for, as you will see if you are not afraid to descend the rotten staircase, there is a stout chain which is long enough to allow the door to be opened a few inches without its removal from the hook. As if somebody had been standing behind the iron-plated door waiting for this sound, it was no sooner heard than there was a creaking of bolts, succeeded by a low rattling of the links of a chain. A short silence followed, and the girl could just distinguish the face of the young soldier who had acted as the medium of communication between her and Charles. A moment more and the door was gently opened. She stepped quickly on the threshold, and before it could be closed again she had, with Dalilah-like treachery, thrown her arms round the young man, and forced him gently back against the wall. It is not unlikely that he, having no reason to believe that she was a Lucretia, put the interpretation on her action most flattering to his self-love. At all events, he does not seem to have suspected treachery, and in the thoughts of deceiving his master was as quiet as the conspirators could desire. He did not remain long in this fool's-paradise; for a dark figure which knelt beside the girl, after remaining motionless for a moment, suddenly thrust its arm upwards, a dull gleam was visible in the darkness, and the girl felt the man she was clasping in her arms slide gently from them to the ground without uttering a sound. A deed like this had not entered her thoughts, and she turned hastily, and without heeding the caution whispered into her ear, began to descend the rocks, taking the direction opposite to that by which the men of her tribe were approaching.

The captain having satisfied himself that Turner was close behind him, concluded that the others also were following, and began to ascend the staircase leading to Charles's room. Holding a dagger in his hand, the captain crept quietly up the narrow winding stairs; so quietly, that if Charles heard him, he might well have imagined that it was merely his agent, and the girl whose presence he was expecting. Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of dull blows, as though a body was being violently driven against thick timber or stone. Stifled cries for help, which,

though faint, were carried up the passage as along a tube, and into the cell where I have told you Prynne was imprisoned, and from thence echoed up the staircase beyond, and into Charles's bedroom. The captain stood still to listen, and thus checked the progress of those behind him. Low groans mingled with ejaculations, in a tongue which he knew to be the gipsy dialect, but could not understand, ascended to his ear, and with these came the more familiar tone of an English voice, faintly beseeching for help.

Alarmed for the success of his enterprise by these sounds, he was puzzled as to what had happened, and undecided whether to advance or retreat while there yet seemed time. From this state of indecision he was released by the hindmost of the gang of gipsies, who finding that those above him were motionless, guessed the reason, and silently pushed his way past the others, till he reached Captain Whitehead, to whom in a few words he explained what had taken place. He, himself, had been the last but one to enter the tower, and just before he reached it, the gipsy behind him had caught hold of his ankle. At first he supposed that he had done so merely to save himself from falling; but, as he turned his head to look at him, he heard the inarticulate sound which his people were accustomed to use when an enemy was by, and he then saw that a man was following them at three or four yards' distance. Conceiving that the intention of this man was to get into the tower in the dark unheeded, under the impression that he was a member of the tribe, and to secure the door, so as to catch them all like rats in a trap when he had given the alarm to the garrison, the gipsy and the one who followed him halted on the lower stair, the former removing one of his garments with the view of throwing it over the man's head, and preventing him from crying out. This plan partially succeeded; but the Englishman, though taken by surprise, and almost suffocated, struggled furiously against his two assailants; and though he was prevented from calling aloud, and eventually forced to succumb beneath the ill-directed blows of their daggers, he did not die unavenged, for one of them fell beneath him, and lay there, moaning out his soul in the strange accents of a language unintelligible to all but those of his own race. Before the captain had hardly received this explanation both voices were silent, and he continued his way upwards. It had not occupied a minute, but when he reached the bedroom he was just too late to capture the occupant, who having heard the sounds, though he believed they were caused by the young soldier and the girl, was too eager to receive the latter to remain seated, and had approached the head of the stairs to listen. Something at the last moment excited his suspicion, and he ran across the room to the staircase which led up to the top of the tower, and then turned round to look behind him at the very moment Captain Whitehead stepped into the chamber. The captain glanced round him and saw that it was empty, but as he did so, he saw a shadow vanishing up the opposite stairs. He rushed recklessly after it, pursued by his accomplices; but, active as he was,

he could not travel so fast as the man he pursued, who not only had the advantage of being familiar with the passage, but was much more lightly clothed. Heedless of everything but the accomplishment of the object he had in view, and not diverted from the direct line taken by the unfortunate man who was destined so often in his younger days to experience the bitterness of being hunted like a wild beast, he stumbled on. On arriving on the platform at the top of the tower, and finding himself in the open air, he looked eagerly about him, fully expecting to see Charles before him, helpless, and utterly unable to offer resistance. To his great surprise not a human being was visible. No search was necessary, for the space was so very small, and moreover there was nothing there which could serve as a screen or hiding-place. Imagining he must have concealed himself in some recess on the stairs, the captain descended to the bedroom. He found the door opening from it into the body of the building occupied by the soldiers and the prince's friends and attendants, still barred. It was evident, therefore, Charles could not have escaped by that way. Taking a light in his hand he again mounted the staircase, but from the bottom to the top there was no place in which a man could hide himself. On reaching the platform the captain went carefully about it, to ascertain if there were any means of quitting it except by the way in which he had himself come, and then discovered what was evidently a trap-door; though whether it opened on a staircase, or a well, or anything else, he could not make out, for he and his companions were unable to raise it, showing that it was either locked or bolted underneath. While he was weighing in his mind the possibility of Charles having made his escape by this way, a gipsy touched his shoulder, and caused him to look over the parapet. There, just below him, but still beyond his reach, he saw a white face looking upwards at him, which became even whiter and assumed a more terror-stricken expression as he bent over to examine it more closely, with the aid of the light he still held. The captain did not utter a word; but a name which no man caught came trembling from the lips of Charles. The former laid his dagger on the parapet, and extinguished the light, lest anybody might see it and give the alarm; then grasping the stone with his left hand, he lowered his right as if to help the prince to ascend. Finding his intended victim took no heed of his hand, he took up the dagger, his followers crowding around him, some holding his clothing, and all looking eagerly over the wall and watching his movements. At first he made only a pretence of cutting through the chain, for he seemed to be sawing at it for some seconds before the sound produced by actual contact showed that his dagger had only struck against another metal, instead of the rope he had assumed it to be. It was to defeat an attempt to sever it, and to ensure the safe descent of the person who might be on the rope-ladder, which was provided ready to be hooked to it, that the chain had been fixed. Unfortunately, Charles had not the time to attach the ladder even if it had been at hand, which it was not, as such a pressing emergency had never

been foreseen. The captain next tried to seize the chain, but his fingers barely reached the staple which held it to the wall. Baffled and enraged, he pulled furiously at one of the blocks of stone which formed the coping; and Charles, who could just distinguish the action, must have suffered the agonies of death at the thought that it was intended to dash it down upon his head. He still, however, clung desperately to the chain, knowing that he would become a mere mass of mangled flesh if he loosed his hold, and believing that if he accepted the help of his enemies to return to the platform he would perish beneath the blows of their daggers. All that I have described as following his discovery had only occupied the shortest possible space of time. At the first moment terror and surprise deprived him of the use of his voice, if not of his reason; but the action of Captain Whitehead seemed to give him vigour to cry out. His cries, however, uttered in the open air, at such a height, and outside the walls of the castle, were unheard by the garrison.

It was while these things were being enacted on the top of the castle, that a soldier of the garrison who had been visiting his friends was returning towards it. The greater part of the road which now runs from St. Martin's down to the beach yonder, south of the castle, was in existence then; but the shortest way, and that usually taken by persons coming to the castle in the day-time, was reputed to be haunted, and it was very seldom indeed that anybody came that way after nightfall. It so happened that this soldier was an Englishman, named Cooper, a native of Amesbury in Wiltshire; and it was perhaps from his familiarity with the grand Druidic ruins of Stonehenge that he felt a kind of contempt for the ghosts which could dwell in the insignificant ruins, attributed to that priesthood, which the natives of Jersey avoided with so much awe. At any rate, instead of taking the broader road he took the path which skirted these ruins, and while passing along, and occasionally throwing a side-glance at them, he saw a red light burning on one of the rocks furthest from the shore. He stopped to look at it, wondering what it could mean. It was not a fire—its vivid colour and the steadiness with which it burned showed that. He went on a few steps and it was hidden; then he came back and it was still there. He again changed his position; and though the red light was invisible, his eye was drawn to three ordinary lights shining one above the other, which, from the manner in which they rose and fell, he saw immediately were on board a vessel. If he had seen the latter alone, he would have thought nothing of it, because it was a common thing for the fishing-vessels when they lay off the coast all night to hoist lights, which enabled those on shore to say what particular vessel it was; but taken along with the coloured light, the like of which he had never seen in the island, he fancied it might have some meaning which he and his comrades were interested in discovering. No sooner had this idea entered his head, than he pushed on as fast as he could along a path which was both rough and obscure, till he reached the gate of the castle. Directly he was admitted he told the soldiers,

who were amusing themselves after the boisterous fashion of the time in practical jokes and noisy pastimes, of what he had seen. A sergeant went at once to the room where the officers were sitting, drinking and singing, and told them. Some of these thought it did not concern the garrison, others thought it did; and as among the latter happened to be the principal officer, he went to consult the commander of the little band, who was sitting with the few noblemen who resided here with Charles. To reach this room he had to pass the door which opened into his royal master's sleeping-room, and in doing so he stood still a moment and listened. He heard the low murmur of voices, but that was all, and he went on his way. After he had told what Cooper had seen, somebody present asked where the prince was. Another answered that he had gone to bed with the headache, whereupon the officer who had come with the news said that he had heard some persons talking in his room as he passed it. So few in number were those who dwelt in the castle, that everybody looked about him, and perceived simultaneously that no person was absent from their circle. There was a general rising: some drew their swords, others took up axes or other weapons equally effective in a close fight, and all made their way to the door of Charles's room. One of them knocked, but there was no answer. He knocked again and louder, but still no response; all was as silent as we believe the grave to be.

Alarmed by this, a nobleman present suggested that it would be well to go up to the top of the castle, and descend by the staircase which opened into Charles's room. The suggestion was followed without anybody speaking. One after the other they mounted the stairs which led to the summit, the noise of their own feet drowning all external sounds till they halted to unfasten the bolts which secured the trap-door, which was the same Captain Whitehead had in vain tried to raise from the outside. Then it was that some indistinct idea of what was going forward arose in their minds. The bolts were hastily drawn back, the door dashed violently upwards, and each man sprang on the platform with the agility of a tiger. The group of conspirators were so intently occupied in watching or aiding the efforts of Captain Whitehead to detach a stone, that three or four of Charles's friends were on the platform and had heard his cries for help before they were perceived. The conspirators had no time to consider whether to fight or fly, for the cavaliers were upon them, hewing and striking almost at random. The struggle was a momentary one, the conspirators being either forced over the parapet and crushed by their fall on the rocks below, or struck to the ground and left for dead. Captain Whitehead and Turner were the only two who made what could be termed a resistance, but the latter was soon overcome; a blow from an axe fell on his forehead, and the blood rushed into his eyes. He made a feeble attempt to press it out with the fingers of his left hand, but while in the act of doing it he received stabs and blows sufficient to have destroyed life in an elephant. The leader of the conspirators sold his life at a dearer rate; but he, too, fell like the rest before the number of



his assailants. In the meantime some of the cavaliers, as soon as they perceived the position of the prince, had been engaged in rescuing him, which was not a difficult matter with the aid of the rope-ladder. He had managed to get his foot in the ring, and thus sustained himself without much fatigue; but his hands were bruised and bleeding from the way in which they had been crushed between the chain and the wall. Notwithstanding his wounds, and the effects of the terror he must have felt, he did not suffer himself to be taken down the stairs till he had examined the faces of the dead men who lay on the platform. On seeing the face of the man known as Captain Whitehead, he ordered his body to be put aside from the rest, and the next day he directed it to be taken to the nearest churchyard and buried.

I think (concluded the old gentleman), that you will agree with me, that this was one of the narrowest escapes Charles ever had. But this is not the only way in which that chain is connected with the prince. Years afterwards, Dean Bandinell and his son, who were charged with being accessories to the murder of his father, Charles I., were sent here as prisoners; and in their attempt to escape, by means of a rope fastened to that same chain, one was dashed to death and the other dreadfully maimed.

### THE BARBERRY.

SOMETIMES nestling in the sweet centre of a sugary comfit—more often garlanding, with serried sprays of coralline ruddiness, some triumph of confectionery art, the barberry appears at our tables, usually, only in a very supplementary kind of manner; yet as it does “enter an appearance” there in due form, it cannot be denied some notice, especially as it further claims to be one of the fruits indigenous to our own country. It is thought by some to have come originally from the East, but no record remains of its having been introduced thence, and it is now at least found wild in most parts of Europe, and is also a native of America; while to endow it with a respectable classical antiquity, it has been assumed to be the fruit referred to by Pliny, when he describes “a kind of thorny bush, called appendix, having red berries hanging from the branches, which are called appendices.” Gerard informs us that in his time (1597) it was very common in England, and that near Colnbrook, especially, the hedges were nothing else but barberry bushes; but now, though still sometimes found wild, it is comparatively rare, though the stiff, sharp, triply-pointed spines, which liberally garnish the branches, fit it admirably for a protective enclosure, while, as regards appearance, it forms one of the very prettiest of hedges. Spring clothes it first with a foliage of oval serrated leaves, which being joined to the leaf-stalk by a distinct articulation, are reckoned as compound leaves reduced to a single leaflet; while the three spines which shoot out at their base are also considered as being the skeletons of undeveloped leaves, or, in the words of Lindley, “a curious state of leaf, in which the parenchyma is absorbed, and the ribs indurated.”

By June the bush has garlanded itself with wreaths of blossoms, in form, size, and colour not unlike the common little yellow “everlasting” flower, but more light and delicate in make, and far more gracefully disposed, hanging in loosely-drooping clusters, while the centre of each flower displays six slender stamens surrounded by six petals and six sepals, but calyx and corolla scarcely distinguishable from each other—the whole of the blossom being tinted with one uniform hue of pale delicate yellow. By September another variation, and yet more pleasing one, has taken place; for the fruit then begins to ripen, and the bush appears in its fulness of glory—every spray hung with elegant pendant clusters of little oval berries, flushed with the most vivid scarlet. In flavour these are intensely yet agreeably sharp, owing to the presence of a powerful acid, which Scheele (according to Downing) found to be chiefly acetic, but which Royle asserted to be malic, and Lindley pronounces to be oxalic. Pickled in vinegar while green, they form an excellent substitute for capers; when ripe they supply a beautiful garnish, either while fresh or preserved in bunches; and their juice is beneficial to inflamed gums, or in affections of the tonsils, or, in the North of Europe, becomes a substitute for lemon-juice in flavouring punch, &c., while by evaporating it after fermentation tartar is procured. Preserved they make a pleasant conserve, which strengthens the stomach, creates appetite, and is useful to check diarrhoea; while even the leaves partake of the acid of the berries, and therefore were formerly, and still might be, used as salad; besides which, they are readily eaten by cattle, sheep, or goats. The bark and roots, too, yield a yellow dye, and possess also an astringent quality so powerful, that they are not only used medicinally, but are made available in Poland in the manufacture of leather—the skins being tanned and dyed yellow by one and the same process. It might well, therefore, seem strange that a plant with so many recommendations, both as regards use and beauty, should be so seldom met with in our gardens, and in many places have been almost extirpated from even our fields; but better reason can be shown for the disfavour into which the barberry has fallen than can be adduced in every case for the neglect of native plants—a great objection to its being planted very near houses being the very offensive odour of the flowers. Phillips mentions having had a monster barberry-bush in his garden, which towered twenty feet high, spreading its branches over a circumference of sixty feet, and which must therefore have presented a very beautiful appearance when decked with either flowers or fruit; but the smell of the blossoms, fragrant at first as that of cowslips, changed ere they faded into a putrid kind of scent, so exceedingly disagreeable that for about a fortnight no one could walk in the shrubbery anywhere near it. Still, for hedges in the open country it might have held its place, notwithstanding a temporary unpleasant odour, but that another and more serious objection has led the farmer to look on it as a foe to be carefully rooted out of his domain; for he has found that wherever the barberry grows near corn, there the

corn becomes specially liable to be affected with disease. Duhamel treated this belief with scorn, as a mere vulgar prejudice; other scientific writers have followed in his wake; and Dr. Greville, in an elaborate work on Cryptogamia, proved, satisfactorily enough, that the mildew so often found on the barberry (and which, under the microscope, presents an extraordinarily beautiful appearance) is distinctly different from any of the fungi usually found on diseased corn; but nevertheless, practical agriculturists, both in this country and in America, still maintain the popular notion on the subject to be an incontrovertible fact. A most intelligent farmer assured the writer that on one occasion, when going over his fields with a friend, they were struck with the odd appearance of a semicircular patch of wheat being all blighted with "rust," while the rest of the field was wholly unaffected by the disease. As it was at the edge of the field, the friend remarked that it would be as well to examine the hedge close by, when a barberry-bush, the only one in the neighbourhood, was discovered growing exactly opposite the centre of the diseased patch. It was grubbed up, and in succeeding years no more "rust" appeared in the field. Had science, instead of denying this singular influence of one plant upon another (testified to, as it is, by many witnesses), addressed itself more carefully to seeking out the cause of it, we should probably not be left now to guesses upon the subject; but as, in the present uncertainty, even a "guess at truth" may be of some interest, the following considerations are adduced.

The barberry is a sensitive plant, endowed apparently with something analogous to the nervous system of animals; for its blossoms offer a noted specimen of vegetable irritability, easily excited by the insertion of a pin—the stamens, if lightly touched at their base, springing forward and striking against the stigma, while the petals at the same time close over them. If the anthers be ripe, this movement causes them to discharge their pollen upon the stigma, and then, if touched again, no result is elicited; but if the blossom be immature, the various parts soon return to their former position, and another touch excites a similar commotion again, so that the experiment may be repeated several times upon the same flower. Nor is this all: for it has been further found that if poison be applied to the plant, should it be of a corrosive nature (such as arsenic), the filaments stiffen into a rigidity no longer capable of responding to the touch which was before so irritating; whereas if, on the contrary, a narcotic, such as opium, be administered, they equally lose the power of making an active spring, but droop in flaccid weakness, easily bent in any direction. As regards their ordinary condition, however, it would appear that some external force must be necessary in order to impel the stamens to discharge their office of fructifying the central organ; but as experimentalising botanists are not always at hand to tickle them into compliance, Nature has provided for their being commonly urged into fulfilling her behests, by making the flowers specially attractive to insects—it may be, even by that very odour so offensive to human

nostrils,—and the busy tribes thus drawn to settle on them, in pushing their way among the irritable stamens, soon vex them into that violent rush towards the pistil which is requisite to induce its fructification. Further consequences ensue from this peculiar endowment: for just as "where the body is, there the eagles gather together," so, and for like reason, where insects are, there little birds are sure to flock; and though the fruit is too acid to tempt them into making that an article of diet, singing birds, especially bull and goldfinches, are especially fond of resorting to the barberry-bush, to build their nests in its thorn-protected branches, and profit by the feast provided in its swarms of insect visitants. This of itself would suffice to make the plant unwelcome to those short-sighted cultivators who hold the feathered race in deadly hatred as devourers of their grain, hearing in their sweetest songs only the impudent triumph of successful plunderers; but this is a prejudice abandoned by the more enlightened, who recognise the destruction of many insects as a service outweighing the consumption of a few seeds. But, however the plant might have been forgiven for harbouring birds—now acknowledged to be harmless or even useful—it is less easy to pardon its attractiveness to the lesser winged guests which allure them, and which are by no means proved to be innocuous to crops: for, indeed, it seems no unpalatable theory that among the atomic crowd drawn together by the fascinations of the barberry blossoms, may be some minute agent of a blight in corn, which, when it finds itself in proximity to a more congenial abode, may abandon its first resting-place on the shrub to effect a more pernicious lodgment in the grain. If this theory be correct, the old opinion of the barberry being injurious to corn, scoffed at as a mere superstition when set forth as the subtle and inexplicable working of a sort of vegetable feud, might be admitted and recognised as the reasonable outcome of a chain of simple natural causes.

By divesting it of its lower branches, and carefully removing all the suckers which it so liberally throws up, the barberry may be diverted from its natural bush-like growth, and made to assume a tree-like form; a change which improves not only its appearance but even its produce, since, when its strength is spent in sending up many shoots, the berries are comparatively small and few in number. Those of the ordinary barberry, of a long oval in shape, contain two or even sometimes three seeds; but a variety, more common in Normandy perhaps than anywhere else, entirely devoid of seeds, and more highly prized wherever it is grown than any other kind, is made by the confectioners of Rome into a celebrated sweetmeat known as *Confiture d'Epine vinette*—this French name for the barberry signifying *acid*, or *sorrel-thorn*. As this seedless sort of fruit is found only as the growth of poor soil, or on old plants, and even then it does not seem to be a permanent characteristic—since though the kind can be propagated by layers or cuttings, suckers taken from such bushes always, it is said, produce the common seeded berries; it is generally supposed that this sterile fruit is only a mark of weakness in the plant that bears it, rather than that its production

denotes a distinct natural variety. Another rarer kind has smaller flowers, and bears a scantier crop of smaller berries perfectly white. But there are negroes as well as albinos of this ordinarily red race; and an evergreen sort brought from the Straits of Magellan has round, sweet, black berries the size of a black currant, which are used in America, whether green or ripe, for baking in pies, and pronounced to be very good for the purpose. Yet another species, which flourishes specially at Nepal, displays large violet-coloured berries, with proportionately large seeds, which in India are dried like raisins in the sun, and then eaten at dessert. The Mahonias, or spiny-leaved barberries, which bear quite valueless fruit, were at one time assigned to a distinct genus, but are now included under the general term *Berberis*. The most esteemed of these is the *aquifolium*, or holly-leaved, whose glossy evergreen foliage, very similar in shape to that of holly, but glowing in autumn with the richest hues of crimson and purple, presents an appearance so attractive that for some years after its first introduction (from N.-W. America) in 1823, plants of it were readily bought at the price of ten guineas each. It is now a common ornament of our shrubberies.

Though so different a plant in many respects, an examination of the flower and fruit shows the barberry to be nearly akin to the vine, which is therefore classed in the Natural System as one of the *Berberidæ*, and the one perhaps most closely allied to the shrub which gives a name to that family. Whence its own name is derived seems to be rather uncertain. It is called by the Arabs *Berberys*, and Du Hamel says the term is derived from an Indian word signifying mother-of-pearl; while others, again, seek its etymology in the Greek *berberi*, or the Phœnician *barar*—the former meaning a shell, the latter the lustre of shells, the allusion being supposed to be either to the hollow shape or to the glossiness of the leaves, though the last-named quality is certainly more apparent in the berries, which, at least in the case of the white-fruited sort, may be compared to some kinds of little shells. The Old-English name for the plant (still retained, it is said, in Cambridgeshire) is the piperidge or piprage-bush.

## STUDIOS IN FLORENCE.

### No. I.

I HAVE always maintained, in spite of Gray's hackneyed verses, that merit, like murder, will betray itself, especially in these days, when avalanches of words, cataracts of ink, and pyramids of books, fall on us from every quarter of the globe, in praise or dispraise, explanation or entanglement, support or attack, of every conceivable subject. This is essentially the age when, by one party, at least, every goose has, sooner or later, the chance of being taken for a swan; though, alas! it is also true, that by the other party some really noble swans are looked upon as geese. But aspirants to fame now, at all events, are known. Their good or ill is discussed. Most of them are sure to obtain the excitement of encouragement or opposition. The deadly upas of obscurity does not poison them. There are, however, exceptions.

A man who earns his bread in one of the learned professions, and can only indulge or cultivate his taste for art at intervals, is often debarred from just appreciation by the conventional limitations which the world places on excellence. His profession is a disadvantage to his art, his art is a disadvantage to his profession; when the public ear is absorbed in listening to the echoes of one kind of glory, it is for a time utterly deaf to every other; and when, in the sudden new birth of a country, a spirit of political ardour and commercial enterprise awakens, it temperarily effaces the impression made by other manifestations of the public spirit. It is, I suppose, owing to one or other of these reasons that the works of art which I lately visited are less known than they should be. There are a number of sculptors' studios in and about the Via de Serragh, Florence. Many are congregated in a large old building about midway between the Carraja Bridge and the Roman Gate.

In a studio in this house are the St. Stephen and the Wounded Gladiator, which were the objects of my first visit.

The St. Stephen is a bust hewn out of granite. It is a noble head. A Christian Laocoon, sublime in its expression of suffering, sublimer still in its expression of faith. There is admirable art in the way the whole figure is suggested, from the pose of the head and shoulders. We see that the martyr has fallen on one knee, beaten down by his relentless foes. His head is thrown back, as he awaits his death pang. He is an old man, with a face ploughed with lines of care and thought; the temples are slightly hollowed, and the sunken, upturned eyes are calm, trusting, and invincible. Only on the lips, which are parted, can we read the plain signs of the intense physical suffering; but as legible is the indomitable resolution of the face. No victim, but a self-devoted sacrifice. In this lies the subtle difference between this head and that of the old Greek marvel. St. Stephen triumphs over death—Laocoon endures it. With the one, death is the man's imperious choice—with the other, death is the man's inflicted doom. St. Stephen seems to say, "The truth which I attest may slay me, but it is my will to give my witness to it; come shame, come torture, come death, I accept them—truth and I are stronger than they." We could almost expect that the next moment the visible glory of the victory will hallow him, and that we shall see his face shine as the face of an angel.

The grey colour of the granite out of which it has been cut suits the severe grandeur of the head, and harmonises with the whole expression. Chiselled out from the block at once, without passing through the intermediate stages of clay and plaster, there is a spontaneity, if we may so term it, about this work which would appear to realise the old legend, that the sculptor did not create his bust or statue out of his materials, but only liberated an already existent figure from its shroud of stone.\*

The other figure is an entirely realistic portraiture of an athlete. He has raised his arm to strike, but at the very moment has received his

\* There are witnesses who can prove this remarkable fact.

death-blow. There is a deep dent on his helmet on the left side, just above the forehead. The effect of such a blow would cause a man to whirl round as he falls, and thus is he represented. The left leg is bent: the weight of the figure is on it. The right is stretched out at its full tension just before the figure sways leftwards as it sinks down. The effect of this line, from the arm upraised above the head (grasping the weapon and in the act of dealing the blow), along the side, thigh, and leg, is beautiful. The development of the chest, the muscular strength of the limbs, the fulness of life in the whole figure, are forcibly expressed, but without exaggeration. The muscles do not stand out like ropes around a fleshless torso; there is athletic strength, the perfection of trained manhood, but no gauntness or unsightliness; sound elastic flesh clothes sinews powerful as steel. The hand which holds the sword has closed on it with the rigidity of death. The passage from life to death is portrayed with great fidelity. The art-students in Paris, who saw this figure on its way from Boston to Florence, were so struck with its marvellous truth that they decided it must be a trick; that it had been moulded on a living man. They declared it impossible otherwise that certain details could be rendered with such exactness. The absurdity of such an opinion is self-evident. No model could remain in such an attitude. He must inevitably fall.

There is no idealisation attempted in this figure. It is to the minutest fibre an athlete and nothing more. What particularly struck me, both in the bust and the figure, was the finish and delicacy of the modelling. The wrinkles in the face of St. Stephen, the hollowness of the cheeks, the swollen veins round the sunken temples, the bony projection of the forehead over the eyes, are singularly lifelike. So, too, with the Gladiator. The massive yet elegant proportions, the noble throat, the herculean chest, the vigorous tension of one side contrasted with the fast approaching collapse of the other, are all instinct with vitality.

The smooth, hard, flat surface, which so many sculptors seem to think expressive of beauty, is a falsehood. To learn to see, and seeing to copy, the undulations and indentations of the human body which prove that blood and life are beneath the skin, is the secret of art. In painting, what wonderful lights, what tender shadows, what exquisite chiaro-oscuro reveal them; and in sculpture, what breaking up into soft swellings and almost imperceptible lines is necessary before the hard material can be changed into living flesh. This has been done by this sculptor. But who is he?

Dr. Bremner, of Boston, is now at the head of a school of art established by the Lowell Institute. Up to this time, however, he has had few opportunities of following his art-calling. The exigencies of life have made him a professional man, but there are voices which call even louder than the demand for daily bread, and which no man can disobey. In the intervals of his medical avocations, and under every possible disadvantage, these two works have been executed, and prove what Dr. Bremner is capable of.

The bust was, as I have said, hewn out of the granite. Every twenty minutes the chisels became

blunted, and it was necessary to sharpen them. So vivid was the conception of the head, that the block of granite was cut down at once into the present pose. Owing to some accident, the clay in which the figure of the Gladiator was modelled, cracked, and began to fall before the figure was half finished. A cast was taken of it as it stood, and the rest of the figure was cut in the plaster.

In our estimate of works of art, I think it a mistake to make the difficulties or hindrances attendant on their execution excuse their faults. They should be judged intrinsically, with no reference to aught but themselves. But when these difficulties or hindrances are so successfully overcome, our admiration of the workman who has persevered so manfully with his work is enhanced, and we revere what Balzac calls the sublime patience of genius. As I stood for a moment outside the studio, and looked at the blue and cloudless sky above, I could not help thinking how long Italy had monopolised all the utterances of the soul; how adapted its climate, its religion, and the idiosyncrasy of its people, are to Art in the widest acceptation of the term; and yet, how far from Italian culture and Italian influences some of the great ones of the earth had wrought their work. Never was the glorious independence of genius more impressed on my mind than at this moment. An absorbing profession, poverty, inadequate mechanical means, deficiency in art companionship and in the power of art contemplation, had not prevented a true artist from thus executing works which only require to be known to take a foremost place in the most elaborately selected collections of modern art. I. B.

#### MAKE-BELIEVE PLACES OF BUSINESS.

You meet with these in all our large towns, but in London they form a most striking feature. The number of spectral shops, phantom wharves, and ghostly warehouses to be met with in the metropolis is startling. Every such place has the peculiarity that, with all the usual preparation for business, it still successfully avoids the slightest transaction of trade of any kind. In some cases, to judge from the situation of the premises, this must be a task of great difficulty; but, some way, these apparitional tradesmen and illusive tradeswomen manage to achieve it. Only an archway, the sharp corner of another building, or ten yards, say, of street, separate them from the roaring tides of buyers and sellers, yet no customer ever throws an impertinent shadow over *their* counter or upon *their* desk. The Thames, for instance, is said to be a busy river, and still I know wharves on its banks which have long since rotted on their piles, but where no barge has unladen cargo for seven years past. Myriads of craft pass up and down the turbid stream, and as far as those spots go they always do pass, for not a cockle-boat by any accident ever anchors there. There are undertakers' shops, which I know, where the last and only business transaction was the sale by the new-comer of a coffin-plate for the use of the previous proprietor. Brokers' stores may be counted in many neighbourhoods by the half-dozen, at which

not so much as change for a sixpence was ever given in the memory of the most aged errand-lad. For there *are* shopmen, store-keepers, and errand-boys, who unbar and fasten doors, take down and put up shutters, and sit behind counters and desks, with just as much regularity as though the premises were district branches of the Bank of England, set up in out-of-the-way places for the convenience of stray populations. It is suggested by their manner and appearance, that they always labour under the delusion that business is to commence on the day following : and they are simply there for twelve, fifteen, or twenty years, getting things into shape to begin fairly the next morning.

For the most part, the people who play at business in this solemn manner, are a melancholy, faded tribe. There is a damp air of decay about them, and you get the impression that if you looked closely you would see the cobwebs hanging from their coat-ellows, or forming a fringe from their daggling dress. Here and there, it is true, you stumble upon awfully cheerful people in such places, but these are impostors ; they will lock up the place for a week and go down into the country, or, at other times, go wandering off into the parks at mid-day. *They*, consequently, would be unable to swear that a customer had not disgraced the premises by a visit in their absence ! Many of the genuine class are old men who have broken down in large concerns ; some of them, it is even whispered, have been many years ago on 'Change : and they now, in these nooks and corners, make-believe with the wrecks of their fortunes that they are all they ever were, only, just for convenience sake, they trade upon a smaller footing. Some again—and these may be of either sex—are people who have gained a hard-earned competency elsewhere, and have once retired, but who, finding themselves dying in dull, foolish houses without shops to them, creep back into sham places of business to pass the time in the old routine. As a rule, indeed, it may be stated that after persons have kept a shop for twenty-five or thirty years, they pass into the bust stage. They are, practically, no longer full-length figures, although they may appear to be so : but are busts, cut off at the height of the counter, higher or lower, just as it happens. In some cases, where a man has only held intercourse with his kind for that space from behind a tall desk, he is not even a bust, but extends no lower than his shoulders—a sort of antiquated commercial cherub. For those people to be pushed out, or for them voluntarily of themselves to wander forth into society, unsheltered and exposed from head to foot, is a species of indecency ; and it is no matter of surprise that after roaming about in the world unsteadily for a short time, they generally lose their balance, and fall flat into their coffins. But this is a metaphysical digression. A goodly proportion of the owners of these pantomimical places of business are widows, whose husbands, possibly, did a real trade through that very same doorway ; but who appeared, when they departed this life, to take it with them, and who, consequently, may be carrying on a prosperous commerce elsewhere. Others of the same sex are ladies who perchance would have made an excellent affair of it, if they had ever

succeeded in achieving that initial stroke of business with which the widows commenced ; but who, as the unwedded successors of parents or aunts and uncles, instead of husbands, never quite settle down to their position until very late in life.

These no-places of business, it is unnecessary to observe, are not located all in one quarter ;—there is not a special colony of these monks of commerce, these nuns of trade, where the stricken hearts of the vending world go weep in herds. You happen upon them everywhere—now in a dim alley, and again in a busy thoroughfare. There are several spectral shops of this kind in the Strand, and one or two even in Fleet Street, where the entrance of a real buyer or seller would be felt, by the ghostly attendant, to be an unwarrantable intrusion. If a customer ever intended to come, he ought to have made up his mind, and presented himself years ago : ere the stock had spoiled, the scales rusted, the drawers grown fastened in their holes, the ink in the stand dried up, and the pen become green with mould. A romance worth a fortune to a modern novelist attaches to many of these places and persons, if the particulars were only hunted up. Some day, the present writer, as the discoverer of these places, intends rolling himself in wealth in that way.

Something of the sort we have been describing holds good, too, of the professions as well as the businesses and the trades. I once knew a superannuated minister (yes, Reverend Sir, he was a Dissenter), who actually "touted" for the preaching of charity sermons and anniversary discourses of any kind ; of course, I don't mean as a matter of profit : oh ! no, he was only too glad to pay his own expenses, and put something upon the plate besides. The poor old man had occupied pulpits for such a length of time, that he felt out of place in chapel or church anywhere else, and could not reconcile himself to "sitting under" any one. I have also heard, from a medical student friend of mine, of an antiquated surgeon, who used to go loitering into the hospital dissecting-room, and would even bribe the younger lads to let him hold a limb of the "subject" during the operation. There are barristers, too, who go regularly to their chambers long after everybody has done confiding in their "opinions," and years and years after the last brief made its appearance. Venerable attorneys, I have often seen at assize courts, pushing and bustling, with their white heads bobbing about in the crowd, just as though the life of a prisoner, indicted upon a capital charge, depended upon their instantly having a word or two with a leading counsel they were instructing for the defence : it being a well-known fact, that, for half a life-time, they had ceased actively to practise. Men having once formed habits, no matter of what kind, preaching or housebreaking, are loth to give them up, and in every department of human occupation these innocent impositions are going on. Even authorship, we magnanimously admit, is not exempt. It would not, by any means, be difficult to mention authors who go on writing long after the public has ceased to read. Yes, there are apparitional writers, who go on addressing phantom publics, and perhaps that is the most ghostly sham of all. W. C.

## "THE LITTLE LOVERS."



"LITTLE Boy-sailor, with jacket of blue,  
Fond hearts at home have been thinking of you ;  
Dreaming the long nights, and thinking all day,  
Of a darling boy-sailor, while he was away ;  
And when the ship sail'd away, oh ! how they cried,  
Mother and sister, and—some one beside."

"Dear little Golden-hair, I will tell thee  
What I saw, what I heard, on the deep sea :  
As I sat all alone, on the mast high,  
A sea-maiden, singing and swimming, came by ;  
Combing her tangled and silken-green hair,  
Thus she sang sweetly, that sea-maiden fair :

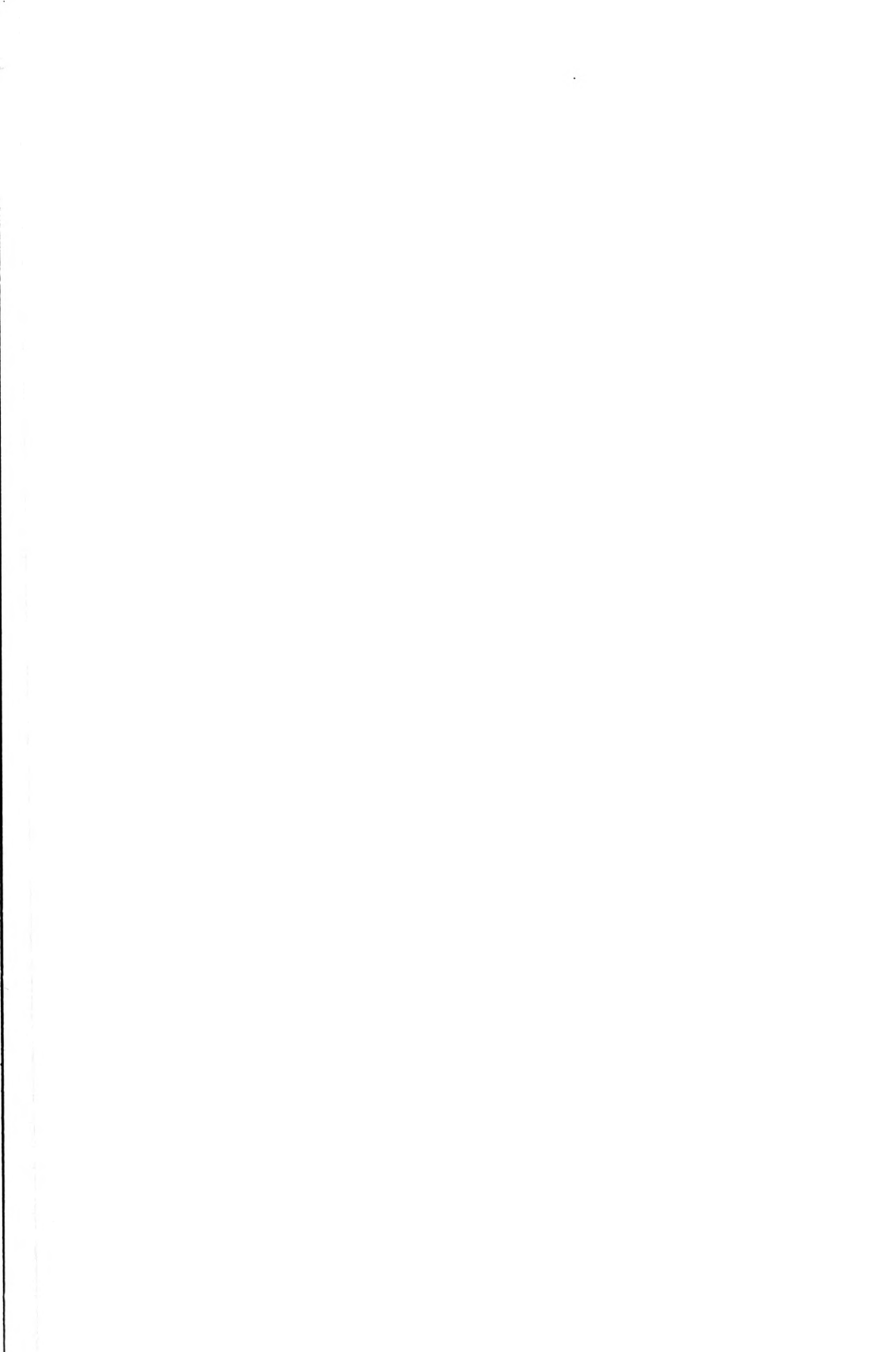
"Little Boy-sailor, with jacket of blue,  
Mother and sister are thinking of you ;

He, too, forgets not, where'er he may roam,  
Mother and sister, and sweet, sweet home ;  
But a something makes little boy-sailer's eyes  
dim,  
When he's thinking of some one—who's thinking of  
him."

"So she pass'd swimming, and swimming she sang ;  
And in mine ears the sweet music still rang ;  
And I felt, on the mast as I sat all alone,  
Millions of tiny threads over me thrown ;  
Threads by the silk-worm in Fairyland spun—  
I felt them all over, but couldn't see one ;  
But I knew that the magic web only could be  
Thrown by kind Fairies across the wide sea,  
To bind little Golden-hair closer to me." T.

END OF VOLUME THE NINTH.

*In completing the present Volume of ONCE A WEEK, the Proprietors are happy to announce that they have made arrangements to print its successors in a clearer and more readable type, which they have reason to suppose will be more acceptable to the generality of their Subscribers. They have also arranged for the publication of another NOVEL by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, of which the commencement will appear in an early Number of the forthcoming Volume.*







P  
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